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Tympanista Puerilis

Fabula Anglice scripta a Catharina Davis, Henrico Onorati et Haroldo Simeone; Latine reddita a Bernardo Barcio, Litterarum Humanarum Docto.

Olim in Iudaea erat puerulus qui cum matre patreque habitabat in casa parva. Pueruli pater erat pastor. Puerulo nomen erat Aaron. Dans patri auxilium cum ovibus Aaron semper erat beatus.

Mox erat pueruli dies natalis, et pater filio donum tympanum cum amore dedit. Nunc Aaron beatissimus erat. Quando autem Aaron tympanum pulsare incepit, mirabile visu, omnia animalia saltare inceperunt! Aaron secum cogitavit: "Donum cum amore datum sacrum est!"

Pueruli felicitas autem non diu durabat. Illa nocte latrones venerunt ad casam parvam. Rapuerunt fere omnia animalia et trucidaverunt pueruli parentes. Nunc Aaron miserimus erat. Parentes non habebat. Casam non habebat. Solum tria animalia habebat: agnum cui nomen erat Babba, asellum cui nomen erat Samson, et camelum cui nomen erat Iosue. Aaron oderat omnes.

Cum his tribus animalibus Aaron errabat in desertis. Dum errat, tympanum pulsabat, et animalia saltabant. Uno die autem Aaron, Babba, Samson et Iosue a catervae ludicrae magistro visi sunt. Nomen huius magistro erat Ben Hamed. Nomen Magistri beneficiario erat Ali. Quando Ben Hamed et Ali animalia saltantia videbant, stupefaciebantur.

Magister Ben Hamed "Cum hoc puero," inquebat, "et his animalibus poterimus quam maximam pecuniam obtinere. Capiamus eos!"

Itaque Ben Hamed et Ali ceperunt Aaron animaliaque, et funibus eos restrinxerunt. Tunc cum his captivis magister iter ad Hierosolyma pergebat. In via autem magister spectabat tria tabernacula regia. Sperans multam pecuniam obtinere, Ben Hamed et tota caterva ludicra una cum Aaron et animalibus ad tabernacula properaverunt. Tres reges autem volebant spectare catervam ludicram quia volebant sequi stellam claram quae in caelo erat. Ben Hamed erat miser, sed ubi unus ex regum camillis aeger factus est, regibus Iosue, pueruli camillum, vendidit. Reges magistro multos aureos dederunt, et stellam sequi perrexerunt.

Ben Hamed puerulo unum aureum dare temptabat, sed Aaron accipere nolebat. Tunc magister omnes aureos sibi habebat, sed puerulo libertatem dedit.

Aaron reges et Iosue sequi statim incipiebat, sed eos in tenebris videre non poterat. Tunc autem stellam quam reges sequebantur vidit. Aaron curcebat per desertum cum agno Babba et asello Samson. Tandem ad urbem parvam cui nomen erat Bethlehem pervenerunt.

Ad hanc urbem multi pastores appropinquabant, et Aaron eos persequabatur ad stabulum supra quod stella fulgebat. Quando Aaron reges et Iosue vidit prope stabulum, in via cum Babba et Samson currere ad stabulum incepit. Infeliciter, Aaron non videbat bigas ad eos currentes. Aaron et Samson ex via saltaverunt, sed non agnus. Agnus obrutus est.

Aaron portavit agnum vulneratum ad reges et, "Da agno meo," inquit, "auxilium antequam moritur, quaeso."

Unus ex regibus respondit: "Agno tuo auxilium dare non possum. Rex humanus sum. Si auxilium rogaveris ab illo infante regio in praesens, fortasse agnus tuus servabitur."

Aaron respondit: "Quomodo auxilium ab eo rogare possum? Non habeo donum quod ei dare possum."

Rex respondit: "Certe donum habes. Pulsa tympanum tuum pro eo!"

Aaron ad infantem regium appropinquavit et cum amore tympanum pulsavit. Tunc infans regius risit, et Babba curatus est. Aaron secum cogitavit: "Donum cum amore datum sacrum est!" Odium ex pueruli corde excessit, et non diu omnes oderat.

The Path of the Romans

The Novelty of Discovering the Past

by Donna Wright, Lawrence North High School,
Indianapolis, Indiana



Photo by Donna Wright

Mask decorations at the theater in Ostia

The first Sunday afternoon of our trip to Italy included a trip to the beach at Ostia. The trip two years ago had instead visited the ruins at Ostia Antica. When I realized that we were going to be so close, yet so far away from something I had always wanted to see, I began to inquire whether it would be possible to choose one or the other activity. Thanks to our wonderfully accommodating bus driver and courier, we were able to choose: the beach or the ruins. Most of us had never been to Ostia and suffered no dilemma whatsoever. A couple of teachers graciously volunteered to chaperone the beach excursion while those who wished to visit Ostia were dropped off and would be picked up at a given time just outside the ruins. The beach at Ostia is a popular escape for Romans from the summer heat of the city. Because this was the first nice weather of the summer, it was anticipated that the beach would be crowded. The report from our group was that the sand was hot, the waves were high, and the water was cold! Yet, the beach was a great place to relax and unwind from the hectic touring of the previous days.

Those of us who went to Ostia Antica spent a delightful afternoon exploring our first ancient city. Walking slowly through the Necropolis, contemplating the tombs and sarcophagi that lay open underneath the canopy of umbrella pines, we arrived at the city gates. Without a local guide we relied on the experience of Judith Hahn, teacher at Fort Wayne South Side, to give us some background on the history of Ostia, Rome's port. Then our groups scattered with guide books for individual exploration. My group walked down over

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The Most Important Historical Events of the Ancient World

IV. Philip, Alexander and the Hellenistic World

By James Ford,
Milford Pennsylvania

The Peloponnesian War demonstrated the main shortcoming of the city state: it was often torn by civil unrest, and any unity among independent states, such as the alliance against Persia, was shortlived. Athens, Sparta and Thebes in turn had failed to maintain their domination over other Greek states, and union had to be imposed from the outside. This occurred in 338 BCE when Philip of Macedon defeated a Greek alliance at Chaeirona and then convened the first Congress of Corinth. Philip's new order concentrated all real power in the Macedonian monarchy, for although the Greek states making up his League of Corinth were given their autonomy, further social and political unrest was not tolerated. Macedonian garrisons were eventually set up at strategic locations to insure this.

Once Greece was with him and his northern neighbors were neutralized, Philip turned his attention to a Persian campaign, but his assassination in 336 gave this task to his son Alexander III, known to history as Alexander the Great. Philip left him a well-trained professional army and the twenty-one-year-old monarch lost no time in securing his father's kingdom against any attempt at rebellion. Philip also gave him a valuable slogan which made the invasion of Persia into a Greek crusade against the barbarian: "Punish them for their lawless treatment of old Greek temples." This refers primarily to the sack and burning of the Acropolis of Athens by Persian invaders in 480 BCE. Sparta now was the only state to refuse the call to march against the barbarians, but even this worked to the advantage of Alexander since the other states were still distrustful of Sparta. Not having their soldiers along helped in his policy of wooing Athens.

The career of Alexander is a case of life imitating art. Although he was a thousand years too late for the heroic age sung by Homer, he was a romantic who looked back to the world of the *Iliad* as his guide for behavior and saw himself as a second Achilles. Like Achilles he was a complex blend of personal valor, impulse, piety, decisiveness and swiftness, blind rage, political tact, ruthlessness and compassion. He led his adoring army from the front line and was wounded nine times. In a drunken argument he killed an old friend and is said to have personally torched the Persian capital of Persepolis. Despite the anti-

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Roman Military Life:

Recruitment

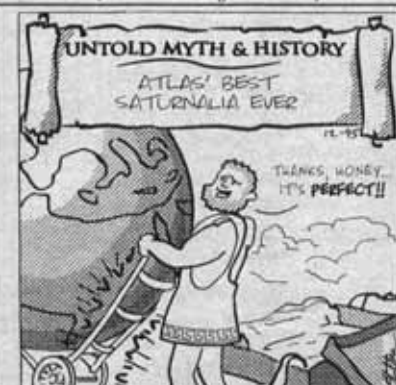
By Stephen A. Stertz, Ph.D.
Manhattan College, Riverdale, N.Y.,
York College, CUNY, Jamaica, N.Y.

Under the Republic, the army was the citizen body in arms; citizens aged seventeen to forty-six were liable to be called for service which until the reforms of Marius at the end of the second century B. C., was for each individual campaign. Auxiliaries served on a voluntary basis under similar conditions. The men from the allied cities (mostly in Northern Italy before the Social War which lasted from 91 to 89 B. C.) had to serve in the army but had no other citizen rights. This fact was one of the causes of the war, which resulted in all Italians south of the Rubicon being given Roman citizenship.

In this period a levy was held annually on a day set by the consuls and recruiting officers were sent out all over Italy. Men who tried to dodge the Roman draft could have property confiscated or be imprisoned or even sold as slaves. Exemptions were granted under conditions somewhat resembling those of the modern world; grounds included physical unfitness, holding certain public offices including priesthoods, or as a reward for previous services to the state, such as service with distinction in earlier military campaigns. In practice there was bribery. Men were called by a lottery system from each of the census classes or voting districts, which the Romans called tribes.

Men who were recruited had to take an oath called a *sacramentum* which was repeated twice annually. After the oath was taken, the soldiers were subject to the death penalty for desertion until discharged from the army. Slaves were barred from the army, and, in

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)



The Path of the Romans**The Novelty** (Continued a Pagina Prima)

the stones of the original *Decumanus Maximus* (main street) and observed the ruts in the stones from the wheels of carts. Our feet, unaccustomed to the various angles at which the rocks on these ancient streets sloped, soon sought the comfort of the sandy paths off to the side.

We found the baths of Neptune and caught glimpses of some of the mosaic floors. However, we found that most here were being protected by layers of fine stone and sand over thick plastic covers. Climbing up stairs, peering through "windows" and other openings, we saw the various rooms of the baths and the *palaestra*. We studied the various types of stone work used and spotted the vents from the hypocaust. Next we headed for the arched entry to the theater. It was amazing to stand on the stage, to speak in a normal voice, and to be heard easily by those who stood on the steps all over the theater. It actually sounded to me as though I were using a microphone! Leaving the theater we went over to the Forum of the Corporations. This large, rectangular portico was built during the time of Claudius and held the various offices of businesses which used the port. Exquisite black and white mosaics outside each office advertised the type of cargo the businesses used! The layout of this area was so clearly defined that it was easy to imagine it as a busy city center.

Encouraged by the sense of "realness" that Ostia offered, we set out to explore areas of private life. Eagerly anticipating whatever awaited, we ventured down various different *cardines* or cross-streets. We discovered the *Casa di Diana*. This was an apartment building whose room arrangements indicated that the building probably functioned as an inn. We found a delightful *thermopolium* or snack bar which would have served hot foods. It had round holes in the bar to hold *amphorae* of wine or pots of hot food. There were shelves to hold cups and other serving accessories. This was the first place we had visited that dealt with the everyday life of ordinary citizens in ancient times. It gave us a sense finally that we were dealing not just with temples and monuments, but with the lives of people who ate and slept and went to work every day like we do. Our enthusiasm for further investigation was stimulated by this discovery. Kathy Ellsbury, a third grade teacher from Brownsburg, loved Ostia, "Ostia helped me feel like a child again. I wanted to run from place to place exploring. It was like being in a secret garden."

In addition to other houses, public buildings and temples, we decided to search for some of the public *latrinae* or toilets. We took many turns down many streets, retraced steps, went through alleys and tromped through houses and came to many dead ends. Finally just before time to head back to the entrance, we met some others with our group who indicated that the *latrinae* were just around the corner. Another quest was fulfilled. It was difficult to end the exploration. We had only seen about a third of the town. We did get a chance to buy books, slides and other souvenirs at the shop even though the museum itself was closed on that Sunday afternoon. There was so much to see and so little time.

We arrived at the entrance where we were to meet the bus. The bus was two hours late because of the weekend traffic. Those at the beach also waited as our

bus driver was stuck in traffic just trying to get back to them. Although we speculated correctly about the delay, we had to trust that waiting where we were was the best solution. If both the driver and the courier (who was at the beach with the others) had possessed cellular phones, we could have explored *Ostia Antica* a little more. The time waiting was valuable as we shared our thoughts and feelings and tried to problem-solve together. Ostia was a special place: it put us in touch with the every day life of ancient people and gave us just a taste of what we would see in Campania. Diana Garner, a Latin teacher from Elwood High School said, "The best thing about being in Italy is the chance to use your imagination and see the modern people living as they did in ancient times. The store fronts are still on the sidewalk with staircases leading to upstairs apartments. People still walk up to a store, stand at the counter and pay for food and drink just the way the ancient Romans did. I've often caught myself looking at Italian profiles and wondering if faces similar to those ever donned tunics or togas."



Photo by Sharon Gibson

Students on the trip enjoy the "lido" at Ostia

The Architecture of Greece and Rome**IV. Innovation on the Acropolis**

By James Ford
Milford Pennsylvania

The Parthenon is the glorious culmination of Doric temple architecture and might be compared to the Homeric poems which mark the culmination of oral poetry. Both stand as the finest examples of their kind; both incorporate several new elements but stay well within the traditional limits of their structures. When it came to replacing the Erechtheum, the other major temple to share the Acropolis with the Parthenon, the decision was made to break with tradition.

Several sacred locations were on the northern edge of the Acropolis. Legend says that Athena challenged Poseidon's claim to it by planting the first olive tree there next to Poseidon's gift of a salt-water well. The two deities were about to come to blows when Zeus forced them to submit their dispute to arbitration. In a show of solidarity with their gender, all the gods voted for Poseidon and all the goddesses for Athena. She was therefore able to win by one vote — Zeus wisely abstained — and the court ruled that Athena's olive was the better gift. In order to appease an infuriated Poseidon, however, the Athenian women were deprived of the vote and their children were no longer permitted to carry their mother's names.

In addition to having the salt-well and trident-marks of Poseidon and the sacred olive of Athena, the Erechtheum also had to hold the ancient wooden cult statue of *Athena Polias* as well as the altars of *Zeus Hypatos*, of *Hephaestus* and *Butes*, and of *Poseidon* and the Athenian hero *Erechtheus* from whom the building took its popular name. These several areas had to be combined on a site which could not be made level. Furthermore, this building had to share the summit of the Acropolis with the Parthenon without challenging the primacy of that temple. The architect therefore had to create a

Roman Military Life:**Recruitment** (Continued a Pagina Prima)

general under the Republic, freedmen were enlisted only in emergencies.

