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NEWSLETTER



Bella Apud Stellae: Embolium I

Spectaculum Non Pro Fanaticis Primis sed Pro Spectatoribus Iuvenioribus Creatum

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

Anno proximo quando audivi novum spectaculum de **Bellis Apud Stellae** creari, subito cum amico meo, Rosio, in animo habebam adesse in theatro die primo. Quando prima pictura movens **Bella Apud Stellae** in theatris A.D. MCMXXVII erat, ego et mei amici solos VII annos habebamus. Nunc habemus XXIX annos.

Ergo pro temporibus antiquis constituimus rogare ut mater nos ad theatrum causa **Phantasmatis Minacis** nobis spectandi transportaret et nos procul relinqueret ne aliquis sciret matrem nos transportavisse. Sed post plus considerationis, constituimus nos futuros esse rusticiores si unam noctem castra ponamus ad tesseras emendas.

Sic Rosii MXMLXXXII Mazdae aliquae cervicalia, craticulam, vas refrigeratorium cibo potionibusque completum imposuimus, et circa vigiliam tertiam ad theatrum profecti sumus. Quia **Bella Apud Stellae** maximum valebat apud aetatem nostram, praesumebamus magnam turbam iam ibi futuram esse.

Scilicet, autem, maxime erravimus. Quamquam Indianapolisensis habet multos rusticos, sunt paucissimi—circa LXXV—qui tam rustici sunt ut castra ponant ad tesseras emendas ad **Bella Apud Stellae** spectanda.

Sic evenit quod castra ponemus, cibum craticula paravimus, in linea staretis, tesseras emeremus, picturam moventem spectavimus, de spe delecti discoderemus—in illo ordine. Speravimus Georgicum Lucas, qui **Bellorum Apud Stellae** fabulas creavisset, picturam moventem nobis

fecisse, nobis qui nunc habent XXIX annos et qui duas decades portavimus **Bellorum Apud Stellae** popos mobiles



et exemplaria plastica domo ad universitatem, ad terras externas ubi studebamus, iterum domum, tunc in varias insulas dum sensum et quaestum bonum quaerimus. Putavimus Georgicum Lucas nobis debere picturam moventem quae dignam devotione nostra sit.

Georgicus autem nobis negavit et picturam moventem illis fecit qui hodie iuvenes sunt—iuvenes quorum multitudines nunc per mundum a matribus suis prope theatra vicina relinquantur. Georgicus nos ubi vult

iam habet. Novi iuvenes autem sunt emptores difficiles. Creavit ergo picturam moventem quam credebant eos vices

spectaturos esse, sicut patres matresque eorum antea fecerant. Adhuc quod intenderat subtiliter efficere potuit.

Bella Apud Stella a multis adhuc spectatur postquam initium suum in theatris aspiciat est. Est una ex picturis moventibus quae quam maximam pecuniam unquam meruit. Et culex insanabilis febris **Bellorum Apud Stellae** totam aetatem novam fanaticorum icit.

Post XX annos, illi qui nunc sunt iuvenes stant in linea omnem noctem ut tesseras emant ad **Bellorum Apud Stellae Partem VII** spectandam. MMX Mazdis eorum craticulam, stragula dormitoria, aliquos globules cibi potionisque imponent et contendunt ad rusticos furiosos comitandos qui tesseras expectabant ut picturam moventem primo die spectent. Et hoc est bonum dummodo suos oculos adultos domi relinquant quia **Bella Apud Stellae** non solum est de alienis ex spatio et de lucro, sed etiam est de mythologia recenti et de mundo per oculos puerulos viso.

3

The Two POPULATIONS of Rome

By Frank J. Korn

Beton Hall University, South Orange, New Jersey

"We have two populations here," Romans like to say. "One of flesh and blood, the other of marble and bronze, just about equal in number."

It does seem that for every Roman walking the streets, there is a likeness of a man, or woman, in stone or metal. Instead of apartment buildings, these other "locals" inhabit piazzas and courtyards, parks and villas, church facades, palace rooftops, balustrades of bridges, monumental columns, niches of fountains, and museums and galleries beyond number. In Rome—indoors and outdoors—statues are all over the place!

Many of them can claim centuries—some even millennia—of residence in the Eternal City. The sepulchral statues that still flank the Appian Way watched Peter the Apostle make his way to Rome in the year, A.D. 42. Down in the Forum, numerous travertine Vestal Virgins have been gracing the peristyle of their convent since before the days of Caesar and Cicero. In the *Musei Vaticani*, hundreds of statues from Imperial Rome loiter in the various chambers and corridors. This ancient passion for marble effigies was renewed in Renaissance times, and perpetuated on through the Baroque age and subsequent eras to our own day.

"The saints live in our very skies," goes another Roman boast. One look at the summit of the facade of St. John Lateran Basilica and you will understand. Outlined sharply against the limpid blue heavens are colossal figures of Christ and his apostles. Their clones can be found inside the cathedral.

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)



It's Alive! It's Alive! It's Alive!

By John Mangano and Rachel Holladay, Latin I students of Dr. Elliott T. Egan, Ben Franklin High School, New Orleans, Louisiana

LATIN MAY NOT BE A SPOKEN LANGUAGE ANYMORE, BUT WHEN PEOPLE ASSUME THAT LATIN IS A "DEAD" LANGUAGE, THEY...WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT ASSUMING DOES.

Latin is not only alive and kicking in classrooms around the world, it has made a nice home for itself in cyberspace. There are many useful sites online dealing with the history of Rome and the Latin language. So many in fact, that you might have as difficult a time finding something useful as trying to solve the Labyrinth.

In order to cut down some of the search, here is a list of five useful web sites dealing with Latin and Roman History.

<http://www.umich.edu/~aclclass/>

The American Classical League

<http://patron.net/~billard/chp/latlib>

Online Latin Texts

<http://www.ck12.org/ck12/ck12-latlib>

Forum Romanum

<http://www.ck12.org/ck12/ck12-latlib>

Vroma Project

<http://www.ck12.org/ck12/ck12-latlib>

resources.html

Maria Pantelias's List

Realize that this is only a small

list of starting points. One would be un-

derstanding a journey worthy of Aeneas

if he sought out all of the Latin re-

sources online.

To all who wish to hoist their digital sails and set out on a quest for online Latin knowledge, sit back in your chair and point your modest toward history.

Pompeiiiana.com

Everyone who has not visited Pompeiiiana's website has yet to enjoy the pleasant classical music that plays automatically to make the visit memorable.

Also, going to the Educational Materials link, visitors using RealAudio and RealPlayer can hear a sample drill tape being played and view a preview of the video featuring Fabius the Tribune.

Archaeology on Line

There is a great new publication of the Archaeological Institute of America called DIG. Its website should be visited to learn all about it and its possible uses.

<http://www.dig.archaeology.org/>

Latin Pay Dirt!

This is The Big One! Every

Latin student, teacher, professor and aficionado should add the following website to his/her list of favorite places to visit tons of news and resources:

<http://Latin.miningco.com>

Avete, Caesares!

For everyone with even the slightest interest in the Roman emperors, this website is a *sine qua non*:

www.servehttp.com/~dimaacem/index.html

Get a God's-Eye View of Rome

Now you can view Rome and Athens, and most other major cities of interest to classicists, from the air. Just visit:

<http://www.terraServer.com/microsoft.com>

Want to Play Roman Soldier?

Those interested in learning more about a growing movement of Roman soldier reenactors in the south eastern states of the U.S.A. should visit the following website:

<http://members.aol.com/fucunda/>

Crās...

By Erin Murphy, Latin I student of Patricia M. Gable, Cumberland Regional High School, Seabrook, New Jersey

Furiously darting through the open sky is the messenger of the Gods. Quickly he delivers the notice to Apollo, again thanking him for the caduceus.

The herald of death must hurry with his work today to prepare for tomorrow's festival. Carefully, yet swiftly, he conducts the souls of the dead to the Underworld.

Somehow he feels his winged sandals are not carrying him rapidly enough today. He must hurry, he must; his festival will not wait another day, for today is the 14th of May.

The god of commerce looks over his people quickly, seeing that they are also preparing for the day to come. He heads for his temple, and, as he crosses over Italy, he views the great Circus Maximus. Finally he reaches the temple. Scurrying about, he remembers all he has done this year—all the deceit, all the fraud, all the dreams. Yes, he believes he has made Zeus and Maia proud.

He envisions tomorrow—his merchants showering themselves and their goods with holy water to insure another year of good fortune.

And all of this, this May 15th, this festival, it is all for him, the bringer of wealth, the god of eloquence, the deity of athletes. He has so many to watch, so many positions to fill.

The capricious and concealed Hermes concludes that he is the only god that could undertake such an active life, and to prove it, tomorrow's festival will be the most glorious ceremony to come to Athens in a year.

Gladiator

By Tim Elzinga, Latin II student of Darrel Huisken, Covenant Christian High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Gladiator
validus, fortis
pugnabit, laniabit, sanguinem fudit
est victor
gladiator

LATIN

By Mark Beatrice, Latin I student of Shelly McCormick Gane, Bel Air High School, El Paso, Texas

Here I sit
Learning the dead language.
It is all dead to me.
I do not yet understand.
There are so many tenses.
And so little time.
And yet I still
Do not know the language.
As the teacher enters the room,
And she starts the lesson,
More and more becomes clear.
I am learning.
The dead language
Is starting to arise within me.
The sounds of the words.
The many endings and meanings.
As I sit here learning and learning,
I see the teacher, and envy her.
For she knows the language.
And soon, she will help me understand.

Catullus XI

By Caleb Parker, Latin III student of Mary Lou Carroll, Northeastern H.S., Elizabeth City, North Carolina

Furius and Aurelius, Friends of Catullus,
You'll surpass the Indian extremes
And hear the waves echo far
Even there it seems
With the soft Arabs or Hyrcanians,
Scythians or Parthians bearing spears,
Or to the Nile River that colors the seas
You will travel with him for years
To climb the Alps that soar so high
And view the wonders of Caesar's time
Like Gaul and England's rough waters,
Finally Britain and the River Rhine.
No one knows what the gods think,
Or what the Fates will bring.
So tell these things to my girl
Because you're ready for anything.
May she live and fare well with her adulterers,
Having embraced 300 at once,
Loving not one truly of them,
Again and again she breaks their spirits.
May she never expect my love as before.
Our love has fallen like the last flower
From the meadow because of her faults
After being touched by the plow going past.

