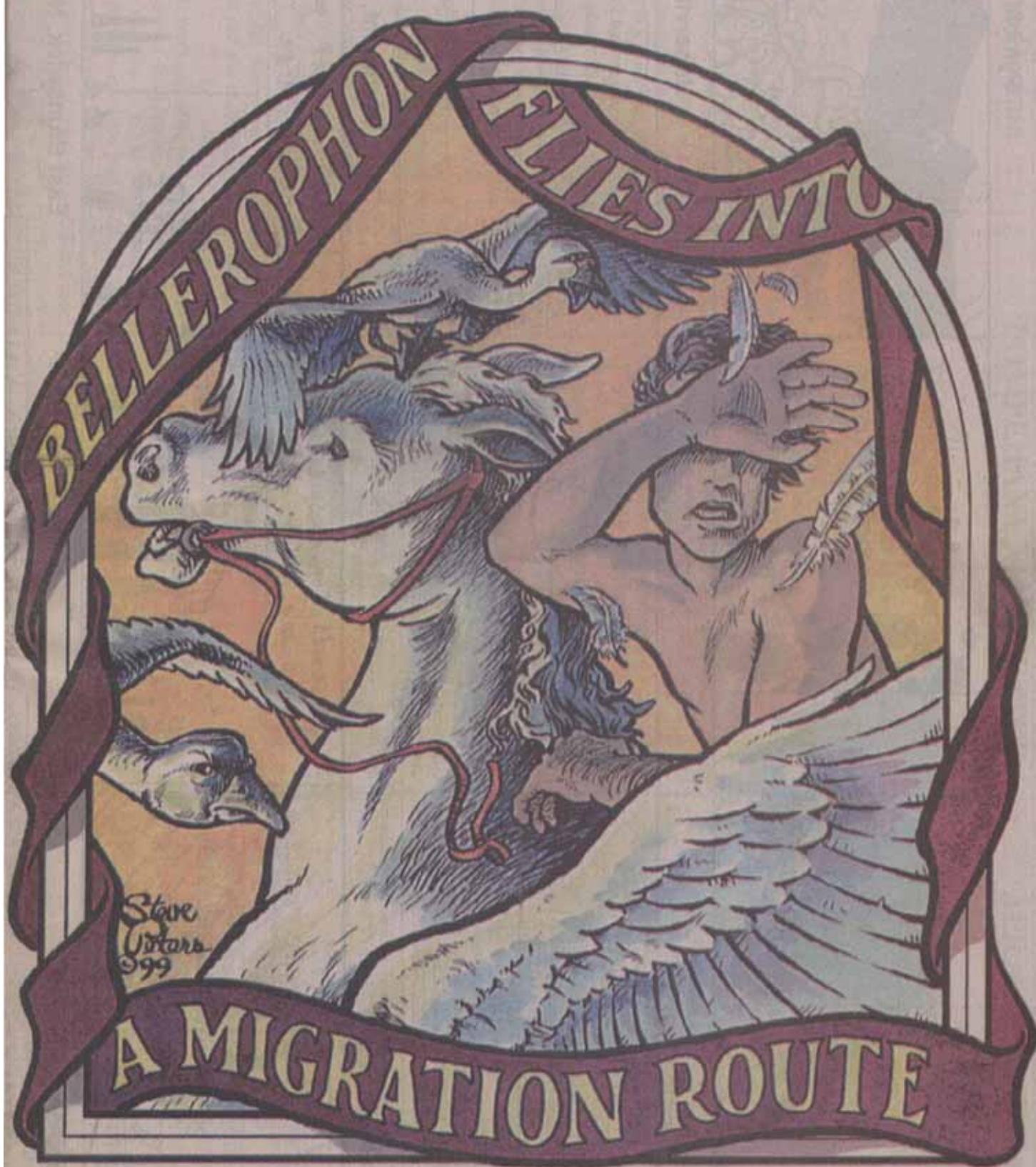


POMPEIIANA

NEWSLETTER

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APR. A. D. MCMXCIX



LAURENA COLLIS

Scripta est a Philippo Barcio; in Latinam ab Francisco Ture, Indianapolisi in Indianā reddita est.

Rarac iuvenes quae XXI annos habent possunt audire voces suas a mari ad mare in stationibus radiophonicis. Etiam paucioribus Praemia Grammia assignantur. Sed A.D. MCMXCVI Laurena Collis utraque has res perfecit quando *Fugee* primum album, *Summam*, creaverunt. Collis unā cum aliis praefuit ut produceret album, et sua vox aurea in multis carminibus audiebatur, praecipue in illo carmine "Molliter Me Suo Carmine Necare" quod olim erat Robertae Flaccae notissimum carmen.

Illo anno, Collis, unā cum sociis musicis suis *Wyclef Jean* et "Prus" *Michel*, duo Praemia Grammia primum assignantur – Optimum "Rap" Album et Optimus R & B Cantus a Binis vel Caterva.

Nunc, post tres annos, mundus Collem salutatur. Propter primum album suum in quo sola cantat, Collis V Praemia Grammia Februarii recentissimo meruit, et nunc Collis habet VII Praemia Grammia. (Adversus fabularem Stephanum Mirum qui per totam vitam musicam suam solum XXI Praemia Grammia meruit – Collis horum praemiorum tertiam partem iam habet.)

Quae cum ita sint, Collisne se nimis iactavit? Sic egisse



non videtur. Collis, inter Praemiorum Grammiorum cacrimoniam recentissimam, versus biblicos protulit unum Praemium Grammii grate accipiens. Collis vitae tanti sunt duo liberi et pater eorum, Robanus Marleus, filius Roberti Marlei qui "Reggae" egit.

Ad ministerium attinent, Collis firmiter in terrā stat. Contra multas res suas bene gestas, adhuc ei sunt multae impeditioes superandae – praecipue musicam producenti. Necesse fuit Collem laborare ut plus quam cantrix videretur.

De negotio phonographico Collis "Viri," inquit, "in hoc negotio dominantur." Quoque dixit feminas cantantes viris placere sed feminas potestatem creatricem habentes viris non placere. Si autem aliquis illas res commutare possit, Collis possit. Multas res

legitimas gravesque iam bene gessit. Praeter laborem suum in *Summa*, praefuit ut produceret Laurenae Collis Mala Eruditio, produxit unum carmen in *CeCe* Vinantis primo albo, magnae Aethae Franklinae "Rosa Etiam Nunc Est Rosa" scripsit et illius carminis videocassetam direxit.

Nihilominus, etiam cum tota hāc experientia, Collis constanter temptat esse una ex paucis feminis quae musicam producant in mundo "hip-hop," in quo viri dominantur. Noli autem cogitare eam se tradituram esse. Unum ex studiis eius est *Iuvenibus Propositum De Profugorum Castris*, caterva quae docet plebeios iuvenes inire vicinas suas, se, inter se. Potes confidere Collem, sicut plebeios iuvenes quos docet laborare et superare, esse aliquem quae oppugnet et superet quacunque provocaciones ei obviam eant. Et carminum tabulas semper superabit, "nos carmine suo molliter necans."

Centesimal Years Not Usually Leap Years!

Because the solar year is not exactly 365 1/4 days long but only 365 days, five hours, 48 minutes and 46 seconds long, leap years are skipped during centesimal years EXCEPT WHEN THE CENTESIMAL YEAR IS DIVISIBLE BY 400. This process is what makes the Gregorian Calendar more exact than the Julian Calendar used in the United States until A.D. 1752. This is also why the year 2000 WILL BE a Leap Year!

Quick! Is Your Name on the Honor Roll?

The Board of Directors of Pompeiana, Inc., has set a goal of having a \$500,000 Endowment in place by the year 2003 to enable Pompeiana, Inc., to continue to serve as a National Center for the Promotion of Latin into the Twenty-first Century.

Pompeiana, Inc., Endowment Fund HONOR ROLL

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The Neighborhood Fountains of Rome

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

Among the most frequently overlooked delights in the fabled city on seven hills are the *roni* fountains, picturesque marble oases of local pride.

Modern Rome features twenty-one distinct *roni*, or districts, each with its own festivals, customs and lore. These are undoubtedly descendants of the four-teen regions into which Caesar Augustus reorganized his imperial capital in 10 B.C. for greater administrative efficiency. Each of these ancient precincts had its own set of acclies, tribunes, and praetors. Each boasted its own firefighting unit and a *Statio Vigiliū*, police station. Each was subdivided into a dozen or more *vici*, or parishes, with each parish presided over by a magistrate.

With the collapse of the empire five centuries later, these district lines were blurred and, in time, all but forgotten. By the late Middle Ages, however, the old Augustan wards were more or less re-established along their former boundaries. The residents of each enjoyed a modest measure of autonomy, with the right to have their own flag, emblems and militia – somewhat like the inhabitants of the seventeenth *contrade* of the Tuscan city of Siena.

Eventually, under Papal Rome, these resurrected *roni* were subdivided into the twenty-one we know today. Though these municipal divisions no longer hold any administrative or official significance, they contribute color and diversity to Roman life.

In the early part of this century, each *rone* was outfitted with a modest-sized architectural fountain which, in some way, symbolized the interest or character of that particular neighborhood.

For instance, in the *Via Margutta*, just off *Piazza di Spagna*, there is a wall fountain featuring reliefs of sculptors' tools and artists' easels and brushes. This suggests the fact that, for some reason, the artistic community of Rome has, for many centuries, been headquartered here. Today the area lacks the alluring Bohemian shabbiness fondly described by past writers, yet it remains interesting with its concentration of tearooms and bookshops.

Not far from here, in the piazza in front of the *Cancelleria* (Chancery Office), splashes a fountain adorned with a sculpted cardinal's hat, the broad-brimmed, tassel-bedecked head covering of a prince of the church.

A few blocks away at the beginning of the narrow, sunless *Via dei Straderari*, the disarmingly cute Fountain of the Book gurgles playfully. Because this quarter of the city was renowned for *La Sapienza* (the old city university) and daily was jammed with scholars and professors, this *rone* fountain consists of four huge

travertine tomes to express the academic nature of the locale. *La Sapienza* began in 1244 as a law school. The building – once the seat of Rome's secular university – still stands. Today the institution has a new name, the University of Rome, and a new campus near the Basilica of San Lorenzo.

At the Tiber end of the *Via Marmorata*, below the Aventine Hill, one comes upon the Fountain of the Amphorae. Water oozes over the stack of clay vessels which tell of the docks that existed here in antiquity. Here longshoremen unloaded the unending supply of wine, olive oil, and food stuffs coming into Rome from its far flung provinces.