After the reforms of Marius, military service became voluntary; enlistments were for twenty years; veterans received land during the later Republic and early Empire and, in later times, money. They were subject to call-up in times of emergency and to facilitate this were often given land near the frontier. Under the Empire the draft was resorted to only in cases of invasion; a particular provincial governor could, in such cases, order a draft within the province. Christians at times refused to be drafted, probably not because they were pacifists, but because they refused to sacrifice to the emperor as part of the military oath. From the late Republic onward, non-citizens (*peregrini*) could enlist and Caesar recruited many from Cisalpine and Transalpine Gaul. However, under the Empire, only in the eastern legions could *peregrini* be recruited. In the west non-citizens received their citizenship immediately on taking the oath. There were no height restrictions for the army in general, but during the Empire men recruited into the first cohorts of the legions or the guards had to be at least five feet ten inches tall. Under Hadrian no legions were recruited from Italy or the senatorial provinces and the legionary served twenty years of active service and an additional five as a reservist.

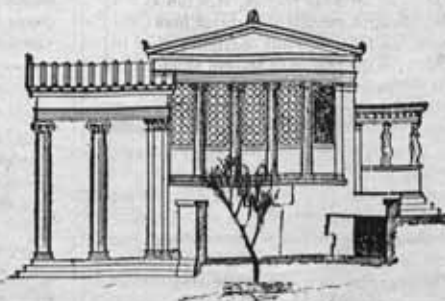
The Most Important Historical Events of the Ancient World**IV. Philip** (Continued a Pagina Prima)

barbarian propaganda of his military campaigns, he saw the defeated Persians as equal partners in ruling his empire. When this view led to a mutiny by his Macedonian troops, he executed the ringleaders and held a great banquet of reconciliation attended by Greek and barbarian alike. Aristotle had been his tutor and Alexander was a patron of scholarship as well as the arts, but his greatest legacy was the extension of Greek language and institutions to more than two million square miles of conquered lands.

Following the death of Alexander in 323, Greek and Macedonian colonization in the east resulted in the founding of many new cities, and a simplified form of Greek, called *koine* ("the common tongue"), became the international language of the Middle East for nearly a thousand years. It was owing to this *koine*, the language of the New Testament, that Christianity was able to spread as quickly as it did.

building which had no precedent in temple architecture.

The solution to these constraints was what Vincent Scully saw as *architectura parlante*, "architecture that speaks." In other words, each architectural element was made to express different religious needs and still made to form a harmonious whole which does not compete with the massive grandeur of the Parthenon. The Erechtheum is a delicate building which uses the Ionic order and takes on a different appearance from every angle: The West wall frames the sacred olive tree, the south, facing the Parthenon, has the Caryatid Porch, the east has the entrance to Athena's temple and the north side has a deep Ionic porch which protects the altar of Zeus and Poseidon's trident-marks as well as the entrance to the other altars.



Erechtheum from the west



Roman and Greek Clothing

Roman Women's Clothing

By Stephen A. Stertz, Ph.D.
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The basic Roman women's garments were the undergarments, the *tunica intima*, a woolen garment somewhat like the men's tunic, the *stola*, and the *palla*. The *stola*, also woolen, somewhat resembled the tunic, but was looser and extended down to the ground. It was cut open at the sides to form sleeves and fastened at the shoulder and the back with clasps, brooches, or buttons. In the case of wealthy women the latter could be gold or jeweled. At the bottom was a ruffled border, the *insula*, often embroidered or otherwise decorated. A wide belt or girdle was worn at the waist, but it was always covered by the falling folds of the *stola*. Above this, outdoors or in public, the outer cloak called the *palla* was worn. It was thrown over the body some- what like the men's toga and could be drawn up over the head. It covered the entire body. Women sometimes wore the *supparum*, a linen upper garment reaching to the feet.

Poor women who were not wives of citizens were not permitted to wear the *stola*. Instead, they wore the *palla* directly over the *tunica intima*. This kind of *palla* was fastened with buckles and clasps since it was often not long enough to hang over the body without these devices.

Wealthy women wore silk in addition to wool. Under the empire specially ornamented *stolae* were allowed to be worn by women who were being honored (*stolatae feminae*). A gold border was the usual sign of honor. On the other hand, low or disreputable women sometimes wore the toga. In the third century of the Christian Era some women of the imperial family sometimes wore a variant of military uniform, including armor and are so depicted on coins. In early Rome, women when outdoors wore, instead of the *palla*, a cloak with a hood attached to it called the *rica* or *ricinium*.

Women wore a greater variety of colors in their clothing than men. Sometimes they wore, as the wall-paintings at Pompeii show, *pallae* of bright colors. Elaborate ornaments were sometimes worn.

There are reasons to believe that women belonging to non-Roman ethnic groups, like their counterparts in the modern world, continued to wear their traditional national costumes, even if they were immigrants living in Rome. The men in their families adopted Roman garments.

Among women as well as among men, more elaborate colors and ornamentation came to be worn under the later empire; some of this clothing was of Greek, Asian, or barbarian origin.



Roman woman wearing a palla.

Latin Inscription Graces Marilyn's Last Home

Latin students of Jane Osman, Holland H.S. in Holland, Michigan, recently took a break from Cicero to translate the following Latin inscription which has been placed on the portico of Marilyn Monroe's last home in Hollywood, California:

*Cursum perficio
Verbum sapientis (eo plus capiunt)
Post nobilitas, Phoebus
Quo plus habent, eo plus capiunt
Aeternum*

"I have come to the end of my journey
A word of warning to the living
There is even more than they can take beyond the
fame, O Apollo
They will continue to take more—more from me
Forever"

Looking Ahead to June

A Comparison of Roman "Cum Manu" Weddings and Modern Jewish Weddings

By Adam Frank, Latin IV Student of Annetta Kapon,
Mirman School for the Gifted, Los Angeles, Cal.

Marriage is very important to both the ancient Roman and modern Jewish societies. In the days of Ancient Rome, marriages were either done *cum manu* or *sine manu*. *Cum manu* weddings were arranged and *sine manu* weddings would be known today as common law marriages.

This article will show some of the similarities and differences between modern Jewish wedding ceremonies and traditions and those of Roman *cum manu* weddings.

In both types of weddings rings are exchanged. In Roman marriages, a ring was only given to the bride as a symbol of engagement. In Jewish weddings, rings are exchanged in the wedding ceremony as a symbol of the sealing of the wedding agreement. After both wedding ceremonies, there is shouting and expressions of joy. Jewish guests shout *Mazel Tov*, and the Romans shouted "*Felicitur*," both meaning "Good luck!" After each wedding, the bride and groom are showered with food—rice in the Jewish ceremony and nuts in the Roman ceremony—symbolizing fertility. Also, both ceremonies are followed by parties which include music, dancing and gift giving.

The wedding ceremonies of the two cultures differ in that modern Jewish traditions promote marrying for love. Only very traditional couples still have planned marriages.

Before a Roman marriage took place, many things had to happen. First, the bride, usually about thirteen or fourteen years old, was betrothed to a man, anywhere from his late teens to his fifties or sixties. The man's age depended on whether he had been married or not. The father of the bride usually chose the groom and negotiated a dowry, called a *dos*. The actual engagement was a ceremony called a *sponsalia*. The future groom placed a ring on third finger of his fiancée's left hand. This finger was chosen because they thought a nerve led from there to the heart. A party would follow in which gifts would be given to the bride and groom. The *sponsalia* was not part of the *sine manu* marriage, but both *cum* and *sine manu* weddings shared these same traditions.

In contrast to Roman traditions, dowries are not given with the Jewish bride.

A Roman wedding day began with elaborate preparations of the bride. Her hair was separated into six plaits with a spear-shaped comb called a *Hasta Caelibaris*. A saffron-dyed veil called a *flammeum* was placed over her head. It matched the color of her slippers and stood in colorful contrast to the close-fitting white *tunica recta* the bride wore.

A Jewish wedding ceremony is usually held under a *chupah*, a canopy symbolizing the future home of the bride and groom. It is made out of a piece of embroidered material mounted on four posts which are held up by four honored members of the wedding party. Many times it is decorated with flowers, but sometimes it is made only of posts and a prayer shawl. The word *chupah* literally means "to cover with garlands," which is why it sometimes has flowers. Interestingly, the bride in a Roman marriage also wore flower garlands. The bride in a Jewish wedding usually wears a white dress and veil, the color white being a symbol of purity. In more traditional ceremonies, the groom also wears white, while more modern grooms wear a suit or tuxedo. The Jewish groom also wears a

Kippah (a head covering) out of respect for God and, as he does at other prayer ceremonies, a special fringed prayer shawl called a *Tallit* which symbolizes the commandments from God.

As part of the Roman ceremony, the bride and groom joined hands—*iunctio dextrarum*—and signed a marriage contract stating, among other things, that the couple should have many children. After the contract was signed, a sacrifice was given to Jupiter. Then the bride was led to the groom's house in a large, noisy procession, supposedly led by the goddess Juno. Once she arrived at her new house, she anointed the gates and door posts with oil to protect the house from the evil eye. She then was lifted over the threshold of the door into her new home where she said the traditional vow to the groom, *Ubi tu Gaixus, ego Gaia*. With this vow she took his name and gave him the powers and duties of a husband. The wedding finished with a huge party at the groom's house.

In the Jewish ceremony, the rabbi, bride, groom, and others in the procession all gather under the *chupah*. The rabbi then says a prayer over a ceremonial glass of wine and the bride and groom both drink from it. Then the rings are exchanged, but they stay only on the second joint of the forefinger of the right hand until the ceremony is over. The marriage declaration is announced and repeated by the bride and groom. Today, some modern couples recite their own vows. The *Ketubah*, the marriage contract, is read and handed to both the bride and groom. Another ceremonial glass of wine is then raised while seven concluding blessings are pronounced. The bride and groom both drink from the same glass after the blessings. Wine is used to sanctify the wedding, keeping alive a tradition that can be traced back to Roman times. Finally, the ceremonial glass is supposed to be covered in a cloth or napkin and smashed under the groom's foot. The breaking of the glass can be thought to scare off evil demons—a common need shared with the Romans during wedding ceremonies. Others believe it is a reminder of the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem or that it symbolizes that no one will be able to come between the bride and groom by drinking from the same glass which was used to unite them. Depending on which meaning is given to the breaking of the glass, people will say *Mazel Tov* or not.

The party and song that follow are common to both Jewish and Roman weddings.

There are many differences between the two types of marriages, but some of their similarities are quite puzzling. Even though the types of weddings took place in different time periods and different parts of the world, they still share several traditions.

Many other modern wedding customs come from the two ceremonies described above. For instance, when a young man asks for a girl's hand in marriage, he is recalling the *iunctio dextrarum* of the Roman wedding ceremony. The groom still traditionally carries his bride over the threshold on their wedding night, and most weddings still involve the exchange of rings.

Catullus—200 Proof!

A translation of CATULLI CARMEN XXVII by Nate Boylan, Jessie Handy, Katie Mellus, Tony Simmons and Brooke Wright, Latin III-IV students of Jane Osman, Holland H.S., Holland, Michigan.

Hey, tool boy; hook us up with some of that Falernian hooch. The little miss over here is drunk and drunker on grapes. Hey, water, evaporate! (You disappoint a good glass of wine!) Go bother those conservative, uptight people. Here we like 200 proof!

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Latium Inquisitio

Nero's No "Lyre," He Didn't Fiddle Through The Fire!

Nero writes song "Fire on the March" based on his experience!

Populus burned up over incident!

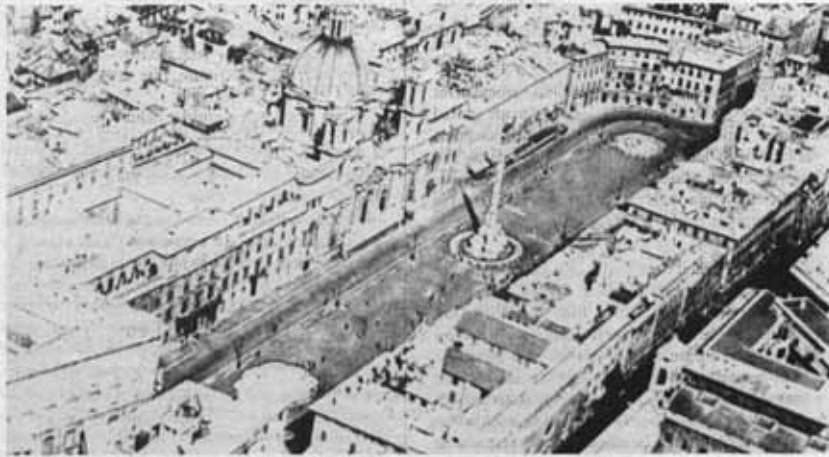
Nero signs movie contract for million denarii! "Fiddler on the Hot Tin Roof"

Opening next month! Nero stars as himself!

Bethany Daniel Win 2 Free tickets! See you in the

Piazza Navona...Then and Now

By Frank J. Korn



Aerial view of Piazza Navona

Puppeteers, mimes, minstrels, musicians, jugglers, fire-eaters, portrait artists, craft vendors. Young lovers strolling arm-in-arm, tots whizzing by on tricycles, teenagers in a pick-up soccer game, golden-agers sitting on stone benches chatting animatedly. Tourists at outdoor cafes, sipping wine and taking in—wide-eyed—the incredible complexity and color and passion of Roman life. Church bells ringing and fountains roaring.

Welcome to Piazza Navona in the heart of old Rome. This most glamorous and evocative of the Eternal City's public squares occupies the site where once stood the Stadium of Domitian, erected by that emperor in A.D. 86.

Though the arena was laid out in the form of a circus or racetrack, i.e. a long oval with one square end and one round, chariots did not rumble here. Nor were there gladiatorial bouts. Domitian's facility, with a seating capacity of 30,000, was used mainly for gymnastic events and a variety of games and athletic contests.

