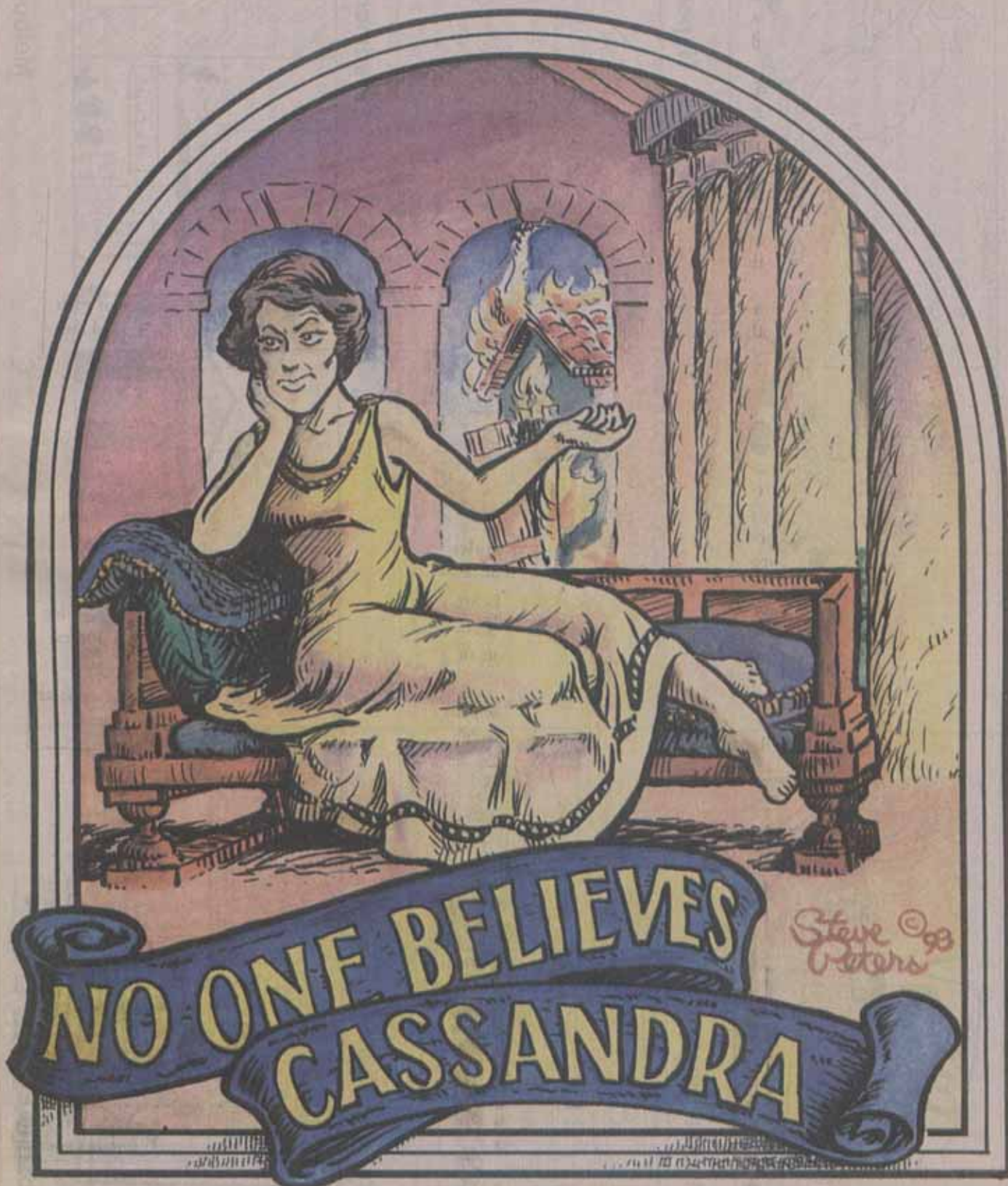


POMPEIANA

NEWSLETTER

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Negotium Hilare



Abhinc XI annos, Tracia Ullmana novas res in televisione egit. A.d.XIII Kal. Maias spectaculum hebdomadale eius (in opere reticulato iuveni cui nomen erat VULPES) praebuit brevem picturam adumbrationum animatorum—primam serici—de familia cui nomen erat Simpsoni III. Haec series erat tam iucunda multitudini ut creator, Mattheus Groeningus, celeriter commercium haberet cum VULPE ut apportaret Simpsonis illos ad primum vesperum in televisione. Series Simpsoni III a.d. XVI Kal. Ian. A.D./MCM.LXXXIX suspicata est et statim illustrata est: primo vespere haec erat prima novum visa series picturarum adumbrationum animatarum postquam Saxavilica Illa in ABC spectabatur (A.D. MCM.LX—MCM.LXVI).

Simpsoni III et successus praesens et praesens controversia erat. Groeningi fabula imperfectam familiam Americanam modicam expungebat, cuius patrifamilias erat cerevisiam potans rusticus qui

Picturarum Adumbrationes: Non Amplius Liberis Solis

Censura scripta est a Philippo Barcio; in Latinam a Francisco Turro reddita est.

quaestui eius haud idoneus erat. Aliis spectatoribus hoc spectaculum non placebat. (Fortasse erat similis modis vivendi eorum.) Alii autem spectaculum amabant et numerus spectatorum in sublimem latum est. Controversiae neglegens, Simpsoni III decem annis prosperis in televisione fructus est et multa spectacula similia inspiravit.

MTV habet Beavis et Caput Petulcum et Dariam. Comoedia Centralis habet Katsum Doctum et Hortos Meridianos. VULPES Criticum illum breviter habuit, et Collis Regem ad spectaculum aciem suam recenter addidit. Et nunc, NBC—unum ex Magnis Tribus operibus reticulatis—in hoc magnum commodum impulsu est cum Erico Intenso, prima pictura sua adumbrationum animatarum primo vespere in televisione post Magistri Magoos Casus Famosi (ca. A.D. MCM.LX).

Persequentibus argumenta harum recentissimarum adumbrationum animatarum, difficile est credere Barti Simpsoni verba, "Ede subligaculum meum!" unquam impudica habita esse. Hortorum Meridianorum sermo incastigata decies peior quam illa est.

Animatio tamen explorari tantum coepta est. Quidquid mens imaginatur, adumbrationibus animatis delinari potest, ergo facultates scenicae et comicae sunt infinitae. Personae adumbrationum animatarum neque societatis restrictionibus neque scientiae legibus adligantur. Hae personae mutilari vel necari possunt et reverte tamen intactae in hebdomados sequentis spectaculo. Hae personae multo versatileiores quam actores humani sunt.

Praeterea, animatio est ubi lucrum est. Administratores operum reticularum sciunt spectaculum animatum posse producere multas occasiones ad mercedes vendendas—multum plus quam series quae habent actores humanos. Dum spectaculum simile Hortis Meridianis dicitur spectatoribus maturis solis videndum esse, opus reticulatum tamen montes nummorum a liberis qui non spectare debeant mereri potest.

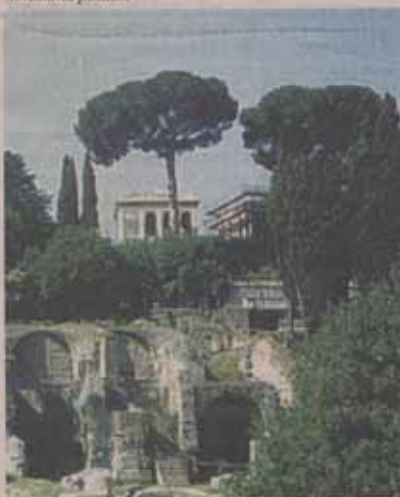
Contra ea quae critici dicunt, et contra decoris fines abusus, negotium hilare est magnum negotium, et quam ob causam picturae adumbrationum animatarum primo vespere in televisione manebunt.

The Umbrellas of Rome

By Frank Korn, Seton Hall Univ., South Orange, N. J.

As much as the She Wolf, the Colosseum, and St. Peter's, the umbrella pine tree is a quickly recognized symbol of Rome.

So-called because its configuration resembles that of a gigantic open umbrella, the *pino ombrello* is a natural denizen of the landscape of central Italy, and has been for thousands of years. Pliny the Younger describing the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in A.D. 79 likened the resultant smoke cloud to this loveliest of Italian trees: "...nubem vidimus, mirā magnitudine, in formā simillimā poni..."



An umbrella pine on the Palatine Hill

The sight of the first umbrella pine that greets first-time visitors to the city awakens in them pleasing emotions. For they have seen this tree many times before in the prints and paintings of the Italian masters. Even in their depictions of distant Jerusalem where the umbrella pine is nowhere to be found, the Renaissance artists would have it gracing the background.

On their first morning here, when tourists glimpse a cluster of these beautiful trees with their bare slender trunks roofed by a thick green clump of pine needles waving gently in the soft breeze, they tell themselves that they are now truly in Rome.

The pines we behold today witnessed the seizure of Rome by Mussolini and his Fascist troops in A.D. 1922. The ancestors of these same trees watched Caesar and his vaunted legions wrest control of the Eternal City in 48 B.C.

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

Fascinating Finds in Latin Literature

Frontinus: The Strategems

By Donna Wright, Lawrence North H.S., Indianapolis, Indiana

Sextus Julius Frontinus is known to most Latin teachers for his writings on aqueducts—knowledge gained during his services in Rome as *curator aquarum*, administrator of the water supply in 97 A.D. He had also served as governor of Britain before Agricola. Prior to his writings on the history and technical details on aqueduct instruction, he had also authored a four-volume manual on military science, *Strategemata*, (The Strategems).

Strategemata categorizes a plethora of episodes from Roman and Greek military history which illustrate examples of all aspects of military strategies. Vignettes from all periods of history through his time summarize various leaders' ways of coping with such topics as siege, mutiny, discipline, battle-site choice, retreat and morale. Frontinus explores every military topic imaginable!

Most stories are told in brief, concise prose in the style that students who have had some experience with Caesar's style and structure can handle. One only needs to survey the work for whatever period of Greek or Roman history is desired to find a story to enhance or embellish the time being studied.

The first selection below about Tarquin and the poppies is taken from Book I, section 1, part 4.

"Tarquinius Superbus pater, principes Gabinorum interficiendos arbitratus, quia hoc nemini volebat commissum, nihil nuntio respondit, qui ad eum a filio erat missus; tantum virga eminentia papaverum capita, cum forte in hortis ambularet, decussit. Nuntius sine responso reverens remuntiavit adolescenti Tarquinio, quid agentem patrem vidisset. Ille intellexit, idem esse eminentibus faciendum."

The second selection about Marius' mules is taken from Book IV, section 1, part 7.

"C. Marius recidendorum impedimentorum gratia, quibus maxime exercitus agnus oneratus, vasa et cibaria militis in fasciculos aptata furcis imposuit, sub quibus et habile onus et facilis requies esset; unde et proverbium tractum est 'muli Mariani.'"



