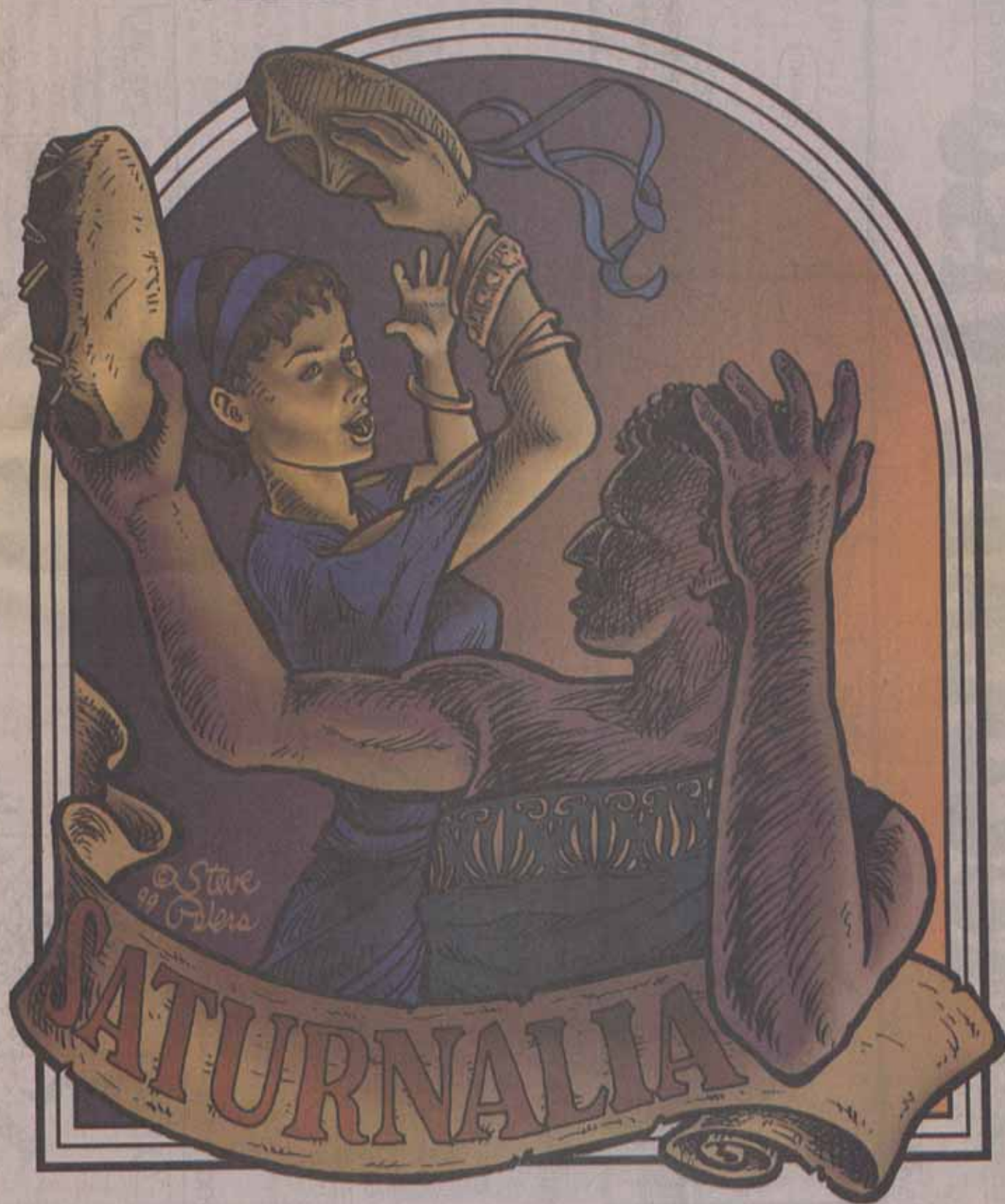


POMPEIIANA

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DEC. A. D. MCMXCIX

NEWSLETTER



Salinae Nativitatis Miraculum

A Charles M. Schulz. Latine redditum a Bernardo Barcio cum permissione ab Spectaculi Uniti Societate.

Salina: "Fortis vado ut Nativitatis arborem decideram."

Carolinus Brown: "In animo tibi est 'decidam'."

Salina: "Non scio Nativitatis arborem decidere."

Quando eam aspicio, spero ut ea deciderat."

Parvulus: "Heu, parvula, quid facis in area nostra? Num in animo habebas illum arborem decidere?"

Salina: "Non scio arborem decidere. Si ea modo deciderat, possimne eam habere?"

Parvulus: "Hahae! Si ea modo deciderat, possis eam habere!"

Arbor magno cum fragore deciderat!

Salina: "Eam capiam!"

Multo die, parvulus adloquitur Carolinum Brown apud eum.

Parvulus: "Heu, parvule, habesne sortem comae flavae? Nativitatis arborem ex area nostra surripuit."

Salina: (Carolinum Brown adloquens) "Eam non surripui. Ille dixit me eam habere posse si ea deciderat. Quando eam aspexi, ea deciderat. Nativitatis miraculum erat!" (puerulum adloquens) "Qua de causa in vestibulo nostro stas? Vade domum!"

Puerulus: "Cupio arborem nostram recipere!"

Salina: "Dixisti me id habere posse si ea deciderat! Nunc, exi ex vestibulo nostro vel canem evocabo."

Snoopi: (secum colloquens) "Noli canem evocare. Arborem ornat."



Multa illa nocte.

Salina: "Non possum dormire, magne frater. Putasne arborem mihi reddendam esse illi parvulo deformi?"

Carolinus Brown: "Cur? Incipisne te noxiam iudicare?"

Salina: "Minime! Ille dixit me eam habere posse si ea deciderat. Nullo modo me noxiam iudico!"

Carolinus Brown: "Cras est pridie Nativitatem."

Salina: "Nunc me noxiam iudico."

Apud puerulum. Salina stat cum Snoopio qui arborem sine ornamentis portat.

Salina: "Salve! Tuam arborem retulimus!"

