

# Quam Ob Rem Mures Alpini Marsuppia Non Iam Habent

*Haec fabula creata est ab Holly Markwood, Robyn Zellers, Jennifer Kellogg qui cum Magistrū Kim Dempsey Linguae Latinae III annos studuerunt apud Scholam Aliam in Conspectu Lacūs, Stoneboriensis in Pennsylvania.*

Candidus, rex Alpinus, fortem et divitem adulescentem querebat qui filiam suam in matrimonium duceret. Huic filiae nomen erat Candida. Multi adulescentes filiam amabant, sed duo exstabant. Unus erat Tepidus, filius Iovis. Alter erat Calidus qui cum Iasone et Argonautis ad vellus aureum investigandum navigaverat.

Dissimilis plerisque filiabus eo tempore, Candida consultabatur a patre suo de matrimonio suo. Candida dixit se amare Calidum, adulescentem lepidum pulchrumque. Candida quoque dixit Tepidum sibi videri esse adulescentem molestum. Candida ergo in matrimonium a Calido ducta est. Deiectus autem Tepidus mortuus est.

Multos post annos, Calidus et Candida multos liberos genuerunt. Minima natu filiola eorum erat Callida, puella pulcherrima et ingeniosissima. Multi adulescentes eam quoque in matrimonium ducere in animo habebant.

Iuppiter autem bonā fortunā Calidi Candidaeque irritabatur quia illi fecerunt ut filius Tepidus morere-



tur. Iuppiter ergo de Callida subducendā et corrumpendā moliri coeperat.

Iuno autem Iovem confidentem et Marti et Mercurio de consilio eius auscultavit, et Callidam adiuvare et Iovem deludere statim constituit. Iuno Callidam in horto eius sedentem invenit. Callidam de Iovis consilio monuit et eam effugere in silvam iussit. Iuno dixit amicos suos Callidam ibi adiutores esse.

Callida in silvam intravit, et paulo post Iuppiter ad eam quaerendam venit. Callidae vocem in silvā audiebat et verba sequebatur. Circumspiciens, Iuppiter neminem vidit nisi parvam familiam murum Alpinorum.

Iuppiter, iratus quia puellula ab eo fugerat, ad montem Olympum rediit.

Post paucos dies, quaedam dryas quae Iunonis fallaciam spectaverat Iovi testificata est puellulam in muris alpini marsuppia abditam esse.

Iuppiter muribus Alpini validissime irascebatur et, ut eos puniret, eis marsuppia ademitt.

Quam ob rem mures Alpini marsuppia non iam sunt.

## From Her Viewpoint

### A series of fictional letters written from Roman women to men

by Donna Wright

MARCO PORCIO CATONI UTICENSIS S.D. MARCIA

To my distinguished husband as he departs to join Pompeius Magnus in war, I send my fondest. I write this knowing our separation may indeed be very long. Before you depart I want to offer you my gratitude for your clever plan which has increased my personal wealth. At first I thought your plan strange. Perhaps not unusual for one with the views of our elders. You certainly prove yourself worthy of the principles followed by your great-grandfather, Cato the Elder.

I admit that when you asked me for the divorce I was stunned at first, as well as hurt. After all, as the mother of your three children, I felt you had always treated me with great respect and I could not fathom why you felt a divorce was called for. After you explained to me that your friend Quintus Hortensius was seeking to breed children with a woman of background such as ours, I was initially shocked. Although he had asked for the hand of our daughter so that his family's blood would be united with yours, your reply that she was already happily married was clever indeed. For why would our lovely young daughter seek to breed children with the sixty-year-old Hortensius? I am grateful that you spared her that pain and embarrassment. When he suggested, as an alternative, a marriage with me and you graciously replied that it would be acceptable only with the agreement of my father, you offered a fine representation of the old virtues to Hortensius!

I understand that you always said that the marriage bond should not be used to further political alliances and that the true function of the intimacy of marriage was to produce children. How unfortunate it was that in my brief marriage to this man, I was unable to produce any children for him before he crossed the river Styx. I am quite blessed, though, that the man left me such a sizeable legacy and that you, *carissime*, were willing to take me back into marriage. I understand, too, your desire for ours to be a chaste marriage from now on. I have, after all, been with another man. I am sure you will find adequate companionship when necessary in the army camp. In the meantime, be certain that I will look after your children and your home properly while you serve Rome with Pompey. *Vale.*

Pompey



## Nos Morituri Te Salutamus

By Mike Dirksen, Latin III student of Mrs. Davidson, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio



Daylight enters only through the small square space. Darkness engulfs him. He knows his opponent (his sworn enemy, yet his companion) sits there and waits and waits and waits as he waits and waits and waits as the shouts and screams engulf him, as he strains to see the fear in his opponents eyes, as he gently caresses the sword in his hand, as the reeking stench of blood and death fill his nostrils.

Suddenly, the door swings open, and light engulfs him. It gets brighter and brighter as the screams get louder and louder and sting their ears like shards of glass. And they enter into the light.

*Nos Morituri Salutamus!*

Just an ordinary day.

Simple entertainment.

He sat in the back - too far to see.

It didn't matter.

Nothing mattered but

to hear the screams,

to see the sights,

to cheer,

to yell,

to bet.

And his bet was next,

arriving...

*Nos Morituri Salutamus!*

Those minutes - they seemed to last hours -

of Fear,

of Delight,

of Pain,

of Anger,

of Breathlessness,

of Joy,

of Bleeding,

of Laughing,

of Grief -

An entire day's entertainment.

The Cost? Only one day's wages.

*Nos Morituri Salutamus!*

## Ferias Agamus - Let's Party!

Although there were only two main Roman festivals in April, both were multi-day, high-spirited, earthy events designed specifically for the plebeians.

Cerealia - April 12-19

To prepare for the celebration of this festival several volunteers will need to be identified: A) A volunteer to prepare the historical reading, paying special attention to its Greek origins and the Greek traditions associated with the worship of Ceres in Rome. This student should also agree to dress as a Plebeian Aedile on the day of the celebration; B) A volunteer to locate a chariot in which Pluto and Proserpina can ride; C) A male volunteer who will agree to prepare a Pluto costume which he will wear during the celebration and bring in six pomegranate seeds which he will feed to Proserpina; D) Two female volunteers, one of whom will agree to dress as Proserpina and the other as Ceres; E) Volunteers who will bring in a large bag of pop corn for each student in class; F) A volunteer to locate four tambourines which can be used during the celebration.

In addition, half of the students in the class should agree to dress all in white on the day of the celebration - this could be done by having all bring white tunics/togas to wear. The other half should agree to dress all in black.

On the day of the celebration (which can be on any of the days encompassed by the festival), all students should dress in their outfits and proceed outdoors to a grassy area where the chariot is waiting.

Those students dressed in black should accompany Pluto and Proserpina in their chariot to a spot on the grass about 100 yards away from those students in white.

There should be two tambourinists among the students in black and two among those in white.

When everyone is in place, the teacher should give a signal for the tambourinists to begin playing as the two

(Continued in Pagina Decima)





## A Story About Ares

By Andromeda Sekovski, Latin student of Mrs. Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H. S., Orchard Park, New York

Act I  
Scene I

Narrator: Ares, the God of War, is in his chariot rushing toward the scene of a battle. It is a bloody battle, soldiers lying in pools of blood, screams of pain echoing for miles.

Ares: Come, Terror, Trembling and Panic! Let us make this the bloodiest battle these soldiers have ever seen!

Terror: I will instill in their hearts fear!

Trembling: I will make them tremble with pain and agony!

Panic: I will make them lose their sanity.

Soldier (wounded):

Help me God of War, I am in great pain. Help me please.

(Ares, Trembling, Panic and Terror laugh.)

Ares: Help you? You are asking the wrong god. Death is the glory of war.

Terror: I rejoice in your suffering!

Trembling: I rejoice in your torment!

Panic: I rejoice in your pain!

Ares: Let us go and feed on the destruction.

Narrator: The battle raged on with Ares and his companion gods relishing their power and the agony of the dying.

Ares (wounded): Owawawghagh...my leg! I have been cut! It hurts! Not I, no, not I. Gods, get me away from here. I need to be taken care of.

Trembling: To Olympus, Ares?

Ares: Yes, we must, to receive the ointment of the gods to heal my wounds.

## Scene II

Narrator: Terror, Trembling and Panic bring Ares to Olympus. Zeus sees his son being brought in by his friends.

Ares (crying): Help me, father! I am wounded. I am in pain. Please help me. Heal my deadly wounds.

Zeus: You have been in battle again. And now you come to me for help. No! You disgust me! Get out of my sight!

Ares: Please, just some ointment, father, before I leave!

Zeus: Here is the ointment. Now, get out.

Act II  
Scene I

Narrator: Ares and Aphrodite are meeting secretly in the woods near Thrace.

Aphrodite: My love, you have come. I feared that you would not. Hurry we do not have much time.

Ares: I know you must go soon. When shall we meet again?

Aphrodite: There is a rumor of Hephaestus going to his smithy at Lemnos. I will summon you when all is clear.

Ares: My mind will be filled with thoughts of only you until we meet again.

Aphrodite: Soon, Ares, my love, soon.

## Scene II

Narrator: Aphrodite and Hephaestus are in their mansion discussing his upcoming trip.

Hephaestus: Aphrodite, I am going to my smithy at dawn tomorrow. I shall be gone for the night. I am so sorry you cannot come with me.

Aphrodite: I am disappointed, but I know that it is best that I do not go.

Hephaestus: So it is settled. Good night.

Aphrodite (alone, whispering): Ares, come tomorrow night, my love. Ares, come tomorrow night. Ares, come!

Act III  
Scene I

Narrator: Hephaestus is riding toward Lemnos when he is stopped by the Sun God.

Sun God: Hephaestus, turn back quickly, your

wife has plans to be with another.

Hephaestus: Of what do you speak?

Sun God: Your wife plans to deceive you with Ares this evening. Go back and reveal her for the adulteress she is. Do not let her think you are a fool.

Hephaestus: My wife, my love. I am betrayed.

## Scene II

Narrator: Hephaestus turns back and finds that Aphrodite has left the grounds. He plots to catch his wife in the act of betrayal.

