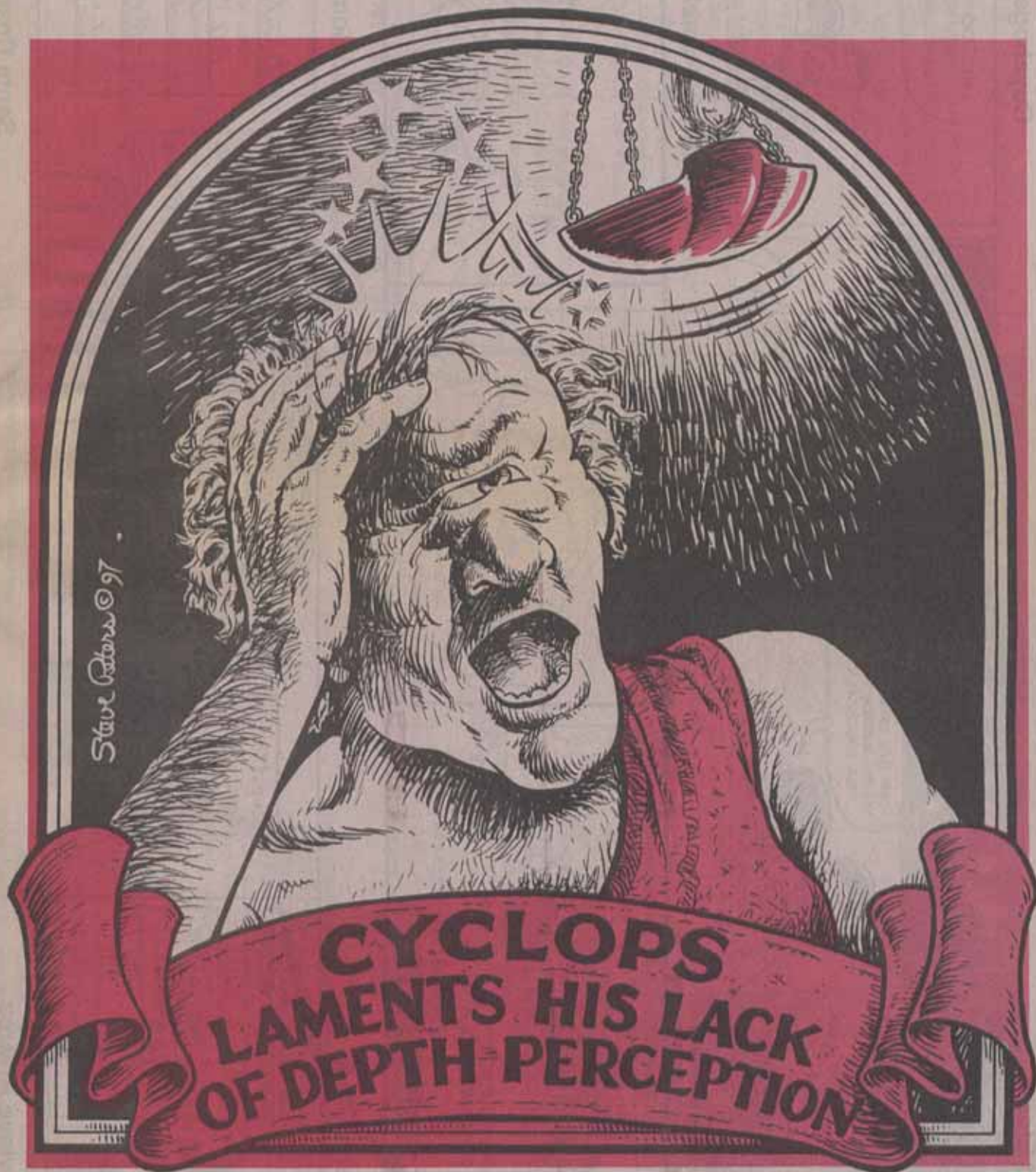


POMPEIIANA

NEWSLETTER

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HERCULES: Heros Verus

"Qualis vir est heros verus?" patrem rogat juvenis Hercules.

"Heros verus non est vir praecarius rebus gestis fortibus. Inspice tuum cor," respondet pater Zeus. Disce pictura movens novissima huius aetatis docet liberos habere mercedem nominibus suis inscriptam in tabernis, habitare in villa maxima, habere multas admiratores et sectatores non esse signa successus veri. Antiquitas identidem demonstrat exempla multa morum bonorum et virtutis.

Para tamen fabulae antiquae mutata est et discipuli linguarum Graeciae Romanae antiquae animadvertent quassam dissimilitudines. In pictura movente, exempli gratia, quinque ex novem Musis narrant fabulam de Hercule, filio Zei Heraeque, alio ab Alcmena et Amphitryone. Abductus est infans ab patruo malo Hadou. Pictura movens nominibus Graeciae deorum, sed nomine Latino Herculis utitur. Hades quoque videtur esse deus scelestus et malevolens qui velit obtinere imperium Olympi propter suam invidiam.

Apud mortales Hercules semper se sentit dissimilem ob vires maximas. Alcmena et Amphitryon ei ostendunt bullam a deis datam. Hercules igitur ad patris templum adit. Ibi Zeus, "Necesse erit," inquit, "autem te probare te herodem verum in terra." Eum iubet

Philoctetes magistrum heroum petere. Tum Zeus filio reddit Pegasus qui ei die lustrico datus erat. Discipuli antiquitatis bene sciunt Pegasus alibi et alias natus esse. Philoctetes satyrus Herculem monet ut Thebis famam augeat.

In itinere Hercules pulcherrimam feminam nomine Megaram servat et captus amore est. Megara autem Hadou animam suam vendidit.

Thebes—"Magna Oliva"—est urbs periculosa, plena scelestorum et malorum. Omnes cives Herculem laudant ubi duo liberi lapidibus oppressi ab eo servati sunt et Hydra ab Hercule quoque victa est. Nunc Hercules incipit duodecim labores. Re vera, Herculem oportebat eos conficere quod, in insanitatem ob Iunonis invidiam missus, uxorem et liberos necaverat.

Interea Thebis Hercules amatus est ab omnibus civibus. Facies erat undique: in urbis, in solis et in crepundis liberorum. Ubi Hercules iam Zeum rogat locum suum in Monte Olympo, est attonitus quod Zeus id negat. Zeus respondet, "Tu magnas res gestas fecisti, sed nondum factus est heros verus." Hercules miserimus discedit. Hades consilium malum capit quo Herculis amore Megarae uti potest. Philoctetes Hadou et Megaram inter se colloquentes audit et Herculem minere conatur, sed frustra.

Philoctetes Herculem relinquere constituit.

Pegaso capto, Hades simulat Megaram captam esse. Hades Herculi apparet et Megaram liberare offert si Hercules suas vires XXIV horas deponat. Hercules assentit, sed fit miserimus ubi intellegit Megaram in Hadou manu fuisse.

Hoc tempore Hades liberat ex Tartaro Titanos qui deos Olympi oppugnant. Omnes conantur pugnare contra Titanos sed frustra. Interea Megara invenit Philoctetes et Pegasus et eos petit ut Herculi auxilium ferant. Megara et amicae vias, Hercules iterum pugnare parat. Sed difficillimum est. Megara Herculem servans necatur. Megara necata, Herculis vires restituuntur et nunc superari Titani possunt. Sed Hercules tristissimus est quod Megaram maxime amabat. Hercules ab Hadou postulat ut Megara ab Inferis remittatur. "Si tu possis," inquit Hades, "eam referre, ea iterum vivat." Hades credidit Herculem ipsum moriturum esse. Parcae filium vitae Herculis scindere parant. Non possunt: est immortalis!

Quod Megara in Olympo cum Hercule habitare non poterat, Hercules patrem orat ut sibi liceat ad terram cum ea redire. Zeus assentit explicans herodem verum velle suam vitam tradere et vires veras ex animo venire.

Haec fabula non est eadem ac Herculis fabula quae in libris Graecis et Latinis est, sed liberi hodie adhuc herodem petunt. Hic Hercules est exemplar optimum.

The Secret Inanimate Society of Rome

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

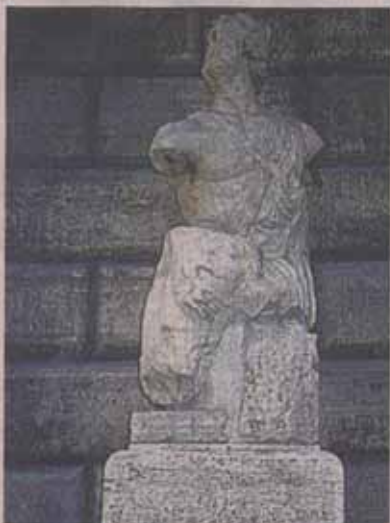
There were no political cartoonists in Renaissance Rome to torment people in high places. But there did exist at the time a group of "talking statues" with a flair for satire and a penchant for lampooning the local authorities, papal and otherwise.

Talking statues, eh? What the...???

Here's how it all began. In the winter of 1501, a badly mutilated ancient sculpture was unearthed during some street work near Piazza Navona. Art scholars judged it to be the remnant of group carving depicting Menelaus supporting the slain Patroclus. Cardinal Oliverio Carafa at once purchased the marble torso and had it placed on a pedestal as an adornment for the north facade of his nearby residence, the Palazzo Bracci. It has stood there ever since.

Each April 25, the feast day of Saint Mark, the cardinal would attach to the statue Latin sayings in honor of the Evangelist. Throughout the rest of the year Carafa would encourage neighborhood students to affix to the pedestal their innocent poems and epigrams. In 1510 a certain Giacomo Mazzocchi published a collection of the best.

(Continued in Pagina Septima)



Statue of Menelaus nicknamed Pasquino

Living Sculpture of Pomona Graces Pompeiiana Grounds



After a large basswood tree was cut down on the grounds of Pompeiiana's offices last December, its four-foot high stump was scheduled for removal in the spring.

Rather than finally being removed, however, the stump was cleverly carved into a statue of the goddess of fruit trees, Pomona, seated with a feeding bowl on her lap. Much to the surprise of all, including the sculptor, the stump has refused to die, and Pomona is now graced with branches growing from her back which provide shade and resting places for the birds who visit her feeder.

Pompeiana Annual Meeting

On Saturday, September 27, 1997, Pompeiana, Inc., will hold its Annual Business Meeting for members at the offices of Pompeiana, 6026 Indianola Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana, from 10:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m.

Members of the Board of Directors will be invited to attend as are any Adult Members of Pompeiana, Inc. who find it convenient to do so.

This annual meeting is held on the 4th Saturday of September in accordance with the By-Laws of Pompeiana, Inc., and the new Indiana Not-for-Profit Corporation Act of 1991 (Article 17 of Title 23 of the Indiana Code).