Puerulus: "Minime! Retine eam! Erravi. Tua est! Dixi te eam habere posse si ea deciderat. Retine eam!"

Salina: "Immo vero? Tibi gratias ago! Io, Nativitas!"

Snoopi: (secum colloquens) "Nunc ea mihi iterum ornanda est."

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pilgrimage to ROME

By Frank Korn

Seton Hall University,
South Orange, New Jersey

Streams of pilgrims—on foot or on horseback—flowed along the old consular roads every day into Rome. From the north they trekked down the Via Aurelia or the Via Flaminia; from the south they trod the stones of the Via Appia or the Via Latina.

The year was A.D. 1300, which Pope Boniface VIII had designated a "Jubilee" or Holy Year, the first of its kind in the history of the Church. Both

the idea and the term were borrowed from the Old Testament where the Jews were commanded to consecrate every fiftieth year to God in a special way.

"Jubel" (Hebrew for jubilee) was the year of "the great pardon," when property and houses had to be restored to their rightful owners, bad debts had to be forgiven, and slaves released. Seeking to motivate Christians throughout the world to come to Rome for spiritual renewal and to venerate the tombs of the apostles Peter and Paul, Boniface promised to all

those who would do so in that year a plenary indulgence, that is, a full pardon for the guilt of all their sins.

For many months prior, the pope had a multitude of volunteers making preparations for the anticipated flood of foreigners into Rome. Inside and outside the city walls, pilgrim campsites were established, hospices were built and furnished, infirmaries were set up and stocked with medical supplies. This well-organized provisioning aided those in a position to judge its staggering logistics and inherent difficulties.

One pilgrim, Giovanni Villain from an influential Florentine family, reported that "...all were provided with plenty of food and lodging places with much patience and little confusion." Another well-to-do visitor from Asti wrote that "...bread, wine, meat, fish, and oats were cheap" and apparently plentiful. The poet Dante took part in the events in Rome that year and describes in his Divine Comedy (*Inferno...Canto XVIII*) how throngs of the faithful descended on the Eternal City, jamming the inns and crowding the streets. The Holy Year proved to be not only an overwhelming spiritual success for the faithful, but also a business boom for Roman innkeepers, tavern owners, grocers, and makers and vendors of rosaries, medals, and other religious objects.

Boniface VIII had set an interval of a hundred years between jubilees but Clement VI reduced that to fifty when he decreed that the Church's second Holy Year would be moved up to 1350. Pope Paul II (1464-1471) further cut the interval to a quarter of a century so that each new generation could benefit from such a special spiritual observance.

(Continued in Pagina Sexta)

Time like THE ROMANS

Now you can enjoy your *cena* using authentic recreations of Roman table settings. These plates (*patellae*), cups (*pocula*) and spoons (*cochleae*) were specially made for use during Pompeiana's Latin Week-ender Conferences. All terra cotta pieces were finished with non-toxic glazes, are safe for use with food and drink and may be sink-washed.



The stainless steel/silver plated spoons were specially crafted to copy designs found at Pompeii.

Pompeiana has thirty table settings, each of which includes one terra cotta *patella*, two terra cotta *pocula* (one with a stem, and one without) and one stainless steel/silver plated *cochlear*. Sets may be purchased for \$35.00 each plus shipping/handling. Anyone wishing to purchase ten complete sets may do so for the reduced price of \$300.00 plus shipping/handling. To order, please use the form provided in Pagina Decima.



St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome

It's SATORNALIA

Sing up a storm!

Add a little levity to the season by practicing these songs and maybe even sharing them with other foreign language classes a day or so before winter break begins.

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

Translated into Latin by
Dr. B. F. Barcio

Serena nocte media
Delapsi de caelis
Insigne illud angeli
Psallerunt citharis:
"In terra pax et gratia
Dei benevoli;"
Quiescit orbis reverens
Dum canunt angeli.

Bis mille annos egimus
Ex illo cantico,
Discordia et scelere
Plenos miserrimo;
Bellantes semper homines
Sunt cantus inscili—
Iam rixas intermittite
Dum canunt angeli.

Adventat tempus aureum
Annis volventibus
Iam pridem quod praedictum est
A sanctis vatibus,
Cum Pacis Princeps praeerit
Refecto huic orbi,
Omnesque reddent homines
Quae canunt angeli.

JOY TO THE WORLD

Laetissimus
Accipiat
Iam mundus Dominum
Dum omnia
In corde nos
Accipimus Illum,
Accipimus Illum,
Accipimus Illum!

DASHING THROUGH THE SNOW

Nives, glacies,
Nox, pueritia,
Risus decet, nunc
Decent carmina!
Laetos iuvat nos
Ire per agros!
Traha fert velociter,
Et cacinemus nos!

Tinniat, tinniat, tintinnabulum,
Labimus in glacie post mulum curtum.
(repeat)

BRING A TORCH, JEANNETTE ISABELLA

Translated into Latin by
Dr. B. F. Barcio

Affer facem, Ioban Isabella,
Affer facem, veni curreque,
Christus natus, dic civibus vici
Iesus dormit in cu-nis su-is

Ah, Ah,
Quam pu-ulchra est haec mater,
Ah, Ah,
Quam pulcher hic fi-lius,

Festina-a nunc, bo-one civis,
Festina-a nunc, vide illum.
Inve-nies dormientem in cunis,
Tacite veni, lente susurra,

Ah, Ah,
Placide nunc hic dormit,
Ah, Ah,
Placide nunc dormit.

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

Translated into Latin by
Dr. B. F. Barcio

Orientis reges tres
Procul dona portantes
Per campos et montes imus.
Stell(am) illum sequentes.

O stella potens et mira,
Stella regalis pulchra,
Semper movens ad occasum,
Duc nos ad claram lucem.

DECK THE HALLS

Aquafofia ornatis,
Fa la la la la la la la la.

Tempus hoc hilaritatis,
Fa la la la la la la la la.

Vestes claras induamus,
Fa la la la la la la la la.

Cantilenas nunc promamus,
Fa la la la la la la la la.

GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN

Salvete, laete comites,
Nihil vos terreat.
Nam Iesus Christus natus est
Ut omnes redimat,
Et in Satanae semitas
Errantes reducat.
O nuntium gratissimum,
Gratissimum,
O nuntium gratissimum!

PEACE ON EARTH

By Elizabeth (Amia) Broder-Oldach, Latin I student of
Nancy Tigert, Anderson H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Spero
Nunc pacem,
Pacem in omnibus terris.
Exspecto
Pacem.

Looking Ahead to a Fond Farewell

Based on Catullus XLVI

By Erika Karssiens, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert,
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Now the summer brings back the hot sun,
The rainy season of spring is done,
The pleasant breezes once again rule,
As we take our leave from school.
Far from its hot stuffy classes,
Let us fly to our suits and sunglasses.
Now the excitement builds and one desires to roam.
Now my feet wish to go far from home.
Good-bye friends and classmates,
Leave your summer adventures to the fates,
For soon we will be coming back through Turpin's gates.

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."

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

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- Bel Air H.S. Classical League, El Paso, Texas
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in
the
footsteps
of

Alexander

by Michael Keathley

After we left the police station in Chitral, we spent about 30 minutes driving over rough terrain as we had the day before. Finally, we drove over and then down a mountain road through a large valley and over a bridge. It looked as though the mountains themselves were gathering in one spot to surround the Kalasha and protect them from our intrusion. As we entered the Kalash Valley, we had to stop at yet another police checkpoint to register. At this one we were told an official Kalash guide would be riding with us.

Our guide, Doud, hopped into the back of the truck. I immediately protested because I was afraid for his safety riding in the open through such rough territory. As much as we had been tossed around the inside of the jeep, I was worried Doud would be tossed out of the bed of the truck and off the side of the mountain. He did not understand what I was saying at first, but when he did, he was very embarrassed. I realized I had offended him in his role as guide; he was

very proud to lead us into his country and to show us his people. I had violated this custom of hospitality and perhaps offended him by implying his homeland was not safe. I apologized and got into the jeep as Doud climbed into the back.

I was right, however, in that it was very dangerous terrain. We began a two-hour drive through Hades. The mountains here were barren, and the road was barely as wide as the truck. We maneuvered around corners awkwardly, and occasionally I noticed places where part

of the road had collapsed into the river about five thousand feet below as if some monster had taken a bite out of it and spit it out. Once we had to stop because the locals were blasting boulders from the ridge above us. We had nearly driven into the explosion.

When we got out, however, we noticed that one of the locals who had hitched a ride with us had that "European" look we were hoping for. In fact, the closer we came to the Kalash Valley, the more European the locals looked. I anxiously awaited our arrival in the first village.

There are three Kalash villages: Birir, Bumburet, and Rambur. The first of these was closed off by landslides. Our guide informed us that it only has about four houses anyway. Our first stop then, was the village of Rambur. This was the medium-sized village in the trio.

As we left the truck and walked up the mountain, I became fascinated with our guide. He was exactly the sort of person you would expect to meet if you met someone



(L-R) Author with their Kalash guide, Doud, and an elder from the village of Rambur.

(Continued in Pagina Septima)

"Io Saturnalia!"

A December skit
in easy to learn
and understand Latin
by Dr. B.F. Barcio

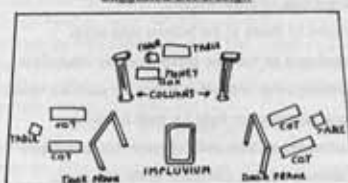
Personae Dramatis

Julius—Paterfamilias
Aemelia—Julii Uxor
Quintus—Julii Filius
Julia—Julii Filia
Syræ—Serva (with a huge nose)
Iuli Pater
Iuli Mater
Puer Iulius
Spiritus I (all white)
Spiritus II (all green)

Additional Props

Three lucernae
1000 Roman coins

Suggested Set Design



(Spiritus I speaking in a ghostly voice from the right wing)

Spiritus I: Iu-li, Iu-li...

Iulius: (alarmed, sitting up in bed) Heia! Quid est? Esne tu, Aemelia?

(Spiritus I enters walking slowly down stage right—has grey hair, white skin, a floor-length white tunic.)

Spiritus I: Iu-li, surge. Surge, Iuli.

Iulius: O, di immortales! Spiritus est! Quis es? Mortuasne sum? Quid desideras?

Spiritus I: Ego sum spiritus Saturnalia Praetoriorum.
Iulius: (getting out of bed and speaking more boldly) Nugae! Non credo Saturnalia, vel Saturno, vel ulli deo nisi Mercurio.

Spiritus I: Iu-li, veni mecum.

Iulius: (walking cautiously over to SPIRITUS I) Quo vadimus?

Spiritus I: (as they begin to move slowly toward the atrium) Spectabimus Saturnalia praeterea quando tu eras parvus.

Iulius: (stopping in his tracks) Nullo modo—mihi non placebant illa tempora. Non eram puer lactus. Pater meus erat crudelis et ego semper flebam.

Spiritus I: (taking IULIUS by the arm and bringing him just inside the atrium) Ita, Iuli. Nunc specta et tace!

(as they stand just inside the atrium, Iuli Pater enters from the cubiculum stage left—he enters the atrium, followed closely by Puer Iulius and Iuli Mater)

Pater Iulius: (crying and begging) Sed, pater, Saturnalia est tempus beatum. Cur non possumus habere dona et arbores semper virides?

Iuli Pater: (stopping in the middle of the atrium and turning to face them) Quia nugae sunt! Ego non credo Saturno. Saturnus mihi non dat pecuniam.

Iuli Mater: (interceding) O, Iuli, vir durus es. Cur non possumus celebrare Saturnalia hoc anno? Filius tuus non semper erit puer.

Iuli Pater: Tace, femina! Noli me contradicere ante filium meum. Dixi, "Minime!"

Puer Iulius: (now angry) Pater, vir durus es! Te odi! (runs off stage left through the cubiculum, shouting) Te odi, pater. Vir durus es!

(Iuli Pater exits up stage through the tabularium, Iuli Mater turns and follows after Pater Iulius.)

