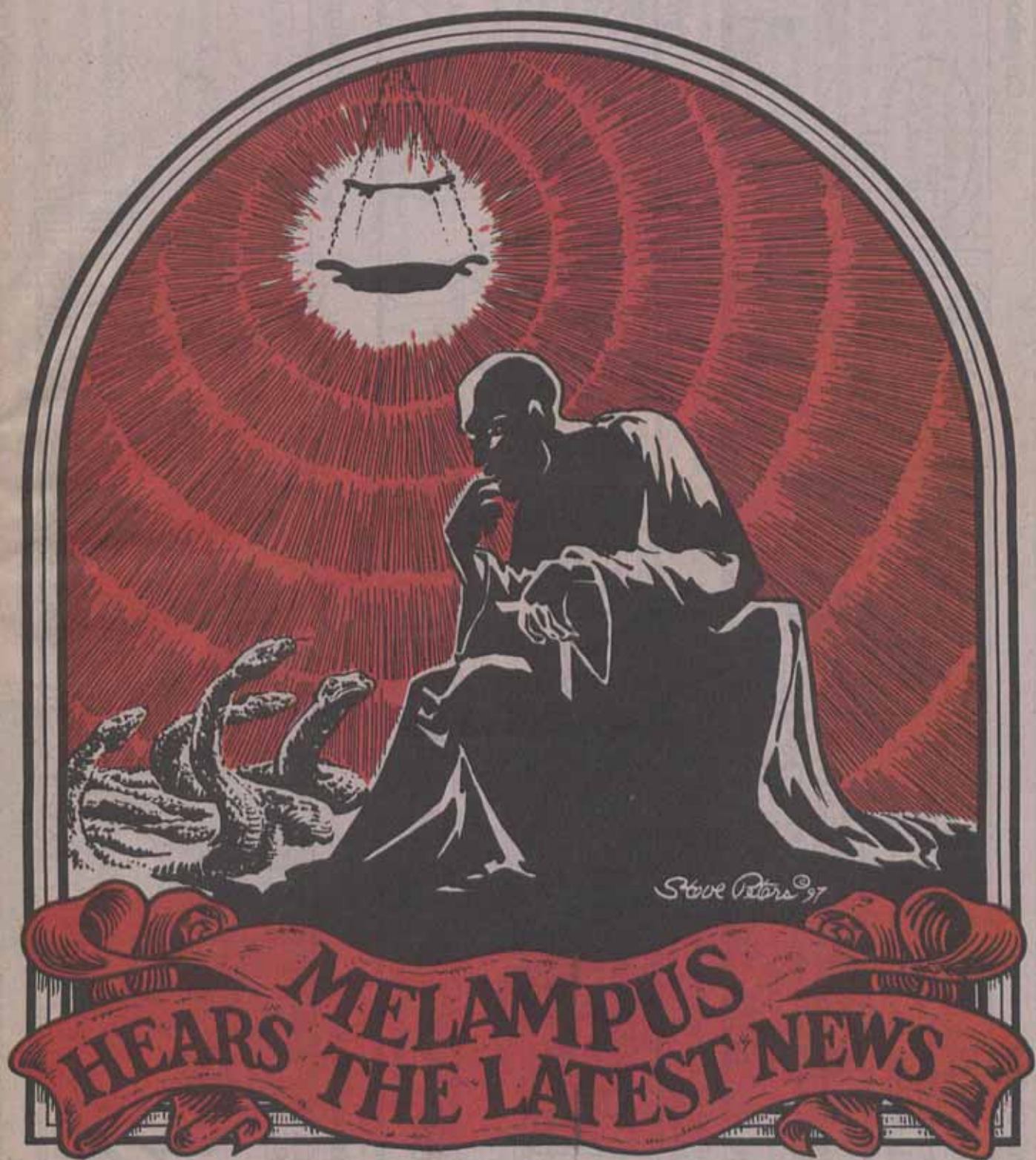


POMPEIIANA

NEWSLETTER

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Gulielardus Faber: Princeps Qui Pugnāt Ut Mundum Defendat

Unus e maxime occupatis actoribus picturarum moventium hodie est Gulielardus Faber. Hāc aestate Faber egit personam in picturā moventi Viri in Vestimentis Nigris. Fabri persona lecta est minister "J" quod est vir sapientissimus et fortissimus. Huic ministro necesse est invigilare alienis qui in mundo habitant. Sunt multae sententiae locosae in hāc picturā moventi, exempli gratia:

Minister "J": "Nonne scis Elvem mortuum esse?"

Minister "K," eius particeps: "Minime vero, modo domum rediit."

Faber non semper erat actor. Natus Philadelphiae Occidentali, obtinebat cognomen "Princeps" quod erat amabilis et alios arte bene loquendi delectare poterat. "Princeps" autem magnopere musicae studere amabat et mox unā cum amico Galfrido Oppidis cantare incipiebat. Hi duo



iuvenes facti sunt celeberrimi et divites. Faber magnam villam, vehicula moventia et multas gemmas emit. Faber autem aliquid novi petebat et Beniamini Medinae occurrit qui Fabrum legit ad picturam televisio-

nensem cui titulus erat "Princeps Recens Aeris-Belli."

Sex annos duravit haec pictura quod persona quam Faber agebat erat simillima sibi—iuveni sapientissimo in moribus viae qui Philadelphiam Colles Betuarienses migravit.

Inde Faber in picturis moventibus personas agere incipiebat, exempli gratia, Sex Gradus Separationis, Pueri Mali, et celeberrima Dies Libertatis in qua agit militis personam qui pugnāt contra alienos ut mundum defendat.

Anno Domini MCMXCVIII in duobus picturis moventibus agit: Hostis Civitatis et Saevus, Ferus Occidens.

Ei qui maxime amabant picturam Viri in Vestimentis Nigris laeti erunt ubi audiverint Anno Domini MCMXCIX futuram esse picturam secundam appellandam Viros in Vestimentis Nigris II.

The Peaceful Hues of Rome

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

One of Rome's many mysteries is its softly diffused light, which plays throughout the day like a spotlight on the world's greatest stage.

From the delicate pink of dawn, through the robust gold of midday and the muted orange of dusk, to the rosy afterglow of sundown, the light of Rome delights the eye of the artist, the soul of the poet, the heart of the romantic.

This special, peerless, ever-changing illumination is largely the product of the city's profusion of colors, particularly the soft, warm earth tones of its buildings.

Today the dominant color of Rome is ocher. A volcanic powder mined in this area of Italy, ocher is used as *intonaco*—redwash—upon the brick and sandstone facades of countless edifices on both sides of the river.

The process yields a whole gamut of shades from deep red to peach, to apricot, to burnt sienna, to reddish yellows and oranges—all refined and mellowed by the sun.

The Romans' penchant for dressing their buildings in easy-on-the-eye tints has roots deep in antiquity. Juvenal, writing in the first century A.D., mentions "honey-colored Rome." The fourth-century poet Ausonius saw it this way: *Prima inter urbes, divum domus, Aurea Roma*—"First among cities, home of the gods, Golden Rome."

During Renaissance times, the chosen colors were off-whites, icy blues, pale yellows. In the nineteenth century, the Piedmontesi, after unifying Italy, repainted many key structures in their new capital a yellow ocher.

Twentieth century fascist ruler, Benito Mussolini, favored the warm earth tones that still prevail in the Rome of A.D. 1997.

The resulting beauty of this rainbow of hotels, pensions, government offices, and ordinary apartment buildings is set off and enhanced by contrast with the sloping gray ruins of the old empire, the yellowish travertine of the Colosseum, the deep verdure of the pines and cypresses, the olive green of the Tiber, the silvery waters of the fountains and the blue of the heavens.

The streets and squares also contribute to the explosion of colors which especially characterizes this city—for me, at least. Vivid colors everywhere you look! Outdoor cafes with their gaily striped awnings and umbrellas; produce markets with their myriad fruits and vegetables; ivy and wisteria-draped garden walls; the Spanish Steps with their potted plants and flower vendor stalls.

And then there's the ceaseless passing parade of brown-clad Franciscan monks, of black-habited

(Continued in Pagina Septima)



Colorful apartment building in the Piazza Risorgimento in Rome

Polychromy in the Ancient World

As beautiful as natural stone statues or facades on buildings appear to be to us, the ancient Greeks and Romans considered such natural stone to be drab and unfinished. They usually preferred to add colorful accents to make both their statues and their buildings more attractive.

The painted statues of saints that can still be seen in older Roman Catholic churches more closely resemble this ancient taste in statuary than do the glistening marble statues of Michelangelo.

In the same vein, the painted Doric facade on the church pictured below more closely resembles the colorful ancient Greek and early Roman temples than do the unpainted stone buildings in Washington D.C.



Polychromatic church located at 3165 N. Keystone Ave. in Indianapolis, Ind.



Book Review

Caesar's Women

By Colleen McCullough

Reviewed by Betty Whitaker, Carmel Junior High School, Carmel, Indiana

I did it! I did it! I finished one of Colleen McCullough's magnificent tomes before the next one in the series has been published. This is a first for me. I am so proud of myself! And this last one, *Caesar's Women*, took the least amount of time to read. Just think, it's only been a scant seven or eight years since the first publication of the *Masters of Rome* series. I didn't take to these books at first glance. I always felt as if I had to read these works of fiction that came with glossaries and maps and charts because I was a teacher of Latin.

In all this time I have read many other books. Yet, I am constantly drawn back to this series for several reasons. All four novels have become useful tools in the classroom—even sharing my copies with my students. Also, I marvel at Ms. McCullough's perseverance in putting together a readable history of Rome. The amount of research and the wealth of her knowledge is almost beyond my comprehension. I have to worry about teaching seventh graders just where Rome is and who those people were who spoke Latin—let alone teach a seventh grader the total history of Rome. And, I have to keep in mind, the most recent volume has Gaius Julius Caesar just leaving for his Gallic campaigns in 58 B.C.