For various annual festivals, Julius Caesar—and his successor Augustus—would put up temporary wooden bleachers on these grounds in the Campus Martius. Domitian, however, felt the need to erect a permanent structure of stone to accommodate the insatiable appetite of his subjects for spectacle.

The new stadium measured 775 yards in length, 55 in width. The tiers of marble seats rested on two orders of travertine arcading.



Model of Domitian's Circus

Moving Toward an E-Mail Phone Book for Latin Teachers

Jean Miller, a dedicated on-liner, is an Indiana Latin teacher who is trying to get herself and her Latin classes connected with the NET. She already spends many hours on-line corresponding with other Latinists, and she is trying to create materials which will enable her students to work with the technology in class.

One of the things Miller would like to help create is an E-Mail Phone Book for Latin teachers so we can all communicate with each other and get this technology ball rolling out in Cyberspace.

If you would like to cooperate in this exciting venture, contact Miller at the following Internet address: J.Miller@imail.valpo.k12.in.us

With the fall of the empire in the late fifth century, this place, along with so many other public sites, fell victim to the plundering invaders. By the onset of the Middle Ages most of its stone had been quarried away. Enough was left, though, to reveal the oval outline of the vast structure.

It was upon this rubble that people, in time, built two and three-story edifices featuring shops on the ground floor and living quarters above. As a result this piazza, named Navona, came into existence taking the precise shape and size of the first century stadium. Even the ends of the piazza—one straight, the other curved—reproduce the original plan.

Today one can see some of the ancient arches and pillars protruding from the lower walls of the medieval and Renaissance buildings of Piazza Navona. One can descend into the wine cellars of the square's numerous restaurants and sit on portions of the same marble grandstands where sat toga-clad Romans in imperial times.

During the persecutions of the Church, the stadium was occasionally pressed into service as a site for executing Christians. On 21 January in 304, during the reign of Diocletian, a beautiful local girl by the name of Agnes was martyred on this spot. Condemned to death by Sempronius, the city prefect, for refusing to wed his son, the thirteen-year old Agnes was flung into the corridors beneath the grandstands to be abused by a squad of soldiers.

Legend claims that when she was ordered to disrobe, her dark brown hair at once grew to such length and thickness as to clothe her in it completely. Screaming "Sorceress!", the authorities ordered Agnes burned at the stake before a howling mob. When the flames would not touch her, the exasperated Sempronius ordered her beheaded.

Not long after her martyrdom, the Christian faithful raised a small oratory where the little maiden had died. Some centuries later the oratory had been replaced by a full-sized church. In the seventeenth century Pope Urban VIII commissioned Francesco Borromini to

enlarge and embellish the Church of St. Agnes. Along with a majestic baroque facade, Borromini created a towering cupola, through the windows of which pours a flood of light, lending a glorious effect to the main altar and the six side altars.

Another papal architect, Gian Lorenzo Bernini, was awarded the contract for beautifying the square with fountains. For two years Bernini and his pupils labored on the center fountain. At the unveiling ceremonies, the crowd gasped in awe at the sculptural splendor. Called the "Fountain of the Four Rivers," the masterpiece showed four colossal male figures reclining on a stupendous craggy rock formation. Each represented a river for every corner of the globe: the Danube (Europe), the Ganges (Asia), the Nile (Africa), and the Plata (America). The rocks are surmounted by a six-thousand-year-old Egyptian obelisk.

Moments later the audience began to giggle and then explode in laughter. For they now realized that Bernini had used the fountain to ridicule the work of his rival. He had three of the figures averting their glance from Borromini's church standing directly before them. The fourth had one arm raised over his face, as if to shield himself from the poorly designed edifice that was surely about to crumble down on him.

The unflappable Borromini answered the insult by placing a statue of Agnes high upon the right belltower. She holds one hand over her heart and with a serene countenance reassures the passerby that her church will remain standing long after Bernini's fountain has turned to marble dust.

In the months of July and August during the 1800's, Piazza Navona would be flooded to afford the heat-weary populace an informal wading pool.

From that era up to our own time, the Christmas season has lent a special aspect to the place. From mid-December to early January the great oval is jammed with hundreds of vendors' stalls offering toys, dolls, games, candies, and figurines for the family's Christmas creche. Shepherds from the Abruzzi hills come down in their shaggy clothes and play Christmas tunes on crude sheepskin bagpipes.

The season concludes on January 6, Feast of the Epiphany, when *La Befana* (the Good Witch) goes about dancing with the children and bestowing little gifts on them. One month later the square again echoes to the gleeful shouts of the little ones as they race up and down in myriad costumes in celebration of *Carnegie*, Italy's answer to our Halloween.

And so on and on it goes in Piazza Navona, this endlessly festive ambience. Yet the whole effect—of people and old cobblestones, of ochre-colored buildings with rooftop gardens, of fountains and churches and sidewalk tables under brightly colored awnings, and tuxedoed waiters standing watch under a clear blue sky—is somehow one of harmony.

Perhaps the local poet G.G. Belli caught the essence of Navona with his verses: "*Questa non e' una piazza; e' una campagna, un teatro, una fiera, un sogno.*" (This is not a square at all; it is the countryside, a theater, a fair, a dream.)

Amor Didonis

A Dactylic Hexameter Poem

By David Ahem and Rebecca Wolfson, Latin IV students of Mrs. Anne Patemoster, Lenape H.S., Medford, N.J.

O Aeneas, regis et fortis, mihi solus verus amor, cum oculos et primo ponerem aures in te, in volui me brachia concidere. A te nanciscor quo vivam ut amorem ego. Sed tu cum non mecum sis, vacua sum. Semper te remanere spero tecum. Si discedas, me necem. Dono haec tibi verba magna cum spe. Audi me, quaeso.

Dido's Love

O Aeneas, regal and strong, to me the only true love, when at first I placed my eyes and ears on you, into your arms I wanted to fall. From you I get the love which I need to live. But when you are not with me, I am empty. I hope you will always remain with me. If you should leave, I would kill myself. I give these words to you with great hope. Hear me, please.

Then and Now



The Cleverest Man Alive

By Sephalie Patel, Latin II Student of Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

Long, long ago, in Herculaneum, during the reign of the Emperor Claudius, lived an extremely skilled craftsman by the name of Lucius Marcellus Aurelius. He had a quaint shop in town, sandwiched between a tavern and the butcher. Marcellus and his family lived in a huge villa near the outskirts of town. Marcellus was the most distinguished craftsman in all of Italy. Some of the best weapons made for Romans were crafted by him.

One day, Marcellus awoke to cries of laughter in the streets. Puzzled by the loudness, Marcellus peeped out of his window and saw the townspeople jumping up and down while the Emperor Claudius' statue was being pushed down the street.

"Of course," Marcellus thought to himself, "this is the week of the Emperor's birthday."

Marcellus immediately woke his wife and children so they could watch the parade. To Marcellus, special occasions like this meant only one thing: good food. Marcellus' wife Helena always had the cook prepare the best meals during times like these.

Marcellus couldn't wait until dinner. Once the parade passed, Marcellus settled into his day's work. He had been commissioned by a wealthy family to make a small ivory statue of Claudius, and the little block of ivory had finally been delivered to his shop. This was to be a birthday gift for the emperor, so he would have to complete it within 24 hours.

Marcellus got out the ivory and settled into his task. Thinking about the holiday food, Marcellus began to sing. Because of his singing, he could not hear the rustling noise coming from the back entrance. All of a sudden, two men dressed in black attacked him. One covered Marcellus' mouth while the other took him to a chair and blew out the *lucerna*. The men then proceeded to tie Marcellus to the chair. They identified themselves as Centurions of the Liberation Army of Carthage.

"We have come from Carthage to relate a message to you from our Proconsul, Vitruvius. He wants you to make some kind of a weapon which can be carried openly because it will appear to be something completely harmless. We need 100 ready to be picked up by tomorrow morning. Leave the weapons wrapped in a cloak outside the back door. This is a secret project and you will not reveal this task to anyone. Failure to meet this deadline will result in death for you and your family," said one of the Centurions.

Before Marcellus had a chance to ask any questions, the men disappeared. When Marcellus finally worked himself free from the chair, he decided to work on the ivory statue during the day. He was mad that he would not be able to enjoy a leisurely dinner with his family since he would have to come back at night when nobody could see him to make the weapons.

At dusk, while Marcellus was heading home, he tried to think about the good food Helena was preparing

rather than how he was to make 100 weapons in one night.

As he entered his apartment, the pleasant aroma of his favorite foods filled the air. Helena had made stuffed dormice (minced pork inside), songbird surprise, cabbage with leeks, figs, olives, stuffed dates and honeyed bread. Marcellus quickly gobbled down his food, which made Helena suspicious. After a convincing, yet truthful, argument that he had some extra work at the shop, she let him go.

Marcellus hastened back to the shop in the dark and began to brainstorm. All of a sudden, Marcellus remembered Helena telling him that Vitruvius, Proconsul of Carthage, was arriving in Italy tomorrow to travel to Rome for the Emperor's birthday. Marcellus did a little thinking and figured out that Vitruvius' troops were probably going to use his weapons to kill Claudius! He decided he couldn't let Claudius get killed, but at the same time he knew he had to make the weapons or he and his family would surely be killed.

Finally, Marcellus came up with an idea. He would make weapons for the Liberation Army of Carthage, but he would design them in such a way that they would kill their users. He decided to make 100 small spears. When not being used, they would look like walking sticks. With a simple turn of the handle, a dagger would spring out of the top of the walking stick, turning it into a spear. He would mark one end of each stick with a red dot.

By daybreak, Marcellus had finished. He left the weapons outside his door as he had been instructed. On top, he left a note, which read:

"Here are the 100 weapons you ordered me to make. Each weapon appears as a stick but will turn into a spear. I've marked the top of the stick/spear to help you use the weapon. The dagger will come out of the end marked with the red dot. Hold the unmarked base towards your stomach to keep the weapon steady. Then turn the handle and a dagger will come out of the top. Remember, do not test these weapons. They will only work once, so save them until you desire."

After leaving the note, he went back into his shop to clean up. As he left the shop to go home, he noticed that the weapons were already gone.

When the Emperor's birthday finally arrived, Vitruvius entered Rome with what he called his Gentlemen Bodyguard. The guards at the entrance of Rome let in the party, seeing they had no weapons, only walking sticks. Nearing the palace, Vitruvius secretly instructed his troops to get their weapons ready. As Claudius came out of the palace, the Liberation Army of Carthage put their walking sticks to their stomachs exactly as Marcellus advised them to do...and turned the handles.

Is it Still Politically Correct to Celebrate Our National Pastime?

Sarah Nelson, a Latin II student of Harry Lacey, Lady Margaret Roper School in Fort Worth, Texas, thinks so, and she has created this Latin version so others can join in with her.

Foras (me e)duc ad pi-la-rem
 Foras (me e)-duc cum tur-ba
 Mi(hi)e me nu-ces et du-l-ces
 Si numquam re-de-o non mi-hi cu(r)a est
 Li-ce-at cla-ma-re pro no-bis
 Si non vin-cent pudor est. Est e(nim)
 unus, duo, tres, pri-va-ris apud
 pilarem lusonem pri-s-cam.

The Danaids

By Andrea Bailey, Latin II Student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

The Danaids were sisters, fifty in all
 Who cursed by the Fates, were doomed to fall.
 They married their cousins, fifty strong handsome guys

Then plotted their murder behind loving eyes.
 On the night of the wedding as quiet they lay
 Fifty sharp daggers, forty-nine used to slay.
 One spared her husband whose life she would not take.

She awakened her husband and helped him escape.
 The forty-nine sisters must now fill their bowls
 By carrying water in jars filled with holes.

Latin IV Students Leave Mosaic Memento

Latin IV students at Carmel H.S., Carmel, Indiana, wanted to use their final project time to create a lasting memento which they could leave to their school. Since their school crest boasted a Latin motto (*Veritas, Scientia, Mores*), it seemed natural for the Latin class to create a quality mosaic reproduction of the crest and motto.

The mosaic was fabricated of commercial grade brightly colored vinyl tile cut into tiny tesserae by the students and then glued onto a heavy plywood base. When the tesserae were all in place, the students added grout and a coat of varnish before having their masterpiece commercially framed to be hung in the main reception area of the school.



Latin IV student David Peaper presents the completed mosaic to Carmel H.S. Principal, Dr. Duke.

Aeneas

By Shannon Scott, Latin II Student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Aeneas a hero from Troy
 With Ascanius, his little boy,
 Sailed around on the sea
 Fell in love with Dido, did he.

He was on a quest for a new land
 And the deities did have to reprimand
 'Cause he spent too much time with Dido
 But soon he said, "I've gotta go."

She put herself on a funeral pyre,
 Said good-bye and set it on fire.
 Aeneas was down in Hades one day.
 When he saw Dido, he didn't know what to say.

Dido was mad, but she was with an old fling.
 She looked at Aeneas but didn't say a thing.
 He was upset but got over it fast
 For he had to finish his trip, and Dido was a thing of the past

After a while they reached a strange place,
 And a frown grew on Aeneas's face -
 For tables is one thing that this land lacked,
 So they put food on bread, and this is a fact.

The bread used as tables they had to eat
 While they rested their weary feet.
 Then Aeneas did exclaim,
 "This is the land I was fated to claim!"

Aeneas and his son lived very happily
 In the new land that they called - Italy.



Submitted by Liam Snow, Latin III student of V. Jedzinski, Conard H.S., W. Hartford, Conn.

Celaeno the Harpy

By Molly Sheridan, Latin II Student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Aeneas continued to sail all about,
On his voyage departing from Crete.
He came to the place of a terrible monster,
The Harpy, whom he soon would meet.

The Harpy was foul, with a terrible smell.
Oh, what a horrible sight!
Flying high with her wings, a bizarre type of bird.
The Trojans were in for a fight.

After sailing so long, the Trojans were hungry,
And so they prepared a wonderful feast.
The Harpy swooped down and captured their food,
And so the meal was consumed by the beast.

The Trojans approached the Harpy with swords.
They fought very long, hard, and well.
The Harpy was conquered, clobbered, and beat,
And so she shouted words that would foretell.

Not only was the Harpy ugly and rude,
But she spoke words of what was to come.
She prophesied Trojans eating their tables,
Because their food would be little or none.