Iulius: Pater meus certe erat vir durus—sed maximam pecuniam habebat.

Spiritus I: Eratne autem laetus?

Iulius: Non mihi cura est. Defessus sum. (he turns and goes back to his bed) Defessus sum. Dormire cupio.

(exiting down stage right, Spiritus I turns to IULIUS)

Spiritus I: Habe eas res in memoria tua. (exists stage right)

Iulius: (from his bed) Nugae! Vade Orcum! (as he tries to go back to sleep, he prays) O, Mercuri, dona mihi...

(As he prays, Spiritus II, with green hair and skin and wearing a floor-length green tunic, enters down stage right)

Spiritus II: Iu-li, Iu-li.

Iulius: (sitting up irritated) Per Mercurium, nunc quid est?

Nonne possum dormire in villa mea?

Spiritus II: (walking slowly toward Iulius) Iu-li, surge et veni mecum.

Iulius: (gets out of bed and approaches Spiritus II) Nunc quo vadimus?

Spiritus II: Spectabimus Saturnalia praesentia in villa tua.

Iulius: Nugae! Saturnalia praesentia sunt dies mali in mea villa. Non possum pecuniam merere. Nugae!

Spiritus II: Veni, Iuli. (they walk across the atrium and stop before the stage left cubiculum door) Specta et tace!

(Quintus and Julia enter from stage left carrying arm loads of clothes which they toss onto their beds; they take a large sheet and spread it on the floor and begin piling their clothes on the middle of it as they talk)

Quintus: Pater noster tam durus est! Non amat nos. Pater noster solum amat pecuniam et plus pecuniae.

Iulius: Cur non possumus dona habere? Cur non possumus habere arbores semper virides? Cur non possumus celebrare Saturnalia sicut alii liberi?

Quintus: Quia pater eius non amabat Saturnalia; et pater eius Saturno non credebatur. Quam stupidum! Saturnalia

sunt dies laetitiae, sed non in hac villa! In hac villa semper sunt dies doloris. Vae nobis!

Iulius: (begins to tie the corners of the sheet together) Quo vademus quando e villa discederimus?

Quintus: Ad Africam. Ibi erit tepidus, non frigidus sicut in hac villa.

Iulius: Sed ego amo matrem et patrem.

Quintus: Eriam ego amo eos, sed pater nos non amat. Vadamus ad Africam. (they pick up the sheet full of clothes and exit stage left)

(Iulius is visibly upset by what he has witnessed.)

Iulius: Mei liberi! Quo vadunt? Cur mihi hoc faciunt?

Spiritus II: Liberi tui hoc faciunt quia tu eos non amas.

Iulius: Verum non est! Amo eos. Amo eos.

Spiritus II: Sed tu non Saturnalia credis.

Iulius: Ita. Non credo. Saturnus non existit. Eum nunquam vidi. Nemo eum unquam vidit. Saturnus non existit.

Spiritus II: Nonne aliquo credis quod non videre potes?

Iulius: Nihil credo quod non possum videre.

Spiritus II: Iuli, Iuli. Nonne amas liberos tuos?

Iulius: Nonne imperator es Romanus? Certe amo liberos meos.

Spiritus II: Non verum dicis. Amor non existit.

Iulius: Nugae! Certe amor existit. Nonne amo liberos meos?

Spiritus II: Iuli, unquamne vidisti amorem?

Iulius: (passing to think) Minime. Nunquam amorem vidi, sed vidi amoris eventus.

Spiritus II: Age, stulte. Idem est de Saturnalibus. Nemo Saturnum vidit, sed omnes viderunt Saturni eventus—arbores semper virides, dona, mala Persica, ...amorem.

Iulius: Fortasse verum dicis. Nunc defessus sum. (turns and walks back toward his cubiculum) Vado ad lectum meum ut possim dormire hac nocte. (as he does this, Marcus and Julia return to their beds unseen by the audience)

Spiritus II: (walks down stage right, turns and addresses Iulius) Vale, Iuli, et Io Saturnalia.

Iulius: (pulls the covers over his head and lies quietly for a few seconds and then suddenly sits straight up, throws the covers off, and shouts) Quinte, Iulia, nolite vadere ad Africam. Venite ad me. Amo vos. Nolite me relinquere. Quinte, Iulia, huc venite!

(Aemelia enters stage left and steps by the children's beds—she is carrying a lit lucerna and looks at each child to be sure each is safe; then she hurries across the atrium to Iulius' cubiculum—Iulius is still repeating his last line over and over until AEMELIA enters his room)

Aemelia: Iuli, quid est? Cur non dormis? Media nox est. Cur liberos nostros evocas?

Iulius: Nostri liberi ex villa exierunt. Ad Africam vadunt. Debemus eis obstrare!

Aemelia: Stulte! Liberi nostri dormiunt in cubiculo eorum. Iulius: Non sum stultus. Noli appellare me, "stulte."

Aemelia: Iuli, malum somnium habebas. Fortasse bibebas vinum novum. Semper mala somnia habes quando vinum novum bibisti. Dormi, Iuli. Ego vado ad cubiculum meum. (turns to leave)

Iulius: Mane, Aemelia. Cupio tecum loqui.

Aemelia: (putting her hand to her head as though she has a headache) Non hac nocte, Iuli. Caput meum mihi dolet.

Iulius: Mane. Cupio colloqui de Saturnalibus.

Aemelia: Cognosco. Non celebrabimus Saturnalia iterum hoc anno. Cognosco. Nolo de eo colloqui. (turns to leave)

Iulius: Mane, Mane. (gets out of bed, and gently grabs her arm) Converti mentem meam. Volo villam ornare arboribus semper viridibus. Volo permutare dona. Volo maxima mala Persica in urbe. Volo Saturnalia celebrare.

Iulius: (not convinced) Dormi, Iuli. Mane colloquimur.

Iulius: (tenders atrium and shouts) Io, Saturnalia!

Aemelia: (trying to drag IULIUS back into his cubiculum) Tace, Iuli. Liberi dormiunt.

(Quintus and Julia get up and come sleepily into the atrium)

Quintus: Cur tantus clamor?