Cinna, Pompeia, Calpurnia, Aurelia, Julia, and Servilia are Caesar's women to this point in his life—three wives, his mother, his daughter by his first wife, and a mistress. However, one should not be fooled by the title. There is so much more to this novel. Perhaps the title should be "Caesar's Women and How He Used Them to Get What He Wanted from the Men in Power or from the Men Wanting to Obtain Power."

There were moments while reading *Caesar's Women* that I had to convince myself that I was not reading about American history. This book is full of details about elections and politics.

"He promised everything to everybody, no matter how impossible it would be to deliver those promises." It seems as though those very words still ring true in 1997. This novel discusses every possible detail of Roman life—inside the *Domus Publica* and the *Curia*, inside Caesar's mother's *insula*, and even inside the minds of Caesar, Crassus, Cicero, Pompey, and countless others.

The next book in the series is tentatively titled *Let the Dice Fly*. I am now afraid to go to the bookstore because I might see that title on the shelf. I am not ready to dig in just yet. I need some time to savor all that I have learned in *First Man in Rome*, *The Grass Crown*, *Fortune's Favorites*, and *Caesar's Women*.

I want some time to read other titles on my "I'm going to read someday" list. Please, Ms. McCullough, give me time to enjoy other Roman historical fiction titles.

Juno's Anger Reddens Barns

By Sara Miller, Carey Davis, and Jamie White, Latin students of Kim Dempsey, Lakeview High School, Stoneboro, Pennsylvania

Io puella mortalis erat quae in bovem pulcherrimam a love vertebatur. Hoc fiebat ut persona eius occultaretur ab Iunone quae Iovis uxor zelotypa erat. Iuno Ionem necare volebat quia Iuppiter Ionem amabat. Si Io ad flumen Niliacum advenire potuisset, Iuppiter eam in hominem convertisset.

Plurimae fabulae eam ad flumen Niliacum advenisse dicunt, at re verā Io pervenire ad flumen Niliacum non poterat.

Iuppiter ergo eam occultabat apud Iunonis boves. Uno die, Iuno in horreum iverat curatum suos boves et novum bovem additum animadvertit. Dum ea bovi appropinquat, bovem Ionem esse sentiebat. Iuno sciebat suum maritum hoc fecisse et irascabatur eius audaciae.

Iuno Ionem ex horreo sumebat et eam caedebat. Cruorem eius in horreum externum sparsit. Tum Iuno omnia horrea rubra pingi imperavit. Iuno hoc imperavit ut moneret omnes puellas ne acciperent Iovis amorem.

Hercules: A Sonnet

By Nicole Newton, Latin student of Carol Ramsey, Souderton High School, Souderton, Pennsylvania

Through the centuries poets have told his tale.
He was made to do twelve difficult tasks.
Many think he is the best ancient male.
He made no attempts to hide behind masks.

He could solve any problem with his strength.
If he needed more, he would use his mind.
To complete tasks, he would go to any length.
He was the ultimate one of his kind.

His name is Hercules—so strong and so great,
The son of Jupiter, hated by Juno.
Maddened by her powers, he killed his mate.
He rose to fame, she did not drag him low.

As ages pass, his tale will remain enduring
With its truths, to people it will be luring.

Phrasing Out Latin

By Cameron Lloyd, Latin III student of Mrs. K.A. Sullivan, Oakmont Regional High School, Ashburnham, Massachusetts

Ab initio, I knew I had said the wrong thing. I knew I had made a mistake. Usually when someone enters my office, crying hysterically, I take it *cum grano salis*, but this time the tears and sadness seemed *bona fide*.

The door to my small world simply said "Simon Noseworthy, Private Investigator." It wasn't a job for everyone; sitting for hours *ad infinitum* staking out a suspect—coffee and donuts *ad nauseum*, but someone had to do it. The more dangerous jobs made up for the boring ones, and I always knew *audentes fortuna iuvat*. I was a good private eye and considered myself *mens sana in corpore sano*, but I knew many others looked at me as a *persona non grata*.

It was already four hours *post meridiem* when she burst through the door and since, *pro tempore*, business was a little slow, I sat and listened to her story. *Carpe diem* was my motto, and this was the only catch of the day. For every case I took on, I followed a set *modus operandi*. It was absolutely necessary to have a detailed description of the *corpus delicti* because, in my business, it was rare to find anyone *flagrante delicto*. For my own sanity, I tried to keep the interview *paucis verbis*—just the facts. It had become my trademark, my signature, like any great sculptor or painter, my *Noseworthy pinxit*. But I had to remember *ars longa, vita brevis*, and my life was getting shorter by the second.

She just wouldn't stop talking. Before long I realized she was *non compos mentis*.

"*Festina lente*," I told myself. "Let her continue and maybe *quod erat demonstrandum* will become clear."

I had always figured *dum spiro, spero*, but this seemed hopeless. Her constant monologue was suffocating, her words *aere perenniora*. She rambled *ab ovo usque ad mala*.

I finally admitted to myself: "This situation *me pertinet*. *Res gestae* only happen when I take matters into my own hands."

Now was the time! I pushed straight backwards out of my chair, landed face down on the floor, and didn't dare to move a muscle.

She thought I was dead—I was thinking, "*videri quam esse*," to twist a phrase.

It was indeed a *magnum opus*, and it worked. She quickly stopped talking. When I still didn't move, she jumped up and ran screaming from my office. *Deus ex machina!* Slowly I got to my feet, leaving the overturned chair *in situ*. I felt as though I had been *ad astra per aspera* and back again.

A simple *lapsus linguae* had let her into my office.

"Oh well," I thought, "*Errare humanum est*." But I couldn't let it happen again. The *status quo* had changed. I could no longer trust my emotions and felt I must be getting soft.

"*Verbum sat sapienti*" crossed my mind. I called the sign painter. On the door, under my name, it still says Private Investigator but now two words introduce my new partner—*Cave Canem*.

Do You Want
To Play a Game?

Part II

Digitis Micare
(Called "Morra" by Italians)

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



If the reader would like to try a fast-paced, two-person Roman game that drills the Roman numerals *Unum* through *Decem*, this is the game to start with.

When the game is played at its fastest pitch, it calls for complete honesty and trust on the part of both players. It is this trust to which Romans referred when they used the phrase *quicum in tenebris micet* to identify a totally honest man—a person you could trust to play *Morra* honestly in the dark.

To play, two players face each other, either sitting or standing. The left hand is held behind each player's back, leaving the right hand free to hold up a number of fingers.

On the signal to start, the right hand, with none to five fingers displayed is simultaneously extended between them by each player. In conjunction with the display of fingers each player must simultaneously shout out a guess as to what the number of fingers displayed by both players will total.

The player who correctly guessed the total should mark the victory by extending one finger of the left hand held behind his/her back.

With no break in the pace of the game the players should immediately extend their right hands with fingers extended and with new guesses being shouted.

The first player to have all five left-hand fingers extended, indicating five rounds won, wins.

Because of the fast pace of the game, each player has to trust that the other player will keep score honestly with the left-hand held behind the back.

In Roman camps soldiers were sometimes forbidden to play this game during their off time because of the number of arguments and fights that resulted from accusations of cheating.

Oedipus

By Muhesen Deb, Latin I student of Mrs. McCall, West Genesee High School, Camillus, New York

Lost in a world of darkness
a blind man trying to find answers
to the unknown question.
My face;
disgraced throughout the land and cursed forever.
The land which I walked on
was black as night,
and hate filled the air more than ever.
Like a bird with only one wing;
it searches for land
and help

where it can find answers to its problems.
In time, its wing may heal,
but the scars will remain forever.
As I walk alone in the dark, misunderstood,
I begin to feel that every step I take
gets longer and longer.

For the fire of hate which rages inside me
is like a bull charging his prey;
and just as the bull gets close,
the prey gets away.
Let the fate which has been placed on me
never happen to any other man;
for the pain is too much to carry
and the suffering is torture.

Poem-Formatted Prose

Hero and Leander

By Brad Schwimer, Grade Eight student of Betty Whitaker, Carmel Jr. High School, Carmel, Indiana

Leander, home to him was in Abydos;
 Hero, home to her was in Sestos.
 One day their eyes met and,
 It was love at first sight.
 But then it was written that
 Their love was to be forbidden.
 So, secretly, every night, Leander
 Flashed signals from his lantern.
 Her love then left up stream
 To swim to her in the dark night.
 One terrible night
 A storm came about.
 Leander drowned from the storm,
 And his corpse washed up to Hero's feet.
 Filled with sadness and hopelessness,
 She threw herself into the water and drowned.

Adolescens

By Leigh Murtha, Latin II student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park High School, Orchard Park, New York

Adolescens
 pulcher, fortis
 currens, pugnans, defens.
 Numquam timidus est.
 Miles.

Modern Mythology

Thanks for the Idea, Ovid!

Created by Latin students of Lorraine Bennett, Cox High School, Virginia Beach, Virginia

As students began to study their wonderful Latin language and culture more in depth, they wanted to know more about the works of a man named Ovid. They had just read his poems in *Metamorphoses*, and these had inspired them enough to ponder how other things around them had come about. One student, believe it or not, had just returned from visiting a game preserve in Africa, and he wondered about the origin of the lion. As luck would have it, the knowledgeable Latin teacher came up with a story and happily shared it with the students.

"Once upon a time, a beautiful woman named Chrysantima lived in a rich Roman province in northern Italy. There was not any man who did not desire her affection. As she approached the age when she would be required to get married to become a queen, she did not know whom she loved so her father sent messengers throughout the province. They stated that there would be a competition and that the best man would win the love of his daughter."

Just then a student interrupted: "*Ignosce mihi, Magistra*, but this sounds like the story of Atalanta."

The teacher frowned and said, "Don't worry. The competition won't be a race. I'll make it be a gladiator contest." She then continued her story.

"That afternoon the princess decided to take a stroll through the forest. As she walked, she came upon a small village that she had never seen before. Chrysantima heard a commotion and walked over to see what was going on. A gladiator fight was being fought within a huge circle. In the middle was the most handsome man she had ever seen. His name was Manerides and he was an excellent sword fighter. She began to fall in love as she stared at him. Suddenly, a spectator saw Chrysantima and yelled at her. He shouted, 'Come out, you intruder!' With that, she ran as fast as she could back to her home. When she entered her bedroom, she lay down and thought about whom she had just seen. She then fell asleep.