(Continued in *Paginā Septimā*)



Fountain of the Wine Cask
in the Trastevere

He Buried His Mistakes

By Jeng Chou, Latin IV student of Pauline Demetri,
Cambridge Rindge and Latin School,
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Martial, that great Roman tease who used epigrams to take social jabs at his society, once wrote:

Nuper erat medicus, nunc est vespillo Diaulus. Quod vespillo facit, fecerat et medicus.

"Recently Diaulus was a doctor, now he's an undertaker. What he does as an undertaker, he had also done as a doctor."

While Martial's biting wit doesn't really inspire confidence in the Roman medical system, Roman doctors did have a variety of successful ways of treating patients. In fact, Roman physicians were actually quite skilled. Medical training stressed the importance of cleanliness. It was standard practice for a doctor to wash his hands constantly during surgery. And when it came to surgical instruments, Roman doctors (and Greek physicians before them) had already developed most of the standard manual instruments still used in modern operating rooms. The producers of the BBC version of *I, Claudius* tried to show the Roman insistence on cleanliness when they showed Tiberius carefully washing both his hands and the wound of his brother, Drusus, who had been injured in battle.

Despite this emphasis on cleanliness in the operating room, Roman doctors often were not able to save patients with serious injuries. Internal wounds were less likely to heal properly. While most basic surgical practices were pioneered by physicians in Roman times and an impressive knowledge of natural drugs and herbs was available, many aspects of Roman medicine do seem bizarre.

Often there were attempts by astrologers to restore patients. Some thought that ceremonies or sacrifices to the proper gods would mend an ailment. But while the medical uses of cauterization, cobwebs, leeches and plasters made from such disgusting ingredients as manure may seem crude, these items did have an impressive track record and their use can often still be justified by modern science.

No doubt there were quacks during the Roman era who harmed, rather than helped, their patients. If there had not been, Martial's epigrams would not have been so popular.

Hades, a God of the Greeks

By Charlotte Hinkle, Latin I student of
Margaret Curran, Orchard Park High School,
Orchard Park, New York

Hades, a god of the Greeks,
Ruled over the land of the dead.
He was thought to be cruel and a sneak,
And was the one that all Greeks did dread.

Hades, a god of the Greeks,
Pluto, the Romans did call him—
To both cultures he seemed bleak,
A god who was greedy and grim.

Hades, a god of the Greeks,
Kept Cerberus mean and underfed.
This dog was truly unique,
With one body and three heads.

Hades, a god of the Greeks,
Had a mighty brother named Zeus,
Whose main awesome technique,
Was to hurl lightning with abuse.

Hades, a god of the Greeks,
Who was represented by a bident,
Had quite a strange mystique,
And never left the underworld absent.

Hades, a god of the Greeks,
Whose life was filled with strife,
Proved to be a real sneak.

He stole Persephone for his wife.

Hades, a god of the Greeks,
Stole Persephone from Demeter,
So she formed winter in a streak,
Leaving Zeus to be the regretter.

Hades, a god of the Greeks,
Of whom all had a great fear,
For they knew that when they were weak,
He would become their overseer.

Fascinating Finds In Latin Literature

Vergil's Story of Eurydice: The Georgics

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

Vergil is certainly best known for his epic work, *The Aeneid*. Of his lesser known works, the more famous is the so-called "Messianic Fourth Eclogue" which foretold of one who would be born to bring a Golden Age to the world. This allusion was, of course, intended to refer to Vergil's patron, Augustus. During the Middle Ages, however, it was seen as a prophecy of the birth of Christ which had taken place during Augustus' reign. This interpretation contributed to the mysticism associated with Vergil during the Middle Ages.

Vergil's *Georgics*, which were dedicated to a close friend of Augustus and another patron of the arts, Maecenas, is primarily a book of poetry about agriculture. There are, however, numerous references to mythology in *The Georgics*, including an infrequently read passage in the fourth book which retells the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. The focus of the portion of the passage which has been selected here is on Eurydice herself.

Students should enjoy comparing and contrasting the tone and focus of Vergil's version of this myth with that of the more-often-read version of this story found in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

*Iamque pedem referens casus evaserat omnis,
Redditaque Eurydice superas veniebat ad auras,
Pone sequens (namque hanc dederat Proserpina legem),*

*Cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem,
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignorare Manes:
Restitit, Eurydicenque suam iam luce sub ipsa
Immemor heu! Victusque animi respexit. Ibi omnis
Effusus labor atque inmisit raptam tyranni
Foedera, terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis.
Illa "quis et me?" inquit "miseram et te perdidit,
Orpheu,*

*Quis tantus furor? En iterum crudelia retro
Fata vocant conditque natantia lumina somnus.
Iamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte
Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas."
Dixit et ex oculis subito, ceu fumus in auras
Commixtus tenuis, fugit diversa, neque illum
Prensantem nequiquam umbras et multa volentem
Dicere praeterea vidit.*

Fabulae ad Dormiendum Aptae

By Ben Van Lear, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert,
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

lacobe, es agilis!
lacobe, es celer!
lacobe, supersili candelabrum!

Acus et fibulae.
Acus et fibulae,
Quando vir uxorem ducit,
Labores sui incipiunt.

Frusta Poetica

By Amanda Wang, Latin I student of Linda Fabrizio,
Niskayuna High School, Niskayuna, New York

Libri
Iucundi, festivi,
Docent, mulcent, delectant.
Tam multi sunt.

Libri.
Mons
Immobilis, grandis,
Sedet, manet, quiescit.
Aeternus est.

Mons.
Canis
Amicus, misericors,
Dormit, edit, ludit.
Est ignavus.
Ingratus.

Apollo and Marpessa

By Ashley Myers, Grade Eight Latin student of
Betty Whitaker, Carmel Junior High School,
Carmel, Indiana

Marpessa was a lovely maiden,
Courtied by many handsome suitors.
Two of them stood out above the rest:
Apollo and Idas were her choices.
To her the choice was easy,
Idas was to be her husband.

Apollo was not to be defeated.
He appeared in front of Idas' chariot,
And demanded he give up the maiden.
Neptune and Jupiter came to the rescue.
Jupiter said,

"Let the maiden decide whom she will wed."

Although Apollo could offer her many things,
Marpessa picked Idas—
for they would grow old together.

Apollo bowed his head and grieved
While Idas and Marpessa went off happily.

The Sting of a Modern Epigram

Condimentorum Puellae

By Holly Hogan and Lynnette Williams,
Latin III students of Nancy Benn, Hollidaysburg Area
Senior High School, Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

Estis "scriptionis flaviae" deliciae
iustae cum causae.
Estis nimiae!

Solum Zingiberi caretis praeter cerebra.
Estis Condimentorum Puellae.
Estis Britanniae exempla mala.

I Hope You're Planning to Vote!

By Leslie McLeary, student of Classical Civilization,
Butler University, Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Pythias,

It has been so long since I have spoken with you. I hope this letter finds you well. I am doing fine. I am so busy with the campaign that I only have time to write you as opposed to visiting. With elections only three months away, life is getting pretty hectic. I knew that this campaign would be very involved; after all, my uncle is running for Praetor. I was quite excited and honored when my uncle asked me to join his campaign. This is an excellent way for me to get more involved with politics, especially since I am going to run for Aedile next year. The entire campaign has been a great learning experience. I never fully understood all that was involved until I joined the campaign.

I have met so many people over the last couple months. My uncle and I are forever visiting with *Senatores* and *Equites* all over Rome and in nearby communities. My uncle says it is very important to become acquainted with men of all political ranks from the *Aediles* to the *Censores*. Even those of lower ranks can spread your good name and support you. The more people behind you, the better, including the general public.

I have personally witnessed how important it is to have public support. A few weeks ago, I attended the local *Contio* where the *Consul*, Crotia, was informing the people of a new bill. He was busy explaining his view on the bill and how he was planning to implement it. Crotia had pretty good ideas with which the audience seemed to agree. Martius, who is also running for one of the *Praetor* positions, then stood up and began to express his view on the bill. He came across as very arrogant and self-serving. By the end, he was practically insulting the audience, commenting on how it was beyond their intelligence to understand what the bill was about. The audience, of course, really got riled up. They began yelling and booing him. Some older women began throwing cabbage and fish at him. Martius ran off the rostrum followed by an angry mob. Even though many of those present at the *Contio* could not vote, they managed to get their opinions of Martius

(Continued in *Pagina Tertia*)

Pandora

By Manuel J. Rodriguez, Latin I student of
Judith Granese, Valley High School,
Las Vegas, Nevada

Dear Pandora,
The gods were mad
For Prometheus' stunt.
To punish mankind
You were created –
The first woman.

Dear, Dear Pandora,
You had everything:
Aphrodite's beauty,
Demeter's passion,
Hades' morbidity,
Artemis' courage,
Mercury's curiosity,
Ares' strength, and
Zeus' power.

Dear Pandora,
You were but a pawn
To whom a black box was given
With pure evil inside.
Every god contributed to cause harm.
You were weak
And the first woman.
Mercury's mischievous gift,
Curiosity,
Got the best of you.

Pandora, Dear Pandora,
You released chaos about the land,
But now you have help:
IT'S HOPE!

Birth

By Susie Caldwell, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Partus
Beatus, Pulcher.
Anticipo, Rideo, Subrideo.
Partus est ubique.
Initium

Minerva Helps Ulysses Go Home

A creative version by Alex Pandiscio, Latin II student of
Christine Lehane, Hopkinton High School, Hopkinton, Massachusetts

After leaving the Sirens behind him, Ulysses and his comrades came to the island on which dwelled the sacred cattle of Hyperion. Ulysses, remembering the warning of Tiresias, wished to sail past the island, but his men pleaded with him to rest. He finally gave in. Once on the island, Neptune stirred up a storm to keep them there in the hopes that they would harm some of the cattle while there; however, even when they ran out of food and had been on the island for a month, Ulysses and his men never touched the cattle.

Ulysses' men were becoming thinner and thinner each day and wanted food very badly. Ulysses suggested that all the men pray together to the gods and ask for help. Although they had nothing to sacrifice, Minerva heard their prayers and appeared to them.

"I know how hungry you all are. Because you have respected the cattle and have not harmed them, I shall help you. Go to the farthest corner of this island and you shall find a fruit tree there. I have placed it there so you can have a supply of food until Neptune decides to end this storm. The tree will supply you with an endless amount of fruit until then, but no longer than that. Then you must sail to a new island where there are animals to sacrifice and pray to Neptune. Ask him to allow you a safe passage home. If you do as I say, all shall be well and you shall find your way home."

