

POMPEIIANA

NEWSLETTER

VOL. XXV, NO. 9

MAI. A. D. MCMXCIX





# Treccies

Scripta est a Philippo Barcio; in Latinam ab Francisco Torre, Indianapolisensi in Italianā, reddita est.



Secundum eos qui studuerint apud Universitatem Purdueensem A.D. MCMXCIII, liberi Americani qui *Iter Tractum Sidereum* spectant plus de scientiā discunt ex hoc spectaculo quam ex omnibus aliis studiis. Hoc

audito, quo modo te habebis fortasse dependet ex conspectu tuo. Si acribis *Itineris Tracti Sideris* fabulas, sine dubio tibi placebit. Si doces scientiam, te rui pudeat.

Si autem es unus ex "Treccibus," sola fanaticorum caterva cuius nomen in *Oxonensi Glossario Anglico* est, nuntium obsoletum est.

"Treccies," scilicet, sunt illi qui *Itineris Tracti Sideris* fanatici sunt – et ubique sunt. Proficiantur ex plus quam centum terris in quibus hoc spectaculum televisifico transmittitur; peraeque CCCC dollararia per annum impendunt in mercimonia quae pertinent ad *Iter Tractum Sidereum*; et apud eos sunt Sidicus Poitierus, Robinus Guilielmi, NASA astronautae et Stephanus Screans, nostrā aetate princeps physicus.

Pro hoc favore et hāc gratiā, non mirum est *TRECCIES*, documentarium recente editum et apte nominatum, tantum prosperare.

Pictura movens *TRECCIES* a Rogero Nygardo, qui praemia meruit (*Tentissime Colligatus*, VI *Dies Roswellensis*), directus est, et in emicentia posuit narratorem Denisam Crosbea, quae personam Centurionem Tasham Iaram egerat in *Itinere Tracto Sidereo*: Aetate Proximā. Haec pictura movens comica, absurda, misericors, sincera est et post *Circuli Somnia* est primum documentarium quod universe in theatris praecipuis distributa est.

Plus quam unum annum, Nygardus, Crosbeus et parva grex sua Americani peragrabant et aderant conventibus pro *Itinere Tracto Sidereo* – conventus quibus multa milia Treccierum adsunt – ut amicitias compararent, obviam actoribus cant, mercimonia emant et vendant et commutent. Plus quam XXXV horas colloquia cum eis qui, confessionibus suis, Treccies essent in picturis moventibus enarraverunt. Collocuti sunt cum actoribus qui personas egerunt in spectaculo archetypo, visitaverunt scaenas *Navigatoris* et *Spatii Alii IX*, collocuti sunt cum actoribus qui personas egerunt in *Itinere Tracto Sidereo*: Aetate Proximā.

Denique, omnes hae picturae moventes expositae et contractae sunt in XC horae partes minutae primas visorum hilarissimorum et inusitatissimorum umquam exhibiturum in picturis moventibus. Occurrit incolae Arkansiensis qui, *Itineris Tracti Sideris* vestibus

omnino indutus, iudex erat in Aquae Albar iudicio! Videbis dentium medici officinam apparatus pertinentibus ad *Iter Tractum Sidereum* omnino ornatam! Audies illum ipsum qui linguam Klugoniensem creavit hanc linguam docentem! Et haec tantum sunt apex montis glaciis.

Praeter fabellas, colloquia, spectacula, nonnullae res mirificae de hac pictura moventi revelantur. Exempli gratiā, quis scivit Navarchum Kirkum fuisse primum Caucasium qui basium Aethiopicae (Centurioni Uthrae) in televisione dedisset? Aut quis scivit plus quam LXIII decies centena milia librorum de *Itinere Tracto Sidereo* edita esse apud omnes gentes, et hos libros convertos esse in plus quam XV linguas, in his linguas Sinensem, Norvegiensem, Hebraeam?

Pro huius spectacula favore populi, mirum est neminem antea documentarium de Treccibus umquam fecisse!

Si hoc spectaculum tibi placet aut sectator fanaticus es, si interdum spectaculum spectas, aut si es unus e numero circumstantium fortissime temptantium intellegere insaniam, *TRECCIES* est oblectatio solida. Et si *TRECCIES* nondum vidisti, noli timere. Cum plus quam XXX decies centena milia populorum in terra *Iter Tractum Sidereum* per singulas hebdomadas spectent, *TRECCIES* "diu vivet...et prosperi erunt," sicut Spokus inquit.

## The Wall Writers of Long Ago

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

*La Lotta Continua!* "The struggle goes on!" was the message thirty years ago that Romans and their visitors encountered wherever they trod in the Eternal City. That was when the fanatical Red Brigades who were terrorizing all of Italy would spray-paint their call-to-arms on walls and monuments, and any other convenient surfaces they could find.

My first sighting of the phrase was during a Sunday walk along the Tiber, in the spring of 1970. On the quays opposite the tomb of Hadrian, there it was – *La Lotta Continua* – in red letters eight or nine feet tall.

When I registered my dismay at all the graffiti marring his beautiful city to a Roman friend, he down-played the matter, explaining that the Romans have always been avid wall-writers, from as far back as the day of Romulus.

Throughout the old empire, ancient Red-Brigade-types used walls and monuments in lieu of fliers and leaflets for propagandizing. Political candidates – lacking billboards, television, mailings and other means of communication available to modern office-seekers – also took to the walls to spread their clichéd slogans and hollow promises. Suetonius informs us that during the tyrannical reign of Nero, the populace took potshots at their ruler by painting insults on the pedestals of his ubiquitous statues. One likeness was bedecked with a leather sack tied over its head. Since suffocation with such a device was the customary form of execution for parricides back then, this was meant to express the widely held opinion that Nero had murdered his mother, Agrippina. On the pedestal were scrawled these words, attributed to the sack itself:

*EGO QUID POTUI TU CULLEUM MERUISTI*  
"But what else could I do? You certainly deserved a sack over your head!"

To a bucket of paint and a brush some scribes preferred a sharp stylus – *graphium* – for etching their sentiments into surfaces. (Hence our word graffiti.)

One property owner, sick and tired of having the shrine to his household gods defaced, posted an appeal and threatened to invoke a curse if it went unheeded:

*INSCRIPTOR - ROGO TE UT TRANSEAS HOC MONUMENTUM AT SI CUIUS CANDIDATI NOMEN IN HOC INSCRIPTUM FUERIT REPULSAM FERAT NEQUE HONOREM ULLUM UNQUAM GERAT*

"Sign writer, I ask you to bypass this monument. But if you write the name of any candidate here, may he be defeated and never gain office."

Way off, in the province of Spain, another plea:

*QUISQUIS HONOREM AGITAS - ITA TE TUA GLORIA SERVET - PRAECIPIAS PUERO NE*

## LINATHUNC LAPIDEM

"You who are seeking election, let your legacy be thus – that you instruct your boy (servant) not to deface this stone."

These scrawlings were not all political or revolutionary, however. Some were religious or philosophical, some commercial, many amatory in content. Sometimes businessmen would advertise their wares in this manner, or embarrass a debtor into paying up by telling the whole community. Gossip mongers liked to "dish the dirt" on these walls. Cicero mentions that down in *Syracuse* there were graffiti throughout town cataloguing the extramarital dalliances of Pipa, the wife of a certain "Aeschirion."

The caustic Martial advised a fellow satirist that if he seeks a large readership, he should put his verses "on the walls of the stinking archways" which passersby often used as latrines. In a letter to a friend about to make his first visit to the capital, Pliny the Younger suggests where to find the most interesting wall sayings. (*Epist.* VIII, 7)

There were also mischievous, prankish notices similar to "Kilroy was Here." My favorite is one found out in the seaport of Ostia, in Greek:

Πολλοι πολοι σκευραφον. Εγω μονος οκ σκευραφω  
Loosely translated: "Everybody scribbles here except me."

The excavations at Pompeii afford us a cornucopia of wall inscriptions. This abundance is alluded to by a sentence scratched into the entrance corridor of the city's theater:

*ADMIROR O PARES TE NON CECIDISSE RUINIS QUI TOT SCRIPTORUM TAEDIA SUSTINEAS*

"I wonder, oh wall, that you have not collapsed in ruins, you who must bear the tedious ramblings of so many writers."

(Continued in Pagina Sexta)

M HOLCONIVM  
PRISCVANIVM  
POMPEIANA  
CUM ANTIQVITATIBVS

Pompeian election sign: "All the fruitsellers with Helvius Vestalis support the election of M. Holconius Priscus as duovir"

## Cleaning Your Room?

### Don't Trash Those Unneeded Books!

Teachers, recycle those no-longer-used text books you may have cluttering up your classroom.

Each summer, Pompeiana, Inc., collects the nation's no-longer-used Latin textbooks (and other still useful teaching materials), catalogs them, and offers them – for the cost of postage – to those who can use them elsewhere in the country.

When you straighten out your classroom or your home library this spring and discover materials you no longer need or use, please ship them LIBRARY RATE to:

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*Fascinating Finds  
in Latin Literature*

**TABLOID LATIN:  
PLINY THE ELDER**

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

The same Pliny the Elder who died trying to help friends near Pompeii was a renowned author of natural history. Although he wrote many books, only 37 books of his *Naturalis Historia* have survived. Its contents include a description of the universe from both a mathematical and meteorological perspective, a description of the geography of the known world along with a description of the peoples of the world. Other books deal with the subjects of zoology, botany, agriculture and horticulture. He also includes a vast list of medical cures which provide fascinating reading.

Book VII of the *Naturalis Historia* contains numerous tales of unusual tribes reputedly seen by travelers in the remote corners of the empire.

The November, 1995, issue of *Smithsonian Magazine* contains an article about this section of Pliny's work and several pictures made in the sixteenth century attempting to illustrate these fantastic tribes. The article points out that some of the legends Pliny told in this book have survived into modern times as superstitions or old wives' tales. Romans always seemed to be fascinated with tales of the extraordinary and unusual. As we look at the covers of modern day tabloids, however, we do have to wonder if we are, in fact, very different.