Chicago

By Christopher Chow, Latin II student of Valerie Bromenschenkel-Dr. R. Di Zenzo, Naperville Central H. S., Naperville, Illinois

Urbs in horto,
Ubi sunt mei
Panis et circenses.
Urbs magnorum umorum.
Aquarium, Oceanarium, Planetarium,
Museum Scientiae Industriaeque.
Uris, Catuli, Tauri, Lupi, Ignis, Albi Succi
Ventosa, frigida, calida urbs iuxta lacum.
Meum genus oppidi.
Chicagoensis.

A Kinder, Gentler DIDO

By Latin III-IV students of Valerie Bromenschenkel-Dr. Raffaele Di Zenzo, Naperville Center High School, Naperville, Illinois

Arma virumque cano
Dum Pius Aeneas conderet urbem,
Inferretque deos Latium.
Italiam dixerant ducis de nomine gentem.
Italiam laeto socii clamore salutant,
Regnum Italiae Romanamque tellurem.
Hic amos, haec patria est.
I, seque Italia ventis, pete regna per undas.
Amor ac foedera iuncto populus, nec iuncto
Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas.
Nulla bella, horrida bella.
Tu, regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Haec tibi erunt artes: pacem et imponere mores,
parcere subiectis, et debellare superbis.
Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia sacris.
Rex Latinus urbes longa placidas cum pace regebat,
At Caesar, triplici in vectus triumpho ad astra,
salvus non erit. Pacem nos poscimus omnes.
Tunc Caesar reget patriis virtutibus orbem.
Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus.
Hic erit Roma bellissima, maxima Roma.

Go Figure!

By Mercedes Asp, Latin IV student of Kevin Gushman, Yorktown High School, Arlington, Virginia

Once upon a more harmonious time,
You, O Apostrophe, were all the rage.
One would not always misuse Litotes.
Hysteron proteron was spoken of and thought of.
Personification flew rampant through the air.
People spoke of Pleonasm with words from their mouths,
And Aposiopesis—but no longer.
Ears are not given to Hypallage.
Simile's flown like a dove at a hunter's shot...
I pass over the veritable slaughter of Paralipsis.
But who now loves the lazy laughter of Alliteration?

Oh, oh! Pandora's Back, And She's Dissin' Bad!

By Clotilde E. Lillig, Classical Mythology student of Robert F. Sutton, Jr., Indiana University-Purdue University, Indianapolis

So you find me the bearer of all that goes wrong with your lives, do you? It only shows what wimps you are.

Look here! Zeus gets mad at Prometheus because he goes to get a bit of fire for you lazy so-and-sos just so you can cook your meat, and I get all the blame? After all, Prometheus is the one who said, "may (you) all be merry at heart." Instead of blaming me for everything, you should realize that I'm the spice of your life. I'm what makes getting up in the morning worthwhile. Zeus did you all a favor, and you don't even know it.

Instead of dissing me all the time, you should be thanking me and the Olympians who made me as wonderful as I am. Didn't Aphrodite, the golden crown me with desire, even with heartbreak? Didn't Athena teach me womanly skills and weaving? Wasn't I given a beautiful diadem with many designs wondrous to behold? Didn't the Graces and Lady Persuasion accent my beauty, and the Fair-haired Seasons crown me with the flowers of spring?

Haven't I helped you with the sly and clever behavior I was taught by the herald of the gods, Hermes?

As women, all my daughters and I can only give what we have been given, and we make no excuses for our actions. Since each of the Olympians contributed something to our nature, we can do nothing else but be who we are.

If you were men enough, you'd be ready to admit that if it weren't for us,

you'd still be sitting around in caves. You know you all needed a challenge. What good would all those muscles be without someone to show them off for? What good would that gray matter between your ears be if you couldn't use it to deal with the evils I let loose? Yeh, I know, you think intelligence is embodied in the liver. Shows what little you know!

The only reason our knavish nature, our lies and wily pretense bother you so much is because you can't stand the competition. If you were real men, you would welcome the challenge. And besides, maybe we would not have to lie or be as tricky as we are if you were a little more straightforward yourselves.

And those of you who have good wives and still complain about the constant clash of good and evil in your lives, this can only be because you're the evil ones, not your wives. You should clean up your own acts instead of blaming everything on your wives.

And as for you who insist that your wives are truly awful, you should consider what made them that way. Just look at yourselves and how you live. You've forced your wives to become what they are just to survive. You made your own evil.

And let's clear up the little matter about that jar you say messed up your lives—that's right. It was a jar and not a box. As a group, you're really not very well informed! Just think for a second. What do you ask your wife to do? Run the house, right? Keep things clean and orderly? Cook your meals? Make and repair the clothes that you're always messing up? Well, in case you haven't noticed, this means she has to deal with a lot of supplies, most of

which you tell her to store in jars that are older than the hills. Jars are her life. She's in and out of twenty or thirty of them a day. And just because she happened to open one she wasn't supposed to, you want to blame her for messing up your lives? Why don't you just deal with the situation instead of ripping on us women all the time. You know, it's not like my daughters and I don't have to deal with these same evils. So I took the lid off a jar and released torment, pain, and dreadful disease. Sure, these things are a little annoying, but they are what you make of them. Think of them as challenges. We do.

And, in case you haven't noticed, my daughters and I are still here. We didn't run off and leave you all to deal with these things by yourselves. We're at your sides trying to make it easier for you because, let's face it, you couldn't handle it alone! It's up to us to remind you every day that there's still hope. We have to remind you to nourish the feeling that what you want can still happen. We're the ones who tell you to look past the little problems of the day to the future. Without hope and us to remind you about it, you'd all just sit around and feel sorry for yourselves.

So why don't you all just shape up and appreciate what you've got going here. Quit rippin' on us women and maybe you'll see that life can be a lot better with us around despite that old jar!

Winning entry of the Borders Book Shop Ovidian Nao Living Myth Prize awarded by the Chairman of the Classics Department, Dr. Robert F. Sutton.

Jerry! Jerry! Jerry! TOO HOT FOR MT. OLYMPUS!

By Jennifer Hill
Latin III student of Ron Palma,
Holland Hall School, Tulsa Oklahoma

Announcer: Welcome to Jerry Springer! Our first guest is a little unusual. She is a goddess! Now, as you know, people of ancient Rome had problems just as we do, but back then mighty Roman gods and goddesses were on their side. Our first guest is the goddess, Venus!

(The audience catches its breath as it gets its first glimpse of a genuine goddess.)

Venus: Hi Jerry! Hi everyone! As you know, I am the goddess of love but I also know how to punish anyone who crosses me.

Jerry: You punished Narcissus, the son of a certain river god, didn't you?

Venus: Yes, I did, Jerry.

Jerry: How did he cross you?

Venus: Why, he turned away all the girls in his town, then he refused to date my friend, the nymph Echo! I could not just let him walk all over my girl!

Jerry: What did you do?

Venus: Well, I cast a spell and voilà—Narcissus was doomed to love himself forever!

(Audience oohs.)

Jerry: Our audience seems to think that's kind of harsh. Well, our next guest is the man who thinks he's got it all. But does he really? Let's bring Narcissus out and see.

(A young man struts out, his eyes unwavering from the mirror in his hand.)

Narcissus: (fanning himself, vainly, with his mirror) Jerry, is it hot in here or is it just me?

(Venus' eyes cut across Narcissus like a dagger.)

Venus: See Jerry, he thinks he is so fine.

Jerry: But isn't it your fault, Venus?

(The audience moves in their seats and murmurs, struggling to catch glimpses of Narcissus.)

Venus: Well, maybe a little—but only a little!

Jerry: Narcissus, will you put the mirror down? The audience would like to see your face.

Narcissus: (vainly) I suppose so, but only for a moment.

Jerry: Several of our audience members have comments.

First Woman: Excuse me, your royal godliness, but who gave you the right to punish this poor man? If he didn't like any of the girls or your nymph friend, so what? Maybe he was waiting to find his one true love.

(Narcissus covers his face with his mirror again. The audience then bristles with anticipation as the woman walks right up to the goddess.)

Venus: I have the power to do whatever I see fit!

First Woman: Narcissus used to be a normal person, maybe a little vain, but normal. Now look what you've done to him—this young man wastes every moment staring at himself! (snorts) I sure wouldn't want you running my life.

Venus: To whom do you think you're talking, mortal! I am a goddess! I can do whatever I want. I can be whatever I want to be!

First Woman: You can be annoying, and that's what you are now!

Venus: You know, I would love to punish you, but I have a problem with cruelty to animals!

(Audience oohs. Woman rushes Venus and starts slapping her.)

Audience: Jer-ry! Jer-ry! Jer-ry!

(Five husky guards drag the woman back into the audience.)

Venus: Whatever. I am a goddess and therefore perfect in every way.

Jerry: So Venus, you think of us humans as mere animals!

Venus: Sure, that's why you need a goddess like me to set the proper example and tutor you.

Jerry: Now wait a minute. We're animals, and you deities are perfect in every way?

Venus: You got that right.

Jerry: I don't think so. Do you, audience?

Audience: No way!

Jerry: Mark has a comment.

Mark: Venus, you have ruined Narcissus' future. You're surely not acting responsibly: I don't care if you are a goddess.

(Audience applauds noisily.)

Mark: Don't you gods have some kind of governing or ruling authority? Aren't there Olympic rules and regulations?

Venus: Of course! As the head god, Jupiter is the ruling authority. He's omnipotent.

Narcissus: (As he lowers his mirror) I have something to say. I am a deity, too, so I can give you humans the scoop. All this "I am god, therefore I am all-powerful" stuff is nonsense. Since my father was a god, I think I can speak the truth. Most of the Olympians are supernatural freaks on power trips. And do you want to talk about inbreeding? Jupiter himself is married to his own sister!

Audience: Ugghh!

Jerry: So, I think we can conclude that even the head of the gods is sort of a laughing stock.

(Venus looks at Narcissus in astonishment and horror.)

Narcissus: If you've ever heard about the Emperor Claudius, you know how messed up someone can get when close relatives marry each other! It's even worse on Olympus!

Jerry: This is baffling news. And you have the nerve to call us animals, Venus? Someone else has something to say.