Roman Baths vs Contemporary Spas

By Lisa Wright, a Kentucky Network distance-learning Latin III student working with KET teacher Joan Juhnke and facilitator Renae Weinburg at Southern Valley H.S., Oxford, Nebraska

Spas around the world today are very similar to the Roman baths of antiquity.

While the word "Spa" refers specifically to a town in the province of Liege, Belgium, famous for its mineral springs, these springs have given the common name of "spa" to all such resorts.

The German word for a spa, however, is *kur* and it comes directly from the Latin *cura* meaning "care" or "attention." Not only the name stems from the Romans but the idea as well.

From early times the Romans appreciated the healing powers of thermal water, and they built baths wherever warm springs bubbled, including Slovenia. The presence of Roman baths is indicated by such Slovene place names as *Rimski Vrelec* (Roman Spring) and *Rimske Toplice* (Roman Baths).

While health spas are common in the United States, their focus is more on physical fitness than on cleanliness.

The ancient baths of Rome all had certain facilities in common. Each had an *apodyterium*, a changing room with stone benches and rows of deep holes in the walls for storing clothing, a *frigidarium*, a cool room with a cold plunge bath at one side, a *caldarium*, a hot room with a hot bath and hot air, and a *tepidarium*, a warm room to help bathers make the transition between the two temperature-extreme rooms.

(Continued in Pagina Sexta)



Prize Winning Essay

The Rape of Persephone

By Jaime Van Zant, Classical Mythology student of Frances Rhorne, Indiana University-Purdue University, Indianapolis, Indiana. Co-winner of the Borders Book Shop P. Ovidius Naso Living Myth Prize arranged by the Chairman of the Classics Department, Dr. Robert Sutton.

The phone rang. He grabbed for it, his arm glancing against a styrofoam cup of steaming coffee. It spilled. Coffee bled quickly across last night's report. He swore under his breath and mopped at it clumsily with a Kleenex.

"Barlow here." His face darkened as he listened to the voice on the other end. "Yes, I understand. Are the press there yet? Uh huh. Okay." His gnarled fingers beat an uneven tempo on the scratched surface of the desk. "I'll get Johnson and be there in twenty." He broke the connection, and quickly punched a succession of numbers. His fingers danced again as he waited. "Johnson? Barlow here. Seems we've got a possible homicide here. In the valley off of Mulhamey Boulevard. Yeah, secluded. I don't know why these kids insist on... yes, I know. Uh huh. Yeah, some young girl. Her mother says she was picking flowers. Yeah, right, I know. Can you meet me there in fifteen?" He swiped absently at the wet stain on the ruined report. "Yeah, see you there." He dropped the receiver and rocked back in his chair. "Picking flowers," he mumbled. "What will they think of next?"

Fifteen minutes later he was on the scene. Johnson had beat him there and was briskly rubbing his arms with white-knuckled hands. He stamped his feet and turned his collar up against the wind.

"Hey, man, what's going on?" he said. "Can you believe this weather? I can't believe how cold it's turned all of a sudden." Barlow nodded his greeting and pulled out his clipboard, eyeing the forensic technicians carefully examining a roped-off section of the valley.

"So, what's the verdict here? Where's McConnell?" Johnson stamped again and nodded toward a knot of people clustered around a battered white van.

"He's over there with the mother. She's pretty shook up. She keeps insisting that her daughter—get this, Persephone—was here alone, picking flowers. I guess she came here a lot. I have a picture." He unwillingly withdrew his hands from the confines of his pockets and shuffled through the clipboard that he had clasped against his side. "She is really something else." More shuffling, and then he held the photograph aloft. Barlow took it and stared, whistling appreciatively.

"Yeah, she sure is! But where was this taken, at a costume party? Why is that woman with her wearing all of that spangly fake gold?" Johnson shook his head and grinned. "I never got around to looking at her mother." A welcoming shout interrupted.

"Hey, guys!" They both looked up. A short, chubby man in an ill-fitting coat jogged towards them. He was unsuccessfully trying to button his coat in the raging wind.

"Hey, McConnell!" Barlow called warmly. "What's going on?" McConnell reached them, puffing. He waved his hand wearily at them, and paused to catch his breath.

"I, oh man! I can't believe this!" he puffed. "That woman has gone stark raving mad about her daughter." He gestured towards the white van, where the woman from the picture stood wailing, still wearing the spangly gold over some kind of gown. "Yup, she's going to have to be sedated," McConnell said conversationally. "Anyway, it's a simple case of abduction. But this woman seems to think, well..." He paused. "Well, she seems to think that she was abducted by this guy, Pluto, that lives, well, that lives..."

"In Disneyland?" Johnson broke in. The trio laughed uneasily.

"Actually, she seems to think that he lives underground," McConnell finished. "And she won't listen to reason. As far as the techs go, they haven't stumbled onto any evidence yet. Oh, here comes one now. Maybe they've dug something up...no pun intended, of course." The men waited in silence until the fourth joined them. The technician snapped off his gloves and wearily rubbed his hands.

(Continued in Pagina Tertia)
GARY

The Tragedy of King Oedipus

By Daniel Beebe, student of Melissa Moss, The Williams School, New London, Connecticut

It all began with such a great man
Doing all he can, for the people of his land
Yet, to no avail and to everyone's awe
He fell to the claws of the tragic flaw
With one false swoop, his fate was sealed
The tragic flaw surely had no yield
Desire for the truth and an excess of pride
His "hubris" could not be denied
Wedding his mother, and slaying his father
Sympathy and hope was for none other
And with the curse, laid upon him by the gods
Scandal was born, traitorous were the odds
With Tiresias and Creon, and all their advice
He was still unaware, he could not suffice
Disregarding the truth and ignoring his allies
He made the fatal error, inept to realize
Oedipus Rex, this hero's hallowed name
With his mother Jocasta, of equal blame
Had assumed the lofty throne of his father
Aloof to his crisis, too ignorant to bother
Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus Rex
So oblivious, so concealed, so unaware of the hex
Once, able to "see," you were "blind" to the truth
Yet, now you are "blind," no longer obtuse

My Favorite Pastime

By Jona dela Cruz, Latin III student of Judith Granese, Valley High School, Las Vegas, Nevada

My name is Cornelius. I am a young man living in Rome. When walking down the street one day to the local *taberna*, I was stopped by a good friend and asked a very odd question.

"What is your favorite pastime?"

I simply laughed and walked away, but since the weird question would not leave my mind, I actually took the time to think about it. This is very strange for me being the person I am. Then it suddenly came to me. The *thermae*? The baths. That is where I prefer to be.

Happily for us Romans, there is a no more wholesome way for a young man to enjoy his liberty. The baths are a social place since nearly everyone puts personal hygiene on his daily agenda.

My favorite *thermae* are the luxurious Baths of Diocletian. The fabulous decorations lavished on these baths make the exercise and care of the body a pleasure for all. I've heard that the Baths of Diocletian were originally made for Emperor Gaius Aurelius Valerius Diocletianus who had ruled for twenty-five years. At the time, they were the largest in Rome, with a surface area of some 1,210,000 square feet. They accommodated more than 2,000 bathers at a time. The brick-faced exterior was covered with stucco carved to resemble marble blocks. The project created such a large demand for bricks that the entire brick industry of Rome had to be reorganized and put under imperial control. Whatever effort it took, I'm glad it was done because I love the luxurious comfort and service these baths provide.

Well, now that I've thought about it, I think I'll go home and get some rest so I can spend the whole day at the *Thermae Diocletianae* tomorrow.

WORD MYSTERY

By William Gilmartin, M.A.,
Ben Davis H.S. & Butler University, Indianapolis, Ind.

Welcome to the world of etymological enigmas. In this series you will encounter two seemingly unrelated words which, in fact, share a common root meaning.

Relying on your own unparalleled mental acumen and your knowledge of Latin and Roman culture, you need to trace the roots of the two words to discover how and why they are related.

If you get stuck, you may want to consult a dictionary (such as Webster's New Collegiate) that includes etymological derivations.

WORD MYSTERY # 1: Vaccine and Buckaroo

(To check your answer cf. Pagina Tertia.)

Do You Want To Play a Game?

Part I

Roman Games With No Particular Rules

A series on private games enjoyed by the Romans for personal exercise or for fun.

Play is a very important part of every person's life, both when s/he is young and uses play to develop skills and learn interaction with others, and when s/he has grown up and uses play as a way of relaxing and keeping in good mental and physical shape.

When people talk about *Ludi Romani*, they are usually referring to the various public games which were sponsored by wealthy patrons and government officials for the enjoyment of all. Such *Ludi* are generally divided into three classes: *Ludi Saeculares*, *Ludi Circenses*, and *Munera Gladiatoria*. This series will not focus on such public *Ludi Romani*, but rather on the games enjoyed by Romans for personal exercise or just for fun with one or more friends.

As children, Romans had a number of toys (*ludibria*) with which they played. Girls, of course, had their dolls (*pupae*), and both boys and girls traditionally got new little terra cotta toys to play with in December on the festival of *Sigillaria*.

Boys played a challenge game similar to our game of Follow the Leader. As they played, they chanted, "*Rex erit qui recte faciet, qui non faciet non erit!*"



Roman doll



Roman boy riding a pony cart

Boys and girls enjoyed riding hobbyhorses (*arundines*) and riding in little pony or goat carts.



Cupids playing with a peacock and a scooter

Boys had scooters (which resembled modern skateboards but with handles mounted on the front end) on which they could ride around for fun and exercise.



Boys also enjoyed rolling metal hoops (*trochi*) with hooked sticks (*clavi*) to show off their dexterity.

Swimming, hiking, footracing, tug-of-war, hide and seek, horseback riding, flying kites (*milvi papyraci*) and playing soldier with toy weapons were also games for which no particular rules were needed.

The remaining articles in this series will feature Roman games which can still be played in accordance with specific ancient rules.

*The Women Behind
Rome's Greatest Men*

**The Roman Matrona
The Ideal Woman Behind the Man**

By Gail A. Dietz, M.A., M.Ed., Bishop Guilfoyle High School, Altoona, Pennsylvania

More than half of the human race is female, yet for centuries women have been perceived as a minority and treated as such with the imposition of social limitations. The lot for women in the ancient world was severe, often imprisonment within the home with its endless repetition of household tasks, child bearing and rearing and waiting for the return of the men.

It was only in seeking fulfillment on a broader level that Roman women were ultimately more successful. By the reign of Augustus, many women had become involved in politics and business while continuing to maintain the image of *matrona*, the revered icon of Roman womanhood! Just as the government of Rome appeared still to be Republican under the rule of Augustus, the Roman woman of this period could function under a veneer of tradition and still venture out into new and exciting arenas of endeavor!