The following passage describes people and animals from remote parts of India and Africa, places few Romans would see in person, but about which they loved to hear stories:

*Praecipue India Aethiopiaque tractus miraculis  
scatent. Maxima in India gignuntur animalia; indicio,  
sunt canes grandiores ceteris. Arborea quidem tantae  
proceritatis traduntur ut sagittis superari nequeant, et  
facit ubertas soli, temperies caeli, aquarum abundan-  
tia, si libeat credere, ut sub una fico turbae condantur  
equitum; harundines vero proceritatis ut singula  
intermoda alveo navigabili temos interdum homines  
ferant. Multos ibi quina cubita constat longitudine  
excedere, non exputescere, non capitis aut dentium aut  
oculorum ullo dolore adfici, raro aliarum corporis  
partium: tam moderato solis vapore durari; philoso-  
phos eorum, quos gymnosophistas vocant, ab exortu ad  
occasum perstare contuentes solem immobilibus oculis,  
ferventibus harenis toto die alternis pedibus insistere.*

**Manlius et Anseres Sacri**

*By Vasanth Sriram, Dave Pearlman, and  
Alonna Pickett, Latin II students of  
Suzanne Romano, Academy of Allied Health &  
Science, Neptune, New Jersey*

Once upon a time near Ancient Rome,  
Gauls came close after leaving their home.  
The Romans were staying on the Capitoline Hill,  
But the Gauls arrived there with intent to kill.  
On the hill there were sacred temples  
That served as omens as well as symbols.  
Juno, Jupiter and Minerva were there  
To protect the Romans with faith and care.  
One night when the town was asleep,  
The Gauls climbed up without making a peep;  
But to their surprise, there were sacred geese  
Whose racket and noise disturbed the peace.  
The Romans awoke from their deep slumber  
And soon Gauls fell like pieces of lumber.  
One Gaul, though, came to the top,  
But his life and existence Manlius did stop.  
The rest of the Gauls ran down from above,  
And the geese and Manlius the people did love.

Happy Mom's Day

**Maia**

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

Mother  
Beautiful, Golden  
I love, She feeds, She relieves.  
Mother is queen.  
Maia.

**Ode To My Puppy**

*By Suzanne Norton, Latin IV student of  
Jessica Fisher, Norwood High School,  
Norwood, Massachusetts*

O, canis tenera! O, deliciae meae!  
Miscella catella, iaces in  
Vili... sola.  
Non iam ludis nam mortua es,  
Et oculi mei ruunt flendo.  
Levabas curas tristes  
Animi mei et  
Donabas mihi laetitias!  
Iam, habeo lacrimas ego,  
Et tu habes  
Pacem.

**Pandora Is Still My Name**

*By Ariel Berkowitz, grade seven Latin student of  
Tina Molter, Sandy Run Middle School,  
Dresher, Pennsylvania*

Created by the Greek god, Hephaestus,  
I was endowed by the gods with beauty and goodness.  
Epimetheus took me as his wife,  
And I became his for life.  
Known as the first woman on earth,  
I was given a jar at birth.  
Told never to open it, my curiosity overcame me.  
Many evils came out harmful to humanity.  
Hope was one good thing the jar contained,  
But in the jar it remained.  
Until one day I opened it again,  
And Hope came out to comfort men.  
The gods got angry, turned red as blood.  
They killed the humans with a flood.  
I, however, remain the same,  
For Pandora is still my name.

Using the Pompeiiana  
NEWSLETTER in  
the Classroom

**Bulletin Board Displays**

Every experienced Latin teacher knows the value of neat, colorful and constantly updated bulletin boards to help make a classroom attractive and interesting. In this segment two suggestions are presented for creating bulletin board sections which could be maintained using the Pompeiiana NEWSLETTER.

**I.**

**Our Students  
Whose Work has been  
Nationally Published**

Under this heading all work by your students which has been published in the Pompeiiana NEWSLETTER should be proudly displayed, along with a copy of the **Let Pompeiiana Put Your Name in Print** guidelines which are on the back cover of each NEWSLETTER. Color can be added by matting the four-color covers which adorn each issue and adding these to the display.

**II.**

**Classical Places  
We've Read About**

Under this heading, a map of the classical world could be displayed. Various articles could be clipped from the Pompeiiana NEWSLETTER and posted along the borders with colored yarn stretching to a pin locating the site described on the map. Students should be encouraged to find pictures of sites referred to in various articles published in the NEWSLETTER and add these pictures, neatly matted, to the bulletin board, also with colored yarn stretching to a pin locating the site on the map.

**TEACHERS:** Don't miss out on opportunities to use these and all the other suggestions which have been offered this year for using the Pompeiiana NEWSLETTER to complement the teaching of Latin. Use the **NOTA BENE** postcard you have been sent or information provided on the back cover to order student subscriptions for the 1999-2000 school year.

**Navigatio Mea Ephesus**

*Alexander R. Lorch, Latin I student of Janet Janis,  
William H. Hall High School, West Hartford,  
Connecticut, describes his personal visit to Ephesus in  
Western Turkey.*

It was a forty-five minute bus ride from Kusadasi, and as we pulled up and walked off the bus, I was amazed at how much was left standing. It was a scorching day under the Turkish sun in mid-July of the summer of 1997, and my eyes were fixed upon the ancient Roman city of Ephesus. Once one of the biggest cities in the whole Empire, Ephesus had also been a great sea port. Nowadays, the city lies a few miles inland because of the marine sediment built-up, mainly during the Byzantine Empire.

Ephesus was a grand trade center between Europe and Asia Minor with a world famous multi-story library and one of the Seven Ancient Wonders of the World, a temple dedicated to the Roman goddess of the hunt and moon, Diana.

Before Ephesus flourished under the Romans, many civilizations controlled it. First the Cimmerians reigned; then the Lydians under Croesus took control. After Persian command and Spartan rule, the city began to prosper under Alexander the Great and the Macedonians. In 189 BCE, the Romans began to use it as an essential harbor, and it remained that way for the next four hundred years, during which it also became a significant center of Christian worship under St. Paul in the 1st century CE. Sadly, Ephesus was sacked by the Goths in 262 CE. Although it was later rebuilt, it never regained its former fame.

Today, Ephesus has beautiful Roman and Greek ruins. A theater—in which, because of its almost perfect acoustics, I carried on a normal conversation with my father while sitting a good one hundred yards away—is being restored, as is the temple to Diana. The library is currently in remarkably good condition with the two stories still clearly visible. The long arcade, built with many pillars and columns, still stands along with remnants of stores. The public baths and restrooms, where I sat on a Roman commode and looked down into a two thousand year old sewer, also survive. One can understand why the well-to-do sent their servants ahead to warm up the marble seats in the cooler months. Many other altars and temples are still up, not only to Diana, but also to Apollo and the twins Castor and Pollux.

Ephesus enjoyed several periods of greatness, both before and after it came under Roman rule, and it remains a fabulous archaeological treasure and tourist attraction today.

**Tres parvi porci**

*By Clara Conrad, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert,  
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio*

Olim erant tres parvi porci. Fratres erant, et quisque casam suam habuit. Erat etiam magnus lupus malus.

Primi porci casa erat facta e stramento. Lupus accessit ad primi porci casam. Lupus "Liceat," inquebat, "mihi intrare!"

Porcus "Non," inquebat, "capillo mei parvi menti, menti, menti!"

Lupus, "Tum inflabo," inquebat, "et anhelabo, et tuam casam spiritu sternam!" Lupus inflavit, anhelavit et casam spiritu stravit.

Porcus cucurrit ad secundi porci casam quae e virgia facta erat. Lupus advenit et "Liceat," inquebat, "mihi intrare!"

Nunc duo porci "Non," inquebant, "capillis nostro- rum parvorum mentorum, mentorum, mentorum!"

Lupus "Tum inflabo," inquebat, "et anhelabo et tuam casam spiritu sternam!" Lupus anhelavit et casam spiritu stravit.

Duo porci cucurrerunt ad tertii porci casam. Tertia casa e lateribus facta erat. Lupus "Liceat," inquebat, "mihi intrare!"

Nunc tres porci "Non," inquebant, "capillis nostro- rum parvorum mentorum, mentorum, mentorum!"

Lupus "Tum inflabo," inquebat, "et anhelabo et tuam casam spiritu sternam!" Lupus inflavit et anhelavit sed casam spiritu sternere non poterat.

Tres parvi porci erant laetissimi. Lupus, autem, demissus discessit a porcis et numquam rediit.

Posthac hi tres porci felicissime vixerunt.



Side-by-Side  
Translation

## Carpe Diem

Quintus Horatius Flaccus

A liberal translation by Ben Van Lear, Latin III  
student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Tu ne quaesieris – scire nefas – quem mihi, quem tibi finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios templaris numeros. Ut melius, quicquid erit pati, seu plures hiemes, seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam, quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare	Do not look to find the future of your life, whether there are more hard times ahead, or these are the last. It is much better not to know than to see the end of your life.
Tyrrhenum. Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi spem longam rescues. Dum loquimur, fugerit invidia aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.	Be wise, enjoy only the best things in life, and for a little while do not think ahead. Even as we talk, time is passing and we become older: So seize the day, and put as little trust as possible in the future.

## Time To Go To School

A Modern Myth based on a submission by  
Tarin Williger, Latin I student of Ann-Marie Fine,  
Archbishop Blenk High School, Gretna, Louisiana

On the day that the goddess Laverna was born, no one suspected the great grief she would eventually cause. As soon as she learned to talk, Laverna was a questioner. Thus it happened that on the day she was summoned before Jupiter and told that, as a goddess, she was to use her special powers to help thieves and imposters, she immediately began to ask embarrassing questions.

How do deities use their powers? Unfortunately, all Jupiter said was, "Just do it!" He just assigned deities their areas of authority. He expected them to figure out how to use their own powers.

Laverna, however, would not let it rest. She wanted to learn exactly how she was supposed to help thieves and imposters. She decided to ask Ceres how she had learned to use her powers. Ceres was forced to confess that she had never really understood anything about her own powers and had always been too embarrassed to admit that to anyone before. Ceres suggested that Laverna talk privately with Ops, the wife of Saturn. Laverna was shocked when Ops confided in her that she really didn't know how to use her powers either. Ops suggested that Laverna ask her husband, Saturn. Saturn, however, made the same confession. He did not understand how to use his powers, but, of course, he was always willing to learn. Saturn suggested that Laverna talk to Hecate. She supposedly knew a lot about secret and dark things, and maybe she could tell Laverna how to help thieves and imposters. Hecate, however, was also forced to admit that she had never really learned how to use her powers either. She told Laverna to visit Apollo to see if he could shed some light on the problem. Although Apollo was supposed to be the god of light, he, too, was in the dark when it came to how deities learned to use their powers. He did, however, have an idea. He suggested that Laverna go back and ask everyone to whom she had talked if they would be interested in meeting every day in a little grove to see if, together, they could learn how to do what it was they were each supposed to do.

Thus it came to pass that Saturn, Ceres, Hecate, Ops, Laverna and Apollo began to meet in a little grove everyday to learn together. Before long, they figured out what they needed to know and offered to share their knowledge with all the other deities if they, too, were willing to come to the grove. The grove where they all gathered to share this knowledge came to be known as the grove of Saturn, Ceres, Hecate, Ops, Laverna and Apollo, or S.C.H.O.L.A., for short. To this day, a place where people gather to learn from each other is still called a SCHOLA, or, school.

## Just Another Five Denarii

By Robb A. Minich, student of Roman Civilization, Butler University, Indianapolis, Indiana

The wind was whistling softly at our backs in the mists of the pre-dawn air. I shuddered involuntarily. Luscus, who stood to my right, saw this and grinned.