The men listened to Minerva's words carefully. They then went in search of the fruit tree that she had described to them. It supplied them with copious amounts of fruit. Whenever someone picked the last piece of fruit, suddenly the tree was full again. This went on for about two months. Amazingly, the fruit was enough to sustain the men. They had never seen a fruit like it, and, because of its powers, they presumed it was

There was once a small village somewhere in the ancient Greek world. In this village were many hard working men. They were skilled blacksmiths, carpenters and farmers.

The villagers had no major problems, but they did have a few minor ones, including a group of dogs that were pets of Hera. Why these dogs chose to live in this particular village no one knew, but they were there and they seemed to have no intention of leaving. The villagers would not have minded them so much, but everywhere the dogs went, they insisted on playing with anything they found. Sometimes they trampled the crops of the farmers, and other times they carried off the tools of the blacksmiths and carpenters.

The villagers asked Hera to tell her dogs to go elsewhere, but Hera had no intention of interfering with her pets. So the men of the village offered a sacrifice to almighty Zeus asking him to remove the dogs. Zeus took pity on the villagers and decided to give the dogs a dose of their own playful medicine by placing a rather unique curse upon them. From that day forward, Hera's dogs would have an insatiable urge to chase their own tails even though they would never be able to catch them.

Quis Sum?

By David Sutkin, Grade Eight Latin student of
Tena Moller, Sandy Run Middle School,
Dresher, Pennsylvania

Like my sister Diana, I was born on the island of Delos; I became the sun god and was identified with Helios. Zeus and Latona raised me above
To be the god of agriculture and music, which I love. I delighted the gods with my performance on the lyre; At Troy, I freed Chryses' daughter with arrows of fire. I became a favorite subject of Greek art, But it was Cassandra whom I loved with all my heart. Rejected, I cursed her with my spell; Never would anyone believe what she had to tell. Of Muses who helped me there were nine. Orpheus was my son, and his music was also fine. My sister and I revenged Niobe's insult of our mother. At Troy I helped kill Achilles and many another. I was the first victor of an Olympic game, And, as you probably know by now, _____ is my name.

a food of the gods.

Finally, Neptune ended the storm for he realized he would never get revenge on Ulysses while he was safe on the island. Ulysses and his men quickly gathered and sailed to a new island nearby. It was there that they found animals to sacrifice and to eat. Ulysses gathered his men.

"Comrades, come here and we shall pray!" cried Ulysses. "We must beg forgiveness of Neptune, and make sacrifices to him."

The men agreed. One of them killed a bird, another a seal. After they had gathered enough animals, they drained the blood and offered it to Neptune. When Neptune heard this, he was unmoved at first. Minerva, however, argued for Ulysses and his men, and she was able to convince Neptune to allow them safe passage home.

"You may go now," Neptune thundered, "but you must never do harm to my family ever again!"

Ulysses and his men were overjoyed. They thanked Minerva for her kindness. They also asked for her protection on their journey home. She did protect them, and they finally all returned safely back home.

When Ulysses returned home, he found his wife Penelope and his son Telemachus looking out toward the sea, as they had done everyday since he had left. Telemachus was the first to recognize his father's figure from a distance.

"Mother, it's father! He's still alive; he has come home at last!"

That day, all of Ithaca celebrated the return of their king Ulysses, and the event was commemorated every year from that day forth.

Those Hurrying "Canes"

A Modern Myth by Matt Myers, Latin II student of Kathi Laurence,
South Western High School, Hanover, Pennsylvania

At first the villagers were relieved. Although the dogs were acting weird, at least they weren't interfering with the work of the village.

It wasn't long, however, before another problem arose. Since the dogs were supernatural, they had supernatural speed. As they began to run faster and faster chasing their tails, they created small whirlwinds that sucked in everything that happened to be nearby. As the years passed, and the dogs continued to grow bigger and bigger, the whirlwinds they were causing were doing more and more damage.

So, once again the villagers offered sacrifice to Zeus, this time asking the king of the gods to destroy Hera's dogs. Zeus, of course, knew better than to destroy his wife's pets, but he finally did give the dogs a new wanderlust which made them leave the village and begin roaming the world.

And so it came to pass that in giving relief to one small village, Zeus has caused grief to many people worldwide. Depending on where in the world the dogs happen to be when they begin chasing their tails, people now suffer from whirlwinds, tornadoes, cyclones and, of course, hurricanes.

Vote! (Continued a Pagina Secunda)

known to all. New political messages began appearing around town. My favorite is "Don't elect Martius, he's not too smartius!" Needless to say, Martius is pretty much out of contention. Now I know not to upset the public if I want to win.

If a candidate wants to have a successful campaign, he must have supporters. My uncle has called in all the favors owed to him by friends and clients. Nothing can boost a candidate's image and reputation like having a mass of people following him around town. The political connections made throughout the campaign will hopefully seal in my uncle's vote for Praetor. Although you can't always win everyone over, there are other methods of persuasion. Like my uncle always says, "A few sesterces in the hand are as good as a vote!" It's still hard to believe how much of this *sub mensa* activity occurs, but "when in Rome," or so the saying goes.

Tomorrow, we are to join Consul Ovid for a day at the bath house followed by dinner. As I write, my uncle's best *toga candida* is being cleaned and his *calcei* shined in preparation for tomorrow. One has to look excellent when in the company of a Consul. With hard work and some sesterces, I plan on becoming a Consul myself someday. Can you imagine it? "Consul Pliny!" I like the sound of that! Well, I must go now, but don't forget to tell your friends and family to get out and vote – for my uncle.

Pliny Bibulus

Not the Sculptor**Pygmalion**

By Melissa Vilare, Latin IV student of
Sister Rita Small, Merion Mercy Academy,
Merion Station, Pennsylvania

There rests a cold body,
An unsettled soul
Undeserving of death.
A wicked spirit killed that one
And is unpunished.

Pain often comes to those undeserving,
And you, Pygmalion,
The most wicked,
You are the criminal
Who committed the unspeakable crime.

You brought pain and suffering
To your sister, Dido.
She lived happily
And loved the kind Sychaeus.
Dido should not have
Suffered at your cruel hands.

Is money worth the blood of another?

My Encounter With Roman Soldiers

By Nancy Hill, student of Roman Civilization, Butler University, Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Journal,

Last night I had a most terrifying experience! And what is worse is the fact that I have absolutely no course of redress concerning this most severe injustice which has fallen upon me! An enormous Roman soldier, who must have towered above the earth at six feet or more, in the company of his more minuscule fellows (who must have barely reached the rumored 5' 10" height requirement), demanded from me my faithful cow on the pretext that the officers at the encampment of Vindolanda required milk. At first I could not understand their request as they spoke in their native tongue. After all, the camp has only been in place for about one year. Yet, I noticed their military dress and at once knew their identity. The large one wore what I believe they call a *paludamentum*, the bright red cape marking an officer (which is less easily stained by their bullying I soon came to find out!). He also wore upon his head, though I could scarcely see that far into the evening sky, a leather covered helmet, called a *galea* I believe, which further disclosed his high rank. His two lackeys were more plainly attired, each wearing a *cassis* and grey *sagum* over his back.

I was simply walking home from a neighboring village when the three figures came from the shadows like black cats destined to ruin my luck three times over. I had been warned, by family and friends alike, that even in the short time the Romans had occupied northern *Britannia*, the soldiers had established a reputation for getting what they either needed or, more often than not, simply wanted from locals.

Finally, after several attempts at communication—through which all three soldiers grew increasingly frustrated at my lack of understanding—I came to see that they wanted my cow! And from the well-fed looks of the three, they had no NEED of my cow at all! All three were armed with *gladii*, each of which hung from a *baldus* suspended over a huge left shoulder, and the tall officer among them wielded an even longer cavalry

sword, a *spatha*, as well. I could tell they fully intended to take the cow by force if necessary.

I knew that I would have no recourse once they seized the animal, as no man would dare speak to the military commander on my behalf or come forward as a witness against the brute soldiers, and the soldiers had offered me not one copper as for the cow.

As insane as I now realize it was, I felt that I had to refuse. Above and beyond the practical concerns of losing so valuable an animal which provided my household with milk, there was also the fact that I had raised that particular cow from a calf, and I and my two small sons had grown quite attached to her. Further, I knew, in my gut, that these soldiers were only interested in making a few *denarii* for themselves. I had a particular suspicion that the officer, who wore the *galea*, might be in need of a new leather covering for it. This further enraged me to think that my cow, so valuable to myself and my family, might be reduced to headgear for that haughty Roman. I rashly attempted to pass by the soldiers, and take my cow home.

Needless to say, those Romans did not appreciate my lack of *pietas*, as if I, by refusing, was shirking my duty toward the Roman cause. The two of lower rank threw me to the ground and took turns introducing me to their *caligae*, while the officer held my very disturbed cow and barely concealed his delight at the spectacle. In the end, I was lucky to escape with my life.

The worst shock from the incident occurred today, however, when I saw my cow tethered to the wagon of a man from a nearby village. I asked him nonchalantly how he came upon such a fine cow in these parts, and he replied that some Roman soldiers had needed to lessen their vast numbers of cattle, and had offered it for sale. He was quite pleased with my cow, but, of course, he had had to pay some pretty *denari* for her!

I could do nothing but recall a phrase I have heard so many of my neighbors mumbling of late: "*Vae victis!*"

The Voyage

By David Bury, Latin III student of Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

A group of people are walking down the docks to board a large ship. Sounds of PEOPLE TALKING about vacation and sounds of SAILORS PREPARING THE SHIP TO LEAVE are heard. TRANQUIL MUSIC is heard.

EXT. SHIP - DAY

A ship travels very slowly and the mainland can be seen in the background. SAILING SOUNDS.

NARRATOR

We have prepared well. The ship is very well equipped for a long journey. It is our quest for adventure that has driven us to this voyage. It is a voyage, however, which is turning out to be much more adventurous and much stranger than we anticipated.

INT. MAIN CABIN - DAY

CRONIUS stands, looking around and getting ready to talk. CREW MEMBERS are seen in the background. Sound of CREWMEN TALKING is heard and the interior rocks slightly.

CRONIUS

Quiet! Please give me your attention for a short time.

The crewmen stop talking. CREAKS OF THE BOAT are heard in the background.

CRONIUS (Cont.)

Everyone, do not worry; we have plenty of provisions to last many more months. Our ship and crew are the finest money can buy, and I am sure we will all survive this hideous long storm. Two months! This must be a record.

Crew members erupt in JOYFUL PRAISE but some PITIFUL CRIES OF SEASICKNESS are also heard. This abruptly stops when Cronius continues to talk.

CRONIUS (Cont.)

My friends, we have worked hard, and as

soon as we find land, we will take a break to help our minds.

Suddenly, the ship becomes still. An OLD SAILOR runs into the room excitedly.

