

# POMPEIIANA

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## NEWSLETTER





# Gratiae Terra, Heroös Recentis Fanum

Ab Francisco Turre, Indianapolisi in Indiana

## Cui Elvis Presleus ignotus est?

Nemini qui habeat plus quam decem annos! Elvi fabulosus certissime est. Estne autem Heroös? Romanis antiquis "heros" erat vir semideus, id est, vir qui haberet parentem mortalem et parentem immortalem. Heroös antiquus patrem immortalem et matrem mortalem plerumque habebat. Aeneas erat heros unicus quia habebat patrem mortalem, Anchisem, et matrem immortalem, Venerem.

Elvis autem habebat et patrem et matrem mortalem. Mater eius erat Gladys Faber, pater erat Vernonus Presleus. Elvis a.d. VI. Id. Ian. A.D. MCMXXXIII natus est Tupeli in Mississipiensi. Similis Romulo, Elvis genitum habebat sed hic frater exanimis natus est.

Quando Elvis X annos habebat, in sella stabat et carmen cui titulus erat "Pastor Vetus" cantabat ut praemium obtineret in certamine musico. Elve XIX annos habente, cantabat publice in scaena et in radiophonia. Habens XXI annos, Elvis magnum populi favorem habebat, et divitior erat.

Elvis nihilominus multis displicebat. Hi Elvum habebant pro adulescente villi, rustico, rudi, inculto. Postquam Elvis Illae Cruci in Wisconsinensi A.D. MCMXLVII in scaena cantabat, ne rediret imperatus est.

Tametsi multi Elvum pro adulescente rudi et offenso habebat, continuebat cantare et personas in picturis moventibus agere. Puellulae, poellae, femellae phreneticae factae sunt! Multi puelli, pueri, adulescenti crines suos similes Elvi fingere coeperunt. In multorum oculis Elvis Presleus maior adulescente humano erat. Elvis erat semideus!

Etiam hic adulescens semideus, autem, conscriptus est. In exercitiis Elvis stipendia meruit usque ad a.d. III Non. Mart., A.D. MCMXLX.

Postquam stipendia meruit, Elvis continuebat personas agere et carmina cantare in picturis moventibus. A.D. MCMXLXII Elvis Priscillam in matrimonium duxit, et, ac-

curate post IX menses, Priscilla infantem peperit quam Lisam Mariam nominaverunt.

Elvis personas agebat et carmina cantabat in XXXI picturis moventibus. Ultima picturae moventi titulus erat CONSUETUDINIS MUTATIO.

Annus Domini MCMLXXIII erat Elvi infelis.

Divortium fecit cum Priscilla et valetudinarium intrabat. Obesior erat et nimis medicamentis utebatur.

Quando Elvis XI annos habebat, etiamnum obesior erat, sed cantabat Illis Vegis et in multis aliis urbibus. Mense Augusto illius anni, Elvis valetudinarium iterum intrabat.

Cum infirmior esset, Elvis tamen multos concentus Annis Domini MCMLXXVI et MCMLXXVII agebat. Ultimus concentus eius erat Indianapolisi, in Indiana, a.d. VI Kal. Mai., A.D. MCMLXXVII. Duobus post mensibus, Elvis mortuus est.

Elvis apud Gratiae Terram prope patrem et alios familiares mortuos sepultus est.

Quia multi etiam nunc Elvum amant et memoriam eius venerantur, Gratiae Terra est fanum quod milia fanaticorum quotannis visitant. Ibi hi fanatici videre possunt non solum Elvis sepulchrum sed etiam domum, vestes, clavicymbala, automatas naedas, milia pignorum memoriae causa. Si volunt, fanatici quoque possunt conducere triclinia apud

Gratiae Terram ut cum amicis suis convivant.

Aliqui qui Elvis fanum visitant credunt eum esse semideum. Aliqui visitant curiositatis causa et quia Elvis etiamnum famosissimus est. Etiamnum Elvis carmina amantur. Picturae moventes in quibus Elvis personae egit et carmina cantavit semper in televisione spectari possunt. Qui



Elvis sepulchrum in Gratiae Terra

volunt audire Elvis carmina Latine cantata possunt enere discum densatum cui titulus est "Fabula in Aeternum Latine Vivit." Haec Elvis carmina a Ammono Docto cantantur.

Elvis fanum habet, sed non videtur esse semideus. Famosissimus autem est et quomobrem Elvis Presleus ignotus est nemini qui habeat plus quam decem annos.



Years ago I came across this palindrome: "Tessa's in Italy; Latin is asset."

At once, I was charmed by the cleverness of its construction and the accuracy of its claim. For experience had long since taught me that an understanding of the ancient Roman tongue puts one at a tremendous advantage in traveling throughout today's Italy, especially in Rome.

The Latin inscriptions there on myriad churches, fountains, arches, gravestones, and monuments of every sort might as well be in hieroglyphics as far as most American tourists are concerned, since most have had little or no exposure whatever to the language of the Caesars, no background at all in the very mother tongue of English. (What a sorry commentary, by the way, on the core curriculum of American schools and universities.)

When current or former Latin students pay a visit to the Forum, they enter through a perfectly preserved first century arch engraved thus:

SENATVS POPVLVSQVE  
ROMANVS DIVO TITO DIVI VESPASIANI F  
VESPASIANO AVGVSTO

This tells them that the monument was erected by the Senate and the people of Rome to pay tribute to Titus, the son of Vespasian, and to the august Vespasian himself, both of whom were deified.

As they walk along the Via Sacra through the old market place, the Latinists will come upon the majestic remains of the Temple of Antoninus et Faustina and be competent to interpret the dedicatory inscription above the portico. At

(Continued in Pagina Sexta)



inscription on the  
arch of titus



A parody of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven" by  
Mercury Watson, Latin IV student of Sue Wood,  
Pike H.S., Indianapolis, Indiana

Once upon a weekday dreary,  
as I pondered, weak and weary,  
over many a quaint and curious book of  
Roman lore—

as I pondered, nearly napping,  
suddenly there came a tapping,  
as of someone gently rapping,  
rapping on the classroom door.  
"Tis but Magistra," I muttered;  
"tapping at the classroom door—  
only this, and nothing more."

Ah, but distantly I recall  
it was upon those Ides feared most of all  
when the dying breath of Julius Caesar  
wrought his ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly, I wished to leave,  
and, perhaps, from my brief reprieve,  
some surcease then I might receive;  
surcease from my present ailment,  
the lesson quiz I most abhor;  
from the most reviled of evils,  
that nameless stack of Latin lore.

And the sad, uncertain rages  
of the test's uncounted pages  
thrilled me, filled me with a fantastic horror  
I had never felt before;  
so that now, to still my ranting,  
there I stood continually chanting,  
"Tis but Magistra entreating entrance  
there upon the classroom door—  
my Magistra there entreating  
entrance upon the classroom door;  
this is it, and nothing more."

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)



By Gene Francesco, Indianapolis, Indiana

I haven't been everywhere in the world—just everywhere I sincerely wanted to go. Now, please don't think that I have a negative attitude if I confess that many of the places I visited after having read about them, seen movies and documentaries about them and dreamed of visiting them for years have left me more than a little disappointed.

Also, don't cry "Classical Heretic" if I confide that my first impression of Rome itself was that it had been a little over-hyped. "Illusions of grandeur," I believe, was the phrase that came to mind the first time I visited the city and got up-close and personal with the Eternal Monuments. Somehow I expected more. Maybe it was the camera-angles, the zoom lenses, the lens filters, the artistic embellishment of writers and narrators.

I had similar experiences at Mycenae, in Athens, in Paris, in Naples, at Disney World, in London, at Knott's Berry Farm, in New York, in Los Angeles, and at Niagara Falls. There's a lot of hype out there that creates expectations that cannot possibly be met by the sites themselves.

Two places, however, have set me back on my heels. They wowed me! They were much more than I ever expected, and visiting them once only made me want to go back again, and again, if possible.

(Continued in Pagina Septima)



Restored leg-and-foot-cooling fountain in the House of Marcus Loreus Tiburtinus in Pompeii

# BEWARE

Continued  
a Pagina Prima

Presently my soul grew stronger;  
and hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," I said, "or Madam Teacher,  
your forgiveness I implore.  
But the fact is I was napping,  
and so inaudible was your tapping,  
and so gently came you rapping,  
tapping at the classroom door,  
I scarce was sure I'd even heard you,  
so..." Here I opened wide the door;  
empty hallways, and nothing more.

Deep into those hallways peering,  
long I stood there, wondering, fearing,  
doubting, dreaming dreams no Latin student  
ever dreamed before;  
but the silence was unbroken,  
and the hallways gave no token,  
and the only words there spoken were  
the whispered word, "Don't snore!"  
This I whispered,  
and an echo whispered back, "Don't snore!"  
Merely this, and nothing more.

Open then I flung the entry  
when, with practice gate of gentry,  
in there stepped a wry *Magistra*  
as in saintly days of Rome,  
Not the least obeisance made she,  
but, with little respect paid me,  
leaned against the classroom door;  
leaned against the bust of Pallas,  
just beside the classroom door—  
leaned and stood and nothing more.

Then this stately scholar beguiling  
turned my sadness into smiling  
by the grave and stern decorum  
of the countenance she wore.  
"Though thy suit is shorn and shaven,  
surely thou art not a craven,  
ghastly, grim and ancient scholar  
wandering from Carthaginian shore—  
tell me what thy lordly name is  
in this night's Platonian shore."  
Quoth *Magistra*, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken,  
By reply so aptly spoken  
"Doubtless," said I, "what she utters  
is her only stock and store;  
or maybe she's been driven crazy  
by tests she, too, did abhor,  
and the dirges of her hope that melancholy bore  
of such words as 'Nevermore!'"

Then, methought, the air grew colder,  
chilled then by some unseen boulder,  
rolled by that wretch *Sisyphus* whose  
labored feet did pound the floor.  
"Wretch," I shrieked, "the gods  
hath lent thee—by this sage  
that thou hast sent me,  
a quaff of Lethe and respire  
from the lesson quiz I most abhor—  
quaff, Oh quaff, this drink of Lethe,  
that I forget what I abhor."  
Quoth *Magistra*, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting,  
Grammar Friend," I cried, upstarting—  
"Get thee back into the hallways,  
or back to thine infertile shore!  
Take thy grades from out my heart,  
And take thy test from out my door!"  
Quoth *Magistra*, "Nevermore!"

And *Magistra*, never fleeing,  
still is standing, still is leaning  
on the sculpted bust of Pallas  
just beside the classroom door;  
and her eyes have all the seeming  
of poor Remus, fresh wounds gleaming,  
and fluorescent o'er her streaming  
throws her shadow across the floor;  
and my grade from out the shadow  
that lies morosely across the floor  
shall be lifted—nevermore!