Hephaestus (to himself): If she is to betray me, it will be in her private rooms. I will place a net as light as a spider web on the bedposts. If she brings Ares into her bed, the net will fall and hold them fast. I will then reveal to everyone her adulterous heart.

## Scene III

Narrator: Ares and Aphrodite are walking toward her chamber kissing and laughing, unaware of the fate that awaits them.

Aphrodite: I have been longing for this night, my sweet Ares.

Ares: Yes, we are finally together. I love the sweet nectar of your lips, the gentle curve of your cheek, the warmth of your embrace. Let us love together.

Aphrodite: Sweet Ares, come lie beside me.

Ares: Your body next to mine speaks of your love for me.

Aphrodite (panicking): No! No! No! It is a trap!

Ares: What is this web upon us? I cannot move!

Aphrodite: We have been caught.

Hephaestus: Aphrodite, I see you have brought another to take my place even though I am still your husband. I will reveal your shame to all, for you have betrayed me, Hephaestus! No! Keep this between us. I was weak but for a moment.

Hephaestus (to Ares): You did not hesitate to take another man's wife. You will also be humiliated.

Ares: Your wife is the Goddess of Love, she has taken me under her power, and I have submitted to her. Let me go, for it is she that has betrayed you, not I.

Aphrodite (to Ares): I loved you, and I betrayed my husband for you, and now you abandon me?

Hephaestus: I have requested this council of the gods to how you have dishonored me.

Poseidon: Enough. Release them. If any fines are due, I'll pay them just so we can have peace around here.

Zeus: So be it. This council is dismissed.

## Twelve Modern Labors For Hercules

By Erin E. Kobs, Latin II student of Ms. Susan C. Neas, Greeneville High School, Greeneville, Tennessee

1. Spin around 100 times and chug 23 Cokes.
2. Get a kiss from a Rotweiler.
3. Eat 16 ostrich burgers at one sitting.
4. Go to Chicago, jump into Lake Michigan, and swim all the way across in the middle of the winter.
5. Get a large tattoo across your forehead that says "BUBBA."
6. Go to Washington, D.C., and retrieve the Hope Diamond.
7. Go to Egypt and climb a pyramid in two minutes.
8. Put on a dress, run into the middle of the road, and do the Macarena.
9. Climb Mt. Everest in one hour.
10. Read War and Peace in one day.
11. Get your tongue pierced three times.
12. After the Indy 500, clean all the trash from the infield and stands in one day.

The Lives and Works  
of Roman Authors

## Martial...Rome's Comic

By Andrew Adams, Professor of Classics, North Central College, Naperville, Illinois

Marcus Valerius Martialis, writer of epigrams (short limerick-like poems), was born in Spain about A.D. 40. He came to Rome in his twenties, where he lived for thirty-five years, getting acquainted with everyone important, and becoming a minor celebrity himself. Since he never mentions a wife, it is generally assumed that he never married. When he was about 60 years old, he retired back to his hometown where he died ca. A.D. 104.

Martial witnessed the construction of the Colosseum, which was begun in 70 and completed a decade later. (Actually, the building acquired this name only after it had fallen into disuse. Everyone at the time called it the "Flavian Amphitheater," after the name of the dynasty to which the constructing emperors Vespasian and Titus belonged.) To celebrate its grand opening, Martial penned several dozen short poems describing the spectacles and praising the glory of the Caesars. This politically correct work later caught the eye of the third Flavian emperor, Domitian, and, before long, Martial was being invited up to the palace on a regular basis to be the after-dinner entertainment, reading his epigrams aloud to a sometimes semi-intoxicated audience of the rich, famous, and influential.

Martial's epigrams, 1,500 in number, are an excellent source on the social habits of Rome. They give a realistic description of the schools, baths, dress, food, and countless other facets of everyday life not mentioned by any other writer. Numerous poems attack specific people and vices of the day, often in a cruel but witty manner. Martial was the Don Rickles of the ancient world, but like his modern counterpart, he could sometimes show a gentle side.

Martial never was wealthy, despite his popularity. There were no copyright laws in Rome, and Martial's poems were frequently pirated. He was bitter about this and also resented the way victorious chariot-drivers in the Circus made more money in a day than he did in a year.

His work was popular, and Martial himself tells us of his readership in Gaul, Germany, and Britain. Martial unfortunately painted himself into a corner over the years with his lavish and excessive admiration of Domitian, whom he called *dominus et deus*. When the emperor fell into disfavor and was assassinated by members of his own family, Martial found himself suddenly politically incorrect. He lingered in Rome a short while, but his services on the Palatine Hill were no longer needed; somehow – reluctantly – he packed up and left the capital. Although a final batch of epigrams was sent to the city to be published, the poet himself never returned to Rome.

Today, Martial's epigrams are often included as short pieces in second-year high school Latin textbooks to show that the ancient Romans had a lively sense of humor. On the whole, Martial is still politically incorrect because of his X-rated poems – about a fifth of his work falls into this category – and because he tends to demean women.

Difficulty level (on a scale of 1-10): 5.

## Hercules and His Twin Iphicles

By Elizabeth Erin Hahlen, Latin II student of Susan Neas, Greeneville High School, Greeneville, Tennessee

Two brothers who shared their mother's womb,  
Will always live in the shadow of doom.  
As they lay their heads when it came to night,  
Their mother told her boys to sleep without fright.  
For the light of day has drifted to dark,  
Soon afterwards Here and Iphic arose with a spark!  
For the evil Juno has cast a spell  
That will haunt the boys like a wishing well.  
Creatures slid through the window drawn tight  
And attacked the boys with a horrible bite.  
Here pulled through and saved his life,  
But Juno won't fail; he'll live in strife.  
Later, his brother was dead and not returning again,  
And that wicked woman will remind him  
Again and again.....

## San Teodoro...A Gem Indeed

By Prof. Frank J. Korn, Seton Hall University, South Orange, New Jersey.



Church of San Teodoro looking toward the Tabularium framed by the Monument of Victor Emmanuel on the Capitoline

"One of the gems of Rome" was how Irma Tamagnini, my late landlady, rated the ancient church of San Teodoro at Palatino. This often overlooked, yet richly historic, circular shrine nestles snugly into the western flank of the Palatine Hill, at the site of the Lupercal, the cave where, legend says, Faustulus came upon the infant twins being suckled by a she-wolf.



## Location of San Teodoro al Palatino

Erected in the late fifth century, when the mighty Empire was on its death bed, this rotunda of sun-baked bricks honored a martyr-soldier from the East. Born of a noble family, Theodore had enlisted as a youth in the imperial army in 306. While on a tour of duty at Pontus in Asia Minor, he informed his commander that he would not obey an order to participate in rites to the pagan deities, saying, "I shall never engage in idolatrous worship. Until my last breath I shall confess only Christ."

Declining numerous opportunities to recant, Theodore was sentenced to die by fire.

His cult soon spread to the West. In the capital, Christians who sought his intercession in heaven built a small oratory in his name, on ground considered sacred by the authorities since it bore witness to the very birth of Rome.

The small oratory was later expanded into the church of San Teodoro by utilizing remains of what once may have been the Annona, an old state food warehouse from which free grain had been doled out to the masses—which may explain why the church seems originally to have served primarily as a diaconate for the distribution of food and provisions to the poor.

Legends suggesting this area as the place of the city's origins seem to be supported by sixteenth century archaeological discoveries and by documents stating that such finds took place *iuxta ecclesiam Sanctum Theodorum*.

In 1845 the antiquarian Vescovoli unearthed here foundations of walls thought to be the fortifications raised by Romulus. Also retrieved nearby was the fabled Etruscan she-wolf. Dionysius maintains that the bronze wolf had always been enshrined in a round temple to Romulus that once stood here. In fact, some classical scholars suspect that the church owes its circular form to having been built into the ruins of such a pagan shrine.

Set back from the road, the church of San Teodoro is approached through a time-worn semicircular cobblestone courtyard. This is centerpieced by a small travertine pagan *ara* which bears the inscription: "On this altar, incense is offered to the gods."

San Teodoro's vestibule adds to the mood of antiquity felt in the whole place. It is paved with pieces of porphyry found near the *Marmorata*, the old unloading platform for marbles transported up the Tiber.

Within the church proper, there is a delicately attractive sanctuary that culminates in a stately apse adorned with seventh century mosaics. Christ is shown here flanked by Peter and Paul, along with Theodore and an unknown fellow martyr. While the inspiring edifice has undergone numerous restorations—including a major facelift by Pope Nicholas for the Holy Year of 1450—it faithfully retains an ancient Byzantine aspect.

San Teodoro, affectionately called "San Toto" by the Romans, has long been considered the patron saint of the newborn. Down through the ages, the faithful have been bringing their sick infants here to be cured through the intervention of "Toto the Wonder Worker."

The church is also known for being the seat of one of the oldest and most venerable religious societies of Rome...the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Name of Jesus. Members are commonly called the *Sacconi Bianchi* for the long white robes and hoods they wear during ceremonies. In eras past, their practice was to devote each Friday to wandering the city seeking alms for the destitute.

Today the confraternity employs more modern methods of raising funds and collecting goods.

There is a certain melancholy and suggestive beauty to this place, enhanced by the romantic street on which it is situated. My first stroll along the *Via San Teodoro*, the *Vicus Tuscus* of Caesarian times, was at the insistence of the wonderful lady from whom I rented a flat for many years over the *Monteverde* quarter.

"Come," she suggested one late afternoon in the summer of 1969. "I will show you the loveliest street in all of Rome." As we strolled, the still stunning septuagenarian pointed out the soft earth tones of the houses—the ocher, terra cotta, and burnt Sienna so long favored by the Romans; the rooftop pergolas and the graceful *loggiati*; the hanging ivy.

She envied the tenants' views from their front windows: the rustic, silvan heights of the Palatine with their palace ruins rising out of the intensely green underbrush and—at the foot of the hill—the noble courtyard of San Teodoro.



## Travertine Ara Romana

At the conclusion of this brief but memorable guided tour, as the coming evening light deepened the pastels and blurred the outlines of the buildings, Signora Tamagnini asked: *Come ti piace questa città incantevole di gemme infinite in quale viviamo?*

"Well, what do you think of this enchanting city of endless gems in which we live?"