Second Woman: I really didn't know much about you ancient gods before today. I've never even heard of this Jupiter character. What hole did he crawl out of?

(Audience bursts into laughter. Venus and Narcissus look at her in disbelief.)

Venus: (standing up) I don't care how much you laugh. I stand by my word. We gods have authority over humans because we're perfect!

Narcissus: (retreating behind his mirror) You need to sit down and shut up, Venus. You are one of the most messed up goddesses on Olympus. I mean, what's it all coming to when the goddess of love isn't even faithful to her husband? Everyone knows about you and Mars, you and Adonis, you and Neptune!

Venus: (resentfully) Narcissus, you are going to pay.

Narcissus: (talking behind the mirror) Tell me, who is your son's father?

Jerry: (turning to Venus) Who is Cupid's father?

(Venus is silent.)

Jerry: Well, nobody seems to know the answer! My, Venus, are you trying to set an example through your actions?

Venus: I guess I never thought of it that way.

Jerry: As the goddess of Love, are you condoning unfaithfulness? Is that true love?

(Venus sits silently staring at the back wall.)

Narcissus: (stands up and lowers his mirror) Excuse me! Excuse me! I would just like to draw everyone's attention to how fine I am. You know, Jerry, I am Jupiter's gift to mankind.

(Audience cheers.)

First Man: We're not cheering because we think Narcissus is the hottest creature alive. We're happy that he took a stand and gave that goddess a piece of his mind.

Narcissus: You mean you like my intellect?

Second Man: Yeah, that's it!

Narcissus: Sounds strange, but I think I could get used to that. I am a little tired of looking at myself day in and day out. Maybe if I put this mirror down, I could discover greater things about myself and learn to admire myself even more!

Jerry: This young man seems to have a comment.

(The man grabs the mike. His eyes linger on Venus.)

Third Man: I'm not really sure who you are, lady, but as far as I'm concerned, any woman as beautiful as you are has the right to do whatever she wants to!

(Audience boos wildly)

Jerry: (giving his summary of the day's show) Today, we met the immortal goddess, Venus. However, we now realize she is nowhere near as perfect as she claims to be. Maybe we should all just accept the fact that no one's perfect and cut each other a little slack.

(Fade Out)

Pompeiana, Inc., Endowment Fund For the Twenty-First Century

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.

To help realize this goal, all adult members and Latin Clubs are invited to add their names to the Honor Roll before the end of the 1999-2000 school year by mailing their tax-deductible contributions payable to the "Pompeiana Endowment Fund."

Giving Categories:

Student (\$25), Latin Class/Club (\$100), Adult (\$200-\$400), Friend (\$500-\$900), Contributor (\$1,000-\$4,000), Benefactor (\$5,000-\$10,000), Patron (\$20,000-\$90,000) and Angels (\$100,000+).

Those who work in the business world are encouraged to check on the availability of corporate matching funds.

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Pupa Puellaris

By Marika Beyer, Latin III student of
Margaret Curran, Orchard Park High School,
Orchard Park, New York

Pupa
ridicula, laeta
ludit, delectat, redigit
puellaria in memoriam
Pupa

LATIN SIMILE POEM

By Stacey Herubin, Latin IV student of Sister Rita Small,
Merion Mercy Academy, Merion Station, Pennsylvania

Beguiled Aeneas
sees the city
spread before him
he sees the busy citizens
buzzing from task to task
fortifying their city
with new wonders
as bees decorate
their hives
with the molten honey
of a new spring.

Incantatus Aeneas
videt urbem
passam ante se
Videt occupatos cives
bombilantes ad pensa
munientes urbem eorum
novis miraculis
sicut apes ornant
alveos suos
melle liquefacto
veris novi.

Puer Qui Solus Cogitat, Mala Cogitat

By Mark Boulder, Latin III student of Margaret Curran,
Orchard Park H. S., Orchard Park, New York

Sextus
molestus, actuosus
clamat, currit, sedet.
Solitarius est.
Sextus

Nemo in Amore Videt

By Samantha Wade, Latin III student of Jessica Fisher,
Norwood High School, Norwood, Massachusetts

Non scio cur stulta fuerim,
Cur me esse tam occulta ut non viderem
eum esse crudelem.
Me fallebat, fallebat, fallebatque.
Eec autem eum spectabam cum laetitia.
Tandem me errare vidi
Eum tam diu amantem.

PROMETHEUS' FINAL GIFT

A Modern Myth by Nick Sawyers, Latin II student of Mike Gagel, Troy High School, Troy, Ohio

Prometheus is generally known as the friend and benefactor of humanity. In fact, he and his brother, Epimetheus, were in charge of creating humans and providing them with all that they needed to survive. Before concluding his work, however, Prometheus wanted to give humans one final advantage. He provided them with fire and showed them a way to trick Zeus into accepting the worst parts of sacrificed animals, leaving the best parts for the humans.

This deceitfulness made Zeus very angry with Prometheus, and, to punish him, Zeus chained him to Mount Caucasus where he stayed and was tortured by a giant eagle for thousands of years. He was finally set free by the hero, Hercules, who slew the eagle and broke the chains.

Afterwards, Prometheus felt so grateful to his half-human rescuer that he decided to do yet another favor for all humans, despite the wrath that he might incur from Zeus.

During the time that Prometheus was chained to Mount Caucasus, all of the evils that had escaped from Pandora's jar had grown and multiplied. As his final favor for mankind, Prometheus captured as many of these evils as he could and put them in a box this time. The box was specially designed to be much stronger than the jar they had been in when they were given to Pandora. As he captured more and more of the evils that plagued mankind, he soon realized that he would need more than one box to hold them all. In order to trick the evils into thinking that they could escape from the box they were in, he also developed a system of cables connecting the boxes that allowed the evils to move freely

from box to box. He then connected all the boxes to a master control panel that enabled him to communicate with the evils and teach them to respond to his commands.

One day, Prometheus was seated at his controls when a very curious inventor named Computarius stopped in to visit. Computarius heard the noises coming from the boxes and was fascinated to learn that Prometheus was actually controlling what was going on in the boxes with his control panel. He asked Prometheus if he would like him to help design a window that would let him actually watch the evils perform his commands inside the boxes. Prometheus said he would love to have such a window, and, before he knew it, Computarius had devised a special screen that he installed on the front of each box. When Prometheus activated his control panel, they were both amazed by what they saw. Prometheus explained that the evils in the boxes were actually very intelligent, and that he had trained them to answer questions and perform very complicated tasks, including reading, writing, arithmetic and record keeping. Computarius was again amazed. Prometheus went on to explain that he wished he had some final way to use all this to help mankind.

Computarius gave it some thought, and, before long, he and Prometheus completed their work. After mankind finally figured out how to generate electricity, which Prometheus had used to link the boxes and activate his control panel, he and Computarius were finally ready to pass their great invention along. Thus, we can finally enjoy Prometheus' final gift, the computer.

Latin: A Precise Tool

"Latin is a precise tool for training the mind and the memory—different from mathematics, but probably of equivalent value. The more a student learns, the more precise is the use of language, logical thought, and ability to write clearly. Besides, it is a wonderful base for learning the framework of other languages."

Aaron W. Godfrey



STUDENTS OF LATIN (in name only)

A student recently e-mailed the director of the School of Medicine at Indiana University-Purdue University in Indianapolis that he hoped he would be considered for admission since he had just graduated "Magna Cum Claude." Another student, thankful that he had been admitted into the same School of Medicine, sent a thank you note which he concluded with the Latin phrase, "Carpe Deum."

THE CONTEMPLATION OF TROY'S FUTURE

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

As the gust of a war is spread across Troy, four unassuming celestial figures intently watch the outcome. Their names are Clio, goddess and muse of history, Ares, god of war, Hades, god of death and the underworld, and Eirene, goddess of Peace. They have been told that they could watch, but not interfere.

Clio: For countless years it has been my task to observe the marvelous city of Troy, chronicle its grand ascension, the splendor of its achievements and the glory of its heroes. Now that I see its destruction at hand, I guess my job is done.

Ares: Don't you know that there cannot be rebirth without destruction and chaos? I know that the extinction of the Trojans is at hand, but, for the building of a great empire, a small group must fall.

Eirene: That's true, but I have also seen other wonders, a whole age of wonders, one might say. There was a time when Trojan champions of legend routinely risked their lives to battle the forces of tyranny. An era in which the measure of a hero was judged not by his power but by his nobility. By the strength of his heart. It was an age unlike any other. And now we see its end.

Hades: That's one way of looking at it, but I see it differently. The death of many adds much to my kingdom. To make a new future,

many must die, like Ares said. Don't forget that mortals do have partial control over their destinies. They can choose to kill one another or not.

Clio: I understand your views, but I remember this war's beginning. As the two countries fought, heroes from Troy stood in the way of Greece's powerful forces. Through the haze of battle, few sensed the impending arrival of great heroes, heroes produced by the gods. That was the beginning of ten years of courage and false hope.

Eirene: Yes, and even now I see blows unfettered against each hero, and I worry. I see them pooling their powers to fight together. I see them putting aside old rivalries and rekindling old feelings. Mortal, demigod, or god—nothing stands in their way. Forward they stride, knowing with great certainty that this may be their last battle, and they are only comforted by the knowledge that there is no better way to go than beside old and new friends. Such anger upsets me, for they should live happily in peace.

Ares: You're correct, Eirene. As I hear the air ring with thunder and fire, I am sure this battle can be heard to the ends of the heavens. I see the fear in every heart, and I relish it. I live for war, not peace. I sincerely hope you all understand that.

Hades: This bores me. I think I'm going to

do what should have been done several years ago.

Ares: You can't! The rules were set for this game of war; they are but pawns. We can't interfere.

Hades: You're one to talk, Ares. You gave the Greeks the idea of sneaking into Troy with a wooden horse. I remember you entered the general's dream and told him in the form of a falcon.

Clio: It doesn't matter. We all know the rules.

At that moment, a commotion arises from below, and the four gods gaze down at Troy to see what Hades has done. Trojans are fighting Trojans.

Eirene: Holy Zeus! What have you done, Hades?

Eirene, Clio and Ares stare first at Hades and then turn to watch what is happening. Suddenly, the Trojan War ends. The wooden horse was the trick, the fighting among themselves was the betrayal.