# CASTLES

made of sand

A song by Jimi Hendrix, translated into Latin by Becca Musky and Brad Titchnell,  
Latin II students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

Down the street you can hear  
her scream, "You're a disgrace!"

Procul in via potes audire  
eam clamantem, "Dedecori est!"

as she slams the door  
in his drunken face.

dum ostium ingenti strepitu operit  
in eius faciem ebriam.

And now he stands outside,

Et nunc foris stat,

and all the neighbors start  
to gossip and drool.

et omnes vicini incipiunt  
garrere et salivare.

He cries, "Oh girl you must  
be mad. What happened to the  
sweet love you and me had?"

Clamat, "O, puella, tu certe  
insana es. Ubi est amor  
dulcis quem tu et ego habuimus?"

Against the door he leans  
and starts a scene

Ostio adnitur,  
et motum affert,

and his tears fall and  
burn the garden green.

et lacrimae eius cadunt et  
hortulum viridem adurunt.

And so castles made of sand  
fall in the sea eventually.

Itaque castella ex harena facta  
in mare aliquando cadunt.

A little Indian boy who before  
he was ten played war games in the woods

Puerulus Indicus qui, antea  
decem annos habuerat, bello in silva ludebat  
with his Indian friends,

cum amicis Indicis suis,

and he built a dream that  
when he grew up he would be  
a fearless warrior Indian chief.

et finxit somnium in quo,  
adultus, futurus sit  
dux Indicus impavidus.

Many moons passed and  
more the dream grew strong

Multae lunae transierunt et  
somnia fortius factum est

until tomorrow he would sing  
his first war song and  
fight his first battle,

quoad cras canat  
primum cantum bellicum et  
pugnet primum proelium,

but something went wrong.  
Surprise attack killed him  
in his sleep that night.

sed aliquid perperam accidit.  
Incurso subita eum  
dormientem illa nocte occidit.

And so castles made of sand  
melt into the sea eventually.

Itaque castella ex harena facta  
in mare aliquando cadunt.

There was a young girl  
whose heart was a frown

Erat parva puella,  
culus cor erat frontis contractio

'cause she was crippled for life  
and she couldn't speak a sound,

quia per totam vitam debilitata erat,  
et sonum edere non poterat,

and she wished and prayed  
she could stop living.

et cupiebat et precabatur  
ut vivere desinat.

And so she decided to die.

Itaque constituit mori.

She drew her wheelchair  
to the edge of the shore,

Sellam rotis instructam  
ad ripam abruptam egit,

and to her legs she smiled,  
"You won't hurt me no more,"

et cruribus ridens inquit,  
"Non mihi nocere plus poteritis,"

but the sight she's never seen  
made her jump and say:

sed species numquam a se visa  
effecit ut saltet et dicat:

"Look a golden wing-ship  
is passing my way."

"Ecce, alata navis aurata  
ad me navigat."

And it really didn't have to stop.  
It just kept on going...

Et non ei consistere necesse erat.  
Solum discedebat...

And so castles made of sand slip  
into the sea eventually.

Itaque castella ex harena facta  
in mare aliquando cadunt.



Once upon a time, there lived a little gray mouse named  
Minimus Aesopius Murus. This little mouse loved cheese a  
whole lot. Now, O reader, I will tell you the sad story of  
Minimus and his untimely death.

One day, Minimus was at home adoring his cheese col-  
lection. "O, what beautiful cheese I have in my refrigerator!  
All the other mice are sure going to be jealous when they  
see my wide assortment of cheese. I thank the gods for mak-  
ing cheese," cried Minimus as he looked at his cheese.

But, still our little mouse wanted even more cheese.  
Minimus wanted to be the mouse with the most cheese in  
the entire world. "Alas!" cried Minimus, "I must go out into  
the giant's kitchen and steal all of his cheese." And with  
that, Minimus set out on his journey for more cheese.

What Minimus didn't know was that Felix Aesopius  
Catus was outside waiting for him. Felix was a mean old cat  
who knew of Minimus' obsession with cheese. So Felix  
waited for the little naïve mouse to come out of his safe  
home.

"O, what a glorious day to go steal some cheese from  
the big dumb giants," Minimus exclaimed as he was leav-  
ing his hole. "I will soon be the richest mouse in the whole  
world."

But as soon as Minimus stepped out into the giant's  
kitchen, Felix pounced on him, and thus ended the life of  
poor Minimus Aesopius Murus.

Moral: Nothing in excess, my dear readers.

# A War Over HELEN

By Fritz Purdie, Latin I student of Suzanne Rousseau,  
Monmouth County Academy of Allied Health and Sciences, Neptune, New Jersey

It started with an apple made of gold  
Which Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite wanted to hold  
Little did Paris know  
That his decision would cause a war against his foe  
Helen, queen of Sparta, was his bride  
Her beauty would make any guy fill up with pride  
This bride was given by Aphrodite  
Whom Paris chose as the fairest deity  
Paris took Helen, and when Menelaos asked for her back  
The Trojans said no and the Greeks sailed off in a pack  
This led to a conflict between Greece and Troy  
Which eventually separated the men from the boys  
The conflict lasted about ten years  
A time when people's lives were full of fears  
One day the Greeks sailed away  
And the Trojans didn't know what to say  
They were filled with joy  
And didn't think the horse was a ploy  
The Greeks came out of the horse that night  
And fought the Trojans with all of their might  
Soon Troy got burned  
And Helen returned  
Although at last the war was ended  
The hatred of Troy was never mended  
Its descendants in Rome came back one day  
And made the descendants in Greece all pay



## NEPTUNE ON DUTY

By Lauren Gilson, Latin IV student of Saint Rita School,  
Merion Mercy Academy, Merion Station, Pennsylvania

Neptunus  
Tridente in manu  
Custodit  
Marium pater  
Custodit  
Aquam  
Custodit  
Tranquillitatem ubique  
Custodit  
Dum ventus mollis ante eum praeterit  
Custodit

## Pomponius

By Octavia Ellis, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert,  
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Nauta  
nobilis, celer  
navigat, statuit, explorat.  
Nauta navem e conspectu navigat.  
Pomponius

## 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

Students (\$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.

## HONOR ROLL

## Latin Classes/Clubs

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- Bel Air H.S. Classical League, El Paso, Texas
- Ben Davis H.S. Latin Club, Indianapolis, Indiana
- Boonville H.S. J.C.L., Boonville, Indiana
- Brookville H.S. Latin Club, Lynchburg, Virginia
- Brownburg H.S. Latin Club, Brownburg, Indiana
- Castle H.S. Latin Club, Newburg, Indiana
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## Don't Get Me Started On The Greeks!

A light-hearted editorial by Marian Plunk and Dea Birch, Latin III  
students of Chatham Davidson, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

The other day I was dragging my fruit cart down the street, minding my own business, when this slave jumped from the roof of a building right into my cart, knocking several apples into the street. Though shocked, my quick wit recalled the ten-second rule, and I scrambled frantically to collect most of the fruit before I lost it to road filth. Of course, it was a Greek slave.

A Greek. Ah, yes, one of those wonderful Greeks.

Sorry, but he shouldn't have gotten me started. Thinkers, not doers. Philosophers, not engineers. Runners, not soldiers. What type of people is that? Sounds pretty weak and pathetic to me. How many times has their broken, pitiful attempt of a peninsula been invaded? Off the top of my head, I can recall occupations by the Persians, the Macedonians, and, of course, us.

For all of their thinking, they certainly didn't accomplish much. Their own historian Herodotus wrote, "In Greece, poverty is always a guest." Uh...okay, Herodotus. How long was their Athenian Golden Age? Let's put it this way: the dome, the arch, the amphitheater and the aqueduct—who came up with these little items? Not the Greeks, not with their attitude of, "Oh, I'm a Greek. I'm gonna live next to the water. I'll just build half a theater and stop." And what the heck is an agora, anyway. Why couldn't they just call it what it is, a forum?

I mean, even the shape of their penis is weird. Ours is at least shaped like a boot. This provides a vision of movement, progress. Theirs looks like a bad haircut for the Aegean Sea—a little mistake of Jupiter on our other-

wise perfect planet.

Then there's their pathetic attempt at literature. I can just picture senile old men sitting around, thinking of ways for heroic Greek soldiers to invade Troy. "O.K., Let's build a giant wooden horse and put our people in it. Then the Trojans will take the horse into their city, and they'll get drunk and fall asleep. That's when we'll come out of the horse and slaughter them." I suppose if you like a good fairy tale! Can't be true! They didn't even have any decent nails!

And what kind of a twisted culture comes up with an Oedipal complex? And would you look at those chitons they wear? If a Greek's *cingulum* gets a little loose, it's all over. Hello! Get some togas! And as far as I'm concerned, they can have their ever-popular mimes right back too! They make me sick!

Democracy? Don't even go there! "Oh, we're all so intelligent, why don't we just all vote. Everyone will be so excited, no one will ever skip an election day." Doesn't work. Never did, never will. I guess that's why their country's all split up into scores of disjointed city-states. At least they were intelligent enough to invent ostracism when they realized that some citizens were moronic idiots. We, of course, solve the problem with an occasional arena show. It's a lot more enjoyable and provides good, clean family fun.

And for all those Greek slaves that think the Underworld is right here in Italy, I've only got one thing to say: "Welcome to Hades! Just stay out of my apple cart."

## THE TROJAN POTATO

By Elizabeth Bury, Latin II student of Dr. Marianne Colakia, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

**I**t was a long war, and nobody quite knew what they were fighting about anymore. There was, of course, the beautiful toothpick, Helen. She was divine. She was made of gold and ivory, wait, it was made of gold and ivory. That Menelaus was such a crazy weirdo that he had made the stupid toothpick his wife. Now that was crazy. I had heard that he was writing a journal about this so that one day his story could be told throughout the world.

I made the mistake of asking about the journal, and that's when he left me the job of making sure the story was interesting. Of course, I also had to feature his toothpick wife. Although I am a Greek, I'm not a writer. It's not supposed to be like this! I was supposed to be spending the year visiting area libraries to study scrolls—not doing this in the middle of a war.

"Why would he have started a war over a toothpick? This certainly is mysterious, but maybe a little mystery will make the story more interesting. Oh well, tomorrow's another day. Think I'll just go to sleep."

I had just laid my head down on the hard wooden floor when a ruckus awakened me.

"Why did this have to happen to me?" cried Menelaus as he entered the storeroom of the supply ship.

Now that I was awake, I decided to try and find out what was behind this war.