"The following day, the competition for her hand was begun. Men from every part of the province came to participate. Even women and children were anxious to watch the fights. The battles continued all day until one man remained victorious. His name was Ignatius. He was very arrogant and thought he was the best person in the world.

"The king was about to declare Ignatius the new heir to the throne when Chrysantima caught sight of

(Continued in Pagina Quarta)

Nero Talks but Denies Paparazzi Photo Ops

By Andrew Mahaney, Latin II student of Mrs. Susan Shelosky, Shawnee Intermediate School, Easton, Pennsylvania

Reporter: Good evening. This is Andrew Mahaney reporting live from Studio 1A in the Old Orchard Plaza. Today on International News Network, we will be looking at O.J. Simpson's assets and the latest blood-alcohol count of Princess Diana's limo driver, but first, an exclusive interview with someone who has managed to stay out of the tabloids for a record number of years, Nero! Yes, this is the Roman Emperor, who received a lot of press, both good and bad between A.D. 37 and 68, but who has managed to enjoy a very private existence since then. Good evening. May I address you simply as Nero?

Nero: Good evening. Yes, Nero will be fine. May I call you Andy?

Reporter: Of course! Let's start at the beginning. You know, hometown, birthday...

Nero: Well, Andy, I was born in Antium, the present day Anzio, Italy, on December 15, A.D. 37, to my mother Agrippina and Gnaeus Domitius Ahenobarbus, my father, who was a famous consul. And surely you are aware of my Great-Great-Great-Greats actually talked to the Dioscuri after that Lake Regillus business!

Reporter: Yes, but that's worth a whole interview in itself. For now, folks out there are interested in knowing your real birth name.

Nero: No problem! I was born Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus. Later on, however, I was adopted by my uncle, Emperor Claudius, and he changed my name to Nero Claudius Caesar Drusus Germanicus.

Reporter: Why were you adopted by your uncle?

Nero: When I was three years old, my father died, and my mother married my uncle, later persuading him to adopt me.

Reporter: Your mother married your...well, let's not go there. Were you ever married?

Nero: Wise choice, Andy, and, yes, I was. In A.D. 53 I married my first wife, Octavia, my uncle's daughter from a previous marriage. By doing so, I became first in line to the throne, ahead of my uncle's younger son, Britannicus.

Reporter: You married your stepfather's...? Oo-kay! When were you crowned emperor?

Nero: That's right, Andy, keep it pleasant. In A.D. 54 Claudius died. He was believed to have been poisoned by my mother in an attempt to make me emperor. I was crowned emperor at the age of seventeen. I assumed power in A.D. 59, and that was the year that my mother died from a serious attack of *lupus linguae* concerning my mistress, Poppaea Sabina. After I...uh, after Octavia left, shall we say, Poppaea Sabina and I were married.

Reporter: How tragic to be deprived of such close members of your family! But let's talk about something more pleasant, like, were you ever assisted as emperor?

Nero: Thank you. Yes, I was advised by two people in particular. First was Burrus, my military advisor, and the second was my philosophy teacher, Seneca. However, in A.D. 62 Burrus came down with a serious

case of food poisoning and Seneca pulled a Dr. Kevorkian.

Reporter: What did you do after your advisors...uh...left you?

Nero: Well, soon after Burrus died, Octavia sort of disappeared so I married Poppaea.

Reporter: I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but our audience would be interested in having you address the rumors that you tripped over Poppaea while she was pregnant, accidentally killing both her and her unborn child.

Nero: Let's just say that accidents happen.

Reporter: Can we take the gloves off and go just a little further? As emperor, did you favor capital punishment?

Nero: O.K., Andy, let's do! As emperor I was judge, jury and executioner. People got in my face, and people were executed...be they friends or enemies, wives or mothers. Unfortunately, my foster brother Britannicus, Domitia my aunt, and my cousins Sulla, Rubellius, Silanus and a few others all got in my face, as did many senators. By A.D. 68 I had become so annoyed with the number of people causing me grief that I decided to...uh...shall we say, retire from the public eye. It was their loss, you know. I was only thirty years old, and I could have given Rome many more years of dedicated service. But, then, if they didn't appreciate having the last male relative of Augustus around, who was I to impose?

Reporter: Since we're getting down and dirty, would you care to explain your role in Rome's tragic fire?

Nero: Come on, Andy, let's bury that nasty old rumor! I'm not an arsonist. An inner city slum burned down, and I used personal resources to make some fabulous urban improvements—right away people get suspicious. I had been looking for a place to build a lovely imperial palace off the Palatine, and, yes, the fire did provide a perfect site. I gave Romans a Golden House they could be proud of, an open air zoological garden and a relaxing lake. Since everyone was looking for arsonists in the woodpile, I offered them the Christians.

Reporter: Why the Christians?

Nero: Well, Andy, I always had the fear that the Christians would take over the state, and this was a good way to put them in their place. Unfortunately, they appear to have

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

Narcissus

By Sara Oostendorp, Latin IV student of Marilyn Swart, Holland Christian H. S., Holland, Michigan

Liquid beauty
 flows upon your brow,
 Electric eyes connect
 with my love.
 Adoring youth confides
 in his fair reflection.

My love, My love...

Comes Echo's amorous return.

Shimmering water-beauty
 just beneath the surface,
 without your love
 I would not care to live

Live, Live...

So I shall, my love,
 I'll live for your raspberry lips,
 your apricot cheeks,
 your stunning locks of purest gold,
 your honey-sweet promises

Promises, Promises...

Promises tossed in wind.

Why not emerge

from the crystalline depths?

Spring up...proclaim you love me!

Me, Me...

Ah, Vanity...Sighs Narcissus to his love.

Vanity, Vanity...

whispers Echo to her soul.

WORD MYSTERY

By William Gilmartin, M.A., Ben Davis High School and Butler University, Indianapolis, Indiana

Solve, word sleuths! Last month you solved the mystery of *vaccine* and *buckaroo*—two seemingly unrelated words which, in fact, are both derived from Latin *vacca*, cow.

Are you ready for another?

WORD MYSTERY # 2: Money and Premonition.

While these words seem to have nothing in common, a good etymological dictionary and a little knowledge of Roman history (hint: 390 B.C.) will reveal quite another story. Happy sleuthing!

(To check your answer cf. Pagina Decima)

*The Women Behind Rome's Greatest Men***Sempronia and the Political World of Rome**

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

Under the Roman Republic, many women became involved in politics, even though they lacked direct, official participation—Servilia, the mother of Brutus, and the women involved in the Catilinarian conspiracy, to name a few.

Sempronia, wife of Decimus Iunius Brutus (consul 57 B.C.), was one such woman of political means. The only portrait that remains of her is a rather cruel evaluation by Sallust that is characteristic of the attitudes of the period:

"Now among these women was Sempronia, who had often committed many crimes of masculine daring. In birth and beauty, in her husband and children, she was abundantly favored by fortune; well read in the literature of Greek and Rome...and having many other accomplishments. Even before the time of the conspiracy, she had often broken her word, repudiated her debts, been privy to murder; poverty and extravagance combined had driven her headlong."

It seems that action on the part of women was perceived as a source of scandal, consequently immoral or shameful reasons were always attached to their actions. Despite these attitudes toward women who were discontent to dedicate their time solely to the responsibilities of home and family, women gradually continued to garner power unto themselves, as they became more active in Roman politics.

Marc Antony's wife Fulvia raised troops and led the Perugian war. Despite her success, Fulvia's efforts

were perceived as arising from unnatural passions. The satirist Martial quotes some rather unpleasant comments from Augustus in that regard. Considering that Fulvia the "general" held Augustus in check for a year, one must take his remarks with more than a grain of salt!

Not surprisingly, a role model for women seeking more than the traditional family roles was the famous (or infamous, according to Roman sensibilities) Cleopatra. It was proper to be shocked by rumors of her activities in far off Egypt, but she was imitated in private, both for her romantic adventures and for her political activities! It might be argued that Messalina, Poppaea and the younger Agrippina were imitative of Cleopatra, although perhaps they were more extreme than their role model, who was not the outrageous queen that legend had created!

Gradually, as the power of the principate solidified under Augustus, women began to take to themselves titles, honors and even power.

Livia, the wife of Augustus, rarely left her house, yet carried enormous influence in the new political regime created by her husband. So dependent was he on her advice, that he developed the habit of writing down everything that he wished to say to her!

On the surface, she led a modest life as the ideal Roman *matrona*. Yet this picture of the frail *matrona* became little more than an illusion as women increased their participation in the political life of Rome.

Thanks, Ovid (Continued a Pagina Tertia)

Manerides. She interrupted her father and whispered to him that there was one man left that could still take up the challenge. She pointed to Manerides, and the king sent a guard to bring the man forward. He then asked Manerides if he would like to enter the contest. Manerides accepted, and the fight began.

"Ignatius, being his egotistical self, believed he could defeat Manerides quickly. However, he was truly mistaken as Manerides was an excellent fighter. The heated battle continued for twenty minutes until finally Ignatius grew tired, and his sword was struck from his hand.

"Manerides was supposed to kill his opponent, but his morality prevented him from doing so. The crowd cheered for his victory and awarded him respect for not taking a life. The king asked where Manerides was from, and he replied that he came from the village in the forest.

"The crowd became silent. Apparently, this village was condemned for having poor people and evil spirits. The king said that Manerides would have to forfeit his victory. He then banished the victor.

"Chrysantima, of course, was in tears. Before Manerides left, she whispered to him that she would try to visit him as often as she could.

"Ignatius was so ashamed of his defeat that his wounds never healed, and, sitting in the corner of his home, he died a slow death. His corpse became extra hard and his skin turned gray. After a few days, Ignatius turned into a rock.

"For months, Chrysantima secretly visited Manerides in his village. They had a great time since they had a strong attraction for each other. One day, however, the king decided to travel to a different province and wanted to take Chrysantima along. She refused but eventually was forced to go.