"You'll be warm soon enough, young Marcus. Soon enough, indeed." I ignored him; I wasn't a first-year *stultus* to let his gibes set my knees to shaking. When I felt the stir of the men around me, however, and watched the sky lighten from purple to a dark red to a more brilliant orange, I knew that the sun had crested the horizon behind us, and even I could not slow the suddenly rapid beating of my heart. I noticed Luscus breathing somewhat faster beside me, too, and the observation forced out a quick bark of laughter. Luscus eyed me sardonically, and we both grinned, feeling somewhat more ready.

The bone-chilling sound of *tubae* suddenly rippled through the air, and in that moment I realized that the rays of the sun had reached into the valley at our feet, revealing a terrifying, enormous mass of ill-clad, blue-painted barbarians. As the sun fell across their faces and made it impossible for them to see us clearly, they began a rising cacophony of bone-chilling war cries and jeers in their native tongue.

So these were the Celts! As the mass of the legion surged forward, my heart swelled.

Rank upon ordered rank, we increased our speed down the green hillside, walking quickly, breaking into a jog. It was at times like this that being a member of the First Cohort seemed horribly suicidal, even if the pay was five *denarii* per day. The grass was heavy with dew, and my heavy *caligae* tore into it and forced it into the dirt. I knew that at the back of the legion, the footsoldiers in the Tenth Cohort would feel the *clavi* of their *caligae* digging into a plane of mud. This did not distract me in the least; I had once earned less than two *denarii* a day as a member of that hind-most group, and had proved myself worthy of the place I now held. We broke into a run.

The Celts squinted upwards as we rushed down the hillside like an ocean wave. They were holding their spears and *falcata* over their heads to ward off an enemy that seemed to be too bright to look at. Our legion raised a mighty shout, but we of the first cohort had eyes only for *Primus Pilus*, who ran with his arm

cocked, spear grasped in his experienced and powerful hand. Thirty yards from the barbarians, he let loose. His spear found its mark in the throat of a towering Celt with three blue lines slashed across his face. The Celt toppled, and while those around him looked at their fallen comrade, we let fly with our own spears which we had also been holding at the ready. The first batch of the enemy went down, and we met those left standing behind them with the sound of the ocean crashing against a beach of stone.

I was unaware of anyone except Luscus to my right, Aurelius to my left and our *signifer*, whose *signum* I always kept in the corner of my eye. The barbarians were all around me, and my *gladius* seemed to come alive in my hand, to be a mere extension of my body. Now and again a *bucina* would call out and, out of the force of pure habit, I would watch our *signifer* raise his *signum* three times into the air before changing the direction of our maneuvers. Suddenly, Aurelius gasped, buckled over and went down with a Celtic spear through his belly. Although all my training said, "thrust don't chop, thrust don't chop," a sharp blow of my short sword located the barbarian hand that grasped that spear and removed it from its owner. I glanced at Aurelius but knew it was too late. His glazed eyes stared blankly. I could not mourn him now, and the heat of battle had set my blood to boiling, so I put him out of my mind and continued pushing into the barbarian mass before me. Step, stab. Step, stab. Step, stab. The soldier who had stood behind Aurelius moved forward and took his spot. We fought on.

It wasn't until the clear sound of the *bucina* gave the cease-fighting signal to our *signifer* that my sword arm fell to my side. I stared at it dumbly. When I looked up, I realized that there were no more barbarians standing around me, and that the *tubae* which had initiated the battle were now signaling victory. The battle was over. I sat down in the bloody dirt and stared at a crushed clump of grass. Two ants were locked in combat over an egg that was being moved from a hill disturbed by some soldier's boot. They, too, had battles to fight, I thought. For me, since I had kept my wits about me and survived, this would become just another battle, just another day in a long military career. Just another five *denarii*!

## Never Look Back!

By Ashley Moore, eighth grade Latin student of  
Betty Whittaker, Carmel Junior High School,  
Carmel, Indiana

Savage beast and king alike  
He could fell  
With the enchantment  
Of his lyre's call,

Apollo's son, the greatest bard of all.  
His love for Eurydice was all right,  
But it took poor Orpheus  
Through sorrow's plight.

For while they were wandering  
Through a blossoming meadow,  
She was stung by a serpent's bite,  
And summoned to Pluto far below.

Struck by grief and despair,  
Orpheus used his magic to plead her case.  
He followed her to Pluto's world  
And made tears stream from Pluto's iron face.

"On one condition shall she return:  
You must have faith that she will follow.  
If you doubt and look back,  
Eurydice forever in my realm shall wallow."

Close to the mouth of death's long tunnel,  
Orpheus turned to see his loved one,  
Too soon! With a terrified scream  
She slipped away from the rays of the warming sun.

Orpheus wandered the world wide,  
Until he perished in the sea.  
Only then, reunited, at last,  
Were Orpheus and Eurydice.

## Does Humor Translate?

The following humorous English signs were compiled by Alan Hood and brought to our attention by Pompeiana Board Member, Mary Hood. They have been put into Latin to test how effectively their humor translates.

1. In a No Smoking area:  
*Si te fumantem videbimus, ponemus te urere et apte agemus.*
2. On a front door:  
*Omnes hic praeter canem sola holera prandunt.*
3. At an optometrist's office:  
*Si quid quaeras non vides, ad locum rectum advenisti.*
4. In a podiatrist's office:  
*Tempus omnes calces vulnerat.*
5. On a fence:  
*Salve, tu qui mercium venditandarum peritus es! Cani cibus canis est.*
6. Outside a muffler shop:  
*Tempus constitutum necessarium non est. Te advenientem audiemus.*
7. On an auto body shop:  
*Nobisne licet habere noxas dentatas proximas?*
8. In a veterinarian's waiting room:  
*V horae partibus minutis primis reveniam. Sede! Mane!*
9. In a counselor's office:  
*Senectutem assequi debes, sed tibi optio est assequi sapientiam.*
10. Near a funeral home:  
*Curnum cum cura age. Te expectabimus.*

## Murder on Mt. Olympus

Based on a Modern Myth by Matthew Glicksman, Honors Latin II student of Dr. Marianne Colakis,  
Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

## Chapter 1: The Party

It was a great day on Mt. Olympus. The occasion was the birth of Apollo and Artemis. Since Leto was the mother, the gods allowed her to invite three special guests. She chose Bellerophon, Aeneas, and Ignotus. Everyone was happy, especially the guests, because they were allowed to ask the gods different questions.

"How do you stay so healthy? I mean, of course, you can't die, but don't you get intoxicated from drinking so much?" Aeneas asked Dionysus.

"No, actually, you see, being the god of wine, I have a way of getting rid of the wine and still have the taste in my mouth." Aeneas cocked his head questioningly. Dionysus drank some wine and asked, "Are you ready?" Dionysus closed his eyes, put his finger in his mouth, and plugged his nose. Suddenly wine squirted out of his ears.

Ignotus approached Hephaestus. The god of metal-work turned around and stared at him. "Um...can I ask you a question?" Ignotus asked timidly.

Hephaestus smiled and said, "I feel honored. Most guests are too scared to come near me. Would you like a tour?"

"Sure."

The two left the party to go to the workshop.

Bellerophon approached Zeus and asked, "Zeus?"

"Yes, what is it you want?"

"I've always wanted to ride Pegasus."

"Okay, but you must learn a few rules so Pegasus trusts you and doesn't hurt you."

Everyone was having a ball until Amens showed up. Amens was a minor god whom everyone hated.

"Letus usus boogus downus," he yelled. He jumped onto the dance floor as everyone else cleared the way. Slowly, Hermes, Poseidon, and Ares approached Amens from behind with the usual straitjacket.

"Letus meus gous!"

"Stop adding '-us' to the end of all your words," Hermes said.

"Yous allus willus payus forus thisus."

Amens stayed on the perimeter while he got out of the jacket. Then he saw all three of the guests talking not far from him. He decided to lure them over. Hiding, he softly called, "Ambrosia, get your free ambrosia."

The three turned to the sound. "Did you hear that?" Bellerophon asked the other two.

"Yeah, but what's ambrosia?" Ignotus asked.

Aeneas said, "Ambrosia is what gods eat. It can turn mortals into gods."

Amens called again. When the three moved closer, Amens hit them over their heads and took a vial out of his pouch and forced its liquid down their throats. "Thisus shouldus dous theus trickus," he said.

The gods were now giving the newborn twins their gifts. Zeus had named Apollo the god of the sun and music. Artemis was receiving her bow and arrow as Zeus named her the goddess of the hunt and the moon. Just then the three guests ran in babbling and leaping. They tripped over chairs and knocked over tables while yelling, "Suemoc sateg susu sufi suuoq sutnaw susu."

No one understood until they turned the words around: "Comeus getus usus ifus youus wantus usus." Zeus muttered, "Amens."

## Chapter 2: The Murder

The three guests awoke in a cage. Zeus explained that they would soon be released now that the drug had worn off. Zeus then decided to keep Amens by his side while he went to get more ambrosia. Only Zeus knew where the cave of ambrosia was. Holding onto Amens, Zeus brought him to the place. Zeus entered the cave while Amens was to wait outside.

When Zeus came out, Amens was dead. Next to his body lay a feather from Pegasus.

Zeus quickly returned to Mt. Olympus. The meeting horn was blown, and everyone assembled—everyone except Bellerophon. "There has been a murder on Mt. Olympus," said Zeus, holding up the feather.

Ignotus shouted, "Is Bellerophon dead?"

"It is not Bellerophon. All of you will probably be happy to hear that Amens is dead."

There was a mighty cheer. Zeus frowned and said, "There is one small catch. No matter how much Amens was hated, there must still be a trial tomorrow."

When Aeneas and Ignotus went to their rooms, they saw Bellerophon there.

"Why weren't you at the meeting?" Aeneas asked.

"What meeting?"

"The Olympic meeting! Didn't you hear the horn?"

"No, I was taking a shower. I had manure in my ears."

"Manure?"

"Never mind. So what did they say at the meeting?"

"Amens is dead."

"Oh, well that's noth...What? Dead?"

"Yep, and since you missed the meeting, that makes you the prime suspect."

## Chapter 3: Court Is in Session

The next day, Hades was chosen as the judge. The prosecutor was Zeus. The jury was made up of the Fates. Zeus spoke. "Everyone, please raise your right hand. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"We do," came the response.

First to the stand was Bellerophon. Zeus began:

## Aeneas, Deae Natus

Based on a submission by Jenny Papatolis, Latin IV student of Sister Rita Small, Merion Mercy Academy, Merion Station, Pennsylvania

Aeneas erat vir magnus, pius et verus. Illius genus erat Troianum, grande erat fatum illius. Potens populus ei constituendus erat, quod erat difficile factu. Aeneae mater erat Venus, dea pulchra et Jovis filia.

Venus, ut mater bona semper agit, filium suum custodire volebat. Venus Aenean Achatamque mergebat in nube caelesti ne Poenorum interrogationes tactusque illos averterent. Aeneas Achatesque sic celati sonum facere non poterant. Didonis autem laudibus auditis, Aeneas et Achates nubem frangere desiderabant.