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Claudius' Challenge

By T.J. Messerschmitt and Darcy Nelson, Latin II students of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Claudius was no ordinary boy. Yes, he went to school and did all the other normal stuff that Roman boys did. The thing that made Claudius stand out, however, was the fact that he was one of the greatest athletes in his village, and he was only eight years old!

At the age of ten, Claudius was going to a school for young boys destined for military careers, but he decided to quit. School was boring. He needed action.

It was then that Claudius went to Capua to train to be a gladiator. When his training was done, it was difficult at first to get the *magistri* at the Colosseum in Rome to allow him to fight. He was a citizen from a good family and he appeared to be too young. Claudius assured the *magistri* that he was the greatest. He told them that he could bring in more spectators than any other fighter, and he would be perfect for a main event.

Once Claudius got his first bout in the arena, it wasn't long before the *magistri* agreed. Claudius gave a good show. Even the *magistri* began to believe that Claudius really was the greatest fighter.

Claudius fought for many months with no problem from his opponents. He was right about packing the stand for his fights. People came from miles around to cheer him on.

After about a year, however, his performance became too predictable and people began losing interest in him. So he told the *magistri* to match him with tougher competitors. At first the *magistri* hesitated because they knew that Claudius was getting too overconfident. Finally, however, they gave in and began matching him with the most vicious competitors in their line-up.

All of a sudden, things weren't so easy any more for Claudius. Each fight left him more worn out and beat-up. When the *magistri* asked him if he was sure he was up to this kind of competition, Claudius said that nothing was wrong and that the matches should continue.

Then one day, Claudius was about to go up against one of the greatest fighters from the north. His opponent's name was Titanic. He had arms the size of a person's body and was at least seven feet tall. Claudius' buddies tried to talk Claudius out of fighting, but he was too stubborn to listen. He told them he was too good to back down from any man. Secretly, he did not want to look like a coward.

The opening ceremony that day was very dramatic, complete with a parade, animals, dancers, music and flowers. Then, riding a special elevator from the basement of the Colosseum, Claudius magically appeared in the middle of the arena in all his glory. Everyone was still cheering for him when, suddenly, Titanic rose up through the floor on the other side of the arena. After some initial gasps as people took in the size and ferocious look of his opponent, Claudius' fans finally mustered up a few "Boo's" against Titanic. The *tuba* sounded and the match began.

Claudius charged at full speed toward Titanic. At the last moment, Titanic stepped out of the way, and tripped Claudius. Spontaneous laughter erupted from the stands. For the first time in his life, Claudius was losing his confidence. He got up slowly, realizing that this was not going to be an easy fight. Titanic took out his sword and waved it high in the air before lunging at Claudius. Claudius dove to the right. Every time Claudius tried to fight back, Titanic always overpowered him. Soon Claudius was bleeding. Titanic was taking him apart piece by piece. The sun was as merciless as the jeering spectators who now were starting to cheer for Titanic. After what seemed like an eternity, Claudius fell to his knees and turned to see what his opponent would do next – all he saw was the gleam of a plunging sword.

There was some controversy following the match because Titanic had not waited for the kill-signal before delivering his final blow, and everyone said that if Claudius had not become so arrogant, and had taken time to recover, he might have retired with a *nuda* of honor instead of going down in disgrace.



Interlinear Translation

My Heart Will Go On

Theme song from the movie, Titanic

Translated by: Emmanuel Gaitano Malasaga (Latin Name: Martinus), Latin III student of Judith A. Granese, Valley High School, Las Vegas, Nevada

Every night in my dream, I see you, I feel you.
Omni nocte in somnio meo, te video, te sentio.

That is how I know you'll go on.

Illo modo scio te pergiturum esse.

Far across the distance and spaces between us,

Procul trans distantiam spatiaque inter nos,

you have come to show you'll go on.

venisti ut exhiberes te pergiturum esse.

Chorus

Near, far, wherever you are.

Prope, procul, ubinam es,

I believe that the heart does go on.

cor pergiturum esse credo.

Once more you open the door,

Iterum ianuam aperis,

and you're here in my heart, and my heart will go on and on.

et hic in corde meo es, corque meum usque perget.

Love can touch us one time and last for a lifetime,

Amor nos semel tangere, et in aeternum permanere

potest.

and never let go till we're gone.

et usque ad mortem nostram numquam amittere.

Love was when I left you – one true time I'd hold to

in my life.

amor erat quando te reliqui – unum tempus verum

quod in vita mea tenerem.

We'll always go on.

Semper pergemus.

(Chorus)

You're here. There's nothing that I fear,

Hic es. Est nihil quod timeam,

and I know that my heart will go on.

scioque cor meum pergiturum esse.

We'll stay forever this way.

Hoc modo in aeternum remanebimus.

You are safe in my heart, and my heart will go on and on.

Tutus es in corde meo, corque meum usque perget.

Haiku Latinae

By Zach Pogue, Latin II student of Judith Granese, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

Exiguus rex
cui pecuniam solvo
timet populum.

Lingua Latina
creator omnis verbi
cum corde omni amo

Caesar rex
optimus considero
aeternae vivit.

The Bad Roman Gods

By Nate Heinzelman, Latin student of Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio



There were once some gods praised in Rome,
Who made people look like little gnomes.
Zeus was the head who lived really high
And looked down from above when he wanted to spy.
The gods would argue and often were bad,
They all needed spankings from their dads.
If they were around and living today,
They could go on the soaps and earn great pay.
They could show up on Oprah and make a few mil,
But too bad, they're fake, so they're making nil.

Garum

By Jenny Chan, Pharmacy Major and student of Roman Civilization, Butler University, Indianapolis, Indiana

The difference in tastes between American appetites and those of the ancient Romans is perhaps more visible in sauces than in basic food items.

As with modern Chinese cuisine, it was common for ancient Romans to mix sour and sweet flavors. They mixed vinegar and mint with honey, cooked wine (*defrutum*), and fried fruits (*fructus*).

Unique to Roman cooking, however, was the use of fish sauces. These sauces were prepared in a thousand different ways and had such names as *garum*, *oxypurum*, *liquamen*, *muria*, and *altec*. The specific taste of a sauce depended upon the method of preparation and the quality of fish used. The cook's skill in adding the sauce to a dish greatly determined the final flavor of a dish. Sometimes only a little dab was enough, such as adding two eggs with a dash of green *garum*.

Rx. The following is an example of a recipe for *liquamen*: Fish entrails were placed in a receptacle and mixed with finely chopped fish, or whole small fish, pounded and stirred to produce a homogeneous sauce. This sauce was placed in the sun and frequently stirred and beaten until it fermented. When the quantity of liquid had been much reduced through evaporation, a basket was placed in the vessel containing the *liquamen*. The liquid which filtered slowly into the basket was *garum*, the choicest part. This liquid was then carefully ladled out into a separate container. What was left, the dregs of the *garum*, was fish sauce (*altec*).

Rx. Another recipe called *haimatinum*, which literally means "blood red," was considered the best *garum*, and was made on a large scale as follows: Salt was added to the entrails of tuna fish along with the gills, juice and blood. This mixture was left in a container for approximately two months. Then the container was tapped, and the blood-red *garum*, called *haimatinum*, flowed out.

Rx. The following recipe was used for at-home production: First, a salt water mixture, called brine, was prepared. (*Muria* was originally a general term applied to brine, but later it was used to refer to a special type of *garum*.) The salinity of the brine was tested by setting an egg in it to see if the egg floated. If it sank, the brine did not contain enough salt. When the brine was ready, it was poured into a new earthenware pot and the fish parts were added, along with *origanum* (oregano). The contents were then brought to a boil. *Defrutum* to suit the preparer's taste could also be added at this stage. Afterwards, the mixture was allowed to cool and then was strained two and three times until clear. The pot was then sealed and stored. This method was quicker since the mixture was boiled instead of being allowed to be heated by the sun. Care in preparation and the quality of the ingredients greatly influenced the final flavor of these sauces, popular not only among the Romans, but also among other Mediterranean cultures.

While most American palates would probably not warm readily to the salty taste or blood-red appearance of some *garum*, there are fish sauces on the import-market today which are still enjoyed by some Spanish- or Portuguese-speaking cultures. It has also been suggested that Worcestershire Sauce is actually a tamed-down derivative of ancient *garum*.

Catulli Carmen III Rhymed

By Sarah Gaudio, Latin II student of Jodie Gill, Hawken School, Gates Mills, Ohio

Lament, Oh Venuses and Cupids:

The sparrow of my girl has died,
The pet she loved more than her eyes.
It shared a special bond with her,
So sweet it filled her with wonder.
It did not move from off her lap,
But hopped around this way and that.
It has now begun that shadowy journey,
Captured by Plato, who destroys beauty.
As Plato took away my sparrow,
My poor, little senseless sparrow,
He left my girl with swollen eyes,
Indicative of her woeful cries.

Not Just a Building

By Amit Tyagi, Latin I student of Andrienne Nilsen,
St. John Vianney Regional H. S., Holmdel, N. J.

The plans have been made and the construction of the amphitheater has begun. It will be an extremely large oval structure seating 32,000 spectators. It will also be decorated with the finest art available. It is being built with such skill, one has to see it to believe it. Every wealthy family in the region has been asked to donate funds to help complete the structure.

Although construction will take approximately eight years, the amphitheater will be worth the wait. About 400 of the strongest men from the surrounding villages have taken an oath to construct the building. They and 300 other skilled sculptors have pledged to work nine-hour days until the amphitheater is completed. The amphitheater will be decorated with 4,000 marble sculptures. The seats of the cavea will be supported by 580 stone pillars. 130 bronze statues are being imported from Greece, and fifty grand mosaics will decorate public areas and private boxes throughout the amphitheater.

Since the building represents a cooperative effort by several communities, representatives of each community will be invited to tour the construction site occasionally. If something is not being done according to the original agreements, changes will be made. Beneath the seats of the cavea hundreds of rooms, all varying in size and shape, are being built. There will be dressing rooms for opening-ceremony performers, rooms to store equipment and props, locker rooms for the combatants, cellae for those condemned to fight to the death as punishment for their crimes, *valentinaria* and morgues. Sufficient space has also been provided for animal holding pens.

If you haven't visited the construction site or pledged your support to its completion, please do so at your earliest convenience. It is estimated that the operation of the amphitheater will generate millions of *sestertii* for the region.