OLD SAILOR

Land! Land! I see land off the starboard. It's an omen! The storm suddenly stopped, and land appeared!

The crewmen hurry to go see the land. Sounds of RUNNING are heard along with scattered expressions of thanks being given to Poseidon and Zeus.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SUNNY BEACH - DAY

Crewmen are lying scattered on the beach. Sounds of WAVES AND SEAGULLS. After a little while one CREWMAN walks onto the scene and shouts.

CREWMAN

All right, everyone, enough of this lying around. On your feet. Cronius wants to talk to us.

Sounds of WAVES, SEAGULLS AND CREWMEN COMPLAINTS are heard in the background as men surround Cronius.

CRONIUS

Men, it's time that we explore this island and see what dangers or treasures it contains. You thirty there will stay and guard the ship while I and you twenty sailors to my right look around.

Cronius and twenty crewmen depart for the interior of the island and disappear over the horizon.

EXT. DARK FOREST - DAY

Cronius leads the twenty crewmen carefully through the woods. Sounds of BIRDS AND SMALL FOREST ANIMALS are heard in the background. Cronius stops suddenly, and holds up his hand to signal the

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

The Little Giant Thief

An adapted myth by Amanda Colgan, Latin III Honors student of Dr. Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

The gate to the pasture swung slowly open, propelled by a shadowy hand. One by one the white cows of Apollo were herded out of the field into the nearby forest. As soon as the last cow had left the pasture, the hand closed the gate quietly and left.

"My Lord!" cried the messenger, bursting into the room. "The cows...the...cows" he stuttered, gasping for breath.

Slightly annoyed by this interruption, Apollo looked down at the herald. "Well?" he asked. "What about my cows?"

"The...entire herd is missing—stolen, if you'll believe it, sir," he gasped, bowing his head and bracing himself for the punishment he was sure he would receive for bringing the news.

"What?" shouted Apollo. "By whom?"

"I...I do not know, sir," said the messenger, "but his footprints look like those of a giant!"

"A giant, eh?" thought Apollo. "Probably those Titans again or maybe the Cyclopes? Zeus should just get it over with and lock them all away in Tartarus. Why if I were..."

"Sir," interrupted the messenger, "about the cows?"

"Yes, yes," muttered Apollo. "I shall see to this incident myself. You are dismissed." Getting up from his throne, Apollo transported to the pasture in a flash of golden light.

The angry god looked around the scene which was cloaked in an early morning mist. Not far below loomed the shadow of Mount Cyllene. Just before the mountain was a forest, and on either side of the forest were hills sloping gently down to a distant village below. It had rained the night before, leaving the ground slightly soft and muddy. As Apollo walked up to the gate around the pasture, he noticed scratch marks made by the moving of the gate as well as the giant footprints mentioned by the messenger. Looking more closely, he was able to see many more sets of footprints in the area, but strangely they were leading into the pasture. And even more confusing was the fact that none of the footprints looked like those of a cow. It was as if the cows had just floated away. Completely baffled, Apollo sat down on a nearby rock and put his head in his hands. His eyes traveled across the ground, hoping to find some sort of indication as to where the herd had disappeared. Suddenly, something caught his attention. A pile of bark was lying at the entrance of the forest, along with some evergreen branches. This pile had not just fallen from the trees overhead because neither the bark nor the branches were native to this area. Therefore, Apollo concluded, some hand had carried them to this point for some purpose. Although the footprints were leading from the forest into the pasture, Apollo decided to find the "origin" of these tracks and entered the woods. He followed them for about a mile until he reached a crossroads, one way leading to a secluded cave, the other way down into the valley below. Here the footprints ended. Apollo didn't know which way to go, and he would have stood there debating for hours if another clue had not caught his eye. A pile of evergreen branches and tree bark lay next to the cave. Apollo burst into the cave, coming upon Maia, a Titan's daughter and mistress of Zeus, with a young baby boy curled up in her arms. She jumped at the sudden intrusion and instinctively clutched the baby tighter. "What do you want?" she gasped, shaking in fear of this unexpected visitor.

"I would like my cows back!" bellowed the god. "I know they are here. Give them back to me, and I shall not harm you."

Suddenly the baby jumped from his mother's arms. "Please sir, do not threaten us. Can't you see there is not a single cow in this cave?"

Apollo's jaw dropped as he marveled at the speaking newborn. "But I know they are here. The tracks led me to this very cave! It was you wasn't it, you little thief?" Apollo made a lunge for the child and, missing, chased him out of the cave straight onto Olympus. Bursting into the throne room, Apollo shouted, "Tell this little thief to give me back my cows! He has stolen them, and I want them back at once!"

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

Giant Thief (Continued a *Pagina Quarta*)

"Please tell my brother to stop yelling at me, father! I am merely an infant and incapable of taking his herd as he says."

"Father?" screamed Apollo. "This little imp?"

Zeus smiled bemusedly on the scene before him. "Yes, he's your brother, Apollo. He is Hermes, my son by the Titaness, Maia. But truly, Hermes, did you steal Apollo's cattle?"

Unable to lie to his father, Hermes admitted to the crime. Zeus ordered him to lead Apollo to the hidden herd.

Once there, Apollo counted the cows and found two missing. "Where are they?" asked Apollo. Hermes could sense his brother's anger building again, and immediately pulled out an instrument such as Apollo had never seen before. Hermes strummed the cords, stretched across a turtle shell, making the most beautiful sounds Apollo had ever heard.

"Give that to me!" ordered Apollo. "I am the patron of music, and that instrument should be mine!"

However, Hermes bargained with him to keep the whole herd of cows in return for the new instrument.

"Tell me now, brother, how you created this instrument," said Apollo.

"Well, brother," started Hermes, "actually that's where you're other two cows went. I made that instrument out of their guts. However, I did sacrifice the remaining parts of the cows to the twelve gods."

"Twelve?" asked Apollo. "But there are only eleven gods on Olympus. Who is the twelfth?"

"Me, of course!" replied Hermes. "As a son of Zeus, I have every right to a throne on Olympus!"

Looking up in amazement, Apollo dropped the instrument. "You? Why you little..." Hermes ran down the mountain, pursued once again by the angry Apollo.

Hermes, however, did become a god, and through this incident was made protector of thieves and travelers.

Two Major Grants Awarded to Pompeiiana, Inc.

Pompeiana, Inc., was recently awarded two grants to help promote the study of Latin at the secondary school level.

The St. Paul Companies, located in St. Paul, Minnesota, contributed funds for the printing of Pompeiana's new *Persona-Presenters Speakers Bureau* pamphlet which is currently being mailed to all members of Pompeiana, Inc., as well as to approximately 8,000 additional schools and classicists throughout the U.S.A. Pompeiana is proud to have included in this pamphlet two new performance-lecturers recently added to its Speakers Bureau: 1) Lois Dion, M.A., from Orland Park, Illinois, who presents the persona of Cornelia, a Roman Wedding Consultant and conducts workshops on Roman Cosmetics; and 2) Dr. Paula Saphire from Butler University in Indianapolis, Indiana, who delivers a breath-taking multi-media performance-lecture presenting the songs of Sappho—both in Ancient Greek and in original translations—while dressed in authentic Greek costume and accompanying her own musical presentations on a variety of ancient and modern stringed instruments.

The beautifully presented four-color pamphlet offers twenty persona presentations, performance-lectures and workshops to those wishing to schedule educational and entertaining programs for schools and conventions.

The William and Myrtle Hess Charitable Trust, based in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, recently provided funds for ten of Pompeiana's Speakers Bureau programs to be presented at middle and secondary schools in Oakland County, Michigan. Approximately two hundred public and private middle and secondary schools in Oakland County have been notified of how they can apply to schedule one of these funded presentations for their students. Through the generosity of the Charitable Trust, schools chosen to receive grants will only have to pay a token commitment fee to share a Pompeiana program with their students.

The Voyage (Continued a *Pagina Quarta*)

others to stop and stand quietly. A BRIGHTLY SHINING BRONZE MARKER stands before them on the path. The group stares at the marker. Sounds of BIRDS AND SMALL FOREST ANIMALS.

CRONIUS

Can anyone read the writing on this marker?

One of the crewmen, CALANUS, walks forward and carefully studies the writing on the sign for a while.

CALANUS

Sir, the sign reads "This marks the spot reached by Heracles and Dionysus." But, sir, do you see what's on the ground behind this marker?

On the ground behind the marker can be seen two huge sets of footprints pressed deep into the ground.

CALANUS (Cont.)

This is quite odd sir. It doesn't bode well.

CRONIUS

They must be the tracks of Heracles and Dionysus. They must have left this marker here to help us. I shall make offerings to them when we return to the ship.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

A river of wine flows slowly by, bubbling over an occasional rock. Fish playfully leap out of the water to catch low flying insects. Sounds of WATER are heard along with the distant sounds of WOMEN TALKING HAPPILY AND LAUGHING. Suddenly, VINE WOMEN who are composed of plants and vegetation appear on the opposite bank. They size up the men staring at them from across the river and then playfully invite them to come across and join them. Calanus and THEAGENES enter the water to cross.

CALANUS

Wow! I've never seen anything like this! What are they, anyway? They seem to have covered themselves with plants. Or are they plants that just look like women? I've certainly never seen such beautiful plants before. My wife would be furious.

THEAGENES

I don't think she would mind you admiring the local plant life. They're certainly beautiful, whatever they are.

Calanus and Theagenes proceed slowly and deliberately across the river, tasting the wine as they go and keeping their eyes on the Vine Women.

CALANUS

But, Theagenes they talk and move. They are more than just plants. What do you suppose they want?

Calanus and Theagenes reach the opposite bank and cautiously approach one of the Vine Women.

The Flight of Love

Adaptation, Aeneid, Book 4, 305-361

By Derek Culver, Latin III student of Nancy Seltz,
Walnut Hills High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Dido speaks:

"As you arrange the fleet,
Quiet with serene steps,
Do you look to deceive your lover,
And to put Aquilo to the test?
Your Dido has built up her tears.
With the fateful union begun,
I had hoped our wedding
Would stop your wings from flight.
Have I not earned better treatment from you,
And have I not given you my heart?
For my appearance to be bitter sweet
Is a circumstance I will not bear.
Through death by flames, my mind insane,
I will hold only onto misery
If you, my Aeneas, relinquish our throne.
My reputation is befouled
By the rumor of Cupid's work,
So that Libyans, Trojans and Carthaginians
(Continued in *Pagina Decima*)

CALANUS (Cont.)

Hi! Why did you call us? Are you women dressed in plants? Are you plants that look like women? What do you want? Do you need help or care?