"Manerides missed her dearly as the days and months

went by. There was no sign of Chrysantima coming back. Years went by, and Manerides grew old and started to grow a beard. He had no emotions left and was in a great deal of grief.

"Just when he had decided that he had no desire to go on living as he was, changes began to appear on his body. His beard turned a golden color, and hair began growing all over his body. His tailbone started to extend and turn into a tail with a brush at its end. Soon he had all the features of what we now know as a lion. Because he had good morals and values and had gained respect from others even though he was poor, Manerides was rewarded by being made the king of all beasts.

"A month after Chrysantima returned home, she secretly revisited the village in the forest. She asked for Manerides, and the people told her that he had disappeared mysteriously and that they had never found any trace of him. Chrysantima interpreted this to mean that he might still be alive.

"She searched and searched, but nowhere could he be found. After many days of searching with no food, water or sleep, she was hopelessly lost. She was so tired that she lay down to rest. When she awoke, she was not able to move her legs. It then rained, and when the sun began to shine on her, she felt herself beginning to get up from the ground. As she looked down, she saw that she was rooted to the ground and that leaves now grew where her hands had once been. Her last conscious thought was a dull realization that she had turned into a flower, a flower that today is called the chrysanthemum."

"But, *Magistra*," spoke up another of the students, "didn't her father ever go looking for her? Shouldn't he have...?"

"*Me paenitet, studentes*, but that's all the time we have today. *Capite libros vestros et aperite eos ad paginam...*"

Latin Students in The Netherlands Invite Readers to Visit their Web Site

Latin students of De Grondel H.S. in Hengelo, the Netherlands, have created a web site which has been called "A gem of the Web with content fit for a Roman Emperor." To visit their site, called FORUM ROMANUM, and help them win scholarships, (they earn points for each recorded visit to their site) contact the following URL:

<http://library.advanced.org/11402>

Classics Revival—N.Y. Times

The February 9, 1997, New York Times Sunday Magazine (pp. 38-42), featured a wonderfully supportive article by Garry Wills entitled "THERE'S NOTHING CONSERVATIVE ABOUT THE CLASSICS REVIVAL: Our current vogue for Homer and Hercules reflects a movement to subvert—not renew—tradition." A lift from this article proclaims, "The ancient texts have become eerily modern in what they have to say about power relationships between men and women, ... men and war, superiors and subordinates." An article well worth reading!

Demeter on the Edge

By Hyacinth D'Costa, Honors Latin II student of Dr. Marianne Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

Departed harvest was the result
of Persephone's abduction
Elysian pomegranate seeds caused
her to create Winter
Mother of Persephone
Eating the shoulder of Pelops,
made her restore it with ivory
Triptolemus
Easy mannered
Responsible for the birth of Plutus.

Clueless in Beverly Hills

By Emmanuel G. Malasaga, Honors Latin II student of Judith A. Granese, Valley H. S., Las Vegas, Nevada

Olim puella pulchra apud Colles Betuarienses habitabat. Pulcherrima erat et semper pulcherrime amiciebatur. Nomen huic puellae erat Chera, et duas amicas bonas habebat quibus nomina erant Deonna et Taia. Deonna quoque pulcherrima erat sed Taia non pulchra erat.

Deonna unum procum habuit. Pulcherrimus erat, Chera et Deonna Taia, unam magistrum et unum magistrum adjuvare constituerunt. Facultatem eis amicorum amantium invenirendorum facere constituerunt. Conciliatrices factae sunt.

Primo, Chera et Deonna Taia adjuverunt ut pulchra fieret. Pueri illam animadvertere statim incipiebant.

Quando successum suum viderant, Chera et Deonna magistrum magistrumque adjuverunt. Chera et Deonna apud se dixerunt: "Si haec magistra adamet hunc magistrum, ambo lactificetur." Ergo Chera et Deonna aliam ad alium introduxerunt. Cum convenerant, alia alium adamavit. Erat laetitia magna.

Mox Chera puerum amicum habere desiderabat. Tristis erat quod procum non habebat. Uno die, puer cui nomen erat Christianus advenit. Christianus pulcherrimus et praecipuus erat. Chera Christianum adamabat sed Christiano puellae non placebant!

Tunc Chera tristissima erat. Aliis auxiliis dare poterat sed se adjuvare non poterat. Animo suo cogitabat pulchritudinem et vestitus pulchros inutiles esse si puella miserrima sit.

Apollo's Grand Mistake

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

When Apollo was still a young boy, he had to learn how to master the job of pulling the sun across the sky. He did not know much about driving a chariot or steering horses. Apollo was very clumsy—which is not very good when one has to steer the sun.

As Apollo was flying in his chariot one day, he passed a familiar spot, which he admired, that had a river running through it. He had always wanted to see this place more closely for it seemed to be very beautiful. Also, by the time Apollo reached this place every day, he was always very thirsty.

The next day, Apollo was flying his chariot and soon came to the spot with the river. Being thirsty as usual, he had an idea. He thought he could sweep down and catch some water in his hands without losing control of the chariot.

As he started towards the river, he leaned over to get the water. Unfortunately, he could not see where his horses were going and they accidentally ran into a grove of trees. Horses and chariot plowed into the river and gouged a tremendously deep gully into the earth. The sides of the gully were scorched before the river temporarily extinguished the sun's fire.

When Apollo recovered, he got up and tried to look around. In the dark he could make out a great canyon. He was struck by its beauty and vastness, but he knew he could not stay here long. He had to carry on with his work. He relit the sun, straightened out the chariot, checked the horses for bruises and took off.

As he looked back, beneath him lay a beautiful river running through a grand canyon.

Nero Talks (Continued a Pagina Tertia)

- survived my smear campaign, and millions of them now regard me as the first great enemy of their faith.
- Reporter:** Wasn't there a military coup that took place the same year you...uh...left public life?
- Nero:** Andy, Andy. Just another little annoyance that helped me make up my mind to leave. Of course, I warned them that they were losing a great artist!
- Reporter:** And you were right. We know how much you appreciated Greek civilization, especially being an accomplished poet, actor, and architect yourself. We understand that your Nero World Tour—A.D. 66–67 was very well received at festivals throughout Greece.
- Nero:** I still have a few cases of tee-shirts left from that tour in case any one would still like one.
- Reporter:** Would you look at the clock! This has been quite an interesting interview, Emperor Nero, and we thank you for joining us this evening.
- Nero:** Does that mean no tee-shirts, Andy?
- Reporter:** No tee-shirts, Nero. Now turning to other world news...

Confessions of a Latin Lover

Excerpts from an article by Suzanne Britt which appeared in SKY, Feb. 1997, pp. 87-90. Thanks to Betty Kaiser, Indianapolis, Indiana, for bringing the article to our attention.

"I double-majored in English and Latin, and though I have never taught Latin, I have daily needed it, used it. The same could not be said of other required courses. Since I graduated, I have never yet been called upon... to recite the steps to photosynthesis or to explain the difference between xylem and phloem. I have never needed to prove a theorem, to recite the queens and kings of England, to find the square root of any...thing. "But I have murmured the names of the flowers in my garden (dianthus, chrysanthemum, amaryllis), learned that I can plead 'nolo contendere' and never have to admit I'm guilty, seen how civilizations can rise and fall. When male doctors have talked baby talk to me ('Do we have a pain in our tummy?'), I have enjoyed answering that I have an inflammation of the duodenum, a persistent burning just beneath my sternum and dysphagia as well. In other words, I have used Latin and been grateful for it.

"Latin helps me with spelling, pronunciation, reading comprehension. I can guess at the meaning of a word even when I don't have a dictionary handy... 'Bellipot,' for example...I can recognize the classical allusions in great literature—or even in greeting cards or pizza commercials.

"The Romans, let's not forget, gave us nearly everything that even now undergirds and puts the shine on what we call our 'civilization.'"

Brutus

By Muhasen Deb, Latin I student of Mrs. McCall, West Genesee High School, Camillus, New York

Where do I stand,
when do I preach,
and for whom do I preach my beliefs?
My life is a circle of confusion—
I can't find a way out,
for it never ends.
One hears,
but one does not understand which direction to follow.
I have not figured out the answer;
when I do, will it hurt me
or will it vanish along with my pride?
Oh, why, gods, have you not given a sign to me?
Show me the direction,
show me the way to greatness.
I realize that fate can either kill me
or raise me to the throne of power.
I beg of you to hear my words.
Stand beside me,
fight with me,
understand my pain.
Listen to my words and not my fate.
Stand by your country.
Stand by the great Brutus.

Learning Games For The Latin Classroom

Vade Piscatum

"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 Magistra*, 17.)

This game is based upon the "Latin Authors Game" described by Lynn Smith of Villanova University in Pennsylvania and published on p. 2 of the Spring 1992 *Pennsylvania Classical Association Newsletter*. Smith, in turn, had modeled her game on the children's card game called *Fish*.

Before Playing:

- I. Make six 200 percent enlargements of the 52 playing cards pictured below.
- II. Photocopy the enlargements onto index card stock.
- III. Cut out the individual playing cards and assemble into six separate decks of Author Cards.