Lament of Pliny the Elder

By Suni "Sol" Wilkeshoff, Latin II student of
Mary Lou Carroll, Northeastern High School,
Elizabeth City, North Carolina

The one and only Pliny is my name
And it was from Baiae that I came
Mount Vesuvius was where I had to run
Because I thought it would be so much fun
Curiosity got the best of me
But I just had to find what I could see
The sky was filled with a cloud of gray
Making it a cruel, cold, and lonesome day
Lava spewed from the side of the mountain
Looked just like it was a flowing fountain
People rushed from the burning city
And I was caught in the calamity
Mount Vesuvius brought me death
When its eruption took my breath

Echo and Narcissus

By Trevor Haley, Eighth Grade Latin student of
Betty Whittaker, Carmel Jr. H. S., Carmel, Indiana

Once upon a rhyme,
In a land before time,
Echo and Narcissus, they say,
Started off in a very bad way.
After Jupiter took away her voice,
She could only repeat for she had no choice.
Which drove Narcissus nuts, and he ran away.
Since Narcissus obviously wasn't right,
She lay there weeping all through the night.
Weeping all night and all through the day,
She lay there and finally passed away.
Even though her body is now a mirage,
She can still be heard in a parking garage.
Running away, of course, didn't help Narcissus at all.
When he hid by the lake to seek some protection,
He fell in love with his handsome reflection.
Several weeks later he died by the lake,
And a beautiful flower was what he did make.
[If you deny love, the warning is clear:
The echo of petals is all that you'll hear.]

A Little Loosely Translated
Catullus, Carmen V

By Harold Lee, Latin III student of Kathy Lewis,
Princeton High School, Princeton, New Jersey

Those senile gossips, Death shall prove them wrong
For he indeed is the ruler of Time.
Oh Lesbia, breathe out all your inexhaustible beauty
Before he may lurk under your shadow.
Sun may set and rise again; but if once we lose this
light,
Forever do we bid farewell to our joys.
Oh, Death, the one who truly sees my righteous love,
Let me spend a decade praising her lips, then another
on her eyes,
Then twice the time on her ambrosial voice.
Yet one more on her perpetual passion,
The desire which may captivate even those malicious
fools that envy my luck.
Oh Lesbia, do you not hear the chariot of time roaring
down the hill,
And Death, with his mighty hands, eager to snatch our
youthful love?
So before the eternal darkness arrives,
Let us steal the fruit of our love and hide inside our
everlasting souls.

Io Diddle Diddle

By Hillary Stahreyer, Latin III student of
Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Io diddle diddle
Feles et fides
Vacca trans lunam saluit
Canis parvus risit
Videre talem ludum
Et patina cum cochleari discessit

When it Came to Art, It Was
Like Greek, Like Roman

By Erin Gwilt, Latin IV student of Dr. Charles Gilliam,
Tabb High School, Yorktown, Virginia

The Romans produced many different types of artwork, with their most famous genres being sculpture and mosaics. It's no secret that many facets of Roman culture were borrowed from Greek society, and the arts were certainly no exception.

When it came to sculpting the human figure, artists working for the Romans imitated the Greek style of sculpture but used it for their own purposes. While the Greeks wanted sculpture to portray figures from their religion and myths, the Romans used it to heroicize or even deify their military and political leaders.

In Flavian portrait statues, the Hellenistic methods were employed to allow for the full play of light and dark across the marble. The eyes were not fully carved. Instead they were recessed so that the shadows could suggest the pupil and iris.

Mosaics were used to adorn the floors and walls of many houses and buildings throughout the Roman Empire.

At first, mosaics were used strictly to adorn floors, and in early Greek buildings they were made out of small pebbles or stones to stand up to the heavy wear that they received daily. When mosaics began to be used to embellish Roman walls, they were made using small cubes of marble or glass called *tesserae*. This art form continued into the late Roman Empire when Early Christian and Byzantine artists used such *tesserae* to decorate the floors, walls and even ceilings of churches. *Tesserae* provided a wider range of colors than natural stone and allowed artists to create the illusion of three dimensions.

Fine mosaics, especially a style called *vermiculate* which used very thin, curved *tesserae*, began to resemble paintings and each *tessera* was treated as a separate brush stroke. When used on floors, mosaic back-grounds were kept as solid planes of color to keep the walking surface intact.

Roman mosaics, in which the *tesserae* were set in very durable concrete, held up well over the centuries, and many of them are still extant today.



In Stellarum Luce

By Mat Marchlinger, Latin III student of
Margaret Curran, Orchard Park High School,
Orchard Park, New York

Sol est pulcherrimus,
Sed herba erat omnium tenerima
In stellarum luce ante primam horam.

Invocation to Muses—An Update

By Natalie Jones, Sixth grade Latin student of Sara
Solberg, Rutgers Preparatory School, Somerset, N. J.

Oh, Natarco, Muse of Swimming, Help! Help me
describe the coldness of the water. Come swim by my
side and trail at my feet. Help me so you can inspire
me and direct my words to fit the description.

BIRDHOUSE IN YOUR SOUL

by

They Might Be Giants

Translated into Latin by Richard Sutherland, Latin I
student of Dr. Elliott T. Egan, Ben Franklin H. S.,
New Orleans, Louisiana

Cavea in Tuā Animā

Sum tuus amicus solus,
Non sum tuus amicus solus,
Sed sum parvus amicus candens,
Sed vere non sum in re amicus tuus,
Sed sum...

Caerulea fringilla Canaria in exitu prope luminis
moderamen,
Qui pro te invigilat?
Fac parvam caveam in animā tuā.
Ne in eo nimis tenuem quaestionem ponas,
Dic me esse solum apem in redimiculo tuo.
Fac parvam caveam in animā tuā.

Habeo secretum narrandum,
E meo puteo electrico.
Nuntium simplex est,
Et fistulas tintinnabulaque omitto.
Ergo ego conclavi auscultandus sum
Vigilanter blaterans.
Nomen mihi est caerulea fringilla Canaria,
Et unum verbum I-I-I-e scriptum.
Fabula mea est infinita,
Sicut "Longuines" Symphonia Parva,
Non cessat.

Caerulea fringilla Canaria in exitu prope luminis
moderamen,
Qui pro te invigilat?
Fac parvam caveam in animā tuā.
Ne in eo nimis tenuem quaestionem ponas,
Dic me esse solum apem in redimiculo tuo.
Fac parvam caveam in animā tuā.

Sum tuus amicus solus,
Non sum tuus amicus solus,
Sed sum parvus amicus candens,
Sed vere non sum in re amicus tuus,
Sed sum...

Est pictura contra me
Mei generis prisci
Quod stetit in litoribus saxosis
Et litora naufragis vacua servavit.
Quamquam istud multum observo,
Si illud meum negotium sit, cum ignominia dimittat
Post Jasonem interfeci
Et innumerabiles Argonauticos ululantes.
Benevolentiae avis caerulea,
Sicut angeli servantes,
Propinqua semper est.

Caerulea fringilla Canaria in exitu prope luminis
moderamen,
Qui pro te invigilat?
Fac parvam caveam in animā tuā.
Ne in eo nimis tenuem quaestionem ponas,
Dic me esse solum apem in redimiculo tuo.
Fac parvam caveam in animā tuā.

Dum facis,
Noctis lumen incensum serva
Intra caveam in animā tuā.
Ne in eo nimis tenuem quaestionem ponas,
Dic me esse solum apem in redimiculo tuo.
Fac parvam caveam in animā tuā.

How About That!

An Imaginary Toga Tale

Created by Adam Libove, Latin III student of
Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin High School,
Fort Washington, Pennsylvania

Before the *Pax Romana*, Julius Caesar, the Roman republic—even before the city-states of Italy ever thought about uniting, a small town called Olivetium, flourished in a bountiful olive grove.

In the early days of the city, Gaius Laconius, one of the towns most respected elders, had made a pact with Saturn. He pledged that for as long as the town existed, the villagers would always honor Saturn. In return, Laconius asked that the town of Olivetium be granted ideal weather for olive cultivation.

Now, most of the townspeople of Olivetium made their living from these olive trees. Olives presented many business opportunities, and work was plentiful. Nearly all the townspeople were either olive-pickers, olive-pressers, olive-planters, olive-oil bottlers, or olive-picker supervisors. None of the villages neighboring Olivetium enjoyed as much agricultural wealth as did this small town. And so, over time, Olivetium became one of the chief olive-exporting cities in all of Italy.

Olive trading brought immense wealth to the townspeople, even to those who were very low on the production ladder. After only five years of prosperous olive trade, all the townspeople could afford to sublet their daily labors to other people, thereby providing free time for themselves.

After twenty years of this new care-free, hedonistic life-style, the townspeople had forgotten about the perpetual honor owed to Saturn that made their present wealth possible.

And so it came to pass that, one year, on the day before the great feast of *Saturnalia*, (the real meaning of which had been overshadowed by commercialism) the town was buzzing with anticipation. The forum was packed with people shopping for those things essential for gala celebrations: the finest clothes, freshest fruits and vegetables, the choicest meats and the oldest, most perfectly-aged wines. Vendors cried, "Chickens, only three *denarii*! Get your fat chicken here!"

In anticipation of the huge celebrations, all the townspeople prepared their intricate outfits. The ladies of the town crowded around the booths of merchants who dealt with goods from Egypt, Crete and Greece.

These shrewd businessmen yelled, "You want 'em, I got 'em. Silk dresses straight from Egypt. They're the newest rage in Alexandria. In Athens, a gal wouldn't be caught dead in the street without one of these beauties. Get one here for a measly one hundred *denarii*."

Women wore huge, burdensome gowns with layer upon layer of the most expensive silk. Men wore great capes made from the hides of unicorns. In fact, it was the great demand for these outfits that caused the unicorn to become extinct!

Now, one of the townspeople in Olivetium was named Marcus Quintus Antonius. He was a simple apprentice to an olive-picker. He had only begun work recently and had not yet amassed his fortune. He had no such finery as the other townspeople to wear to the *Saturnalia* festival events. Antonius, however, did not want to miss the excitement, so he simply wore his usual working outfit which was a simple piece of cloth covering half his chest and hanging down to his knees. Workmen called these outfits their *togae*.

On the eve of *Saturnalia*, women spent hours getting dressed and hours more painting their faces with a kind of pigment derived from fruit—an ancient precursor to makeup. The men needed the help of their *cubicularii* to put their unicorn suits on because the hides were so heavy.

Antonius had just finished work and was walking through town toward the forum where the merry-making was just beginning. The other townspeople, dressed in their most expensive finery, rejoiced in princely fashion while enjoying delectable imported entrees.

The great god Saturn, however, did not appreciate the way he continued to be neglected by the ingrates of Olivetium. He decided that this would be the perfect night to get even with the townspeople for breaking

No Skateboarding in the Forum

By Dylan Sanders-Self, a Bayview Elementary School 6th grade student being tutored by Jiani Peterson, teacher at Mt. Madonna School, Santa Cruz, California

It was a Sunday afternoon and my mom and dad wanted to go to the museum. I wanted to go skateboarding, but there was an exhibit called The Forum they wanted me to see, and they said I could skateboard in the parking lot after, so I went. When we got to the museum, I had to go to the restroom so I told my family I would meet them inside. When I left the restroom, I found two large doors that I assumed led into the museum. I entered and immediately felt that I was in the wrong place.