"Maybe this will give me something to write about," I thought to myself as I lay in the smelly cargo of the ship. "I'll take notes on this conversation! Wait! This is curious—what is the almighty Menelaus doing down here in the cargo hold?" I listened carefully.

"I can't live without her! That wretched Paris! I'll get him if it is the last thing I do! Oh, where is my beautiful Helen?" said Menelaus in a tone that

sounded like a whimpering dog.

"Come, now, you must be strong to win the battles ahead. We will defeat the Trojans. Trust me. We have all of Greece's support and many warriors like Odysseus and Diomedes. We will retrieve Helen," confidently said a man that was shrouded by the darkness.

I could not see exactly who it was that was trying to offer Menelaus some encouragement. Whoever it was, he was very good. Menelaus suddenly regained his self-confidence. I could tell when I saw him leave.

"This war is getting to me. Menelaus is always yelling and asking where I am, like I'd miss something to write about precious toothpick," I mumbled to myself. The army's morale was down. The Trojans were a formidable enemy. Still, Menelaus had told me to continue writing on the assumption that we would win!

"All right," I grunted. "I'll get back to my boring job."

"It was a dark and stormy night." No, that wasn't good. I looked out across the field and saw that a battle was raging, and Menelaus was fighting bravely to get his beautiful Helen back. Could it be that this really was the reason for this war? I couldn't help suspecting that some other hidden agenda lay behind it all.

"It was a day like any other," I began again, "and both the Trojans and the Greeks were at odds over what to do about the war over Helen the toothpick. The skin of the Trojans was beginning to get withered from their being in the sun day after day. Suddenly, the smell of roast rabbit filled the air. The Greeks, also scorched by the hot sun, began to smell of turtle soup."

Later, I couldn't believe that I had actually written that. I must have been starving to let a few aromas from the mess tent influence my story line. I wasn't sure where that story line would lead me, but throughout those wretched

days I wrote until my hands were numb. I couldn't, however, shake the feeling that I was getting close to what the war was really all about, and I didn't want to quit. To spice things up I did add a little fiction every so often, like the bit about how the Trojans were beginning to give in to the Greeks, but I was just trying to keep Menelaus happy.

"The days continued this way until the Greeks got a wonderful idea to trick the Trojans." The plan, which took me a long time to figure out, was to make a huge wooden potato in which soldiers could hide, and then pretend to admit defeat and leave. The Trojans, of course, brought it inside their walls, and, at night, the Greeks inside got out of the potato and let the others in through the gate of the city. It was so ingenious that no Trojan suspected anything, except Laocoon, who had built a fire under the potato and encouraged everyone to sit down and dig in. But he was taken care of by the gods."

Whatever influenced me to keep the food images going in my story, I finally decided to leave the bit in about the Trojan potato. I figured, if Menelaus likes it, great. If not, he can change it to something else, like maybe a rabbit or a horse or a chicken.

I never did figure out what the mysterious real cause of the Trojan War was. I finally decided that since I was telling the story, I could make it be whatever I wanted it to be. In the end, readers would believe me, or they could doubt whether or not there really was a toothpick-Helen, or a brave Menelaus, or a potato. They'll never know for sure whether it's true or a fable. It's certainly more interesting than recording a Black Sea trade war.

"I, a lowly student of scrolls in foreign libraries, recorded these events to help break the monotony of my work. I encourage all who read it to judge whether it is fact or fiction."

# RUBICON

By Steven Saylor  
St. Martin's Press, May, 1999  
A poetic review of Saylor's latest novel by  
Betty Whittaker, Carmel, Jr. H.S., Carmel Indiana

Caesar and Pompey,  
Pompey and Caesar.  
Intrigue.  
Where is the loyalty?

Through it all  
Gordianus, the Finder,  
Keeps his head.  
Battle of Brundisium,  
Ships, catapults  
Hurling fireballs.

Murder,  
Illicit romance,  
Marc Antony,  
Disguises, deceptions and schemes.

Gordianus, Meto, Edo,  
Bethesda and Diana  
All together again.  
The series, *Roma Sub Rosa*, continues—  
Steven Saylor's latest novel,  
RUBICON—drama, mystery.

The ancient rivalry comes alive.

## Autumnus

By Quintia Lyman, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert,  
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Autumno  
lente volitantia  
folia cadunt  
usque ad terram.

## Return to America

A poem inspired by Catullus XXXI, "Return to Sirmio"  
By Annie Gossett, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert,  
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

America, great array of cities and states,  
Surrounded by the oceans of Neptune,  
I gladly return to you, barely believing that  
I have left behind the foreign lands of the rest of the world

And have arrived home safely.  
What is better than cares set free  
When the mind is relieved of its troubles, tired from  
foreign travel,  
And we rest in our house that we have missed?  
This in itself is reward for such travel.  
Greetings, oh beautiful America, and rejoice to God!  
And you, dancing waves of the oceans, rejoice!  
Laugh, all the laughter in the country!

## Name That Goddess

By Andrew Thompson, Latin I student of Dr. Elliott T.  
Egan, Ben Franklin H. S., New Orleans, Louisiana

Who is goddess of strategic war  
Who also has the key to wisdom's door?  
Her birth was one of sickly gloom  
For while she was in her mother's womb,  
Zeus decided that he would consume her  
To avoid what was seen as impending danger.  
Later, Zeus awoke to find his head in pain,  
And with a crack of a hammer, out she came,  
Bearing robe and helm and fully grown,  
Destined to claim a city as her own.  
Proud of her own art of tapestry,  
She would strike down Arachne out of jealousy.  
Who is this goddess with tasseled Aegis?  
If you look in her bright eyes, you surely won't miss!

## Catullus Sad

By Megha Padi, Latin II student of Linda Fabrizio,  
Niskayuna High School, Niskayuna, New York

Poeta  
Lamentabilis, lugens  
Discedit, peregrinatur, scribit.  
Frater eius mortuus est.  
Catullus

# Roman Brothers Three

A modern fable by H. Michaud, Latin I student of Kelly Kusch,  
Covington Latin School, Covington, Kentucky

There once were three Roman brothers whose reputation preceded them throughout the Roman Empire. Their names were Marcus, Gaius, and Septimus. They were famous because each was rumored to be descended from the gods, and each had a talent that was unsurpassed by any mortal man: Marcus was the fastest man in all the land. He could run to any city faster than a crow flies. Gaius was the most intelligent and well-read scholar in Rome, and perhaps the rest of the world. He was said to know everything known to any man, and even some things forbidden to know. Septimus, although not very fast, or intelligent, was the most massive, hulking brute of a man anyone had ever seen. His immense strength surpassed even that of the legendary Hercules.

It was to be expected that such unusual talents would one day catch the attention of the gods. It was no surprise, therefore, when Venus, who had been watching these men grow up, and develop their talents, now found herself falling in love with them.

Which did she love most dearly? Although she couldn't decide, she decided she would have to choose one.

Thus, it came to pass that Venus developed a plan. The next morning, which happened to be *pridie Kalendae Maias*, she appeared to the three brothers. She said, "Marcus, Gaius, Septime, your talents and virtues have gained my favor, but I have been unable to decide whom I love best. I have, therefore, decided to give you a quest. I have decided to take to Olympus, as my companion, the first one of you who can kill the offspring of the giant eagle that once daily tormented Prometheus. You must bring the head of the eagle back here to your home by *Kalendae Iuniae*, so that Juno, in the joy of welcoming the month named in her honor, will approve your presence on Olympus."

With that, she left the brothers. They wondered at the encounter all day, and wondered who would be the one to win.

It was Marcus who set out first the next day, leaving the other two behind. He ran the whole way to Scythia where Prometheus had been chained to a rock near the sea. He completed the journey of many months in just four days. He immediately hid and

waited for a giant eagle to come into view over the horizon. When it finally landed, Marcus saw that it was the size of two men. Marcus then realized that this bird was not going to be easy to approach, much less kill. Finally, being unable to come up with a plan, he decided to return home.

When Marcus arrived home, he was sad, and he found his brothers in very much the same condition. Gaius had come up with a plan to build a trap and had pondered it for the eight days that Marcus had been gone. He was sad because he was not fast enough to get to Scythia on time, nor strong enough to build his trap if he could get there. It seemed all hope of winning was gone for him. Septimus, too, had come up with a plan, albeit a simple one. He would simply go there and kill the bird with his bare hands. He was sad because he, too, knew he could not travel fast enough to get to the bird. And after he had listened to Marcus' description of the size of the bird, he began to question his ability to handle the challenge.

And so, the brothers moped for a day or two, until it finally dawned on Gaius what would have to be done. He thought to himself, "I cannot make it to the place in time, but I have the best plan. My plan, however, will take more strength than I have. Marcus has the speed I need, and Septimus has the strength it will take to build my trap. If Marcus were to put Septimus and me on his shoulders, he could quickly carry us to the spot. Once there I could tell Septimus how to build the trap, and together we could complete the quest."

When Gaius told his brothers the plan, they were ecstatic. They would set out the next day, and have time to spare.

During the night, however, Marcus went to Septimus, and said, "Why do we need Gaius? I can get you there and we'll build a trap of our own. We could take all the glory." Septimus, still half asleep, agreed, and they set out immediately, being careful not to wake their brother.

Carrying Septimus, it took Marcus six days to make the trip this time, but when they arrived and saw the eagle again, neither could think of a trap that would work. Finally, leaving Septimus to watch the eagle,

Marcus decided to return home to face his angry brother.

"What were you thinking, Marcus? My trap is the key to the whole plan!" shouted Gaius angrily.

"I decided I could only carry one of you at a time," Marcus lied. "But let's not argue. We must hurry if we are to get there on time." So it was that Marcus once again set out with a brother on his shoulders. Since Marcus was getting weary of making the trip, they did not arrive in Scythia until seven days later. Gaius didn't waste any time telling Septimus exactly what to do. "Bend that mighty tree to the ground," he said, pointing, "and then tie it down using some very strong rope." This would be easier said than done, but Septimus finally finished his task.

"Now," said Gaius, "we place some food on the ground and wait until the bird comes. When he approaches the trap, take your sword and cut the rope. The tree will bash the bird, and it will be ours."

So, they waited...and they waited...and they waited. It grew dark, and Gaius finally realized that they had arrived too late in the day. The bird had already come and gone, and now, with twenty-nine of their thirty-one days about to be used up, not even Marcus, traveling alone, would have time to return home with the eagle's head by *Kalendae Iuniae*. Glumly, they decided to spend the night there and start for home in the morning.

But in the morning they were awakened by the great whooshing sounds as the giant eagle came near drawing its wings back and forth. This was followed by its unmistakable screech. The three brothers watched dumbfounded as it approached the food they had set out. Missed deadline or not, Septimus unsheathed his sword and let fly the blade against the rope. The tree whipped forward and knocked the eagle out cold with one clean blow. Septimus strode forward, lifted his great blade again, and the aquiline head went rolling.