As Calanus talks to the FIRST VINE WOMAN, two more of the twenty explorers run across the river, splashing wine into their mouths and rushing to embrace other Vine Women.

FIRST VINE WOMAN

No, funny man. We all only wish to know who you are. We get so lonesome here. Come closer and tell me whether you think I am a plant or a woman!

Calanus moves close to the first Vine Woman, brushes her face with the back of his hand and then cautiously gives her a kiss on the cheek. Calanus is immediately overcome with drunkenness and falls to the ground. Theagenes stands amazed as all the Vine Women LAUGH AND GIGGLE.

THEAGENES

Calanus, are you well? I should have stopped you. Well, at least you're only drunk and not dead. Looks like I will have to carry you back to the ship.

Suddenly sounds of TERROR AND PAIN are heard from the other two men who embraced Vine Women. Vegetation from the Vine Women they embraced is quickly encircling them as they become inextricably attached to the Vine Women. Vegetation is also seen sprouting from their own skin and limbs.

THEAGENES (Cont.)

Cronius, snap out of it. Get up! We've got to get out of here now.

Cronius forces himself to his feet and tries to focus on what is happening around him.

CRONIUS

By Zeus! I think it's too late to help those men. Hit the river! Let's get back to the other side. We've got to get away from these women, now! Go!

EXT. SHIP - DAY

The ship moves to the horizon and slowly disappears. The sound of WAVES is heard as the Narrator speaks once more.

NARRATOR

Who will believe us when we tell them what happened on that island? It's going to take some time to get those Vine Women out of our minds. But the wine, now that was excellent. Too bad we didn't have time to cask some up. Probably better that we didn't. No telling what was mixed in with that stuff. Well, it's time to turn in. Who knows what tomorrow will bring!

FADE OUT:

The Committee for the Promotion of Latin May Have Money for You!

Students and teachers of Latin should be aware that there are many organizations, both at the state and national level, that are anxious to help those interested in the study of Latin.

Almost every state has a classical organization such as the the Indiana Classical Conference and the Classical Association of Virginia. There are regional organizations such as the Classical Association of New England, and the Classical Association of the Midwest and South (CAMWS). There are national organizations such as the American Classical League (ACL) and even such international organizations as the *Federation Internationale des Associations D'etudes Classiques*. A complete directory is available from the ACL.

These organizations usually offer scholarship aid to both students and teachers. The Committee for the Promotion of Latin (CPL), which is a subcommittee of CAMWS, even makes grants available to help local schools and organizations fund presentations by members of Pompeiana's Performance Bureau. For more information, visit their website at the following URL: <http://department.monm.edu/classics/cpl>



Cura Matrona,

Myxor and I are having this big discussion over what I plan to buy for our *filius* as a gift to celebrate the fine work he is doing with his *linator*. Of course, my *combibones* laugh at me for even discussing such a thing with the *uxorcula*. They ask who wears the *toga* around my house anyway. They also warn that if I don't let her know who's the *dominus*, my *uxorcula* will turn into an *oblatatrix*. But I'm one of those *vir recens* who believes that *uxores* should be allowed to have their say. No, I don't think they should be dominating conversations at *convivia* or giving their own *reclinationes*, but I do think it is safe to give my *uxor* a little input every now and then. It will help prepare her for her eventual role as a *matrona*.

The problem we are having is that my *uxor* does not agree with my decision to buy our *filius* a *corycus*. I think it will help make him into a *vir*. She says it will turn him into a *scordalus*. *Matrona*, my *pater* taught

me how to ride, swim and defend myself with a *gladius*, and he didn't turn me into a *scordalus*! She wants to buy him a new *ascopera*.

Any suggestions on how to resolve the issue without my simply invoking my *paterfamilias iura*?

Gaius Punitus Diphilus Pompeius

Salve Puniti,

Congratulations on being a *vir recens*. We could stand a few of you here in *Roma*.

While your *combibones* are right that, as *paterfamilias*, you have the right to decide anything you want, and your "*uxorcula*" should go along with it cheerfully, I'm with you. A little discussion never hurt anything, and it will help her to make better decisions when she has matured into a *matrona*.

On the one hand, I can see your wanting to follow in your *pater's* footsteps to train your son to be a *vir*, but a *corycus* is a little *marculus*. On the other hand, an *ascopera* may be a little too practical as a gift being given for a job well done.

Like you, your *filius* has a responsibility to his *genus* to be happy and enjoy the life he has been given. So, like you, I agree that the gift should be something *oblectatorium*. If you both can't agree on a *corycus*, maybe you could agree on a new *trochus* and *clavus*, a *nubus papyraceus*, or maybe even an *anula rotalis gubernabilis* so he could go scooting down the *vici* or *tramites* with his *amici*. If you and your *uxor* agree that the gift should be designed to keep your son's *genus* happy, then it shouldn't take too long to make a final decision.

Catullus

Revises His Dinner Invitation

By Gus Skrobek-Smith, Latin V student of Elizabeth Farnley, Westfield High School, Westfield, New Jersey

Dine with me, Fabullus; let us share the gifts of the table together. Only be a good man, won't you, and bring a carafe of the finest wine your pocket can afford. You bring the wine and I'll provide the guests; what a feast this will be!

On second thought, your friends are prettier than mine... perhaps you should bring the guests and let me provide the laughs-- stories and riddles of the drollest sort; what a feast this will be!

Then again, people do seem to laugh louder at your jokes, dear friend, so why don't you bring the laughs and let me fix the meal-- olives and mice and everything nice; what a feast this will be!

Oh, my. You yourself specialize in mouse, do you not? Very well, I'll let you bring the food, the laughs, guests and wine, and Catullus will show you a jolly good time.

Mercury and the Traveler

A pseudomyst by John "Mercury" Cocco, Latin III student of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

Mercury sat at a crossroad in Greece watching a young man approach. He was sure that this one would have an interesting story to tell him.

"Hello," he said. "Where are you from?"

"Back that way, but my name is Oedipus."

"Well, where are you going, and why?"

"By Jove, you sound like my opponent herself, the Sphinx. I think I have the answer to her question, even if a "cabbage" doesn't make sense."

Mercury laughed heartily at the foolish answer to a very simple question. He made a deal with the young man. They would have a footrace. Whoever won would get what he wanted. Mercury fancied the traveler's sword, and the traveler desired the answer to the question of the Sphinx.

Well, it so happens that Oedipus won the race, not by speed, but by tripping the god. Mercury had had the same idea, so he did not complain. He gave Oedipus the answer.

"The answer to what walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night is a man."

"Well, thank you, but I can't help thinking that the Sphinx might have accepted 'cabbage' as an answer."

Mercury rolled his eyes and sighed as the traveler headed on to glory.

Ashen Limerick

By Holly Hogan and Lynette Williams, Latin III students of Nancy Benn, Hollidaysburg Area Senior High School, Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

There once was a dog from Pompeii,
Whose master had left him one day.
When Vesuvius blew,
Then his steps were but few,
For by ash he was trapped to this day.

Interlinear Latin

"Venti Colores" "Colors of the Wind"

Lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, music by Alan Menken. Based on a Latin interpretation by Vasanth Srinam, Latin II student of Suzanne Romano, Academy of Allied Health and Science, Neptune, New Jersey

Putas terram tibi esse ubicunque egrediari,
You think you own whatever land you land on,
Terram esse rem inanimam quam vindicare potes.
The earth is just a dead thing you can claim.
Sed scio omne satum, arborem, animal
But I know every rock and tree and creature
Habere vitam, animam, nomen.
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name.
Putas solos illos esse humanos
You think the only people who are people
Qui tibi similes sint et similiter cogitent.
Are the people who look and think like you.
Sed si ambulaveris in peregrini vestigiis,
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger,
Cognosces res quas nunquam ignotas habueris.
You'll learn things
you never knew you never knew.
Unquamne audisti lupum ululantem ad
frumentariam lunam caeruleam?
Have you ever heard the wolf cry
to the blue corn moon?
Vel rogastine hinc subridentem cur laetus sit?
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned?
Potesne canere cum omnibus montis vocibus?
Can you sing
with all the voices of the mountain?
Potesne pingere omnibus venti coloribus?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
Veni cursum silvae pineae semitas occultas;
Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest;
Veni gustatum terrae baccae dulces sole factas.
Come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth.
Veni te volutatum in divitiis te circumfundentibus,

Come roll in all the riches all around you,
Et semel non mirari quantum valeant.
And, for once, never wonder what they're worth.
Frates mei sunt imber amnisque.
The rainstorm and the river are my brothers.
Amici mei sunt ardea ibique.
The heron and the otter are my friends.
Et omnes nos inter nos coniuncti sumus
And we are all connected to each other
in orbe, in circulo infinito.
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends.
Quam celsae crescit sycamoras?
How high does the sycamore grow?
Si eum cecideris, nunquam scies,
If you cut it down, then you'll never know,
Et nunquam audies lupum ululantem ad
frumentariam lunam caeruleam.
And you'll never hear the wolf cry
to the blue corn moon
Seu habemus cutes albas seu cuprinas,
For whether we are white or copper-skinned,
Nobis opus est cum omnibus montis vocibus canere.
We need to sing
with all the voices of the mountain.
Et pingere omnibus venti coloribus.
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind.
Potes terram vindicare et etiam
You can own the earth and still
Solam terram vindicabis
All you'll own is earth
Quoad poteris pingere omnibus venti coloribus.
Until you can paint
with all the colors of the wind.

Ode to Medusa

By Megan Lowery, Latin I student of Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Medusa, Medusa,
A holiday gift I have for you...
A pair of sunglasses,
So you won't make people feel blue.

A visit to the hairdresser
Couldn't hurt a bit.
Maybe they could get rid of the snakes...
In any way you see fit.

After all of this,
If people still run and hide,
I have nothing more to say except...
Stay inside!

A Side-by-Side Fun Translation

The Joys of Spring

(Carmina Burana)

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

<i>Ver redit optatum</i>	Spring returns each year
<i>cum gaudio,</i>	joyfully
<i>flore decoratum</i>	abloom with beautiful
<i>purpureo.</i>	flowers.
<i>Aves edunt cantus</i>	The Birds deliver songs
<i>quam dulciter!</i>	so sweet!
<i>Revirescit</i>	The leaves on the trees
<i>nemus,</i>	return, lush and green,
<i>campus est amoenus</i>	the field's pleasantness
<i>totaliter.</i>	complete.
<i>Juvenes, ut flores</i>	The fresh smell of flowers
<i>accipiant</i>	is rejuvenating
<i>et se per odores</i>	after a long, cold winter
<i>reficiant,</i>	as boys
<i>virgines assumant</i>	accompany girls
<i>alacriter</i>	cheerfully
<i>et cant in prata</i>	and go to enjoy nature
<i>floribus ornata</i>	in bloom
<i>communit!</i>	together

Fountains (Continued a Pagina Prima)

Over the *Pons Subclivus* lies the lovely quarter of *Trastevere*, an enchanting place of narrow cobblestone lanes and countless *bottiglierie*, or wine cellars. In a wall on the *Via Cisterna* a wonderful fountain—made up of a vat, a barrel, and two wine decanters—slakes the thirst of the *Trasteverini* and their visitors. Water gushes from a hole in the center of the barrel and is caught in a crude stone bucket. The blue-collar men of *Trastevere* like to pass the three hours of siesta over carafes of the house wine in the various establishments, discussing all the topics dear to their hearts.