In order to understand the Roman woman, one must begin with her fundamental role as wife and mother. Her role as such was defined by men and overseen by men. From the moment of her birth, she was under a man's guidance, and such guidance even determined her marriage partner, allowing her little privacy or independence!

What constituted the "perfect wife" was defined by men, and then praised and elevated to a level of almost worshipful adoration! Stories of these ideal women who placed husband and children above all were related from one generation to another as legends. One of the most famous was that of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. When a woman visitor began to brag about her exquisite jewelry, Cornelia drew her sons into her arms and presented them to her guest as her most precious jewels!

The words of Augustus himself best create the image of this ideal Roman woman:

"...Is it not the greatest of blessings to have a good wife, faithful to her hearth, managing her house, raising her children, giving us joy when we are in good health and caring for us when we are ill? She shares our good fortune and comforts us in adversity, she tempers the violence of a young man and softens the austerity of weary old ones...Is it not sweet to carry a child in one's arms, to nourish and educate him? Issue of the married couple, he is the reflection of our body, he is the image of our soul...Is it not a blessing in quitting this life to leave in one's house a successor, an heir to one's fortune and one's race: to find, when life fades, a new life continuing, never to fall, as in war, to a stranger's power, not wholly to perish?" (Quoted—but not attributed to a source—by Janine Asa in *The Great Roman Ladies*)

For the Roman, immortality was achieved through one's children. The Roman *matrona* was elevated to a worshipful level as the creator and nurturer of those children and, ultimately, of her husband's immortality!

WORD MYSTERY

(cf. *Pagina Secunda*)

Vaccine (noun): a suspension of attenuated or killed microorganisms, as of viruses or bacteria, incapable of inducing severe infection but capable, when inoculated, of counteracting the unmodified species; a vaccine prepared from the cowpox virus and inoculated against smallpox.

From: Latin *vaccinus* (of or pertaining to cows)
Latin *vacca* (cow)

Buckaroo (noun): a cowboy.

From: Spanish *vaquero* (cowboy)
Spanish *vaca* (cow)
Latin *vacca* (cow)

Explanation: The English physician Edward Jenner (1749-1823) developed his anti-smallpox serum from the cowpox virus, hence the name "vaccine." Spanish-American cowboys of the southwest were called *vaqueros*, the pronunciation of which was mutilated by Anglo-American cowboys and sounded out as "buckaroo" (*va* = *bu*, *quero* = *ckaroo*).

Vaccine and Buckaroo! Who would have guessed?

**A Modern Tale About
The Boot of Italy**

By Nate Ruback, Latin II student of Nancy Mazur,
Marion L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

When young Vulcan used to play around up on Olympus, he often got himself into trouble. He would go around and bother Jupiter; then he would make his way over to Mercury, and so on down the line.

Finally, after he had gotten on everybody's nerves, the other gods went to Vulcan's mother and told her that he would have to leave Olympus.

His mother was saddened, but she didn't want to lose her own place on Mt. Olympus. And so, she simply threw her child down to the mortal world.

Vulcan fell for a long time, and when he finally hit the hard ground, he found himself badly injured from the landing. One of his legs was so deformed that he never wanted anyone to see him again. He went to Mt. Vesuvius and decided to live there for all eternity.

Although he did not want anyone to see him, he did want to leave his mark somewhere in the world so people would know what he had suffered. It was then that he decided to reshape the land onto which he had fallen so that it would resemble his misshapen leg and appropriately symbolize his grief at no longer being allowed on Olympus. He felt that this country, in which all the people believed in his being and in the existence of all the other gods, would be the best place for him to make his statement. He also wanted the shape of his deformed leg to be visible to his mother and the other deities on Olympus so they could see the pain that they had caused him.

So now every time anyone looks at the outlines of southern Europe, the sign of Vulcan's pain can be clearly seen—the boot of Italy.

The Bucklefoose

By Meg McIntyre, Mythology student of Donna Wright, Lawrence North High School, Indianapolis, Indiana

Long, long, ago, in a land just far enough away to allow for such preposterous goings on, there lived an especially reviled and contemptible thief. In this land the people were farmers of the simplest sort, for they grew one crop and one crop only: the life-sustaining bucklefoose flower. They ate of the flower's fleshy petals, made baskets and clothing of the long, stiff stems, extracted medicinal serums from the sweet nectar, and built homes from the huge canopic leaves. Theirs was a remarkably peaceful society, rooted in the common understanding of the importance of the bucklefoose. The soil in the land was eternally rich and fertile, and the bucklefoose bulb required but one small amenity to be successfully grown: it had to be planted in a bed of translucent grass, which it would slowly ingest and eventually destroy in the growth process. In and of itself, this was considered an astonishingly reasonable demand from a flower whose existence directly affected the well-being of an entire village of people; however, the single dependence on that factor provided an unforeseen window of opportunity for a certain unbalanced young man.

Of course, all grass was translucent then, and because of its importance to the local industry (and thanks to incredible advancements made in agricultural genetic engineering), grass seed was manufactured in huge quantities in bucklefoose-stem silos owned collectively by the people. A predetermined number of bags of grass seed was distributed to each citizen of the community for personal use or as trade vouchers for sundry bucklefoose flower handiworks. The system seemed indestructible to the villagers, at least until the first attack of the vile grass seed thief.

He began, so goes the lore, striking only at night. He would creep furtively into the huts of sleeping families and snatch their store of grass seed. He did nothing with the seed once he had procured it—perhaps the strangest element of the entire tale is the fact that the notorious grass seed thief stole for no other reason than a need to feel a oneness with the grass. (There are enough speculations as to the cause of his bizarre craving to fill an entire tablet of bucklefoose-leaf paper, although the generally accepted explanation has his mother depriving him of bucklefoose serum as a child.) Soon enough, his burgeoning need for grass seed required him to venture forth in the daylight, boldly pillaging the seed from the homes of the hapless farmers. This young man, however damaged from lack

**Pompeiana Launches
Endowment Drive**

Following a decision made by the Board of Directors of Pompeiana, Inc., a major drive is being initiated to raise a \$500,000.00 endowment fund.

Now in its twenty-third year of successfully helping to promote classical studies at the secondary school level, Pompeiana intends to use the establishment of this endowment fund to guarantee its future success.

Because Pompeiana is slated, within the next five years, to lose the rent-free office space it has enjoyed since 1974, the board also decided to initiate a search for a college or university campus which could serve as a host for the offices of Pompeiana.

Letters explaining the fund drive are currently being sent to all adult members and to sponsors of Latin clubs. Appeals are simultaneously being made to all viable foundations and charitable trusts in America. An Endowment Fund Honor Roll will be maintained, and it will be published monthly beginning with the November, 1997, issue of the NEWSLETTER.

Pueritia

By Alex Tahk, Grade 11 Latin student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park HS, Orchard Park, New York

Pueritia
Celeris, Nova
Currens, Ludens, Saliens
Ludi, Libri—Delectus, Iudicia
Discens, Adolescens, Intellegens
Simplex, Temeraria
Pueritia

of bucklefoose, was no fool. He cunningly strapped on an elaborately decorated mask before each crime which, in addition to his uncanny speed, kept his identity a secret from the villagers, among whom he would walk when his craving was satisfied.

After untold years of scientific research, we have discovered that the bucklefoose flower depends in its nectar and petals a peculiar strain of memory and brain-enhancing proteins that were easily metabolized by the people of the village, explaining their relatively advanced technology and excessive cunning. After all, it took some degree of enhanced creativity to live in a society dependent on the growth of a single flower. So it wasn't long before the village council settled on a sure-fire way to catch the thief before the grass seed supply was seriously affected.

These were the early days of theft-detection devices, and the newest idea on the cutting edge was the ink-splattering oddly-shaped roundish thing with a knob in the middle, certain to indelibly stain the thief and render him instantly recognizable by any member of the community. The color of ink the council chose to use in the devices was green, for no other reason than that it was the hardest dye to extract from the bucklefoose root and therefore would be even more suspicious-looking when splattered all over the thief. By cover of night, small committees of trusted villagers injected ink into the devices and planted them in each and every remaining sack of grass seed. Just as expected, the thief descended upon the village the next evening for the biggest yet of his grass seed heists. Upon reaching his secret dugout with the booty, he opened the first bag of grass seed to have the device explode as planned in an impressive shower of goopy green ink. Covered in the damning color, realizing he'd been had and that the end was looming for his nightly communion with the grass seed, he threw himself with utter despair at the ground whose cover he so loved. Beating his fists into the soil, he eventually dug a hole so deep it began to fill up above him. Sadly or not so, depending on your view, he was buried alive just inches beneath his coveted grass seed. But all was not lost, for that hated grass thief eventually had the intimacy he desired with the grass. You see, all that freshly splattered green ink had been buried with him, where it seeped slowly into the soil and, over time, caused a genetic mutation in the chromosomes of the grass plant—causing it to turn green.

Juxtaposed Seasons

By Curtis Kerns, Latin III student of Kim Dempsey, Lakeview High School, Stoneboro, Pennsylvania

Spring—

the time of rebirth.

Overnight the land transforms from a dead, dry thing into a jungle of vibrant life.

The clouds depart and the sun shines down as the flowers spring up from a long, sorrowful sleep. The animals awaken and the trees are reborn. The streams break free of winter's icy grip and laugh—celebrating their newly found freedom.

Spring is a time of new life, when the animals' young open their eyes and blink at the rising sun;

searching and exploring their world for the first time. Spring is a time when the heart warms as well as does the ground.

Lovers embrace the coming of a long awaited dawn—where the first dawn is a most beautiful dawn and each dawn that follows competes with the one before in pulchritude and majesty.

Aurora spreads her rosy fingers and greets the awakening world.

Gaea embraces her child, the earth, as she dons the dress of a new season.

Ceres sows the seeds and watches as they take root. Meanwhile, the multitude of other gods watch the everlasting cycle continue.

Autumn—

the time when the world shows shades of gold, red, and the earth tones.

It is a time when the birds retreat to the warmer areas. The trees shed their leaves and seeds.

One can hear the playful chatter of the squirrels quarrelling over a single acorn.

Soon the sky is a treasure to the gods as the leaves fall from the heavens above.

The sky darkens once more as the daughter of Ceres is taken to Pluto below.

Now the trees are bare.

The mournful song of a lone bird echoes as it struggles on its late trip to rejoin its kin.

The animals retreat into their warrens.

The trees spread their barren arms to the sky as they begin to start their long sleep.

Gaea yawns as she prepares for a sleep of her own.

Meanwhile, Venus enjoys the colorful leaves.

Vulcan ceases to hammer.

The world cools as does his forge.

Venus joins the rest of the Pantheon, and the earth begins to darken.

Ceres mourns her loss as Pluto triumphs in his gain.