I had to agree. The church of San Teodoro, with its incomparable environs, was and is one of the true gems of Rome.



Courtyard leading to the church of San Teodoro al Palatino



## Recent Archaeological Revelations

## Rediscovering the Celts of Gaul and Great Britain

By Sandra Dayton, Urbana, Illinois

You can imagine how important each discovery about the ancient Celts is since they left no written records about themselves.

A few years ago, a large Celtic exhibition toured Europe, reviving an interest in Celtic art and civilization. Its focal point was a second century gold bust of Marcus Aurelius which had been found in a sewer. But most of the artifacts had belonged to the old Celtic tribes, particularly the *Helvetii*, whom Julius Caesar admired in his *De Bello Gallico*. Most prevalent among the Celtic finds is gold jewelry, especially the gold torques or neck rings.

When Julius Caesar arrived in Gaul in 58 BCE, the Celtic people were already migrating westward as Germanic tribes took over the land they abandoned.

One of the most exciting discoveries has been in Avenches, Switzerland, ancient *Aventicum*. There, the original earthen ramparts from the Celtic *oppidum*, or hill fort, can be seen. During recent excavations, a thick layer of ash has been discovered. The ash is believed to be evidence of the widespread burning by the *Helvetii* of their own houses and fields before leaving for Gaul. In this case, the finds confirm Caesar's writings:

*"Oppida sua omnia... incendunt... ut domum reditiois spe sublati paratores ad omnia pericula subeunda essent."* (Caesar, *De Bello Gallico*, I.4-8)

Although archaeology often confirms the literature which we have, some discoveries completely change earlier ideas. For example, we now know that Caesar was not solely responsible for building the roads in Gaul. The Celts already had a system of roads before Caesar's arrival. It was, ironically, these Celtic roads which enabled him to move his legions so swiftly through Gaul, intercepting the *Helvetian* emigrants at Geneva.

Another benefit from archaeology is evidence of life-style. Such is the case of a bronze statue of Mercury. This statue was found in Switzerland in a *vicus*, an unfortified town, of the first century CE. Although Mercury is a Roman god, the statue found displays the horns of the Celtic water-god. The statue represents a blending of the religious customs of two civilizations.

As often happens, archaeological discoveries raise questions as well as answer them. In 1992, another Celtic discovery was made, this time in Great Britain. A Celtic grave was discovered in a *Catuvellaunian oppidum* at *Venulamium* (The Albans). Dated at 50 CE, the grave contains an array of burial goods. "But," we ask, "who was the wealthy Celtic chieftain whose grave this is?" The question remains unanswered although a Celtic-Roman temple was erected on this spot in the same century and venerated for 300 years.

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## Pompeii

By Gretchen Rauch, Latin II student of Mrs. Gale McCull, West Genesee High School, Camillus, New York

A beautiful city, bustling with life  
No one suspecting the anguish and strife  
A volcano ready to spit out stone and fire  
Its importance was rather dire  
And as the ash came down on Pompeii  
Running to shore was the only way  
Escape was futile, they could not leave  
But soon, everyone would grieve  
Not only those in Pompeii, but through all of Rome  
For so many had lost their home  
Some had lost things much more worthwhile.  
Such as their lives to this volcano, so vile  
So ends this tragic tale of this lost city  
To lose one so great is such a pity

## Cura Matrona.

I am writing to you as the son of a freedman who works very hard, day and night, to support his family on the small farm he rents. Our rented farm is a few miles outside of Rome between the *Aqua Augusta* and the *Via Aurelia*.

My *pater* sacrificed to send me into *Roma* to study at a *ludus litterarius* so I could learn to read and write and someday provide an easier life for my own family. I appreciate this, and now I have found a way to repay him for his sacrifices and even to help him improve his own life a little at the same time. I just need your advice to be sure that what I plan to do won't backfire and cause more harm than good for my family.

On the other side of the *Aqua Augusta* near our farm, and partially hidden from the eyes of those who travel along the *Via Aurelia*, is a country estate which belongs to a very wealthy Roman. When I was over near the aqueduct several days ago looking for one of our sheep that had wandered off, I noticed workmen constructing a small *columbarium* right up against the back side of one of the arches of the *Aqua Augusta*. My *pater* has always told me that we had to be very careful never to build anything near the aqueduct. He said it was also our responsibility to keep any new trees from growing any closer than twenty feet from our side of the arches. This is why he and I walk along our side of the arches two or three times a year and pull up any small saplings that we see growing within that forbidden space.

When I told my *pater* about the *columbarium* being built on the other side of one of the arches, he told me that our neighbor was probably using the *ius oneris ferendi* in order to build his *columbarium* up against the arch and that I should keep my mouth shut. He said that our neighbor was a very powerful man and a friend of our landlord. My *pater* lives by the rule "*De divitibus nil nisi bonum dicendum est*."

*Matrona*, I have learned that there is a 10,000 sesterces fine for violating the right-of-way of an aqueduct, and that whoever turns a violator in is rewarded with 5,000 of these sesterces. This would be a tremendous sum of money for our family, and it would help my *pater* enjoy his life a little. I would really like to report this violation to the *Curatores Operum Publicorum*. I figure that with 5,000 sesterces we could even move somewhere else in case our landlord took some sort of revenge against us at the request of his rich friend. I eagerly await your advice.

Filius Gratiouse  
Prope Viam Aureliam  
Extra Romam

Cura Fili Gratiouse,

Your poor child! Your heart is in the right place, but as



I have told so many young people who write to me for advice, "Listen to your *pater*!"

I know that 5,000 sesterces sounds like a lot of money to you, but, believe me, it is nowhere near enough to make the risk worthwhile.

Your *pater's* rule, "*De divitibus nil nisi bonum dicendum est*," is a very wise one for the family of a freedman to follow. You mention that you believe it would be possible for your family to take the 5,000 sesterces and move somewhere else if you got in trouble with your landlord. There is, however, another rule which you should know, in case you have never heard it: "*Nemo extra divitum ictum est*!" The wealthy have long arms and many friends.

Just so you know and so you don't violate the easement of an aqueduct by making a similar mistake, your rich neighbor is not entitled to build up against one of the arches under the protection of *ius oneris ferendi*. This right applies only to those who use a neighbor's supporting wall as a support for a structure they may be building up against it. Be that as it may, I am only telling you this so that you can avoid breaking the law yourself, not so that you can contradict your *pater*.

The best advice I can offer your whole family is for all of you to forget that you know anything about the illegal construction. After all, it is on the other side of an arch from your farm and out of sight from the *Via Aurelia*. Should the *columbarium* be reported by someone else, and it is generally known that your family was aware of its construction, your *pater* could be charged with *conscientia*.

Follow your *pater's* advice and keep your mouth shut. Erase the discovery from your mind and avoid that part of your farm in the future—even if this means losing a sheep or two.

These are the harsh realities of life. If you really want to pay your *pater* back for all the sacrifices he has made to educate you, don't destroy the life that he has worked so hard to foster. *Verbum sat sapienti!*

## Did you know...?

By Margaret Avery, Latin IV student of Mrs. Nilsen, St. John Vianney High School, Holmdel, New Jersey

## That Roman soldiers were builders?

Roman soldiers were quarriers. The Roman army left the earliest quarry activities recorded. They left their inscriptions in cut-out rocks as a sign of their activities. The patron of these quarriers was *Hercules Saxanus* to whom many of them dedicated their work as an honor.

## That the Roman army played a role in economics?

The Roman army had ownership of land. There were areas that were designated as military zones. Veterans were well-respected and were given what they deserved for risking their lives for their country out of integrity and loyalty.

## That the Roman army played a critical role in converting barbarians to Roman culture?

The Roman army recruited Germans into their army. The Germans were usually part of the imperial guards. They were the bodyguards to the emperors. As such they were detachments of the Roman army, but they were not really respected by the citizen soldiers. Even at death they did not merit the same burial honors.

## That there were very large Roman bath complexes in ancient times?

To this day many people go to see the remains of the baths. They were a big part of the Roman civilization. The Romans arrived in England in AD 43. When Caesar and Claudius arrived, they took over the areas they conquered. They brought their customs with

them. The baths were part of these customs and were found, extravagantly decorated, in many cities and private villas. People of all ages flocked to the baths since personal hygiene was a top priority.

Every town featured at least one bath which served as a meeting place for social activities, including catching up on the latest gossip. The baths also were places where veterans and young athletes could exercise to keep in shape.

Afterwards they could plunge into a cold pool and relax.

## Iuppiter

By Heather Schaffer, Latin student of Sharon Gibson, Brownsburg High School, Brownsburg, Indiana

Sollers, creatrix  
Convertens, adiciens, decipiens  
Amator deorum et feminarum  
Latitans, amans, relinquens  
Fraudulentus, potens  
Supremus

Clever, imaginative  
Changing, luring, deceiving  
Lover of goddesses and women  
Sneaking, loving, leaving  
Deceitful, powerful  
Supreme

Modern Mythology**Hercules and the Burning Boar**

By Mark Schabacker Jr., Honors Latin II student of Dr. Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Prep School, Tampa, Florida

On his way back from his twelfth labor, in which he had to bring Cerberus from the Underworld, Hercules heard about the burning boar of Sumer. He heard that it was a huge beast the size of an elephant with tusks five feet long, that it was always covered in fire, and that it was ravaging the city-states of Mesopotamia.

When he was released from his duties to Eurystheus, Hercules immediately headed to Sumer. There he found that the king was offering a reward of one hundred pounds of gold for the capture of the burning boar. The reward encouraged him to go on with the task which would be a grueling one. He traveled through the swampy land and asked many of the inhabitants where the boar had been and how it acted. They all said that it had always been seen at night and that it just ran through the fields igniting everything. They showed him their burned homes and the trails of the fiery beast. Hercules decided the best way to find the boar was to follow its seared trail. Along the way there were many burned carcasses of cows and mules which the boar had apparently eaten after they had been cooked. Hercules remembered this because he did not want to become a meal himself. He followed the trail for many days and finally came upon some tracks that were still smoking. Hercules prepared his famous club and the arrows that had been tipped with the blood of the Hydra. He slowly and quietly sneaked around a palmetto bush and saw the huge creature rooting in the soft mud. It reminded him of his fifth task in which he had to capture and bring back alive the Erymanthian Boar, but this creature was much larger and certainly more formidable. Hercules swiftly drew his poison arrows and shot one at the boar. When it reached the beast, it simply burned up in the thick flames. Hercules was greatly surprised by this and so was the boar, which had not sensed him because he was standing downwind. The boar immediately charged him, forcing him to drop his club and run for his life.