Further upstream on the same side of the Tiber is the *Ripa* district. On a building near the nineteenth century quays there is carved out of travertine a helmsman's wheel, spouting water from its hub. This symbolizes the *Ripetta*, a harbor which existed nearby from Caesar's time almost up to the modern era.

Under the Pope's Vatican windows, in the *Via Porta Angelica* just outside Bernini's colonnade, thirsty pilgrims daily congregate around the Fountain of the Four Tiaras. Under each tiara, or papal crown, are crossed keys, the emblem of St. Peter. From the handle of each key, water streams into one of three stone basins.

The *roni* fountains provide an enjoyable way of learning about the historic and colorful quarters of this most beautiful of cities. For this author, they rank among the most delightful charms of endlessly charming Rome.



Fountain of the Amphorae
near the old docks

Inspired by Martial

Cena Sapida

By Elizabeth Young, Latin III student of Jessica Fisher,
Norwood High School, Norwood, Massachusetts

O, scribilitam corrodere amo,
sed me e convivis removeo quod
Ante cenam scribilitam voravi.
Ergo habe tuam cenam blandam dum
Scribilitam cum chocolate gusto.
Invidese mihi? Quid tu cenavisti?

Oh, I like to eat away at cheesecake,
but I remove myself from the dinner party because
I devoured the cheesecake before dinner.
Therefore, have your bland dinner while
I eat cheesecake with chocolate.
Jealous? What did you have for dinner?

In Memoriam

For Ice Cube,
Rapper, Movie Star

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

HIC • IACET • GLACIEI • CUBUS
EXTINCTUS • CAEDE
DELECTATUS • GRASSATOR • HONORATUS
NOTUS • IMPAVIDUS • POPULARIS
VALE • VIATOR • ET • VIVE

Man Vs. Nation

Based on a submission by Sara L. Strassburger,
AP Latin IV student of Diana Meade of
Notre Dame Academy, Park Hills, Kentucky

There are many ways that the *Aeneid*, by Vergil, and *The Odyssey* and *The Iliad*, by Homer, are similar, but one thing these epics don't share are similar heroes.

When it came to "manly" heroes, Homer seems to have cornered the market. Hector was a self-confident, inspirational soldier-leader. Agamemnon was a loyal brother and a far-sighted commander who had to make tough decisions and live with them. Odysseus was a rock-hard, clever fighter whose low-hanging arms called attention to their own power.

Vergil's hero, Aeneas, on the other hand...well, Aeneas was "pius." It's hard to be a man's man when destiny demands that you be "pius," that you put duty before self, divine will before personal desires.

While it is obvious that Vergil's heroes are no match for those of Homer, Vergil's work should not be considered inferior to Homer's. Homer was writing epics to glorify the personal achievements of individual men—providing role models on which ancient Greeks could base their manly lives; Vergil, on the other hand, was commissioned to create an epic which would manufacture a sense of history for a nation and convince Romans that their proper roles were to protect and advance a nation destined for greatness by the gods themselves. This accounts for the differences between both the Greek and Roman protagonists and the epics themselves.

The Iliad and *The Odyssey* are stories of warfare and adventure. They were meant to provide role models for fighting and striving with self-aggrandizing dignity. On the other hand, Augustus had ordered the *Aeneid* to be written to show the destined and divine relationship between Aeneas' son Iulus and Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus Augustus. Vergil was creating a national myth, political propaganda intended to bolster the reforms and returns to the "good old days" that were being promoted by Augustus.

One excellent example of the differences in the purposes of the two authors can be seen in their detailed descriptions of relief carvings. In *The Iliad* Homer describes the relief carvings on a new shield being made for Achilles. The scenes depicted glorify past individual achievements. When Vergil describes the relief carvings on the doors of the new temple being built by Dido in Carthage, he has Aeneas viewing the struggles of the Trojan community, in which Aeneas himself occupies only a small spot in one panel.

Aeneas' actions are definitely less free than those of Odysseus. Aeneas is controlled by the gods, and no matter what, he is destined to deliver his son and his followers to Italy. Aeneas' usual reaction to setback and surprise is to throw up his hands, go weak in the knees and wish he had died at Troy, while Odysseus knuckles down, thinks connivingly and does what is necessary for personal survival. And, in the end, it is only he that survives. He is able to address and resolve the human mistakes that he and his men make, and he even overcomes divine setbacks.

Aeneas and Odysseus exhibit very different qualities, but they satisfied the needs of the audiences for whom they were intended. While Odysseus definitely had "manly" qualities, he would not have been able to sublimate his personal needs and desires for the sake of a national destiny. And while Aeneas' personal reactions to tragedy and setbacks are less than inspiring when it comes to "manly" role-modelling, he is able to allow himself to look bad for the good of divine will, duty and Rome's national destiny. Aeneas knew what he was, and he was actually proud of it. In his own words, "Pius Aeneas sum!"



Pisa Porraque cum Ocimo

Peas and Leeks

in a Wine Sauce Seasoned with Basil

Submitted by Jarron Alexander, Latin II student of
Donna Wright, Lawrence North H.S.,
Indianapolis, Indiana



Being a vegan, I am always on the look out for recipes which offer appetizing alternatives to meat-based meals. I knew that vegetables played a large part in a Roman's diet, and I was pleased to have a chance to try one of their totally vegetarian dishes.

Res Commiscendae:

- 1 lb. freshly shelled peas
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 heads of leeks, finely chopped
- 1/2 tsp. coriander
- 1/4 tsp. cumin
- 1/2 tsp. ground pepper
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- a pinch each of caraway and aniseed
- 1/4 tsp. basil
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt dissolved in 1/2 cup warm water
- 1/4 cup white wine

Modus Parandi:

Steam the fresh peas over 1/2 cup of water. When done, set the peas aside, but save the water in the steaming pan. To this, add the finely chopped leeks. In a mortar, grind the coriander, cumin, pepper, celery seed, caraway, aniseed and basil. Blend these herbs in with 1/2 cup of warm water seasoned with garlic salt and then add the white wine. When this mixture is well blended, add it to the leeks in the steaming pan. Gently stir in the steamed peas, cover and cook over a low heat for 25 minutes, stirring from time to time. Serve warm.



I enjoyed working with my mother in preparing this recipe, and, when it came time to taste the dish, we both agreed peas and leeks fixed in this manner are delicious and have a pleasantly different flavor to them.



Submitted by "Quintus" Frazer and "Tiberius" Wollman, Latin I students of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

- I. MUNDUS AMISSUS
- II. PLUVIA FORTIS
- III. ULULATUS
- IV. AER CONTINENS
- V. BASIUM DIUTURNUM PRO BONA NOCTE
- VI. ENIXE MORERE
- VII. PRIMAE COPIAE AERIAE
- VIII. VIR PRAEDATORIUS
- IX. MANES TENEBRAEQUE
- X. SERVANS RYANUM, MILITEM MANIPULAREM

Televisionis Diurnae Dramata

By Joseph Kosela, Latin II student of Harry Menz, Warren G. Harding H.S., Warren, Ohio

1. Valetudinarium Commune
2. Solis Occasus Litus
3. Lux Ducens
4. Vitarum Nostrarum Dies
5. Omnes Liberi Mei
6. Audaces et Pulchrae

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Roman History



Submitted by Ben Schrant and Josh Kraus, Latin I students of Linda Braun, Thomas More Prep-Marian H.S., Hays, Kansas

After answering the first nine questions, transfer each numbered letter to its proper spot to answer the tenth question.

1. Led slave rebellion in 73 B.C.
2. Volcano that covered Pompeii
3. Defeated at Pharsalia
4. Had a long stone wall built across Britain
5. Romulus' twin brother
6. Byzantium's modern day name
7. Roman love goddess
8. Hannibal's town
9. "Beware the _____ of March!"
10. Quid agit Roma hodie?

4 3 1 5 6 8 9 10 7



Counting on Latin

Submitted by Stefanie Jones, Latin III student of Diann Meade, Notre Dame Academy, Park Hills, Kentucky

Use each Latin numerical clue to determine which English words the initials in each phrase represent. Example: Quattuor L on a D = Four legs on a dog.

1. Duodecim E in a D
2. Octo L on an S
3. Tres F in a Y
4. Duodecim A of J C
5. Novem R that P S S
6. Novem S on a T-T-T B
7. Novem H in a H-R of G
8. Duodecim B in V's A
9. Duodecim P B on a P
10. The quattuor B were J, P, G and R.

Ipsi Dixerunt

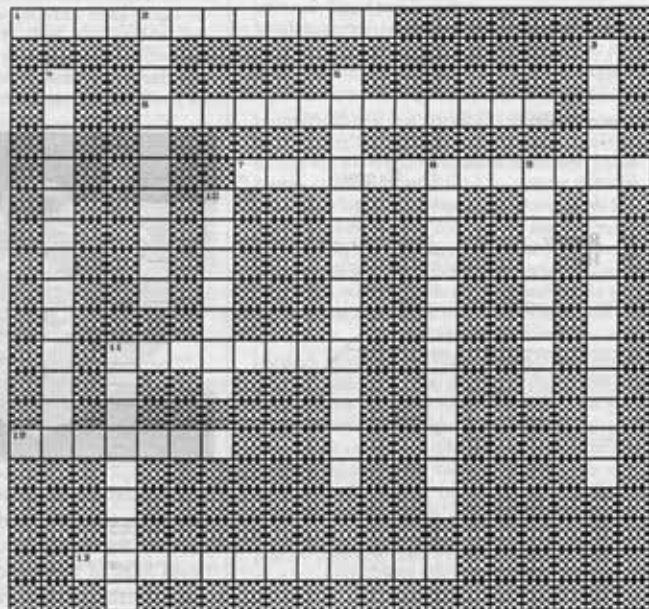
Submitted by Timothy Wigger, Latin II student of Darrel Huiskens, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Mich. Give the Latin for the following famous sayings.