When they arrived home two weeks later, since they had missed the deadline anyway, they had traveled only a few hundred leisurely miles a day; they were surprised to find Venus waiting for them with three strangers.

"You have succeeded in your task," began the goddess in a somewhat subdued tone, "but you missed your deadline. Your wonderfully cooperative efforts, however, have not gone unnoticed. My three companions, quite impressed with your performance, wish to meet you."

One of the strangers approached Marcus, introducing himself as Mercury. "You are the fastest mortal, and I am impressed. Your speed is almost as great as my own, and for your great skill I present my winged shoes, which will augment your speed so greatly that you shall be scarcely a blur in the eyes of men."

Before Marcus could respond, the second stranger approached Gaius, saying, "I am Minerva. It seems to me that you have pondered all that you have been able, and know everything that any man knows. For your great ingenuity in completing this quest, I will afford you the book of knowledge from which you can learn things that no other man has ever known." As he flipped through the pages of the great book, it seemed that the pages would never end.

The last stranger, a gruff, rather large and sweaty character approached Septimus saying in a deep voice, "I come as the husband of Venus, Vulcan. Septimus, you are the mortal most worthy of my gift, and I bestow upon you a sword from the workshop of the gods."

Suddenly, the brothers were alone. They looked at each other in amazement and wondered at their gifts, each more excited than the last.

As the brothers went through their lives, they always remembered the wonderful lesson they had learned. They continued to help each other and share the gifts each had received from the gods. Each was never ashamed to let his individual greatness be dependent on the help of one of his brothers.

**Moral:** Physical Strength, Mental Agility, and Fleetsomeness of Foot are all great virtues, but alone they are weak. If they compete with each other, they are counterproductive. A truly great person harmoniously possesses all three.



## THE GAMES

By Paul Edwards, Latin III student of Mike Gagel,  
Troy High School, Troy, Ohio

The roar of the beast  
the pound in his heart—  
his palms sweat,  
his legs turn to water.  
He clasps the sword.  
With shield in hand,  
he glares down his opponent.  
His thoughts wander.  
The beast lunges forward  
and rears back his head.  
The gladiator swings his arm.  
They both fall to the ground.  
The blood runs fast  
but from whom is unknown.  
They both lie still and  
the crowd is silent.  
Now the crown stands and cheers  
as the victor walks away,  
his head held high—  
a twinkle all can see.  
Yet the gladiator lies dead—  
just another toy for the beast.

## Carpe Diem!

An abridgement by Marcella Cooper, Latin I student of  
Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Before you see your gate  
And know that you are ready to die,  
Live every day as though your last.  
Always eat the whole peach pie.

So keep our head and *Carpe Diem*.  
You may never be a leader to lead the way.  
But never let an opportunity pass  
When you can seize the day.

## How Deponentia Finally Set Aside Her Passive Ways

By Geoffrey Bergosh, Latin II student of Kate Sullivan,  
Oakmont Regional High School, Ashburnham, Massachusetts

As the story goes, there once was  
a girl who lived in a far away land,  
across the sea, in a small and cute little  
house. That girl was named  
Deponentia.

When Deponentia was a young  
girl, everyone thought that she was  
the most darling child. As a result,  
everything was done for her, not by  
her. She especially liked to follow,  
to have people use things and to be  
respected.

Deponentia's mother was very  
caring and she told her daughter some-  
thing that was very important: "If  
things are always done for you and not  
by you, the day will come when others

will not like you."

Well, Deponentia disregarded her  
mother's wise words and kept using  
her charisma to live her passive life.

Soon, however, Deponentia's  
charm ran out. The town people who  
once loved her, suddenly thought it  
quite rude for her not to do things in  
return. They decided to stop follow-  
ing her around and respecting her. So  
they began to attack her and punish  
her. In fact, they were determined to  
destroy her!

Deponentia quickly got the mes-  
sage. She realized that her mother had  
been right.

And so it came to pass, to every-

one's amazement, that Deponentia  
arose. She advanced to the people, and  
she promised that her passive life was  
over. She said that from that point on,  
she would always be as active as pos-  
sible and that she would never go back  
to being passive.

No matter how hard she tried,  
however, people could not totally  
forget the passive aspects of  
Deponentia's life. She remained  
permanently marked by her previ-  
ous passive actions. Even though  
she meant all her actions to be ac-  
tive, when people looked at her, they  
still saw her as passive.

## In School With ELIDED HENDECASYLLABLES

by Rob Clifford, Latin III student of Jessica Fisher,  
Norwood High School, Norwood, Massachusetts

In Schola interdum me semper oblecto.  
Habeo quinque classes: scientia,  
Mathematica, Latina, historia  
Et lingua cotidiana Hispanica.  
His classibus cotidie studio.  
Magistri magistraeque sunt optimi  
Habeo multum pensum scholasticum  
Sed Latina me maxime delectat!

## Nostra Regina

By Rachel Tisdale, Latin I student of Judith Granese,  
Valley High School, Las Vegas, Nevada

Nostra regina, nostra lux,  
Stella caeli, gemma imperii.  
Gloria reginae!  
Gloria reginae!  
Anima patriae, sacra regina  
Pulchra est.  
Sacra est  
Nostra lux, nostra pulchra regina.

## in the footsteps of Alexander

by michael keathley

As we drove out of Rawalpindi, I felt a bit of sadness that we would be following our agenda backwards and that the traveling would be so difficult we would not have the time in each area that we had hoped. It was, however, a relief to be on our way at last.

We would drive in a large clockwise circle first to Dir and the Chitral Valley, then onward to Gilgit and the Hunza Valley before returning to Rawalpindi for our return flight. Steve and I also made a pact that if something failed this time, we were both willing to hitchhike our way through the northern areas.

When our driver, Inayat, introduced himself, I had a feeling that he could drive us through anything, and he did not disappoint me over the next two weeks.

Our first stop was at an old stone road that Inayat told us dated to Alexander's time. Called the Mangala Pass, this road leads from Kabul to Calcutta as part of the Silk Road. I greedily snapped a few pictures then hopped back into the truck. I was anxious to get farther away from Pindi.

The drive was similar to the previous day's journey, but somehow seemed brighter. I kept trying to imagine what it must have been like for the ancient Macedonians marching with Alexander. I have always admired them and foolishly wished I could have been there marching with them, but now my admiration increased. The day was nearly 100 degrees Fahrenheit; the road was rough and dusty. Again we passed endless fields of rice, wheat, and corn with emaciated donkeys wandering among Pakistanis squatting by the roadside to rest. Some people washed their vehicles in the rivers or puddles; others slept on rope-beds in the shade. Parts of the way were lined with birch trees, and in the distance the mountains began to rear up like monster guardians intending to stop us yet deciding not to make the effort in the intense heat.

For a short while we also followed the serpentine Indus River that slithered gigantically over the muddy land nearly colorless. Its waters were neither brown nor gray but somewhere in between. At times it appeared wide enough to be a lake. I had always imagined it to be a beautiful river, but it was not. I did give it the benefit of the doubt, however, and assumed its color was due to the monsoon washing dirt down from the mountains.

After a few hours of nothing but dust, we reached one of the highlights of the trip, the city of Nowshera. It was the most beautiful city I would see in Pakistan. Its main street was lined with flowers, and it was clean in spite of the dust. If I hadn't known better, I would have thought I was in Florence, Italy!

But Nowshera was merely the entrance to one of the most beautiful landscapes I have ever seen, the Malakand Pass. Here the truck wove its way along wide mountain roads which hovered over a half-dozen lush, green valleys. At the end of the pass, Inayat stopped so we could take a picture of the pass in its entirety. I stood upon a huge boulder for my shot and told him and Steve to go on without me. I felt like I was in heaven! Now I understood why some of Alexander's soldiers, as loyal and stalwart as they were, would mutiny and decide to remain here.

Desire to meet some ancient Macedonians impelled me back into the truck, however.

Later, as we neared Chakdara, we had a somewhat frightening incident. We stopped at a police checkpoint—only it was not run by the Pakistani police or army but by local tribal cops. We had to get out of the truck to register. Steve and everyone in my life before I had left on the trip had me convinced that the world hated Americans and would shoot them on sight. The recent kidnapping of some Westerners in the Kashmir region had added to my fear.

Steve registered and quickly hopped back into the Toyota as if to escape the line of fire. I looked at the police and none of them smiled. It was me against them. I noticed their guns and the high bridge they were guarding. I had this vision of being shot on the edge of it and imagined myself falling into the river below. If they threatened me, I planned to jump off the bridge and swim downstream under water and out of their line of fire.

I knelt down and picked up the oversized, flimsy book and began to write. First my name, where I had come from, where I was going to, my age, my profession, my nationality, my passport number, where it was issued, and then my citizenship. Nearly a dozen cops were looking at me and my passport, and I had no way of knowing if they could read English. I slowly wrote the letters "USA." I hesi-

tated to stand up for a moment, not knowing what was about to happen. When I did, the police laughed!

One of them sounded out the letters as if they were a word, "ooooo saaaa." They laughed again. I realized they had no idea where I was from or what those letters stood for. I didn't wait for them to figure it out. I jumped back into the jeep and yelled to Inayat, "Let's go!"

He had a worried look on his face probably because I did. We drove across the bridge to temporary safety.

It was here also that I started to feel guilty. For myself I would rather die on some adventure than to suffer and die in my own home of cancer or some other disease. I had no fear of getting hurt on this trip or dying until I realized how selfish I was being. The thought of my two-year-old growing up without a father and my wife continuing her life without a husband began to bother me. Later, as we made our journey through other dangerous roads and places, we would joke about praying for our safety. It was not a joke, however. Every two minutes it seemed like we narrowly avoided a head-on collision, a landslide, police checkpoints, and/or dirty food. Inayat also had five young children with a wife and mother to support; I knew he was saying the same prayers I was.

Finally, at dusk, we arrived at Dir. It was a large village and we were fortunate enough to get a large room on the second floor. A huge terrace overlooked the valley, and a clear blue-green river rushed through the midst of the village. It felt cozy to be nestled here between two mountain ranges, and I felt safe wandering through the village's streets even after dark. In some ways Dir reminded me of my grandfather's village in Macedonia. We did not, however, find much connection to Macedonian culture here as we had hoped, but we had progressed, and I was growing optimistic.

That night as I lay in bed listening to the water rush through the village, the rhythmic chanting of the Muslims, and the calls of animals, I slept more deeply than I had in months. I had dreamed of seeing the Chitrali, Kalasha, and Hunzakuts for years. I had spent much of the last five months reading, studying, and anticipating our trip. Now, we were close enough that I knew we would see the descendants of Alexander soon.