Apollo leaves the skies for one final time

as the Norse gods begin their trek south to punish all.

The Battle

By John Valliere, Latin student of Michael Keathley, North Central High School, Indianapolis, Indiana

"It's going to be a foggy day, isn't it?" asked Magano, my best friend in the elephant corps.

"It reminds me somewhat of that day at the Trebia," I said to the other five elephants around the campfire.

"You were the only survivor, right?" said Quartus.

I looked into the flames. "Yes, I was the only elephant in battle to return alive. Weren't you there, Magano?"

"Yes, but I was kept in reserve. I never actually saw the river until the next day," he answered.

"Tell us the story," Quartus asked eagerly. "That is, if you want to remember it."

"I had better remember it," I said. "To forget would mean sentencing our fallen comrades to oblivion."

There was a pause, and then I began. "We had hundreds of miles behind us—Spain, the Rhone Valley, the Alps—and I had lost some weight. I was well below one ton, and my *magister*, Decio, was getting worried."

"Poor Elepho," he would say, "you need a rest." But when I woke up, I knew that rest was far away.

"It was snowing, but occasionally the snow changed to a biting rain. We had stopped to make camp, overlooking the Trebia—a river that broke into many channels like a frayed rope. I heard one of the soldiers say 'The Romans are coming!' but I ignored him. I don't trust humans all the time. They're so self-centered."

"That morning, I saw *Dominus* Hannibal on his horse, riding around in the plains above the river, followed by a group of guards and soldiers. *Dominus* Hannibal, as we know, is someone we don't have much contact with, but we all trust him—his charisma carries over to our kingdom. Anyway, he was ordering this and that, and before I knew it, a group of horses disappeared over the riverbank as if they were headed to Hades."

"Then Decio came over and gave me some food."

"We're going to get moving, Elepho," he said. Despite the driving rain and freezing temperatures, I felt energized and up to the task. We had all been kneeling around the fires that morning, so we were warm and dry. When I stood up, I saw those who weren't."

"There was a Roman army in the middle of the swollen river. Think of it—an entire Roman army wading across a river flooded with rain and snow!"

"I heard later that some consul named Sempronius was eager to fight and win, and so he had led his troops into battle against us. His co-consul Scipio was against it, but Sempronius got his way."

"Well, then I saw *Dominus* Hannibal coming down the line on his horse, and everybody was cheering. *Dominus* Mago was usually there at his brother's side, but I didn't see him that morning. But my *magister* told me I couldn't think about any of that anymore—I had

to get to the left flank. So he led me across a sea of mud to our position, where several of my friends were. And then we saw the Roman army start climbing up out of the river and their cavalry start galloping toward us."

"By this time, our slingers had already done their damage and had relocated behind our lines. We advanced. I was right behind Garo, and my *magister* started to throw a couple javelins into the enemy horses. Well, those Roman horses were arrogant and kept coming toward us, but then they started to go crazy. They were neighing things like 'Quae sunt illa?' and 'O, Iuppiter! Serva me a monstis!'"

"Hal! Those ignorant horses!" shouted Quartus.

"Monstra wear blinders," shouted Magano.

I decided I should continue before a passing horse heard our conversation. "So anyway, the horses were thrown into mass confusion. But that wasn't the end of it. The Roman infantry had come within range of our line, and they started throwing javelins at us. Now, that had happened before, but some of my friends who had been turned around by their *magistri* were hit near their tails, including my best friend, Garo. When we saw wounded friends being abandoned by their *magistri*, we just started stomping on anyone who was on foot—Romans and cowardly *magistri*. I was enraged! It was the worst experience of my life. I learned then how awful war could be. We all lost so much that day."

"As I was pulled back by my *magister*, I heard a great cheer go up on the battlefield. Looking over the fray, which was now at its height, and I saw *Dominus* Mago leading a group of our own cavalry up out of the river. It seemed that they rose from the dead. They just appeared behind the Roman army, which had marched right past them. Soon our forces had completely surrounded Sempronius' men. I was, of course, ecstatic. But the image of poor Garo suddenly came back into my mind. It was sad, and it all seemed a little pointless. I knew that horses and men as brave as our *Domini* had died on the Roman side as well. Maybe if I were a diplomat, I would have ended the war."

There was a long pause as we all thought back on Garo and the others. The fire was already starting to fade, but Decio came in and put some new logs on it. I guess it meant that the war was flaring up again...

"And that's the story of the Trebia, told by one who was in the front line," I said with finality.

"How many more Trebias before those humans learn?" Magano asked. Suddenly, a shout.

"Prepare for battle, troops! The Romans are marching into our trap at Trasimene!" We stood and brushed off the dust from our back feet.

Quanta Trebiae?

Persephone (Continued a Pagina Secunda)

"I'm afraid that I have some bad news, guys. We've been combing the area for about an hour, but it's like she vanished into thin air. We've found some hoofprints, but what kind of abductor would use a horse? Not very efficient. Anyway, probably left there yesterday by some equestrians out for a day on the trails. There's a scattering of flowers, and the hoofprints, but that's about all. I can prepare an evidence report, but..." He spread his hands helplessly. "There's nothing left to do."

"I'm sure that you did your best. Send the report to my office," McConnell sighed. "And you two might as well go, too. There's nothing more for you here. I'll send some guys to interview the mother and any possible friends. I'll keep you updated." Barlow nodded, and McConnell waddled clumsily towards the van, trying unsuccessfully to shield himself from the wind.

Johnson watched quietly for a moment, and then said, "That man is going to have a heart attack some day. So, do we go back to the station?"

"Sure, why not?" Barlow said. "Anything to get out of this wind."

The reports came as scheduled. Barlow studied them briefly before realizing that they were worthless, long expanses of nothing. The call from McConnell bore no fruit either. Reports had filtered back through the proverbial grapevine that the distraught mother had taken to wandering aimlessly, looking for her lost daughter. No word on Persephone, either. Persepho-ne. He rolled the name around on his tongue. Wonder what had possessed her mother to name her that?

The months passed, but the case stayed fresh on Barlow's mind. He had taken a shine to long, quiet walks in the secluded valley where Persephone had disappeared. Before long, a full six months had passed, and Barlow was still meandering the valley, hands rammed deep into worn pockets, shoulders hunched against the wind. It was a night such as this that the endless pattern would change, and nothing would ever be the same again for Detective James Barlow.

It all started off as a normal evening. Barlow climbed out of his aging Ford pickup and set off down a path at a lazy stroll. He had gone no further than a few feet when he heard the violent neighing of a horse. He wheeled around and stared hard into the darkness. The sound came again, somehow primitive, sending chilly fingers steadily up and down his spine and sprinkling his arms with goosebumps. "The rabbit ran over my grave," he thought dizzily. A second later, the apparition appeared to him. Appearing out of nowhere, two large black horses, attached to a fiery chariot, pawed the air before him. The driver was masked and silent. Barlow fell to his knees before the sight, but not before seeing a girl he recognized as the missing Persephone climb out of the chariot with heart-stopping quickness. She glanced around quickly, then rushed off into the darkness, crying, "Mother, mother!" The driver stared at Barlow, and then shook the reins. The apparition vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

The next day was a quiet one in McConnell's office. He brooded over a homicide case as he swilled his coffee and didn't notice the shuffling presence before him until he glanced up. It was Barlow, hair crazily askew, eyes empty. "You know," he began conversationally. "I think I quit." McConnell stared, open mouthed, as Barlow turned and left. On his way out, he had a sudden urge to pick some flowers. Yes, some pretty red or yellow flowers, maybe some pink ones. And he knew just where to find them.

Pygmalion and Galatea

By Natalia Slain, Grade 8 Latin I student of Betty Whitaker, Carmel Jr. H. S., Carmel, Indiana

Journeys end in lovers' meeting.
And when they meet, their hearts stop beating.
Pygmalion was a king who sculpted,
But when he created Galatea, he just halted.
No one had ever seen such a cutie
So Pygmalion asked the goddess of love and beauty
If Galatea could come alive,
and if Venus would make Galatea thrive.
Pygmalion returned home very early
For in his heart he knew quite surely...
He opened his door and looked inside,
And there was Galatea, all alive.

Oratorical Parody

The Multi-Layered Cake of Our Alphabet

(Featuring ten different figures of speech!)

By Allison Girouard, Latin III Student of K.A. Sullivan, Oakmont Regional High School, Ashburnham, Mass.

EXORDIUM

Words. Phrases. Sentences. All made of letters, all made of sounds, all easily, simply, neatly, categorized within the boundaries of our alphabet. And what are letters but symbols, representing mere sounds; yet combined they form words, words which can have effects too vast even to start to explain.

NARRATIO

I want you to think for a minute about these letters, these symbols, each of which commands a unique sound. And think about the sounds themselves; are there not strong, sharp sounds that demand to be noticed, as well as soft, sweet sounds like light clouds of breath delicately floating across the sky? Is not our alphabet really a rainbow of variety, where only the boldest colors are noticed and respected?

PROPOSITIO

Our alphabet is taken for granted, our words pronounced without thought, our ears hearing but not really listening. How terrible to live an entire lifetime without pondering that letters tie this world together.

ARGUMENTATIO: Confirmatio

Let us start by examining the letter 'h.' Is it not merely a short puff of air, a brief burst of breath that creeps quietly by, molded only by the sounds that follow? Yet turn now in the direction of a stronger letter; that curious letter 's,' which stealthily and slyly and surreptitiously slithers around, demanding a unique and peerless and unrivaled pronunciation, almost always unabashed by its encircling letters.

ARGUMENTATIO: Refutatio

There are other letters which are rarely used. Take for instance 'k.' Has the letter 'c' not announced its presence by conquering k's own solitary sound, all the while doubling its parasitic presence by imitating the letter 's'? Is the letter 'k' not the most abused letter in our alphabet? Has it not fallen prey to the vultures of our ruthless, carnivorous language? When a kitten grows older, it becomes a cat. When we talk of knives and knees, 'k' silently goes unnoticed.

Other letters are likewise compounded, blended, silenced. If one speaks of a knight in armor, are not only three of the six letters in this regal word being recognized?

PERORATIO

This is the virus that plagues our language. We have taken for granted the purpose of our alphabet; twenty-six letters, twenty-six sounds, each a unique element in the formula of communication. Have we no respect for these ancient and sacred symbols? Have we no respect for anything that doesn't speak the loudest? Do we have the ability to appreciate the complexity of something so taken for granted?

Learning Games For The Latin Classroom

Horace's Journey To Brundisium

"Marcus Verrius Flaccus, renowned for his methods of teaching, used to make his students compete against one another in contests in order to stimulate their minds and encourage them to study." (Suetonius, De Magistris, 17.)

SCORE BOARD

To be photocopied onto a transparency for use on an overhead projector.