Iulius: Pater, cur non dormis? Media nox est!

(The same idea dawns on Quintus and Julia at the same time and they huddle together to whisper. When they turn to face Iulius, they do a child-like chant in unison.)

Quintus & Julia: Pa-ter est vi-no-sus, pa-ter est vi-no-sus. Iulius: (Walking between the children and putting his arms on their shoulders) Liberi, cari liberi mei, non sum vinosus. Laetus sum et nunc Saturno credo. VOLO CELEBRARE SATURNALIA HOC ANNO!

Quintus & Julia: (in unison as they hug Iulius) Pater, te amamus. Tu es optimus pater in toto mundo. Io Saturnalia!

Iulius: (throwing his arms into the air) Io, Saturnalia!

(Syræ enters and stands center stage facing audience)

Syræ: Plaudite omnes, et Io Saturnalia!

Finis est!

PRO CLODIA

By Anna MacCormack, A. P. Latin student of Linda Fabrizio, Niskayuna High School, Niskayuna, New York

Precator
Petens, implorans
Incenditur, iudificatur, laeditur.
Cattulus etiam divinos deos
Compellit.

Canis

By Chad Dunham, Latin III student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park High School, Orchard Park, New York

Canis
Ignavus, obseus
Dormit, canit, iudit.
Meus est canis fidelis,
Vetus amicus.

AVIS

By Creusa Berkeley, Latin III student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H. S., Orchard Park, New York

Avis
Parvulus, venetus
Cantat, sedet, cenat.
Perterritus non est
Avis.

There She Blows!

By Kathleen Kanetsky, Latin student Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H. S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

Lying on the ground
Staring at the sky.
Brightness everlasting,
Though I fear it will turn to night.
Blue bright with gladness,
It will soon bring everlasting sadness.
The ground beneath me starts to quiver,
My hand, in turn, begins to shiver.
Darkness fills the sky, and
I feel specks upon my eyes.
Soon, around me, I hear the cries
Of those who once immortalized
Their possessions and their lives.
After some thought I begin to see
This is not any god's way of punishing me—
Merely an obstacle to overcome.
A new life for me has now begun.
A rumbling occurs, and the earth weeps and bleeds.
As I listen, I hear her many pleas.
The warm earth provides a bed
As a small voice whispers in my head:
"As the sky turns from blue to black,
And the ground beneath you turns to tack,
The cries will weaken and you will be
The last of the stars which no one sees."

HE'S YOUR MAN!

By James (Pugnax) Addington,
Latin I student of Judy Hanna,
Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Such a man of great heroism,
Praised by many as the bravest man alive,
Acted as if he were no better than any other slave.
Running away with other slaves, he started a rebellion,
Took his troops to fight for their freedom
And ended up with nothing more than lost hopes.
Captured was he, and taken to the Via Appia.
Unsure what would happen, he acted calm and unafraid.
Seeing the pain about to come, he accepted crucifixion.

O, Nate Dea

By La'Tasha Mayes, Latin IV student of Sister Rita Small,
Merion Mercy Academy, Merion Station, Pennsylvania

<i>Fili deae Veneris, per terram</i>	Son of Venus, goddess,
<i>Appellant te pium Aeneam et</i>	through the land
	They call you pious Aeneas,
	and
<i>Lumine purpureo honoreque laeto</i>	With ruddy glow and joyous
	grace
<i>Sol clare fulget supra faciem tuam.</i>	The sun shines brightly upon
	your face.
<i>Deportatus es Troja numine fatorum</i>	Exiled from Troy by the will
	of the fates
<i>Merens observantiam, illo equo diem designante.</i>	Commanding respect, when
	that horse decided the
	date.
<i>Deo similis, possides vim.</i>	Like to a god, you possess
	the power.
<i>Da spem eis hora obscurissima</i>	Give them hope in the
	darkest hour.
<i>Quamquam visus Trojae ardentis te inquietat</i>	The sight of burning Troy
	haunts you still.
<i>O, tam perfidus, te ad caedem agit.</i>	O, so treacherous, it drives
	you to kill.
<i>Angor, certamen, dolor, multaque discordia</i>	Pain, struggle, grief, and
	much strife
<i>Omnes per vitam tuam obdurabunt.</i>	All will endure throughout
	your life.
<i>Tyrus et Troji, coniungent</i>	Tyrans and Trojans, they
	will connect.
<i>Vestae ignis aeternus semper protegit.</i>	The eternal flame of Vesta
	always protects.
<i>Errans late domum petens,</i>	Wandering far and wide,
	seeking a home,
<i>Magnum genus servabis, urbsque erit Roma.</i>	You will save the great race,
	and the city will be
	Rome.

THE KANGAROO and his Golden Stone

A modern fable by Alison Reta, Latin III student of Beverley Meyer, St. Francis H. S., Sacramento, Cal.

Kenny the kangaroo loved to jump around in the Australian outback. He had contests with his friends to see who could jump farthest and highest. One day, Kenny's friend, Benny, showed Kenny a large golden stone he had brought from home. "Look at this stone I have," he said. "It's so bright and shiny!"

All the other kangaroos gathered around. The stone did glitter and shine like real gold. They decided to have another contest. This time, the kangaroo who could jump over the river in one leap would get to keep the stone. No one had ever jumped over the river in one leap before. It was too wide for even the biggest and strongest kangaroo.

As each kangaroo tried to hop over the river, each landed about halfway across with a big splash. But as luck would have it, when Kenny's turn came, he made it over the river without even getting his tail wet.

He claimed his coveted prize and carried it with him in his pouch. Before any competition, Kenny would take out the stone and rub it. He called it his "lucky stone" because he easily won the next two jumping contests.

After all that rubbing for luck, however, the stone changed color. It no longer had its golden sheen. In fact, it seemed to be golden only on the surface. Underneath, the stone was gray like all the other rocks lying around.

Kenny took the stone to show Benny. "Look at this! All the gold is wearing off!"

"Gold?" Benny was confused. "I never said it was gold. It belonged to my Grandma's Grandma and her Grandma before that. It only looked like gold because it had sat out in the sun for centuries. My grandma said that the sunshine had colored it."