After being chased by the boar for many miles, Hercules finally climbed a tree and got himself above the elephant-sized beast. Once again he tried to shoot the creature, but the second poison-tipped arrow also burned up. Hercules did not know what to do, but he had to move fast before the boar burned down the tree where he had briefly found refuge. He jumped down and started running again; instantly, he thought of a way to hinder the boar. If he could make the sizzling beast chase him through a stream, the water might douse part of the creature. He hoped he would then have a chance to knock the beast off its feet and kill it with his knife. With his plan formulated, Hercules continued running and searching for water. The boar was

in hot pursuit.

Hercules saw his chance when he came upon a clear stream of icy water. He ran through it and, luckily, the beast followed. The boar's fiery legs were extinguished with a loud hiss. Hercules immediately turned around and swept the boar's legs out from under it with a large branch. Then Hercules hog-tied the boar's legs together. He tried to stab it with his knife, but the intense heat of the flames melted the knife. After Hercules had tied its legs, he decided he would run the few miles into town and get another knife.

On his way, he thought of a better plan. He would lure the boar in close and then douse it with oil so it would explode. When he reached town, he met his old friend Paulus and asked him to join him in killing the burning boar for part of the reward. Paulus said he would be glad to help for a share of the reward. When they got back to the boar, it was just freeing itself. Hercules told Paulus to climb into a tall tree and wait with the barrel of oil until the beast came near. Paulus gladly did so because he did not want to be scorched. Hercules then started to lure the boar. He jumped around and got the angry beast's attention. When the boar saw him, it immediately charged, but when it got close to the tree, the boar slipped and hit the tree, knocking Paulus and the barrel of oil from their perch. Paulus' scream caught the boar's attention, and the boar leaped up and impaled Paulus on one of its enormous tusks.

Hercules was infuriated and charged at the sizzling beast, shooting a barrage of poison arrows, all of which burned.

Hercules then picked up the barrel of oil and hurled it at the beast who exploded into a giant fireball incinerating everything around it including Paulus' body. Hercules then took the remains of the two tusks to prove that he had killed the Burning Boar.

When Hercules collected the reward money, he gave it to Paulus' wife since she had lost her husband. Then Hercules started back on his way to the Peloponnese.

**To Horace**

By Jeanne Brazel, Latin student of Cynthia Ware, Conestoga High School, Berwyn, Pennsylvania

When I read your poems, Horace,  
I have thoughts of my own life  
because your words,  
your ideas,  
strike a nerve, a thought  
from a couple of millennia away.  
Oceans of time have not washed out what love is.  
Millions of people have come and gone,  
but not the basic emotions—  
new grapes, same wine.  
You know. You perfected inebriation poetry.  
We lived totally different lives—  
you are not a woman,  
I was never a soldier.  
You lived to see an early civilization become a stony  
empire.  
I was born after nuclear weapons and the man on  
the moon.  
Algebra was still being developed during your day  
while I am beyond the age of chaos and relativity.  
You in the Golden Age,  
I in the silicon era—  
None of it matters.  
Words, complex and classic,  
words, yours  
words, mine.  
Carpe Diem.  
Maybe someday my ideas will be on a coffee mug—  
words, Horace, words.

**The Butcher**

By Chris Pauley, Latin II student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park High School, Orchard Park, New York

Lanius  
Mahus, Cruidelis  
Necat, scindit, vendit  
Non amat  
Lanius

**Roman Gladiators: Entertainment, Justice and Murder****Part IV**

By Ron R. Meade, Muncie, Indiana

Gladiators were something very distinct in Roman society, and something very unique in the history of man. Socially, they belonged to no one but themselves. They were slaves without the usual master-to-slave relationship, but rather slaves with a license to kill. Since no Roman citizen even had this right outside the privileges of *pater familias*, they were considered dangerous—as well they should have been because they were trained killers who may well have been condemned criminals before becoming gladiators.

Gladiators trained in schools which were, in fact, prisons where, living on beans and barley, they were treated harshly, exposed to serious injury in training and threatened with death for desertion. They took an oath allowing themselves to be exposed to fire, sword and murder. This life-style, mentality and commitment to murder made it almost impossible for them ever to be accepted into society again.

There were different types of gladiators who were distinguished by dress, weapons and fighting styles. Scholars have identified at least 16 different types subdivided into five general categories.

The I) *equites* fought while riding horses; the II) *essedarii* rode in chariots; III) *Galli*, *myrmillones*, *hoplomachi*, *Samnites*, and *secutores* were all one category of heavily armed and armored fighters; IV) *Thraeces* were lightly armed fighters who fought with small, round shields and short sword; V) the last group, *retarii*, fought with nets and trident.

If the gladiator fought well and won the admiration of the crowd, he could earn his freedom on the spot.

The games became evermore inventive in their particular forms of cruelty. There were women gladiators, dwarfs, children and blind people fighting; there were unarmed criminals hacked down by gladiators. Christians were crucified or devoured by ferocious animals. There were even mythological re-enactments in which the actors actually died.

More and more condemnations were needed to fill the schedule of shows, and justice became entwined with entertainment. People were condemned to death for increasingly minor infractions of the law including politically incorrect religious beliefs. The arena had become law court and executioner's block.

A minority of both pagans and Christians tried to ban the games. Seneca despised them and was as repulsed by the behavior of Roman spectators as he was by the slaughter in the arena. Tertullian, the Christian author, felt that the followers of the faith should avoid the games all together—although his advice suggests that Christians were, in fact, attending the spectacles.

Contrary to popular belief, the games did not end with the adoption of Christianity as the official religion of the empire. It took the first Christian emperor, Constantine, fourteen years after his conversion before he signed an edict in A.D. 326 banning the games. Constantine, like many other Christian emperors, had enjoyed the games, and he agreed to the ban only after being pressured by the church fathers. Even after the prohibition became law, the games persisted for another 200 years in the Western Empire.

The truth seems to be that their discontinuance was due more to economics than to prohibition. It simply became too much of a financial burden for the Roman officials who sponsored them. The supply of gladiators was dwindling, and there were fewer exotic animals available in North Africa.

In A.D. 404, as a show of resistance, the Christian monk Telemachus ran into the arena trying to stop the show. The crowd rioted and tore him to pieces. This prompted the Emperor Honorius to close down the last gladiator school in Rome.

Thus, the horrors of the arena did not end suddenly, but, like the Roman Empire, gradually faded into obscurity. Some of the barbarian kings, who ruled Rome during the invasions, did occasionally stage small exhibitions until the end of the seventh century, but, ironically, it was these very barbarians who eventually helped end this unique form of "civilized" Roman entertainment.

**Weddings**

By Erin Vanderputten, Latin student of James Stebbins, Riley High School, South Bend, Indiana



The 13-year old daughter of Marcus Cilius was given to Gaius Popula in a betrothal ceremony witnessed by family and friends. The bride's gifts included a gold ring, three powder jars, perfume scented with lavender, and an ivory hair comb. A bright orange veil concealed the face of the bride-to-be. She also wore a plain white tunic covered with a saffron-yellow cloak and matching sandals. The sacrifice of a pig before the ceremony portended a happy future for the couple. Aurelia Luna served as the bride's attendant and joined the couple's right hands in the traditional manner. She was also responsible for lavishly decorating the bride's new home.

An extravagant banquet which lasted until nightfall topped off the day's festivities. A dinner of roast duckling, deviled eggs, and dormice was served followed by drinking and dancing. After the banquet, the bride was led by children in a procession to the new home where her husband was waiting to greet her. Gaius then carried his new wife across the threshold to the good luck shouts of the crowd. *Felicitat!*





This list of The Ten Best Books by One Author was submitted by Taylor Shann, Honors Latin III student of Matt Ramsby, Trinity Preparatory School, Winter Park, Florida.

After the titles have been translated, the author's name should be written in English on the last line.

- I. REMIGES OSSEI
- II. RES NECESSARIAE
- III. ID
- IV. "MILLE PASSUS" VIRIDE
- V. DESPERATIO
- VI. INSOMNIA
- VII. TENUIOR
- VIII. QUI MODERANTUR
- IX. NITERE
- X. VIR CURENS

Auctor: Stephanus Rex

**April Showers Bring ...**  
By Elizabeth Wignore, Latin IV student of Mrs. Staplefeld, St. Thomas Aquinas H.S., Dover, N.H.  
Circle the Latin words for these horticultural terms.

N D G H E D E R A K H G V F C D P  
A F V S W E R F G T S I D I R I V  
R C Q R O S A N D E R F V X S A I  
C H V F T H J D F G D C S G S D O  
I B F B A R B O R N H A H R E D L  
S I P A F J D S R G H E R B A L A  
S C L N Q F L O S Q A N H D R V I  
U C A F G D F L Q W S U G D A G N  
S F N H H V D G G F D M G Y N D S  
M Y T K Y Y R B M L E W Q U E T E  
S D A J U Y H B P D G H U K A H C  
K J H L J G U T A Q U A X U Y R T  
U Y B L H O G R L K O P U T H F U  
H F D C K O K E A B D E X M S P M  
P K Y F R X R F L Y B F O L I U M  
F B O K U Y D T L A Q Z F G D T E  
H B U L B U S F U U R D E X W Q P  
M A N I C A E B S E M E N D F G

flower  
grass  
plant  
tree  
violet  
bulb  
gloves



dirt  
water  
leaf  
green  
seed  
ivy  
bee

rose  
garden  
spider  
sun  
shovel  
narcissus  
insect



## Scrambled Word Search

By Brian Dinkel and Ryan Schmidtberger, Latin students of Linda Braun, Thomas-Moore Prep-Marian H.S., Hays, Kansas

After unscrambling the clues in your head, circle the unscrambled words in the search.