Quando Venus subito nubem dissolvebat, Aeneas e nube in lucem claram emersit, illuminatus velut deus. Aeneas, mirabile visu, erat fulgidus, splendidus. Aeneae pulchritudo et calor rubicundus similis erat ebori nitido quod artifex in statuam addidit vel auro quo argentum aut marmor cinctum est.

Veneris erat manus artificiosa. Dea filio suo pulchrum crinem et oculos splendidos dedit. Haec artifex divina opus suum formosum fecit.

"Would you please explain your day yesterday?"

"I spent the day with Demeter. I wanted to see how she could manage every harvest all over the world. After the tour was over, I went to the stables to ride Pegasus. When I got there, he was gone. As I started to leave, I

(Continued in *Paginā Quintā*)

## Minerva

Based on a poem by Brendan D'Arcy, Latin I student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park High School, Orchard Park, New York

Vulcan said, "I'll help you king!"  
When Jupiter's head hurt one day  
And used his ax to create an opening.  
At least that's what they say.

Out popped a daughter,  
Minerva by name,  
Inventor, Revenger, Forgiver,  
And great would be her fame.

"Whoever man's need shall fill,"  
Said the gods to Minerva and Neptune,  
"Shall have a temple on Athen's hill,  
To be lit by the light of the moon."

Minerva produced the olive tree  
Neptune brought forth the horse.  
The olive won by Olympic decree  
And Neptune was sad, of course.

Minerva: Inventor, Revenger, Forgiver.

"I'm better at my craft,"  
Thought Arachne, a foolish girl.  
Minerva didn't laugh,  
But Arachne gave it a whirl.

Minerva, disguised as an old woman,  
Went to Arachne to warn her  
That her ideas were dumb,  
But Arachne said she could weave better.

"I do my work with perfection,"  
Said Arachne as the competition began;  
But this offered Arachne no protection.  
She was bound to lose in the end.

Minerva: Inventor, Revenger, Forgiver.

When Minerva beat her black and blue,  
Arachne put her loom upon the shelf.  
Knowing well that she was through,  
She just went out and hung herself.

Now her descendents will weave forever;  
For Minerva, taking pity on her plight,  
Turned Arachne into a spider  
Who now does her work mostly at night.

Minerva: Inventor, Revenger, Forgiver.

## Fabulae Liberis Aptae

By Annie Vanderwyden and Amy Olexa,  
Latin II students of Nancy Mazur,  
Mation L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

## Wee Willie Winkie

Parvus Guilhelmulus Nictans  
Currit per oppidum,  
Scalas ascendens et descendens  
In vestimento dormitorio suo,  
Pulsans fenestram,  
clamans per claustra  
"Suntne liberi in lectis suis?  
Nunc sunt Primae Vigiliae."

## Jack and Jill

Iacobus et Iulia collem ascenderunt  
Petitum aquae hamam;  
Iacobus decidit et caput suum fregit,  
Et Iulia post eum decidens venit.  
Iacobus surrexit et domum tolutum ivit  
Quam celerrime.  
Cubitus ivit ut caput suum sanet  
Cum aceto et charta fulva.  
Iulia intravit et distorto visu subruit  
Videns fomentum cartaceum eius.  
Mater, irata, eam deinde obiurgavit,  
Iacobi calamitatis culpam in eam conferrens.

Poema Sine  
Interpunctione

## My Love Continues

## Inspired by Catullus II and III

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

You come to me in my dreams  
Your silhouette in the shadows  
Constantly in my thoughts

Your image

Tears brought forth

By the ache in my heart

My soul trembles

I crave the gentleness of your touch

There is a chill of emptiness

That warrants the warmth of your smile

My love continues

Yours has ended for another

Closing my eyes sleep comes

The pain of your leaving gone

For in my dreams we are together

Forever as it should be



Murder on Mt. Olympus (Continued a *Paginā Quarta*)

fell into a pile of manure." The court broke out into laughter. "I hurried home to take a shower."  
 "Thank you, Bellerophon."  
 Ignotus was called to the stand next.  
 "Would you please tell us about your day yesterday?"  
 "Well, I woke up quite awhile after sunrise."  
 "Why so late?"  
 "Let's just say that I got stuck in a tree last night when Hermes tried to teach me how to fly." Laughter broke out. "Then I went to spend the day with Hephaestus."  
 "Where did you go after that?"  
 "To meet Poseidon, but by the time I reached the ocean, the meeting horn blew."  
 "Aeneas, you're next. Please explain your day."  
 "After I woke up, I went to meet Pan for a tour of his forest. When I saw something on the side and went to check it out, I got lost until Pan found me."  
 Hades then stood up. "Court adjourned for today."  
 Zeus started to think that maybe he had overlooked

something, and he went to the stable. "If only you could speak," he said petting Pegasus' mane. But then he saw it. The saddle and reins had not been used. Also, Pegasus' mane was still moist—not from dew, nor from Pegasus' own sweat, but from human sweat.

## Chapter 4: The Final Say

The next day, Zeus began: "I have new evidence. Since the stables were locked, and no one has ridden Pegasus since the incident, I know who did it."

"Well," Hades started, "tell us."

"It was Aeneas. Aeneas, how do you plead?"

"This is ridiculous. I plead innocent."

"Let me assist you with telling your story. You woke up and wanted to kill Amens. So, you set up a tour with Pan. His forest can be confusing to get out of unless you can fly out. When you 'saw something,' it was only an excuse to lose Pan. You could not get out of the forest alone, so you called Pegasus. Pegasus came, but without reins. You held on to his mane with sweaty hands and flew off to find and kill Amens. You flew

back to the forest where Pegasus dropped you off. That is why it took Pan so long to find you."

"It's all a lie," Aeneas said.

"Here is the proof: some of the sweat from Pegasus' mane. Aeneas, please raise both of your hands."

Slowly, Aeneas raised both hands and sure enough, the sweat on his hands matched.

Hades motioned for the Fates to make their decision. They wrote it down on a piece of tile and handed it to Hades. Hades then said, "We find you, Aeneas, guilty of the murder of Amens, minor god of Insanity. Since, it is a minor offense, and everyone hated Amens anyway, you will only be punished with mandatory service with an army in a ten-year war."

And that was that. As everyone knows, Aeneas survived the war and moved to Italy. Bellerophon finally got his wish. He even succeeded in killing the mighty Chimera. Ignotus also ended up as a soldier but was killed. It is he who is buried in the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

## The Story of King Midas as Told from One Servant to Another

By Drew Heath, Latin II student of Dr. Marianne Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

1ST SERVANT is preparing food. 2ND SERVANT enters carrying dishes laden with golden food.

2ND SERVANT

The King demands more food. He wants ale and a meat pie now!

1ST SERVANT

But I just finished baking his fourth course not ten minutes ago! Why does he want more? No man could possibly eat so much!

2nd Servant throws away a pile of golden sausages.

2ND SERVANT

He wants more. He hasn't eaten any of it yet, and he's very cranky.

1ST SERVANT

What? I've been slaving away in this kitchen for over an hour, and he hasn't eaten one bit of my food?

2ND SERVANT

Correct.

1ST SERVANT

Then what on Zeus' good earth has he done with it?

2ND SERVANT

He has me throw it all away when it turns to gold.

1ST SERVANT

Are you insane? When it turns to gold? What has possessed you to lie so?

2ND SERVANT

I do not tell lies. See for yourself.

He points out a pile of discarded gold food on the floor.

1ST SERVANT

But how can this be? My food turns to gold?

2ND SERVANT

From what I've been able to gather, our greedy King wished it upon himself to have everything he touches to turn to gold. Unfortunately, now he can't even eat or drink. He's in a very sorry state.

1ST SERVANT

But that's impossible!

2ND SERVANT

As I have said, see for yourself.

1st Servant peers around the corner into the dining hall and witnesses KING MIDAS biting into a ripe apple only to have it turn to gold and nearly choke him. King Midas has a coughing fit.

KING MIDAS

By Dionysus! If some enemy is doing this to me, he will pay with his life! I'm going into my garden where I can have some peace. If I am disturbed, there will be a price to pay!

EXT. THE GARDEN - DAY

King Midas proceeds out into the garden and amuses himself turning his roses to gold. He gets so wrapped

up in this diversion that he forgets how dangerous his power can be to others. His DAUGHTER approaches.

DAUGHTER

Hello Father!

KING MIDAS

Why, hello, darling!

He moves to embrace her.

DAUGHTER

I've had such a lovely day...

At his touch, the Daughter turns into a gold statue. King Midas shrinks back and runs into the palace.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. PALACE - DAY

King Midas lies prostrate before a household shrine.

KING MIDAS

Oh, please, please, please take this curse from me. I'll do anything! Please restore my daughter to life. I can't live like this! Please!

After a few moments an OLYMPIC VOICE is heard.

OLYMPIC VOICE

Since you have realized your foolishness, we shall grant your wish, but for a price. Very soon you shall be transformed as a reminder of your own stupidity.

INT. THE KITCHEN

1ST SERVANT

So he has lost his golden touch! But at what price? His stupidity will soon be obvious to all who look upon him.

King Midas enters behind the servants, then slips behind a pillar to listen in on their conversation.

2ND SERVANT

But it is not that bad, really. After all, his daughter will be restored to him, and he will be given a new lease on life.

1ST SERVANT

Yes, you're right. Do you think he'll be more generous to us in the future?

2ND SERVANT

That would be nice. I wouldn't mind having a little plot of land of my own!

King Midas steps out from behind the pillar.

KING MIDAS

Or nothing!

The faces of the servants drop from hopefulness to misery.

KING MIDAS (Cont.)

Oh, I'm just kidding. In fact, I'm going to give each of you a reward for not abandoning me during my affliction. Here is a fistful of gold for each of you. You see, I have learned that joy cannot be obtained with money—unless it is given away.

FADE OUT:

## Pyramus and Thisbe

A puppet show to be performed by children ages 4-6.

By Michele Ordway, Jenn Vondenhuevel, Chris Bairley, Vern Montgomery and Ellen Laurie, students of Mike Gegel, Troy High School, Troy, Ohio

MOONSHINE: There once was a moon named Moonshine  
 Who thought he was a sun, oh sigh!  
 He lights up the way  
 So these lovers and wall may  
 Meet and set a date to dine.

WALL: I say good evening to you all.  
 Though I am nothing but a wall,  
 I play an important role  
 for I have, look, a hole.  
 And I stand extremely tall.  
 Like I said, I am an important place,  
 just like mommy's car dent,  
 where these fearful lovers whisper  
 as quiet as a minister  
 and express their love at the moment.

PYRAMUS: Oh look! It's night!  
 And time to fly a kite.  
 I look through the chink  
 And I see Thisbe's mink,  
 Gosh darn it! Where's my Sprite?

THISBE: I see Pyramus, my love!  
 With help from Moonshine above,  
 Oh, please give me a kiss  
 which would be pure bliss  
 before Lion gives me a shove.

(Pyramus and Thisbe kiss, and exit. Lion enters carrying a bloody veil in his mouth.)