Kenny looked down at his stone in disgust. He was so disappointed. Somehow, sunshine didn't seem as lucky as gold. He threw the worthless rock into the shrubs.

Moral: All that glitters is not gold. It may just be sunshine.

Neptunus

By Poppaea Jeffers, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Potentissimus
Deus Marium
Frater Iovis
Timidissimus
Neptunus

REX PRIMUS

By Brutus Hogan, Latin III student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H. S., Orchard Park, New York

Romulus
Superbus, Magnus
Pugnat, Condit, Necat.
Consul non est.
Rex.

Will Mortals Never Learn?

By the Latin I class of Suzanne Romano,
Academy of Allied Health & Science,
Neptune, New Jersey

MERCURY: **Io Saturnalia!** Welcome all. I am your host, Mercury, messenger of all Gods. We have wonderful competitions prepared for tonight's entertainment! Please welcome our divine competitors: (characters walk on stage as they are introduced) Neptune, god of the sea, and Minerva, goddess of wisdom and of the arts. Special Olympian guests are Mars, god of war, Pluto, god of the underworld, Cupid, the god of love, the goddess of the harvest, Ceres, Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, and Diana, goddess of the hunt. And now, it is my distinct honor to introduce the divine judges of this year's Saturnalia competitions, Jupiter the king of all gods and his handsome queen, Juno.

JUNO: Welcome everyone. I am Juno your queen, and I want to be the first to thank everyone for coming tonight. Your presence is very important to us. I fear that it is my duty to warn all the competitors, both divine and human, that all losers during this year's Saturnalia competitions will, by the decree of Jupiter himself, spend the next year in Tartarus, while the winners will enjoy one year basking in the golden sunlight of the Elysian Fields. And now, **bonam fortunam vobis ago!**

CERES: Before we start I would just like to say that since I'm the goddess of grain, I will be awarding each of the winners a one-year supply of wheat!

MERCURY: Our first divine contestant will be Neptune. Challenging Neptune in swimming is the mortal, Lucius. (LUCIUS walks on stage)

NEPTUNE: Now, Lucius, will you race against me or not? LUCIUS: I shall race you and beat you. Then I shall enjoy my time in the Elysian Fields.

NEPTUNE: We will see about that, mortal! Let's race. (NEPTUNE and LUCIUS stand on the edge of stage left poised to dive off stage)

JUPITER: When Diana releases her arrow, let the race begin!

(DIANA loads an arrow into her bow and shoots it off stage left. A blood-curdling cry is heard off stage)

CUPID: Ha Ha Hai! And you call yourself an archer! (a cheer is heard off stage right; NEPTUNE reappears jubilant, while LUCIUS trails looking like a loser)

MERCURY: What an event folks! Can you believe it? Well, I can't. Let's talk to Lucius, shall we? How do you feel now that you lost, Lucius?

LUCIUS: I swear to the gods, these games are fixed! PLUTO: Now, now, Lucius. Stop whining, and go along

peacefully. (PLUTO signals to stage right and two guards enter and drag LUCIUS off stage)

LUCIUS: (as he is being dragged off stage) They're fixed! Fixed I tell ya!

PLUTO: (addressing the audience) Pay him no mind, folks. Everything is as it should be. After all, I'm sure you all know that you're all destined to spend time with me in the end, don't you?

MERCURY: How about that! Now let's move on to the next event. Challenging Minerva to a weaving contest is the mortal Arachne! (ARACHNE walks on stage) For some time now, Arachne has claimed that she is a better weaver than the goddess of the arts, Minerva.

(the contestants seat themselves at the looms which have been brought on stage and positioned so the audience can't see the designs laid on them)

MINERVA: Let's see if you can keep up with me, Arachne. ARACHNE: Anytime, Athena. I can out-war and woof you anyway!

MERCURY: Wow! The ladies seem to be ready to compete.

JUPITER: When Diana releases her arrow, let the contest begin! And Diana, watch where you aim that thing this time! (DIANA loads an arrow into her bow and looks carefully off stage right this time before firing; the contestants work furiously for a few minutes)

(Continued in Pagina Decima)

NERO The Mystery Solved

A creative look at history by Patricia Kennedy, Latin III student of Dr. Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

"You plebeians! You do not know the meaning of work!" said Nero, in his usual mean and overbearing tone. "You sicken me with your incessant laziness! You will do as I say because I am your leader! You should be proud of Rome, and you should want to take care of your own glorious city!"

Nero was furious, and I will tell you why. I am one of the plebeians that Nero was so furious with. Nero was constantly annoyed with our work ethic. The only reason we did no work for him was because we despised him. We knew he was an evil and cruel man, and we did not support him at all. For our disrespect and contempt towards Nero, he promised to ruin all of our pitiful lives; and he did.

The plebeians working for Nero were never happy—as I well knew, being one of them. We were always overworked, but we were also always called lazy and imprudent. Now don't get us wrong. We love Rome. The only thing we cannot stand is working for Nero, the greediest man that I have ever met. He would do anything to fulfill his desires.

One day, my friend and I were doing some extra work building a wall for Nero. All of a sudden, he began to rant and rave about our laziness. Just then, one of my friends, Peregrinus, apparently had had enough, and he pitched a rock at Nero. That was a huge mistake because my friend had failed to notice all of Nero's bodyguards. The bodyguards brutally attacked all of us while Nero watched in amusement. After Nero called off his guards, he issued a warning intended to make those of us who were still conscious shiver.

"If you ever try that again, I will burn your homes and your children!"

We were scared, but at the same time Peregrinus and I were relieved that we were still alive. The next day, I was walking down the street with Peregrinus after work. We saw Nero and a few other suspicious-looking men talking in a small circle. Once they saw us, the men told Nero, and he sent a guard to order us off the street. We were told we could keep our lives if we forgot what we had just seen. We agreed and ran home to the safety of

our families.

As the days passed, we began to fear for our lives more and more at work because of Nero's many threats. Nero was constantly checking up on us in person. With good reason, we suspected that he wanted us to make a mistake serious enough to justify having us killed on the spot.