Clio: I see that the people of Troy have lost their last battle. Not all of its heroes, however, appear to be dead! I see one man, a son-in-law of King Priam, who will not allow it to end like this. See him there? His name is Aeneas. See how he carries his father on his back while holding his son and his

household gods with his hands? He leaves Troy but makes a promise. With this promise, hope is reborn. He will, however, forever hold the Greeks responsible for this tragedy.

Eirene: Now you have chronicled it—its grand ascension and its fall. A true tragedy indeed.

Ares: A tragedy? It's just another example of the survival of the fittest.

Hades: You were correct, Eirene, when you foretold this as the end of the age of wonders for Troy. For both Ares and I know there will soon be another age—an age of death and war. Mark our words. With the arena cleared of the defenders and heroes of Troy, that age will soon be upon the mortals.

Eirene: Perhaps that is true. The mortals are but toys for us gods. We play with their lives and decide their fates, but we mustn't underestimate them. They can be surprising as we have just seen; for although Troy is gone and many have died, a new civilization may soon be born.

Clio: Yes, perhaps a different day is at hand. A day of new possibilities. Of heroes reborn. Of cities rebuilt. The champions of Troy were mostly mortal men. Their passing, however tragic, was inevitable, but their legacy will endure so long as the memory of Troy endures.

I DIDN'T START THE FIRE

Improbable History by Matt Whitlock, Latin II Honors student of Dr. Marianne Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

It was late when Nero's boat finally landed. He had wanted to spend the night in his favorite villa in Rome, but he was too tired to make the rest of the trip. He decided to rest at Ostia.

"Emperor, Emperor!" shouted the young slave. "Your villa in Rome is on fire!"

"My villa on fire?" questioned Nero. "I must go at once." He sprang up from his couch and ran out the door to the stables where he mounted a horse on which he rode quickly to his villa near the suburbs of Rome. Sure enough, just as the slave had reported, smoke was pouring out of the windows, and flames were leaping high into the air.

Nero quickly hitched his horse to a post in the street and ran up to the door of his villa. It was locked, and he didn't have the key. Usually his slaves were in charge of keeping the house locked and unlocking the door when he needed to get in or out. Nero kicked the door and it fell inward, immediately releasing a cloud of smoke. He ran inside, desperately looking for one special thing.

"Where is it?" he exclaimed. "It has to be in here." Nero ran to the table in the cubiculum and lifted a lyre from it triumphantly. The smoke was blinding him, but he managed to make it out of the house just in time to see a section of the roof collapse behind him and throw flames onto the neighboring houses.

Nero watched sadly as his house burned and as people gathered around, attempting to fight the fire. He would have coordinated the effort, but he was lost in deep regret for all his burned possessions. Finally, Nero concluded that since he could not save his own

house and the things inside, he would help save the possessions from the neighboring houses to which the fire had now spread. He busily ran from house to house, working a circuit around his own, collecting things that looked valuable and carrying them in a bucket he had found. He continued to run from house to house in increasingly wider circles for days after, filling anything he could find with treasures from the burning houses and hiding them so no one would steal them.

When the fire was finally put out, Nero returned to his large house in the city with the items he had rescued. But he was now faced with an unsolvable problem. How was he to find the owners of all the valuable items he now had? After thinking about this for a while, he decided that returning the items was impossible, and that he would simply pay to rebuild the city instead.

Nero kept the gold, silver, and precious stones for himself, and he used what was left of the Roman treasury to rebuild the burned houses. Unfortunately, once the people discovered that their most precious possessions were gone, Nero became very unpopular. Everyone blamed him for the fire and said he was a thief. There seemed to be no way for him to absolve himself of the crime.

Later, Nero went back to his villa to see if he could find what had started the fire. His villa was the only one he had not rebuilt, so there were still ashes and debris on the floors when he went inside. He looked for the part of the house that was burnt the most to find where the fire had started. All signs pointed to the kitchen where someone had obviously piled an unusually large stack of logs and

brought fire from the oven to ignite them. Nero knew that his villa had been purposely burned. But who would do something like that to him?

He was supposed to have stayed there on the day the fire started, and he would have if he hadn't been too tired to finish the trip. Someone had been meaning to kill him. Nero realized that it must have been someone who wanted to get him off the throne.

He went to the head of the Praetorian Guard to ask for help in finding the criminal who had burned his villa. It was decided that the best way to find out who meant to kill the emperor was to keep a secret watch over him in case the same person tried again.

Nero agreed to this idea and so a few guardsmen secretly kept watch on him wherever he went. After a month, during which no attempts were made to murder him, Nero called off the investigation.

Then news came that the Praetorian Guard itself had decided to revolt against Nero, and Nero thought it would be a good time to take another little trip into the country where, once again, he was awakened with bad news.

"Emperor, Emperor! The Senate has voted to condemn you to death!"

As sleepy as he was, Nero knew that he didn't have much time. He would have to act quickly.

When the first soldiers arrived from Rome, they found the emperor dead in his bedroom. It was proclaimed that the emperor had committed suicide to avoid being arrested for the burning of Rome. Did Nero really commit suicide, or was he killed by one of his own slaves? Two thousand years later, that question is yet to be resolved.

circumspectum. Tribus uris absentibus, puella cui nomen erat Crines Aureae ad casam eorum ambulavit. In casa, Crines Aureae vidit mensam. In mensa erant magna scutella, media scutella et scutella parva. Primo, Crines Aureae pulcem in magna scutella gustavit. "Haec," inquit, "nimis calida est!" Tum pulcem in media scutella gustavit. "Haec," inquit, "nimis frigida est!" Postremo, Crines Aureae catuli pulcem in scutella parva gustavit. "Haec optima est!" dixit, et omnem edit. Tum Crines Aureae ambulavit in atrium. In atrio erant magna sella, media sella et sella parva. Primo, Crines Aureae in magna sella sedit. "Haec," inquit, "nimis alta est!" Tum in

(Continued in Pagina Decima)

Puella Crinium Aurearum et Tres Ursi

By Chris Chow, Latin II student of Dr. Raphael DiZenzo and Valerie Brommchenkel, Naperville Central High School, Naperville, Illinois

Olim tres ursi habitaverunt in casa parva in silva. Pater ursus erat magnus et loquebatur magna voce. Mater ursi non erat tam magna quam pater, et loquebatur media voce. Ursus catalus erat parvus et loquebatur parva voce.

Mater, mater ursi pulcem coxit. Cum autem sederant ut ientaculum ederent, pater ursus clamavit, "Mea pulis nimis calida est!"

Mater ursi consensit et clementer dixit, "Mea pulis etiam nimis calida est!" Tum catalus susurravit, "Mea pulis nimis calida quoque est!"

Ergo, dum pulces suae refrigerant, tres ursi in silvam ierunt

SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS

By Erich Sigman, Latin IV-IB student of Judith Granese, Valley High School, Las Vegas, Nevada

Ave, Caesar!	
27-14	Augustus
14-37	Tiberius
37-41	Caligula
41-54	Claudius
54-68	Nero
68-69	Gallus
69	Otho
69	Vitellius
69-78	Vespasian
79-81	Titus
81-96	Domitian
96-98	Nerva
98-117	Trajan
117-138	Hadrian
138-161	Antoninus Pius
161-180	Marcus Aurelius
180-192	Commodus
192-193	Pertinax
193	Didius Julianus
193-211	Septimius Severus
211	Geta & Caracalla
211-217	Caracalla

In the year 192 AD, after the assassination of the emperor Commodus, the Praetorian Guard placed the empire up for auction. Two opponents, Julianus and Sulpicianus, vied for the favor of the Guard.

Sulpicianus offered 20,000 sesterces per soldier, but, in the end, he was outbid by Julianus. Unfortunately for Julianus, however, the army in the outer provinces proclaimed as their emperor Septimius Severus, a military commander-in-chief from Pannonia and Illyria. Severus marched on Rome and deposed Julianus.

The cardinal principle of government for Severus was simple: take care of the army and the rest will take care of itself. Severus proved to be both a capable emperor and general. He fended off threats from the North by German tribes and from the East by the Kingdom of Parthia. He also added three legions to the regular Army. He was the soldiers' best friend. He allowed them to wear gold rings, the symbol of equestrians, raised their pay and grain rations, and allowed them to live with their wives. Having added the soldiers to the

Equestrian class, he then began to make more appointments to key administrative positions from that class, giving the imperial administration a military cast.

Severus did not prefer life in the city of Rome, and his personal sympathies remained always with the provinces, where he had spent most of his early career. To show his favoritism for the provinces, he allowed Punic and Celtic words and phrases to be used in legal documents, and in Gaul and the Rhone provinces, a Celtic measure of mileage replaced Latin on markers along newly repaired roads. Most of Severus' top officials were from the East and Africa. He also continued to grant citizenship to more towns and cities in the provinces. This, of course, in addition to being a gesture of imperial trust and friendship, also increased the tax and levy base.

Severus died in A.D. 211 at York while directing the defense of the British frontier. His

"Tres Magicus Numerus Est"

The well-known School House Rock song, "Three is a Magic Number," translated into Latin by Janet Heller and Allison Ortenzi, Latin II students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steel High School, Amherst, Ohio

Tres magicus numerus est. Ita vero. Magicus numerus est. Alicubi in illa antiqua mystica trinitate cognoscis tres esse magicum numerum. Tempus praeteritum, praesens et futurum, fides et spes et benignitas, pectus et cerebrum et corpus—Cognoscis tres esse magicum numerum. Tria crura habenda sunt ut tripus fiat, ut mensa stet. Tres rotae habendae sunt ut vehiculum fiat quod trirotae appellerent. Omne triangulum tres angulos habet, omne triangulum tria latera habet. Non plus, non minus. Tibi non divinandum est. Ubi tres est, potestis videre magicum numerum esse. Vir et femina parvum infantem pepererunt. Ita vero. Tres in familia habuerunt. Ille magicus numerus est. Tres, sex, novem, duodecim, quindecim, duodeviginti, viginti unus, viginti quattuor, viginti septem, triginta. Decem triplum factum fit triginta, novem triplum factum fit viginti septem, octo triplum factum fit viginti quattuor, septem triplum factum fit viginti unus, sex triplum factum fit duodeviginti, quinque triplum factum fit quindecim, quattuor triplum factum fit duodecim, et tres triplum factum fit novem, et duo triplum factum fit sex, et unum triplum factum certissime fit tres.