HORACE'S JOURNEY TO BRUNDISIUM (SAT. I.5)

Caterva A

Caterva B

Caterva C

Caterva D

ROMA: Porta Capena - Via Appia - Aricia - Forum Appii - Anxur - Formiae - Sinuessa

Caterva A

Caterva B

Caterva C

Caterva D

Posthouse at the Campanian Bridge - Capua - Claudium - Beneventum - Via Egnatia - Trivium - Equus Tuticus

Caterva A

Caterva B

Caterva C

Caterva D

Aecae - Herdonia - Canusium - Rubi - Barium - Egnatia - BRUNDISIUM
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This, the first article in a nine-part series, provides a competitive format which can be used with almost any set of Preview or Review questions over vocabulary, grammar, culture, etc.

The score-board itself becomes a teaching tool and familiarizes students with Horace, his famous journey to Brundisium and two Roman roads, as well as with some famous and some less well-known Roman towns.

To begin the competition, students should divide into four groups (Catervae A-D) and physically separate themselves into identifiable clusters. The teacher should take care that the teams are well-matched.

Among themselves, students should establish a recitation-order so that each member of the group has a known turn to recite.

The teacher or a student volunteer will need to keep score using washable markers on the transparency placed upon an overhead projector.

The teacher should announce what the awards will be for 1st, 2nd and 3rd place teams before the compe-

tition begins. (Some teachers award extra-credit, list names on an honor poster, or distribute *dulcia* or *crustula* like the teacher mentioned by Horace in *Satires I.1.25-26*.)

The 4th place team is simply offered condolences.

The competition begins when the teacher asks the first question to the first reciter in Caterva A. If the question is answered correctly, an X is placed above the first destination along the road on that team's line.

If the question is missed, no mark is made, and the same question is offered to the first reciter in Caterva B. That student may either elect to answer the missed question or request a new question.

If a new question is requested, the teacher should first give the answer to the question that was missed so this information can be reviewed.

Competition continues until one of the Catervae has answered twenty-one questions correctly and made it to Brundisium.

Haecaneus

A modern myth by Jason Zuidema, Latin student of Lorraine Bennett, Cox High School, Virginia Beach, Virginia

The infant son of Achaas, Haecaneus, was taken by his mother to the seer Tiresias. She wished to learn of her son's fate. "How long will he dwell upon the earth, and how great will be his conquests?" she inquired.

The seer spoke kindly and solemnly to the frail woman. "He will live long and conquer many new lands, as long as he doesn't learn to laugh a fool's laugh."

"But what is a fool's laugh? How will we know?" Haecaneus' mother inquired as she looked compassionately upon the small child that she held in her arms. But that was all Tiresias had to say, for he held up his hand to halt the woman's voice and sharply turned around. He walked slowly away, leaving the woman to ponder his prophecy. The fame of the blind Tiresias was so great that the woman could not help but take heed of his words; however, she never told Haecaneus of her visit to the soothsayer, even as he grew up.

Haecaneus grew up quickly, and at the age of sixteen, he had already accompanied several men as they sought to conquer new lands. He had sailed to far away lands serving the ships as they conquered the seas. He

learned the ways of the ocean, and learned to pray to the gods and offer sacrifices before each journey so as to be blessed. He especially prayed to the god who grasped the mighty trident and held the seas at bay.

As the years went by and he gradually reached manhood, his onboard responsibilities grew. His knowledge of the sea and of navigating by the stars increased, and soon he was ready to journey on his own.

With a newly built ship and a hundred men under his command, Haecaneus was eager to set sail and conquer far away lands on his own. As he prepared his ship and his men, he offered prayers to the gods that they would grant him safe passage. He offered up sacrifices to the gods to ensure victory in his conquest.

When the day finally came, and the ship set sail, Haecaneus watched for the warning signs that the seas and the heavens provided for sailors. There were none, and the ship continued smoothly on its way.

Haecaneus sailed his ship for the island of Cleamos, and, after four days and five nights, the ship was

anchored off its shore. In the morning Haecaneus led an all-out raid to loot the whole island.

He and his men then returned to the ship and spent the night anchored off shore before setting sail for home in the morning.

Upon their return home, celebration broke out throughout the house of Haecaneus. He had his servants bring out the best meats and the best wine. It was a great feast. The men toasted their success. Shouts of joy and cheerful singing rang out from the house as the celebration progressed.

With their bellies full, the men continued to drink, tell their stories, and have fun. Soon, overcome by the wine and the giddiness of the occasion, everything seemed funny. Everyone began laughing uncontrollably.

One by one the men began to change. Their faces became long and their backs arched slightly. Soon blankets of hair covered their bodies. Haecaneus was the last to change, and, still laughing, he led his merry pack of followers out of the house and into the countryside, laughing wherever they went.



Globi Panicei cum Vino Dulci (Bread Rolls Made with Sweet Wine)

Submitted by Todd Ruthemeyer and Ryan Schilling,
Latin I students of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S.,
Cincinnati, Ohio



Recipe makes twelve dinner rolls that
go well with honey.

Res Commiscendae:

- 1 2/3 cups self-rising flour
- 1/4 cup Crisco
- 1/4 cup grated Romano or Parmesan cheese
- 1 egg
- 1 T. sweet white wine or white grape juice
- A pinch of whole anise seeds
- A pinch of cumin seeds
- 12 bay leaves



Todd (L) and Ryan (R) form the
mixture into small globi.

Modus Parandi:

Preheat the oven to 400° F.

Sift flour into a mixing bowl. Sprinkle grated cheese evenly over the sifted flour. Cut the shortening into small pieces and, using your fingers, rub it into the flour/cheese mixture.

The mixture will now resemble fresh bread crumbs.

Whisk an egg in another small bowl and then add it to the flour mixture. Add the sweet white wine/grape juice, anise and cumin.

After blending in the wine/juice and spices with a wooden spoon, divide the mixture into twelve small balls. (globi)

On a baking sheet that has been rubbed with Crisco, arrange twelve bay leaves. Place one of the small balls on each of the bay leaves and then bake at 400° F for about twelve to fifteen minutes.

These Globi Panicei cum Vino Dulci can be enjoyed by themselves with honey (otherwise they tend to be a little dry) or served with fresh salad or pasta.

Roman Baths (Continued a Pagina Prima)

The largest and most luxurious facilities offered both medicinal and perfumed baths. There were also areas for ball games, swimming, gymnastics, wrestling, weight-lifting, massage and hot body-wraps.

In addition to more strenuous forms of recreation, *thermae* also provided areas for reading and eating.

Modern spas differ very little from the baths of antiquity, except in the ways they are used. People no longer frequent spas primarily to bathe and socialize. Instead, spas are used as places for body toning and a change of pace from daily routines.

While the dumbbells, weights, medicine balls and punching bags may not have changed much over the centuries, other modern equipment for exercise and sports is quite different from that used in ancient Rome.

At the old Roman baths, bathers could be massaged and rubbed down by their personal slaves or by slaves or freedmen provided by the establishment, just as professional masseurs are available today.

Amazingly, many of the treatments for the skin and body have remained the same over the centuries with such natural materials as kelp and mineral salts still being used. Because of the many ancient amenities still offered in modern spas, it is easy to see why their popularity has lasted over the centuries.



Ancient punching
bag (corycus)

Memorable Visits to the Classical World

Masada

By Marianne Hamman

Ride a cable car up the face of a huge mountain in the middle of the desert? No, thank you. But when the alternative was not seeing Masada, the infamous site of King Herod's getaway palace cum fortress and the celebrated site of the Jewish Zealots' last stand against the Romans, I changed my mind.

The geographical splendor of the site is enough to warrant a trip to Masada. Thirty-seven miles southeast of Jerusalem in the Judean Desert, it is a short trip from the western shore of the Dead Sea, the lowest point on earth. It rises a precipitous 2,200 feet above sea level. Once I arrived on top of the mountain, I was on a twenty-acre rock plateau from which, everywhere I looked, I saw miles of rolling hills of sand. I wanted to stand on the site where so much human drama had occurred in just over 100 years.

King Herod was a tyrant, despised by the Jewish people. He ruled them at the behest of Roman authorities. Since he could not be sure that even this alliance would continue, he built a mountaintop fortress for himself in this isolated desert spot in case he ever needed to escape. He was not content, however, just to have a getaway place. No, he constructed it in the grandest palatial style, a three-tiered villa with terraces, circular pavilion, and colonnades. There is also a large bath house with a *frigidarium*, *tepidarium*, and *caldarium*, decorated with frescoes and floor tiles. There are water cisterns, extensive storerooms, and a double wall surrounding the entire mountaintop. The archaeological remains are very interesting, but it is their location and the sequel to Herod's sojourn at Masada that make the site extraordinary.

Herod died in 4 B.C., and Masada remained in Roman hands until it was taken by the Zealots, after the fall of Jerusalem. The temple in Jerusalem fell to Titus in 70 A.D., and a triumph was celebrated in Rome. But two years later, this Jewish pocket of resistance still remained. How galling this must have been to the Roman conquerors!

The Jewish remnant had to be driven from Masada. The best resources of the empire were brought to bear on this tiny outpost. The Romans built a long siege wall at the foot of the mountain; then they established eight square camps in strategic locations around the mountain; and finally they built a massive earthen assault rampart, some of which still stands, to the very summit of the mountain. By means of the rampart, the Romans then could storm the fortress walls with their battering ram.

Cook Yourself To Fame

Student and adult classicists are invited to prepare Roman recipes to be featured in this year's "Ancient Greek and Roman Recipes" column. Editors favor recipes which are authentic and don't call for such modern ingredients as sugar, butter, tomatoes, New World spices and fruits, etc.

The following books are recommended as excellent sources for authentic ancient recipes:

ANCIENT ROMAN FEASTS AND RECIPES, by Jon & Julia Solomon (ISBN 0-912458-88-2)

THE ROMAN COOKERY OF APICIUS, Trans. by John Edwards (ISBN 0-88179-008-7)

Clear color photographs should be taken of the various stages of recipe preparation and of the final dish ready for serving.

Recipes, photos and fun personal comments should be sent to:

Ancient Greek and Roman Recipes
Pompeiana, Inc.
6026 Indianola Ave.
Indianapolis, IN 46220-2017

Outhouse Vent Mythology

In his book entitled *The Vanishing American Outhouse*, Ronald S. Barlow points out how classical mythology influenced the designers of these handy little houses. Because of the nature of the facility, it was necessary to cut a vent hole into the door. For women's outhouses, the crescent moon symbol of Diana/Artemis was used, and for men, the sunburst of Apollo.

We have the end of the tragic story from the ancient historian, Flavius Josephus. Knowing their cause was lost, Zealot leader Eleazer Ben Yair exhorted his followers to seek eternal renown "by snatching the prize from the hands of our enemies."