LION: Hello, I am the dreaded lion.  
 By the way, my name is Brian.  
 I just needed a napkin—  
 There was no water fountain!  
 And this blood is red like iron.  
 Poor Pyramus, who now  
 thinks I devoured his...cow? Hey!  
 That's mean! (laughs)  
 He saw the bloody veil,  
 over-exaggerated, typical male.  
 But that's not my problem. Ciao!

PYRAMUS: Oh! My beloved Thisbe!  
 My love, thrown like a Frisbee.  
 I will now die,  
 Poison in the pie.  
 Oh! And we never went to Fiji!  
 (He poisons himself, and lies dead on the stage.)

THISBE: Oh, my Pyramus!  
 The one whom I missed!  
 Drat!  
 Ah! A Rat!  
 (killing herself) How could he be so  
 ruthless?

All children take a bow. *Plaudite omnes!*



*Cara Matrona,*

I hope you won't think I'm a disrespectful *filius* because of what I am about to say. I respect my *pater*, but I just do not want to live with him again.

When I was ten years old, my *mater* died while giving birth to a little girl who would have been my *soror*. Of course, my *pater* did not accept the *pupa*, and it was taken away immediately. After that, my *pater*, who had been a fairly pleasant man before that, turned into a mean-spirited, humorless *faber imperianus*. We had a little *fabrica* near *Baiae* where we made belt buckles. After my *mater* died, my *pater* decided he couldn't afford to send me to the *litterae* anymore, so I just worked in our *fabrica* with him every day.

Then one day my *pater* announced that he was going to make our fortune by taking a large number of army uniform buckles to sell at a *castra* near *Vindonissa*. He had heard that he could set up a booth in the *canabae* there. I didn't think much about it because I knew that we hadn't made enough buckles for him to do this.

Then, a few days later, we traveled to *Neapolis* to visit my *patruus* who owns a large fleet of fishing boats. My *patruus* is my *pater's* older brother. When my *avus* died, he had given a small fleet of fishing boats to my *patruus*, who took advantage of the opportunity to become very wealthy. My *pater* usually did not like to have anything to do with his *frater* so I was surprised when he said we were going to visit him.

We arrived very early in the morning because my *pater* wanted to be presented along with the regular *salutatio* visitors. When we were announced by the *avertis*, however, my *patruus* jumped up from his *seila* and came walking out of his *tablinum* to greet us. He hadn't seen us for several years, and I could tell he was happy that we had come to pay our respects. When my *pater* explained his plan, my *patruus* generously offered to loan him whatever he needed to buy a large enough supply of *fibulae militares* to open a shop near the *castra* at *Vindonissa*. When my *patruus* asked if I would be making the trip with him, my *pater* surprised me by saying, "Minime!" He then asked if my *patruus* would be willing to let me live with him until he got back. With no hesitation, my *patruus* agreed and said that I would be like the *filius* he had never had.

A few months later, my *patruus* received news that my *pater* had had the misfortune of arriving at *Vindonissa* just as the *castra* was under a surprise attack by a German cavalry unit. He had been taken prisoner and had not been seen since.

*Matrona*, I hope you don't think me heartless, but that was the best day in life. My life changed immediately. My *patruus* decided that he would really start treating me like his own *filius*. He said that the first thing we had to do was to be sure that I was properly educated to take over his business some day. I was given all new clothes, and, with my own *paedagogus*, I began to finish my education with one of the finest *litteratores* in *Neapolis*. My *patruus* said he was already looking around for a good *grammaticus* with whom I could study next. One or two days a month, my *patruus* and I would go out on one of the fishing boats so he could teach me what the work was like, although I wouldn't really have to do any of the heavy or messy work to run the business.

It has now been three years since my *pater* was captured. Last month my *patruus* said that I have been doing so well that he intends to let me take the *toga virilis* next *Liberalia*. He also said that he has been talking with a friend of his whose *filia* is now two years old. He said he thinks that it's time for me to have a *sponsa*.

*Matrona*, everything was going so well until this morning. That's when my *patruus* got a *litterae* from

*Vindonissa* saying that my *pater* had been rescued from the Germani who had put him to work as a buckle maker for them. The *litterae* said that my *pater* would be returning shortly.

When I asked my *patruus* if I could still keep living with him even after my *pater* got back, he said he didn't think it would be possible. He said that he could only treat me like his own *filius* while my *pater* had been held prisoner because of *Postliminium*. He said that this was a law that governed the rights of any Roman citizen who has been captured in war. So long as my *pater* had been a prisoner, he was considered to have had something called *diminutio capitis maxima*. My *patruus* said that this meant that I had not been under my *pater's* power during that time. But now that he had been set free and was coming home, I would again be under the *manus* of my *pater*, and there wasn't anything that could be done about it.

*Matrona*, I don't want to return to my old life in our *fabrica*. I know that my *pater* is going to be even meaner and more bitter than he was before. I know he won't want to spend any money on me because he will feel that he is honor-bound to work day and night to pay back the loan he was given by my *patruus*. Isn't there some way I can ask to be adopted by my *patruus* or maybe even be allowed to become *mei iuris*?

*Territus*  
*Neapolis*

*Care Territe,*

I truly feel sorry for you -- not because you are afraid of your *pater*, but because you obviously have learned so very little despite all the efforts of your *patruus* to turn you into an *adolescentis urbanus*.

Your *pater* is your *pater*, and he always will be. This is the man who gave you your life and who chose to place you on his *gens* on your *dies lustricus*. You owe him respect and help for the rest of his life regardless of how mean and brusque he may seem to be. Learning to get along with him will turn you into the *sir* he wants you to be.

I know you had high hopes of a completely different life while you were living with your *patruus*, but now that your *pater* is returning, he is once again your *paterfamilias*, and you are completely under his *manus* until he decides to arrange a marriage for you and let you start your own family. Even then, of course, you owe it to your *pater* to take care of him and respect him until he passes on.

According to the *Postliminii Ius*, the only way a child is allowed to become *sui iuris* is when his *pater* has died while being held captive by the enemy. Since you are fortunate to have your *pater* returning to you alive, you now need to stop even thinking about other possibilities.

If your *pater* doesn't mind, you may be able to stay in touch with your *patruus*. Who knows, if your *patruus* never has a son of his own, you may stand to inherit his wealth and his business someday. Let your *patruus* know that you are thankful for the love and generosity you received while living with him, but that you respect your *pater* and you will be happy to return to your former life with him.

It is this kind of respect that your *patruus* would like to have seen in a *filius* of his own, and it will go a long way in determining his future relationship with you.

## Wall Writers (Continued a *Pagina Prima*)

Most of the mural literature in this ill-fated city are romantic in tone.

**PROPERO VALE MEA SAVA FAC ME AMES**  
"I must hurry off. Farewell my Sava. Be sure to love me." Is this the poignant good-bye of a young man off to war? We can only speculate.

**VALE MODESTA VALE VALEAS QUOCUMQUE IS**

Another parting, for some reason or other: "Goodbye Modesta, Goodbye. Please stay well, wherever you go."

One local lover unabashedly flatters his girlfriend named for a goddess:

**VENUS ES VENUS**  
"You are a Venus, Venus." One lass sings the praises of her good-looking heartthrob:

**NUCERUS HOMO BELLUS**  
"Nucerus, my handsome man."

Another incurable romantic insists:

**NEMO EST BELLUS NISI QUI AMAVIT**

"No man is handsome unless he has been in love." While on the same surface an egotistical fellow scratches:

**OMNIA FORMOSIS CUPIO DONARE PUELLIS**  
**SED MIHI DE POPULO NULLA PUELLA PLACET**

"I'm willing to give all I own to attractive girls, but no girl in town interests me."

Some graffiti practitioners like to taunt pals over their lack of success:

**MARCELLUS PRAENESTINAM AMAT ET NON CURATUR**

"Marcellus is mad about Praenestina and she couldn't care less."

A disillusioned suitor gives this admonition:

**QUISQUIS AMAT PEREAT**

"Let whoever loves, perish," or... "Whoever falls in love deserves the consequences."

But here too, down south in Pompeii, were plenty of citizens who disdained this disfigurement of public and private property, like the shopkeeper who put up a sign near the clean exterior of his building:

**QUISQUIS HOC LAESERIT HABEAT IRATUM IOVEM**

"May whoever mars this space incur the wrath of Jupiter!"

[Editor's note: Although many of the messages scratched or painted on the exterior walls of Pompeian buildings were done by amateurs, professional sign painters could be hired to paint election notices and other important messages. From advertisements which these professionals left with their signs, it has been learned that they worked mostly by lamplight at night when foot traffic was at a minimum. Some sign painters advertised their ability to produce signs written backwards, the novelty of which would attract readers. One sign painter even indicated where his house could be found in Pompeii in case someone wanted to hire him.]

## Election signs painted in red on the exterior wall of a Pompeian house





## And You Thought You Were Puzzled By Latin!

Students studying First Year Latin with Dr. Thomas Egan at Ben Franklin High School, New Orleans, Louisiana, spent March 3-5, 1999, working through a tremendous puzzle in Latin class – a 1,000 piece jigsaw puzzle, in fact.



*"Dimidium facti habet qui bene incipit."*  
The border is completed.

The name of the puzzle is *Man Against Woman – Puzzles From The Past*. It portrays arena games in an amphitheater.

Anyone interested in purchasing a copy of this puzzle should contact the *Something Different Giftshop* in New Orleans at 504/891-9056.



*"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit!"*  
Students pose proudly with their masterpiece on the fifth day of their labors.

## Rome's Colosseum Getting a "Lift" for the Millennium

Archaeologists have been studying the complex system of sloping ramps and elevators which were located approximately every eleven feet under twenty-four trapdoors placed in the floor of the arena.

Apparently, the traditional view of an open arena occupied only by animals and fighters is very incorrect when it came to the the Greatest Amphitheater in the World. The elevators and ramps were designed to surprise spectators with the sudden appearance of



Colosseum with scenery and velum

animals and gladiators amidst elaborate sets and scenery backdrops which filled the performance arena.

As part of Rome's celebration plans for the millennium, the Italian government has allotted 24 million dollars to rebuild some of the elevators and trapdoors which will be reinstalled under a reconstructed portion of the original 3,588 square yards of wooden flooring that originally lay under the arena sand.

## MODESTUS, THE BAKER

By Derrick Delima, Latin III student of Donna Wright, Lawrence North H.S., Indianapolis, Indiana

It is during *vigilia tertia* that Modestus the baker wakes up in his apartment above his bakery, which is called a *pistrinum* by the citizens of Pompeii. He has a bed to sleep on, a cupboard to store a few things, and a chest for his clothes. He doesn't have a lot of possessions in his apartment because he only goes there to sleep. He puts on his tunic and goes downstairs to get ready for the day's work. The five people who work at his bakery show up while he is doing this. One starts the fire in the oven while four others begin mixing the dough using the flour that was ground the day before. When the dough is set aside to rise, two of the helpers begin grinding wheat to prepare the flour which will be used tomorrow. The others clean the mixing surfaces and prepare the sales counter. After an hour or so, everyone joins in again to shape the loaves and set them on racks to finish rising. At this point all the workers take a break to have some *ientaculum* and rest a little while. When they finish, it's time to start baking the loaves, and, once again, everyone is involved in loading the loaves into the oven. By now it is almost the end of *vigilia quarta*. The wooden awnings are raised, and the money drawers prepared. The smell of the fresh bread baking has invited several early shoppers to line up outside the bakery to buy the first loaves from the oven.