L P R M I N E R V A O E Q T A M P  
F Q T C I R C E M B R A V H G O O  
R A S I R E S E S S Y L U E L K O  
M B C L B Y O L J U N O Q Y R S P  
X W J A J Q G S S Z E V D P T B L S  
U S R N H D H N K J W H T S E U C  
B E Y O J T J E H L E Y H S N S Y  
R Q A O G N I R A M P G T E L Y L  
T O N C B D W I U C O S V S M N L  
O P S O P J U S B S L O K I R E A  
O C S A N D X P M A E A E A Q L S  
C Y C L O P S P X O N N G F B E N  
Y C L O O Y R U C R E N C O U H R  
C H A R Y B D I S N F J B N O F X  
E E A A A I T C H A A L E N E H  
N I R E S S S L Y U S E S N E V U S  
N O A L O C O Y C C L O P S O J U N  
V A N I M E R L E O P P E N E C Y L A S L  
M E U P H Y L O P S B D R Y I S C H A C E R C I  
R U Y M R E C

## Say What?

By Katie Garrity, Latin student of Ann-Marie Fine, Archbishop Blenk H.S., Gretna, Louisiana

Match each English paraphrase to its Latin original.

1. Ego spem pretio non emo.
  2. Ex vitio alterius sapiens emendat suum.
  3. Ubi panis, ibi patria.
  4. Genus est mortis male vivere.
  5. Di pia facta vident.
  6. Ex malis moribus bonae leges natae sunt.
  7. Roma lucuta est, causa finita est.
  8. Ultra posse nemo obligatur.
  9. Fidelis ad urnam.
  10. Feriis caret necessitas.
- A. Where there is crime, there are good laws.  
B. Behave yourself.  
C. That settles it.  
D. Show me.  
E. Someone's watching.  
F. A wise man learns from the mistakes of others.  
G. True till death.  
H. Necessity takes no holiday.  
I. Above all, I must eat.  
J. We do what we can.

## Getting Your Word's Worth

Submitted by Brian Clapper and Bart Hipp, Latin students of Nancy R. Benn, Hollidaysburg Area Sr. H.S., Hollidaysburg, Penn.

Determine the correct Latin forms for the English clues and then try to figure out where they fit in the puzzle. One four letter word is done as a sample.

### Two Letter Words

I give  
I go  
not even (with quidem)  
this or that (Nom. Sing. Masc.: used twice)  
this or that (Nom. Sing. Fem.)  
into (when used with the Acc.)  
mouth, face (Nom. Sing.)

### Three Letter Words

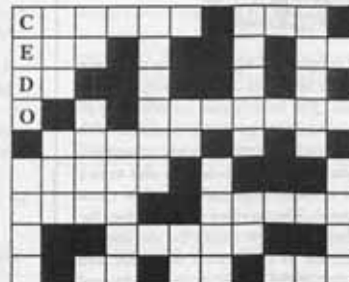
I love  
I buy  
he says, asserts  
bronze, money (Nom. Sing.)  
air (Nom. Sing.)

### Four Letter Words

himself (Nom. Sing.)  
black (Nom. Sing. Masc.)  
I go (no 3rd or 4th prin. part)  
other, another (Nom. Sing. Fem.)  
I use  
I YIELD

### Five Letter Words

I call away  
suited (Nom. Sing. Masc.)



having been seen (Nom. Sing. Masc.)  
incense (Gen. Sing.)  
fire (Nom. Sing.)  
site (Nom. Sing.)  
it is permitted

Six Letter Words  
famous Roman general  
friend (Nom. Sing.)

Seven Letter Word  
having been girded (Nom. Sing.)

## Face it!

By Dwight Kuiper, Latin I student of Darrel Huisken, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

1. fauces
  2. lingua
  3. barba
  4. caput
  5. nasus
  6. labrum
  7. dentes
  8. oculus
  9. auris
  10. collum
- A. eye  
B. tongue  
C. throat  
D. lip  
E. neck  
F. ear  
G. nose  
H. head  
I. beard  
J. teeth



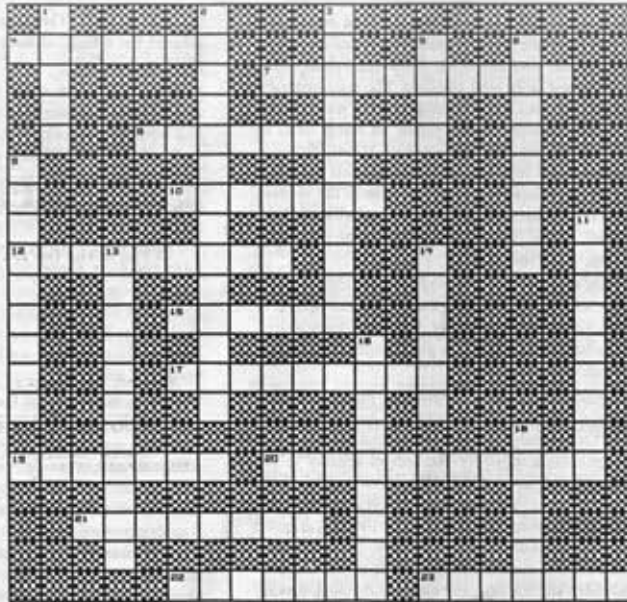
## A Day at the Baths

By Matt Lunn, Latin student of Kelly Kirsch, Covington Latin School, Covington, Kentucky

Fill in the Latin words suggested by the clues below.

## ACROSS

4. toilet
7. warm bath
8. board game similar to checkers or chess
10. small public bath
12. open-air exercise area
15. sink-like splash basin
17. a formal reading
19. large public baths
20. cold plunge pool
21. quarter of an As charged for admission to the baths
22. brazier or portable heater
23. swimming pool



## DOWN

1. a stake set in the ground as a target for sword-thrusting practice
2. coin tossing or "heads or tails"
3. a sub-floor heating system
5. knuckle bones
6. wrestling
9. a small handball stuffed with hair
11. hot steam room
13. changing room
14. game of three-way catch
16. bronze body scrapers
18. towels

## Alphabetical Answers

Based on games submitted by Robt.

Harrington, S. Blanche Lan & Hue To, M. Snowden, C. Stenmer and S. Reichenbach, Latin students of Carol Ramsey, Souderton H.S., Souderton, Penn.

Each answer begins with one of the letters provided.

1. Latin word for "feather"
2. The maze in which a monster lived
3. Clever inventor who designed the maze.
4. The clever inventor's son
5. Half-man, half-bull
6. The clever inventor taught his son to do this.
7. This was fought for Helen of Sparta.
8. Dido was the \_\_\_\_\_ of Carthage.
9. Roman goddess of love
10. Aeneas' son founded this city.
11. Polyphemus was a \_\_\_\_\_.
12. Oedipus solved the riddle of the \_\_\_\_\_.
13. Monster with 100 eyes
14. Monster with three bodies
15. Centaur who caused the death of Hercules
16. Greek king of the gods
17. Half-women birds who stole food
18. Goddess of discord
19. First day of the Roman month
20. Mountain home of the gods
21. Father of Cronos
22. Monster with 100 hands
23. Queen of the Roman gods

A \_\_\_\_\_  
B \_\_\_\_\_  
C \_\_\_\_\_  
D \_\_\_\_\_  
E \_\_\_\_\_  
F \_\_\_\_\_  
G \_\_\_\_\_  
H \_\_\_\_\_  
I \_\_\_\_\_  
J \_\_\_\_\_  
K \_\_\_\_\_  
L \_\_\_\_\_  
M \_\_\_\_\_  
N \_\_\_\_\_  
O \_\_\_\_\_  
P \_\_\_\_\_  
Q \_\_\_\_\_  
R \_\_\_\_\_  
S \_\_\_\_\_  
T \_\_\_\_\_  
U \_\_\_\_\_  
V \_\_\_\_\_  
Z \_\_\_\_\_



## Voices From the Past

By Curtiss Mason and Tina Campbell, Latin III students of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Match an English translation with each Latin quotation and then indicate whether its author was

I.) Caesar or II.) Cicero.

## Author Trans.

1. Alca iacta est.
2. Inhumanitas omni aetate molesta est.
3. Veni, vidi, vici.
4. Libenter homines id quod volunt credunt.
5. Saepe ne utile quidem est scire quid futurum sit.
6. Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres.
7. Legum servi sumus ut liberi esse possimus.
8. O praeclearum custodem ovium lupum!
9. Quo usque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?

10. Hac oratione habita, summa alacritas et cupiditas belli gerendi innata est.

- A. How far will you push our patience, Catiline?
- B. I came, I saw, I conquered.
- C. Men gladly believe that for which they wish.
- D. The greatest enthusiasm for going to war was generated by the delivery of this speech.
- E. We are slaves of the laws so we can be free.
- F. An excellent protector of the sheep—a wolf!
- G. The die is cast.
- H. Inhumanity is harmful in every age.
- I. Gaul is divided entirely into three sections.
- J. Often it doesn't even help to know the future.

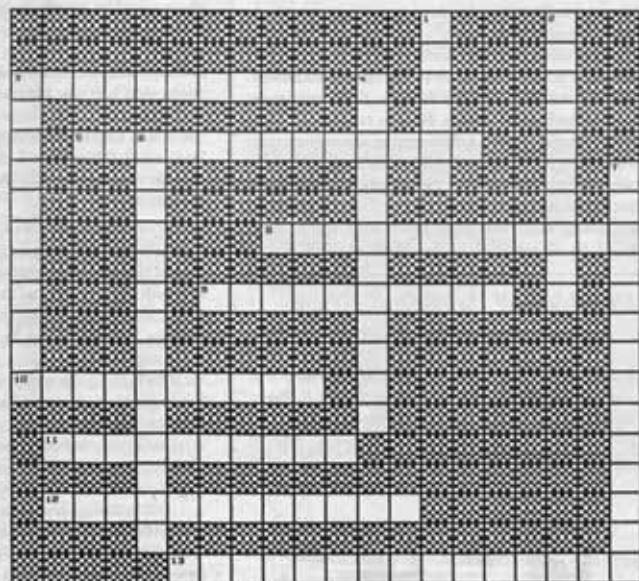
## Phobomania

## ACROSS

3. fear of heights
5. fear of spiders
8. fear of pins and needles
9. fear of dogs
10. fear of pain
11. fear of strangers
12. fear of horses
13. fear of becoming deformed

## DOWN

1. fear
2. fear of crowds
3. fear of open spaces
4. fear of thunder
6. fear of people
7. fear of small places



This list of The Best of the Beatles was submitted by Sushil Cheema, Latin II Honors student of Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa Florida.