When the Romans entered the fortress, they discovered that the Jewish patriots, 967 men, women and children, had taken their own lives rather than submit to Roman conquest. They left behind food as evidence that they had not died of starvation. This defeat marked the end of Jewish possession of their homeland until the Twentieth Century when the new rallying cry became "Masada shall not fall again."

Details of the Zealots' stay at Masada are found in the archaeological remains. Religious observance is studied in the synagogue dating from the time of the Temple, and in the scroll casemate. Herod's spacious quarters are partitioned off to form living quarters for so many more. And the storehouse has its story to tell.

After this turbulent period, Masada remained uninhabited, except for some Byzantine monks in the fourth and fifth centuries. These monks also left their mark with a church found on the site. It wasn't until 1842 that Masada was formally revisited, and serious excavation of the site, which continues today, did not begin until the mid 1960's.

Josephus' story has been partly corroborated by the archaeological findings, but questions remain.

I am only glad that I had the chance to stand where so full a range of human behavior, from King Herod's selfishness and paranoia to the Zealots' selfless heroism, played itself out so many years ago. Cable car or not!



The Roman ramp

Secret Society (Continued a Pagina Prima)

It was soon after this, however, that the epigram turned malevolent. Written and posted clandestinely, in the dark of night, the irreverent commentaries targeted the venalities, corruption and nepotism of church and civic leaders and other *pezzi grossi* (big shots).

The prevailing wisdom suspected an impish, hunch-backed, mischievous tailor by the name of Pasquino. His shop just across the street was known to be a gathering place for the city's wits and punsters and gossips.

Whenever the morning's light brought forth a new satirical pronouncement—in impeccable Latin, no less—word would spread throughout town and become the quote of the day. This was all to the delight of the general populace and to the consternation of the ruling class. No event, institution, or personage was exempt from the caustic pen of Pasquino. Not even the Pope was safe from the tailor's slings and arrows.

One day, for example, when it became clear that Julius II was devoting more time and energy to military affairs than to church matters, the statue of Menelaus—by now affectionately called "Pasquino"—issued this pun:

"Destiny erred, Julius, in giving you keys (*claves*). It should have given you clubs (*clavus*)."

Pope Urban VIII, of the noble Barberini clan, in an ambitious program of monumentalizing Papal Rome, plundered the ruins of Imperial Rome for marble and bronze. At this Pasquino howled:

"Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecerunt Barberini."

(What the Barbarians failed to do, the Barberini did.) After the tailor went to his (heavenly?) reward, others picked up the torch. Eventually the epigrams shifted from Latin to Italian, and had Pasquino talking out over the rooftops with fellow statues.

The pontificate of Sixtus V saw the imposition of numerous new taxes, some on the most basic resources. One dawn, Marforio, the marble effigy of an ancient river god, posed this question on his pedestal:

"Perche metti ad asciugare la camicia di notte e non di giorno alla luce del sole?"

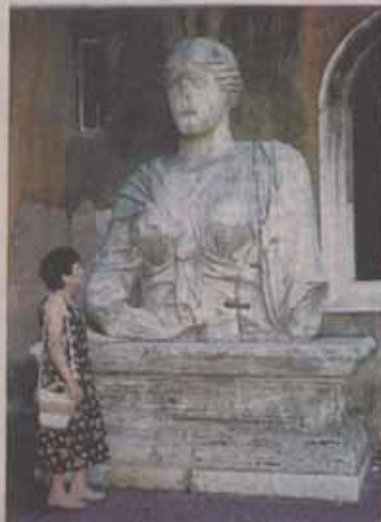
(Why do you hang out your laundry at night instead of during the day?)

To which the annoyed Pasquino replied:

"Perche di giorno, con l'aria che tira, finirebbero per farmi pagare la tassa del sole."

(Because by day, with the political winds now blowing, I'd wind up having to pay a sun tax.)

And so it went. On almost a daily basis, appreciative Romans would rush from Marforio, at the foot of the Capitoline, over to the Campus Martius to see what his witty pal's retort would be.



Author's wife meets Madame Lucrezia.

The Talking Statue Club grew in time to a membership of six, with the addition of Madame Lucrezia, a colossus of a Roman matron (or perhaps Isis) stationed just off Piazza Venezia, *Il Facchino* on Via Lata, *Il Babuino* near the Spanish Steps, and the Abbot Luigi, to the side of the Church of Sant'Andrea nella Valle.

But Pasquino remained the recognized capo of this gang of street rascals which continued to needle the city's leaders and aristocracy.

Cara Matrona,

I am writing to you as the youngest member of the *Ordo Decurionum* in Pompeii. Although I am only 16 years old, I have been a member of the *Ordo* since I was six years old when my pater donated funds in my name to rebuild the Temple of Isis which had been destroyed by the earthquake.

Since my pater was a *libertus*, he was prevented by law from holding a political office in Pompeii. I, on the other hand, had been born free so it was legal for me to be appointed to the *Ordo Decurionum* even though I was only six years old at the time.

During the past ten years I have attended all the meetings of the *Ordo* although, on the advice of my pater, I have never volunteered any opinion of my own. Now that I am sixteen years old, however, I think it is time for me to start expressing my opinions since I am of the age when most of my peers can vote and actively participate in the politics of our city.

Before I risk looking foolish before the *Ordo*, however, I thought I would get your opinion on my idea—my pater still thinks I should be a silent member for five or six more years. I don't want to be disrespectful towards him, *Matrona*, but, honestly, sometimes it seems as though all he will ever be able to do is think like a *libertus*. If I am going to be successful in this town, I think I need to distance myself from my pater's *libertus* mentality and to start thinking and acting like the real *civis* that I am.

Now that you know my circumstances, I'll explain the idea which I intend to present before the *Ordo*.

Ever since the earthquake, which happened more than ten years ago, the *Ordo* has been coordinating the reconstruction of the city. Every time they come up with a new master plan, however, they never include the reconstruction of our city's most important *templum*, the temple sacred to Jupiter, Juno and Minerva located in our Forum.

During the past few years the *Ordo* has allocated all kinds of funds to block off roads that used to lead into the Forum and to redesign the whole area so that it looks like all the buildings that open onto it were part of some original, grandiose design. I sat quietly while they decided to surround the Forum with a two-story colonnade that even became part of the entrance to the Temple of Vespasian.

Matrona, I am all for city improvements, but, if you ask me, all this beautification of the Forum really looks ridiculous as long as the central temple in the Forum—the temple of Jupiter, Juno and Minerva—lies in ruins; therefore, I intend to propose that no further funds be allocated for any urban renewal project until our main temple is rebuilt. This is the temple where my friends should be going to accept their *togae viriles* and to be enrolled as voting *civis* instead of being forced to use the old temple of Zeus *Meilichios* as I had to do when I accepted my *toga virilis* before I was admitted to the *Ordo Decurionum*.

Matrona, I hope that you will agree that this is a valid idea, one which will be accepted enthusiastically by my fellow members of the *Ordo*.

Numerius Popidius Celsinus
Civis Pompeianus

Cara Popidi,

I get so many letters from young people such as yourself that I am beginning to feel like a *pistiacus* when my advice is always, "Ausculta patri," "Ausculta patri," "Ausculta patri!"

Adrian VI, who grew so irritated by these exchanges, ordered Pasquino hammered to bits and tossed into the Tiber. Fortunately, cooler heads prevailed. The poet Tasso convinced the pontiff that the statue's fragmented corpse would re-emerge into a "thousand croaking lampooning frogs." In short, Tasso implied, the age-old Roman love for satire would find a way.

Adrian then proposed placing a guard at each member of the close-knit circle. The poet patiently pointed out that keeping six antiquated statues under police surveillance would have everyone giggling.

So then, not even threats of surveillance, of imprisonment, or execution by drowning could put the brakes on the little secret society. Pasquino and company continued—for decades and centuries to come—to inveigh against all figures of authority.

(Continued in Pagina Decima)



Popidi, even though you have been a member of your city's *Ordo Decurionum*, and even though you are now sixteen years old, you still owe it to your pater to follow his advice. Don't forget that you are where you are because of his political savvy and generosity, lowly *libertus* that he may be.

If you propose your idea to the *Ordo*, not only will you risk embarrassing yourself, as you suspect may happen, but you will also risk embarrassing your pater—something that you will find much harder to live with in the years to come.

Although I am a woman and have never been allowed to participate actively in politics, I have been an avid observer of how city governments work. Surely you are aware that what you have been observing during the meetings of your *Ordo Decurionum* represents only the final phases of complex decision-making processes.

No idea dropped cold on the floor of a *Curia* has a ghost of a chance of surviving. New political agendas are forged at private meetings, during intimate *cenae*, or as part of carefully planned *salutatio* visits.

You most certainly have heard the saying, "*Pecunia loquuntur*!" Before any plan to rebuild or refurbish anything is ever suggested, private donors have already been identified or public funds have already been secretly set aside for the project.

My guess is that someone with power and influence is making sure that your Forum is being reconstructed in the manner which you have described. The person or persons behind the master plan may even be intending to donate the funds to rebuild the temple of Jupiter, Juno and Minerva—but only if the city first provides an elegant new Forum to showcase the newly rebuilt temple.

Your pater may have gotten you into the *Ordo Decurionum*, but, being a *libertus*, I'm sure he has not had access to the *salutationes* in Pompeii where the real city planning is taking place.

Even if your pater had enough money to finance the reconstruction of this most important temple in your Forum, I'm sure that the "Movers and Shakers" of Pompeii would not let this honor fall to a *libertus*. If you ask him, I'm sure you will learn that your pater knows exactly what I'm talking about. He knows his—and your—place in the political waters of your city, and this is no doubt why he is encouraging you to be a silent observer for several more years.

You have been given a rare and special honor because of the generosity of your pater. Don't make a fool of yourself and of him by overstepping the bounds of wisdom and propriety.

"Ausculta patri," "Ausculta patri," "Ausculta patri!"