Instead of having entered the museum, I found myself inside a bustling civic center. I still had my skateboard which my mom had told me I would have to check at the cloakroom once I got in the museum. As I looked around the civic center, I had this urge to skate around those giant columns surrounding the large open space in front of me, but, I thought for sure there'd be signs saying, "No Skateboarding," so I didn't even try. As I looked around some more, I saw stalls set up like in an open air market. There were statues of men on horseback. I looked for my mom and dad or a security guard, but all I could see were people wearing tunics and togas. Everyone seemed busy, walking with friends, talking and doing business at the market stalls. I decided to move closer to the stalls to see if this was some kind of a museum shop. Merchants were selling ironware, pincers, knives, and hammers. One merchant noticed me and called out, "Salve." Latin! He was talking Latin and pointing at my board. I knew a little Latin from school, but I was frightened and ran away into the crowd. I finally worked my way into a large group standing before a public bulletin board hung across the pedestal of a statue. The notice read, *NONNE • AEDILE • IUVENES • CESSANTES • IN • FORO • PROHIBERE • POTEST*. Once I figured out the notice was saying something about stopping young people from doing something in the forum, I knew I might be in trouble. I wasn't sure, but it sounded like someone didn't like skateboarders. I felt strangely dizzy and turned away. I finally saw a boy about my age sitting in a doorway and I thought I would try my Latin out to see what I could learn.

"Ubi sum?" I asked.
He sneered at me and said, "Pompeii, stulte!" This was getting to be too much. I figured I must have wandered into a special Pompeii exhibit or something. Well, if this was supposed to be Pompeii, I certainly was no *stultus*. I had just gotten a 90% on our last Pompeii quiz, and I knew a little about what should be here if

this was some kind of a museum recreation. I looked to the far end of the forum, and sure enough there were the ruins of the damaged temple of Jupiter, Juno and Minerva. Behind me were the offices of the *duoviri* and the *aediles* so I decided to see if I could find the office of weights and measurements back in the forum. It was a little office, but it looked really cool. All I got were stern looks from the staff in there so I figured it was time to try and find my mom and dad again.

Then I saw a large platform in the center of the forum. A man in a bright white toga had just finished giving a talk and he was coming down. I got an idea. I dropped my skateboard, pushed off, and oiled up the steps, shouting, "Has anybody seen my mom and dad?" Everyone looked at me like I was speaking a foreign language. So I decided to play their game and try again in Latin. "Ubi sunt pater..."

All of a sudden, these two guys grabbed my arms and I grabbed my board. They dragged me back to a building I recognized as the *basilica* from reconstructed drawings we had in our classroom. I spoke to a man called a *duovir* who said something I didn't understand about a *tribunal*, but I figured the message was "No Skateboarding in the Forum!"

In defense I said, "Sed quaero patrem..."

"Barbarus es. Lares te irascuntur," he interrupted.

"Qui sunt Lares?" I returned, getting more daring.

"Lares Pompeios tuerentur," was the reply.

Of course, the *Lares* and *Penates*. I knew that.

I finally managed a meek, "Me poenitet."

With a final warning of "Noli iterum in tribunal ascendere" they let me go back into the forum. Lots of people were still walking about, but there was no one I recognized. Finally, a guy carrying a *caduceus* appeared next to me and whispered, "Desideratne patrem matremque videre vel plus urbis?"

"Desidero patrem matremque!" I shouted and then added, "Quis es tu?"

"Mercurius sum," he replied. "Te statim reportabo."

In the blink of an eye, I was back at the museum entrance. I didn't see my mom and dad, but I did see the cloakroom. I was so happy. I quickly checked my board and vowed that I would never skateboard in a forum again!

Interlinear Haiku

Camilla Anthony, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

A Time of the Year
Anni Tempus
Changing Colors
Colores Mutantes
Leaves Falling On The Ground
Folia Humi Cadunt
The Season Is Fall
Tempus Est Autumnus

Laconius' ancient bond and forgetting to give him honor. He summoned an enormous tiger from the nearby woods and sent it into the forum to maim, kill and feed on the townspeople. When the tiger began bounding through the tents and knocking over all the food tables, the townspeople were too heavily burdened with their ostentatious clothing to be able to run away from the hungry beast. In fact, the only person able to flee successfully from the tiger was Antonius. Unimpeded by his simple *toga*, he quickly departed leaving the townspeople to their certain fate.

As word of the tragedy of Olivetium spread from town to town, everyone was impressed with the fact that the only survivor had been wearing a simple workman's *toga*. So it wasn't long before this became the most popular garment in all of *Italia*.

People, of course, being human, are basically vain, and it wasn't long before new, more elaborate styles of *togae* were designed as neighbors tried to outdo each other to show off their wealth and social status. This, in turn, led to the *toga* becoming the cumbersome garment it was during the Roman Empire.

Beluarum Rex

By G.W. Jones, Latin III student of Margaret Curran,
Orchard Park High School, Orchard Park, New York.

Leo
validus, magnus.
Fremat, pugnat, occidit.
Rex silvarum est.
Leo

Catulli Carmen III

From the point of view of a fictional girl
in love with Catullus

By Wendy "Agrippina" Wallace, Latin III student of
Mary L. Carroll, Northeastern High School,
Elizabeth, North Carolina

Something in The Way

There's a guy I love;
yet there is a girl
in the way.
This girl is full of pride.
I need him to survive;
she has to step aside.
My love for him can't be denied.
With her in the way
I'm in a bind.
His eyes are bright;
they light up with a sparkle.
If I can't have him, my feelings die,
yet deep inside my heart
resides the need
to see him again.

Adventure in Script Writing

Run For Love and Hate

By Amanda Colgan, 9th grade Latin student of Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

FADE IN:

EXT. - MOUNTAIN SIDE - DAY

NATURE SOUNDS are heard in the background as APOLLO and CUPID sit on a mountainside talking. Apollo is seated on a rock, and young Cupid is seated on a nearby tree branch. Cupid starts playing with Apollo's bow and arrows. After a couple seconds Apollo notices and becomes angry.

APOLLO

Put those down! My bow and arrows are great weapons, not toys for you.

Apollo quickly grabs the arrows from Cupid.

Stick to your own baby bow and arrows, little boy.

CUPID

Picking up his own bow and arrows.

I will do as you say, Apollo. But know this: my arrows can wound the heart of the strongest being, even yours.

With this threat, Apollo starts laughing loudly while Cupid flies to the top of the mountain.

CUT TO:

EXT. - TOP OF MOUNTAIN - DAY

With a determined look on his face, Cupid pulls two arrows out of his quiver: one with a lead tip, which causes whomever is hit with it to run from any lover, and one with a gold tip, which brings unquenchable love to whomever it hits. He pulls back his bow and shoots the lead arrow at DAPHNE, a nymph hunting in the woods.

FADE TO:

EXT. - FOREST NEAR RIVER BANK - DAY

Daphne flinches suddenly as the arrow (invisible to her) pierces her heart. Immediately she runs to a nearby river, which is really her father, the river god, PENEUS. Daphne kneels beside the river.

DAPHNE

Please, father, promise me you will never make me marry against my will. Let me be free to roam the forest forever by myself.

Peneus has a reluctant tone in his voice as he speaks.

PENEUS

All right Daphne, I give you my word that I will never force you to marry.

With a look of relief, Daphne runs off into the forest again.

FADE TO:

EXT. - TOP OF MOUNTAIN - DAY

Cupid now shoots the golden tipped arrow at Apollo as Daphne runs into sight.

CUPID

Ha! We shall see whose arrows are stronger now, Apollo.

With these words Cupid flies out of sight.

FADE TO:

EXT. - EDGE OF FOREST - DAY

Apollo now flinches with the impact of the arrow to his heart. Looking up slowly he sees Daphne. Daphne has not yet noticed him and stands still catching her breath. Apollo calls out loudly to Daphne as he runs toward her.

APOLLO

Hello there! Who might you be?

Daphne, startled, sees Apollo running toward her and sprints back toward the woods. Apollo continues to run after her. Daphne picks up speed and begins running as fast as she can. Apollo does the same to try to keep up with her. They race with a large distance separating them. Apollo stretches his arms toward Daphne as he continues to call to her.

APOLLO

Wait, young maiden! I am in love with you! Oh, please slow your pace so that I might talk to you!

Daphne is out of breath as she yells behind her to Apollo.

DAPHNE

I do not wish to marry! Please leave me alone!

Apollo continues to chase Daphne.

APOLLO

But I love you! I cannot explain my love, but my heart aches with longing to have you as my wife.

DAPHNE

I will never be yours, or anyone's!

The chase continues as they run through the forest dodging trees and rocks. Slowly Apollo starts to gain on Daphne as she begins to tire. Daphne is running toward a high hill which overlooks her father's river. Gasping for air, she keeps running using every bit of strength left. Apollo is gaining as he runs up behind her, still pleading with her to stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. - RIVER BANK - DAY

Daphne finally reaches the top of the hill overlooking the river and with a sigh of exhaustion she stretches her arms out for help as she cries out loudly.

DAPHNE

Father, keep your promise to me and help me get away from this man who intends marriage! Please help me, father, for he is getting closer.

As these words leave her mouth she begins to change. Small roots shoot out from her feet and become fixed to the ground. A thin layer of bark begins to wrap itself around her legs and body. Her arms begin morphing into thin branches as leaves sprout from her fingertips. Her hair morphs into a mass of green leaves. A thin layer of bark begins moving over the cheek of her face toward her mouth as she struggles to speak.

DAPHNE

Thank you, Father.

With a cry of pain-filled grief, Apollo runs up to the maiden being transformed before him. As he wraps his arms around her bark-encased waste from behind, he slowly falls to his knees.

APOLLO

Why have you refused me, my love?

With a moan of heartbreak, Apollo slides down to the ground and covers his face with his hands as he begins to cry. After a while he stops and notices that he is clutching handfuls of laurel leaves.

APOLLO (Cont.)

I can still possess a part of you, my beloved. I shall make the laurel tree my sacred tree. Heroes and athletes will be adorned with crowns of your leaves and I shall make a harp for myself from your branches and trunk. I shall always remember you as my true love, my Daphne.

Apollo pauses as a look of awful comprehension slowly moves across his face. He then lets out a cry of despair.

APOLLO (Cont.)

I understand you now, Cupid! How can you be so cruel? With your arrows you wounded my heart and that of Daphne. You have caused me this pain of love and loss.

Apollo continues to bellow as he shakes with frustration and grief.

FADE OUT.

Bad Boy

By Angela Coronado, Regents Latin III student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park High School, Orchard Park, New York

Puer,
crudelis, molestus.
Vexat, necat, nocet.
Malus adolescens,
Puer.

Let's Do Rome

By Lauren Roth, Latin I student of Andrienne Nilsen, St. John Vianney Regional H. S., Hoboken, N. J.

Rome - Visiting Rome anytime soon? This is certainly the right place for sight-seeing.

As beautiful as Rome is to visit, however, it can also be a lesson in history unto itself.

The Baths of Caracalla represent one of the largest buildings ever constructed in Rome. They were named after one of the Roman emperors, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, who was called Caracalla from the name of a hooded Gallic garment he forced all plebeians who came to court to wear. The Arch of Septimius Severus, in the *Forum Romanum*, was named after his father, Lucius Septimius Severus, also a Roman emperor. The Baths of Caracalla were public baths and the Arch of Septimius was a big archway near the end of the *Sacra Via*.