Regrettably, as I slept well, Steve was having one of the worst nights of his life.

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





Cara Matrona,

I am writing to ask your advice about keeping a business venture going that was about to be started by my husband, Lucius Aurelius Hermia, just before he died. Lucius and I worked side by side in our small fish market ever since he embraced me in marriage ten years ago when I was seven years old. When he died, he was making plans to begin importing a very special type of oyster from the town of Circeli in Latium. No other fish market here in Pompeii carries these oysters, and Lucius felt there would be a market for them, especially among the wealthy who maintain villas at the nearby town of Stabiae.

Some of my friends say I should put all my plans on hold for a year when I will have to remarry. They remind me that my new husband may have other plans for our business.

Do you think it would be all right for me to go ahead with Lucius' plans and begin importing the Circelian oysters? All our contacts are in place, and they are just waiting for my final approval to make the first delivery.

Aurelia Philamatum  
Pompeii

Cara Aurelia,

Please accept my condolences on the loss of your husband. I am glad, however, to have this chance to offer some sound advice that, it seems, you dearly need.

First let's get the facts on remarriage straight. While your friends are correct that your new husband may have his own plans for the future of your business, they are not correct in saying that you will have to remarry after one year. The old Julian law used to allow a widow to be exempt from remarriage for only one year, but that law has been replaced by the Papia-Poppaea law that now gives a widow two years after the death of her husband before she must remarry. As young as you are, of course, and as skilled as you are in the daily management of your own business, you should have several suitors pestering you before too long.

Your ex-husband's plan to import Circelian oysters for your wealthy clientele sounds like a very sound one. These are, after all, one of the finest marine delicacies available in all of Italia, coming as they do from oyster beds at the foot of a promontory once inhabited by Circe herself. They say that even the late Emperor Nero favored these oysters so much that he could identify them with his first taste.

Even though all your husband's plans may be in place and appear to be waiting only for your approval, don't do anything until a guardian has been appointed to help you. No matter how much skill a woman may have, she must still work through a guardian when undertaking any legal or financial obligations or transacting any civil business dealings. If you have any male relative in your family or in your husband's family whom you trust, you might want to request that he offer to become your guardian. This may, however, not be the case, since I would guess, judging from your name Philamatum and from the fact that you were married so young, that both you and husband were originally slaves. But that is still all right. You may petition the Aedile to appoint a guardian for you until such time as you do remarry.

Once your guardian has been appointed, I would say go ahead with your husband's plans if all the contacts are still in place and the parties are willing to honor the terms of the original agreements.

Now, you may be surprised to learn this, but I do maintain a private villa across the bay from you at Baiae. The next time I am in residence, I'll be sure to send for some Circelian oysters from your shop.

## The Latin ADVANTAGE

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

the end of the Sacred Way, a hundred meters farther along, a rather lengthy Latin passage on the façade of the Arch of Septimius Severus awaits them.

Down in the *Campus Martius* there's this declaration in huge letters on the frieze of the Pantheon:

M. AGRIPPA L.F. COS. TERTIVM. FECIT



It informs those passersby trained in Latin that "Marcus Agrippa, son of Lucius, built (this temple) during his third consulship."

In actuality, the edifice Agrippa erected had burned to the ground and was replaced by the second century rotunda one sees in our time. Nonetheless, the new Pantheon's builder and architect, the emperor Hadrian himself, nobly retained the inscription from the original shrine to all the gods.

Such Latin engravings are to be found not only on the monuments of Imperial Rome but on those of Papal Rome as well. One of my favorites is the following which graces the entablature of the spectacular *Fontana Paolina* overlooking the city from the Janiculum Hill:

PAVLVS QVINTVS PONTIFEX MAXIMVS  
AQVAM IN AGRO BRACCIANENSI  
SALVBERRIMIS FONTIBVS COLLECTAM  
VETERIBVS AQVAE ALSIETINAE DVCTIBVS  
RESTITVIT NOVISQVE ADDITIS  
XXV AB MILIARIO DVXIT  
ANNO DOMINI MDCXII  
PONTIFICATVS SVE SEPTIMO

To the ordinary bloke this is all gibberish. But to the Latinist it yields much information about the fountain—the pope who commissioned it and when, the quality of its water, and whence and from how far away it comes.



"Paul V, Chief Priest, gathered this water from the most beautiful springs in the *Bracciano* region and transported it thirty-five miles (to Rome) by means of the old *Alsiatina* aqueducts which he restored and by new (pipelines) which he added. In the year of our Lord 1612, the seventh of his pontificate."

On the base of the interior of the dome of St. Peter's Basilica—in letters seven feet tall—are the words of Christ to his apostle Simon, the words that launched the church

and its concomitant institution, the papacy:

TV ES PETRVS ET SVPER HANC PETRAM  
AEDIFICABO MEAM ECCLESIAM ET TIBI DABO  
CLAVES REGNI CAELORVM

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build my church; and I shall give unto you the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven."

Here in the Vatican, the Latin language continues to be not only seen but also heard. Every mass offered by the Pope is said in Latin. And when the cardinals, gathered in conclave in the Sistine Chapel, elect a successor to St. Peter, the dean of the sacred college appears on the central balcony of the basilica to report the news to an anxious world. On the evening of October 16, 1978, Cardinal Pericle Felici boomed over the public address system:

"Annuntio vobis, gaudium magnum!  
Habemus Papam! Eminentissimum ac  
Reverendissimum dominum, dominum  
Carolus Sanctae Romanae Ecclesiae  
Cardinalem Wojtyla! Qui tibi nomen imposuit, Johannem Paulum Secundum!"

"I announce to you a great joy! We have a Pope! The most eminent and most reverend lord, Lord, Cardinal of the holy Roman Church, Carol Wojtyla! Who has assigned himself the name of John Paul II!"



While St. Peter's is the setting for most papal pageantry and ritual, it ranks second in importance in Roman Catholicism to the Basilica of Saint John, in the Lateran district on the other side of the city. Commissioned, as was St. Peter's, by the Emperor Constantine, St. John's outranks all other churches because it serves as the cathedral of the Bishop of Rome who is, *ipso facto*, the Pope. Twin inscriptions flanking the main entrance attest to this.

SACROS. LATERAN. ECCLES.  
OMNIVM. VRBIS. ET. ORBIS  
ECCLESIAE. MATER. ET. CAPUT

"(This is) the sacrosanct Lateran Church, Mother and Head of all the churches of the city and the world."

In the nearby ancient and venerable church of *Santa Prassede* is another favorite Latin passage of mine, the epitaph on the tomb of a fourteenth century pilgrim:

ISTVD. EST. SEPL. CR.  
IOHIS. MONTIS. OPVLI.  
SPECIARI. Q. VOS. ESTIS.  
EGO. FVI. Q. SVM. VOS  
ERITIS. ORETIS. PRO. ME.  
PECCATORE. AGITE.  
PENITENTIAM

Here our knowledge of vocabulary, the nominative, genitive, accusative, and ablative cases, the verb *esse* in various tenses, the subjunctive, and the imperative is all put to a test. If we are up to the challenge we shall translate thus:

"This is the grave of  
John of Mount Opulus, a pharisee.  
What you are, I was. What I am, you will be.  
Pray for me, a sinner.  
Do penance!"

And so it goes, not only in Rome but also out in Ostia, down south in Pompeii, up north in Florence, in every city and town of the boot-shaped peninsula: Latin—wherever you look! Lucky Tessa! In Italy, Latin is an asset indeed!





# POMPEII

DREAM THE DREAM, THEN MAKE IT HAPPEN!

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

One of the sites that blew my mind was—and don't think me corny or super-red, white and blue—the Grand Canyon. I had heard about it all my life, I had seen photos, I had seen it in movies, I had heard the hype. None of this, however, prepared me for my visit there last summer!

It was awe-inspiring! It was huge! It was breath-taking, spine-tingling and mind-boggling. And all I did was take the tour bus to various lookout points along the south-west ridge. At every stop, I got off the bus, moved reverently to the edge and caught my breath. I stared down into the depths. I tried to discern hikers thousands of feet below. I tried to imagine having the time and the stamina to hike down into the canyon and camp out down there. I tried to visualize Indians spending their whole lives living with their tribe in the canyon. I truly regretted having to leave and drive back to Phoenix before nightfall.

The second site was Pompeii. As far as I am con-



Hortus in the House of

Marcus Loreus Tiburtinus, Pompeii

cerned, there's nothing like it in the world. I've visited casually, I've taken students there—not for the one-hour run through, but for weeks of daily visits, detailed study of individual homes and buildings, hours of sitting, measuring, sketching, imagining. Something calls me to Pompeii. It may just be total fascination, or a deep conviction that there's more to see, more to absorb, more to dream.

It is a site that could never be over-hyped. The reality of it far-surpasses any attempt to portray it, analyze it, photograph it or capitalize it. It cries out to be experienced. Repeatedly!

## Conversations with SOCRATES

By Ken Sippus, student of Philosophy, Indianapolis, Indiana

### Part II

The average afternoon temperature in Phoenix on an average day in June is about 112 degrees, which made the day I spent with Socrates an above average day in more ways than one.

To beat the heat, Socrates and I set out for the nearest ice-cream shop. It was his first exposure to the frozen delicacy.

"You should be able to find something you like," I said. "They've got 32 flavors."

"As long as one of them isn't hemlock," Socrates said.

We got our cones and found a bench outside in the shade.

"Was it this hot in ancient Greece?" I asked.

"Oh, was it hot!" Socrates replied. "Why, this one time in Athens it was incredibly hot."

"How hot was it?" I asked.

"It was so hot, it made Hades look shady," said Socrates.

"Dang," I said.

"Boy, was it hot," said Socrates. "It was so hot that day, Isis had to change her name to Meliss."

"Wow," I said. "That's pretty hot."

"You're telling me?" said Socrates.

I told him he was as witty as he was wise, but, in the interest of truth, he admitted he hadn't made the jokes up.

"Good," I said. "I might use them then."

"Be my guest," said Socrates. "That Isis one's been around since the Dead Sea Scrolls were just ink."

Socrates was on a roll. We ate our ice-cream and people watched until it was obvious he was on his "B" material, then he finally got down to business.

"Tell me about your shoes," he said.

"What about 'em?" I asked.

"Well, you worship Nike, I gather."

"No," I said. "I packed these on accident. I'm usually a Puma man."

"Puma," said Socrates. "Is Puma a God?"

"Handily," I said. "except in Brazil, maybe."

"So you don't worship Nike?"

"No."

"But you wear Nike's name on your shoes."

"Yes," I said.

"Does an advocate of Nike pay you to wear these shoes?"