I. SALVE, VALE

II. ET EAM AMO

III. TIBI NARRARE DESIDERO

IV. HIC, IBI ET UBIQUE

V. ADIUVAI

VI. EA QUAE HODIE DIXIMUS

VII. RES NOVAE

VIII. CONVENITE

IX. HERI

X. EAM IBI STANTEM VIDI



## Cato Plebeius Romanus

By Justin Midkiff, Latin II student of Donna Wright,  
Lawrence North High School, Indianapolis, Indiana

*Mihi nomen est Cato. I make my living as the landlord of an insula. The way I obtained the insula is an interesting story.*

I used to work on the Cornelian family villa rustica, but seven years ago I received a bit of bona fortuna. It was raining hard, but I was out doing some extra chores assigned me as a punishment for a little scenario involving myself and Aurelia while dominus aberat. Apparently Sextus and Marcus had been outside playing just before the rain started. While working, I heard a boy's voice calling from atop the hill. It sounded troubled, so I went to check it out.

I found Sextus, and he said that Marcus was still on the other side of the hill. The rain had started quickly. While Marcus and Sextus were attempting to run up and over the hill to get home, Marcus slipped on a clod of lutum and slid back down the other side of the hill into some trees and bushes. Unfortunately, his leg got caught in a ramus so he sedebat immobilis. Water was rushing down the hill in large amounts; it seemed almost like buckets of water were being poured onto his head.

Sextus went for help, and I found Marcus passed out, very pale and very cold. After freeing his leg, I got him up to the top of the hill. Sextus had come back with another slave, Davus, and Cornelius ipse!

It was there on top of the hill that it happened!

I saw a bright light; then I started doing weird things! As if I'd seen Apollo, I started doing things I had no control over. I didn't exactly know what I was doing, but I've been told that I just put my ear to Marcus' mouth. They say that I then started rapidly pressing Marcus' chest with the palm of my hand. Then I supposedly opened my mouth and put it on Marcus' as if I were kissing him. They say that after I did this five or six times, Marcus magically coughed up water and awoke. He then ran to his pater while I sat there attonitus along with everyone else.

The aftermath was that Cornelius gave me my freedom. He also gave me an insula of my own that a friend of his had given to him in return for some favors. So mea uxor nomine Atalanta and I took over the building. She was the landlady while I ran the popina on the ground floor and oversaw all operations. Atalanta and I have una filia nomine Dominica. She is seven, and Atalanta babies her. We'll have a filius soon, but we are getting old. Atalanta is twenty-two and I am twenty-four. We live in the apartment on the ground floor. We collect our rent...unus aureus - every Kalendae Ianuariae. We have four apartments on all four upper levels.

In addition to the popina from which one can buy take-out food, our insula has a central courtyard in which the incolae can relax and socialize, a privatized fullonica owned by another liberthus who is amicus meus, a foris publica next to the insula and (our pride and joy) a latrina privata.

My patronus Cornelius has been importing a new plant from Aegyptus that makes a very good drink. The Africans call it cerevisia. Sometimes my patronus will send over some of his slaves to help in our kitchen or to stand watch as ianitores at night. Sometimes they help me with insula repairs. He also supplies me with all the cerevisia I need. I often accompany my patronus when he goes to the munera gladiatoria, the ludi circenses or to the theatrum. I especially like to visit him back at the villa rustica and go hunting. All in all, things are going well. The gods watch over our health; hopefully, we will live long (knock on marble)!

## Martial Spin-off

## Politically Deaf

Submitted by Gab Pollack, Amanda Passmore and Tatiana Zwerling, Latin students of Nancy R. Benn, Hollidaysburg Area Sr. H.S., Hollidaysburg, Penn.

Quid aselli et elephanti in concordia habent?  
Utique magnas aures habent, sed neuter alterum  
audire potest.



## The Life of Girls and Women in Ancient Rome

## Women's Clothing

By Stephen A. Stertz

The basic women's garment was the stola, corresponding to the tunic worn by men. The tunica interior or subucula was worn beneath it. Outdoors, a cloak called the palla was worn over the stola. The stola generally had short sleeves, although sometimes it was fastened on either shoulder with a fibula, in which case, as statues show, the tunica interior had sleeves. The stola reached to the feet. In the case of married women, it had a narrow border, the instita, sewn to the bottom. Contrary to what some earlier scholars believed, there was no fringe. The stola was attached tightly, by folding, under the breasts.

Certain women were honored with the right to wear stolae with special decorations, the exact nature of which has been the subject of dispute among scholars. According to one theory, a gold border or patagium was one such decoration.

The palla was a large rectangular piece of woolen material which could be worn in a large number of ways. One popular variation, described in the writings of Apuleius, a writer of the second century of the Christian era, involved hanging about a third of the length of the palla in front over the left shoulder, while the rest went around the back, under the right arm and carried obliquely across the body, the end being thrown either over the left shoulder or the left arm. Another variation involved carrying the palla around over the right shoulder; occasionally it was passed over

the head as a veil. The palla was frequently brightly-colored, but at times white or black, as Pompeian wall paintings indicate.

In early Republican times the extra wrap worn by women when outdoors was the rica, or ricinium, which may have been an oblong-shaped garment worn over the head as a veil. The palla gradually replaced it.

Girls sometimes wore a linen garment, reaching to the feet, called the supparum or supparus, the exact form of which is uncertain. Various types of boots, sandals, and shoes were worn by women; these were not very different from those worn by men. Jewelry and coiffures—which at times were elaborate—often completed the effect, while in later Imperial times clothing for both sexes became more elaborate and highly ornamented, under foreign, including barbarian, influence.

Women in the imperial family in the later Empire occasionally wore helmets and armor on certain occasions and are so depicted on coins. Special costumes were worn by Vestal Virgins and certain other priestesses, while women of non-Roman origin, who became more numerous in Rome from the middle Republic onward, wore a variety of national costumes. There were no special costumes for slaves of either sex, and under the Republic a proposal to introduce such special garments was defeated on the grounds that slaves would then know how numerous they were.

## The Dingy Demi Dozen

By Mallory Nixon and Mike Musgrave, Latin students  
of Nancy Mazur, M.L. Steele High School, Amherst,  
Ohio



Mike Musgrave (AP: Athens Press)

Frankenstein? Dracula? The Mummy? Mr. Hyde? Mere imbeciles compared to Scylla. She's the queen of wretchedness, the master of the ugly, the leader of the loathsome. It's hard to believe but she was a beautiful maiden at one time.

The story begins when a young man by the name of Glaucus is fishing one day. He has caught his limit and puts the fresh fish on the ground to admire his catch. Then something fishy happens. The fish begin eating the grass on the ground. Then they wiggle their way to the sea and swim away. Glaucus was amazed at this so he ate the grass and suddenly a powerful urge overcame him and he jumped into the sea. He was accepted by the sea-gods graciously. They wanted to make him one of them so the gods called on Oceanus and Tethys to make him immortal.

When the gods poured the waters of one hundred rivers upon him, he was changed into a man with green hair and with a fish tail where his legs used to be. One day while investigating the seas, he saw Scylla, the beautiful maiden, bathing in the bay. When Glaucus confronted her, she became terribly frightened and hurried to the top of a large rock where she could sit and watch him. Glaucus then called to Scylla, "Don't be alarmed, fair maiden. I am only a man with powers over the seas." Scylla then lost all control and fled into the forest.

Glaucus was heart-broken so he went to the enchantress, Circe. He asked her for a love potion. She denied him this, only because she herself had fallen in love with Glaucus. When Glaucus found out that Circe loved him, he told her that nothing could come between him and his true love, Scylla. This announcement angered Circe. Circe then folk-ved this statement by making a potent potion that would get rid of her anger by harming Scylla. Circe poured the liquid into the water in which Scylla bathed. When Scylla stepped into the water, she was changed into a hideous monster. Serpents' necks grew out of her body with dogs' heads attached to them. She also became rooted to a rock in the lagoon. Scylla was so full of despair that she ravaged everything that came within her reach, something that Ulysses, Aeneas, and Jason could describe in detail.

## Athena

By Amy Farrell, Grade 8 Latin student of Tina Moller,  
Sandy Run Middle School, Dresher, Pennsylvania

I popped from Zeus' head,  
but he really wasn't dead.

His daughter: strong, beautiful, wise, and bright,  
I am the one the warriors seek when they have to fight.

I arrived fully clothed and grown  
not as a baby from a woman's womb.

I came to teach all of mankind  
to weave, to farm, to think, and to save man time.  
The numbers you use, the judges you face—  
without me the world would be a disgrace.  
Arachne was one who challenged my weaving  
in a contest so grand there would be no believing.  
To live or to die was the price she would pay  
if she failed to impress the judges that day.  
Arachne lost, and the spiders you see  
spin their webs forever as a tribute to me.

## Catullus-Style Spam

By Christopher Gerson, Latin V student of  
Michael J. Gravino, Ward Melville High School,  
Setauket, New York

If you would like to dine with me, oh Sam,  
You must provide all of the SPAM,  
And when we eat,  
You'll wish to be all feet,  
So you can run from the fake ham.

## Creusa

Susannah Barton Tobin, Latin IV student of Dianne  
Close, The Winsor School, Boston, Massachusetts

The footsteps echoed softly on the dusty road,  
Two men marching steadily onward,  
The third riding safely above the ground.  
My legs, weak and trembling, no longer carried me  
And so I lay, forever left behind by  
Those three men, my husband, son, and husband's  
father.

I lay between my burning homeland and my family,  
Unable to return to one, abandoned by the other—  
I had no strength to move.