Once Modestus has set the pace and begun the process of having the loaves loaded into the oven, baked, removed and taken to the sales counter, he knows he can rely on his workers to keep things going until all the loaves have been baked and sold while he leaves to do his usual shopping in the *Forum*.

Today, however, will be a special day for Modestus. Not only does he plan to be away from the bakery for a while to shop, he also plans to devote some time to having some fun so that his genius won't think that Modestus does not appreciate the gift of life he has been given. Modestus trusts his workers and expects to have everything run smoothly at the bakery during his absence.

The first thing Modestus does is take one of his helpers with him as he goes to the *macellum* to buy some special ingredients for the bakery. Since he intends to buy a lot at the *macellum*, he has his helper carry a large leather bag full of coins over his back as he walks in front of Modestus. When the money has been spent, the helper will carry the purchased supplies back to the bakery.

On a regular day, Modestus would return to the bakery with his helper, but today he heads for the *Thermae Stabianae* where he has arranged to meet some friends. It is while talking with his friends in the *caldarium* that one of them mentions the games being sponsored in the *amphitheatrum*. Modestus agrees to accompany his friends to the games.

By the time they all finish their exercising and bathing, it is *meridie* and the *tuba* is already being sounded announcing the beginning of blood matches between professional gladiators. Modestus and his friends hurry to their seats just in time to see the undefeated gladiator receive the *pollice verso* signal from the *dator ludorum*. After two more hours of gladiator contests, the *tuba* blows again to signal the beginning of a *venatio*. The *dator ludorum* is proud to present four lions, five panthers, a rhinoceros and two bulls for this portion of the day's entertainment. By



the time the *ancus* is used to drag the final carcass from the arena, it is *sub vespere* and Modestus says that he must return to the *pistrinum* and close the shop for the day. He says, *"Valete, amici!"* and heads down the *Via Abundantiae* in the direction of his shop.

Since bread is such a major product of Pompeii, many people come to buy bread from Modestus' bakery. Modestus, a distinguished business man, loves his work and devotes much of his time to it. Although he doesn't want to live in a house yet because he feels that an apartment is more convenient for his present lifestyle, later on in life he would like to buy a *villa maritima* and get away from the noise and confusion of Pompeii!

Modestus has agreed to share his recipe for whole wheat bread with the readers of the *Pompeiana NEWSLETTER*. Try it, and if it turns out well, share it with the class.

## Panis Quadratus Pompeian Bread

### Recipe:

3 cups whole wheat flour  
1 package dried yeast  
1 1/2 tsp salt  
1 cup lukewarm water  
1/4 cup honey  
olive oil



### Modus Parandi:

Put 1/4 cup of the lukewarm water into a small bowl and stir in the honey until it is dissolved. To this, add the yeast and stir thoroughly. Set this bowl aside, and let the yeast begin to work.

In a mixing bowl, mix the flour with the salt. When the yeast has begun to bubble up, add it to the bowl along with the rest of the lukewarm water. Mix together until a uniform ball of dough is produced. If the ball is too sticky, add a little more flour. If it is too dry and won't stick together, add a little more water.

When the dough has been kneaded into a ball, remove it from the bowl. Rub a little olive oil on the inside of the bowl, place the dough ball back in the bowl and roll it around so its surface is covered with the olive oil. Cover the bowl with a towel and place it in a warm spot to rise for one hour. After one hour, remove the towel, push the dough ball down and reshape it into a ball again. Cover and allow to rise for a second hour. After the second hour, prepare a 9 in. pie pan by rubbing the inside with olive oil. Flatten the dough ball into the pie pan, cover and let rise a half hour. After a half hour, take a long knife and divide the dough into 8 pie-shaped pieces, but don't cut completely through the dough. Cover and let rise another half hour. Bake in a preheated 400° oven for thirty minutes. The bottom of the bread should sound hollow when tapped with a finger.

The bread should be "torn," not sliced, and served warm with honey.







Top Ten Movies of 1998

Submitted by Kyle Berke, Latin III student of Mike Gegel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

1. ALIQUID DE MARIÆ
2. NON POSSUM VIX EXSPECATARE
3. TAMEN SCIO QUID AESTATE PROXIMA EGERIS
4. BESTIOLAE VITA
5. ACTIO CIVILIS
6. CIVITATIS HOSTIS
7. SERVANS RYANUM, MILITEM MANIPULAREM
8. PROELIUM ULTIMUM A BONIS MALISQUE PUGNATUM
9. AQUATOR PUERILIS
10. MORTUUS AMBULANS

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Feriae Aestivae

Submitted by Anne Krutinger, Latin I student of Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Match each Latin word with its English meaning and then frame the Latin word in the Word Search.

- |                   |                       |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. August         | A. Aestas             |
| 2. Diary          | B. Amici              |
| 3. Fishing        | C. Aqua limonata      |
| 4. Friends        | D. Augustus           |
| 5. Fun            | E. Convivium sub divo |
| 6. Hotel          | F. Diarium            |
| 7. July           | G. Horti              |
| 8. June           | H. Hospitium          |
| 9. Lemonade       | I. Iter               |
| 10. Park          | J. Julius             |
| 11. Picnic        | K. Junius             |
| 12. Sailing       | L. Navigatio          |
| 13. Sandals       | M. Oblectatio         |
| 14. Sleep         | N. Piscatus           |
| 15. Summer        | O. Piscina            |
| 16. Sunshine      | P. Sol                |
| 17. Swimming pool | Q. Soleae             |
| 18. Trip          | R. Somnus             |

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



Best Selling Movie Sound Track Albums

1. EX AFRICÆ
2. AEGYPTI PRINCEPS
3. VITA EST PULCHRA
4. FIDICEN IN TECTO
5. LEO REGIUS
6. PARVA NYMPHA MARINA
7. PLUVIA PURPUREA
8. FIAT
9. TRILOGIA: BELLA SIDEREA
10. MONTIUS PLENUS



Corporeal Quiz

By Alicia Hochhausler, Latin III student of Diann Meade, Notre Dame Academy, Park Hills, Ky. Unscramble Latin words and match an English word.

- |            |             |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. PATUC   | A. Waist    |
| 2. ITUMUCB | B. Foot     |
| 3. SINAR   | C. Head     |
| 4. UNGE    | D. Shoulder |
| 5. MCLLOU  | E. Nostril  |
|            | F. Neck     |
|            | G. Knee     |
|            | H. Hand     |
|            | I. Elbow    |
|            | J. Chest    |



Cibus Inanis

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

- |                 |                                  |
|-----------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Bubble Gum   | A. Cascus Velox                  |
| 2. Cheez Whiz   | B. Crusta Lunaria                |
| 3. Gummi Bears  | C. Fabae Congelatae              |
| 4. Jelly Beans  | D. Gummi Bullibilis              |
| 5. Mars Bars    | E. Lateres Martiales             |
| 6. Milky Ways   | F. Nodi Salsi                    |
| 7. Moon Pies    | G. Scintillae                    |
| 8. Potato Chips | H. Solanorum Tuberosorum Assulae |
| 9. Pretzels     | I. Ursuli Cumminosi              |
| 10. Twinkies    | J. Viae Lactae                   |

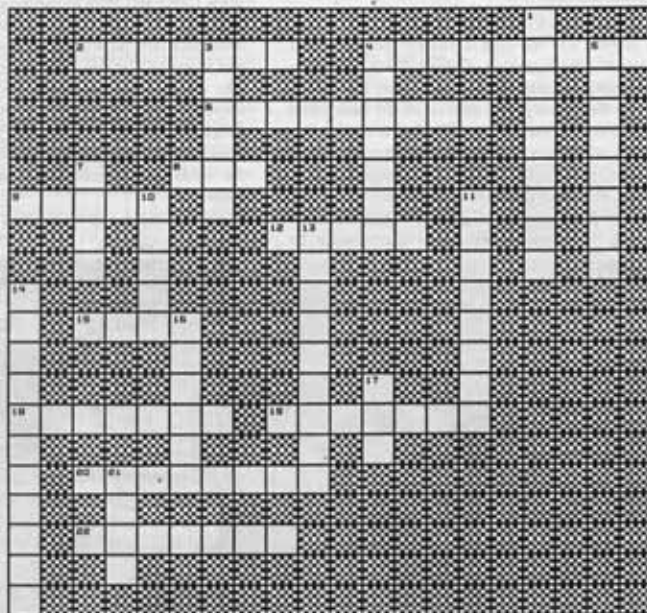


Roman Countdown

Submitted by Melissa Barney, Latin I student of Cheravon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio. Enter Latin cardinal numerals for the Roman numeral clues.

- ACROSS
2. XVI
  4. D
  6. XC
  8. II
  9. X
  12. IX
  15. III
  18. XX
  19. XI
  20. MM
  22. CC

- DOWN
1. LX
  3. C
  4. V
  5. XIII
  7. VIII
  10. M
  11. XII
  13. LXXX
  14. XIX
  16. VII
  17. VI
  21. I



After circling a Latin word in the word search for each English clue, copy the remaining uncircled letters, in order, on the answer lines provided at the end of the puzzle to answer the question in the title.

- |                   |                      |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. insanity       | 8. fame              |
| 2. a meeting      | 9. a plague (dative) |
| 3. corrupt (adj.) | 10. slaughter        |
| 4. nefarious      | 11. consulship       |
| 5. a wicked deed  | 12. fire             |
| 6. sword          | 13. a bodyguard      |
| 7. conspiracy     |                      |

I G N I S C I C E S C  
C O R R U P T U S U O  
F A M A R O O A M T N  
N I A D P E T C A E I  
T I L I S E N A E O U  
S U T A L U S N O C R  
T A M L I C I T I S A  
A M E N T I A D I E T  
I S C A E D E S A U I  
S U I R A F E N S L O  
S U L E C S S C I T G

Answer: \_\_\_\_\_



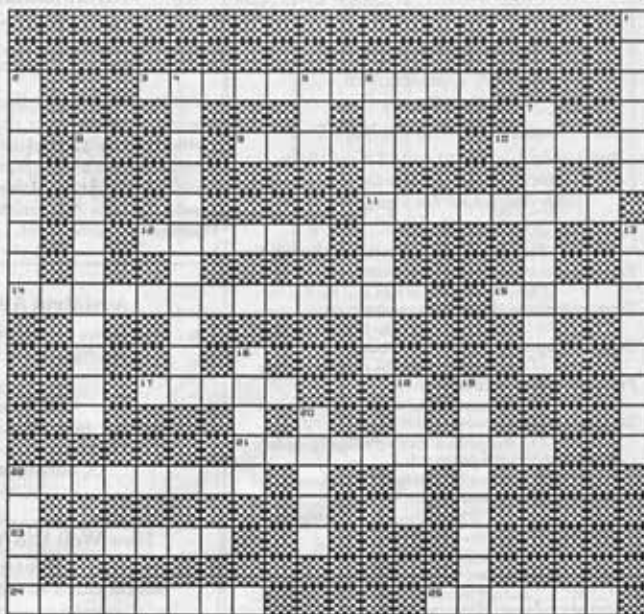
### Historically and Culturally Speaking

114.