Rome, of course, is the capitol of modern-day Italy. It sits on the banks of the Tiber River which runs through the city.

Another interesting place to visit is the Pantheon. This was a temple dedicated to all of the Roman gods. It was built between A.D. 118 and 128 by the Roman Emperor Hadrian, replacing a smaller temple built by Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa in 27 B.C. Close by is Trajan's Column, named after the emperor Marcus Ulpius Trajanus who commemorated his military victories in Dacia and Mesopotamia by erecting this column in the middle of his newly built forum in A.D. 106. The relief carvings spiraling around this column detail the history of these two military campaigns.

Of course, there is also the Colosseum, perhaps the most famous structure in the world. This structure was begun by the Emperor Vespasian, dedicated by Titus, Vespasian's older son who succeeded him, and completed by Titus' brother, the Emperor Domitian.

All in all, there are plenty of beautiful landscapes and parks, amazing buildings, arches, columns, and museums here in Rome, which, in itself, is a huge outdoor museum displaying more than 2,000 years of history.

Benvenuto!

Demeter's Grudge

A modern myth By Melissa DeFrances, Latin I student of Beth Lloyd, George Washington Middle School, Wayne, N. J.

Have you ever wondered what caused the Ice Age? Have you heard all those scientific facts that a meteor hit the earth and caused a tremendous dust cloud? Well, now you will learn the rest of the story. You see, while many people tell stories about Demeter, they always leave out one very important detail, which will soon be revealed.

First let's review the basic Demeter story-line. One day, Demeter, a lovely goddess, was talking to her daughter Persephone about Persephone's desire to go out to paint the flowers different colors. You see, Demeter was the goddess of the crops, and her daughter was in charge of the flowers. Persephone wanted ever so much to paint the flowers different colors, but her mother kept saying, "No." Demeter said that she had a strange feeling, and she did not want Persephone to go out.

Persephone, however, insisted until she got her way. Then she took a paint brush and paint and went into the meadow. As she painted the flowers in the meadow, she noticed that there was a bush out of place. As everyone knows, she pulled the bush out; Hades came out and took her to the underworld. At this point the story usually says that Demeter found out about the kidnapping, got mad and told Zeus. When Zeus did nothing, Demeter took matters into her own hands.

Now, this is the part that story-tellers usually leave out. Winter, you see, is only what's left over from what Demeter really did to the world because Persephone had been kidnapped. The truth is that she made it so cold that the oceans froze and ice covered most of the planet. Because she was very good at holding a grudge, the Ice Age lasted a very long time. Of course, back then they didn't call it the "Ice Age." They just called it "Demeter's Grudge." And now you know the rest of the story!



Cara Matrona,

My name is Onesima. I hope you will not consider it beneath you to help me even though I am a slave. Before my family was enslaved in *Gruecia* my *yojtno* took great pride in the fact that she had taught me how to read and write, weave and play the lyre. She always told me that I was very intelligent. Following our enslavement, our family was split up, and I was purchased to be an *atriensis* by my *dominus*, *Pinarus Cerealis*. Matrona, I am no *stulta*, but my new *domina* has a way of always losing her temper and pulling my hair or tearing my *tunica* whenever I make a mistake because she doesn't speak clearly or doesn't carefully explain what she wants.

Just for example, the other day my *domina* was sitting in her *cubiculum* next to her little *trippus*. She was just finishing up having her hair curled with *calamistra*. She didn't even look up at me. She just sort of mumbled, "Get the *trulla*!" When I came back with a ladle, she yelled at me and said, "Stulta, what do I want with this? Bring me the *trulla* right now!" So I went to the *coquina* and told her that *domina* wanted the *trulla*. She gave me a little bowl with a strainer in it. When I took this to *domina*, she slapped me and screamed, "Get the *trulla* or I'll have you whipped, *stultissima*!" Then I remembered that I had once heard someone in our house refer to the pan in a nightstool as a *trulla*, so I looked through a few rooms until I found one, and hurried back to my *domina* with it. This time she yanked my hair and just started screaming, "If you don't bring the *trulla*, I'm gonna make you carry these

hot coals out of here in your bare hands!"

Matrona, how was I to know that the *trulla* she wanted was the fire basket? I know I'm just a slave girl, and that I should adjust to any treatment that my *domina* thinks I deserve, but if there's something I can do to avoid getting into trouble, I'm certainly willing to try it. Please help me if you can.

Onesima
Pompeia

Carissima Onesima,

As your name suggests, you truly are a "loyal" *atriensis* since you do want to please your *dominus* and *domina*. I know that when Latin is not your native tongue, it is very frustrating to understand everything that people mean when they tell you to do something. Since you are very smart, what you need to do is to take a minute to figure out what your *domina* and *dominus* are talking about even when they don't speak clearly or when they use words that can mean more than one thing. If you're still not sure, you might risk saying exactly what you are planning to do as you leave so they can correct you right away if you have misunderstood them. For instance, you should have been able to figure out that your *domina* was just finishing heating her *calamistra* and now needed to move the hot coals back to the *culina*. Just to be sure, you could have said something like, "Yes, *matrona*, I'll be right back so I can get those *carbunculi* out of here as soon as possible." If she had meant something different by *trulla*, she would have probably yelled at you right then, but the confusion might have been straightened out before you got your hair pulled.

Remember, a good *atriensis* is always one step ahead of her *dominus* or *domina*. She learns to think like them and to anticipate their every need before they themselves even know that they are going to need something. That way, you'll know what they are trying to say even when they mutter, use a confusing word, or even have a little *lapsus linguae*. Remember, your *dominus* and *domina* are always right. You are, after all, an *atriensis*. You belong to them and they can do whatever they like with you. If you are truly as smart as you say you are, however, you can learn to live quite pleasantly as part of their *familia*. Just try harder.

The Legionary Fortress

By Keeley Boyer, Latin III student of Mary Lou Carroll, Northeastern High School, Elizabeth City, North Carolina

All Roman legionary fortresses were built with the same standard design. This design enabled legions to have the same types of protection for the same number of soldiers. While there were many advantages to the design of these fortresses, there were also potential disadvantages.

A legionary fortress was like a town all to itself. It covered about 50-60 acres. Sleeping quarters for 5,000-6,000 men occupied most of the space. If any potential dangers were to threaten, the soldiers would be right there for defense. This was an advantage. The Headquarters, hospital (*valetudinarium*) and supply- and artillery-storage units were all grouped in the center of the fort so that little harm would come to them if enemies were to attack.



A modern-day Roman reenactor next to his authentic leather tent.

Another advantage of having the same design for every fort was that each fort could be built in a very short time. If there were no changes made in the design of the fort, the builders could get used to building the same fort and could build it with ease and agility. This way there could be more troops occupying areas for more protection. It would have taken longer to build a differently designed fort each time.

The disadvantage of having the chief buildings all in the same place were that if an enemy were to break into the fort and attack that particular area, then almost all the leadership and supplies would be lost. Towers surrounded the fort, defendable gates were built into the walls (*valla*), and ditches (*fossae*) were used to keep out the enemy.

If all Roman legionary forts were built with this same basic design, then any enemy that studied the layout of the Roman legionary fort would know exactly where to hit to make an effective attack. Modern security measures might have suggested that there should've been changes made in every fort. For instance, the strong room (*thesaurus*), in which the money was kept, should not have always been located near the shrine (*aedulum*) in every fort because the enemy troops would know exactly where to find it.

An image of an eagle (*aquila*) with outstretched wings on the top of a pole was kept in the *aedulum*. It represented the "spirit of the legion." The *aquifer*, or eagle-bearer, was the man chosen to carry the "spirit of the legion" into battle. Though this man and the *aquila* were held at a position of great dignity, they were also very vulnerable. The eagle-bearer was at a disadvantage during battle because he had to use both hands to carry the eagle.

Overall, legionary forts had both good and bad points to consider. While they could be set up quickly and easily, their predictability could have endangered Roman troops since an observant enemy would know the layout of any fort once he became familiar with one.

Umbrellas (Continued a Pagina Prima)

There are pine trees everywhere in Rome, on the Aventine and Palatine, in the villas and parks, in the Vatican Gardens, along the glamorous *Via Veneto*, down obscure back streets.

From the terrace of the apartment I used to rent, high atop the Janiculum Hill, I could look down upon a billowing mass of dark umbrella pines which perfectly complimented the pink and ochre buildings of the neighborhood. On summer nights, when moonlight enfolds these thick groves, my wife and I loved to stroll the Janiculum and hear the sweet song of the nightingale, whose natural habitat is the umbrella pine.

Perhaps the most beautiful specimens of this tree are to be found in the *Villa Borghese* and out among the fragmented tombs on the Appian Way. At least these are the ones that inspired Respighi's symphony, *The Pines of Rome*.

The fashionable *Villa Borghese* with its cool air and redolence of the pines attracts strollers and lovers from dawn to dusk. Others come to share a picnic lunch in the refreshing shade of these parasols of Mother Nature. These trees also shield children at play from the scorching Mediterranean sun, as they have done for generations past and will do for generations still unborn.



Umbrella pines along the Appian Way

The umbrella pines filter the sun's rays gently through their needles and prepare beneath their branches just the right light for the statues and busts and columns that ornament *Villa Borghese* and all the other parks. Thanks to the presence of these stately trees, these oases of green offer outdoor air-conditioning even on the sultriest of days.

And outside the Aurelian Wall, the Appian Way's rows of tall brooding pines give the Roman *campagna* its uniquely evocative and poetic quality. They blend in harmoniously here with their evergreen cousins—the funeral cypresses—that also flank the ancient highway, and with the road's rough-hewn paving blocks of basalt.

Working in Rome in 1864 on his play *A Doll's House*, Henrik Ibsen so loved the grace and grandeur of this scene that he confessed in a letter to a friend, "How glorious nature is out here! Both in form and in color there is an indescribable harmony. I often lie for half a day among the tombs and pines of the old Appian Road and I do not think this idling can be called a waste of time." Twenty centuries earlier another writer, Horace, also sang the praises of this same rural vignette.

Whenever I contemplate the simple beauty of a particular umbrella pine tree here in Rome—and I find myself doing just that quite often—the opening lines of Joyce Kilmer's immortal poem, which I learned as a schoolboy a half century ago, take on a more literal meaning:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree."

Reflections on Italy—A Journal

By Tricia DelBove, Latin III student of
Katherine A. Sullivan, Oakmont Regional H. S., Ashburnham, Mass.



From the balcony of the Hotel Conca Park, the view of the Bay of Naples is spectacular, one might even say breathtaking. The hotel is positioned on a cliff side and gives an aerial view of the town of Sorrento and, across the great, glittering bay as if rising from the sea itself, Mount Vesuvius. On this day, Vesuvius' peak is hidden in clouds and so it seems to extend from the sea into the sky. One would never know this calm mountain ever showed fiery red. When looking at it, one sees not the volcano of A.D. 79 but a still, placid mountain.