Playing Cards

THE CLOUDS Aristophanes ca. 257–180 B.C.	THE WASPS Aristophanes ca. 257–180 B.C.	SATIRES Quintus Horatius Flaccus 65–8 B.C.	EPISTLES Quintus Horatius Flaccus 65–8 B.C.
THE BIRDS Aristophanes ca. 257–180 B.C.	THE FROGS Aristophanes ca. 257–180 B.C.	TRISTIA Publius Ovidius Naso 43 B.C.–ca. A.D. 17	ARS AMATORIA Publius Ovidius Naso 43 B.C.–ca. A.D. 17
POETICS Aristotle 384–322 B.C.	ETHICS Aristotle 384–322 B.C.	METAMORPHOSES Publius Ovidius Naso 43 B.C.–ca. A.D. 17	FASTI Publius Ovidius Naso 43 B.C.–ca. A.D. 17
POLITICS Aristotle 384–322 B.C.	THE ART OF RHETORIC Aristotle 384–322 B.C.	MILES GLORIOSUS Titus Maccius Plautus ca. 254–184 B.C.	MENAECHMI Titus Maccius Plautus ca. 254–184 B.C.
HELVETIAN CAMPAIGN DE BELLO GALLICO Gaius Iulius Caesar ca. 100–44 B.C.	INVASION OF BRITAIN DE BELLO GALLICO Gaius Iulius Caesar ca. 100–44 B.C.	CAPTIVI Titus Maccius Plautus ca. 254–184 B.C.	RUDENS Titus Maccius Plautus ca. 254–184 B.C.
INVASION OF GERMANY DE BELLO GALLICO Gaius Iulius Caesar ca. 100–44 B.C.	DE BELLO CIVILI Gaius Iulius Caesar ca. 100–44 B.C.	OEDIPUS REX Sophocles ca. 496–406 B.C.	ANTIGONE Sophocles ca. 496–406 B.C.
"Vivamus Mea Lesbia" in CARMINA Gaius Valerius Catullus ca. 84–54 B.C.	"Ave Atque Vale" in CARMINA Gaius Valerius Catullus ca. 84–54 B.C.	ELECTRA Sophocles ca. 496–406 B.C.	OEDIPUS AT COLONUS Sophocles ca. 496–406 B.C.
"Odi Et Amo" in CARMINA Gaius Valerius Catullus ca. 84–54 B.C.	"Ille Mi Par Esse" in CARMINA Gaius Valerius Catullus ca. 84–54 B.C.	"Augustus Caesar" VITAE DUODECIM CAESARUM Gaius Suetonius ca. A.D. 69–140	"Tiberius Caesar" VITAE DUODECIM CAESARUM Gaius Suetonius ca. A.D. 69–140
LITTERAE AD FAMILIARES Marcus Tullius Cicero 106–43 B.C.	IN CATILINAM Marcus Tullius Cicero 106–43 B.C.	"Caligula" VITAE DUODECIM CAESARUM Gaius Suetonius ca. A.D. 69–140	"Claudius Caesar" VITAE DUODECIM CAESARUM Gaius Suetonius ca. A.D. 69–140
DE NATURA DEORUM Marcus Tullius Cicero 106–43 B.C.	DE OFFICIIS Marcus Tullius Cicero 106–43 B.C.	PHORMIO Publius Terentius Afer 185–159 B.C.	ADELPHOI Publius Terentius Afer 185–159 B.C.
THE BACCHAE Euripides ca. 480–406 B.C.	TROJAN WOMEN Euripides ca. 480–406 B.C.	THE MAID OF ANDROS Publius Terentius Afer 185–159 B.C.	THE SELF-TORMENTOR Publius Terentius Afer 185–159 B.C.
MEDEA Euripides ca. 480–406 B.C.	THE ORESTES Euripides ca. 480–406 B.C.	THE AENEID Publius Vergilius Maro 70–19 B.C.	THE GEORGICS Publius Vergilius Maro 70–19 B.C.
ODES Quintus Horatius Flaccus 65–8 B.C.	EPODES Quintus Horatius Flaccus 65–8 B.C.	THE BUCOLICS or ECLOGUES Publius Vergilius Maro 70–19 B.C.	CULEX, and COPA Publius Vergilius Maro 70–19 B.C.

Playing the game:

- IV. Seat the students in groups of three to five.
- V. Give each group a complete deck of the Author Cards.
- VI. The dealer (*Dispartitor*) deals seven cards to each player, and places the remaining cards face down in a stack in the center.

VII. Beginning with the player a *sinistra* of the *Dispartitor*, each player asks for a specific title of an author by name from any of the fellow players.

VIII. Any player holding the card requested must hand it over to the player who requested it.

(Continued in Pagina Sexta)



Gustatio Triplex

By Laura McCalmont and Sarah Terbruggen, Latin I students of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Virgae Puniccae (Bread Sticks)

Res Commiscendae

- 2 lbs., 3 oz. white, bleached flour
- 2 1/2 cups tepid water
- 1 t. salt, dissolved in water
- 2 envelopes fast rising yeast

Modus Parandi

Mix ingredients in a bowl, cover with a cloth, and allow to rise in a warm spot for one hour.

Push the risen dough down.

Roll the dough into 1 inch thick slabs.

Cut the slabs into 1/4 inch wide strips approximately 6 inches long.

Twist each strip two times and place on a baking sheet that has been dusted with cornmeal.

Cover and allow to rise again for 30 minutes.

Bake at 425° for 15 minutes.

Prepare the next two appetizers while the Virgae Puniccae are baking. They can go in the oven together.

Crusta Casianus (Cheese Pies)

Res Commiscendae

Filling:

- 1 lb. feta cheese
- 3 beaten eggs
- 1 T. olive oil
- 1 T. chopped parsley

Symbolic Shields of Pride

Submitted by Kate Marvell and Jeff Arkles, Latin III-IV students of Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Penn.

It's hard to describe one's family on a sheet of paper; however, each member of our Latin class was able to select a few poignant family symbols to display on a shield illustrating the themes that ran through his/her life and the lives of family members. German, Korean, Austrian, Russian, Italian and Israeli flags symbolized descent while crosses and stars indicated religious affiliation. Dozens of unique symbols (e.g. Marine Corps, the Mayflower, cap and gown, track baton, computers, tents, musical notes, softballs, etc.) represented family histories and beliefs as well as student accomplishments, ambitions and interests.

Latin mottoes such as the following were added to summarize student and family beliefs: *VRES FAMILIA, VITA SINE RISU VACUA EST; SOMNIA VERA FIUNT EIS LABORANTIBUS SOMNIANTIBUS; CUM CONSTANTIA ULLUM IMPEDIMENTUM SUPERARE POSSUMUS.*



Crust:

olive oil

a 1 lb. package phyllo dough

Modus Parandi

Take a sheet of phyllo and brush it with olive oil.

Place another sheet over the brushed-on olive oil.

Spread 2 T. of the cheese filling in the center and roll like a burrito.

Place on a cookie sheet.

Wait until the pepper dish is also ready to go in the oven and then bake at 375° for fifteen to twenty minutes, until golden brown.



Acetaria Cum Piperibus Tostis (Roasted Bell Pepper Salad)

Res Commiscendae

- 2 green bell peppers
- 1 yellow bell pepper
- 1 red bell pepper
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 1 T. oregano

Modus Parandi

Cut the bell peppers in half and clean the seeds out.

Parboil the cleaned peppers for 5 minutes.

Strain and spray with cold water before handling.

Slice the peppers into narrow strips, and place them in a baking pan.

Pour the olive oil and lemon juice over the sliced peppers, and sprinkle with the oregano.

Cover the pan with aluminum foil and bake at 375° for 15 minutes.

Serve all three appetizers at once.

Learning Games For The Latin Classroom

Vade Piscatum (Continued a Pagina Quinta)

- IX. If the player receives the card s/he requested, the student continues requesting cards in the same manner until a negative reply is received.
- X. When no other player has the card requested, the player requesting the card is told "Vade Piscatum," and s/he picks the top card from the stack of remaining cards in the center.
- XI. If the student drawing happens to pick the card that was requested, s/he gets to continue his/her turn.
- XII. If the student does not draw the card that was requested, the "turn" passes to the next player a sinistra.
- XIII. Any player who collects all four cards of the same author has a *Scrinium*, and lays the *Scrinium* down on the table.
- XIV. The player with the most *Scrinia* when the stack of remaining cards in the center is exhausted wins the round.
- XV. If multiple rounds are played, the winner of a round gets to collect and shuffle the cards and serve as the *Dispartior* for the next round.

To "sweeten the pot," the teacher could pre-establish 1st, 2nd and 3rd place awards (e.g. extra credit, names posted on an Honor Poster, or *dulcia* or *crustula* (cf. Horace *Satires* 1.125-26) for those players who have won the most rounds when the time allotted is up.

The teacher should be sure and collect all the decks afterwards and check each for completeness before playing the game again.

Memorable Visits to the Classical World

The Mausoleum of Augustus

By Ronald Tetrick, Teacher at Kokomo High School, Kokomo, Indiana

My first encounter with Augustus Caesar was nearly five decades ago when I heard the Christmas story and learned that "all the world should be taxed" (Luke 2:1). It was a Roman world and the *princeps Senator* (first man [on the role] of the Senate) was this Augustus. He had taken an earlier census in 28 B.C., as co-censor with Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, and in 27 B.C. had surrendered all his offices, proclaiming the restoration of the Republic and expressing his desire, at the age of thirty-five, to retire to private life. Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus was cautious, but calculatingly practical. The Senate countered his abdication with its own, returned nearly all his previous powers, imploring him to continue at the helm of state and conferring upon him the title of Augustus, hitherto applied only to holy objects and places, but now clothing Octavianus "with a halo of sanctity, and the protection of religion and the gods" (Will Durant, *The Story of Civilization, Part III—Caesar and Christ*, p. 114).

From June 18 to July 1, A.D. 1997, fifty teachers, other adults and students from Indiana were traveling in Italy, expressly "Following the Romans and the Christians," as our tour title advertised. Judith Hahn, Latin teacher at Canterbury School in Fort Wayne, Indiana, customized our tour in order for us to see and experience the impact these two opposing forces have made in the world and how indebted we are to both Romans and Christians.

On his return to Rome from Alexandria, Egypt, in 29 B.C., after defeating the army of Cleopatra and pressing his former brother-in-law, Marcus Antonius, to commit suicide, Augustus ordered construction of his own tomb in the *Campus Martius*, north of the *Forum Romanum* near a bend in the Tiber River. Perhaps his tomb was inspired by the mausoleum of Alexander the Great in Alexandria, which he must have admired. Yet, Augustus was a Roman *princeps*, bound by tradition to an Etruscan circular *tumulus*. If we are to believe remarks made by the Roman historian Tacitus, Augustus may have been greatly influenced by his last wife, Livia Drusilla, who schemed for more than forty years to place her son Tiberius in the honored seat as *princeps Senator* and extend the meaning of "first man" to that of "prince" in the sense of a dynastic ruler. However, the first to be buried in the Mausoleum in 23 B.C. was Marcus Claudius Marcellus, popular son of Octavia, Augustus' sister, and first husband of Augustus' only child, Julia. Foiled in her plan to match her son to Julia, Livia had to watch Augustus give her in marriage to his old friend Agrippa. When Agrippa died in 12 B.C., it seemed only natural that Tiberius should wed Julia, strengthening the Julio-Claudian bonds, and securing the dynasty.