Submitted by Rachael Junior, Latin I student of Judith Granese, Valley High School, Las Vegas, Nevada

#### ACROSS

3. Roman name for the Mediterranean
9. Rattle used in the worship of Isis
10. Latin name for the volcano in Sicily
11. Diviner who consulted animal entrails
12. Latin name for divine spirits
14. A sacrifice involving a pig, a sheep and a bull
15. Latin word for the liquid sacred to Bacchus
17. Latin term for any day on which business could not be conducted
21. Assumed name of the emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, assassinated in A.D. 222
22. Birds counted by Romulus and Remus
24. Sea east of Italy
25. Author of the *Georgics*



#### DOWN

1. Divine husband of Venus
2. Title by which Augustus preferred to be addressed
4. Domain of the ancient Italic deity, Consus
5. Saturn's wife
6. Sea west of Italy
7. This emperor's dying words were, "I feel myself becoming a god."
8. Hill in Rome on which the main temple to Jupiter was built
13. A sacred area consisting of empty lanes on both sides of a city wall
16. Ancient shepherd goddess
18. Principal river in Rome
19. Hill in Rome named after an ancient goddess of shepherds
20. Latin name for a soothsayer after which the hill was named on which Vatican City was later built
22. Goddess, the remains of whose circular temple stand in the *Forum Romanum*



1. MESSIS AMARA, Anna Regula
2. SEDES BEATAS ADLOQUI, Nuala O'Faolaina
3. CAELUM OCTOBRE, Homerus H. Hickhamus, Junior
4. VICINUS PRAEDIVES, Thomas J. Stanleus, Guilhelms D. Danco
5. SUB SOLE TUSCANO, Francesca Maies
6. VIA LONGA DOMUM, Daniella Chalybis
7. INCANTARE GUILHELMULUM, Alicia Dermottides
8. PUGILLARES, Nicolaus Scintillae
9. LIBITINARI VIDUA, Philippus Margolinus
10. VICINUS PERFECTUS, Nora Roberti

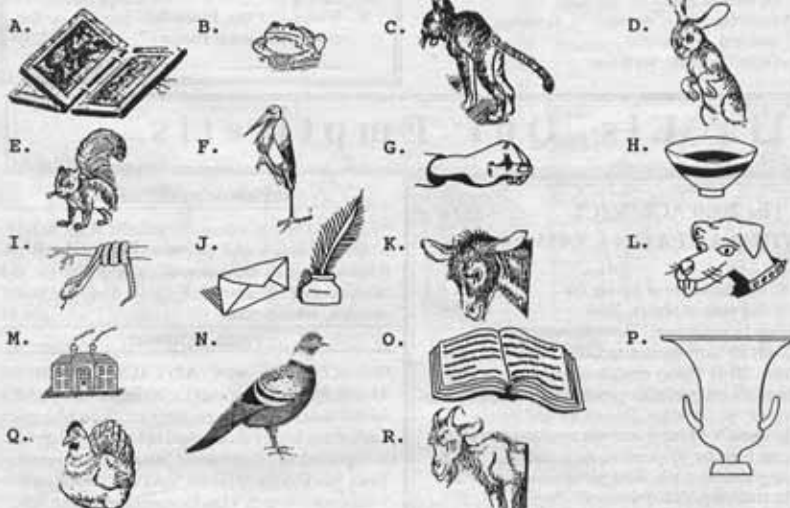


### Picture-Picture

115.

Submitted by Kenji Cummings, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

- |           |              |              |              |
|-----------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Anguis | 6. Casa      | 10. Feles    | 15. Manus    |
| 2. Asinus | 7. Columba   | 11. Gallina  | 16. Poculum  |
| 3. Bufo   | 8. Cratera   | 12. Grus     | 17. Scirus   |
| 4. Canis  | 9. Cuniculus | 13. Liber    | 18. Tabellae |
| 5. Caper  |              | 14. Litterae |              |



Match each classical name with its description.

- |   |               |
|---|---------------|
| 1. Had the horn of plenty                         | A. Dionysus   |
| 2. Men haters                                     | B. Pallas     |
| 3. Keeper of the bees                             | C. Athena     |
| 4. Made into a sunflower                          | D. Apollo     |
| 5. Lover of Thisbe                                | E. Amalthea   |
| 6. God of the vine                                | F. Poseidon   |
| 7. Half-bull, half-man                            | G. Clytie     |
| 8. Goddess of the hearth                          | H. Hestia     |
| 9. Zeus' messenger                                | I. Aristaeus  |
| 10. Archer god                                    | J. Pyramus    |
| 11. Created olive trees                           | K. Atlas      |
| 12. Earth shaker                                  | L. Daphne     |
| 13. Lit a fire for mankind                        | M. Amazons    |
| 14. Bore the weight of the world on his shoulders | N. Prometheus |
| 15. Was turned into a tree                        | O. Minotaur   |



### Facing Up To It

116.

Submitted by Nikita Pavlov, Latin II student of Barbara Bair, New Providence H.S., New Providence, N.J.

- |             |              |            |                |
|-------------|--------------|------------|----------------|
| 1. Beard    | 10. Lip      | A. Auris   | J. Mentum      |
| 2. Cheek    | 11. Mouth    | B. Barba   | K. Nares       |
| 3. Chin     | 12. Neck     | C. Capilli | L. Nasus       |
| 4. Ear      | 13. Nose     | D. Collum  | M. Oculus      |
| 5. Eye      | 14. Nostrils | E. Cranium | N. Os          |
| 6. Eyebrow  | 15. Pupil    | F. Frons   | O. Palpebra    |
| 7. Eyelid   | 16. Skin     | G. Gena    | P. Pella       |
| 8. Forehead | 17. Skull    | H. Labrum  | Q. Pupilla     |
| 9. Hair     | 18. Tongue   | I. Lingua  | R. Supercilium |



### Signa Caelestia

119.

Submitted by Maximus Gvozdas and Octavia Caldwell, Latin I students of Ceravon Davidson, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

- |                   |      |      |
|-------------------|------|------|
| 1. Comites        | A. ☉ | H. ☽ |
| 2. Iuppiter       | B. ☿ | I. ☊ |
| 3. Lunae Calendae | C. ♀ | J. ♀ |
| 4. Lunae Idus     | D. ♂ | K. ♀ |
| 5. Martius        | E. ☿ | L. ♀ |
| 6. Mercurius      | F. ☿ | M. ♀ |
| 7. Neptunus       | G. ☿ | N. ♀ |
| 8. Pluto          |      |      |
| 9. Saturnus       |      |      |
| 10. Sol           |      |      |
| 11. Stella        |      |      |
| 12. Terra         |      |      |
| 13. Uranus        |      |      |
| 14. Venus         |      |      |



= Upper Level



= Beginning Level



## Another Fine Mother's Day

By Jen Song, eighth grade Latin student of  
Tina Moller, Sandy Run Middle School,  
Dresher, Pennsylvania

A long time ago, in the BC's,  
I lived as a Roman goddess named Ceres.  
To you my life story I will unfurl.  
My daughter, Proserpina, is queen of the  
Underworld.  
Crops and harvest are my specialties.  
Grain and wheat, which I produced, were the  
Roman necessities.  
Saturn and Cybele, my parents by birth,  
Bore me to help the mortals on earth.  
Pluto would take Proserpina from me  
Down to the Underworld as his queen to be.  
To my displeasure, they were wed.  
Due to this, my seeds were not spread.  
Barren was the earth because of my grief.  
Then the Romans asked Jove to give them relief.  
Proserpina would be mine for half the year.  
When she's with Pluto, I shed many a tear.

## Poemata Brevia

By Michael Tomaino, Latin I student of  
Linda Fabrizio, Niskayuna High School,  
Niskayuna, New York

Animal  
celor, magnus,  
natat, edit, sedet.  
Ridiculus  
Meus piscis.

Leo  
validus, celor,  
petit, necat, edit.  
Potens  
Silvarum rex.

Pluvium  
mollis, umidus,  
cadit, madit, ferit.  
Mirabilis  
Aqua caelestis.

## Corrigendum

## Alcyone and Ceyx

The credit lines for the poem about Alcyone and Ceyx  
printed in *Pagina Tertia*, of the Pompeiana NEWS-  
LETTER, FEB. A.D. MCMXCIX, Vol. XXV, No.  
VI, should have read as follows:

By Maureen O'Donnell, Latin III student of  
Marian E. Altos, Mount de Sales Academy,  
Cantonville, Maryland

## Interlinear Latin

## "De Nocte Certior Factus"

A Latin Translation of  
Robert Frost's

"Acquainted with the Night"

Based on a submission by Aaron Edward Hinkley,  
Latin IV student of Judith Granese,  
Valley High School, Las Vegas, Nevada

Fui unus de nocte certior factus.

I have been one acquainted with the night.  
Egressus sum in imbre et in imbre ingressus sum.

I have walked out in rain and back in rain.  
Transgressus sum ultimam lucernam urbanam.

I have outwalked the furthest city light.  
Despexi in tristissimam semitam urbanam.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.  
Praetervigilem in circuituone eius

I have passed by the watchman on his beat  
Et, nolens explicare, meos oculos demisi.

And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.  
Constiti et pedum strepitum stiti

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet  
Cum procul clamor interpellatus

When far away an interrupted cry  
Super aedes ab alio vico supervenit,

Came over houses from another street,  
At me nec revocans nec valere iubens;

But not to call me back or say good-bye;  
Atque ultra tamen ad haud mortalem altitudinem,

And further still at an unearthly height,  
Unum horologium lucidum contra caelum

One luminary clock against the sky  
Pronuntiavit tempus nec rectum nec falsum esse.

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.  
Fui unus de nocte certior factus.

I have been one acquainted with the night.

## Does Humor Translate?

Translations for Latin found in *Pagina Tertia*

1. If we see you smoking, we will assume you are on fire and take appropriate action.
2. Everyone on the premises is a vegetarian except the dog.
3. If you don't see what you're looking for, you've come to the right place.
4. Time wounds all heels.
5. Salesmen welcome. Dog food is expensive.
6. No appointment necessary. We'll hear you coming.
7. May we have the next dents?
8. Be back in 5 minutes. Sit! Stay!
9. Growing old is mandatory. Growing wise is optional.
10. Drive Carefully. We'll wait.