My ponderings are interrupted by Magistra's voice, awestruck and excited. I turn to see her stepping onto the balcony. She points, extending her arm, and

exclaims, "Look at that view of Vesuvius. It's unbelievable!" A moment later she asserts, "Pliny stood here, right on this very spot!"

At that moment, my eyes begin to deceive me. I see Pliny the Elder, curious and unafraid, sailing across the bay. He seems completely unaware that his investigation of this miraculous occurrence could result in his death. I see the lava ablaze like fireworks and winding down the volcano's walls in steady flows. I see the smoke and ash that will bury Pompeii.

I had, in fact, just visited Pompeii this morning, but only now do I fully realize what my eyes beheld. I will never look at Mount Vesuvius the same way again.

The Eyes of Homer

A fanciful tale by Albert Chan, Latin II student of
Larry Suele, Norman H. S., Norman, Oklahoma

Many people know the stories called *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* by Homer. But not very many people know that Homer was blind. Homer was not blind when he was a child or through most of his youth. He was a very inquisitive boy. As Homer grew, he became well-educated and liked to tell stories and write poems. At the age of eighteen, Homer left home to explore the world.

One day, Homer was exploring and found a very large cave. He was curious about what could be in the cave and decided to go in for a look. Homer found goat furs, bones and sealed containers lying in the cave. As he was looking around, he tripped over a stack of scrolls hidden under some straw. Homer looked at the scrolls and decided to read them. There were no titles with titles or authors' names. While Homer was reading them, he got more interested and ended up reading them for three days straight. During those three days, he did not even stop to eat or drink. The scrolls told a story about a man who had been in a war in which the gods had been involved and then had traveled many years to return home.

Toward the end of the third day, Hermes happened to stop by the cave to check on the things that he had been told to hide in there over the years. Zeus had wanted the scrolls hidden because he did not think that the story they told portrayed the gods in a very favorable light. When Hermes saw Homer reading the scrolls, he went straight to Zeus and told him that a man had entered the cave and was reading the secret scrolls. Zeus was furious when he heard the news and decided to send the Harpies to tear out Homer's eyes and destroy the scrolls so no one would ever know they existed. When Homer finally finished reading and walked out of the cave, thousands of Harpies came down from the sky and tore out his eyes before ripping the scrolls to shreds. Homer shouted with pain, but, amazingly, the pain stopped as soon as the Harpies left.

Homer knew that the gods were responsible for his pain and he was furious at them. He suspected that the gods had not wanted anyone to know about the story that he had read in the scrolls. Homer decided to get even by retelling the story to as many people as would listen at dinner parties and during long winter evenings. Homer knew that the gods could not send Harpies to blind everyone who heard the story because that would mean that millions of people would hate the gods and would not worship them anymore.

Going For the Burn

By Laurence Weinstein, Latin I student of
Mary Jane Koonz, Upper Dublin High School,
Fort Washington, Pennsylvania

Phidippides
fortis, obstinatus,
Cucurrit, dixit, mortuus est.
In aeternum vivet
Marathon.



Jayme Margolin, dressed in a tunic and representing her school's S.P.Q.R. Latin Club, offers *Pollus Gallinaceus Varius* to visitors during International Night.



Pullus Gallinaceus Varius
"Colorful Chicken"

Submitted by S.P.Q.R. Latin Club students of
Mary Jane Koonz, Upper Dublin H.S.,
Fort Washington, Pennsylvania



Jayme Margolin, Matt Lukens, and Steven Kang get ready for International Night by preparing *Chicken Varius* in Magistra Koonz's *culina*.

Res Commiscendae:

2/3 Tbls. olive oil
1 large onion, chopped
1 carrot, chopped
2 stalks celery, chopped
2 two-pound chickens, disjointed
Garnish bouquet: 2 leeks, 4 sprigs parsley, 4 crushed coriander seeds, 4 peppercorns, 1/2 teaspoon summer savory – all tied together in cheesecloth
salt/pepper
1 cup dry white wine

SAUCE:

2 Tbls. pine nuts, pounded to a paste
2 Tbls. olive oil
2 Tbls. flour
2 egg yolks
1 cup heavy cream
2 Tbls. lemon juice
1 Tbl. dry sherry

Modus Parandi:

Heat oil in a wide casserole with a cover. Simmer the onion, carrot and celery until soft but not brown. Add chicken, garnish bouquet, 1 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper, wine and enough water to cover. Simmer chicken covered until tender – about 40 minutes. Strain off broth, reserving 1 1/2 cups. Keep chicken warm and make the sauce.

SAUCE:

Pound the pine nuts and add to 1 1/2 cups reserved broth. Heat oil and add the flour, stirring for about 2 minutes. Add the broth mixture and stir over low heat until smooth and thickened. Simmer for 15 minutes over very low heat. Beat egg yolks into cream; gradually add some hot sauce, stirring constantly. Return to pan and stir until very hot. Add lemon juice. Season to taste. Add sherry just before serving.

Serves 4 to 6.



FAMOUS BEATLE SONGS

Submitted by Tyson Fujikawa and Drew McCalmont,
Latin I students of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

- I. AMA ME, FAC
- II. MANUM TUAM AMPLERI DESIDERO
- III. HERI
- IV. FIAT
- V. QUANDO LXIV ANNOS NATUS SUM
- VI. FRAGORUM CAMPI
- VII. DIES IN VITA
- VIII. FLAVA NAVIS SUBMERSA
- IX. PUPA, CARRUM MEUM REGERE TIBI LICET
- X. AUXILIO PARVO AB AMICIS MEIS

Scrambled Authors

Submitted by Justin Gvozdas and Susie Caldwell,
Latin III students of Cheravon Davidson,
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Match a literary title with each unscrambled author.

- | | |
|----------|---------------------|
| 1. _____ | A. Ab Urbe Condita |
| 2. _____ | B. De Amicitia |
| 3. _____ | C. De Bello Gallico |
| 4. _____ | D. Menaechni |
| 5. _____ | E. Metamorphoses |
| | F. Miser Passer |
| | G. Georgicae |
| | H. De Architectura |
| | I. Noctes Atticae |
| | J. Res Gestae |



Submitted by Dana Hill, Latin II student of Larry Steele, West Mid-High School, Norman, Oklahoma

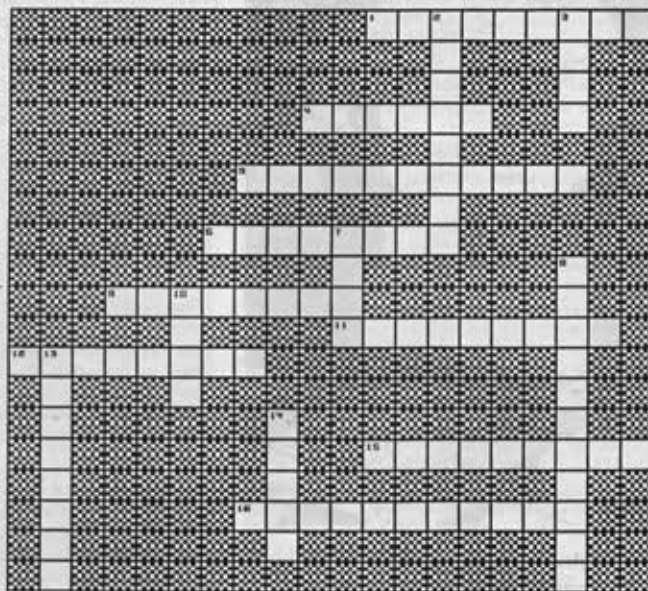
Bellum Troianum

ACROSS

1. Whirlpool encountered by Ulysses
4. Author of the Roman epic which deals, in part, with the Trojan War
5. Priam's murderer
6. Helen's first husband
9. Homer's Trojan War epic (2 wds.)
11. Greek commander-in-chief
12. Paris tended his sheep on its slopes (2 wds.)
15. Aged supreme Trojan leader (2 wds.)
16. Wife of #15

DOWN

2. Flashy Greek champion with a grudge
3. Aeneas' final fling before marrying Lavinia
7. Helenae mater
8. First Greek killed at Troy after being the first to leap onto the Trojan shore



10. Uninvited wedding guest who started the series of events that led to the Trojan War
13. Greek draft dodger who feigned madness
14. Divine lover of Anchises

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Spooky Titles

By Jimmy Crocker-Lakness, Latin II student of Kelly Kusch, Covington Latin School, Covington, Ky.

Fabulae Terrentes

1. Fabula de Cavo Somnuculo
2. Scarabaeus Aureus
3. Usheri Domus Lapsus
4. Fovea Pendulumque
5. Feles Atra
6. Corvus

Picturae Moventes Quae Terrent

7. Aves
8. Felis Oculis
9. Mortuorum Viventium Nox
10. Versipellis
11. Ululatus
12. Veneris Dies a.d. III. Id. Oct.
13. Somnium Tumultuosum in Ulmorum Via
14. Excitator Infernus
15. Monstrum e Lacuna Atra
16. Maxillae

Job Search

Submitted by Emily Iles, Latin I student of Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Match each item with the professional who uses it.

- | | |
|-----------|------------------|
| 1. _____ | A. Calcei Mullei |
| 2. _____ | B. Malleus |
| 3. _____ | C. Nummi |
| 4. _____ | D. Flores |
| 5. _____ | E. Fasciae |
| 6. _____ | F. Dissimulatio |
| 7. _____ | G. Fasces |
| 8. _____ | H. Scopae |
| 9. _____ | I. Calamus |
| 10. _____ | J. Flagellum |



CLASSIC CULT FILMS

Submitted by Marcella Prima and Davus Primus,
Latin II students of Cheravon Davidson,
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

- I. PICTURARUM SPECTACULUM DE HORRORE SAXOSO
- II. MONTIUS PYTHON ET POCULUM SANCTUM
- III. HOROLOGI AUTOMATUM LUTEUM
- IV. MUNDI HISTORIA
- V. ITER AD ORBEM LACTEUM ILLIUS QUI CARRO ALIENO VEHATUR
- VI. MONTI PYTHONIS "BRIANI VITA"
- VII. MUSCA ILLA
- VIII. TENEBRARUM EXERCITUS
- IX. CURATIO PERCUTIENS
- X. IMPETUS ROTUNDORUM HOLERUM RUBRORUM QUAE NECANT

Corporeal Quiz

Based on a game submitted by Ruth Veldman,
Latin II student of Darrell Huisken,
Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Mich.



- | | | | |
|-----------|--------------|-----------|-------------|
| 1. _____ | anularius | 15. _____ | manus |
| 2. _____ | auricularis | 16. _____ | medius |
| 3. _____ | auris | 17. _____ | mentum |
| 4. _____ | bracchium | 18. _____ | nasus |
| 5. _____ | calx | 19. _____ | oculus |
| 6. _____ | capillus | 20. _____ | os |
| 7. _____ | collum | 21. _____ | pectus |
| 8. _____ | cubitus | 22. _____ | pes |
| 9. _____ | pedis digiti | 23. _____ | planta |
| 10. _____ | femur | 24. _____ | pollex |
| 11. _____ | frons | 25. _____ | supercilium |
| 12. _____ | gena | 26. _____ | sura |
| 13. _____ | genu | 27. _____ | talus |
| 14. _____ | index | 28. _____ | tibia |
| | | 29. _____ | umerus |

Crossword Movie Guide

Submitted by Adam Bassman, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

20.