International Baccalaureate Organization Endorses Latin

After years of relegating the study of Latin to a "Group 6" elective, the International Baccalaureate Organization announced last December that it now considers Latin to be a "mainstream language" which may be studied to satisfy "Group 2" requirements by those students striving to earn a high school International Baccalaureate Degree.

Roman Cattle Dogs Alive and Well

One common source of food for the Roman legions during the empire was cattle—herds of which were kept by *armementarii* under the command of the *Pecorum Magister*. These *armementarii* used a strong, rugged breed of dogs to help protect and manage the cattle. Descendants of several of the breeds used by the Romans have survived in communities located along military roads in southern Germany. An especially popular market town in that part of the empire was Rottweil, where a sturdy breed of Roman cattle dog now called Rottweilers has been maintained until the present day.



ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS

sons, Caracalla and Geta, continued the Severan Dynasty for the next twenty-five years, although they themselves did not get along well. Caracalla, in fact, ordered the relief portrait of his brother Geta to be chipped off the commemorative arch which his father had had built in the Forum Romanum.



Cara Matróna,

I am writing to see if you have ever heard of little forest creatures called *Panes* or *Panisci*. An *amicus* of mine, who is a *Graecus*, always talks about these creatures and tries to point them out to me whenever we're out walking or playing in the woods near our homes. We'll hear some rustling in the bushes, and he'll say, "There! There! Did you see 'em? There were three of them playing tag." Since I've never actually seen one—he says they're too fast unless you know what to look for—I'm not sure whether or not he's just trying to make me look foolish. Like when I was younger, and my *avus* used to take me out in the woods to look for *monoceros* or *unicornul*.

Please don't lecture me for spending time with an *amicus Graecus*. His father used to be owned by someone famous in Rome, but that was a long time ago, and he's now a *libertus*. He was given his freedom way before my *amicus* was even born. And besides, my friend's *pater* is a respected *medicus* in our town, and that makes his whole *familia* quite respectable.

I do believe in *Faunus* and I know that he is certainly responsible for many sudden disturbances in the woods, even if a person can't ever see exactly what caused them. No one in my family, however, has ever heard of *Panes* or *Panisci*. Are they supposed to be little creatures made of bread or something? I know you get many letters, so I will patiently await your answer.

Marcus Modestus
Pompeii

Salve, Marce Modeste.

I am told that you are, no doubt, the son of Marcus Semellius Modestus, a gentleman who recently served as a *quaestor* in Pompeii. You are, of course, right in assuming that I would have given you a lecture about being careful about those with whom you associate since your family is quite respectable and your *pater* has his eye on the *curius honorum*. Since the *pater* of your *amicus Graecus* is both a *libertus* and a *medicus*, I can see why your *pater* has no objections to your hanging around him.

What you are encountering is nothing more than a little culture clash. This happens when a good *Romanus* such as you comes into close contact with a *Graecus* or a *Germanicus*, a *Hispanienus* or a member of any other foreign culture. They think differently and have different beliefs and backgrounds. Since our world puts us into contact with people from so many different provinces, we do have to tolerate different views and beliefs, so long as they don't interfere with our beliefs and the *mores maiorum* we have been taught to respect.

No, *Panes* or *Panisci* are not little bread people, although their name would certainly seem to suggest that. To the *Graeci*, these little forest creatures are considered to be little *dei* or *dæmones* who accompany their version of *Faunus* whom they call *Pan*.

Rather than get into any big arguments with your *amicus Graecus*, just smile whenever he refers to these little forest creatures and realize that he is just trying to explain sounds and occurrences that we simply attribute to *Faunus*, whom most of us have never seen either. When I was young, I used to think that *Faunus* was something like all the *muscae igniferae* that come out in the evening. There could be a hundred of them flying around in my *hortus*, but I couldn't see them unless they lit up for a second. Then they disappeared again. I realized that just because I couldn't see them anymore didn't mean they weren't there. That's when I decided to be open-minded when folks talked about anything that I had not personally experienced in life.

Enjoy your *amicus Graecus* and the time you get to spend together now. It won't be long before you'll both be too busy to think about anything but your studies and your careers. Vale.



Ceres & Proserpina Reunited!

The Two POPULATIONS of Rome

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

The fabled seven hills all abound in travertine habitues. Castor and Pollux, holding in check their handsome steeds, guard the entrance to the complex of buildings high upon the Capitoline Hill. Crowning the twin museums and the *Palazzo Senatorio*—all architectural creations of Michelangelo—are dozens of mute artists, poets, and muses.

From the ridge of the Aventine Hill, Giuseppe Mazzini, lost in thought, gazes out over the dusty, weedy ruins of the Circus Maximus. Mazzini was the thinker behind the Italian Revolution of the late 1800's; Cavour was the statesman, Garibaldi the general.

Astride his horse, the old soldier enjoys a sweeping view of the ancient and modern capital, from a vantagepoint on the eminence of the Janiculum Hill. Less than a hundred meters away, Garibaldi's spunky wife Anita brandishes a pistol while trying to control her restless horse.

The Quirinal Hill features two gigantic horse tamers in front of the Presidential Palace, along with a homely, rather corpulent Moses presiding over the waters of the baroque fountain a couple of blocks away. A far more renowned Moses—another Michelangelo product—occupies a chapel in the nearby church of St. Peter in Chains.

Along the fascist-era boulevard called the *Via dei Fori Imperiali*, three bronze rulers—Julius Caesar, Augustus, and Trajan—stand proudly on their pedestals while taking in the

passing parade of camera-armed tourists.

Anchoring the north end of this impressive street is the stark white immensity known as the Victor Emanuel Monument. Perched on the opposite ends of its roof, twin goddesses of victory seem about to soar above the clouds in their chariots.

Over in *Piazza di Spagna*, throngs of Romans and visitors pass by, or linger a while on the Spanish Steps, all under the watchful eyes of the Virgin Mary held aloft by a towering column commemorating her Immaculate Conception. A few blocks away a serene Saint Agnes, the child martyr, ponders the lively scene far below in *Piazza Navona*.



Piazza Navona

Out in *Foro Italico*, on the banks of the Tiber, we can see that Mussolini—along with getting the trains to run on time—added greatly to the city's statue census by adorning his

impressive stadium and sports complex with colossal athletic figures in marble.

Some of the bridges that cross the river are the habitats of yet more statues...the *Ponte Milvio* for one, the *Ponte Vittorio Emanuele* for another. But it is the second century Hadrianic structure, the *Pons Aelius*, that is a veritable sculpture gallery featuring Peter and Paul at its entrance and ten handsome angels on the balustrade, each bearing a relic of Christ's crucifixion. These works of Bernini and his students gave the span its current name, "Bridge of the Angels."

Near here is Italy's supreme court building the *Palazzo della Giustizia*. Out in front stands an honor guard of the most renowned jurists in Italian history, including Marcus Tullius Cicero who was catapulted to legal stardom with his success in the *Senatus Rousius* murder case of 80 B.C.

From here, a ten-minute stroll up the elegant *Via della Conciliazione* will bring you into St. Peter's Square and the warm embrace of Bernini's colonnade. If you get the feeling here that someone's staring at you, do not be concerned. For one hundred and forty saints on the roof of the colonnade have been monitoring the crowds in *Piazza San Pietro* for over three hundred years. Lift your gaze now, to the top of the basilica's façade, and you will see Christ and his apostles again outlined against the skies, just as they are at the Lateran.

Statues! Statues! Statues! Everywhere you go in Rome you encounter statues. Since the time of Romulus and Remus, the Roman world has always been blessed with an abundance of marble and plenty of people who know how to carve it. As a result, this fabled city does indeed have two populations.



in the Footsteps of Alexander

by michael keathley

Part I: The Indiana Connection

"Pakistan? What are you going to Pakistan for?" many of my friends and relatives would ask when I told them of my invitation and intention to travel to Asia.

"For the adventure!" I usually replied with a smile. I must confess that after spending another school year trapped in my windowless classroom, I had jumped at this opportunity to revolt. I have also always been fascinated by Alexander the Great and his exploration of the east. Being of (Upper) Macedonian descent myself, I had an added special interest in researching the continuity of Macedonian Civilization.

Therefore, on July 25, 1995, Steve Phares, a friend of mine from Canada, and I set out on what would become perhaps the most difficult, yet the most rewarding journey of our lives. Each of us had read or heard stories about several ethnic groups in northern Pakistan who claim descent from Alexander the Great's soldiers. Each of us had also been told, "You must go and see them for yourself." Although I knew of a few Macedonians who had been there, neither Steve nor I had heard of any Macedonians going there to establish a connection with these "Eastern Macedonians" and to conduct a serious cultural study. We would possibly be the first.

As we flew from Detroit, to London, and then to Rawalpindi, Pakistan, there were a number of concerns bothering both of us. First, of course, was going as North Americans to an Asian country that was experiencing some violent political turmoil. People were being attacked and murdered in Karachi; the violence and chaos filled the news each day for at least a month before we left. Although we had originally put together a twelve-person team of various experts in all areas of Macedonian Culture, all had backed out due to the upheaval in Pakistan. We, however, kept reminding each other that the problems were all in the southern end of the country and that we would be going nowhere near there.

I also tried to reassure myself that all the Pakistanis and Muslims I had ever known had been quiet, friendly people. The ancient custom of hospitality is very much alive in many parts of the world, and I knew it was a time-honored tradition in Pakistan.

An additional concern was whether or not we would find anything. In many parts of the world, claims, which have no historical truth, are made to attract tourists; were we falling into the same trap? If there really were Macedonians living in Pakistan, why hadn't there been more study? Were we risking our lives trying to find something that didn't exist?

Finally, the weather had us worried. It was the monsoon season, and, even though we had been told we would be too far north to be affected by the storm, we did not want any delays. As we approached the airport at Rawalpindi, however, I looked out the window at what appeared to be an endless sea of mud—a foreshadowing of the first in a series of obstacles.

The monsoon, contrary to what we had been told back home, was raging in Rawalpindi. We had scheduled another local flight north to the city of Gilgit, but it had been canceled. Sadly, as we struggled with the airline officials over the next two days, we discovered no flight had gone north in a month, and it would very likely be another month before any others left. When we met with the official representative of the Pakistan Tourism and Development Commission on the morning of the third day, he told us quite clearly, "There is no way to go north by air or land. The roads are closed due to landslides because of the monsoon." We were devastated.