Augustan Family Mausoleum

Photo by Nicole Ridgeway.

Today we can visit Augustus' tomb with its series of concentric, ring-shaped galleries and remains of the brick vaults that intersected them, supporting a heavy ceiling. This building originally had a diameter of 285 feet, in the center of which was a cylindrical pillar topped by a gilt bronze statue of Augustus. Around the pillar were the burial crypts—a series of twelve compartments—accessed by a wide corridor which cut through them to the center sepulchral *cella*. The *opus reticulatum* walls were anciently covered by blocks of travertine marble and lined with statues. Opposite the *cella* entrance is the niche where the cinerary urns of

(Continued in *Pagana Septima*)

Hues of Rome (Continued a Pagina Prima)

Salesian nuns, of red-cassocked bishops and cardinals. There are the plume-helmeted Carabinieri bestride their handsome steeds, the Swiss Guards in their delicious outfits, attractive men and women in the latest styles out of Milan, little school kids in their navy blue academic frocks, hotel doormen in impressive uniforms, gypsies in almost anything. Even the table wine of Rome, the golden Frascati, adds to the color scheme from a thousand decanters set on sidewalk tables.



Hotel Sant Anselmo on the Aventine

This splendid splash of colors is all neatly, if irregularly, framed by the circuit of the dull, red-brick, weedy Aurelian Walls of the late third century, and backdropped by the violet Alban Hills to the south.

Viewed from any of its fabled seven hills, Rome is one colossal impressionistic painting. I favor the vantage point of the Pincian Hill for contemplating and savoring this masterpiece that Monet and Manet and Renoir put together could not have hoped to achieve. From here, at any hour of the day, the scene is unforgettable. But especially so just before sundown, when Rome lies soaked in an ethereal light that seems to isolate it from both earth and sky. From here, too, one can see the bulk of the stark white, Carrara marble, Victor Emmanuel Monument rising out of a garden of colors. After some sixty sojourns in the Italian capital across the past three decades, the more sound of the name "Rome" evokes for me a kaleidoscope of images. But before St. Peter's, the Trevi Fountain, Piazza Navona or the Bridge of the Angels come to mind, I think immediately—whenever I hear the word "Rome"—of an exuberance of colors.

Rome is an artist's dream, a photographer's as well. Throughout his long and productive life, the late Aldo Raimondi, Italy's pre-eminent watercolorist, was irresistibly drawn here, again and again, from his comfortable villa on Lake Maggiore. He never tired of setting up his easel out on some sidewalk to capture the colorful background of the pignone of Rome.

"The Eternal City," William James wrote, "is a feast for the eye from the moment you leave your hotel door to the moment you return." I can only conclude that he was alluding to...the colors of Rome.



"Honey Colored Rome" near the Tiber

Cara Matriona,

As my *paedagogus* and I were returning home from my lesson yesterday, we were approached by a *puella mendicula* who was sitting on the *Pons Agrippae*. Although I'm used to seeing beggars sitting near temples, around theaters, on bridges and along the main *vias* in Rome, this particular little girl got to me for some reason. She pleaded with us to give her a *sestertius*, one or two *asses*, or even a *quadrans*. At first we tried to ignore her, but she ran after us, grabbed my *tunica* with both hands and sat down, forcing me to drag her along the pavement. My *paedagogus* was about to hit her with the *baculum* that he carries (because he is rather old) when I stopped him. The little beggar girl was crying hysterically, pleading with us to please give her something. She said that she had been sitting on the bridge all day and had not even gotten a single coin.

When my *paedagogus* asked her what business that was of ours, she sobbed that if she did not have at least one coin when she returned to her *pater* at nightfall, he was going to poke her eyes out so people would feel sorry for her—then maybe she could collect a few *colus* every day.

Matriona, I know that beggars will say almost anything to get you to give them some money, but this little *puella mendicula* seemed to be telling the truth. When I finally insisted that my *paedagogus* give her whatever coin he had in his *sacculus*, he looked to see what he could find. Unfortunately, all he found was an old *sestertius* that had been given to him as *peculium*, and he refused to give it up. So we had to leave the *mendicula* crying on the bridge.

Do you think that this girl's *pater* would really poke her eyes out? Is there anything that anyone can do to protect little children who are forced to beg by their parents?

I would ask my *pater* about this, but he would probably just say what he always says, that I need to have more *gravitas* and *severitas* and less *clementia*.

*Discipulus Sollicitus
Romae*

Care Sollicite,

Welcome to the real world! Life can be very difficult for some people, and you should just be glad that your *pater* is able to provide you with a comfortable childhood. You have your own *paedagogus* to look out after you, and your *pater* has the money to send you to a *ludus*.

As you get older, you will see many things that will bother you, and you will see people in difficult circumstances. Remember that your primary responsibility, as the *pater familias* you are destined to become, will be to care for your own *familia*. If you want to practice *clementia*, that is where it should start—*domi*. Of course, you will also need to practice all the *mores maiorum* if you wish to be successful and respected.

Mendici are everywhere in the world, although there do seem to be more in *Italia* than there are in *Graecia*.

The Mausoleum of Augustus (Continued a Pagina Sexta)

the deified Augustus Caesar (A.D. 14) and Julia Augusta (the deified Livia) (A.D. 29) were flanked by those of his grandsons Lucius (A.D. 2) and Galus (A.D. 4) and his sister Octavia (A.D. 11). An inscription for his beloved Marcellus was engraved on Octavia's marble block. In the radiating rings are the niches for the urns of Agrippa (12 B.C.), Drusus (younger son of Livia) (9 B.C.), Germanicus (son of Drusus) (A.D. 19), the emperors Tiberius (son of Livia—A.D. 37), Caligula (son of Germanicus—A.D. 41), and Claudius (youngest son of Drusus—A.D. 54), and Marcus Cocceius Nerva (twelfth Caesar—A.D. 98). Much later, Julia Donna (A.D. 217), the widow of Emperor Septimius Severus, was also buried here.

The *tumulus* was originally surmounted by a mound of earth and planted with cypress trees symbolizing life after death. Two obelisks, now in the *Piazza del Quirinale* and the *Piazza dell'Esquilino*, originally stood before the south-facing door of the monument. After falling into disuse during the Middle Ages, the Mausoleum was later transformed by the Colonna family into a fortress. Pope Gregory IX (1227-1241) allowed it to be gutted and stripped of its travertine. In 1780 it was an arena for bull races, and in the 19th century it resounded with concert music. The music stopped in 1936 when the Mausoleum was restored.



There are many reasons why people live as *mendici*, some which can be avoided and some which cannot.

Mutilated veterans who were given dishonorable discharges with no retirement benefits and who have no families to help them often must resort to begging because it is the only way they can stay alive.

Old women who are poor widows, or unwanted slaves set free so their masters wouldn't have to take care of them in their old age, can be seen on almost any main *via* in Rome. Sometimes they are truly poor, but sometimes they have quite a bit of money hidden away—they just keep begging because they're good at it, and it gives them something to do and a place to be.

Some *mendici* who have lost both of their eyes are fortunate to have dogs that they have trained to protect them and help them get around safely. Others, of course, are not so fortunate.

It is also not uncommon for *pateres* whose *familiae* have fallen on hard times to train their children to beg. And, yes, these *pateres* have also been known to mutilate their children so that people will be more compassionate and generous.

You will even see the priests of Cybele begging near their temples since they have taken vows of poverty, and they support themselves and their priesthood entirely by begging.

Don't feel bad about the *puella mendicula* from whom you had to tear yourself away. She may have been telling the truth about the threats of her *pater*, or she may have just been a very good actress. Either way, there was really very little you could do about it. And don't think too harshly of your old *paedagogus* because he wouldn't part with his *sestertius*. After all, it was his *peculium*, and once someone has such a rare coin as a serrated *denarius*, he's usually not willing to give it up.

When you get older and have control of your own money, you can, of course, be as generous as you choose with beggars—provided that you do not deprive yourself and your *familia*. For now, follow your *pater's* sound advice: More *gravitas* and *severitas* and less *clementia*.

And tell your *paedagogus* to find a new way home from *ludus*.



Mausoleum gate. Photo by Nicole Ridgeway

Now there are only silent bricks, cement and stones. The corridor still leads to the sepulchral *cella* and the niches remain, but these are devoid of their sacred ashes. A few partial inscriptions reveal some names of those so honored two thousand years ago, open to the sky and persistent tourist. Yet, even in ruins, the sense of *augustus* is there, if only in the imagination. There is a "halo of sanctity" which shrouds these blocks and bricks. Members of the imperial family deified by the Romans once rested in this precinct, and their influences and purposes continue to provide a reverence for a higher and mightier being, for the human family, and for the state which protects its society. Is the spirit of Augustus still in that *cella*? Perhaps.



13.

I. TERRA VIGILIUM

II. NIMIS IMPEDIMENTORUM

III. VIS AERIS PRIMA

IV. G.I. IOHANNA

V. IMITATOR

VI. RELINQUE ID CASTORI

VII. EST TAM AMABILIS

VIII. SCELESTUS

IX. RISUS VELUT TUUS

X. PECUNIA LOQUITUR



Pomarii et Horti Fructus

14.

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

Match the pictures of the fruits and vegetables with their Latin names.

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------|
| 1. Asparagus | 11. Fungi |
| 2. Beta | 12. Helicoselinum |
| 3. Brassica | 13. Lactuca |
| 4. Caepae | 14. Malum |
| 5. Carotae | 15. Pipera |
| 6. Cerasa | 16. Pirum |
| 7. Cucumera | 17. Pisae |
| 8. Cucurbita | 18. Porrum |
| 9. Fabae | 19. Radices |
| 10. Fragae | 20. Uvae |



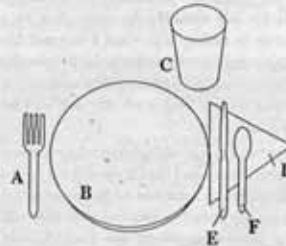
Latin Terms for a Modern Place Setting

15.