"No," I said.

"And Nike does not bestow any particular fortune upon you in exchange for your support?"

"No," I said. "Just the opposite, in fact, I pay Nike. About a hundred and thirty dollars."

"I am a little confused, then," said Socrates. "Perhaps we should approach this from the standpoint of logic. We accept that Nike exists, correct?"

"Yes," I said.

"And we accept that Nike possesses incredible power beyond all mortal understanding."

"Yes," I said.

"Therefore, Nike would have no use for currency, especially a paltry one hundred and thirty dollars of your money, because Nike can, of course, have anything that Nike wants. Correct?"

"I suppose," I said.

"Aha," said Socrates. "So, would you agree that the rational purpose of fair trade is reciprocation? Meaning both parties must receive something of value for the trade to be a rational one?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then, because you have given Nike something that Nike does not need in exchange for Nike giving you something you do not enjoy, we can deduce that you have engaged in an irrational trade."

"Not really," I said.

"I thought not," said Socrates. "I knew that because you got a 100 on your philosophy final, you must be wise. So please now, if you would, explain to me the fault in my reasoning."

"Okay," I said. "Other people worship Nike, even though I don't. Most NBA superstars support Nike, and NBA superstars are rich, famous and powerful. And most WNBA players support Nike, and lots of women respect and love the WNBA. So, by emulating NBA and WNBA players, I am indirectly reaping the benefits of their success and popularity."

"How so?" asked Socrates.

"They're popular with men and women alike," I said, "and they support Nike. I support Nike, too, ergo, I too am popular with men and women alike."

"Fascinating indeed, Mr. Sippus," Socrates said. "And what does Nike get from the arrangement?"

"Advertising," I said. "I'm popular, I sport Nike, so unpopular people know that if they want to more like me, they better start sporting Nike, too."

"Whether they truly worship Nike or not."

"Exactly," I said.

"But that's a lie," said Socrates.

"There's no truth in advertising," I said. "Caveat emptor," right?"

"Your wisdom astounds me, Mr. Sippus," Socrates said. "And Nike should be ashamed of herself. The minute I get back, I'm reporting her to Zeus."

"Zeus?" I thought. Then it hit me. Socrates and I were talking about different Nikes.

"Are you by any chance talking about Nike the goddess?" I asked. "As in Nike the Greek? Nike the goddess of victory?"

"Of course," said Socrates. "Why do you ask?"

"No reason," I said. My ice-cream was melting. And besides, we had other things to talk about.



### Crustula Cum Cerasis

A Recipe for Roman-style Cherry Cookies

By Rachel Becker, Latin III student of Elliott Egan, Benjamin Franklin H.S., New Orleans, Louisiana

The old *Crustulorum Olla* (Cookie Jar) has been around for centuries. Cookies were used by the Romans not only to enhance special occasions but also as rewards for children. Even *magistri* are known to have used *crustula* as rewards in school.



The ingredients in this recipe are all items that would have been available in ancient Roman markets, so bake up a batch and share the taste of Ancient Rome.

#### Res Commiscendae

- 1 lb. fresh black (Bing) cherries (washed/pitted)
- 1/2 cup honey
- 2 cups whole wheat flour
- 2 Tbs. Balsamic Vinegar
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. grated ginger root
- 1/4 lb. vegetable shortening (or sweet butter)
- 2 large eggs (well-beaten), or
- 1/2 cup applesauce & 2 tsp. olive oil

### Rachel's cherries

#### Modus Parandi

Force the cleaned cherries through a fine strainer into a large mixing bowl. To this pulp add the honey, vinegar, cinnamon and grated ginger root. Stir in the whole wheat flour (if necessary, use a little more than two cups to make sure the texture is smooth). Next mix in the vegetable shortening and the two well-beaten eggs (or the substitution noted above).

Chill the dough.

Then preheat the oven to 350°F.



Place dough on a greased and floured baking tray in 16 even balls. Slightly flatten each ball. Bake for 20-30 minutes, until golden brown. (Check them frequently after 20 minutes to be sure they don't burn.)

Serve with honey or a cherry-preserve garnish.

Rachel samples one first to show her classmates how delicious crustula cerasis are







## HOLLYWOOD

### Notable Quotables

15

Based on a submission by students in the Latin II class of Pauline Demetri, Cambridge Rindge & Latin School, Cambridge, Massachusetts

Match each Latin version of a well-known movie quotation with the Latin title of the film in which it was used.

- I. "Luce, ego sum pater tuus."
- II. "Deo teste, numquam posthac esuriam."
- III. "Ecce, spectare te, Puellula."
- IV. "Sacchari coclear tantum adsuat ut medicamentum facilius descendat."
- V. "Spectasne me?"
- VI. "Viperas perodi!"
- VII. "Veritatem accipere non potes."
- VIII. "Ita vero, Papa!"
- IX. "Vis tecum!"
- X. "Ego sum mundi rex!"
- XI. "Omnis vir moritur, sed non omnis vir vivit."
- XII. "Ostende mihi pecuniam!"
- XIII. "Da mihi cibum!"
- XIV. "Speculum, Speculum in muro, quis est omnium pulcherrima!"
- XV. "Leones et tigres unaqueque, O heil!"

- A. Cistarius
- B. Augustus Vires
- C. Magus Mirabilis in Oz
- D. Imperium Referit
- E. Nivea et Septem Nani
- F. Iones Indianensis
- G. Cor Forte
- H. Hieronymus Magirus
- I. Maria Poppinae
- J. Horrorum Taberna Parva
- K. Pauci Viri Boni
- L. Casa Alba
- M. Navis Titanica
- N. Cum Vento Profectus
- O. Bella Apud Stellas



## Auscultato Animalibus

16

By Catalina Woods and Alma Yakuboff, Latin I students of Cheravon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Unscramble the Latin names of the animals to write an English name after each. Then record the numbered letters on the message line at the end.

1. SPORCU: 1: \_\_\_\_\_
2. UCLUUNSCI: 2: \_\_\_\_\_
3. CACVA: 3: \_\_\_\_\_
4. ITSGIR: 4: \_\_\_\_\_
5. AEBLNAA: 5: \_\_\_\_\_
6. LGNAIAL: 6: \_\_\_\_\_
7. DTSUOTE: 7: \_\_\_\_\_
8. RCPEA: 8: \_\_\_\_\_
9. USUQE: 9: \_\_\_\_\_
10. STEPLNEAUH: 10: \_\_\_\_\_
11. ERZAB: 11: \_\_\_\_\_
12. SCHNOREIOR: 12: \_\_\_\_\_
13. LOPCMEDLSIAARA: 13: \_\_\_\_\_
14. AMISE: 14: \_\_\_\_\_
15. LIFEES: 15: \_\_\_\_\_
16. ULACEMS: 16: \_\_\_\_\_
17. IIPSCS: 17: \_\_\_\_\_

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17

## Matches Made In Rome

By Lindsey Fulcher, Latin I student of Robert Kelsch, Princeton H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Match each description with a building or place in Modern-Day Rome.

17

1. \_\_\_\_\_ Capitoline Square
  2. \_\_\_\_\_ Temple of Vespasian
  3. \_\_\_\_\_ St. Peter's Church
  4. \_\_\_\_\_ Colosseum
  5. \_\_\_\_\_ Temple of Saturn
  6. \_\_\_\_\_ Castel Sant' Angelo
  7. \_\_\_\_\_ Temple of Castor
  8. \_\_\_\_\_ Basilica Aemilia
  9. \_\_\_\_\_ Vatican City
  10. \_\_\_\_\_ Curia Julia
- A. The Pope lives here and addresses people in the square.
  - B. Began by Julius II in A.D. 1506, and completed by Paul V in A.D. 1615.
  - C. Built by Vespasian, inaugurated by his son Titus in A.D. 80.
  - D. Located on the summit of the smallest of Rome's seven hills.
  - E. Built by M. Aemilius Lepidus and M. Flavius Nobilior in 179 B.C.
  - F. Begun in 44 B.C.; dedicated by Augustus in 29 B.C.
  - G. Built in honor of the Emperor after his death in A.D. 79.
  - H. Built in 496 B.C., this is the oldest structure in the Forum Romanum.
  - I. Built in honor of the twin sons of Leda.
  - J. Built as a tomb for Hadrian.



## Songs of the BEATLES

### Pars Secunda

18

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

Translate each of the following Beatles song titles.

1. ASSIS SEMITA \_\_\_\_\_
2. CAEPA VITREA \_\_\_\_\_
3. PORCULI \_\_\_\_\_
4. PRO TE — CAERULEUS \_\_\_\_\_
5. FODE ID \_\_\_\_\_
6. STULTUS IN COLLE \_\_\_\_\_
7. MERULA \_\_\_\_\_
8. ALIQUID \_\_\_\_\_
9. FODE MANNULUM \_\_\_\_\_
10. MISERIA \_\_\_\_\_

## Sententiae ex Verbis Permixtis

By Poppaea DelleCave and Silvia Carlson, Latin II students of Cheravon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

20

Unscramble the Latin words in each phrase and then write an English translation of the phrase.

1. eacpr mdei \_\_\_\_\_
2. xoertd deep \_\_\_\_\_
3. ni oot \_\_\_\_\_
4. ame placu \_\_\_\_\_
5. pmuul iruasub rectne \_\_\_\_\_
6. ucm ognra sisal \_\_\_\_\_
7. da muiltbi \_\_\_\_\_
8. vaec mcena \_\_\_\_\_
9. ctsirrae buisua \_\_\_\_\_
10. xe blari \_\_\_\_\_
11. ni stutanri \_\_\_\_\_
12. afsenti neelt \_\_\_\_\_
13. da tsnguu \_\_\_\_\_
14. trpias tse iilfus \_\_\_\_\_
15. mide rdpdiie \_\_\_\_\_
16. epoer ni dmioe \_\_\_\_\_

## O.K., Let's Eat

By Bethany Slepsema, Latin II student of Darryl Huisken, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids Michigan

21

Match each dining description with its correct Latin term.