The Poor And The Rich

By Chandra Banerjee, Latin III Student of Mr.
Sprulley, Parkway West Senior High School,
Chesterfield, Missouri

The four horses ran faster and faster until they reached full pace. The carriage, with its bronze wheels, silver windows, and gold plated doors was elegant. The carriage sped over the roughly paved country roads of Gaul.

In the small city of Lutetia just ahead it was a normal day. The streets were crowded, and the sound of the busy forum was heard from the distance. The birds sang and a gentle breeze rustled the leaves on nearby trees. How wonderful a day. Since no vehicles were allowed in the streets during the day, children were playing there. People walked casually and securely, and freedmen carried merchandise back and forth without worry.

As the carriage approached Lutetia, the driver slashed his whip once more to signal the horses not to slow down. They would have to cut through Lutetia to shorten their travel. They passed through the open city gate and charged down the narrow street, seeming not to notice all the activity before them.

There was an outcry among the people as the carriage approached, but when people saw its elegant decorations they dared do little more than murmur, "Where the devil are they going?" One little boy, lost in his street game, did not hear nor see the carriage. It was no use trying to warn him to get out of the way, it was too late.

The driver cursed as the carriage was jarred by the impact. As he brought the horses to a stop, everyone gathered to see what had happened. The carriage left a trail of blood eight meters in length, and at the end of the trail lay the boy, lifeless and still. He had died instantly. The boy's father stood in shock. "How could this happen to his son? How?" he thought.

The driver got down from his seat and opened the door of the magnificent carriage. A well dressed man stepped out. He was the son of Governor Lucius Marcus Antonius. His entire outfit from his silk hat to his golden laces amazed the poor villagers.

"What's wrong with you people? Why are you all looking at me?" he shouted.

"He's dead...!", the boy's father dared to say. "My boy, he...he's dead."

The boy's father was afraid, but he continued to speak to the Governor's son. "How could you? He's my son!" "You fool! Do you believe I actually care? I could care less if all your breed were destroyed." He pointed to the lifeless boy. "This boy right here proves you idiots can't even take care of yourselves."

This was his logic. He got back into his carriage. The driver looked at the father, but said nothing. He got back to his seat and raised his whip. The horses once again began to race through the street as people scattered before them.

The "Ssslyest" Revenge

By Mike Musgrave, Latin II Student of Nancy Mazur, M.L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

There was once a very beautiful maiden named Scylla who was the most beautiful woman in the Mediterranean world. She had only one passion in life — her love for dogs.

She loved dogs more than anything else, and she wanted to own one example of every breed. Scylla had received dogs as gifts from Mercury, Odysseus, and Minerva, among others. The dogs were gifts to her in gratitude for the help she had given them when they were in need.

Mercury had needed a rest while traveling a great distance to deliver a message so Scylla let him rest at her home. Odysseus had needed food while on a trip so Scylla gave him her finest grains and fruits. Minerva had needed advice on an intriguing situation so Scylla gave her the advice that solved the problem.

There was one breed of dog in particular that Scylla wanted most. Circe happened to be the only owner of this rare pet. Circe's dog was the fastest, friendliest, and most beautiful dog of all those in the world. Since Circe would not give the dog up, Scylla decided to steal the animal for herself with an ingenious scheme.

First, she would entice Circe out of her home with the aid of Ulysses. Circe had a great love for Ulysses and Scylla just happened to have helped him in the past. Ulysses was told to take Circe as far from her home as possible. Then she sneaked into Circe's home and took the rare dog. Scylla then left six large, deadly snakes in Circe's home to make sure Circe would not bother her in the future.

When Circe returned, she was greatly angered. She used her magic powers to rid her home of the snakes and discovered evidence that Scylla was to blame. She did not immediately pursue Scylla, though, for Circe had a greater punishment in store for her. She would

wait for the perfect moment to get her revenge.

Then, later that same year, a handsome man, by the name of Glaucus, fell deeply in love with Scylla. By chance, the same young man had also caught Circe's eye.

Circe decided to use the direct approach. She asked Glaucus for his love, but he said, "No, I only have love for the beautiful maiden, Scylla."

Circe now decided that she had been presented with the perfect opportunity to get back at Scylla.

Circe put a curse on the water in which Scylla bathed. The next time Scylla would step into the lagoon, she would change into a horrid monster with six long, snakelike necks in memory of the snakes that Scylla had left in Circe's house. Each serpentine neck would have a dog's head attached to it in memory of Circe's prized dog that Scylla had stolen. Scylla's beauty would also be lost, and she would remain a hideous monster until a man would compliment her for her wit despite her appalling appearance.

Soon Scylla went to bathe in the lagoon. When she set foot in the water, she was immediately transformed into the grotesque monster. When she saw her reflection in the water, she became terribly frightened and fled to a remote cave off the island of Sicily.

Glaucus became worried about Scylla when he had not seen or heard from her for several days. After a while, he tracked Scylla down to the isolated cave. When he first caught sight of her, he gasped in horror at what had become of her. Scylla became angered at his reaction and promptly proceeded to devour him alive. She decided to do this to any man that came near.

To this day, no man is brave enough to confront Scylla, and she remains a terror on the toe of Italy.

These Roman Thermae Aren't Half Bad!

By Shaun Fitzgerald, Latin I Student of Mrs. Linda Chilton, King Philip Regional High School, Wrentham, Mass.

Dear Journal,

I visited the bath houses today along with my good friend Caecilius. I had been somewhat apprehensive about accepting his invitation, but I was reassured that it would be an incredible experience that would not be soon forgotten. "The Roman baths are loved by all," or so I was told. "They are places where much time is spent catching up on news, gossiping, and enjoying the refreshing bathing pools."

The cost of admission was simply one *quadrians*, the smallest Roman coin. Upon entering the *Thermae*, we found ourselves in the *apodyterium* or changing room. There Caecilius and I removed our tunics and placed them in a niche in the wall. Because of the numerous reports of robberies in the bath houses, Caecilius ordered his favorite slave, Clemens, to watch over our belongings while we were away.

Next, we proceeded into the *palaestra* where I enjoyed a rigorous workout lifting weights and wrestling. The one activity I enjoyed the most, however, was throwing Caecilius' own special discus. I must admit I was not too adept at throwing the discus, but I enjoyed myself nonetheless. I had heard that it was in *palaestrae* like this that numerous great fighters and athletes received their training.

After some time spent in the *palaestra*, Caecilius and I proceeded into the *tepidarium*, and from there we moved into the *caldarium* or hot room. While in there, I was introduced to many friends of Caecilius, some of whom were magistrates.

We gossiped about all the current events while we savored our relaxing hot bath. After the skin on our fingertips began to shrivel, we decided it was time to move on to the *laconium* where a sauna was used to wash away all the skin's impurities through sweating profusely.

We then took an invigorating plunge into the *frigidarium*, where the bath water was extremely cold. Then it was on to the *uncitorium* where we were massaged and rubbed down with oil by house slaves. The excess oil was then scraped off with large scrapers called *strigiles*. The *strigiles* and the oil that were used were Caecilius' own and had been delivered to the room earlier by Clemens.

After our massages and rubdowns were complete, we

headed back to the *apodyterium*. On the way, however, Caecilius challenged me to a little race in the outdoor *piscina*. After I was lapped during the race by Caecilius, we dried off, got dressed and returned to the street where we bought some *lupini* from one of the street vendors.

The day at the baths was not over yet, however. We re-entered the *Thermae* and walked along until we came to the *bibliotheca*, or library, which was a part of many larger bath houses such as this one. We looked at all the *scrinia* stored on the shelves, and finally asked if we could have the one labelled *VITRUVIUS*. Caecilius quickly looked for the red *titulus* entitled *THERMAE* and began to read to me how the baths were heated through the use of a hypocaust. The hypocaust contained a series of air ducts that were spread underneath each bath. Each duct conducted the warm or hot air needed to heat the pools of water above.

Later we proceeded to the beautiful gardens just outside the bath's walls. There we played knucklebones, a game in which Caecilius excelled as a member of rich Roman society. Of course, Caecilius insisted on betting. When I pointed out that I had no money to spare, he gave me a little bag of coins and said, "It's yours. Try and double the amount in it!" Unfortunately, I lost it all back to Caecilius.

Afterwards, as we wandered about the gardens, I suddenly caught sight of a group of women, one of whom I knew very well. It was Caecilius' wife, Metella. It was a rare occasion for Metella to be seen at the baths, since she guarded her good reputation very carefully. She was with several lady friends, and they had obviously decided it was worth the risk and the extra high admission fee that women were charged.

The women walked casually among all the young men who had been admitted free of charge so that they could train in the *Thermae* as an inspiration for the rest of the customers.

Now that Caecilius knew that his wife was also at the baths with her friends, he was in no hurry to get back home. We continued to enjoy the invigorating atmosphere of the baths, the smell of the hundreds of oil lamps that were now being lit, and our regular trips to nearby *cauponae* late into the night.



Cara Matrona,

I am writing to you as the *filix* of Marcus Marcellus, a *Pater Conscriptus* of Rome.

Very soon I shall have to assume my duties with the *Fratres Arvales* for the upcoming year, but nobody has told me much about just what it is that will be expected of me. All anyone will tell me is that it's a great honor and that it is an honor I will be sharing with special boys who have been chosen to serve annually since the time of *Divus Romulus*. I know that there are three other boys who will be serving with me and that we are called *Camilli*, but all that suggests to me is that we would be taking part in someone's wedding. I also know that I shall be expected to serve a *Saturnalius primis ad Saturnalia secunda*, but that's about it.

If you are allowed to clue me in about what will be expected of me, I would really appreciate it.

Marcus
M. Marcelli filius
Romae

Care Marce,

You have indeed been chosen for a great honor, but, believe me, it involves much more than serving as a *camillus* at someone's wedding.

You four boys have been very carefully selected as *pueri ingenui patrum et matrum, senatorum filii*. Like *camilli* at weddings, your role will primarily be one of service, but the functions you will be serving at will be so much more dignified and important.

First of all, let me tell you that there are twelve important citizens of Rome who serve as a special *collegium* of priests called the *Fratres Arvales*. Once elected, these honorable men serve in the *collegium* for life. The group was created when *Divus Romulus* allowed himself to be adopted by his nurse Acca Larentia when one of her twelve sons died. Romulus referred to himself and his eleven new brothers as "Brothers of the Fields," or *Fratres Arvales*.

There will be many occasions during the year when you will be called upon to serve the *collegium*. Not only do they perform the sacred rites during *Mensis Maius*, but they also are invited to participate in special family events of the Magistrates and of senior *Patres Conscripti*. Sometimes these events are, in fact, weddings, but at other times it might just be a small party celebrating a person's recovery from illness, or a *Bonum Iter* party for someone setting out on a trip or a *Bonus Adventus* party for someone who has returned after a long absence. Mostly your duties will consist of carrying sacred texts for the *Fratres* in attendance, or serving them food, or helping them change their garments when this is required by the various rituals they perform.

I should tell you that not all twelve *Fratres Arvales* will show up at every function. Most events are only attended by anywhere from three to nine *Fratres*.

By the time *mensis Maius* rolls around, you will be very familiar with your duties. Then, of course, you and your fellow *camilli* will have the honor of serving during the three day festival in honor of *Dea Dia*. During those ceremonies you will be invited to serve either in the home of the *Magister Fratrum Arvalem* or in *Palatio in templo Divorum*. This festival will involve three days of festivities with very carefully performed rituals. The duties of the *camilli* at these rituals are very detailed, and you will be trained especially to perform them perfectly and in the correct order.

On the second day of the festival you will get to enter the Sacred Grove of *Dea Dia*, take part in most solemn sacrifices, and hear the very ancient chants recited. During these rituals in the sacred grove, the *Fratres Arvales* will elect a new *magister* for the coming year

Roman and Greek Mythology

Voices of the God: The Sibyl of Cumae

By Gail A. Dietz, M.A., M.Ed., Tyrone, Pennsylvania

The priestess of Apollo at Delphi in Greece was called *Pythia*. In later years most prophetesses were called *Sibyls* and there were many of them that could be consulted throughout the world. The term *Sibyl* came from the Latin word *Sibylla*, perhaps the proper name of the first prophetess that inhabited a sacred cave near Naples, Italy, in an early Greek colony known as *Cumae*. [Her name, however, could also be related to the Latin noun *sibila* (a "hiss") because of the important role that the wind played in the delivery of the *Sibyl's* predictions.] The original *Sibylla* and all the *Sibyls* of *Cumae* that followed her were among the most famous mediums of the ancient world.



The Cave of the Cumaean Sibyl near Naples, Italy

The Cumaean Sibyl is mentioned in Vergil's *Aeneid* (VI.42-51, 77-82, 98-101) as Aeneas seeks her aid to enter the Underworld and return alive:

"The vast end of the temple had been constructed in Euboean stone and was cut into a cavern; here are a hundred perforations in the rock, a hundred mouths from which the many utterances rush, the answers of the Sibyl. They had come to the threshold when the virgin cried, 'Now is the time to demand the oracles, the god, behold the god!' She spoke these words in

front of the doors and her countenance and color changed; her hair shook free, her bosom heaved, and her heart swelled in wild fury. She seemed of greater stature, and her cries were not mortal as she was inspired by the breath of the god drawing nearer.

"Not yet willing to endure Apollo, the prophetess raged within the cavern in her frenzy, trying to shake the mighty god from her breast; all the more he wore out her ravings, mastering her wild heart and fashioning her to his will by constraint. Now the hundred mouths of the cavern opened wide of their own accord and bore the responses of the prophetess to the breezes . . . The Cumaean Sibyl chants her terrifying riddles, and from the innermost shrine of the cavern truth resounded, enveloped in obscurity, as Apollo applied the reins to her raving and twisted the goad in her breast."

The Roman poet Ovid also speaks of the Cumaean Sibyl in *The Metamorphoses* as he has the Sibyl tell Aeneas the story of her own fate (XIV.132-153):

"Eternal life without end would have been given me if I had yielded my virginity to Phoebus Apollo who loved me. He hoped that I would, and he desired to bribe me with gifts, so he said, 'Virgin maid of Cumae, choose what you desire. You will attain whatever it is.' I picked up a heap of sand, showed it to him and asked for the vain wish that I might have as many birthdays as the individual grains in my hand. I forgot to ask for continuous youth along with the years. He would have given me both, long life and eternal youth, if I had succumbed to his love, but I despised Phoebus' gift, and I remained unmarried. And now the happier time of youth is gone, and sick old age has come with its feeble steps, and I must endure it for a long time.