Enter English translations of the Latin Movie-Title Clues

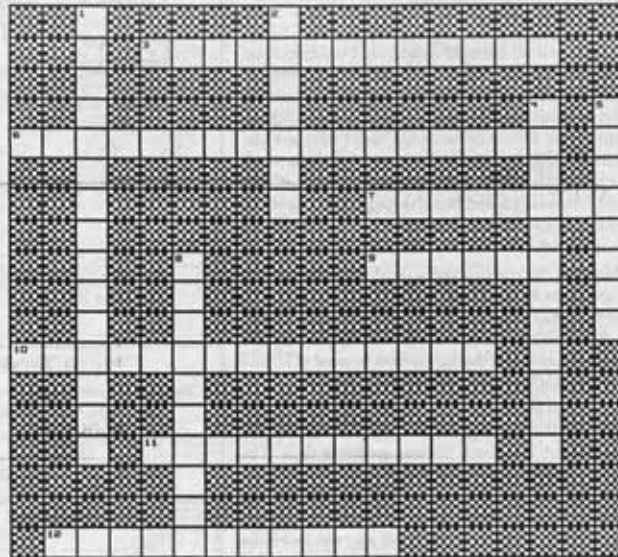


ACROSS

3. Cantor Nuptialis
6. Crastinus Dies
Nunquam Perit
7. Aeromavis
9. Globus
10. Libertatis Dies
11. Aëria Navigatio
Una
12. Sagitta Fracta

DOWN

1. Ultimus Stans
2. Navis Titania
4. Effugium urbe
Angellorum
5. Sclopetum
Nudum
8. Obsessus



In search of Jupiter's Library

Submitted by Sextus Scheller and Pugnax Regan, Latin I students of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

21.

Fill in the answers on the blanks. Clues in quotation marks should be answered with Latin phrases. Then enter the bracketed letters in sequence to discover the hidden message.

1. "An unwelcome person"
[]
2. "Something for something"
[]
3. "With highest praise"
[]
4. "They can because they think they can"
[]
5. "To the point of sickness"
[]
6. "A rare bird"
[]
7. "Going forever"
[]
8. "He has approved of what has been begun"
[]
9. "From nothing comes nothing"
[]
10. English word based on mythology meaning giant in size and strength
[]
11. "New order of the ages"
[]
12. "Body of the crime"
[]
13. English letter which represents the pronunciation of V in classical Latin
[]
14. English word based on mythology meaning queenly or stately
[]
15. "One from many"
[]
16. "Be mindful of dying"
[]
17. "And the others" (Abbrev.)
[]
18. "For the time being" (Abbrev.)
[]
19. "Seize the day"
[]
20. "May he rest in peace" (Abbrev.)
[]

Hidden Message

(Hint: Jupiter's favorite thing to read)

Ova Romana

Submitted by Abby Raux, Laura Goldfarb, and Jenny Page, Latin II students of Judy Randl, Guilford High School, Guilford, Connecticut

22.

Tell what English egg dishes have been translated into Latin.

1. Ova percocta in aqua ferventi
2. Ova Benedicta
3. Ova Cadburea
4. Ova Paschalia
5. Ova in oleo frigida et cura versata
6. Ova Diabolica
7. Frixum ex ovis cum caseo mixtis
8. Farina ex ovis subacta, cum holeribus convoluta, in oleo frigida
9. Frixum ex ovis mixtis
10. Ova cum vitellis sursum aspectantibus in oleo frigida

At One With Nature

Submitted by Akinyemi Akiwowo and Peter Ludwig, Latin IV students of Joseph Hoffman, Seton Hall Preparatory School, West Orange, New Jersey

23.

- | | |
|--------------|-------------|
| 1. Tree | A. Saxum |
| 2. River | B. Pluvia |
| 3. Ocean | C. Aqua |
| 4. Plant | D. Aer |
| 5. Air | E. Gramen |
| 6. Sunshine | F. Flumen |
| 7. Rain | G. Mons |
| 8. Land | H. Vallis |
| 9. Rock | I. Lacuna |
| 10. Animal | J. Avis |
| 11. Grass | K. Sol |
| 12. Lagoon | L. Herba |
| 13. Snow | M. Arbor |
| 14. Water | N. Insectum |
| 15. Flower | O. Nix |
| 16. Mountain | P. Tenebrac |
| 17. Insect | Q. Flos |
| 18. Valley | R. Oceanus |
| 19. Darkness | S. Terra |
| 20. Bird | T. Belua |



Current Best Sellers and New Releases 24.

- I. PLUVIUS ARCUS SEX, Thomas Clancius
- II. AQUILA PRIMA, Antonius Hillevir
- III. ORIGINIS PUNCTUM, Patricia Cornwell
- IV. SORORES AESTIVAE, Juditha Blum
- V. EQUUS SINE ARMATURA, Gemma Cilcher
- VI. NUNTIIUM IN AMPULLA, Nicolaus Scintillae
- VII. ANGELAE CINERES, Franciscus Iudicides
- VIII. AMBULATIO IN SILVA, Guilhelmus Bryides
- IX. MONACHUS NATANS, Malachias Iudicides
- X. ETIAM STELLAE SOLITARIAE VIDENTUR, Maia Angelous

In Search Of Greek Mythology

Submitted by Liz Higgins, Latin I student of Beth Lloyd, George Washington Middle School, Wayne, New Jersey

25.

Place a ✓ on the blank before each clue as the answer is framed in the word search.

1. Father of Danaë; killed by Perseus
2. Hero whose name means "Glory of Hera"
3. Zeus turned her into a cow to deceive Hera
4. Most beautiful woman; mother of Helen
5. Food-snatching birds with women's heads
6. Bronze giant that belonged to King Minos
7. Turned into a spider by Athena
8. Talented lyre player; son of Calliope
9. Polydeuces and this mortal = Gemini
10. Father of Hector and Paris
11. Ferryman on the River Styx
12. Forest god with a man's body, goat's legs
13. Winged horse used by Bellerophon
14. Two-headed dog; son of Echidna
15. His shoulder was eaten by Demeter
16. This god was the west wind
17. A great seer blinded by Athena
18. Six-headed sea monster girt by mad dogs
19. Wife of Athamas; mother of Hele
20. Loved his reflection; now a flower



= Upper Level



= Beginning Level

The Golden Mississippi

A modern myth by Susan Eccles, Latin II student of Ann-Marie Fine,
Archbishop Blenk High School, Gretna, Louisiana

This is the story of Dionysus and the mayor of New Orleans, Louisiana. In the ancient world, Dionysus was the Greek god of wine and revelry. To the Romans he was known as Bacchus. Dionysus, however, is also such a popular modern figure in New Orleans, that a Mardi Gras parade has been named after him. At the time of this story, the mayor of New Orleans was a man named Mayor Midas. The mayor was a member of the Krewe of Bacchus, and his secret desire was to become the richest man in the United States.

This story begins several years ago during the weekend before Mardi Gras.

During Carnival in New Orleans, the followers of Dionysus are especially wild, so this particular Carnival season Mayor Midas decided to rent a room at the Royal Sonesta Hotel which is located in the center of the French Quarter. This way he wouldn't have far to go at night when he was done partying. One night, however, after the mayor had already returned to his room, a small group of drunken revelers got so loud and destructive that the police were called by the management of several hotels. Because there were so many people in the French Quarter on that night, the drunken revelers easily separated and dispersed within the thick crowd. In the confusion, the police were only able to apprehend one of them, a man who said his name was Silenus. Although Silenus was a hairy, bearded, drunken and smelly old man, it turned out that he was, nevertheless, a very powerful and influential person. He was, in fact, the President of the Krewe of Bacchus, and the most trusted companion of Dionysus himself. While the policemen were reading Silenus his rights, Midas recognized the old man from his hotel room window and rushed out of his hotel to tell the policemen not to arrest him. At first the policemen were reluctant until the mayor told them that Silenus was an important man, and that, by releasing him, they would make Dionysus himself happy. Mayor Midas gave the two officers his card and told them to call his office after Mardi Gras. Then, having decided that it would be better to take him back to Dionysus in the morning, he took Silenus upstairs to his room to sleep it off.

In the morning, Midas brought Silenus to the Dionysus Building. This is where the followers of the Dionysus gathered, and it was also the place where the floats were kept. Most of the wildest parties in the city also occurred in the Dionysus Building. When Silenus entered the building with Midas, Dionysus suddenly appeared. Dionysus was very grateful to the mayor for

having saved his companion and the President of his Krewe from public disgrace and humiliation. Dionysus then offered to give Midas anything that he wished. Mayor Midas found this situation impossible to believe, but he remembered his wish to become the richest man in the United States so he decided to ask for the ability to turn everything that he touched into gold. Dionysus advised Midas to reconsider, but Midas refused. Dionysus regretfully gave Midas the gift and disappeared.

Midas left the building and walked out to his car. He grabbed for his keys, and instantly they became solid gold. Midas laughed in delight, and soon began grabbing various things in his new solid gold BMW. He noticed that everything he touched became gold, and realized that his dream had, in fact, come true.

Next Midas decided to get something to eat and drove his car to Burger King. As the cashier gave Midas the bag of food, it instantly became golden in color. The cashier fainted and Midas drove away. When Midas grabbed his hamburger out of the bag, however, the hamburger, too, became gold. He was shocked at this and tried to drink his Coke, but it also was now solid gold.

It wasn't long before Midas realized that his gift was turning into a curse, because, after all, humans can not eat or drink gold.

After a few days of trying to figure out some way to keep his gift without starving to death, Midas finally became distraught and drove back to the Dionysus building. Midas entered the building and began to call out to Dionysus. He pleaded with Dionysus to take back his gift because it had turned out to be more than he had wanted.

After a while, Dionysus appeared and told Midas how to get rid of his no-longer-wanted power.

Midas was told to bathe in the Mississippi River even though it was full of disgusting pollutants. Midas realized, however, that he would either bathe in the river or die.

Amazingly, after Midas bathed in the river, he lost his power of the golden touch, although he did notice that the river itself had changed from a dark brown to a golden color.

From that day on, Mayor Midas put the well-being of others ahead of his own desires, and he was no longer a greedy person. He also decided that if he were ever given another wish, it would be for something well-thought-out and beneficial to others.

Three Little Thoughts

By Dan Keeler, Latin I student of Linda Fabrizio,
Niskayuna High School, Niskayuna, New York

Ventus
frigidus, calidus,
fluctuat, inflat, perdit.
Semper mutat.
Aura.

Canis
levis, celer,
venatur, ludit, tuetur.
Viri optimus amicus.
Defensor.