Statue of Il Facchino, the Porter



Top Ten Movies of all time:

Submitted by eighth grade Latin class of Janet Long, Durham Academy Middle School, Durham NC

- I. DUM DORMIS
- II. FORTE COR
- III. SAXUM ILLUM
- IV. CONSOBRINUS MEUS VINCENTULUS NOMINE
- V. TEMPUS IDONEUM HOMICIDIO
- VI. SOCIETAS POETARUM MORTUORUM
- VII. FEMINA PULCHRA
- VIII. IMPENETRABILIS GLANDIBUS
- IX. INSULA MULTAE GAZAE ACTA A CREATURIS IACOBI GALLINAEFILI
- X. INVASIO FURUM CORPORUM (FACTA ALBO ATROQUE)



Perseus vs Medusa

By Brian Benton, student of Susan Neas, Greenville H.S., Greenville, Tennessee

In the accompanying word search, circle the names or phrases suggested by the following clues:

1. Perseus' maternal grandfather
2. The mother of Perseus
3. The Greek name of Perseus' father
4. Fisherman who rescued Perseus and his mother
5. Island king who wanted to wed Perseus' mother
6. Snake-haired monsters sought by Perseus
7. Mortal snake-haired monster Perseus had to kill
8. Name of Greek god who accompanied Perseus
9. Greek goddess who later wore the monster's head on her Aegis
10. Ladies who shared a single eyeball and tooth
11. Ethiopian maiden Perseus rescued and married
12. Monster Perseus killed to rescue the maiden
13. "The Helmet of Invisibility," a.k.a.
14. Hero who turned Atlas into a rocky mountain
15. Perseus flew with the help of winged
16. The magic wallet came from the

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



Deciphering Cicero

By Emily Dietsch, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Use the clues below to help decode the names or terms relating to Cicero. Transfer the numbered decoded letters to the corresponding blanks at the end of the puzzle to spell out a special message.

1. This man was the lead plotter in a conspiracy against Cicero as Consul and the government.
1 2
T K X D X D W R
2. A series of speeches given by Cicero against Marc Antony.
7
Z N R Y N D X D Y Y D I H
3. Probably the only form of writing tried by Cicero at which he did not excel.
4 5 13
Y F R Z V E
4. The Greek writing style Cicero tended to use. Not Attic, but...
9 18
K H D K Z D T
5. Cicero's essay concerning Scipio and friendship.
10
G R K A D T D Z D K
6. This man proscribed Cicero.
12 3 11
A K V T K W Z F W E
7. Cicero's second wife.
15 8
Y C P X D X D K
8. Term applied to Cicero as the first person from his family to hold a curule magistracy.
6 14 23 19
W F Q C H N F A F
9. The man whom Cicero prosecuted in his first major trial.
16 24 20 17
Q R V V R H
10. Cicero's beloved daughter.
22 21
Z C X X D K

Message:

1 2 3 4 5 6

7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14

15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24



Top Hits of the 80's

Submitted by Marissa C. Pelot, Latin II student of Dr. Shaw, Lawrence High School, Lawrence, KS

- I. PUELLAE MODO IOCARI VOLUNT, Cynthia Laupera
- II. NUMERATIO ULTIMA, Navis apud Stellas
- III. MCMXCIX, Artifex Olim Appellatus Princeps
- IV. VELUT VIRGO, Mea Domina
- V. ESURIENS VELUT LUPUS, Duranus Duranus
- VI. DIES SOLIS CRUENTUS, UII
- VII. MAXIMUS AMOR OMNIUM, Whitnea Houstonia
- VIII. MALLEUS, Petrus Gabrielus
- IX. PUER QUI ERAT REX SIMIARUM, Baltimorensis
- X. CUCURRI, Grex Larorum



State Your Motto

Based on a game submitted by Stacey Hoekstra, Latin I student of Darrel Huisken, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Match each lettered state with its motto(es).

1. Ad Astra Per Aspera
2. Animis Opibusque Parati
3. Arma Cedant Togae
4. Audemus Iura Nostra Defendere
5. Crescit Eundo
6. Dirigo
7. Ditat Deus
8. Dum Spiro Spero
9. Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietam
10. E Pluribus Unum
11. Esse Quam Videri
12. Esto Perpetua
13. Eureka
14. Excelsior
15. Labor Omnia Vincit
16. Montani Semper Liberi
17. Nil Sine Numine
18. Qui Transtulit Sustinet
19. Regnat Populus
20. Salus populi suprema lex esto
21. Scuto Bonae Voluntatis Tuae Coronasti Nos
22. Sic Semper Tyrannis
23. Si quaeris amoenam pacis insulam circumspice
24. Tuebor
25. Virtute et Armis



= Upper Level



= Beginning Level

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Latin Fun with English Puns

Each Latin answer, itself a translation of one of the English words or phrases in the clue, also serves as a pun of the English answer to the question, e.g.,

Q. "What are horns in a shop window for?" A. TUBAE (i.e. "to buy")

ACROSS

- What a cat loves to sleep on.
- Parts of oil lamps that can scarcely be seen.
- This room contains the most gold.
- On this kind of night, we love to stand and look at the stars.
- What an engine of war does to an enemy.
- This kind of dog was seen on a hill.
- What you should beware of on a mountain side.
- If it were true that coats and hats could speak, this is what they would say.
- What the Roman exclaimed when he saw the size of the Gaul.
- What the climate is like in the vicinity of the Rhine.
- The one by whom the husband was sent away.
- What a hunter does in winter when he shoots at a target.
- This ship can carry more baggage than my brother.

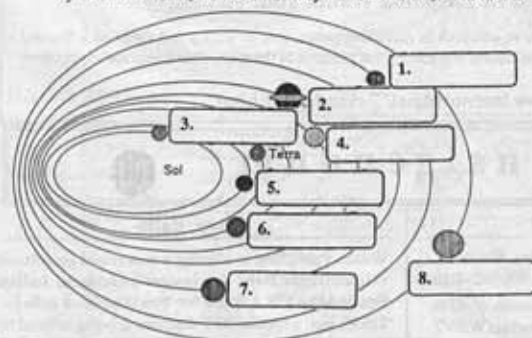
DOWN

- I wonder what nymphs used a pool of water as.
- What we do every time our village burns down.
- What the boy secretly put in his sister's pocket.
- He likes summer; I, however, prefer this season.
- What the cook should do to the fruit while he is singing.
- What you should do for your friends when you invite them to go to a party with you.

- What a good written composition wants to be.
- What are horns in a shop window for?
- The place which is the hope of astronauts.
- What the cares of the world make sensitive people do.
- What the creased trousers said to the tailor.
- What everyone does after an earthquake has shattered their city.
- What the tidal wave did when it came straight at the side of our ship.
- What the disobedient child said when he was told to shovel the snow.
- The one who controls all the weapons in our house.
- What the baker gives you that you especially like.

Planetarium Nomina

By Kristin Wassink, Latin I student of Darrel Huisken, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Mich.



All the planets except earth (terra) were named after Roman gods. In the boxes on the chart, write in the Latin names of the deities as suggested by their realms.

- god of the sea
- god of agriculture
- messenger of the gods
- king of the gods
- goddess of love and beauty
- god of war
- god of the heavens
- king of the Underworld

Aulea Premuntur!
Musici Ludi Scaenici

By Brian Huneke, 8th grade Latin I student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Write the English titles of the musicals indicated by the following Latin translations:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. ILLI MISERI | 8. NOVI ANGLICANI DAMNATI |
| 2. IOSEPHUS ET MIRA PAENULA
TECHNICOLORATA SOMNICULOSA | 9. FELES |
| 3. IESUS CHRISTUS SUMMA PERSONA
PRIMA | 10. ADOLESCENTULI ET PUPAE |
| 4. OCCASUS SOLIS LATA VIA TOPIARIA | 11. CANTUS ET SALTATUS |
| 5. FABULAE MUSICAE LARVA | 12. FIDICEN IN TECTO |
| 6. LOCARIUM | 13. QUOMODO SUCCEEDERE IN NEGOTIO
SINE VERIS CONATIBUS |
| 7. RES RIDICULA IN ITINERE AD FORUM
ACCIDIT | 14. REGIONIS OCCIDENTALIS FABULA |
| | 15. PACIFICUS OCEANUS AUSTRALIS |



FABULAE FICTAE

- EXPOSITIO CRUDELIS, Patricia Puteum
Frumentarium
- PRUNORUM INSULA, Nelides De Mola
- MONS FRIGIDUS, Carolus Frazier
- TRADITIO SPECIALIS, Daniella Chalybs
- COLLEGA, Ioannes Grisham
- MARTIS DIES OBESUS, Sandra Fulva
- PUGILLARES, Nicolaus Scintillae
- LONDINIUM, Eduardus Ruthervadum
- PETERE CEZANNUM, Petrus Mailus
- SURSUM INSULA, Anna Flumina Siddonis



Those Symbolic Greek Gods

Based on a game submitted by Nicole Dauzat, Latin I student of Ann-Marie Fine, Archbishop Blenk H.S., Gretna, Louisiana

Match the symbols with the names of the Greek deities.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Aphrodite | A. Thunderbolts |
| 2. Apollo | B. Dolphins |
| 3. Ares | C. Hammer |
| 4. Artemis | D. Pomegranate |
| 5. Athene | E. Laurel leaves |
| 6. Cronus | F. Winged cap and Sandals |
| 7. Demeter | G. Vultures |
| 8. Dionysus | H. Poppies |
| 9. Hades | I. She-bear |
| 10. Helios | J. Olive tree |
| 11. Hephestos | K. Doves |
| 12. Hera | L. Hearth fire |
| 13. Hermes | M. A sickle |
| 14. Hestia | N. Lion-drawn chariot |
| 15. Poseidon | O. Bident |
| 16. Rhea | P. Ivy |
| 17. Selene | Q. The sunburst |
| 18. Zeus | R. Cow-drawn chariot |

De Coloribus

By Joe Berry, Latin I student of Mrs. Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Match the English colors with their Latin words.

- | | |
|---------------|------------|
| 1. Ater | A. Red |
| 2. Flavus | B. Silver |
| 3. Ruber | C. Purple |
| 4. Albus | D. Yellow |
| 5. Aurum | E. Black |
| 6. Viridis | F. Saffron |
| 7. Caeruleus | G. Pink |
| 8. Croceus | H. Brown |
| 9. Fulvus | I. Grey |
| 10. Purpureus | J. Green |
| 11. Roseus | K. Gold |
| 12. Canus | L. White |
| 13. Argenteus | M. Blue |

Secret Society (Continued a Pagina Septima)

During the French occupation of the Eternal City, Napoleon himself got the full treatment. When he seized hundreds of pieces of classical art and shipped them to Paris to aggrandize his capital beyond the Alps, Marforio could not contain his contempt:

"Tutti i francesi sono ladri."

"All the French are thieves."

Pasquino, in an exquisitely clever play on the little general's name, answered:

"Non tutti, ma buona parte"

"Not all, but a good part (of them)."

Though ravaged by time and the elements, and though long since silent, the old carving of Menelaus has remained among the most renowned in a city known for such sculptures as "Moses," the "Pietà," the "Dying Gaul," et al.

Hawthorne wrote in his diary while sojourning in Italy in 1859: "Thence we passed by the poor, battered torso of Pasquino...on our way to the Bridge of the Angels."

The impish tailor is long gone, and yet he lives on. For *pasquinade* remains today practically a universal term to describe any anonymous political invective.

How Well Did You Read? 12.