- |                          |                           |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. _____ Triclinium      | A. The main course        |
| 2. _____ Invocatio       | B. Fried dough w/ honey   |
| 3. _____ Ientacolum      | C. Far-left dining couch  |
| 4. _____ Prandium        | D. Dinner                 |
| 5. _____ Cena            | E. Dining room steward    |
| 6. _____ Gustus          | F. Breakfast              |
| 7. _____ Prima Mensa     | G. Dining room            |
| 8. _____ Secunda Mensa   | H. Middle dining couch    |
| 9. _____ Adipala         | I. Dessert                |
| 10. _____ Lectus Medius  | J. "Grace" before dessert |
| 11. _____ Lectus Imus    | K. Appetizers             |
| 12. _____ Tricliniarches | L. Lunch                  |
| 13. _____ Lectus Summus  | M. Far-right dining couch |

## The Aeneid

By Kay Henke, Latin II student of Diana Hodge, Notre Dame Academy, Park Hills, Kentucky

Book I

### ACROSS

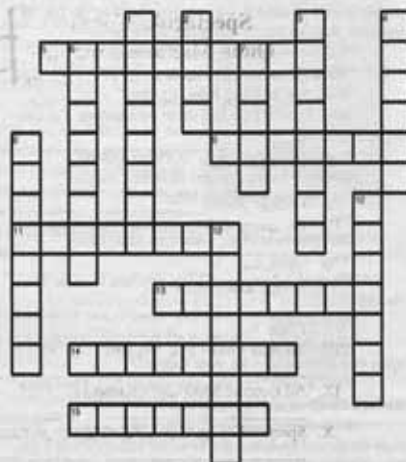
5. Mother of Romulus and Remus (2 wds.)
9. More common name for Jove
11. Greek name for Italy
13. Dido's husband
14. Romulus' deified name
15. Roman god of wine

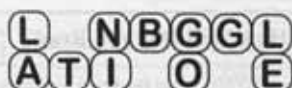
### DOWN

1. Cup-bearer of the gods
2. Queen of Carthage
3. Muse invoked by Vergil
4. Another name for the Trojans
6. Venus' disguise near Carthage
7. Aeneas' mother
8. Epithet which reflects Venus' birthplace
10. Prepared wine for the Trojans in Sicily
12. Iulus' longer name



19





By Rory Sheridan, David Drabousky and Jim Phelan,  
Latin III students of Cheravon Davidson,  
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

22

Following each clue, write in the Latin word suggested by the number of letter-blanks. Then trace a line through all the letters of each Latin word in the puzzle box. Answers can be found in any direction except diagonal. Letters may be used more than once.

1. Get the point? \_\_\_\_\_
2. It's hot, it's \_\_\_\_\_
3. Chrome dome: \_\_\_\_\_
4. I, II, but hopefully never III: \_\_\_\_\_
5. The \_\_\_\_\_ must be crazy!
6. Don't have a \_\_\_\_\_!
7. Stubborn as a \_\_\_\_\_
8. \_\_\_\_\_ me down to Paradise City.
9. sdrawkcaB: \_\_\_\_\_
10. I don't like green eggs and ham, Sam \_\_\_\_\_
11. To be or not \_\_\_\_\_
12. They carried their own trunks across the Alps: \_\_\_\_\_
13. I see the \_\_\_\_\_
14. What's got yours? \_\_\_\_\_
15. When you're ready, give us a clear \_\_\_\_\_
16. I'm a prince! Really! \_\_\_\_\_
17. It's mightier than the sword: \_\_\_\_\_
18. Truth is in this: \_\_\_\_\_
19. 525,600 minutes, or one \_\_\_\_\_
20. Well, I'll be a \_\_\_\_\_'s uncle!
21. A \_\_\_\_\_ divided can not stand.

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



**Spectacula Comica**  
**Ouae Maxime Amamus**

By the Eighth Grade Latin Class of Janet Long, Durham Academy, Durham, North Carolina

23

- I. Amici \_\_\_\_\_  
 II. Horti Meridiani \_\_\_\_\_  
 III. Luciam Amo \_\_\_\_\_  
 IV. Certamen ad Mortem Inter Praeclaros \_\_\_\_\_  
 V. Simpides \_\_\_\_\_  
 VI. Saturni Diei Nox Viva \_\_\_\_\_  
 VII. Collis Res \_\_\_\_\_  
 VIII. Thomas Viridis Spectaculum \_\_\_\_\_  
 IX. Ad Domum Meliorem Faciendam \_\_\_\_\_  
 X. Spectaculum quod post Seinfeldum spectatur \_\_\_\_\_

# Nuntium Arcanum

By Cass Dowers and Lavinia McWhorter, Latin I students  
of Overton Davidson, Anderson HS., Cincinnati, Ohio.

28

Fill in the blanks with letters that translate each phrase into Latin. Then fill in the numbered letters on the master list at the end to reveal a secret instruction.

1. Time Flies \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. Note Well 18: \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. Beware the Dog \_\_\_\_\_ 8: \_\_\_\_\_  
 4. The Roman Peace \_\_\_\_\_ 28: \_\_\_\_\_  
 5. One Out of Many 13: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ 27: \_\_\_\_\_ 2: \_\_\_\_\_  
 6. With a Grain of Salt \_\_\_\_\_ 15: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 7. The Voice of the People \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ 6: \_\_\_\_\_ 21: \_\_\_\_\_  
 8. Under Penalty 19: \_\_\_\_\_ 1: \_\_\_\_\_  
 9. To the Stars Through Difficulties \_\_\_\_\_ 22: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ 29: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 10. The Senate and the Roman People \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ 23: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ 9: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ 5: \_\_\_\_\_ 4: \_\_\_\_\_  
 11. A Slip of the Pen \_\_\_\_\_ 26: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ 3: \_\_\_\_\_  
 12. Always Faithful 1: \_\_\_\_\_ 25: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ 20: \_\_\_\_\_  
 13. Solid Ground 12: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ 12: \_\_\_\_\_  
 14. A Slip of the Tongue \_\_\_\_\_ 10: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ 17: \_\_\_\_\_  
 15. Seize the Day \_\_\_\_\_ 24: \_\_\_\_\_ 16: \_\_\_\_\_

**Secret Instruction:**

WH 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 D 9 10 11  
 H 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22  
 K 23 24 25 26 N! 27 28 29 30

## Catervae Athleticae Inter Cives Academiae

By Lindsay Michael, Latin III student of Kristy McGowen,  
Olathe East H.S., Olathe, Kansas

Match each college or university with a Latinized version of its team or mascot.

1. \_\_\_ Hibernici Pugnantes
2. \_\_\_ Meles
3. \_\_\_ Cervi Oculi
4. \_\_\_ Troiani
5. \_\_\_ Feles Feri
6. \_\_\_ Tunicae Flavae
7. \_\_\_ Magna Rubra
8. \_\_\_ Canes Mollosi
9. \_\_\_ Tonitri Aves
10. \_\_\_ Coccum

- A. Georgia Institute of Technology
- B. Butler University
- C. Notre Dame
- D. University of Southern California
- E. Harvard University
- F. Ohio State University
- G. University of British Columbia
- H. University of Wisconsin
- I. Northwestern University
- J. Cornell University

25

## LIVES OF THE ROMANS

By Nancy Gil, Latin I student of Judith Granes,  
Valley High School, Las Vegas, Nevada

28

**ACROSS**

2. Large apartment buildings, often covering a whole city block (Lat.)
5. Cooks hung talismen nearby to keep \_\_\_\_ from entering the food.
8. Roman household gods (Lat.)
9. Roman oil lamp (Lat.)
10. Hot \_\_\_\_ was circulated through floors and walls to heat rooms.
13. Used to channel water where needed
14. In a Roman house, food was generally prepared in the \_\_\_\_ (Lat.)
15. Number of hills in Rome

## DOWN

1. Main Roman beverage
3. Gladiatorial combats were generally held in an \_\_\_\_.
4. A Roman lady's dress (Lat.)
6. Used to decorate interior walls of homes
7. Coemptio was a form of Roman \_\_\_\_.
11. \_\_\_\_ pictures often decorated Roman floors.
12. Roman equivalent of modern health clubs





# EXQUIRE i reticulum

## Six Web Sites for Teachers

Including Web Sites recommended by  
G. Edward Gaffney, Editor, CAMWS Newsletter

### I. Kentucky Educational Television Distance Learning Site

URL: <http://www.ket.org/latin/index.htm>

Particularly useful with *Ecce Romani*; rich in ancillary material of interest to students.

### II. University of Colorado at Colorado Springs

URLs: <http://harpy.uccs.edu/roman/html/roman.html>  
<http://harpy.uccs.edu/greek>

Contains many .jpg and .gif files illustrating Greek and Roman art and archaeology

### III. The Roman Forum

URL: [http://library.advanced.org/11402/home\\_intro.html](http://library.advanced.org/11402/home_intro.html)

Rich text description of the Roman Forum and of daily Roman life. Includes a virtual tour of the *Forum Romanum* with full descriptions and additional images.

### IV. Roman Technology

URL: [http://www.unc.edu/courses/rometech/public/frames/art\\_set.html](http://www.unc.edu/courses/rometech/public/frames/art_set.html)

Many links presenting a logical presentation of Roman technologies including food and clothing.

### V. Archaeology Web Sites

URL: <http://www.archaeological.org/projects/AIAWebSites.html>

Review of and links to archaeologically related Web Sites, with particular emphasis on sites of use to K-12 students and teachers.

### VI. Roman Recipes

URL: <http://www.Pompeiana.com>

The Pompeiana Web Site now features a Roman Recipes link containing all the recipes contained in *THE ROMAN COOKERY OF APICIUS*. Translated and Adapted for the Modern Kitchen by John Edwards, and in *ANCIENT ROMAN FEASTS AND RECIPES*. Adapted for Modern Cooking by Jon & Julia Solomon. Both of these books are out of print, and this Web Site may provide the only convenient access for those who do not own personal copies of these wonderful texts.

## The POMPEIAN VILLA

Port Arthur, Texas

As it turns out, J. Paul Getty was not the first to recreate a Campanian Roman-style villa in the U.S.A. In 1900, barbed-wire magnate Isaac Ellwood replicated a villa of Pompeii that had been buried by Vesuvius in A.D. 79.

The recreation, located on Port Arthur's historic Lakeshore Drive now serves as a house-museum under the curatorship of the Port Arthur Historical Society.

Not having any long-term classical interests, Ellwood sold his Pompeian Villa a few years later to James Hopkins, president of the Diamond Match Company. When Mrs. Hopkins arrived in Port Arthur to see their new home, however, she refused to get out of the buggy because of the mosquitoes, and Hopkins was forced to sell the villa. It was purchased for \$10,000 by George Craig who lived in it until his death in 1950.

The Pompeian Villa then stood vacant for a few years until it was purchased by the Historical Society.

Port Arthur interior decorator Charles Martin, who was put in charge of making plans to restore the villa, decided to travel to Pompeii to do a little on-site research. Although he apparently did not discover a particular Pompeian home or villa that Ellwood's architects had replicated, he concluded that that architects indeed had re-created a Pompeian-style villa. Its ten rooms form a U shape around a traditional Roman peristyle with each room opening into the column-lined courtyard.

On the basis of his trip to Pompeii, Martin recommended that Port Arthur's Pompeian Villa be given a pink exterior and that its interior walls be painted cerulean blue, bright red, ivory, grey, almond green, peach and apricot—all solid colors, no frescoes.