Luckily, the official's assistant saved our efforts. Steve and I explained our situation to him and our purpose. He offered us a jeep that he promised would make it over any landslide at \$100.00 per day. We hated to spend that much money, but figured we had already made a large investment in this adventure and did not want to go home with nothing. When we agreed, the official immediately outlined a trip for us through northern Pakistan, which would include all the areas Alexander and his army had visited 2,300 years before us.

Within thirty minutes we were driving out of Rawalpindi and into our own history.

—Michael Keathley is a former Latin teacher at Paul Harding High School, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and North Central High School, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Conversations with SOCRATES

By Ken Sippus,
Student of
Philosophy,
Indianapolis,
Indiana

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to hang out in present times with a classical philosopher?

I used to wonder whenever my philosophy teacher, Mr. Mani, would talk about the real old-school types, like Anaxagoras (500-428 B.C.), who believed in evolution and the existence of life on other planets; or Thales (624-550 B.C.), who pioneered the idea that everything in the universe is composed of a common basic substance.

How would Anaxagoras react to the new telescopes being built atop dormant volcanoes in Hawaii, and the views they will soon provide? What would Thales say about the discovery of the atom or the quark, or the work of Stephen Hawking and others currently searching for the "Theory of Everything"? Like I said, I used to wonder. But I don't wonder anymore. Not because I don't care, but because now I know. Last summer I got to hang out with Socrates.

I know, it sounds crazy, but it's true. It was the middle of July. I was traveling in Phoenix with my parents. One afternoon while my dad was at a meeting, I rode my skateboard downtown. I came to a park and started trying to learn a new trick when I lost control of my board. I rolled, skinned up my knees and looked up. This old man in a toga was standing there holding my board.

"Sorry," I said. "Don't call the cops." (Skateboarding is illegal where I live, in Indianapolis.)

Then the old guy said, "Who are the cops?" Right away I figured he might be schizo, so I played along.

"The authorities," I said. "You know. It was an accident."

"Oh, no harm done, Mr. Sippus," he said, "except to your knees."

"What?" I said. "How'd you know my name?" Then he smiled and said, "I've been waiting for you. I'm Socrates."

Now, I don't need to tell you I was a little freaked at first. I didn't want to end up on *Dateline* as this guy's next victim. But he had my board, so I heard him out.

It turns out that 1999 is the 2400th anniversary of Socrates' execution in Athens. And, although he had apparently been having a decent time over the centuries in the afterworld, Socrates thought a fun way to celebrate this special occasion would be to travel to earth to see if anyone had anything interesting to say.

He sought me out because the word on the street in the afterworld is that I got a 100 on my philosophy final last year.

"I thought that the answers to all of my questions would come in the afterlife," Socrates said. "I reasoned that once I was no longer distracted by the physical world, truth would come to me freely."

"I remember that Plato said that you said that that's what you thought," I said. "In *The Last Day's* of Socrates."

"Read it," said Socrates. "Good book."

"So do you mean to tell me that you were wrong?" I asked.

"Let's just say that in the afterworld, some questions get answered," said Socrates, "and others come up."

"I see," I said. But I didn't really see. So Socrates and I spent the afternoon walking, eating, talking, skateboarding, eating. And the whole time, I recorded our conversation on a mini-tape-recorder that I carry for just exactly this type of situation. I promptly sold the exclusive rights to this story and to my "Conversations With Socrates" to Pompeiana, Inc., and for the remainder of this school year, excerpts will appear in this newsletter.

Next month: Socrates and I discuss the NBA, the WNBA and the high price of shoes.



Latin students are lucky! They're in one of the few classes that encourage students to bring in food to share with their classmates—provided, that is, that the food is part of a bona fide Roman culinary experience. You know, no non-authentic ingredients such as sugar or tomatoes. If you would like to bring this joy to your Latin class, visit Pompeiana's website (<http://www.Pompeiana.com>) and access the link entitled Roman Recipes. There you will find a digital mini-library featuring hundreds of authentic Roman recipes adapted for modern cooking. With these in hand, you and your classmates will be able to prepare delicious Roman recipes designed to turn any class or after school club meeting into a true Roman culinary experience. If you can't access the internet, try fixing the selection of Roman recipes that will be shared in this column each month by students across the nation who have discovered the true joys of *Culina Romana*.

Cremor de Ovis et Lacte Compositus Roman Custard

Submitted by Casey Wasserman and Lauren Ruffino,
Latin II students of Dr. Elliott Egan, Ben Franklin H.S.,
New Orleans, Louisiana

Res Commiserandae:

- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 cup honey
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg or cinnamon



Lauren



Casey Wasserman, connoisseur

Modus Parandi:

Preheat the oven to 325 degrees F.

Pour the milk into a mixing bowl. Warm the honey a little so it will dissolve easily and then stir it into the milk. Beat the egg yolks well, and stir them into the honey/milk mixture. Add the nutmeg or cinnamon and stir into the mixture.

Pour the mixture into a large baking dish or into small individual baking cups.

Bake at 325 degrees F for one hour or until set.

Allow the custard to cool, and then sprinkle with nutmeg or cinnamon before serving. *Suavis!*



Editors Note:

Students who successfully prepare and share authentic Roman recipes with their classmates are invited to send in copies of their recipes and color photos documenting the culinary experience. These submissions will be considered for publication in future issues.

1



SUBMITTED BY:

THE LATIN II CLASS OF MARIANTHE COLAKIS,
BERKELEY PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
TAMPA, FLORIDA

I. ITE

II. DECEM RES QUAS ODI DE TE

III. VITA

IV. ELECTIO

V. SUBTILITER ENODA HOC

VI. FI VERUS

VII. ITER FACIENS

VIII. AMBULATIO IN LUNA

IX. CRUSTULAE FORTUNA

X. ALTERA SOROR

Latin Geography

By Missy Hite, Latin III student of Diann Meade, Notre
Dame Academy, Park Hills, Kentucky

4

Match the lettered locations on the map with the Latin names given below.



1. Hispania
2. Sicilia
3. Italia
4. Mare Nostrum
5. Africa

6. Dalmatia
7. Macedonia
8. Germania
9. Achaia
10. Gallia
11. Aegyptus
12. Sardinia
13. Corsica
14. Helvetia
15. Libya

SONGS OF THE
BEATLES

PARS PRIMA

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

TRANSLATE EACH OF THE FOLLOWING
BEATLE SONG TITLES
INTO ENGLISH.

1. VOLO _____
2. FEMINA EST _____
3. QUIA _____
4. TAM FESSUS SUM _____
5. PRO NEMINE _____
6. ITA, EST _____
7. IN MEA VITA _____
8. PLUVIA _____
9. NOX BONA _____
10. FINIS _____

New Kids on the Block

By Maria Jank and Maria Topham,
Latin II students of Cheravon Davidson,
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Find the Latin translations of the song titles below.

GRADATIM WOBKXBPXCZTA
SKTLOVIBIEROOCMOIPTY
ALLEUPERIILONOSEAUQS
SULEGNATDULOCWAHETUO
SIREBILORPTSEMUNUCOH
PENDENSUREKARSNGXU
EATCERSEJGBHQFKNLZ

Hanging Tough The Right Stuff
Please Don't Go, Girl Angel
Tonight Step By Step
I'll Be There Games
This One's For The Children

BOXES

By Aurelia Rusche, Latin II student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

The object of this puzzle is to place
letters from the columns into
squares below to create Latin
phrases.

I. C D R P M
A I E E

II. V I N I E U F D C I T C T O N
I L P R O R F E I N E

Roman History & Culture Crossword

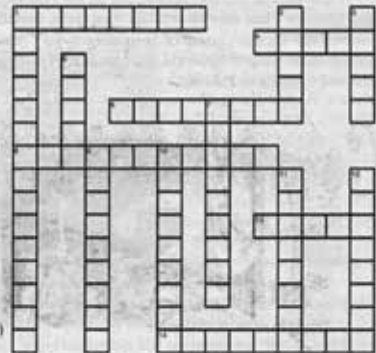
By Magistra Jo Stuckey, Bedford-North Lawrence H.S., Bedford, Ind.

ACROSS

1. The temple for "all the gods"
2. Lost her daughter to Pluto
6. Pictures on wet plaster
8. The other city buried by the volcano
13. Roman health clubs (Eng.)
14. Led most famous slave revolt

DOWN

1. Worked the provinces for Trajan
2. Goddess of love
3. The port of Rome
5. The river of Rome
7. That Egyptian woman
9. Flavian Amphitheater
10. The mountains of Italy
11. The Queen of the Roads (Lat.)
12. The volcano



Numerical Derivatives

By Edlin Helveston, Latin II student of Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Prep School, Tampa, Florida

Match each Greek and Latin numerical derivative with its definition.

1. Any polygon having exactly eight sides
2. A period of one hundred years
3. Instrument to determine latitude and longitude at sea
4. An arthropod with a long, flat segmented body, each with a pair of legs, the first pair of which has poison fangs
5. A soft, oval-bodied animal with eight legs
6. One thousand one-thousands
7. To make five-fold
8. One of four equal parts
9. A crustacean or cephalopod with ten legs
10. One-hundredth of a meter
11. A polygon with exactly twelve sides
12. Any sugar containing six atoms of carbon
13. A group of eight objects
14. Five children born from one pregnancy
15. The eighth part of a circle
16. Any polygon having exactly nine sides
17. An insect having six feet
18. Any polygon having exactly fifteen sides
19. Any polygon having exactly seven sides
20. Any polygon having exactly four sides
21. A period of one thousand years
22. Four children born from one pregnancy
23. Any polygon having exactly ten sides

- A. Centimeter
- B. Centipede
- C. Century
- D. Decagon
- E. Decapod
- F. Dodecagon
- G. Heptagon
- H. Hexapod
- I. Hexose
- J. Millennium
- K. Million
- L. Nonagon
- M. Octad
- N. Octagon
- O. Octant
- P. Octopus
- Q. Quadrilateral
- R. Quadruplets
- S. Quarter
- T. Quindecagon
- U. Quintuplets
- V. Quintuplicate
- W. Sextant