I think I cried out at first, but they kept moving,  
Marching toward Rome, toward immortality.  
I was not part of their destiny.

Vergil's critics say I was a "necessary sacrifice."  
Necessary? Or heartless?

My life ended as I lay, listening to the footsteps  
Echoing on the dusty road,  
Two men marching steadily onward,  
Away from me, to Rome and immortality.

Sunt lacrimae rerum, indeed.

Travel in the Ancient World**Carthago Non Iam Delenda est!**

By Michael A. Dimitri

*Prolemeio Augusto, Patri Patriae, Imperatori mundi, S.P.D.*

*Pro di immortales, mi Imperator! Quam Durissimum iter erat Carthaginem!* The journey across North Africa seemed endless! Friends in Alexandria had advised me to wait for other Roman travelers to the west and not set out alone as I had planned. When I discussed this with your representative there, he arranged to have me travel with a group of *speculatores* disguised as locals. This worked both to our advantage and to our disadvantage. Although the *speculatores* were able to achieve their goal of retrieving a certain amount of information about this part of the empire, our progress was slower due to the continuing tribal struggles going on between rival clans in Cyrenaica. Several times as we made our way along the coastline road you are building, we were stopped by various chieftains who sought our purpose in traveling westward. We quickly discovered that after all these centuries the native peoples here still feel so much resentment toward the *Punici* that we were not only able to escape being harmed by them, but we also received help in our journey. An additional plus is that many are open to Roman influence because they, as traders, have learned about the advancements made by your administration in uniting the world and making travel safer and easier. They hope that you will help them end the Carthaginian domination of the western *Mare Nostrum*. I and other *Romani* in your government are working closely with these chieftains to secure Cyrenaica as a province of Rome as soon as possible. I know as you read on you will agree that this must be done immediately! In spite of the ease with which we made these locals *socii*, nature herself was frequently uncooperative. The desert is hotter than a *furnus*; at night, however, we froze as there was little protection from the wind. A few times during our trip sandstorms blew so fiercely that we thought we would be buried alive. Quite honestly, it was only my experience from traveling for so many years and the grace of Jove himself which preserved us.

We did, however, finally reach the massive walls of *Carthago*. I must say that arriving here reminded me of Aeneas finding the deserted city of *Pergamea* on Crete during his wanderings. Among the ruins, now sparsely populated by scattered Phoenician survivors and the remnants of earlier attempts at Roman colonization, there is evidence of the great city she once was and could be again. This, *Auguste*, is an area that is ripe for progress and incorporation into your empire!

As you know, *Carthago* ruled the western trade zone for centuries. She imported various metals including gold, silver, and tin from the uncivilized peoples of Africa and *Hispania*. In turn, she exported manufactured goods such as carpets, timber, hides, jewelry, pottery, lamps, dyes, wines, and textiles. This tradition of trade is still present although the volume is minimal. It could, of course, be easily expanded to provide increasing revenues and security for Rome. Moreover, the Carthaginian survivors are still skilled farmers, and they could be encouraged to produce crops along the Libyan coastline equal in harvest to those of southern *Italia* and *Aegyptus*. Not only could Rome benefit from another cheap food source, but also from their knowledge of farming. The proven trade success of this region, the man-made harbor of Carthage which remains in good condition, and the readiness of the locals to join Rome make *Cyrenaica* an easy addition to your empire. The early beginnings of a Roman colony here at *Iunonia* are enough to provide you with a foothold on the continent.

Contrary to generations of Roman foreign policy, it is time to give up the traditional hatred of Carthage; *Carthago non iam delenda est, mi Imperator!*

Rumors of trade explorations along the western coast of Africa, which is said by the locals to be much larger than we imagine, prompt me to sail to *Hispania* rather than back to Rome once my work here is finished. I would like to return to Rome to offer my support since I have heard of your personal tragedies; however, it may be better for the sake of Rome that I explore this new Atlantic trade possibility. *Et iam, vale.*

**The Goodly Gladiators**

By Josh Glasstetter, Latin III student of Nancy Mazur,  
Marion L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

There are often many articles about and references to gladiators in the pages of *Pompeiana*, but do we really know the true story behind Rome's most unique form of entertainment? The first gladiatorial match took place in 264 B.C. and only six men fought that day. The sponsors of that show, Marcus and Decimus Brutus, wished to have some form of entertainment at their father's funeral, so they pitted man vs. man in a fight to the death.

It didn't take long for this barbaric spectacle to spread across the land, and, soon after, both private and public gladiatorial events were commonplace. For the most part the gladiators participating in these contests were prisoners of war, slaves, or criminals who competed either against other gladiators or wild animals. Normally, the gladiators were armed with spears and nets or with swords and shields. Before competing in matches the gladiators were normally sent to a school where they were taught how to fight.

At various times throughout the history of Rome, the gladiatorial matches were ostensibly wasteful and extravagant. Emperor Titus once held a 100-day gladiator show during which 9,000 animals were slain. Emperor Trajan exhibited 5,000 gladiators and in 90 A.D. Emperor Domitian held a contest during which women fought dwarfs. These gladiatorial events continued for most of the history of the Roman Empire until Constantine began to restrict these activities around 326 A.D. Although matches were believed to have continued afterwards, they were officially outlawed by Honorius in 404 A.D.

**Helen**

By Lauren Stewart, Latin I student of Kelly Meineck,  
Heathwood Hall Episcopal School,  
Columbia, South Carolina

There was a beautiful lady, her name was Helen.  
When the boys saw her, they all went yellin'.  
Helen started a war. The Trojan war, that is.  
Every guy fought so Helen could be his.  
The Greeks built a horse. And they all got in it.  
The Trojans opened their doors and they did get it.  
If you want to know more, well, don't ask me.  
Go get a book about it, and read it in a tree.

**"Eye" Had Had Quite Enough**

Daniel Johnson, Latin student of Thomas M. Hayes,  
William H. Hall High School, West Hartford,  
Connecticut

I woke in the morning, one eye to the sun,  
And then another — the day had begun.  
And another and another, all of them mine;  
One hundred eyes, one at a time.  
One hundred eyes, each eye a new scene.  
There are too many... I want to scream.  
I can't concentrate on just one thing -  
To do so would make my poor ears ring.  
A bush, three rocks,  
Fifteen chickens, four cocks.  
Sixty different bits of dirt,  
And seventeen trees — oh, how my eyes hurt!  
Then a change. A man, yet not  
He glowed like the sun, but not as hot,  
A man unlike any I've ever seen.  
With winged sandals and staff all agleam.  
The man sat down, began to speak.  
He told me a story I'd heard just last week.  
A boring, repetitive, predictable fable  
About a small mouse sitting on a table.  
I grew tired, an eye fell shut.  
I let it close; I'd have enough  
With a hundred eyes. Then another closed,  
The story faded — then I dozed.  
I heard a warning but paid no heed,  
For sleep was the one thing I did need.  
One by one, my hundred eyes drooped  
To tell you the truth, I was quite pooped.  
And as each eye closed, I let out a sigh.  
I fell asleep, and by and by,  
The man stopped his tale and drew his knife.  
That was the end of my tortured life.  
You say you would like a hundred eyes?  
So said I — I was not so wise.

**Bread Salad**

by Allen Reece, Monique Rosson, and Justin Midkiff,  
Latin II students of Donna Wright, Lawrence North  
High School, Indianapolis, Indiana

**Recipe:**

1 lb. loaf white bread  
3 t. mild vinegar  
1 c. water  
1 c. mild cheese, shredded

**Dressing:**

dash of pepper  
1 t. honey  
1/2 t. mint  
clove of garlic, crushed  
1/4 t. coriander  
1 c. olive oil  
2 T. white wine vinegar

Remove the crusts from the loaf of bread, slice and moisten it with vinegar and water. Cover a shallow salad bowl with pieces of the prepared bread. On top of it, sprinkle a cup of shredded cheese.

**The Bread and Cheese are Prepared**

Now just chill! The bread, that is! Put the dish in the freezer for ten minutes. While the bread's chillin', make the dressing by simply combining all the ingredients listed. We recommend putting the spices in after the liquids. Remove the chilled bread.

Immediately after taking the bread out of the freezer, pour the dressing on and serve!

**The Results are Tasted**

We all thought it was palatable, although what can compare to *gires coci*? *De gustibus non disputandum.*



## Ferias Agamus (Continued a Pagina Prima)

groups begin to march slowly toward each other. When they get to within 20 feet of each other, they should stop and the history of the festival should be read in a loud voice by the student dressed as the Plebeian Aedile.

Ceres should then proclaim loudly,

"The great Jupiter, king of gods and men, has decreed that the earth has been barren long enough. I demand that you return my daughter Proserpina to me at once."

Pluto should reply,

"O great queen Ceres, it is my intention to obey the decree of my brother Jupiter. Your daughter Proserpina is very weak from the journey, however, and she must first eat something so she will have the strength to walk to you."

Pluto should then feed Proserpina six pomegranate seeds.

Then, as the tambourinists begin to play, Proserpina should get out of the chariot and begin walking toward Ceres, who, in turn should also walk toward her

daughter. When the two meet each other, they should embrace, and all the celebrants should shower them with popcorn as they shout three times, "Io, Cerealia!" (Since the activity takes place on the grass, the popcorn can be left on the ground as feed for the birds.) Ceres and Proserpina should then lead all the participants back to the classroom accompanied by tambourine playing.

## Floralia - April 28-May 3

To prepare for this festival, A) the usual historical report should be prepared by a student volunteer. This student should also agree to dress as a Plebeian Aedile on the day of celebration. In addition, B) the teacher should locate someone who can come into the school to teach the students one or two Greek dances. C) A volunteer should agree to bring in grape juice and drinking cups for all the students. D) A group of volunteers should plan a simple but fun game that can be played by all in about 15 minutes. E) All students should agree to dress in gaudy multi-colored clothing on the day of the celebration.

As with Cerealia, Floralia may be celebrated in class on any one of the days encompassed by the festival.

When the day comes, all students should be dressed in gaudy, multi-colored clothing.