ACROSS

1. Work calls me.
6. Duty calls.
7. Leisure is good.
11. My fault!
12. I am a human being.
13. A slip of the pen.

DOWN

2. Rumor flies.
3. Fortune is blind.
4. Nothing (comes) from nothing.
5. We are true friends.
8. Greetings, O Fatherland!
9. I hate and I love.
10. The law of the place.
11. He doesn't like me.



Top Ten Madonna Songs

Submitted by Mary Cavanaugh and Nicole Waddell, Latin III students of Cheravon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

- I. PUELLA QUAE QUAM PLURIMAS RES HABERE CONTENDIT
- II. PLUVIA
- III. CAERULEUS VERUS
- IV. SIMILIS VIRGINI
- V. ASTRUM FORTUNATUM
- VI. INSANA PRO TE
- VII. VIVE AD NARRANDUM
- VIII. OLIM HAEC AREA LUSORIA ERAT MEA
- IX. FINIUM LINEA
- X. SIMILIS PRECI



Nymphs and Other Famous Groups of Women

Based on a game submitted by Frank Musarra and Ahmed Roberts, Latin III students of Stergios Lazos, Hawken School, Gates Mills, Ohio

Match the lettered group names with the group descriptions and with famous individuals who were members of some of the groups.

Groups

1. Forty-nine daughters who were condemned to fill a sieve with water in Tartarus for killing their husbands
2. Frenzied worshippers of Dionysus
3. Nymphs of Dodona who raised Dionysus
4. Nymphs of fresh water streams and lakes
5. Nymphs of glens
6. Nymphs of mountains and caves
7. Nymphs of the ocean
8. Nymphs of the seas
9. Nymphs of trees
10. Sisters of Phacdon who turned into poplar trees

Individuals

11. Ambrosia
12. Amphitrite
13. Arethusa
14. Doris
15. Echo
16. Eunice
17. Eurydice
18. Lotis
19. Thetis
- G. Naiads
- H. Napeae
- I. Nereids
- J. Nysiads
- K. Oceanids
- L. Oreads





Roman Potpourri

Submitted by April Lynsay, Latin II student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

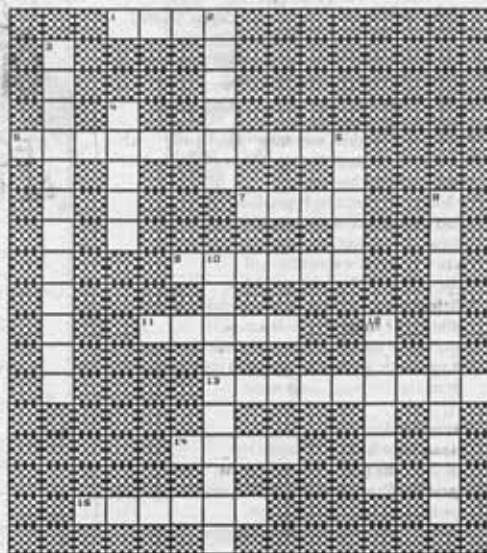
Answer in Latin unless instructed otherwise.

ACROSS

1. A doll
5. Often employed as teachers (Engl.)
7. Accused of being a "flaming" musician
9. Roman safety pin
11. Aeneas' mater
13. Most famous Roman road (Engl.)
14. Goddess who caused Hercules' grief
15. A Roman "pencil"

DOWN

2. Dianae geminus
3. 74 mile-long man-made barrier in England (Engl.)
4. Proserpine's mater
6. Female garment worn over the tunic
8. Cold bath in a balneum
10. Meal a Roman ate to break his fast
12. Ascani's pater



L-I-T-E-R-A-L-L-Y S-P-E-A-K-I-N-G

Submitted by Chrissy Jank and Sara Yund, Latin I students of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio
After entering Latin answers, transfer numbered letters to the quotation line below. Then translate the quotation into English.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. A wax-covered tablet | 8. Latin word from which "money" is derived |
| 14 | 19 33 |
| 2. "Queen of the Roads" (Latin trans.) | 9. "Eternal City" (Latin trans.) |
| 16 | 22 28 29 |
| 3. Silver coin first minted in 187 B.C. | 10. Main room containing the impluvium |
| 12 4 8 | 26 31 |
| 4. Ceremonial road in the Forum Romanum | 11. Legendary parents of Romulus and Remus |
| 34 3 18 30 | et |
| 5. Major Roman festival in December | 12. Military back pack |
| 23 9 6 | 35 |
| 6. A genteel, toga-wearing nation | 13. Leader of 73 B.C. gladiator revolt |
| GENS | 25 27 |
| 32 5 | 14. Nom. Neut. Sing. Relative Pronoun |
| 17 21 15 | 1 11 36 |

Quotation:

" 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32
33 34 35 36

Translation: "

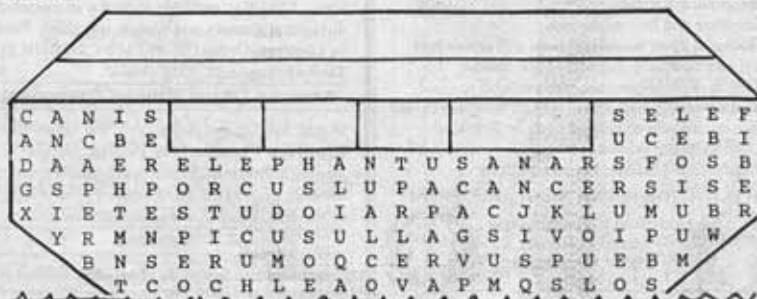


Noae Arca

Based on a game submitted by Larissa Hilton, Latin I student of Judith Granese, Valley High School, Las Vegas, Nevada

In the Word Search, frame the Latin names of these animals in Noah's Arc.

- | | | | |
|-------------|------------|-------------|-----------------|
| 1. Dog | 8. Beaver | 15. Monkey | 22. Owl |
| 2. Cat | 9. Mice | 16. Fly | 23. He-goat |
| 3. Elephant | 10. Pig | 17. Eagle | 24. She-goat |
| 4. Frog | 11. Turtle | 18. Sheep | 25. Deer |
| 5. Snake | 12. Bear | 19. Rooster | 26. Woodpecker |
| 6. Snail | 13. Lion | 20. Hare | 27. Peacock |
| 7. Duck | 14. Crab | 21. Ox | 28. Female wolf |



I. TESTAMENTUM ILLUD, Iohannes Grishamus

II. GEMMA, Bretus Lottus

III. APOLLIIUM, DELETOR E COPULA SOLUTUS EST, Timotheus LaHiaux et Hieronymus B. Iencini

IV. UBI COR EST, Guilhelmuli Lettes

V. CRUX MERIDIONALIS, Patricia Cornubia

VI. SORORUM "IA-IA" SOCIETATIS ARCANAE DIVINA, Rebecca Putei

VII. AETAS VERA - HABESNE QUAM MINIMOS ANNOS? Roizenus Michael, M.D.

VIII. LECTOR ILLE, Bernhardus Shlincus et Carola Fusca Ianettavia

IX. REGUM CREPITUS: CARMEN II DE GLACIE IGNEQUE, Georgus Martinus

X. QUO MODO MENS COGITAT, Stephanus Magis Pinccus

Getting a Head Start With Latin



Submitted by Heather Hite and Andy King, Latin III students of Nancy Benn, Hollidaysburg Area Sr. H.S., Hollidaysburg, Penn.

1. Give the Latin word for each of the thirteen clues provided.
2. Place the first letter of the Latin answer to each clue in the numbered boxes that correspond to the number of the clue.
3. On the lines beneath each row of boxes write the English translations of the Latin phrases formed.

3 8 2 11 9 13 5 10 4

A. 11 10 2 3 8 11 5 6 8

B. 11 1 9 6 4 1 2 6 10 4

C. 11 1 9 6 9 3 2 5 11 6 12 4

D. 7 5 3 10 7 10 2 9 8

- E. _____
1. _____ Eight
 2. _____ King
 3. _____ Dog
 4. _____ Death
 5. _____ I help
 6. _____ Land
 7. _____ Life
 8. _____ Farmer
 9. _____ Sun
 10. _____ I eat
 11. _____ Part
 12. _____ City
 13. _____ God



= Upper Level



= Beginning Level

Good Vs. Bad

By Ethan Fry, Latin I student of Susan Craig,
Brookfield High School, Brookfield, Connecticut

The leaders of the two neighboring countries decided to meet for a state dinner. One of them, Eduardus Bonus, was very virtuous and a great leader; the other, Henricus Malus, was a *persona non grata* just about anywhere he went outside his own realm. During this meeting, Malus accidentally had a *lapis linguae* and insulted the mother of Bonus. Although it was a total *non sequitur*, Bonus thought of it not only as an insult *per se* but a disrespect to his entire people, and thus he thought of it as a *casus belli*. Both of the peoples were *semper parati* for war which soon became a *sine qua non*.

Bonus convinced his people, who were *semper fideles*, that fighting Malus' forces was *pro bono publico*. Malus, on the other hand, *subpoenaed* everyone who wouldn't volunteer and assigned them to a *reduc* of chain gangs.

On the day before the first big battle of the war, Bonus made a speech to his men and told them that he was sure each would come off the battlefield *summū cum laude*.

After the war, whichever side won planned to create a *novus ordo seclorum*. While each side had its *pro* and *cons*, *prima facie* examining revealed a slight edge in favor of Malus. After several failed attacks by the soldiers of Malus, Bonus took the offensive. Several years of *quid pro quo* encounters, however, changed nothing.

Finally, in the tenth year of the war, Bonus and Malus agreed to a duel to decide the winner. In a quick fight Malus won, and, with his last words, Bonus uttered, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*." He then developed some rather embarrassing *post mortem rigor mortis*. Almost immediately, *mirabile visu*, a *rara avis* was spotted near the battle ground. It was a phoenix. Malus, himself weary of the years of conflict, ordered a new city to be built *in loco* in which all would live together in *pace*.

But it was not to be. Although cooperation between the forces of Bonus and Malus could be visualized *in ratione*, *in usu* it was a lost cause. Everyone wanted a different system of government. When they turned to Malus for leadership, he didn't have the answers. The people finally decided that *de gustibus non disputandum est*. Eventually, the people scattered, each person trying to live his own chosen way of life. Because the followers of Bonus will never see eye-to-eye with the followers of Malus, there will, no doubt, be conflict in the world *in aeternum*.