Magnificent-Music Movies Crossword

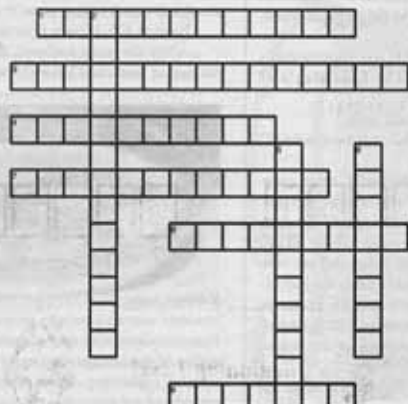
By Clara Conrad, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

ACROSS

1. Angelorum Urbs
3. Libertatis Dies
4. Viri Vestes Atras Gerentes
7. Horti Iurassici
8. Semper Postea
9. Navis Titania

DOWN

2. Magus Mirabilis In Oz
5. Proelium Ultimatum A Bonis Malisque Factum
6. Chalybis Vir



LATIN VERB-FORM CROSSWORD

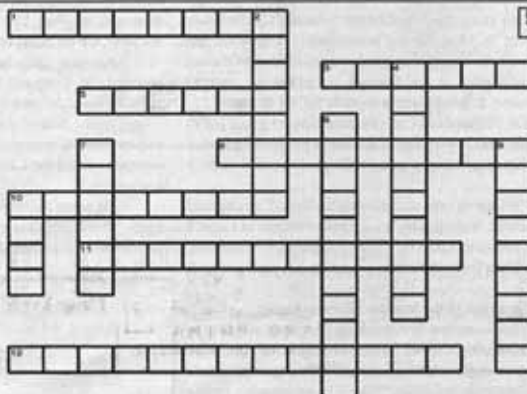
By Jonathan E. Pittman, Latin I student of
Dr. Elliott T. Egan, Ben Franklin H.S., New Orleans, Louisiana

ACROSS

1. You (pl) are praising
3. I have called
5. To help
8. We are sailing
10. He used to sell
11. We do await
12. I shall approach

DOWN

2. They surpass
4. They have cared for
6. We have set free
7. He will come
9. He has watched
10. I have seen



Jumanji

Unscramble each Latin animal name and then match it with an English clue.

1. TGIER
2. SAUINS
3. SLMEUAC
4. MISIA
5. CRHRINOBS
6. CLASE
7. NAAR
8. HYAAEN
9. SRIU
10. SNEEPHALUT
11. ELO
12. PLUUS
13. STPPHMAOPUOI

- A. I am most often seen in a desert caravan.
- B. I symbolize the Democratic Party.
- C. I am a friend with the man in a yellow hat.
- D. My nose is my best feature.
- E. Lions, tigers, and ____ Oh, my!
- F. The girls of my group have most of the "pride."
- G. Life, to me, is hysterical.
- H. Tony, the ____ says, "They're Great!"
- I. Rock Steady dines on turtle soup.
- J. Dear Red, I feel awful about the Grandma thing.
- K. I am hungry-hungry for marbles.
- L. I am waiting to be kissed by a princess.
- M. My best friend is a squirrel named Rocky.



Submitted by
Meghan Legaux, Latin I student of Anne-Marie Fine,
Archbishop Blenk H.S., Gretna, Louisiana

TOP 10
Children's Television Shows

- I. SESAMI VIA
- II. BARNEUS
- III. STRAGULI MURES
- IV. ARTHURUS
- V. OS AD OPTANDUM
- VI. URSUS IN MAGNA CASA CAERULEA
- VII. EX ARCA
- VIII. MADELINA
- IX. DUGLASIUS
- X. ARCUS PLUVIUS AD LEGENDUM



By Lisa Taylor, Latin III student of Nike Gagel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

Unscramble each Latin Pompeian place name;
copy numbered letters to the answer blanks at the end to identify the
name most often associated with Pompeii.

- A. ERATMEH
- B. MUOFR
- C. TUAMETHR
- D. PRMEAMUTHAITH
- E. RALSEAPATE
- F. ETPMLA
- G. AEVI
- H. AERBETNA
- I. MOUDE
- J. HEATOPRIOLM
- K. BIACIALS
- L. CUIFIEMADI
- M. ECLLMUAM
- N. RAITULNB



1 2 3 4



5 6 7 8 9 8 4



= Beginning Level



= Upper Level



Submitted by
Terentia Zoller, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

song lyrics from
The Tragic Kingdom
by NO DOUBT

- I. MODO PUELLA
- II. BEATUSNE NUNC ES?
- III. NOLI LOQUI
- IV. POPULUS VARIUS
- V. HEUS, TU
- VI. SEDECIM
- VII. TELAE ARANEA
- VIII. REGNUM TRAGICUM
- IX. SOLIS DIES MANE
- X. FINEM CAPE IN HOC

Tres Ursi

(Continued a Pagina Quinta)

media sella sedit. "Haec," inquit, "nimis demissa est!" Postremo, Crines aureae in sella parva sedit. "Haec," inquit, "est optima!" Tunc Crines Aureae sellam parvam agitavit et agitavit. Subito sellam fregit.

Deinde Crines Aureae ambulavit in cubiculo. In cubiculo erant tres lecti: magnus lectus, medius lectus et lectus parvus. Primo, Crines Aureae in magno lecto procubuit. "Hic," inquit, "nimis durus est!" Tum in medio lecto procubuit. "Hic," inquit, "nimis molis est!" Postremo, Crines Aureae in lecto parvo procubuit. "Hic optima est!" Et in hoc lecto Crines Aureae in somnum decidit.

Mox tres ursi redierunt, et in culinam ambulaverunt. Primo, pater ursus scutellam suam vidit et clamavit, "Aliquis pulcem meum edebat!" Tum mater ursae scutellam suam vidit et clementer dixit, "Aliquis pulcem meum edebat." Postremo, catulus vacuum scutellam suam vidit, et susurravit, "Aliquis pulcem meum edebat, et omnem edit!"

Tum, tres ursi in atrium ambulaverunt. Primo, pater ursus sellam suam vidit. Clamavit, "Aliquis in sella mea sedebat!" Tum mater ursae sellam suam vidit et clementer dixit, "Aliquis in sella mea sedebat." Postremo, catulus fractam sellam suam vidit, et susurravit, "Aliquis in mea sella sedebat, et eam fregit!"

Tandem tres ursi in cubiculo ambulaverunt. Primo, pater ursus lectum suum vidit et clamavit, "Aliquis in meo lecto dormiebat!" Tum mater ursae lectum suum vidit et clementer dixit, "Aliquis in meo lecto dormiebat."

Postremo, catulus lectum suum vidit et susurravit "Aliquis in meo lecto dormiebat, et ibi ea est!"

Tunc, Crines Aureae exproscubatur. Cum tres ursos viderat, prosluit et domum quam celerrime cucurrit. Et Crines Aureae numquam sola silvum rursus exploravit.

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!

By Joe Fischer, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Julius Caesar once had a plan,
That he alone could rule Roman land,
But Cassius and Brutus would not allow that,
So they stuck a knife in Great Caesar's back.

HOROSCOPE For The Year

By Arria VanSant et Julia Blankenship, Latin III students of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Aries: Hic est tuus annus amori. Magna sententia mutabit vitam tuam multo mense Aprile. Cave Cancerem quando Juno in signo tuo est. Numeri fortunati: III et X.

Taurus: Intende animum in negotium et fortunam hoc anno. Noli capi triangulo amoris in negotio tuo mense Junio. Numeri fortunati: XII et XX.

Gemini: Amici erunt ad latus tuum in familiae negotiis duris. In memoria habes sanguinem esse spissorem quam aquam. Cave Idus Martias. Numeri fortunati: II et IV.

Cancer: Noli amores quaerere hoc anno. Amor veniet ad illos qui eum expectant. Intende animum tuum in educationem.

Leo: Mutatio in curriculum efficient mutationem in pectore. Amicitia est pretiosissima tibi hoc anno. Numeri fortunati: V et VII.

Virgo: In memoria habes Virgines esse probas. Noli inveniri in mendacio amoris. Separa negotia a familia mense Octobere. Numeri fortunati: II et VIII.

Libra: Ubi iustitia intraverit in vitam tuam, esto verus. Bona fortuna veniet tibi in omnibus locis mense Novembre. Numeri fortunati: V et IX.

Scorpio: Ubi damnum durabit, fortis esto. Iuva illos in inopia, sed noli oblivisci inopiae tuae. Cave Libris qui dona dant.

Numeri fortunati: XV et XX.

Sagittarius: In memoria habes Sagittarios esse probos. Itaque esto verus tibi et ceteris. Aquarii tibi auxilia dabant mensibus hibernis. Numeri fortunati: XVIII et I.

Capricornus: Hic est annus tuus ad conveniendum una cum natura. Divulga amicos amorem tuam naturae. Age libere Veneris diebus. Numeri fortunati: IV et III.

Aquarius: Eris felix in amore cum aliis Aquariis. Noli pecuniam insumere mense Aprili. Numeri fortunati: X et XV.

Pisces: Age tempus cum familia et amicis. Cave Capricornos qui difficultates quaerunt. Numeri fortunati: VIII et XX.

LATIN TEST

By Winifred Smeltzer, Deerfield, Ohio. Reprinted with permission from *Guideposts Magazine*, September, 1998, pg. 36. Copyright © 1998 by *Guideposts*, Carmel, New York 10512.

Years ago, Latin was my worst subject in high school. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't make heads or tails of it. Miss Seeger would write a verb on the blackboard for me to conjugate and my eyes would blur. She would glare at me through her pince-nez, utterly exasperated. It would take a miracle for me to pass.

On the last day of school, Miss Seeger asked me to stay after class. I was terrified. I knew if she failed me, I would never get into a good college. I wanted to be a teacher.

"Winifred," she said parsing her lips, "I've checked your records. Your grades are excellent except in Latin. I believe you need Latin for college admission." I nodded. "Then I won't stand in your way. I'll pass you with a D."

I was out of the woods. No more Latin! Then came my first teaching job. I was assigned to a small rural school where I would be responsible for junior and senior high school students. The superintendent outlined my responsibilities: "You'll have to teach a variety of courses—English, biology, general science, American history and Latin."

Latin? I can't teach Latin!
"There are nine kids at that school who want to go to college," he continued, "and they'll need Latin for the placement exam." I was too timid to argue.

All night before my first day of school, I lay awake wondering what I would do. How would I teach Latin? Dear Lord, I can't let these kids down. You know what I can and can't do. Help me help these students.