## Guilhelmus Portae

By Leslie Panaro and Tyler Piper, Latin III students of  
Nancy Benn, Hollidaysburg Area Senior High School,  
Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

Is est vir divitissimus, intelligentissimus. Ut puer, erat  
ingenio praeditus supra quam natura pati videtur.  
Intravit universitatem sed sine diplomā discessit. Domi  
creavit instrumentum computatorium simplice, tum,  
multa pecunia merita, Micromollem condidit. Micro-  
mollis Fenestras XCV creavit, et, nunc, hic vir quam  
maximam pecuniam habet.

## Aestatem Anticipare

By Lauren Martin, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert,  
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Aqua limonata  
Acida, jucunda.  
Bibo, sorbeo, amo.  
Nummo poculum constat.  
Aqua limonata.

## How Well Did You Read?

120

- I. According to Drew Heath, where was Midas when he turned his daughter into gold?
- II. Quis est narrator in pictura moventi cui titulus est *Iter Tractum Sidereum*?
- III. Who killed Amens?
- IV. Which five deities met in a grove to learn how to use the powers each had been given?
- V. Which ancient city did Alexander Lorch visit with his father?
- VI. According to Pliny, where do trees grow so tall that arrows can't be shot over them?
- VII. What is the second heading suggested for a Pompeiana-related bulletin board display?
- VIII. How much did Marcus earn as a member of the Tenth Cohort?
- IX. Who was the goddess of imposters?
- X. Whom did the fruitsellers support in the *duoviri* election at Pompeii?

## Nuntia Utilia Eis Qui Emptitētis

Hieroopolis et Roma:  
Cultum Decusatio

Washington & Rome: An Intersection of Civilizations.  
This special summer study program is being sponsored  
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The Making of a Constitution: Parallels Between  
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American Myths and Legends: From Aeneas to  
George Washington; 4) Architecture, Art and  
Sculpture in Rome and Washington; 5) Vergil in  
American Literature, Art and Music.

The program is aimed at those who teach elementary,  
middle and high school American civilization courses  
and courses on the civilization of the ancient world and  
classical subjects. It will feature lectures, group discus-  
sions and guided exploration of Washington museums  
and government buildings.

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- § The Latin V-VI exam contains two Latin passages  
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- § Application deadline: January 10, 2000.

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## Nota Optime!

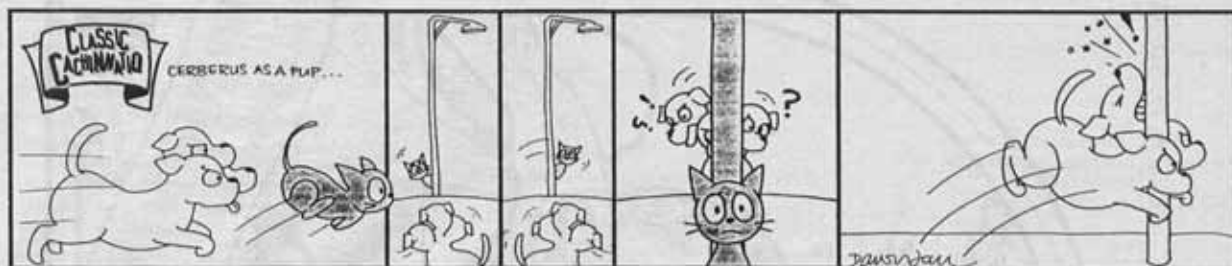
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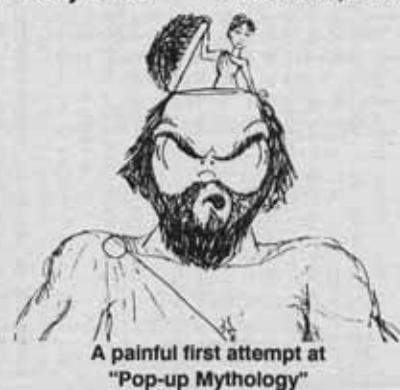


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Havertown, Penn.





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Administrative Assistant to the Editor: Donna H. Wright

Production Assistants: William Gilmartin, Betty Whittaker

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### The Pompeiiiana Newsletter

I.S.S. # 08925941

The Pompeiiiana Newsletter is the only international newsletter devoted exclusively to the promotion of the study of Latin at the secondary school level which is published monthly during the nine-month school year.

Each month, September through May, 13,000 copies of the Pompeiiiana Newsletter are printed for members and Latin classes throughout the world.

The Pompeiiiana Newsletter is a membership benefit for Adult and Contributing Members. Teachers who are members of Pompeiiiana may purchase classroom orders of the newsletter for their students.

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*Pompeiiiana Newsletter*

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*Indianapolis, IN 46220-2014*

Students submitting work should include the name of their Latin teachers and the names and addresses of the schools they attend.

#### What may be submitted

1. Original poems/articles in English or Latin (+ Eng. trans.)
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5. Learning games and puzzles, complete with solutions.
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106.

## Picturae Moventes

- SOMETHING ABOUT MARY
- CAN'T HARDLY WAIT
- I STILL KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER
- A BUG'S LIFE
- CIVIL ACTION
- ENEMY OF THE STATE
- SAVING PRIVATE RYAN
- ARMAGEDDON
- WATERBOY
- DEAD MAN WALKING

111.

## Carmina Optima

## Corporeal Quiz

- OUT OF AFRICA
- PRINCE OF EGYPT
- LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL
- FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
- THE LION KING
- THE LITTLE MERMAID
- PURPLE RAIN
- LET IT BE
- STAR WARS TRILOGY
- THE FULL MONTY

108.



112.

## Famous Ad Slogans

- Just Do It! (Nike)
- It Does a Body Good! (Milk)
- Taste the Rainbow! (Skittles)
- The Fabric of Our Lives (Cotton)
- Not Going Anywhere For A While? (Snickers)

114.



115.

## Picture-Picture

- I
- K
- B
- L
- R
- M
- N
- P
- D
- C
- O
- F
- O
- J
- G
- E
- A

117.

## Libri Optimi

- BITTER HARVEST, Ann Rule
- TALKING TO HEAVEN, Nuala O'Faolain
- OCTOBER HEAVEN, Homer H. Hickham, Jr.
- THE MILLIONAIRE NEXT DOOR, Thomas J. Stanley, William D. Danko
- UNDER THE TUSCAN SUN, Frances Mayes
- THE LONG ROAD HOME, Danielle Steel
- CHARMING BILLY, Alice McDermott
- THE NOTEBOOK, Nicholas Sparks
- THE UNDERTAKER'S WIDOW, Phillip Margolin
- THE PERFECT NEIGHBOR, Nora Roberts

113.

## What Does Cicero Know About Catiline?

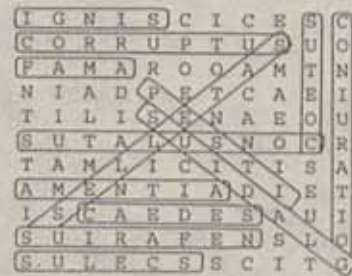
- AMENITA
- COETUS
- CORRUPTUS
- NEFARIUS
- SCELUS
- GLADIUS
- CONIURATIO
- FAMA
- PESTI
- CAEDES
- CONSULATUS
- IGNIS
- SATELLES

Answer: Cicero omnia de Catilina et amicis eius scit.

119.

## Signa Caelestia

- E
- M
- A
- G
- C
- B
- F
- K
- J
- H
- L
- I
- D
- N



120.

## How Well Did You Read?

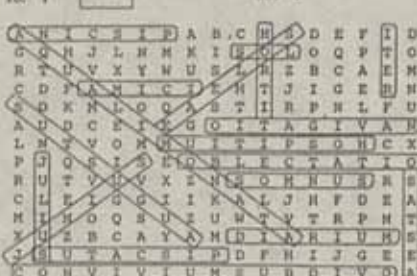
- In the garden
- Denise Crosby (Denise Crosby)
- Aeneas
- Saturn, Ceres, Hecate, Ops, Laverna and Apollo
- Ephesus
- India
- Classical Places We've Read About
- Less than two denarii a day
- Laverna
- M. Holconius Priscus

110.

## Feriae

- D
- F
- N
- B
- M
- H
- J
- K
- C
- G
- E
- L
- O
- R
- A
- P
- O
- I

109.



116.

## Facing Up

- B
- G
- J
- A
- M
- R
- O
- F
- C
- H
- N
- D
- L
- K
- Q
- P
- E
- I

118.

## Mythology

- D
- L
- H
- F
- I
- A
- N
- G
- O
- C
- B
- E
- M
- J
- K

According to a study published by Purdue University in 1993, American children learn more about science from watching Star Trek than from any other source.

How that information makes you feel probably depends on your perspective. If you're a writer for Star Trek, no doubt you're proud. If you're a science teacher, you must feel ashamed of yourself.

But if you're a "Trekkie," the only fan group listed by name in the Oxford English Dictionary, it's old news.

"Trekkies," of course, are fans of Star Trek—and they're everywhere. They hail from more than 100 countries in which the show is broadcast; they spend an average of \$400 a year each on Star Trek merchandise; and they count among their ranks Sidney Poitier, Robin Williams, NASA astronauts and Stephen Hawking, the greatest scientific thinker of our time.

Considering all that popularity and pull, it's no wonder TREKKIES, the recently released and appropriately named documentary, is such a hit.

TREKKIES was directed by the award winning Roger Nygard (High Strung, Six Days in Roswell), and stars narrator Denise Crosby, who played Lt. Tasha Yar on Star Trek: The Next Generation. The film is comical, absurd, compassionate, sincere and it's the first documentary to receive widespread, mainstream theatrical release since Hoop Dreams.

For more than a year, Nygard and Crosby and their tiny crew traveled the country attending Star Trek conventions—gatherings of hundreds of thousands of Trekkies—to make friends, meet cast members and buy, sell and trade merchandise. They filmed more

## Trekkies

than 35 hours of interviews with self-proclaimed Trekkies. They interviewed original cast members of the original show, visited the sets of Voyager and Deep Space Nine and talked with members of the cast of Star Trek: The Next Generation.

When it was all said and done, all the footage was edited down into an hour and a half of some of the most hilarious and bizarre moments ever captured on film. You'll meet the Arkansas resident and Whitewater Juror who attended the trial dressed in full Star Trek wardrobe! You'll see the inside of a dentist's office decorated top to bottom with Star Trek paraphernalia! You'll hear a lesson in the Klingon language from the inventor of the language himself! And that's just the tip of the iceberg.

In addition to the anecdotes, interviews and spectacles, some fascinating facts are revealed about the show. For example, who knew that the first interracial kiss on television was between Captain Kirk and Lt. Uhura? Or that more than 63 million Star Trek books have been published worldwide and translated into more than 15 languages, including Chinese, Norwegian and Hebrew?

Considering the show's popularity, it's a wonder that no one has made a Trekkie documentary before!

If you're a fan of the show, or a fanatical follower, if you're a casual observer, or just a bystander trying desperately to understand the madness, TREKKIES is solid entertainment. And if you haven't seen TREKKIES yet, fear not. With more than 30 million people around the world watching Star Trek every week, chances are good that TREKKIES will, as Spock would say, "live long...and prosper."