- From which Latin word are *Vacine* and *Buckaroo* both derived?
- What symbol was originally cut into the doors of outhouses for men?
- Which two roads did Horace travel on his journey to Brundisium?
- Quae urbs antiqua "Magna Oliva" appellata est?*
- Who were Magano and Quartus?
- What is the Latin term for the toy kites flown by Roman children?
- How many Zealots took their own lives on Masada?
- Which was the first classical statue to begin "talking" in medieval Rome?
- According to Meg McIntyre, what was the original color of grass?
- How did Numerius Popidius Celsinus get to be on Pompeii's *Ordo Decurionum* when he was only six years old?

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Horace (epod. 15) *Nox Est*

(Anonym.) *Gaudemus Igitur*

Anth. Lat. (388) *Nautarum Carmen*

Caesar (BG 1, 1-3) *Gallia Est Omnis Divisa*

Carmina Burana (142) *Tempus Adest Floridum*

Carmina Burana (85) *Veris Dulcis in Tempore*

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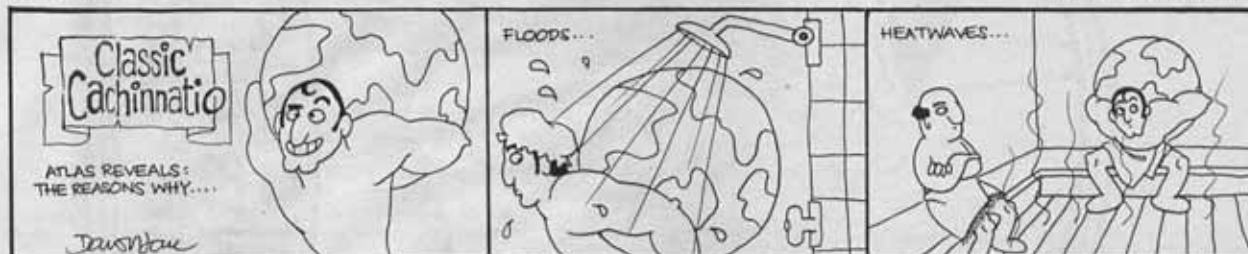
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I.S.S. # 08925941

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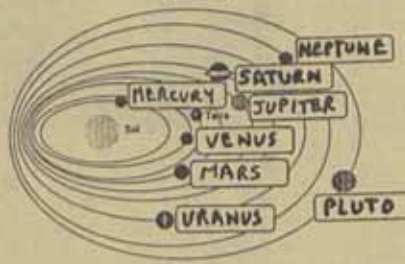
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1.

PICTURAE MOVENTES.

- I. WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING
- II. BRAVEHEART
- III. THE ROCK
- IV. MY COUSIN VINNIE
- V. A TIME TO KILL
- VI. DEAD POET'S SOCIETY
- VII. PRETTY WOMAN
- VIII. BULLET PROOF
- IX. MUPPET TREASURE ISLAND
- X. INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS (BLACK AND WHITE)

7.



9.

Libri Optimi

- I. UNNATURAL EXPOSURE, Patricia Cornwell
- II. PLUM ISLAND, Nelson DeMille
- III. COLD MOUNTAIN, Charles Frazier
- IV. SPECIAL DELIVERY, Danielle Steele
- V. THE PARTNER, John Grisham
- VI. FAT TUESDAY, Sandra Brown
- VII. THE NOTEBOOK, Nicholas Sparks
- VIII. LONDON, Edward Rutherford
- IX. CHASING CEZANNE, Peter Mayle
- X. UP ISLAND, Anne Rivers Siddons

10.

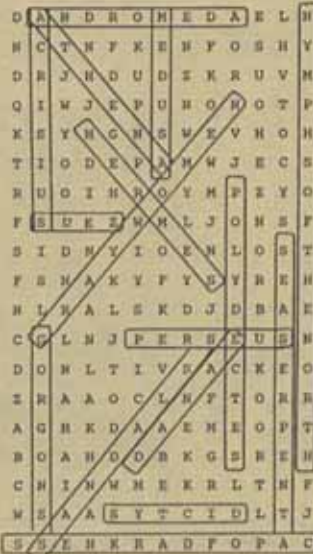
Those Symbolic Greek Gods

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

2.

Perseus vs Medusa

1. Acrisius
2. Danaë
3. Zeus
4. Dictys
5. Polydectes
6. Gorgons
7. Medusa
8. Hermes
9. Athena
10. Gray Women
11. Andromeda
12. Sea serpent
13. Cap of darkness
14. Perseus
15. Sandals
16. Nymphs of the North



8.

Aulea Premuntur!

1. Les Misérables
2. Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat
3. Jesus Christ Superstar
4. Sunset Boulevard
5. Phantom of the Opera
6. Rent
7. A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum
8. Damn Yankees
9. Cats
10. Guys & Dolls
11. Song and Dance
12. Fiddler on the Roof
13. How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying
14. West Side Story
15. South Pacific

11.

De Coloribus

- | | |
|------|-------|
| 1. E | 8. F |
| 2. D | 9. H |
| 3. A | 10. C |
| 4. L | 11. G |
| 5. K | 12. I |
| 6. J | 13. B |
| 7. M | |

12.

How Well Did You Read?

1. Vacca
2. The sun
3. The Via Appia and the Via Egnatia
4. Thebes
5. Elephants
6. Mithi papyrus
7. 967
8. The statue of Menelaus
9. Grass was originally translucent.
10. His father had donated money to rebuild the temple of Isis in Pompeii.

3.

Deciphering Cicero

1. CATILINE
2. THE PHILIPPICS
3. POETRY
4. ASIATIC
5. DE AMICITIA
6. MARC ANTONY
7. PUBLILIA
8. NOVUS HOMQ
9. VERRES
10. TULLIA

Message: CICERO: HISTORY'S BEST ORATOR

CARMINA OPTIMA

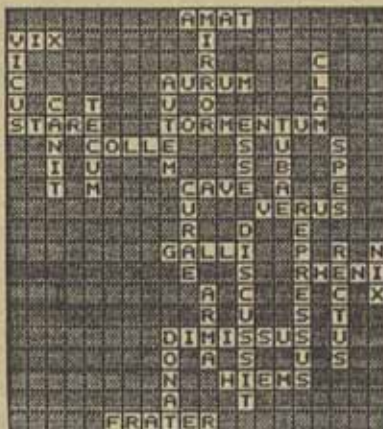
- I. GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN, Cyndi Lauper
- II. FINAL COUNTDOWN, Starship
- III. 1999, Artist Formerly Known as Prince
- IV. LIKE A VIRGIN, Madonna
- V. HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF, Duran Duran
- VI. BLOODY SUNDAY, U2
- VII. GREATEST LOVE OF ALL, Whitney Houston
- VIII. SLEDGEHAMMER, Peter Gabriel
- IX. TARZAN BOY, Baltimore
- X. I RAN, Flock of Seagulls

4.

5.

State Your Motto

- | | |
|-------|-------|
| 1. H | 14. P |
| 2. S | 15. R |
| 3. V | 16. U |
| 4. A | 17. E |
| 5. O | 18. F |
| 6. I | 19. C |
| 7. B | 20. N |
| 8. S | 21. J |
| 9. K | 22. T |
| 10. L | 23. L |
| 11. Q | 24. L |
| 12. G | 25. M |
| 13. D | |



6.

"What kind of a man is a true hero?" the young Hercules asks his father.

"A true hero is not a man who stands out because of his strong deeds. Look into your heart," responds his father Zeus. Disney's most recent movie of this summer teaches children that having merchandise in stores with their names on it, living in a mansion, having many adoring fans in pursuit, are not the signs of real success. Ancient times again and again show many examples of good moral values.

Part of the ancient story, however, has been changed and students of the languages of ancient Greece and Rome will notice some differences. In the movie for example, five of the nine Muses tell the story about Hercules, the son of Zeus and Hera, fostered by Alcmena and Amphitryon. He was stolen as an infant by his wicked uncle Hades. The movie uses the Greek names for the gods, but the Latin name of Hercules. Hades is also depicted as a wicked and ill-wishing character who wants to obtain control of Olympus out of his own jealousy.

Among mortals Hercules always feels he is different because of his extraordinary strength. Alcmena and Amphitryon show him the bulla given to him by the gods. Hercules, therefore, goes to his father's temple. There Zeus says, "It will be necessary, however, to prove yourself a true hero on earth." He orders him to seek out Philoctetes, a trainer of heroes. Then Zeus restores Pegasus to his son who had been given to him on his naming day. Students of antiquity know well that Pegasus was born in another way at another time. Philoctetes, a satyr, advises Hercules to build his reputation in Thebes.

On the way, Hercules saves a very beautiful woman named Megara and falls in love with her. Megara, however, has sold her soul to Hades.

Thebes—"The Big Olive"—is a dangerous city full of crime and evil. All the citizens praise Hercules when two children being crushed by rocks have been saved by him, and the Hydra has also been defeated. Now Hercules begins the twelve labors. In truth, Hercules had to accomplish them because he had gone into a fit

of madness sent upon him by Hera due to her jealousy and had killed his wife and children.

Meanwhile in Thebes Hercules was loved by all. His face was everywhere: on vases, sandals, and children's toys. When Hercules now asks Zeus for his place on Olympus, he is surprised when Zeus refuses. Zeus answers, "You have done great deeds, but you have not yet become a true hero." Hercules departs in misery. Hades adopts an evil plan wherein he is able to use Hercules' love for Megara. Philoctetes hears Megara and Hades talking and tries to warn Hercules, but in vain. Philoctetes decides to leave Hercules.

After capturing Pegasus, Hades pretends that Megara has been captured. Hades appears to Hercules and offers to free Megara if Hercules will give up his strength for one day. Hercules agrees but becomes very unhappy when he realizes Megara has been in Hades' power.

At this time Hades frees the Titans from Tartarus to attack Olympus' gods. They all try to fight the Titans, but in vain. In the meantime, Megara finds Philoctetes and Pegasus and begs them to help Hercules. When he sees Megara and his friends, Hercules again is ready to fight. But it is very difficult. While saving Hercules, Megara is killed. After Megara was killed, Hercules' strength is restored and now the Titans can be overcome; but he is very sad because he loved Megara very much. Hercules demands from Hades that she be released from the Underworld.

"If you should be able to bring her back," Hades says, "she would live again." Hades believed that Hercules himself would die. But when the Fates get ready to cut Hercules' thread of life, they are unable: he is immortal.

Because Megara can't live on Olympus with Hercules, Hercules begs his father to allow him to return to earth with her. Zeus agrees and explains that a true hero is willing to give up his life, and that true strength comes from the heart.

This is not the same story as the one of Hercules in our Greek and Latin books, but children still seek heroes today. This Hercules is a very good example.

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