"For now, as you see, I have lived through seven generations; there remain for me to witness three hundred harvests, three hundred vintages in order to equal in years the number of grains of sand. The time will be when length of days will have reduced me from former stature and make me small, and my limbs consumed by age will be diminished to the tiniest weight. And I shall not seem like one who was pleasing to a god and loved by him. Even Phoebus himself perhaps either will not recognize me or will deny that he once desired me. I shall be changed to such an extent that I shall be visible to no one, but I shall be recognized by my voice. The Fates will leave me my voice."

An Excerpt from Yeats'

"The Second Coming"

Translated by Andromeda Bryant, Latin IV Student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Convertens et convertens in amplificanti orbe
Falso audire falcatorem non potest;
Res ruet diverse; medium tenere non potest;
Mera licentia super mundum solvitur
Aestus sanguine obscurus solvitur, et passim
Ritus innocentiae semurgitur;
Optimi omni sententia carent, dum pessimi
Sunt pleni cupiditatis ardentis.

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot bear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

and accept the names of four new *camilli*, who, like yourself, will again serve *ab Saturnalius primis ad Saturnalia secunda*.

When the festival in honor of *Dea Dia* is over, you and the other three boys will receive a small *sportula* for your participation. It won't be much, probably about XXV *denarii*, but it is a nice gift anyway.

Don't worry too much about all your duties. You will be carefully instructed before you are expected to perform at any of the rituals.

Being selected, of course, is a great honor for you and your family, and it will have a very positive influence on you for the rest of your life.

Sites of Rome

A rap-style song by Andee Huy, a Grade 6 Latin student of Elma Kelley, Holy Trinity Episcopal School, Melbourne, Florida.

First the Colosseum
It must have weighed a ton.
Then the Circus Maximus.
That's where you had the fun.
The Theater of Marcellus
Had, Oh, so many plays
And the Forum
Was busy day by day.
The Appian Way is a road,
A road that is so old.
The Palatine Hill
Was a hill decked with gold.
Last but not least (Hooray!)

The Pantheon - with a dome bigger than some today.





S-23

The following list of Ten Best Songs was submitted by Latin III students of Mrs. Dunn, Norwell H.S., Norwell, Mass.

- I. DULCIS INFANS IACOBUS, Iacobus Vestitor
- II. TIGRIS OCVLUS, Superstes
- III. AQUARI SAECULUM; SOL ILLUCEAT, Dimensio Quinta
- IV. POPULI SUNT INSOLITI, Ianuae
- V. PROPIUS BONO, Paellae Indigofera Tinctoria
- VI. NULLA FEMINA, NULLAE LACRIMAE, Robertus Marleus
- VII. IN OCULIS TUIS, Petrus Gabriel
- VIII. SCALAE AD CAELUM, Dirigibulum Plumbeum
- IX. PILAE ACUCULAE MAGUS, Quis
- X. CORDIBUS SOLITARIIS SODALIVM CATERVA MUSICA DUCTA A CENTURIONE PIPERE, Scarabei

Intra Oppidum Romanum

S-24

Submitted by Jen Gravish, Latin 4 student of Carol Berardelli, North Penn H.S., Lansdale, Penn.

Match the terms used in a Roman town with their English equivalents.

- | | | | |
|-----|---------------|----|--------------------------------------|
| 1. | bibliotheca | A. | food market |
| 2. | lararium | B. | warehouse |
| 3. | sacellum | C. | tavern |
| 4. | taberna | D. | law court |
| 5. | thermopolium | E. | inn |
| 6. | pistrina | F. | marketplace |
| 7. | fullones | G. | temple |
| 8. | caldarium | H. | exercise field |
| 9. | frigidarium | I. | library |
| 10. | apodyterium | J. | cold bath |
| 11. | sudatorium | K. | shrine |
| 12. | theatrum | L. | chapel |
| 13. | templum | M. | where gladiatorial combats were held |
| 14. | palaestra | N. | cleaners and dyers |
| 15. | horrea | O. | shop |
| 16. | basilica | P. | bakery |
| 17. | forum | Q. | cafeteria |
| 18. | hospitium | R. | hot baths |
| 19. | caupona | S. | theater |
| 20. | macellum | T. | sweat room |
| 21. | amphitheatrum | U. | locker room |



S-25

The following is a list of the ten books most checked out of a Midwestern high school library by secondary school students during the fall of 1995.

- I. NOCTE ANIMALIA IN CAVEIS INCLUDUNT, Iennens Burchus
- II. PARABOLA DE SATORE, Octavia Cellarius
- III. OMNES DECIDIMUS, Robertus Cormierus
- IV. MANENS IN OBESITATE PRO SARA BYRNIBUS, Christopherus Baculator
- V. EDUCATIO SEXUALIS, Iohanna Davus
- VI. SAXUM LOCUMQUE DURUM, Antonius Iohannides
- VII. PUELLA INTERRUPTA, Susanna Caysenus
- VIII. SOL ORIENTALIS, HIEMALIS LUNA, Garius Paulsenus
- IX. QUID PAPA FECERIT, Cornelius Shustervir
- X. LUDUS AEQUUS, Erica Tamarus

Livy I

By Michael J. Gravino, Robert C. Murphy, Jr., H.S., Stony Brook, New York

S-26

ACROSS

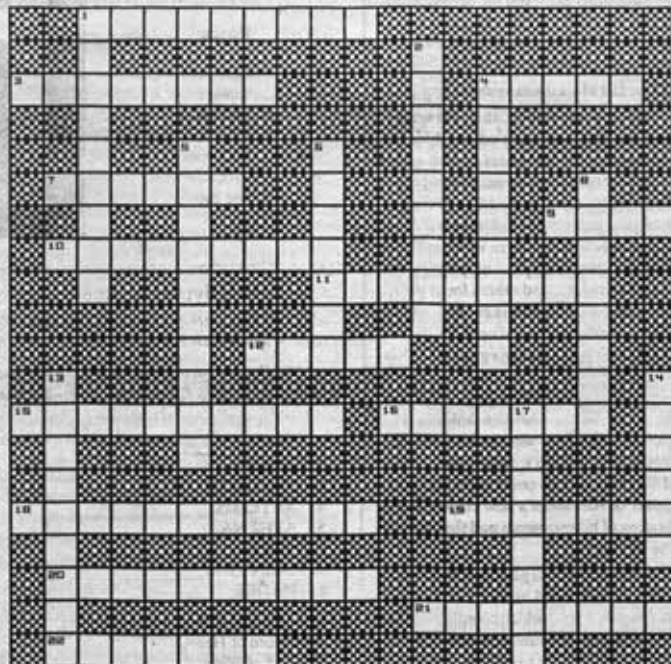
1. Sister of Ptolemy, queen of Egypt
3. Carthaginian leader who crossed the Alps to attack Italy
4. Alternate Latin word for "Carthaginians"
7. City where Hannibal inflicted a great defeat upon the Romans
9. _____ Pompilius—2nd king of Rome
10. Tullus _____—3rd king of Rome
11. One of the hills of Rome
12. This appeared above the head of a future Roman king
15. City in Egypt to which Pompey fled seeking help against Caesar
16. Twin brother of Remus—1st king of Rome
18. Lake in Italy where Hannibal achieved a great victory over the Romans
19. Menenius _____—delivered parable to plebeians about the stomach and the rest of the body
20. First consul of Rome together with Brutus
21. Triplet Alban brothers who lost to the Roman Horatii
22. Marcus _____—awakened by the cackling of the geese sacred to Juno

DOWN

1. Agnomen given to Q. Fabius Maximus for his military tactics against Hannibal
2. Agnomen given to T. Manlius for stripping off the collar of gold from a dead Gaul
4. Place in Thessaly where forces of Caesar defeated forces of Pompey
5. 2nd hill of Rome to be settled
6. King of the Etruscans—used elephants against Rome

8. Pejorative cognomen given to the 7th and last king of Rome
13. Roman name for what used to be called Yugoslavia

14. He was said by some to have furnished help to Catiline
17. Her suicide hastened the expulsion of Lucius Tarquinius



Roman and Greek Legends

Alexander the Great

By Michael A. Dintiri

In a recent poll *millia liberorum Romanorum* were asked, "Who is the greatest hero?" Their choices are profiled in this new series on legends of the Roman World.

Few people are granted the cognomen *Magnus* and few deserve that name more than Alexander the Great of Macedonia. Born in Pella, the capital of ancient Macedonia in 356 B.C. to Philip II and his fourth wife Polyxena, Alexander's arrival was heralded by a multitude of divinations. After his son's conception, Philip dreamed of sealing his wife's womb with the great lion symbol of Macedonia while Polyxena claimed it was the god Dionysus who had fathered her child. The night before Alexander's birth his mother also dreamed that she bore a ball of fire which spread over the entire world. When the couple consulted a seer, they were told that a ruler does not place his seal on something unimportant. He confirmed that their child was the son of a god because both Polyxena and Philip had met during their initiation into the cult of the Great Gods of Samothrace. Both of them also carried the spark of divinity as Philip was descended from Zeus and Polyxena from Thetis through Achilles and Zeus through Andromache (this also makes her a relative of Aeneas!) Their child would destroy the current world and create a new one.

The signs of divinity continued throughout his life. As a young child Alexander greeted and entertained some Persian ambassadors who had come to Pella during Philip's absence. After he had drilled them about the size and strength of their army, the Persians went away stating it was not Philip but Alexander they feared most. A few years later when Philip was being shown a wild horse whose owner could not tame it, Alexander claimed he could and immediately proved it by facing the horse toward the sun to hide its shadow. As a reward for his bravery, Philip bought the horse for his son and said, "My son, I fear that Macedonia may not be big enough for you." Alexander named the horse "Bucephalus," and with it, proved his dad's prediction.

As Philip was off campaigning, Alexander ruled Macedonia as his regent. He led a successful battle to the north and is credited with leading the victory charge at the Battle of Chaeronea in 338 B.C. Following the assassination of Philip two years later, Alexander held Macedonia and the Macedonian territories even though he was only about twenty-years-old. From 334 B.C. until his death in 323 B.C. in Babylon, Alexander achieved his most famous feat: most of the known world to the east of *Italia* was conquered and brought under Macedonian control. This would last in some areas for nearly three centuries—until the last Macedonian ruler, Cleopatra. But it is not only as a conqueror that Alexander became a legend; he, like Aeneas, is admired for his *pietas*. First, Alexander always honored the gods. Some criticized him for spending too much on incense, sacrifices, and other gifts. Next, to the Macedonians a continual river of gold and other wealth flowed from his campaigns and riches in the form of knowledge pervaded the world, too. Samples of plants and animals were sent to Aristotle and others for study in the hope of finding new medicines and other benevolent uses. Alexander also acted upon his Prayer for World Unity at Opis by encouraging socialization and equality between his Macedonians, and other peoples in his empire. Alexander's friends lived like kings while he lived like a common soldier. He honored his mother and sister with lavish gifts and titles while his father Philip's tomb was richly decorated and his memory was continually honored. The entire *populus* of Alexander's new empire came before consideration of his own needs and that may, in part, have led to his death.

Many suspect that Alexander was poisoned by a family friend and that he knew but did not want to believe. Otherwise it was merely a fever which complicated his earlier injuries. Whatever the cause, Alexander had finished his labors and was ready to pass into the other world for his reward.

Because of his skilled generalship and his knowledge in the art of peace, Alexander the Great deserves his cognomen and would have made a fine Roman.

Looking For The Gods J-15

Submitted by Claudia Foster, Latin student of Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio.

With the given clues, unscramble the name of the god or goddess, then find it in the word search.

RULER OF THE GODS: RETPUJI

MESSENGER OF THE GODS: RMEYRUC

GOD OF LIGHT: OAPLOL

GOD OF SLEEP: SNUMSO

GODDESS OF LOVE: NSUEV

GOD OF AGRICULTURE: TSARNU

GOD OF THE SEA: NTUENPE

QUEEN OF THE GODS: OJUN

GOD OF THE UNDERWORLD: TULPO

GODDESS OF THE HEARTH: SATEV

A S U N M O S M I N

V B V E S T A G Y L

E J U P I T E R N H

N C E T F R U R K J

U S T U U C U J P U

S C V N R T A O Q N

P Y X E A P O L L O

Z W M S B O T U L P



J-16

I. FELES IMITANS

II. OPPUGNA HUMILEM

III. PULVIS

IV. III OPTATIONES

V. MENSIS PROPE LACUM

VI. NUNC ET TUNC

VII. PRAESIDES MORTUI

VIII. COR FORTE

IX. EPULUM IULIUM

X. LAMIA BREUCKELENAE

Clash of the Titans

By Lu Gan, Latin IV student of Mrs. Carol Berardelli, North Penn H.S., Lansdale, Penn.

J-17

ACROSS

3. Old fisherman

4. Mother-in-law

7. *Tenebrum*

pileus (in

English)

8. "I want you,

Danae!"

9. Maiden in

distress

DOWN

1. Perseus'

grandpa

2. Bestowed the

shield

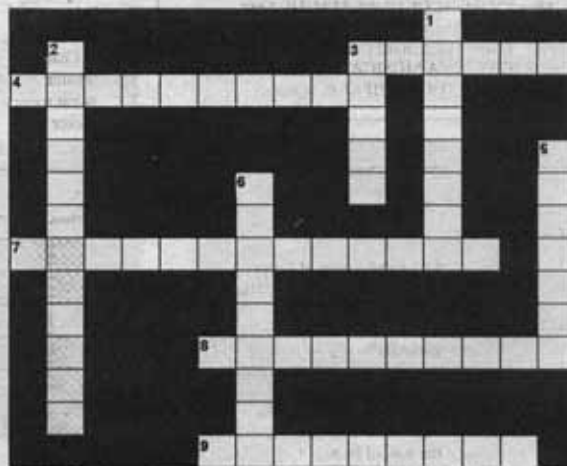
3. Mother of

Perseus

5. Father-in-law

6. "We have just

one eye."



Olympian Roles J-18

Submitted by Christina Wallace, Latin student of Mrs. Erb, Williams School, New London, Connecticut

Write the Roman name of the god/goddess in the blank provided, then match them with their job description and write that letter in the smaller blank.