My first four classes the next day flew by. Then suddenly I had nine intelligent, expectant faces before me. I introduced myself and opened the mysterious text.

Where to begin? I worried. Better to tell the truth! "Students, I know you need Latin to go to college. However, I am not a trained Latin teacher. We'll need to work together." Then a plan came to me. "I will assign each of you two pages to teach. This will

take us through eighteen pages by next Tuesday. On Friday there will be a test. You will each quiz me on your pages. If I pass, we go on. If not, you'll teach me until I do."

All year, they helped one another and patiently coached me. I can still hear myself saying, "Explain the ablative absolute once more, please."

At the end of the school year, the superintendent called me. "Congratulations!" he exclaimed. "Your students passed the Latin test with flying colors. You did a great job."

"It wasn't all my doing," I told him. "It took nine kids, some inspiration and a lot of cooperation." Incidentally, I passed too.

How Well Did You Read? 14

1. What did the Greeks call the forest daemons that accompanied Pan?
2. What did Keathley and Pliakas have to do before an official at Rawalpindi let them travel during the monsoon season?
3. What ancient celebrity did Lou Sippus meet last July in Phoenix?
4. How much would it cost to own a Roman Colosseum Teapot?
5. Which modern dog breed is descended from Roman cattle dogs?
6. According to Nick Sawyers, what was Prometheus' final gift to mankind?
7. Who was serving as the Emperor of Rome in A.D. 200?
8. Quibus spectatoribus Georgicus Lucas fecit Bella Apud Stellae Embolium I?
9. Quantum catuli pulcem Crines Aureae edit?
10. According to modern Romans, what is the second population of Rome made of if not of flesh and blood?

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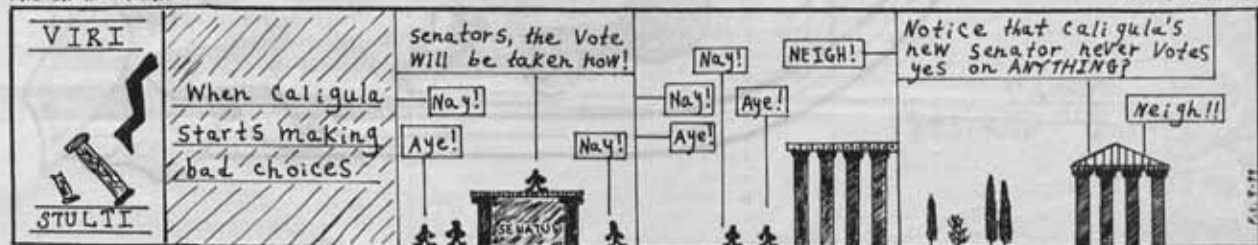
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Administrative Assistant to the Editor: Donna H. Wright

Production Assistants: William Gilmartin, and Betty Whittaker

Graphic Designer: Phillip Barcio

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While Pompeiana, Inc., does invite its members to apply for paid positions as Contract Cartoonists and Contract Adult Columnists each year in its March issue, it does not pay for any items spontaneously submitted for publication. Students submitting work should include their levels of study, the names 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 in teacher-corrected Latin with accompanying English translations.
 2. Special interest photos or news reports of Latin activities.
 3. Teacher-corrected Latin reviews (with accompanying English translations) of movies, movie stars, musicians, major sporting events or renowned athletes.
 4. Summaries or reviews of articles published elsewhere, complete with references to original author, title of publication, date and page numbers.
 5. Challenging learning games and puzzles for different levels of Latin study, complete with solutions.
 6. Cleverly written essays (300-400 words) about anything Roman. These may be serious or tongue-in-cheek parodies.
- Pompeiana, Inc., attempts to publish as much spontaneously submitted work as possible, but it cannot guarantee publication. Pompeiana, Inc., does not pay spontaneous contributors.

AUXILIA MAGISTRIS

(These solutions are mailed with each Classroom Order sent in care of a teacher member. Teachers who assign grades to their students for translating Latin stories or solving learning games should be aware that copies are also sent to all who purchase Adult and Contributing memberships. Pompeiana, Inc., does not have the capacity to screen whether or not some of these memberships are, in fact, being purchased by or for your students.)

1.

Picturae Moventes

- Go
- Ten Things I Hate About You
- Life
- Election
- Analyze This
- Get Real
- Trippin'
- A Walk on the Moon
- Cookie's Fortune
- The Other Sister

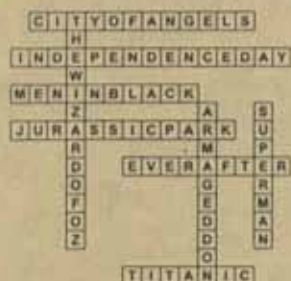
2.

Drop Boxes

- Carpe Diem
- Id quod te non interficit te validior facit.

3.

Magnificent-Music Movies Crossword



4.

Latin Geography

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

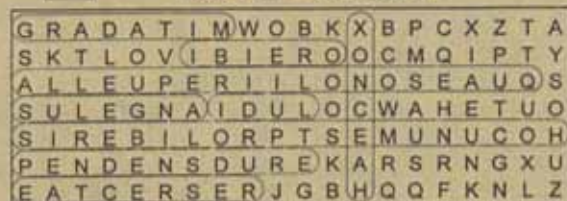
5.

Songs of the Beatles
Pars Prima

- I Will
- She's a Woman
- Because
- I'm so Tired
- For No One
- Yes, It Is
- In My Life
- Rain
- Good Night
- The End

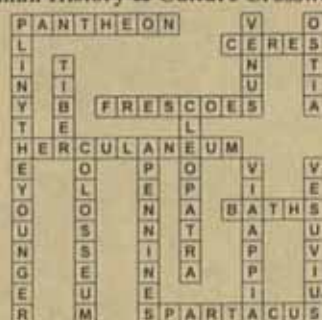
6.

New Kids Word Search



7.

Roman History & Culture Crossword



8.

Numerical Derivatives

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

10.

Jumanji Scramble

- TIGER H
- ASINUS B
- CAMELUS A
- SIMIA C
- RHINOCEROS I
- ALCES M
- RANA L
- HYAENA G
- URSI E
- ELEPHANTUS D
- LEO F
- LUPUS J
- HIPPOTAMUS K

9.

Latin-Verb-Form Crossword



11.

Spectacula Televisifica

- SESAME STREET
- BARNEY
- RUGRATS
- ARTHUR
- WISHBONE
- BEAR IN THE BIG BLUE HOUSE
- OUT OF THE BOX
- MADLINE
- DOUG
- READING RAINBOW

12.

Carmina Optima

- JUST A GIRL
- HAPPY NOW?
- DON'T SPEAK
- DIFFERENT PEOPLE
- HEY, YOU
- SIXTEEN
- SPIDER WEBS
- TRAGIC KINGDOM
- SUNDAY MORNING
- END IT ON THIS

14.

How Well Did
You Read?

- Panes or Panesci
- Reot his Jeep for \$100 per day
- Socrates
- \$89.00
- Rottweillers
- The computer
- Septimius Severus
- Eis qui nunc sint iuvenes
- Omnium
- Marble and Bronze

13.

Pompeian Places

- THERMAE
- FORUM
- THEATRUM
- AMPHITHEATRUM
- PALAESTRAE
- TEMPLA
- VIAE
- TABERNAE
- ODEUM
- THERMOPOLIA
- BASILICA
- AEDIFICIUM EUMACHIAE
- MACELLUM
- TRIBUNAL



98'—99' Back Issue Offer

Pompeiana, Inc., 6026 Indianola Ave.
Indianapolis, IN 46220-2014

If your students did not read the 98'—99' issues of the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER and did not have a chance to work the Learning Games, there are a limited number of sets available, complete with answer sheets.

DEAR POMPEIANA: A check payable to Pompeiana, Inc., is enclosed. Please send box(es) containing 25 copies each of the nine issues of the 98'—99' NEWSLETTER @ \$20 each to:

Teacher: _____
School: _____
School Address: _____
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State: _____ Zip: _____

Star Wars: Episode I

A Show Created Not For Its Original Fans But For A Younger Audience

Last year, when I heard that the new Star Wars movie was coming out, I immediately made plans with my best friend Ross to be in attendance on opening day. When the first Star Wars movie came out in 1977, we were only seven years old. Now, we're twenty-nine. So, we decided for old time's sake, we'd have my mom drive us to the theater to see *The Phantom Menace* and drop us off a block away so nobody would know we had to ride with my mom. But upon further reflection, we decided an even dorkier thing to do would be to camp out over night for tickets.

So, we filled Ross' 1982 Mazda with a tent, some pillows, a grill, a cooler stocked with food and drink, and we headed out to the theater at about 11pm. Figuring that since Star Wars was the single most important influence on our generation ever, we anticipated there would already be a large crowd. But, of course, we were dead wrong. It turns out that, although Indianapolis is teeming with dorks, there is only a select group of about 75 super hardcore wonder dorks—dorks that are actually dorky enough to camp out for Star Wars tickets.

And so it went that we camped, we grilled, we stood in line, we got tickets, we saw the show and we were immensely disappointed, in that order. What we wanted was for George Lucas, the creator of the Star Wars saga, to make a movie for us—twenty-nine year olds that have spent two decades moving their old Star Wars action figures and plastic models from home to college, to study abroad, back to home again

and then into apartment after apartment, while we search for meaning and a good job. We figured George owes us a movie that is worthy of our devotion.

But what George Lucas has done is denied us and made a movie for kids. Today's kids. Kids that are currently getting dropped off in droves by their respective mothers across the globe near their respective neighborhood theaters. George already has us where he wants us. But the new kids—they're a hard sell. So he made a movie he thought they would see twenty times, like their fathers and mothers before them. And so far it turns out his plan has gone precisely like he intended.

Star Wars is still in theaters five months after its debut. It's one of the top grossing films of all time. And the incurable bug of Star Wars fever has bitten an entirely new generation of followers.

Twenty years from now, today's kids will line up over night to buy tickets to see *Star Wars Part VII*. They'll load up their 2010 Mazdas with a grill, some sleeping bags, some food and beverage pellets and head off to join the dorks of the future waiting patiently for tickets to see the show on opening day. And this is fine, so long as they leave their grown-up eyes at home, because Star Wars isn't only about space aliens and box office proceeds. It's also about modern mythology and seeing the world through the eyes of a child.