Nine days later, however, Nero was suddenly nowhere to be seen. Days went by without him and his bodyguards haunting the work site. A second week went by. We began to disregard his many threats on our lives and our families. Then, one night, Peregrinus and I saw Nero's litter being carried through the streets at a dead run—no horn players, no torch bearers. We decided to see what was up and followed him back to his villa. Under the cover of darkness, we got past his guards and hid in some shrubs near a window. We heard voices inside planning something.

"But Nero, I don't know if I am up to this."

"Don't be silly, I will take care of everything."

"But Nero, I can't risk my future just because some people are bothering you. It isn't my business!"

"You are the only one who can do this! Handle this one task, and you will be rewarded handsomely!"

"But what if the plebeians discover your plan?"

"Ha! Those clueless workmen! You must be joking. They have no clue of what is to come! Besides, they are too afraid of me to do anything about it anyway—as you should be if you refuse to cooperate."

"But we must be careful, Nero! If we get caught, you will be exiled, at least! *Incendium malo dolo* is a serious offense!"

"Now don't be so naïve. No one would dare prosecute me, Nero the Great! Especially for burning down plebeian slum housing! Besides, what are you worrying about? Nothing will happen; we won't be caught! Besides, I decide whether an *incendium* was an *incendium fortuitum* or an *incendium malo dolo*. I am the law!"

"Don't be so sure, Nero. All I'm saying is that we'll have to be care-

ful."

"You've made your point. Now leave. I have some house plans to look over. What do you think of the name *Domus Aurea*? Has a good ring to it, don't you think? The plebeians should feel honored that their loss will become my gain. Ha!"

Peregrinus and I were appalled and scared. We couldn't believe what we had just heard! Nero was planning to burn down our neighborhood!

On returning home, we quietly went from door to door, being careful not to be observed, and warned all of the people. Soon, my own family was busy packing our few belongings into a cart. By the time I returned home, the streets were already crowded. Before long, they were chaotic! People running everywhere, looting and rioting! The smell of smoke was followed by an orange glow in the distance as Nero's instructions were being carried out. Now my family and I could hardly see anything in the street. The smoke was overwhelming! We all joined together to pull our little cart through the crowded street as fast as we could. When we finally stopped to catch our breath and turn around, we were terrified! It seemed as though all of Rome was in flames. Everywhere people were crying uncontrollably.

Nero had gotten his wish.

We made it across the Tiber, and, by luck, met Peregrinus and his family. We decided that we would all be a lot safer if we lived in the country for a while, until things cooled off, as it were.

Sure enough, after a month or so, the debris had been loaded onto barges and removed, and Nero's *Domus Aurea* began to rise, like a Phoenix, from the ashes.

There were a lot of theories about how the fire started. As it turned out, too many witnesses had seen arsonists running through the streets with torches to claim that the fire was an *incendium fortuitum*. Nero now knew he would need someone to blame. All he had to do was have several "eyewitnesses" point their fingers at the least understood and most suspicious group in Rome, the *Christiani*. While this satisfied most folks, Peregrinus and I knew the truth. And now you do, too.

Pondering Potter (Harry, that is.)

By Betty Whittaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, Ind.

What's all the hullabaloo? Why all the publicity? It's Harry Potter! Harry Potter is ubiquitous these days. Students are carrying Harry Potter books to class. They're reading while I'm trying to teach. Harry's face, thunderbolt and all, greets patrons browsing in bookstores. Time magazine made Harry a cover story, as did the *Pompeiana NEWSLETTER*. Conscientious readers are asking to borrow my copies. In fact, I have a waiting list. Finally, I just had to find out for myself why a nerd with glasses and a thunderbolt on his forehead is so popular. And he's not just popular with twelve-year-olds in seventh grade. Adults also are reading and discussing this new phenomenon in literature.

Children's fantasy fiction is not usually on my "what to read next" list. So with some trepidation about the silliness of all of this and about wasting good reading time, I started the series with *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*, followed by *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*, and I concluded with *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*.

After finishing all three, it occurred to me that students of Latin and/or mythology would get so much more out of each novel than other readers. This series of books is "chockablock" full of Latin "stuff." J. K. Rowling must have had a good classical education. The truly great irony of this phenomenon is that many of today's readers do not have a clue about all the allusions interwoven with Harry's adventures.

The first book in the series, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*, contains references to Circe, Minerva, the Gorgons and Daedalus. There is even a centaur named Firenze. Packages of chocolate frogs contain collector's cards with names of famous "so-called" witches of history, e.g., Agrippa. The sorcerer's stone of the title is guarded by a dog with three heads. Instead of being called Cerberus, however, this vicious monster with six eyes is called Fluffy.

At the Hogwart's school, Harry and his friends must use passwords to enter secret passageways, and they must also use strange words to cast spells when necessary. Book one offers *caput draconis* as a password and *petrificus totalis* to accompany the waving of the wand.

In the second book of the series, *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*, Harry is in his second year at Hogwart's school. The reader's classical journey continues with an owl named Hermes who delivers messages and a professor named Sinistra. While Harry is snooping in a professor's office, he comes face to face with a phoenix bird, and he even gets to see the newborn rising from the ashes. The same ideas follow through this volume with characters uttering passwords and commands to cast or break spells. *Richusempra* [sic] and *finite incantatem* are used just once, while *expelliarmus* [sic] is used throughout the text. Of course, the Latin spellings may not always be exactly correct, but that never detracts from the dialogue of the characters. The Latin phrases are usually understandable enough for a novice to get the general idea.

Book three, *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*, is my personal favorite as Harry is now a third year student who seems to be maturing. As Harry is gathering his books for the new school year, he comes upon one which is titled *Unfogging the Future*, by Cassandra Vlablatsky. Imagine using a character named Cassandra to predict the future! In this latest adventure, Harry is forced to confront the forces of good and evil. Sirius Black is no longer a prisoner of Azkaban. Everyone fears he is looking for a student at Hogwart's. The school is surrounded by dementors—giant figures with hoods and scaly features—who are protectors of the school, i.e., they try to keep the students safe in the building while searching for the infamous Sirius.