1. ZEUS
2. HERA
3. POSEIDON
4. ARTEMIS
5. ATHENA
6. ARES
7. DIONYSUS
8. HADES

- a. Goddess of the hunt
- b. Queen of Heaven
- c. God of Wine
- d. God of the Sea
- e. God of war
- f. Goddess of wisdom
- g. God of the Underworld
- h. King of Heaven



COQUAMUS ROMANE



Welcome to "Let's Cook Like the Romans!"

Taking its cue from the growing fascination of young people with Interactive Television and Videos, the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER is sponsoring this Interactive Cooking Column for the 1995-1996 school year.

Each month this column features an authentic Roman recipe which our readers have been invited to prepare. Hopefully, all readers will be encouraged to try Roman recipes once they see how much fun other students have had recreating this aspect of Roman culture.

Compositio Romana
ex libro DE RE COQUINARIA
Scripta a Marco Gavio Apicio

Leg of Pork with Calf Brains and Sausage

Prepared by Erin Brooks, Bobbijo Davis and Brian Ennis, Latin students of Cynthia Kaldis, Alexander H.S., Albany, Ohio

I. Apud Animalia



III. In Triclinio



Recipe:

- 6 lb. leg of pork
- Stuffing:
 - 1/2 t. ground pepper
 - 1 t. celery seed (or lovage)
 - 1 t. oregano
 - 2 T. pork or chicken stock
 - 1 lb. chopped, browned calf's brains
 - 2 raw eggs
 - 2 c. bread crumbs
 - 1/2 lb. pork sausage, cooked

Our Latin teacher wanted us to take a picture of a pig or a calf being led to an altar, wearing a crown of ivy and flowers. When we tried to take a picture of Bobbijo's pig, however, it would not cooperate. So we tried Erin's calf, but she had had her ears tattooed recently and kept shaking the crown off. Our meat packer would not sell us calf's brains

II. In Culina



IV. Ad Cenam



In a mortar, grind together pepper, celery seed (or lovage), and oregano. Moisten with stock, and mix with chopped brains and bread crumbs. Bind with well beaten eggs, and combine with thinly sliced pieces of cooked pork sausage.

Debone the pork, fill the opening with the mixture, and cover with foil or tie with string. Roast in a 350° F oven for 3 to 3 1/2 hours or till done. Serve the stuffing with a sprinkling of pepper.

(THE ROMAN COOKERY OF APICIUS, p. 216. © 1984. John Edwards. Recipe reproduced with permission of the publishers, Hartley & Marks, Inc.)

The Fun We Had

because they shoot the calves in the head, and they couldn't guarantee that they could get all the bullet fragments out—they're hard on the teeth, you know. The cooking and eating were the easy parts. The Latin class feasted on the roast with bread and cider. We recommend this recipe (forget the brains!). It is delicious!

The Lives and Works of Roman Authors

Titus Lucretius Carus

By Michael A. Dimitri

He considered himself only a philosopher, his readers consider him a genius. He felt limited by the barrenness of Latin, yet, created new words and poetic constructions which gave life to his native language. Titus Lucretius Carus (c.94 B.C.-c.55 B.C.) a Roman writer often overlooked, is one of Latin literature's greatest authors.

There are perhaps two main reasons Lucretius tends to be neglected. First, little is known of his life. That C. Memmius in some way sponsored him is obvious from Lucretius' dedication to him at the beginning of his *magnum opus*, *De Rerum Natura*. But who Lucretius was otherwise is not known. The second reason is that Lucretius' only surviving work is *De Rerum Natura* and its beauty only adds to the speculations about his life. Was he a part of the noble Lucretii family or a Celtic freedman attached to their household? Was he a landowner near Campania or a man crippled by a love potion who wrote during bouts of sanity?

From *De Rerum Natura* the reader can easily see that Lucretius was on a mission to educate people about Epicureanism and to put a stop to their superstitions about punishment from the gods, especially in the Underworld. Epicurus taught that the soul of man as well as his body is mortal, creation was an accident, that the gods have no concern about us, and that the goal of life should be pleasure. To him, however, pleasure meant moderation. It is, therefore, our freewill to suffer under superstitions or to free ourselves from false beliefs and live a life of peace.

De Rerum Natura is divided into six books. The work begins by explaining that the nature of the universe is an infinite number of small atomic particles with hook-like appendages falling freely through space occasionally hooking onto one another to form objects living and inanimate. After a time they may unhook and even rehook, but the universe remains always a place of change. Lucretius clearly illustrates this theme of change by starting Book I with a salute to Venus as creatrix and ending Book VI with a graphic description of the plague at Athens. His advice is to be moderate in life: not to give in to superstitious beliefs about the gods who in reality are barely aware of our existence nor about what will happen to our soul after death and to keep ourselves free from the distortions of our physical senses. We must, in more modern language, "go with the flow" of the universe not struggle against it.

One has to wonder if Lucretius, a poetic genius and writer of the most extant description of Epicureanism, would be happy with his anonymity.

A Satyric Night

By Cameron Lloyd, Latin II student of K. A. Sullivan, Oakmont Regional H.S., Ashburnham, Mass.

A full moon was shining on this midsummer's eve
When the spirit of Mischief came blowing on the breeze.

Pan played his pipe round the crackling, bright fire
While the nymphs and the fairies joined in with their lyres.

Silenus was there, full of wisdom, it's true,
But from his drunken condition Dionysus, we knew,
Was not far behind with his cup full of wine
To add to the merriment with his nectar from the vine.

The Satyrs danced in the shadows with delight
While their cloven hooves kept rhythm with the night.

The small, stubby horns on their low rising brow
And ears that were pointed, only Hera knew how,
Gave a picture grotesque in the flickering light
Of these wood-genii who mixed pleasure with fright.
They could appear in a wink to scare shepherds or deer,

But their basic love was of pleasure and good cheer.
They wore furs on their back, a kind of a coat,
To cover their bodies that resembled a goat.

Their features later changed to one of sensual youth
When they lost their tails and also their hooves;
But still they kept that mischievous spirit.
And on these nights of frolic you could hear it.
They had been told to care for Dionysus, you see,
And so the Satyr is known as the "Life of the Party."

Why the Chameleon Changes Colors

By Brittany Bingham, Latin Student of Elizabeth H. Bosca, Science Hill High School, Johnson City, Tenn.

There was once a beautiful young Nymph named Chamelia. Nymphs were goddesses of the sea, springs, and streams, of mountains, woodlands, and trees. This particular Nymph was the goddess of the whirlpools that swirled lazily in the streams. Chamelia simply watched her whirlpools and made sure the currents never became violent.

Chamelia was the most lovely Nymph of them all. The other Nymphs were often jealous of her beauty. They felt that Chamelia went out of her way to make herself stand out from the other Nymphs. The trouble with Chamelia was that she knew how pretty she was, and always tried to attract young men. At first, her flirting was harmless. She would tease young men when they visited the streams. However, Chamelia soon got herself into trouble.

Chamelia loved to sneak away from her whirlpools to the ocean, hoping to catch a glimpse of Poseidon, the god of the sea. She thought he was the most handsome god around. She spent more and more time down by the ocean, neglecting her attendance at the whirlpools. When Poseidon finally said "Hello" to her a few times, she was thrilled that he was acknowledging her existence. Chamelia was unaware, however, that someone else was also watching her: Aphrodite. Because Aphrodite was in love with Poseidon as well, she did not appreciate Chamelia's flirtations.

Not much ever happened with Chamelia and Poseidon. She continued to tease him for a while, but when he started to really like her, Chamelia became fascinated with another god, Hermes, messenger of the gods.

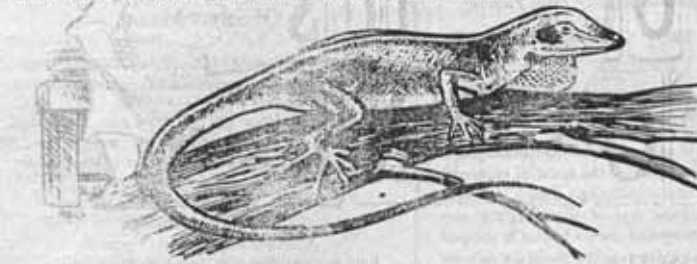
She thought Hermes was handsome and witty. The main problem with him was his quickness. Chamelia had a hard time catching glimpses of him. She continued to ignore her duties as Nymph of the whirlpools because capturing Hermes' heart was now consuming all her time. Chamelia rose early each morning to prepare herself for him. She searched all through the forests and meadows for the most beautiful flowers with which to decorate herself. She would primp for hours before going out to the rocks as close to Mt. Olympus as she could get. There she would wait, hoping that Hermes would come by on his way to deliver or receive messages. She wished the flowers would catch his eyes as he rushed by.

Sure enough, Hermes did notice the little Nymph stretched out on the rocks below him as he flew overhead. He went slower and slower each time he passed her. Pretty soon, he fell behind in his deliveries. An urgent message to Demeter from her daughter, Persephone, who was getting ready for her return to the Upperworld, was late getting delivered. When Persephone arrived at the Upperworld, she was disappointed that her mother was not there, as she had requested in the letter she had sent with Hermes earlier. Persephone rushed to her mother to see what had happened, and along the way to Mt. Olympus, she saw Hermes and Chamelia flirting. She was furious to discover that a Nymph had made Hermes late with his delivery and had ruined the reunion with her mother. She ran to her mother and told her what had happened. Demeter was also upset, and hurried away to find Hera. If anyone could do anything about the pesky Nymph, it was Hera.

Hera listened to Demeter and agreed that the Nymph was getting out of line a bit. Aphrodite had also stopped by a while earlier to complain to Hera about Chamelia. So Juno had word sent down to Chamelia to back off from Mercury.

Chamelia's sister Nymphs taunted Chamelia about having to give up Mercury. This angered Chamelia, but she knew she would have to do what Juno said. She smiled to herself as she thought, "I'll do exactly what she said. But I shall also do something new that will annoy her the most." Chamelia had decided to go after the big god himself, Zeus, Hera's husband.

Chamelia didn't have much trouble getting Zeus to flirt back with her. He was constantly having affairs behind his wife's back. This made Hera very jealous, and she did her best to keep up with what he was doing. When she saw Zeus and Chamelia together, she became irate. Chamelia's affairs with Poseidon and Hermes weren't enough for Hera to do much about, but it



certainly mattered when Chamelia moved in on Zeus. Hera now forbade Chamelia to ever say anything more than a simple "Hello" to any god.

Again, Chamelia was upset. She returned to her whirlpools, for the first time in months, and sulked; however, a grin slowly spread over her face as she realized that she could still flirt with mortals. And that was exactly what she would do.

Every morning Chamelia rose very early to make herself beautiful and then went off to the springs to attract men. Although Chamelia's time by the springs made it look like she had returned her concentration to her whirlpools, it was anything but true. She was neglecting her job more than ever before. The coming of summer required more rain for plants to grow, and Chamelia hadn't paid any heed to the fact that the springs were getting fuller.

One particular day, a young family came to the spring for a picnic. Most of the other Nymphs were under the shade when the family arrived, but not Chamelia; she was ready for some action. She hurried over to a Tiger Lily that was swaying in the wind, and plucked it to place in her hair. Its vivid orange color was sure to grab some glances. The young man wandered off with his daughter toward the bank to get some firewood, and Chamelia saw her chance. She left the spring's edge and followed him. She circled his head a few times before he looked up. Then Chamelia began her routine flirting and led him away.

Meanwhile, the rest of the little family was exploring their surroundings. The older child was trying to catch a purple butterfly in the tall grass. The toddler, fascinated with a little green toad that was sitting on a stone by the water, had roamed closer to the spring. She stepped into the cool water and giggled softly at the mud that squished between her toes. She reached out to the toad, but it leaped away from her. The little girl followed it deeper into the stream. Suddenly, her feet were jerked out from under her, and she was pulled into a violent whirlpool. The breath was knocked out of her, and she was unable to scream before she was completely sucked under.

The young mother smiled as she saw her son reaching for a butterfly high above him. She frowned as she

quickly scanned the bank area for her daughter, who was just seconds before playing in the sand near the spring. A flash of red from the toddler's little bonnet that was turning over and over in the middle of the spring told her what had happened. She screamed frantically for her husband, who had just been there with the little girl. Chamelia, however, had led him far away, and by the time he heard his wife's screams and returned, it was too late.

The horrible scene brought the other Nymphs out from under the shade trees, and they were shocked when they saw what had happened. It was Chamelia's fault for not watching her whirlpools as she should have been. Word passed quickly about the toddler's death. The news of the death worked its way up to the goddesses on Mt. Olympus as well. Their grieving quickly turned to anger when they heard that Chamelia could have prevented the tragedy. Hestia, Athena, Demeter, and Aphrodite hurried to find Hera and tell her the story.

Hera decided at once that a heavy punishment must be given to Chamelia for her irresponsibility. She had to teach Chamelia a permanent lesson. Hera sent Hermes down to find Chamelia and bring the Nymph back to her.

As Chamelia stood before Hera and tried to stop her sniffing, the Queen handed out her decree:

"Chamelia, you were warned to leave the flirting alone, but you had to keep on. I'm afraid I don't have much choice as to what to do with you. The charge of the death of a child is the most serious of any I can think of. You apparently can't take care of the whirlpools, therefore I am changing your position. From now on, you will be the goddess of lizards. Your name shall be Chameleon. As Chameleon, you will be forced to blend in with your surroundings so that no one will ever notice you again. I am hoping that this will make you give up your silly flirting."

With a quick nod, Hera turned Chamelia into the creature now known as the chameleon. All Chamelia could do was flick her tongue and blend into the gold stone on which she had been crouching.

Hermes returned Chamelia to her spring where she was to live from then on.

Finally, A Student Work-Partner System That Kids Like That Works

If, as a *Magister* or *Magistra* you have tried to get your students to work with partners only to find the class stagnate into the same-old couplings, you probably have become somewhat disenchanted with this process. Of course, you are not alone. Most teachers experience the same frustration.

Enter the Appointment Calendar, or, in Latin, the *Horologium Constitutorum*.

Simply reproduce the chart on the right and give a copy to each student to glue into their Latin notebooks. Then have students mingle and make an appointment with a different student for each of the time slots on the *Horologium*. They choose people they like, or would like to get to know, and, because they are required to have a different partner for each time slot, they pair up with fellow students with whom they would not normally choose to work.