Submitted by Tiro Van Lear, Latin II student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Remembering that Roman dinnerware did not include forks and table knives, match the letters on the diagram with the Latin terms for the modern items indicated.

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| 1. Cocleare | 4. Mappa |
| 2. Catillus | 5. Culter |
| 3. Furca | 6. Poculum |



The Trojan War

16.

Based on a game submitted by Robbie Wolf, Latin student of Polly Rod, Tuller School, Tucson, Arizona

Match the terms and names given below with the descriptions provided.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Priest strangled by serpents | 11. Made new armor for Achilles |
| 2. Son of Jupiter, killed by Patroclus | 12. Winners of the Trojan War |
| 3. Killed by Paris with a poisoned arrow | 13. Builder of the wooden horse |
| 4. King of Sparta | 14. Leader of the Greek forces |
| 5. King of Troy | 15. Three goddesses competing for the Golden Apple of Eris |
| 6. Faked insanity trying to avoid the war | |
| 7. Achilles' mother | |
| 8. Father of Achilles | |
| 9. Wife of Menelaus | |
| 10. Judged the pivotal beauty contest | |

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| A. Achilles | K. Menelaus |
| B. Agamemnon | L. Paris |
| C. Aphrodite | M. Peleus |
| D. Athene | N. Priam |
| E. Epeus | O. Romans |
| F. Greeks | P. Sarpedon |
| G. Helen | Q. Thetis |
| H. Hephaestus | R. Trojans |
| I. Hera | S. Ulysses |
| J. Laocoön | |



Pater Deorum et Dearum

17.

Submitted by Paul Hoekstra, Latin II student of Darrel Huisken, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Zeus fathered many children. Match the following offspring with their mothers.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 1. Daughter of Dione | |
| 2. Daughter Zeus had by himself | |
| 3. Son of Hera | |
| 4. Son of Maia | |
| 5. Son of Alcmena | |
| 6. Daughter of Hera | |
| 7. Son of Semele | |
| 8. Daughters of Eurynome | |
| 9. Son of Leto | |
| 10. Daughters of Mnemosyne | |
| 11. Daughter of Leto | |

- | | |
|--------------|-------------|
| A. Aphrodite | G. Graces |
| B. Apollo | H. Hebe |
| C. Ares | I. Heracles |
| D. Artemis | J. Hermes |
| E. Athena | K. Muses |
| F. Dionysus | |



18.

Top Ten Favorites as submitted by Kathryn Huang, Iarn Mansfield and Joshua Pressman, Latin I class of Mrs. Barbara Drummmond, Shore Country Day School, Beverly, Maryland

I. AD COPAM CABANAM, Barry Vir Humilis

II. TANTUM ALIUS DIES SINE TE, Iohannes Secada

III. AMOR CALIFORNIENSES, Duopac Shakur et Medicus Andreus

IV. FEMINA VULPINA, Iacobus Hendrix

V. ME IPSUM OBLECTAS, Phisces

VI. CONECTUS CERTUS, Pueri Bestiarum

VII. UBI ID ADEST, Nutus

VIII. SOLIS POPULUS, Ira Contra Machinam

IX. NON COMPOS MENTIS IN CEREBRO, Cupressorum Collis

X. SI LOQUI POSSEM, TIBI DICEREM, Fructuum Peracerborum Aureorum Capita



Lexicon Lesson

19.

Submitted by Alison Haines and Danyl Drake, Latin students of Mrs. Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

In the Word Search below, find and circle the Latin translations of the following English words.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1. woods/forest | 11. teacher/master |
| 2. story | 12. new |
| 3. sailor | 13. spirit/soul |
| 4. help/aid | 14. sister |
| 5. escape | 15. mother |
| 6. son | 16. brother |
| 7. horse | 17. father |
| 8. sky/heaven | 18. memory |
| 9. fortune | 19. name |
| 10. today | 20. brave |

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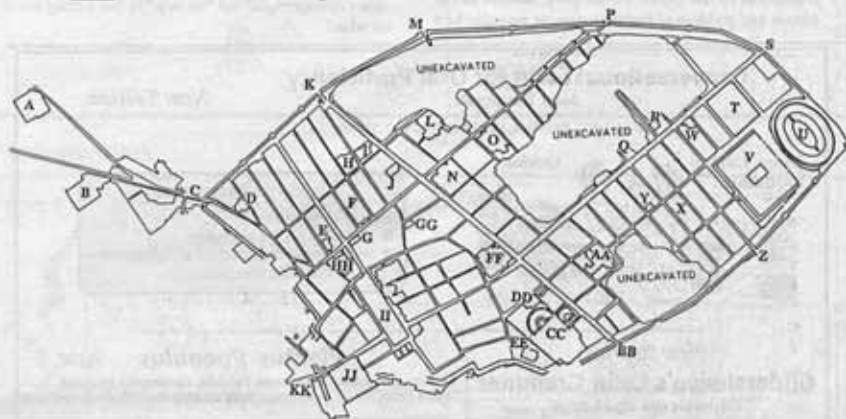


Pompeii—My Kind of Town!

20.

Prove that you know your way around town by matching the lettered sites with the descriptions printed below.

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1. _____ Amphitheater | 20. _____ House of the Tragic Poet |
| 2. _____ Bakery of Modestus | 21. _____ House of the Vettii |
| 3. _____ Capua Gate | 22. _____ Nola Gate |
| 4. _____ Caupona of Euxinus | 23. _____ Nuceria Gate |
| 5. _____ Central Baths | 24. _____ Palaestra |
| 6. _____ Central Forum | 25. _____ Praedia of Julia Felix |
| 7. _____ Forum Baths | 26. _____ Sarno Gate |
| 8. _____ Fullery | 27. _____ Sea Gate (Porta Marina) |
| 9. _____ Herculaneum Gate (Porta Saliniensis) | 28. _____ Stabian Baths |
| 10. _____ House of Julius Polybius | 29. _____ Stabian Gate |
| 11. _____ House of Marcus Loreius Tiburtinus | 30. _____ Temple of Fortuna Augusta |
| 12. _____ House of Menander | 31. _____ Temple of Isis |
| 13. _____ House of Pinarius Cerealis | 32. _____ Temple of Venus |
| 14. _____ House of Sallust | 33. _____ Theater Complex |
| 15. _____ House of the Centenary | 34. _____ Triangular Forum |
| 16. _____ House of the Faun | 35. _____ Vesuvius Gate |
| 17. _____ House of the Gilded Amorini | 36. _____ Villa of Diomedes |
| 18. _____ House of the Ship Europa | 37. _____ Villa of the Mysteries |
| 19. _____ House of the Silver Wedding | |



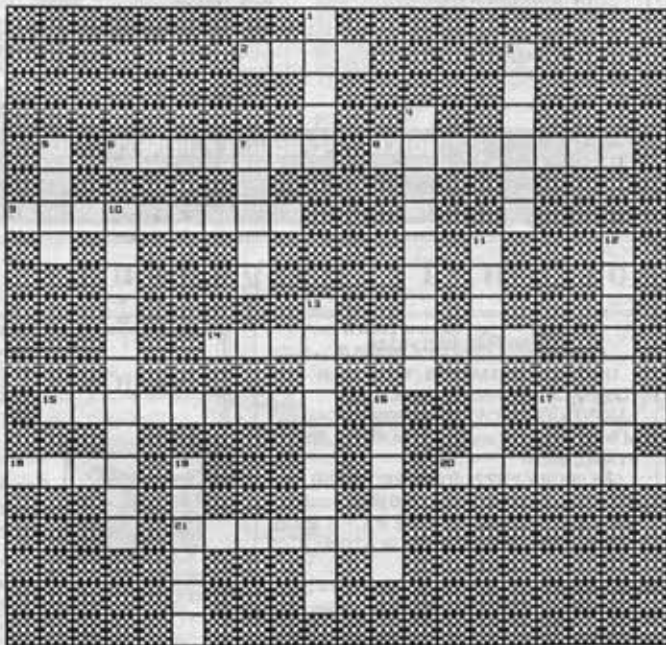
Orpheus and Eurydice

21.

Based on a crossword puzzle submitted by Amy Ricker, Latin student of Susan Neas, Greeneville H.S., Greeneville, Tennessee

ACROSS

2. God who placed Orpheus' lyre among the constellations
6. Nightingales sing for Orpheus at the foot of Mt. _____
8. When Orpheus was retrieving Eurydice from death, he was not to _____ (2 wds.)
9. According to Vergil, Eurydice was running away from _____ when she was fatally bitten.
14. Where Orpheus had to go to bring Eurydice back from the dead.
15. Orpheus accompanied the _____ on their quest for the Golden Fleece.
17. The only other Roman author besides Vergil who told the story of Orpheus and Eurydice.
18. Orpheus' _____ was thrown into the Hebrus River.
20. Eurydice was killed by this creature's bite.
21. Eurydice was also known by the name _____.



DOWN

1. These ladies taught Orpheus how to play the lyre.
3. After Orpheus died, his lyre floated to the island of _____.
4. Eurydice could be retrieved on one _____.
5. This was given to Orpheus by Apollo.
7. Ruler of the Underworld.
10. Orpheus' music caused these moving rocks to stand still.
11. Mother of Orpheus
12. _____ women pulled Orpheus to pieces during their Bacchanalia.
13. Pluto and _____ listened to Orpheus' request.
16. Greek god who accompanied Eurydice on her journeys to and from death.
19. Orpheus' music lulled the _____ to sleep that guarded the Golden Fleece.



22.

The following books are recommended reading for freshmen planning to enter Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana, according to the book, *Reading Lists for College-Bound Students*, second edition, Estell, Satchwell and Wright.