Flight of Love (Continued a Pagina Quinta)

See me less a regal queen than a ruler gone weak.
Suddenly, the heavens are appealing.
Up high I shall find my *fama*
In fiery delight gleaming.
You could, of course, stay here
And enjoy a common fame.
Alone, without a husband,
My homeland stolen by Pygmalion,
Iarbas will become my inescapable suitor.
Distanced from you, my Aeneas,
There will still be a wound.
To be denied the happiness of Iulus,
Who brought joy to lifeless palace walls,
Is a thought I cannot bear.
Departure of father and son will choke from me
The optimistic air I dared breath at your arrival."

Aeneas speaks:

"The concern is growing within me
That you remember every wrong I've done.
I cannot disprove what you think is true.
Your image is like the dawn light
To which I will compare my initial view
When Italy first comes to sight.
But let me address why I must go.
There has been no attempt
To fool you with a trick.
Do not imagine this flight
As a slight against you.
Italy is the land I favor,
The pinnacle of the Fates,
Where I will miss your grace.
It is my lot to make a new Troy
To bring the Mediterranean to its knees.
My agreement with the gods I shall not break,
As my father gloomily instructed me.
His ghost hazy, but with command,
He infests my trepid dreams
With predictions of a progeny supreme.
I cannot deny that my son is more
To me than you can ever be,
For I can't bear to stop him here.
Mercury himself has told me this.
Though in a flash he was gone,
Yet his instructed speech
Triggered a storm that will not cease.
Do not trouble me with vengeance
Because force would only add to the grief
Which you and I both feel;
But only one of us is weak
For I have strength to heed these things,
Not to seem grand but to be *pius*
Toward an irrevocable plan."

Quis Sum?

By Debra Caplan, Grade Seven Latin Student of
Tina Moller, Sandy Run Middle School,
Dresher, Pennsylvania

I am Goddess of strategic war,
Not like Ares of blood and gore.
My forte is thoughtful lore,
For I'm the key to wisdom's door.

My birth is a tale told with gloom.
Zeus was warned I'd be his doom.

So Zeus ate my mother with me in her womb,
And Zeus' stomach became her tomb.

Years after Mom was eaten and dead,
Zeus with a headache awoke from his bed.
"Out of my skull with you, pain," he said.
And out I came, right out of his head.

For my mother, I did weep,
But my city Athens, I did keep.
From your head, my name should leap,
For I am _____, wise and deep.

How Well Did You Read? 105

- When were specially designed fountains installed in each of Rome's twenty-one districts?
- What did the Roman soldiers do with the cow they confiscated from the villager in Britain?
- Who was The Little Giant Thief?
- What did Gaius Pumbidius Dipilus want to buy his son to celebrate his success in school?
- According to Sara Strassburger, are Vergil's or Homer's heroes more "manly"?
- Whom did Marpesa marry instead of Apollo?
- What is the answer to David Suskin's "Quis Sum?" poem?
- Who was Dido's brother?
- What is the answer to Debra Caplan's "Quis Sum?" poem?
- Quis est Laurenae Collis liberorum pater?

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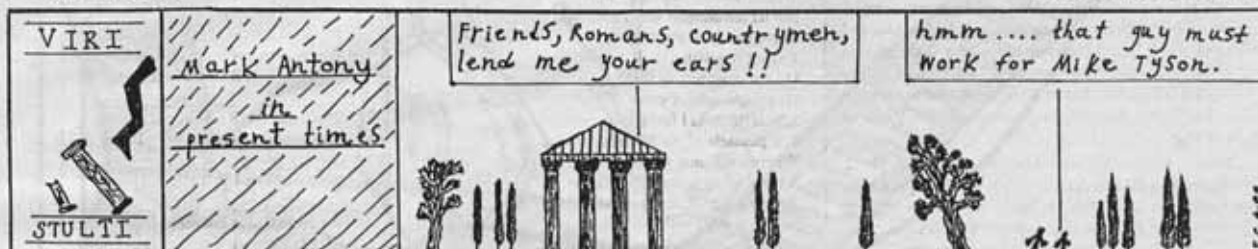
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93. Picturae Moventes

- I. THE LOST WORLD
- II. HARD RAIN
- III. SCREAM
- IV. CON-AIR
- V. THE LONG KISS GOODNIGHT
- VI. DIE HARD
- VII. AIR FORCE ONE
- VIII. PREDATOR
- IX. THE GHOST AND THE DARKNESS
- X. SAVING PRIVATE RYAN

94.

Televisionis Diurnae Dramata

1. General Hospital
2. Sunset Beach
3. Guiding Light
4. Days of Our Lives
5. All My Children
6. The Bold and The Beautiful



96.

Roman History

1. SPARTACUS
2. VESUVIUS
3. POMPEY
4. HADRIAN
5. REMUS
6. ISTANBUL
7. VENUS
8. CARTHAGE
9. IDES
10. ROMA VIVIT

97.

Counting on Latin

1. Twelve eggs in a dozen
2. Eight legs on a spider
3. Three feet in a yard
4. Twelve apostles of Jesus Christ
5. Nine reindeer that pull Santa's sleigh
6. Nine squares on a tic-tac-toe board
7. Nine holes in a half-round of golf
8. Twelve books in Vergil's Aeneid
9. Twelve push buttons on a phone
10. The four Beatles were John, Paul, George and Ringo.

98.

Carmina Optima

- I. MATERIAL GIRL
- II. RAIN
- III. TRUE BLUE
- IV. LIKE A VIRGIN
- V. LUCKY STAR
- VI. CRAZY FOR YOU
- VII. LIVE TO TELL
- VIII. THIS USED TO BE MY PLAYGROUND
- IX. BORDER LINE
- X. LIKE A PRAYER



100.

101. L-I-T-E-R-A-L-L-Y
S-P-E-A-K-I-N-G

1. TABELLA
2. REGINA VIARUM
3. DENARIUS
4. VIA SACRA
5. SATURNALIA
6. TOGATA
7. MAGNA CHARTA
8. MONETA
9. URBS AETERNA
10. ATRIUM
11. MARS et RHEA SILVIA
12. SARCINA
13. SPARTACUS
14. QUOD

Quotation:

"Qui non est hodie cras minus aptus erit." — Ovid

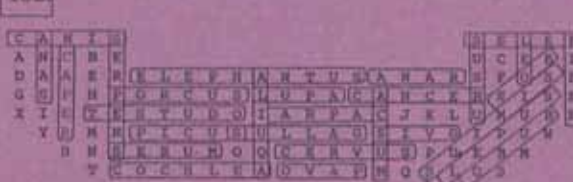
Suggested Translation:

"Who isn't ready today will be less ready tomorrow."

Noae Arca

1. Canis
2. Felis
3. Elephantus
4. Rana
5. Serpens
6. Cochlea
7. Anas
8. Fides
9. Mures
10. Porcus
11. Testudo
12. Ursus
13. Leo
14. Cancer
15. Simus
16. Musca
17. Aquila
18. Ovis
19. Gallus
20. Lepus
21. Bos
22. Bubo
23. Capre
24. Capra
25. Cervus
26. Ficus
27. Pavo
28. Lupa

102.



105.

How Well Did You Read?

1. In the early part of the Twentieth Century
2. They sold it.
3. Hermes
4. A corymb (punching bag)
5. Homer's
6. Idas
7. Apollo
8. Pygmalion
9. Athena
10. Rohanus Marley (Rohan Marley)

103. Libri Optimi

- I. THE TESTAMENT, John Grisham
- II. JEWEL, Bret Lott
- III. APOLLYON, THE DESTROYER IS UNLEASHED, Tim LaHaye, Jerry B. Jenkins
- IV. WHERE THE HEART IS, Billie Letts
- V. SOUTHERN CROSS, Patricia Cornwell
- VI. DIVINE SECRETS OF THE YA-YA SISTERHOOD, Rebecca Wells
- VII. TRUE AGE — ARE YOU AS YOUNG AS YOU CAN BE? Roizen Michael, M.D.
- VIII. THE READER, Carol Brown Janeway
- IX. CLASH OF KINGS: A SONG OF ICE AND FIRE, No. 2, George Martin
- X. HOW THE MIND WORKS, Steven Pinker

104.

Getting a Head Start With Latin

- A. CARPE DIEM
Seize the day
- B. PER CAPITA
Per person
- C. POST MORTEM
After death
- D. POST SCRIPTUM
Written afterwards
- E. VICE VERSA
With the order reversed
1. OCTO
2. REX
3. CANIS
4. MORS
5. IUVO
6. TERRA
7. VITA
8. AGRICOLA
9. SOL
10. EDO
11. PARS
12. URBS
13. DEUS

Lauryn Hill

Precious few twenty-year-olds get to hear their voice broadcast coast to coast on popular radio stations. Fewer still win Grammy Awards. But in 1996, Lauryn Hill managed to accomplish both of those feats with the release of *The Fugee's* debut album, *The Score*. Hill co-executive produced the album and her golden voice graced many of the tracks, most prominently the remake of the Roberta Flack classic "Killing Me Softly With His Song."

That year, along with her bandmates Wyndol Jean and "Pras" Michel, Hill won her first two Grammy Awards—Best Rap Album and Best R&B Performance by a Duo or Group.

Now, three years later, Hill has the world at her waiting. Her solo debut album *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill* garnered five more Grammys last February, bringing her grand total up to seven. (For perspective, over the course of his entire career, the legendary Stevie Wonder has won 21 Grammy Awards—Hill is already a third of the way there.)

So, has Hill allowed her extraordinary success to go to her head? Apparently not. At this year's Grammy Awards ceremony, Hill quoted from the Bible during one of her acceptance speeches. Also, she lists her main priorities in her life as her two children and her relationship with their father, Rohan Marley, son of the late Reggae performer Bob Marley.

Even professionally Hill has her feet on the ground. Despite all that she has accomplished, there are many barriers she still wants to break through—most notably as a producer. Hill has had to fight to be recognized as more than simply a vocalist.

"This is a very sexist industry," said Hill of the recording business. She added that men are eager to let women sing to them, but are not so ready to give up creative control to a feminine power. But if anyone can change that condition, it's Lauryn Hill. She already has a legitimate and impressive list of credits to her name. In addition to her work on *The Score*, she executive produced *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill*, produced a track for CeCe Winans' debut album, wrote "A Rose is Still a Rose" for the great Aretha Franklin and also directed the video for that song.

Still, even with all this experience, being one of the few female producers in the male-dominated world of hip-hop is a constant challenge for Hill. Don't expect her to give up, though. One of her side projects is the *Refugee Camp Youth Project*, a group that teaches inner city kids to give back to their communities and help themselves and each other. Like the kids she teaches to struggle and survive, you can count on Hill to rise to whatever challenges are presented to her, and to be successful. And all the while she'll be tearing up the charts, "killing us softly with her song."