Once this is done, all the teacher has to do is announce, "Today you will be working with your *Hora Prima* partner."

Of course, there are a few little glitches, but none that can't be worked out. Once all appointments have been met, new charts can be passed out, and the students can pick a whole new set of work partners.

Horologium Constitutorum

(Study/Work Partner Rotation for Latin Class)



The Seige

By Latin II Honors Students of Marianthe Colakis,
Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa Florida



The cold, grey dusk seemed equally threatening and reassuring. The wind carried the scent of imminent death and yet seemed comforting—if such a thing is possible. It evoked the fear of death while it also reassured that fighting had not yet begun. It slapped the unkempt strands of brown hair about the delicate face of Julia as she sat high on the wall, surveying the enemy camp as the last bit of the sun dipped beneath the horizon. She pushed the hair away and blinked her grey eyes, straining for a glimpse of the *Prætorium*. Finding it, she looked even harder until she was able to discern a figure much more elaborately dressed than the others. This, she surmised, must be the source of all their pain. This must be Hannibal himself.

In her mind, the clouds above him blackened and began to swirl furiously as if the gods themselves planned to unleash their might upon the town. The ground that he stepped upon was charred and smoked as if the demons of *Pluto* were struggling to surface. Such a man must have the forces of death on his side to have crossed the mighty *Pyrenæes* and the dreaded Alps with so few losses. Julia put her face in her hands and began to cry. After a while she made her way into a dormitory full of wounded men and fell asleep on some folded blankets on the floor.

When Julia awoke the next morning, however, the sun was shining brightly without a cloud in the sky, and she experienced a temporary euphoria, held back only by a vague uneasiness in the back of her mind. Rolling over and seeing the dying men around her, she involuntarily shook as reality came crashing back upon her shoulders. Rising from the blankets on which she had slept, Julia made her way through the semi-living bodies to the space where her father Julius, her last precious possession, lay sleeping. She sat down next to him and considered running her fingers through his hair; instead, she simply sat there next to him until he awoke of his own accord.

The old man's face lit up at the sight of his daughter, "Thank you, Julia, for being so kind to your old father. The pleasure your face gives me each morning keeps me from welcoming death."

"Oh, hush, father. Speak not of death for you are not dead. Are you hungry or thirsty? Can I fetch you some food and drink?"

"My tongue is dry, but I desire no drink. I know the siege leaves us lacking and that many need water more than I do."

"Don't be silly, father. There is water enough for you." And with this, she left the dormitory in search of water while her father smiled after her while falling back to sleep.

Soon the first wave of attacks began, and Julia hurried back to her father, holding his hand and whispering comfortingly. Around early afternoon the attacks slowed down, and Julia was needed to help tend the wounded.

All able-bodied men set about to try to repair the wall damaged by the *ballistæ* and *catapultæ* of the enemy. The hours dragged by slowly, and Julia worked long into the night until, finally, sagging from exhaustion, she collapsed onto her pile of blankets and slept.

When she finally awoke the next day, it was past midday, and the battle was well under way. Instantly coherent, she hurried to her father's bedside. The old man, however, did not display his normal smile at her presence. She knelt beside him timidly. Reaching out, she touched his face and let out a little scream as she felt his rigid, cold flesh. Julia fell to the floor and screamed aloud as her grief overcame her.

There she remained, screaming and crying, oblivious to all for hours, until she was kicked harshly in the side by a Carthaginian soldier. The wall had been breached and the resistance had been crushed. Pushing herself to her hands and knees, Julia, in her state of shock, looked up at the soldier with pleading eyes. Surely he would show compassion for weakness. The soldier smiled and then raised his sword to strike.

O! Sweet Maro!

By Nurit Parker, Latin II Student of Nancy S. Seltz,
Walnut Hills High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

I bring greetings to you, Muse, who for a time are resurrected
And shall accompany and guide you by your leisure and consent
Round this place where youths affected
Are hither oft to nigh
And thus with pride do I present
A tour of Walnut Hills High
This edifice is inundated with some like thy wealthy patron
Whose sole task is but to strengthen and encourage all our skills
And these masters, and those matrons
Strive with youths of different ranges
Though against some students' wills,
Is it not strange how little changes?

ALGEBRA

Here in realms of mathematics, two divine ones reign supreme
As we struggle with our numbers, theorems, postulates, and rules
There is *Somnus*—lord of dreams
And revelry's great *Dionysus*
Who feign us wild or slumbering fools
Worsening our mental crisis.

ENGLISH

Cave! Cave! Please beware—must I admonish with this behest
For this class is feared as though it were a Cyclops' cavern lair
Where true monsters are the tests
—For no great sacred invocation,
Nor steadfastness to our prayers
Could aid in these examinations.

ART

Here, our workshop sits where, daily, we design our practice drafts
And as Vulcan we construct and mold and send off dusty clouds
With Venus' will and Pallas' craft
Our Galatea's come alive
Drawing marvelling from crowds
Great pride do we from this derive.

ART HISTORY

Now perchance you might be wondering what is learned upon this screen
For your time knew not the power of light's radiant projections
This transmits—by Iris' beams—
An image of eternal fame
Wherefore we scrutinize reflections
And rejoice in art's acclaim.

LATIN

As you invoked *Calliope* by reverence and entreaty
To commence your lofty epic with her sacred inspiration
So too we—our young minds needy—
Dare to draw upon your arts;
Wherefore, by endless meditation,
Joy doth revel in our hearts.

FAREWELL

The time shall not your deeds forget
As long as minds are by words beset
And eyes with poignant tears are set
Do not your extant works regret.
The gleaming flames of your artful brilliance
Live on in memory, resilient.
And since none can *Chronos*' time gap breach
Thus does your harmless crime us teach
I bid the bliss in timelessness
—As much as Dante's flames allow—
And send thee off in happiness
And thus, *Vergil*, farewell (for now).

Thadia

By Tara Caddell, Latin Student of Ron Meade,
Muncie Central High School, Muncie, Ind.

Thadia was the goddess of beauty, and friendship—important concepts in a girl's life. Thadia is not well-known today, but those who have studied her know that her mother and father were the ever-so-famous *Aphrodite* and *Apollo*.

Thadia was the most beautiful goddess on Olympus, next to her mother, and this made every other goddess jealous, especially *Hera*. So *Hera* decided to damage Thadia's beauty and to show her up as an incompetent goddess of friendship.

On one gorgeous day, Thadia and *Athena* were out having a picnic on Mt. Olympus, enjoying the lovely animals and nice breezes.

Hera watched and waited her chance to move against Thadia.

As the day went on, the goddesses finished their picnic and decided to go on a walk. *Hera* quickly caused Thadia to challenge *Athena* to a race. As the goddesses were running, *Hera* invisibly pushed *Athena* too close to the edge of Mt. Olympus. *Athena* slipped over the edge, barely holding on by a branch she had grabbed.

Hera was thrilled. She was hoping that Thadia would either damage her own beauty by trying to rescue *Athena*, or she would ignore her friendship with the goddess and let *Athena* fall from the mountain—then everyone would hate her as a self-centered prima donna.

Thadia, however, immediately reached over the edge for *Athena*, and, as she did, the dirt started to give way beneath her. Knowing that if she gave *Athena* both of her hands to help pull her up, she would have no way to save herself if the edge of the path broke off, she still decided to risk damaging her beauty.

Aphrodite, however, was also watching what *Hera* was up to, and she quickly intervened to save her daughter and rescue *Athena* at the same time.

Aphrodite then went to *Hera* and convinced her that her daughter Thadia would be no threat to any of the goddesses because, in addition to being a goddess of beauty and friendship, she would also now become the goddess of humility.

This is why very few people have ever heard of Thadia.

Dear Parents

The following letter was used by an enterprising Latin teacher to invite participation in a new Latin program for 4th and 5th graders which she started at her school.

"Next fall our school would like to explore the possibility of a Latin Club as an after-school enrichment program for boys and girls going into the 4th and 5th grades. It would be held one afternoon a week from 3:00 p.m. to 4:15 p.m. and be organized by volunteers, just as the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts.

"The purpose of the Latin Club is to offer our 4th and 5th graders an opportunity in language arts through an exposure to elementary Latin. Roots and prefixes in Latin, which we find in English vocabulary, will be taught through games, songs, and other creative activities. Reading parts of *Aesop's Fables* in Latin, for instance, will be enjoyable, but it will also help the boys and girls develop their vocabulary as well as spelling and writing skills. They will see, for example, how the Latin word *civis*, meaning 'citizen,' is the basis for such words as civil, civilian and civilization, or how our words scribe, inscribe and subscription all come from the Latin verb *scribere* meaning 'to write.' These activities will provide a foundation for learning modern languages and also teach them something about history. Our final meeting will be a toga party with Roman dress and foods.

"If you think your daughter or son might be interested, please fill out the form below and return it to the school by the date listed. The Latin Club will begin the third week after school has reopened next fall. It will not meet during any regular school vacations. We would also like to know if any of the parents—whether or not you have had Latin—would be available to assist on a rotating basis. If so, please indicate. For example, parent volunteers could assist with the games, provide refreshments, help with craft projects, etc."

Mini-Lessons in Latin Grammar

Quid est "Quid?"

The Interrogative Pronoun Made Simple

Based on a column submitted by Aimee Brown, North Royalton H.S.

A song from the Twenties used to ask, (1.) "Where, Oh Where, has my little dog gone?" (2.) "Oh Where, Oh Where, can he be?"

Bill Cosby still delights an occasional audience with his mythical-wife's inquiry, (3.) "Why is there air?"

A song from the Fifties queried, (4.) "How much is that doggie in the window?"

In the Sixties, the question was, (5.) "Are you going to San Francisco?"

What mother hasn't asked, (6.) "Aren't you going to eat your spinach?" or (7.) "You're not feeding that to the dog, are you?"

Bugs Bunny, Esq. still raises the question every Saturday morning, (8.) "Eh, What's up, Doc?"

And who can forget that memorable question asked by the Bridge Keeper in *The Search for the Holy Grail*? (9.) "What - is - your - name?"

Then, of course, there is the Eternal Question, the answer to which is XLIV (Or is it XLIX? - It's hard to remember.); (10.) "What is the meaning of life?"

Now, the BIG question is, "How do you ask all these questions in Latin?"

Well, there are basically four ways to introduce questions in Latin:

- I. By using a "set up" question word such as *Nonne* or *Num* or the "set up" interrogative enclitic *-ne*. These words don't really have exact translations in English, but they do "set" a question "up" for a specific kind of answer. For example, *Nonne* would be used to introduce question #6. above because mother is pushing for a "Yes" answer, while *Num* would be used to introduce question #7. above because now mommy wants a definite "No" for an answer. The question of the Sixties (#5. above) would be introduced by adding the interrogative enclitic *-ne* to the end of the first word in the question because the respondent can feel free to answer either "Yes" or "No."
- II. Questions #1., #2. and #3. above would be introduced in Latin by using interrogative adverbs such as *Quo?* *Ubi?* and *Cui?*
- III. To find out how much the doggie costs in question #4. above, the interrogative adjective *Quantum?* would be used in the genitive case.
- IV. To ask the Eternal Question in Latin, however, as well as to phrase questions #8., #9. and #10., one needs to know how to use the

Interrogative Pronoun

Forms of the Latin Interrogative Pronoun are used to introduce questions which ask

"Who?" "Whose?" "Whom?" and "What?"

	Singular		Plural		
	Masc./Fem.	Neut.	Masc.	Fem.	Neut.
Nom.	quis	quid	qui	quae	quae
Gen.	cuius	cuius	quorum	quarum	quorum
Dat.	cui	cui	quibus	quibus	quibus
Acc.	quem	quid	quos	quas	quae
Abl.	quo	quo	quibus	quibus	quibus

Notice that several of the singular forms seem to resemble the singular forms of the Relative Pronoun (and Interrogative Adjective) *Qui Quae Quod*. Also notice that the plural forms are, in fact, exactly like the plural forms of the Relative Pronoun (and Interrogative Adjective) from which they were borrowed by the Romans who couldn't remember the original rare plural forms of this word.

When using the Latin Interrogative Pronoun to translate English questions, one must remember that the words "Who?" "Whose?" and "Whom?" generally refer to human beings while the word "What?" generally refers to things.

In Latin, Bugs Bunny, Esq. (#8.) would say, "*Quid sursum est, Medice?*"

Ancient Technologies

Aratio

By Arthur C. Nunes, Jr.

Romans ate a lot of bread, and before bread became so popular, they ate a lot of porridge, *puls*, made from pounded (*puls* = strike or pound) grain mixed with water. The word for grain, *frumentum* (from *frugmentum*) is related to the indeclinable adjective *frugi* meaning "useful" or "serviceable."

Agricultural thoughts occupied a large portion of the Roman consciousness. Any Roman was familiar with the typical agricultural cycle sketched below:

SPRING: Plow

SUMMER: Plow again before summer drought.

AUTUMN: Plow again after first rains. Throw out seed and rake into furrows or push in with plow board.

WINTER: Time out.

SPRING: Hoe and weed.

SUMMER: Harvest. Cut grain ears (*spicae*) close to top of stalk with hand sickle (*falcis*). Beat with sticks and toss in the air on a breezy day to separate the chaff. A good yield would be perhaps eight times the seed grain sowed.

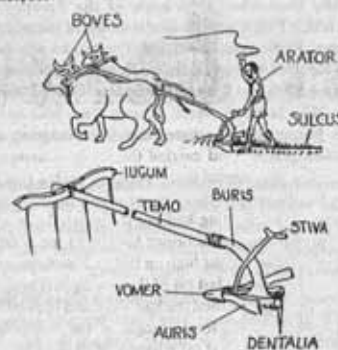
AUTUMN: Time out.

WINTER: Time out. Go back to beginning of cycle with spring plowing.

In the dry Mediterranean region, plowing serves not only to soften the soil for insertion of seed but also to conserve moisture. It breaks up little channels in the upper soil and destroys plants that draw up moisture to the surface, where it is lost by evaporation. Cato the Censor says (Pliny: *Natural History*, Book XVIII.147), "What is it to manage a field well? To plow well? What's next? To plow. What's third? To fertilize."