- I. *INFERI*, Dante
- II. *MAGNAE EXPECTATIONES*, Carolus Ricardens
- III. *URSUS*, Gulielmus Faulkner
- IV. *LITTERA COCCINEA*, Nathanielis Cratageus Oxyacantha
- V. *ODYSSEI PEREGRINATIONES*, Homerus
- VI. *MAGNUS GATSBEUS*, F. Caledonius Geraldifilius
- VII. *MORS VENDITORIS*, Arturus Pistor
- VIII. *REX LEARIS*, Gulielmus Hastactremor
- IX. *RES GESTAE BACCAPROPOLAE PINNA*, Marcus Duo
- X. *POEMATATA*, Aemilia Ricardifilius

Fun With Vergil

23.

Submitted by Lauri Jacob, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

In the Word Search below, find and circle the answers to each of the following clues.

1. The Queen of Carthage
2. The lost wife of Aeneas
3. Priest who spared the Trojan Horse
4. King of Troy
5. Lying boy left behind by the Greeks
6. Drowned pilot of Aeneas' ship
7. Prophetess princess of Troy
8. Trojan prince entrusted with a fortune to the Thracian king, Polymester, during the war
9. Leader of the Harpies
10. Blind father of Aeneas



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



= Upper Level



= Beginning Level

Orpheus and Eurydice

By Joe Cheung, Michael Jordan, and Kedar Phadke,
Latin IV students of Claudia Taborn, Ranney School,
Tinton Falls, New Jersey

Orpheus, player of the lyre,
Stones were raining down on him like fire.
The Maenads threw their rocks and boulders,
But a heavy burden lay on his shoulders.
The death of his most loving wife
Did bring upon him pain and strife.
He thought about his fateful past,
How into Hades his wife was cast,
In a bold attempt to save,
He entered Hades through a cave.
Eurydice, the one he sought,
In Pluto's hands his wife was caught.
He begged, he cried, he screamed and pleaded
In convincing Pluto he had succeeded.
But Pluto said, "Don't turn around
or I will take her underground!"
So the lovers proceeded out of the land of the dead,
but she vanished from his grasp, with a turn of his head.

A tear trickled down sad Orpheus's eye,
he would not see her till the day he died.

How Well Did You Read?

24.

1. In whose temple were coins struck in Rome?
2. What denomination of Roman coin was a *serratus*?
3. *Quae pictura movens in qua Guliellardus Faber personam egit fortasse habebit partem II A.D. MCMXCIX?*
4. According to Adam Wohlever, what geological wonder was caused by Apollo's carelessness?
5. Which Roman teacher used to make his students compete against each other in learning games?
7. Which recent novel by Colleen McCullough was reviewed in this issue?
8. What is Frank Korn's favorite vantage point for viewing the colors of Rome?
9. Give the Roman's full name to whom the adventurous Roman beauty, Sempronia, was married?
10. Which Roman neighbors influenced the design of Augustus' Mausoleum?

Word Mystery

(cf. Pagina Tertia)

Premonition (noun): forewarning; anticipation of an event without conscious reason: foreboding.

From Latin *praemonitio* (forewarning)

Latin *praemonere* (to forewarn)

Latin *monere* (to warn, to advise)

Money (noun): something generally accepted as a medium of exchange; officially coined or stamped metal currency, or officially printed paper currency.

From Latin *moneta* (mint, coined money)

Latin *Moneta* (epithet of goddess Juno as one who warns or advises)

Latin *monitus*, ppp. of *monere* (to warn, to advise)

The connection: Latin *monere*, to warn.

Explanation: For her advice and admonitions to Romans in times of crisis, Juno earned the appellation "*Moneta*." While considered by some to be a translation of the Greek *Μνηστέρη*, mother of the Muses and goddess of memory, *moneta* may also be a

variation of *monita*, "she who has been warned" (and who, in turn, warns her faithful). The story follows:

In 390 B.C. an army of Gauls sacked and burned Rome. Only the citadel (the *arx*) withstood the assault. Before leaving Rome with a hefty ransom, the Gauls attempted to scale the citadel's unguarded rear. They would have succeeded, but for a gaggle of geese. These geese squawked so loudly that the surprise attack was foiled. As a result of this "warning" by Juno's geese, the goddess earned her epithet "*Iuno Moneta*."

Since Juno's temple was also Rome's mint, her epithet "*Moneta*" came to mean both the mint itself and the money coined there. Likewise, anything pertaining to the mint or its coinage was *monetarius*. From *moneta*, then, via Old French *monnaie*, came English "money." Just think: If not for a gaggle of noisy geese, we would not have the word "money" in English. Oh, we would still have cash, bread, moola, coin, bills, and a host of other synonyms, but not "money." Is this a crazy world or what?

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Quidni?



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Ascoperae Novae

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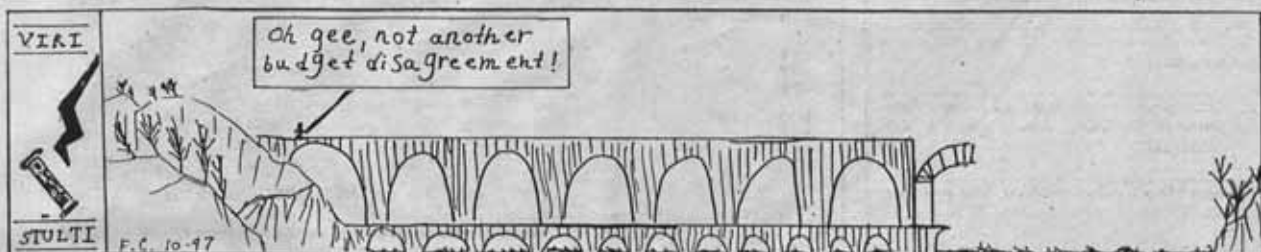
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13.

Picturae Moventes

1. COPLAND
2. EXCESS BAGGAGE
3. AIR FORCE ONE
4. G.I. JANE
5. MIMIC
6. LEAVE IT TO BEAVER
7. SHE'S SO LOVELY
8. HOODLUM
9. A SMILE LIKE YOURS
10. MONEY TALKS

14.

Pomarii et Horti Fructus

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

15.

Modern Place Setting

1. F
2. B
3. A
4. D
5. E
6. C

16.

Trojan War

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

17.

Pater Deorum

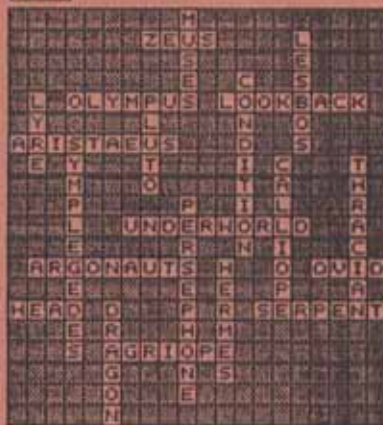
1. A
2. E
3. C
4. J
5. I
6. H
7. F
8. G
9. B
10. K
11. D

18.

Carmina Optima

1. AT THE COPA CABANA, Barry Manilow
2. JUST ANOTHER DAY WITHOUT YOU, Jon Secada
3. CALIFORNIA LOVE, Tupac Shakur and Dr. Dre
4. PONY LADY, Jimi Hendrix
5. YOU ENJOY MYSELF, Phish
6. SURE SHOT, Beastie Boys
7. WHERE IT'S AT, Beck
8. PEOPLE OF THE SUN, Rage Against the Machine
9. INSANE IN THE BRAIN, Cypress Hill
10. IF I COULD TALK, I'D TELL YOU, Lemonheads

21.



23.

Fun With Vergil

1. Dido
2. Creusa
3. Laocoon
4. Priam
5. Sinon
6. Palinurus
7. Cassandra
8. Polydorus
9. Celeno
10. Anchises



22.

Libri Optimi

1. INFERNO, Dante
2. GREAT EXPECTATIONS, Charles Dickens
3. THE BEAR, William Faulkner
4. THE SCARLET LETTER, Nathaniel Hawthorne
5. THE ODYSSEY, Homer
6. THE GREAT GATSBY, F. Scott Fitzgerald
7. THE DEATH OF A SALESMAN, Arthur Miller
8. KING LEAR, William Shakespeare
9. THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, Mark Twain
10. POEMS, Emily Dickinson

24.

How Well Did You Read?

1. In the temple of Juno Moneta
2. A denarius
3. *Viri in Vestimentis Nigris*
4. The Grand Canyon
5. Marcus Verrius Flaccus
7. Caesar's Women
8. The Pincian Hill
9. Decimus Iunius Brutus
10. The Etruscans

Attention Teachers: Beginning with the November issue we shall be publishing an Honor Role of Endowment Contributors. Won't you, your students, and your Latin Club please consider if you are ready to join others sending in their contributions at this time so you can be recognized with them in November?

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20.

Pompeii

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25. T
26. S
27. KK
28. FF
29. BB
30. G
31. DD
32. JJ
33. CC
34. EE
35. K
36. B
37. A

Will Smith: A Prince Who Fights To Defend The Earth

One of the busiest actors in motion pictures today is Will Smith. This summer Smith played a role in the movie *Men in Black*. Smith's character has been chosen as agent "J" because he is very smart and strong. This agent must watch over aliens who live on the earth. There are many funny lines in this movie, for example:

Agent "J" says, "Don't you know that Elvis is dead?" Agent "K," his partner, replies, "No he's not; he just went back home."

Smith wasn't always an actor. Born in West Philadelphia, he got the nickname "Prince" because he was charming and could sweet-talk others. "Prince," however, liked to study music very much and soon he started singing with one of his friends, Jeff Townes.

The two youths became very famous and wealthy.

Smith bought a large house, some cars and jewelry. But Smith was always looking for something new and met Benny Medina who chose him for a television show the name of which was "Fresh Prince of Bel-Air." This show lasted six years because the character played by Smith was very much like himself—a street-wise youth who has moved from Philadelphia to Beverly Hills.

From there Smith began a film career, for example, *Six Degrees of Separation*, *Bad Boys* and the very famous *Independence Day* in which he plays the role of a soldier who fights against aliens to defend the earth.

In 1998 he will act in two movies: *Enemy of the State* and *The Wild, Wild West*.

Those who especially liked the movie *Men in Black* will be happy to hear that there will be a sequel to be called *Men in Black II* in 1999.

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