Mater
unica, sensibilis,
amat, succurrit, curat.
Semper adest.
Femina.

Territus

By Brad Hensley, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Caelum est atrum.
Umbræ foras veniunt.
Risus desistit.

How Well Did You Read?

26.

1. What did early Greeks use in their mosaic floors instead of tesserae?
2. To which Italian tree did Pliny the Younger compare the cloud erupting from Mt. Vesuvius?
3. Who was Daphne's river-god father?
4. Which god accompanied the young museum visitor back from Pompeii?
5. What color was *garum haimatinum*?
6. Which emperor completed the Colosseum?
7. Where was the *thesaurus* located in a military camp?
8. During which years were *The Flintstones* shown during prime time on ABC?
9. Who won the gladiatorial match between Claudius and Titanic?
10. What four different things could a *trulla* be?

Nuntia Utilia Eis Qui Emptitatis

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Omnibus Studentibus Vestris

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The Vatican Library is now selling copies of Vol. I, A-L and Vol. II, M-Z of its Lexicon of Modern Latin Words (*Lexicon Recentis Latinitatis*). On a recent shipping invoice, the items were listed as follows:

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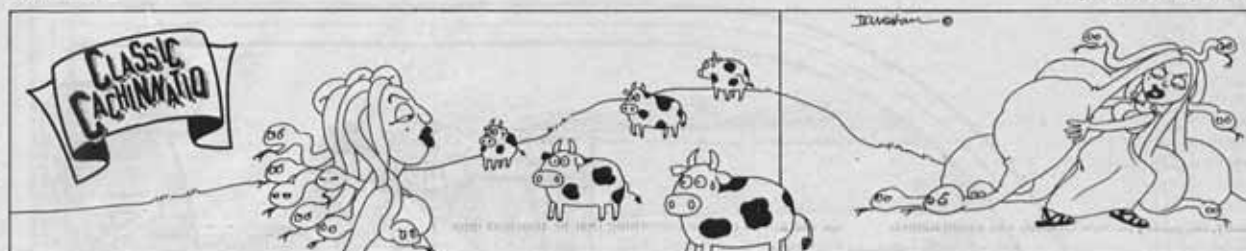
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Academy/2147>
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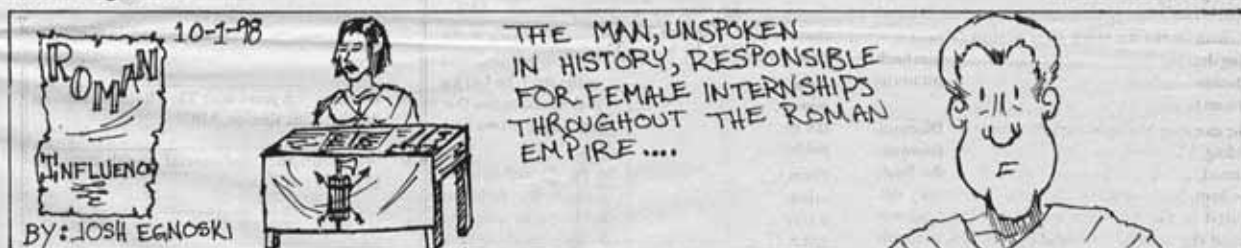
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AUXILIA MAGISTRIS

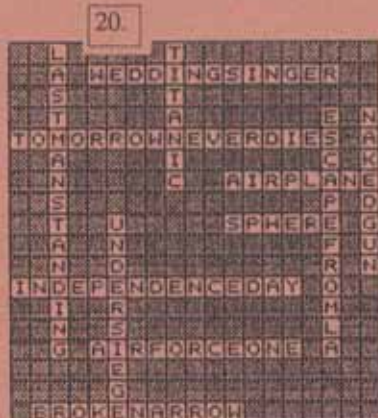
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13. Carmina Optima

- I. LOVE ME DO
- II. I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND
- III. YESTERDAY
- IV. LET IT BE
- V. WHEN I'M 64
- VI. STRAWBERRY FIELDS
- VII. A DAY IN THE LIFE
- VIII. YELLOW SUBMARINE
- IX. BABY, YOU CAN DRIVE MY CAR
- X. WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS

14. Scrambled Authors

1. D. Plautus
2. B. Cicero
3. F. Catullus
4. C. Caesar
5. A. Livy



22. Ova Romana

1. Hard boiled eggs
2. Eggs Benedict
3. Cadbury Eggs
4. Easter Eggs
5. Eggs over easy
6. Deviled eggs
7. Cheese Omelet
8. Egg roll
9. Scrambled eggs
10. Eggs sunny side up

Libri Optimi

- I. RAINBOW SIX, Tom Clancy
- II. THE FIRST EAGLE, Tony Hillman
- III. POINT OF ORIGIN, Patricia Cornwell
- IV. SUMMER SISTERS, Judy Blume
- V. A KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR, Jewel Kilcher
- VI. MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE, Nicholas Sparks
- VII. ANGELA'S ASHES, Frank McCourt
- VIII. A WALK IN THE WOODS, Bill Bryson
- IX. A MONK SWIMMING, Malachy McCourt
- X. EVEN THE STARS LOOK LONESOME, Maya Angelou

15. Spooky Titles

1. Legend of Sleepy Hollow
2. The Gold Bug
3. The Fall of the House of Usher
4. The Pit and the Pendulum
5. The Black Cat
6. The Raven
7. The Birds
8. Cat's Eye
9. Night of the Living Dead
10. Wolfman
11. Scream
12. Friday the 13th
13. Nightmare on Elm Street
14. Hellraiser
15. Creature from the Black Lagoon
16. Jaws

Juppiter's Library

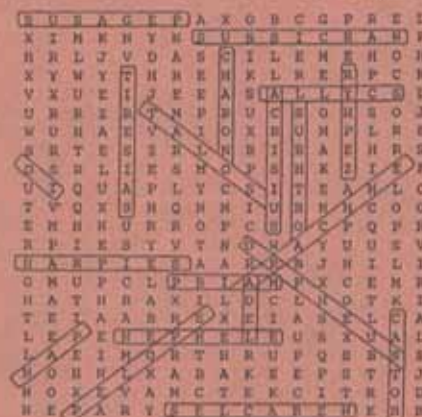
1. [P]ERSONA NON GRATA
2. QUID PR[O] QUO
3. SU[M]MA CUM LAUDE
4. POSSUNT QUIA [P]OSSE VIDENTUR
5. AD NAUS[E]AM
6. RARA AV[IS]
7. AD [I]NFINTUM
8. [A]NNUIT COEPTIS
9. EX [N]IHIL NIHIL FIT
10. TIT[AN]IC
11. [N]OVUS ORDO SECLORUM
12. CORPUS D[E]LICTI
13. W
14. JUNOE[S]QUE
15. E PL[UR]IBUS UNUM
16. MEM[E]NTO MORI
17. E[T] AL
18. PRO [T]EM
19. CARP[E] DIEM
20. [R] I P

Hidden Message
POMPEIANA NEWSLETTER

Greek Mythology

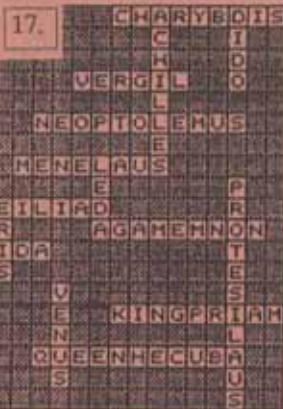
1. Acrisius
2. Heracles
3. Io
4. Leda
5. Harpies
6. Talos
7. Arachne
8. Orpheus
9. Castor
10. Priam
11. Charon
12. Pan
13. Pegasus
14. Orthrus
15. Pelops
16. Zephyr
17. Tiresias
18. Scylla
19. Nephelo
20. Narcissus

25.



16. Job Search

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



26. How Well Did You read?

1. Small pebbles or stones
2. The umbrella pine
3. Pentus
4. Mercury
5. Blood red
6. Domitian
7. Near the shrine or sacellum
8. 1960-1966
9. Titanic
10. A ladle, a little bowl with a strainer, a pan in a nightstool or a fire-basket

Funny Business

Cartoons: They're Not Just For Kids Anymore

Eleven years ago, Tracy Ullman started a television revolution. On April 19, 1987, her weekly show (on the young FOX network) featured the first of a series of short, animated cartoons about a family called *The Simpsons*. The series was so popular that its creator, Matt Groening, quickly landed a deal with FOX to bring *The Simpsons* to prime time. *The Simpsons* debuted on December 17, 1989, and instantly made history: this was the first prime time, first-run network cartoon series since *The Flintstones* was aired on ABC (1960-1966).

The Simpsons was both an instant success and an instant controversy. Groening's story portrayed a dysfunctional, middle class American family, headed by a fat, beer guzzling buffoon grossly underqualified for his job. Some viewers disliked the show. (Perhaps it was too similar to their own lives.) Other viewers loved it, however, and its ratings soared. Despite controversy, *The Simpsons* has enjoyed 10 successful years on television, and has inspired many imitations.

MTV has *Beavis & Butthead* and *Daria*. Comedy Central has *Dr. Katz* and *South Park*. FOX had the short-lived *The Critic*, and has recently added *King of the Hill* to its line-up of shows. And now, NBC — one of the Big Three networks — has jumped on the gravy train with *Stressed Eric*, its first prime time cartoon

since *The Famous Adventures of Mr. Magoo* (1960s). Following the storylines of these latest cartoons, it's hard to believe Bart Simpson saying, "Eat my shorts!" was ever considered risqué. The dialogue on *South Park* that doesn't get bleeped is ten times raunchier than that.

Animation, however, has just begun to be explored. Anything a mind can dream up can be drawn in a cartoon, so the dramatic and comedic possibilities are endless. Cartoon characters are bound neither by social restrictions nor by the laws of science. They can be maimed or killed, and still return intact for the following week's show. These characters are far more versatile than human actors.

Above all, cartoons are where the money is. Network executives know a hit animated show can spawn all manner of product marketing opportunities — far more than most live-action series. And while a show like *South Park* is said to be for mature audiences only, the network can still make billions of dollars off the kids that aren't supposed to be watching.

No matter what the critics say, and despite the abused limits of decency, funny business is big business, and that's the real reason prime time cartoons will remain prime time fare.

18. Picturae Moventes

- I. ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW
- II. MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL
- III. CLOCKWORK ORANGE
- IV. HISTORY OF THE WORLD
- V. HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY
- VI. MONTY PYTHON'S "LIFE OF BRYAN"
- VII. THE FLY
- VIII. ARMY OF DARKNESS
- IX. SHOCK TREATMENT
- X. ATTACK OF THE KILLER TOMATOES

23. At One With Nature

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

Corporeal Quiz

1. AA
2. Z
3. C
4. L
5. T
6. A
7. J
8. N
9. S
10. P
11. B
12. G
13. O
14. CC
15. O
16. BB
17. I
18. F
19. E
20. H
21. M
22. V
23. U
24. Y
25. D
26. R
27. W
28. X
29. K