The celebration should start with the student dressed as the Plebeian Aedile reading the history of the day. When the reading is done, all should shout in unison, "Io, Floralia!" Next, the fifteen-minute game should be played that the volunteers have planned. After the game, all should shout in unison, "Io, Floralia!" The class should then be led in Greek dancing by the guest dance teacher. The dancing should stop about ten minutes before the end of the period and, once again, all should shout in unison, "Io, Floralia!" The class should then be treated to the grape juice that was provided.

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## How Well Did You Read?

104.

1. What must be done with the bread in Roman Bread Salad before dressing is added?
2. Which festival reenacts the Proserpina myth?
3. How is the Celtic version of the god Mercury portrayed differently from the Roman god?
4. Near what ancient sacred site is the church of San Teodoro in Rome located?
5. When and by whom was gladiatorial combat finally banned?
6. Which emperor did Martial flatter?
7. Which Roman garment was gradually replaced by the palla?
8. In what Roman province was Carthage located?
9. Who was the patron god of Roman quarry workers?
10. Why did Hortensius want to marry Marcia?

## Modern Myth

## The Metamorphosis of Bill

Created by Joe Urwitz,  
Latin student of Andrea Hoffman,  
Georgetown Day High School, Washington, D.C.

Just seven months old, Bill scuttled away from his parents to investigate their Chicago backyard. Later, he touched base with every nursery school classmate. His parents were pleased; Bill would be a well-adjusted adult. Throughout high school, Bill moved in the popular circles, switching often. Well-liked, he had no confidants. In college he dated lawyers' daughters but never got serious.

After law school, Bill joined a prestigious Boston firm. Five months later, he quit, moved to Washington and joined an even more prestigious law firm. He then gave up law altogether, flew to California, free-lanced for a major newspaper and hobnobbed with big-name journalists and politicians.

He met Sara at a singles' bar and proposed to her three weeks later. They moved to London for a promising business venture with a British oil company. There Bill threw gargantuan parties for fellow investors, some of whom he knew by name. Bill was a standout in his elegant attire. Soon, however, Sara caught on to Bill's infidelities and their marriage soured. Although Bill never saw any of his new women friends a second time, Sara divorced him.

Depressed but undaunted, Bill continued courting professionals who saw him as "a nice guy . . . Wish I could get to know him better." Next he cruised the world, lobbying the captain for extra stops. He met his second wife, Ellen, a forgotten childhood playmate, upon returning to his native Chicago to teach at an exclusive private school. Ellen reluctantly agreed to start a family, and soon they had three children who addressed Bill as "Sir." Bill spent his weekends golfing with his teaching colleagues. "Lack of intimacy" the divorce papers read when Ellen left Bill, taking the children with her.

Then Bill's father died. Circling the funeral chapel, Bill extended his hand to all he met, noticing as he did so that the hair on his arm had turned to feathers. His head shrank. His nose turned into a hard, hooked beak. Suddenly he was just one foot high although he found that he could spread his new orange wings to a five-foot expanse. His blue eyes had mutated to sparkling yellow, his neck molded into his chest. Razor-sharp, webbed talons replaced his feet.

The mourners gasped, but couldn't help Bill. Bill was gone, in hot pursuit of another bird of paradise.

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[latousek@centaursystems.com](mailto:latousek@centaursystems.com)  
<http://www.centaursystems.com>

## N.B.: Interreticulares

Students or teachers of Latin who access the Internet may be interested in visiting the following classical sites and browsing:

- <http://www.usask.ca/classics/coursenotes.html>
- <http://the-tech.mit.edu/classics/Vergil/aeneid.html>
- <http://www.idbsu.edu/80/courses/hy101>
- <http://www.lib.virginia.edu/ctext/augimage.html>
- <http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/index.html>
- <http://rome.classics.lsa.umich.edu/welcome.html>
- <http://www.nlt.columbia.edu/groups/rome/>
- <http://www.idbsu.edu/courses/hy101/class.htm>

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By Peter McGuire

Austin, Texas



By Dawn Lau

Pymble, Australia



By Nick Lazzara

Chesterfield, Missouri



By Juan Carlos Garcia Miami, Florida

By Sam Means Bethesda, Maryland

By Erin Gwilt Yorktown, Virginia





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Administrative Assistant to the Editor: Donna H. Wright

Publication Assistants: William Gilmartin, Betty Whittaker

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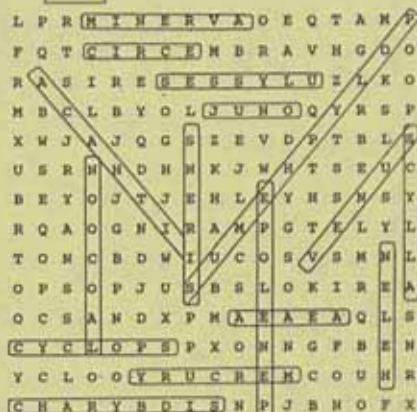
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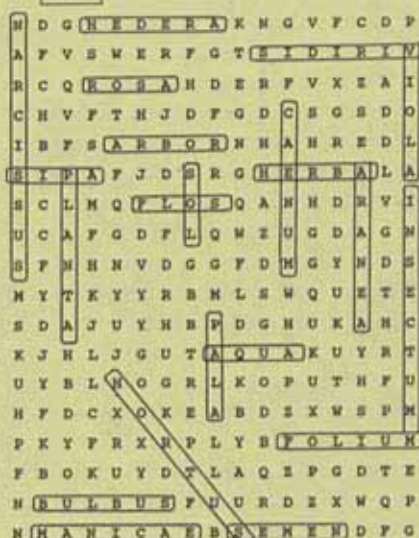
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93.



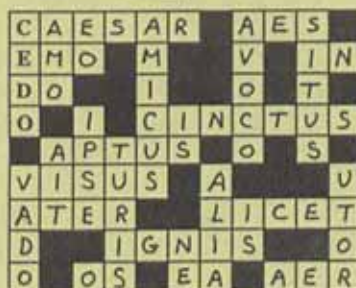
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## Say What?

1. D
2. F
3. I
4. B
5. E
6. A
7. C
8. J
9. G
10. H



96.

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## Picturae Moventes

- I. THE LION KING
- II. THE LITTLE MERMAID
- III. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
- IV. BAMBI
- V. CINDERELLA
- VI. 101 DALMATIANS
- VII. ALADDIN
- VIII. THE JUNGLE BOOK
- IX. SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS
- X. PETER PAN

98.

## Face It!

1. C
2. B
3. I
4. H
5. G
6. D
7. J
8. A
9. F
10. E

99.



100.

## Alphabetical Answers

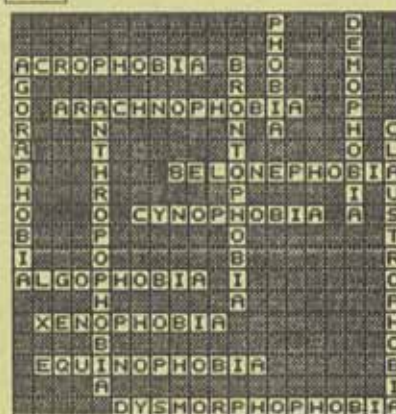
1. Penna
2. Labyrinth
3. Daedalus
4. Icarus
5. Minotaur
6. Fly
7. Trojan War
8. Queen
9. Venus
10. Rome
11. Cyclops
12. Sphinx
13. Argus
14. Geryon
15. Nessus
16. Zeus
17. Harpies
18. Eris
19. Kalends
20. Olympus
21. Uranus
22. Briareus
23. Juno

101.

## Carmina Optima

- I. HELLO, GOODBYE
- II. AND I LOVE HER
- III. I WANT TO TELL YOU
- IV. HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE
- V. HELP
- VI. THINGS WE SAID TODAY
- VII. REVOLUTION
- VIII. COME TOGETHER
- IX. YESTERDAY
- X. I SAW HER STANDING THERE

103.



104.

## How Well Did You Read?

1. Chilled in the freezer.
2. Cerealia
3. As a river god with horns
4. Cave of the Lupercal
5. In A.D. 404 by Honorius.
6. Domitian
7. The rica or ricinium
8. Cyrenaica
9. Hercules Saxanus
10. To have children

## Modern Myth

## Why Woodchucks Don't Have Pouches Any More

This story was created by Holly Markwood, Robyn Zellers and Jennifer Kellogg, Latin III students of Kim Dempsey, Lakeview H.S., Stoneboro, Pennsylvania.

Candidus, an Alpine king, was looking for a brave and wealthy young man to marry his daughter. The daughter's name was Candida. Many young men were in love with his daughter, but two were outstanding. One was Tepidus, the son of Jupiter. The other was Calidus who had sailed with Jason and the Argonauts on the search for the golden fleece.

Unlike other daughters at that time, Candida was consulted by her father concerning her marriage. Candida said that she loved Calidus, a pleasant and handsome young man. Candida also said that Tepidus seemed to her to be a boring young man. Therefore Candida married Calidus. But Tepidus, despondent, died.

After many years, Calidus and Candida had had many children. Their youngest little daughter was Callida, a very beautiful and very clever girl. Many young men also wanted to marry her.

But Jupiter was irritated by the good fortune of Calidus and Candida because they had caused the death of his son Tepidus. Therefore Jupiter began to

plot the kidnapping and seduction of Callida.

Juno, however, overheard Jupiter telling Mars and Mercury about his plan and at once she decided to help Callida and trick Jupiter. Juno found Callida sitting in her garden. She warned Callida about Jupiter's plan and ordered her to flee into the woods. Juno said that her friends there would help Callida.

Callida entered the woods, and a little later Jupiter came to look for her. He heard Callida's voice in the woods and followed the words. Looking around, Jupiter saw no one except a small family of woodchucks.

Upset because the girl had escaped from him, Jupiter returned to Mount Olympus.

After a few days, a certain wood nymph who had watched Juno's trickery informed Jupiter that the little girl had been hidden in the pouch of a woodchuck.

Jupiter was extremely angry with the woodchucks, and, in order to punish them, he took away their pouches. For this reason woodchucks are no longer marsupials.

102.

## Voices From the Past

- I 1. G
- II 2. H
- I 3. B
- I 4. C
- II 5. J
- I 6. I
- II 7. E
- II 8. F
- II 9. A
- I 10. D