"*Quid est bene agrum colere? Bene arare. Quid secundum? Arare. Quid Tertium? Stercorare.*"

In spite of Vergil's description of a plow (Georgicon, Lib. I, 169-175) and some African mosaic pictures, we have only a rough idea of the construction of a plow. It had a curved elm stock (*buris*) that gave the plow its basic shape. To its bottom were attached a pair of heavy oak share beams (*dentalia*). Note that *dens* = "tooth," so the *dentalia* were the "teeth" of the plow.



ARATRUM

The share beams were capped by the iron plowshare (vomer) that cut ("share" means "shear") the soil. Plow boards (*aures* = "ears") attached to the *dentalia* pushed aside the soil. The plow was powered by a pair of oxen pushing a yoke (*iugum*) attached to the draught pole (*temo*) which was in turn attached to the upper part or draught beam (*stiva* = "stem") of the *buris*. The plow was steered by a handle (*stiva*) stuck between the *dentalia* in front of the *buris* and projecting up and backwards to the plowman's hand.

The plow is more than a tool to a Roman. It is a sacramental object. Does not a priest plow a furrow to mark the locus of the wall of a new town?

Further Reading

Jope, E.M. Chapter 3. Agricultural Implements in *A History of Technology*, Vol. II (Edited by Charles Singer, E.J. Holmyard, A.R. Hall, and Trevor I. Williams) Oxford University Press: New York 1956 pp 81-102.

Page, T.E. P. Vergil Maronides: *Bucolica et Georgica*. MacMillan & Company Ltd.: New York. 1963. Notes 169-175 pp. 202-205. Regarding Vergil's description of a plow: Georgicon Lib. I. 169-175 p. 32.

Steiner, Grundy. Chapter 6: Farming in *The Muses at Work* (Edited by Carl Roebuck) The MIT Press: Cambridge, Mass. 1969 pp 148-170.

She Loves Me Not

A translation of Catullus Carmen VIII by Adrienne Ambrose, Latin IV Honor Student of Dr. Donald Shorter, Bishop Dwenger H.S., Fort Wayne, Indiana

Wretched Catullus, stop playing the fool
And consider what you see lost, lost.
Suns once shone brightly to you
When you kept coming to places your
Mistress (loved by us as no other) led you.
There, then, those many happy affairs happened
Which you wished nor did your mistress not want.
Truly, bright suns shone for you.
Now she no longer wishes these; you stop, weakling;
Pursue not that which flees, nor live miserably,
But endure with a resolved mind; be firm.
Farewell, mistress. Catullus is now steadfast;
He won't ask or look for you who are not willing.
But you will be sorry when you're not sought.
Alas, wicked one. What life remains for you now?
Who will visit you? Who will find you pretty?
Whom will you love? Whose will you be?
Whom will you kiss? Whose lips will you bite?
But you, Catullus, now resolved, be firm.

Bacchus, God of Wine



Teacher Needs Help Finding Model of Rome

In the December 1990 issue of the Pompeiiana NEWSLETTER a professional model of the heart of ancient Rome was advertised. The model was large and featured 46 finely detailed moveable buildings. It sold for \$295, and it was marketed by WORLD CITY SCAPES, 5445 Charlotte, Kansas City, MO 64110. The phone number listed for the company was 816/444-2606.

Theresa Ireland of Marietta, Georgia, purchased one of the models and would like to tell other teachers where they, too, can purchase models for their classroom. Ireland discovered, however, that the address published is no longer current.

If anyone has any current information about WORLD CITY SCAPES, or if any Latin teacher living in Missouri would be willing to contact the Missouri Chamber of Commerce to see if a change of address has been filed for this company, s/he is asked to contact Magistra Ireland and Pompeiiana, Inc.

Theresa Ireland
1008 Greymont Circle
Marietta, GA 30064

How Well Did You Read? S-27

1. What ceremony shares the ancient and modern expressions *Felicitet* and *Mazot Tov*?
2. Which Greek leader saw himself as "a second Achilles"?
3. What is the name of the Little Drummer Boy's camel?
4. According to Pliny, what are the two most important jobs in managing a field?
5. Who wore a *suppanum* in ancient Rome?
6. The shape of which emperor's stadium is preserved in the *Piazza Navona* at Rome?
7. According to Brittany Bingham's myth, who turned a little nymph into the Chameleon?
8. Which temple on the Acropolis was built to honor five different gods and a local hero?
9. How many priests were appointed to the *collegium* called the *Frateres Arvales*?
10. Who wrote *De Rerum Natura*?



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- Cost: \$3.00 per student to be sent with the application.
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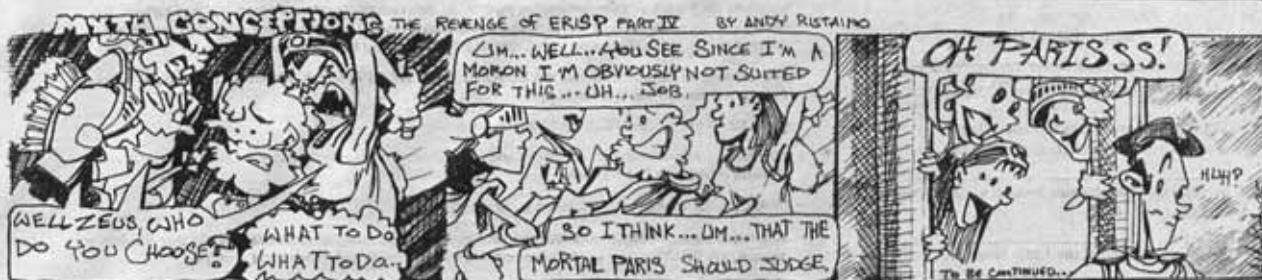
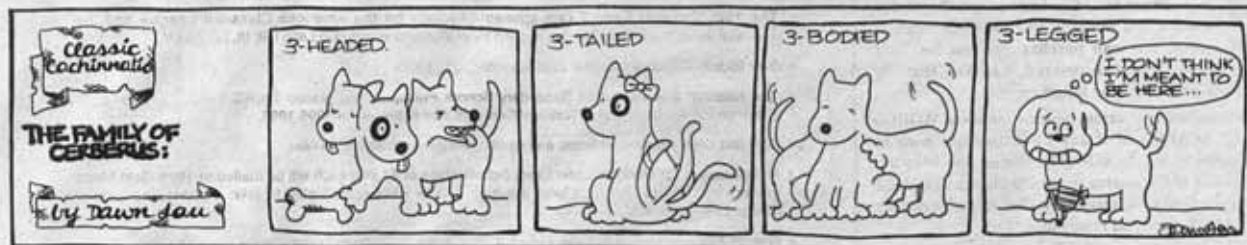
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Donna H. Wright serves as Administrative Assistant to the Editor.

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Items submitted for publication in the Pompeiana Newsletter should be typed or computer set and sent to:

The Editor

Pompeiana Newsletter

6026 Indianola Ave.

Indianapolis, IN 46220-2014

Students submitting work should include the name of their Latin teacher and the name and address of the school they attend.

What may be submitted

1. Original poems/articles in English or Latin (+ Eng. trans.)
2. Special interest photos or news reports of Latin activities.
3. Latin reviews of Movies or Movie Stars, Musical, Sports, or Political Figures. (English translations required for proofing.)
4. Summaries or reviews of articles published elsewhere, complete with references to original author, title of publication, date, and page numbers.
5. Learning games and puzzles, complete with solutions.
6. 300-400 word, cleverly written essays about anything Roman. These may be serious or tongue-in-cheek parodies.

Pompeiana attempts to publish as much submitted work as possible. It does not pay spontaneous contributors.

Latin . . . Your Best Educational Investment

AUXILIA MAGISTRIS

(These solutions are mailed with each Classroom Order sent in care of a teacher member. Copies are also sent to all Adult and Contributing Members.)

Carmina Optima S-23

- I. SWEET BABY JAMES, James Taylor
- II. EYE OF THE TIGER, Survivor
- III. AGE OF AQUARIUS; LET THE SUN SHINE IN, Fifth Dimension
- IV. PEOPLE ARE STRANGE, Doors
- V. CLOSER TO FINE, Indigo Girl
- VI. NO WOMAN, NO CRY, Robert Marley
- VII. IN YOUR EYES, Peter Gabriel
- VIII. STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN, Led Zeppelin
- IX. PINBALL WIZARD, The Who
- X. SERGEANT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND, The Beatles

Looking For the Gods

1. Jupiter
2. Mercury
3. Apollo
4. Somnus
5. Venus
6. Saturn
7. Neptune
8. Juno
9. Pluto
10. Vesta

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How Well Did You Read?

1. A wedding ceremony
2. Alexander the Great
3. Josie or Joshua
4. Plowing and fertilizing
5. Women
6. Domitian's
7. Hera
8. The Erechtheum
9. Twelve
10. Lucretius

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Olympian Roles

1. Jupiter; H
2. Juno; B
3. Neptune; D
4. Diana; A
5. Minerva; F
6. Mars; E
7. Bacchus; C
8. Pluto; G

Teachers!

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Intra Oppidum Romanum

1. I
2. K
3. L
4. O
5. O
6. P
7. N
8. R
9. J
10. U
11. T
12. S
13. G
14. H
15. B
16. D
17. F
18. E
19. C
20. A
21. M

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Picturae Moventes

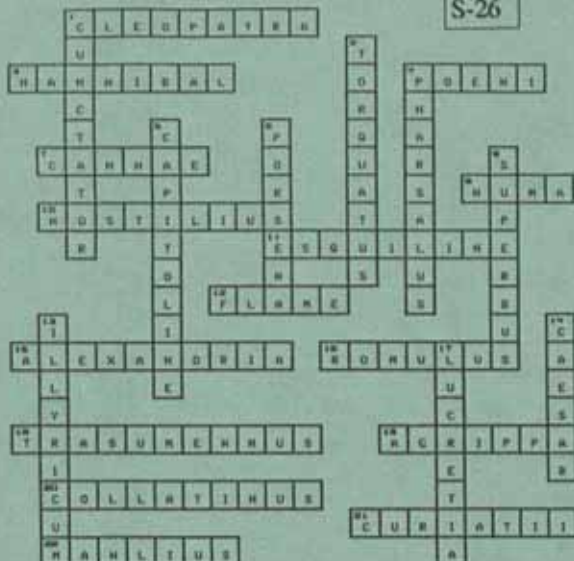
- I. COPYCAT
- II. GET SHORTY
- III. POWDER
- IV. THREE WISHES
- V. A MONTH BY THE LAKE
- VI. NOW AND THEN
- VII. DEAD PRESIDENTS
- VIII. BRAVE HEART
- IX. FEAST OF JULY
- X. VAMPIRE IN BROOKLYN

Libri Optimi

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- I. THEY CAGE THE ANIMALS AT NIGHT, Jennings Burch
- II. PARABLE OF THE SOWER, Octavia Butler
- III. WE ALL FALL DOWN, Robert Cormier
- IV. STAYING FAT FOR SARAH BYRNES, Chris Crutcher
- V. SEX EDUCATION, Jenny Davis
- VI. A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE, Anthony Johnson
- VII. GIRL INTERRUPTED, Susanna Kaysen
- VIII. EASTERN SUN, WINTER MOON, Gary Paulsen
- IX. WHAT DADDY DID, Neal Shusterman
- X. FAIR GAME, Erika Tamar

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Once upon a time in Judaea there was a little boy who lived with his mother and father in a little house. The little boy's father was a shepherd. The little boy's name was Aaron. Aaron was always happy helping his father with the sheep.

Soon it was the little boy's birthday, and the father gave his son a drum with love. Now Aaron was very happy. When, however, Aaron began to play his drum, what a wonderful sight, all the animals began to dance! Aaron thought to himself: "A gift given with love is sacred!"

The little boy's happiness did not last long, however. That night robbers came to the little house. They stole nearly all the animals and killed the little boy's parents.

Now Aaron was very sad. He had no parents. He had no house. All he had were three animals: a lamb named Babba, a little donkey named Samson and a camel named Joshua. Aaron hated all people.

With these three animals Aaron wandered in the desert. While he wandered, he played his drum, and the animals danced.

One day, however, Aaron, Babba, Samson and Joshua were seen by the master of a troupe of entertainers. This master's name was Ben Hamed. The name of the master's aide was Ali. When Ben Hamed and Ali saw the animals dancing, they were dumb-founded. Master Ben Hamed said, "With this little boy and these animals we shall be able to earn as much money as possible. Let's capture them!"

And so Ben Hamed and Ali captured Aaron and the animals and tied them up with ropes. Then the master continued his journey to Jerusalem with these captives. Along the way, however, the master saw three royal tents. Hoping to earn a lot of money, Ben Hamed and the whole troupe of entertainers hurried to the tents along with Aaron and the animals. The three kings, however, did not want to watch the troupe of entertainers because they wanted to follow a bright

star which was in the sky. Ben Hamed was sad, but when one of the kings' camels became ill, he sold the little boy's camel, Joshua, to the kings. The kings gave the master many gold coins, and continued following the star.

Ben Hamed tried to give the little boy one gold coin, but Aaron did not want to accept it. Then the master kept all the gold coins for himself, but he gave the little boy his freedom.

Aaron immediately began to follow the kings and Joshua, but he could not see them in the darkness. Then, however, he saw the star which the kings were following. Aaron ran through the desert with his lamb Babba and his little donkey Samson. Finally, they came to a little town called Bethlehem.

Many shepherds were approaching this town, and Aaron followed them to a stable over which the star was shining. When Aaron saw the kings and Joshua near the stable, he began to run in the road to the stable with Babba and Samson. Unfortunately, Aaron did not see the two-horse chariot running toward them. Aaron and Samson jumped from the road, but not the lamb. The lamb was run over.

Aaron carried the wounded lamb to the kings and said, "Please help my lamb before he dies."

One of the kings replied, "I cannot help your lamb. I am a human king. If you ask for help from that royal infant in the manger, perhaps your lamb will be saved."

Aaron answered, "How can I ask for help from him? I don't have a gift to give him."

The king replied, "You certainly do have a gift. Play your drum for him!"

Aaron approached the royal infant and played his drum with love. Then the royal infant smiled, and Babba was cured. Aaron thought to himself, "A gift given with love is sacred!" Hatred left the little boy's heart, and no longer did he hate all people.

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