The Historical Society does make the villa available as an exotic setting for private parties, but despite its name, the Pompeian Villa seems to host few, if any, classical functions. On the contrary, it recently suffered the indignity of having a "voodoo dinner" hosted in its peristyle, complete with a "voodoo queen" imported from New Iberia, Louisiana.



A peristyle courtyard can be seen through a doorway in the entrance to Port Arthur's Pompeian Villa

## How Well Did You Read?

28

1. Why didn't Mrs. James Hopkins want to enter her new Pompeian Villa?
2. *Qui titulus erat ultimae picturae moventi in qua Elvis personam egit?*
3. How was Deponentia spoiled as a child?
4. Who was the widow of Lucius Aurelius Hermia?
5. What is the only Texas Latin club to have contributed to the Pompeiana Endowment Fund to date?
6. What is the Latin name for a "cookie jar"?
7. *Quis erat scriptor qui "Castella ex Harena Facio" Anglice scripsit?*
8. What was the deadline the Roman Brothers Three had to meet to earn Venus' reward?
9. When did Pope Paul V restore the old *Alsietina* aqueducts?
10. How much does the *Caesar III* CD computer game cost from Siera Studios?

## The 2000 ACL/NJCL NATIONAL LATIN EXAM

Since 1977

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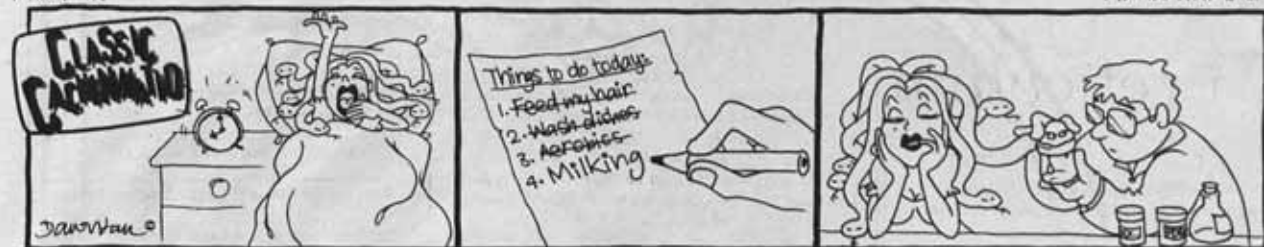
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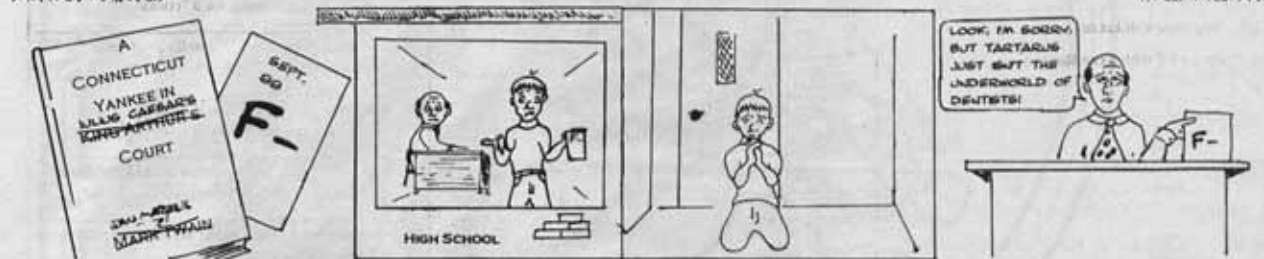
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15.

I	D
II	N
III	L
IV	I
V	A
VI	F
VII	K
VIII	B
IX	O
X	M
XI	G
XII	H
XIII	J
XIV	E
XV	C

19.

20.

1. Carpe Diem, Seize the Day
2. Dextro Pede, Right Foot First
3. In Toto, Entirely
4. Mea Culpa, My Fault
5. Lupum Auribus Tenere, To Hold a Wolf by the Ears
6. Cum Grano Salis, With a Grain of Salt
7. Ad Libitum, As You Please
8. Cave Canem, Beware the Dog
9. Arrectis Auribus, Alert
10. Ex Libris, From the Library (of)
11. In Transitu, On the Way
12. Festina Lente, Make Haste Slowly
13. Ad Gustum, According to One's Taste
14. Patris Est Filius, He's His Father's Son
15. Diem Perdidit, I've Wasted the Day
16. Opere in Medio, A Work in Progress

26

26.

WINSULAE

EVILSPIRITUS

LARESETPENATES

AIR

AQUEDUCTS

SEVEN

CULINA

16.

1. (PORCUS) PIG
2. (CUNICULUS) RABBIT
3. (VACCA) COW
4. (TIGRIS) TIGER
5. (BALAENA) WHALE
6. (GALLINA) CHICKEN
7. (TESTUDO) TURTLE
8. (CAPER) GOAT
9. (EQUUS) HORSE
10. (ELEPHANTUS) ELEPHANT
11. (ZEBRA) ZEBRA
12. (RHINOCEROS) RHINOCEROS
13. (CAMELOPARDALIS) GIRAFFE
14. (SIMIA) MONKEY
15. (FELES) CAT
16. (CAMELUS) CAMEL
17. (PISCIS) FISH

Message:  
PROTECT THE ANIMALS

21.

O.K.,  
Let's Eat!

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

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27.

- I. PURPLE HAZE, Jimi Hendrix
- II. SWEET HOME ALABAMA, Lynyrd Skynyrd
- III. THE JOKER, The Steve Miller Band
- IV. FADE TO BLACK, Metallica
- V. SMELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT, Nirvana
- VI. WHAT I GOT, Sublime
- VII. IRON MAN, Black Sabbath
- VIII. STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN, Led Zeppelin
- IX. MAN THAT YOU FEAR, Marilyn Manson
- X. BLACKHOLE SUN, Soundgarden

17.

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

18.

### Pars Secunda

1. Penny Lane
2. Glass Onion
3. Piggies
4. For You Blue
5. Dig It
6. The Fool on the Hill
7. Blackbird
8. Something
9. Dig a Pony
10. Misery

24.

1. TEMPUS FUGIT
2. NOTA BENE
3. CAVE CANEM
4. PAX ROMANA
5. E PLURIBUS UNUM
6. CUM GRANO SALIS
7. VOX POPULI
8. SUB POENA
9. AD ASTRA PER ASPERA
10. SENATUS POPULUSQUE ROMANUS
11. LAPSPUS CALAMI
12. SEMPER FIDELIS
13. TERRA FIRMA
14. LAPSPUS LINGUAE
15. CARPE DIEM

**Secret Instruction:**  
WHEN IN ROME, DO AS THE  
ROMANS DID: SPEAK LATIN

23.

- I. Friends
- II. South Park
- III. I Love Lucy
- IV. Celebrity Death Match
- V. The Simpsons
- VI. Saturday Night Live
- VII. King of the Hill
- VIII. Tom Green Show
- IX. Home Improvement
- X. Frazier

28

1. She was repulsed by mosquitoes.
2. *Conneruda Mutatio* (Change of Habit)
3. Everything was done for her.
4. Aurelia Philanthum
5. Bel Air H.S. Classical League, El Paso, Texas
6. *Crustulorum Olla*
7. Jini Hendrix
8. *Kalendae Juniae*
9. A.D. 1612
10. \$49.95

Who doesn't know Elvis Presley? No one who's more than ten years old! Most certainly, Elvis is a legend. But is he a hero? To the ancient Romans a "hero" was a semidivine man, that is, a man who had a mortal parent and an immortal parent. An ancient hero usually had an immortal father and a mortal mother. Aeneas was a unique hero because he had a mortal father, Anchises, and an immortal mother, Venus.

Elvis, however, had both a mortal father and mother. His mother was Gladys Smith, his father was Vernon Presley. Elvis was born on January 8, 1935, at Tupelo, Mississippi. Like Remulus, Elvis had a twin brother, but he was stillborn.

When Elvis was ten, he stood on a chair to sing a song called "Old Shep" to win a prize in a music contest. By the time Elvis was nineteen, he was performing publicly on stage and on the radio. At twenty-one, Elvis was very popular and rather rich. Nevertheless, Elvis displeased many people. These people considered Elvis to be a vulgar, boorish, crude and uncultured young man. After Elvis sang on stage in La Crosse, Wisconsin, in 1957, he was banned from returning.

Even if many considered Elvis to be crude and offensive, he kept singing and acting in motion pictures. Teeny boppers, girls and young women went crazy! Many little kids, boys and teenagers began fixing their hair like Elvis. In the eyes of many, Elvis was a greater than human young man. He was semidivine. But even this semidivine young man was drafted. Elvis served in the army until March 5, 1960.

After serving in the army, Elvis kept acting and singing in motion pictures. In 1962, Elvis married Priscilla, and, exactly nine months later, Priscilla gave birth to a daughter they named Lisa Marie. Elvis' last motion picture was **CHANGE OF HABIT**.

1973) was an unlucky year for Elvis. He divorced Priscilla and was hospitalized. He was rather overweight and was using too many prescription medications. When Elvis was forty years old, he was still overweight, but kept singing in Las Vegas and other cities. In August of that year, however, Elvis again entered the hospital.

Although Elvis was rather ill, he gave many concerts during 1976 and 1977. His last concert was in Indianapolis, Indiana, on April 26, 1977. Two months later Elvis was dead.

Elvis was buried at Graceland near his father and other deceased family members. Because many still love Elvis and worship his memory, Graceland is a shrine which thousands of fans visit each year. There, these fans can see not only Elvis' grave, but also his home, his clothes, his pianos, his automobiles and thousands of memorabilia. If they want to, fans can even rent banquet rooms at Graceland to party with their friends.

Some who visit Elvis' shrine believe he is semidivine. Others visit out of curiosity and because Elvis is still very famous. Elvis' songs are still loved. Movies in which Elvis acts and sings are always on television. Those who want to hear Elvis' songs sung in Latin can buy a C.D. called "The Legend Lives Forever in Latin." These songs of Elvis are sung by Doctor Ammond.

Elvis does have a shrine, but he does not seem to be semidivine. He is, however, very famous, and for this reason Elvis Presley is not unknown to anyone who is more than ten years old.

25.

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

22.

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

1. GLADIUS
2. FRIGIDUS
3. GLABER
4. BELLUM
5. DEI
6. VACCA
7. MULUS
8. CAPE
9. RURSUM
10. SUM
11. ESSE
12. ELEPHANT
13. LUMEN
14. CAVER
15. SIGNUM
16. RANA
17. VERBUM
18. VINUM
19. ANNUS
20. SIMIA
21. CASA