Harry is taught how to react to the dementors without having a fainting spell. He learns to conjure up a *patronus*. He actually uses the words *expecto patronum*—correct accusative and all! J. K. Rowling defines a *patronus* as "a legal protector and defender."

Now this reviewer is not going to spoil everyone else's fun by listing every example of Latin "stuff" contained in the Harry Potter books. The wish that kept crossing my mind as I read them, however, was that every student could appreciate all the allusions and enjoy this reading which is often viewed as a chore.

In my own classes, I like to ask my students who might be reading this series. It is a pleasure to open their eyes to the symbolism that they are missing.

To Ms. Rowling, I say, "cater to the pleasure of those readers with classical backgrounds and keep the Latin 'stuff' coming in the remaining books of the series."

Future of Latin In Hands of Classicists

A synod of European Roman Catholic Bishops was recently told that they would be communicating in English rather than in the traditional Latin.

Abbot Carlo Egger, senior Latinist at the Vatican, told a reporter from the *Catholic Herald*, "Latin now stands little chance of survival in the Catholic Church. The simple truth is that many, too many, bishops no longer know how to speak it."

A MARTIAL-LIKE ENCOUNTER

By Maria LoRusso, Latin IV student of Jessica Fisher, Norwood High School, Norwood, Massachusetts

The sun shone brighter than any other day.
The calm and gentle wind blew.
I sat under the tree gazing at the beautiful day.
Then I heard a distant sound approaching.
The sound came closer and closer.
When suddenly I looked, and,
Down the windy road it came.
As I turned, *mirabile visu*, there appeared
A Volvo Sports Car.

Tempus

By Dana Rusche, Latin II student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

*Horae longae manserunt,
Tempus me occupavit,
Capiebat tempore,
Liberatem rogavi,
Sed frustra.*

THE DECISION

By Joycelin Rob, Latin I student of Judith Granese, Las Vegas, Nevada

I, Paris, have a dilemma on my hands,
To choose the most beautiful goddess in all the lands,
Juno, Venus, Minerva, who will be
The most beautiful woman chosen by me?
I just can't seem to make my decision
But it must be done with utmost precision.
Why couldn't it have been a contest
Of who was more knowledgeable or the strongest?
But after much thinking and time,
I think I have made up my mind.
The others will be upset, but it is my duty
To choose Venus, the goddess of love and beauty.



Cara Matrona,

I need some womanly advice that will stand the test of Roman law, and there is no one here in Ostia who will even address my concerns.

My husband Hilarion has been working in the granaries in Alexandria for the past five months. When he left Ostia as a *nauta* on an *onerarius frumentarius*, he planned to see me after every trip. When his ship returned, however, I received word from Aphrodisias, a fellow *nauta* of his, that he had taken a job in Alexandria because it paid much more than he was earning as a *nauta*. And here I am expecting our first child.

Then, since I had not heard from him for three months, I sent him a note with Aphrodisias reminding him that he should not forget that he had an expectant wife awaiting his return here in Ostia. I told him how excited I was, and that I hoped he would be happy with whatever Lana sent us, be it a *pupus* or a *pupa*. Now, five months after he left Ostia, I have received his reply, again via Aphrodisias.

Matrona, I thought he would be anxious to come home and would be happy to become a *puter*, no matter what. Now he has written that when he gets paid, he'll send me some money, but that he is not planning to return soon at all. Moreover, he has given me instructions that I can keep our child only if it is a *pupus*. If it's a *pupa*, he wants it to be exposed. Then he asks, "How can I forget you?" and he tells me not to worry.

Matrona, I don't even know if I will ever see him again, and, because I love him very much, I want to keep his child even if it is a *pupa*. Do I have to do as he says since he isn't really here, and since he may never return from Alexandria? Also, one of my friends has suggested that I make believe the child is a *pupus* if it turns out to be a *pupa*. She said I should just send a message with Aphrodisias stating that Hilarion is the father of a little boy whom I have named Hilarion after him.

What can I do? Do I have to obey Hilarion and expose our child if it turns out to be a *pupa*? I still haven't received any money from him, and I really don't know whether he ever will return to Ostia. Do you think I could get away with making believe a *pupa* is actually a *pupus*? What kind of trouble would I be in if my trick were discovered?

Alia
Ostiae

Cara Alia,

Even though, as your names suggest, neither you nor your husband are native Romans, I must point out that since you are currently living in Ostia and your husband is working in a Roman province, you are both governed by Roman law and custom.

We Romans believe in the sanctity of a *paterfamilias* and are trained to respect and obey all his decisions regarding his *familia*. Even if Hilarion is far away in Egypt, he is still your husband and you are bound to obey his wishes. Whether or not he sends you money or is able to visit you regularly has absolutely nothing to do with it. You remain under his *manus* until he either divorces you or dies. That's the law.

If you were to keep a *pupa* after Hilarion had given you specific instructions to expose it, he would not be responsible for its care. Also, you would have given him grounds for divorce since you had deliberately disobeyed his written instructions.

Your friend is living in a dream world. She has obviously heard the story of Ligdus and Telethusa in which Ligdus tells Telethusa that he will have to kill the baby if it turns out to be a *pupa*. In the story, Telethusa disobeys Ligdus' orders and raises their daughter as a boy. But remember, this is only a story. In real life, with so many different people getting involved with watching and caring for a child, there is no way that a deception like this could be maintained for very long. Besides, think of the harm that would be done to a *puelia* who was always taught to dress and act as a *puer*.

I hope that your husband does return to you at some time, but in the meantime, according to Roman law, you are bound by his *manus* and you must honor his instructions.

pilgrimage to ROME

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

Seven centuries have rolled by since that first Christian jubilee and the Church now stands at the gates of its third millennium. In his Apostolic Letter of November 14, 1997, to the Catholic hierarchy, Pope John Paul II declared a Holy Year for A.D. 2000. In the seventy-page document entitled: "*Terzio millennio adveniente*" (With the Third Millennium Approaching) the pontiff stated: "The world now looks to Rome! ... The vocation that Providence has assigned to Rome is that of being the point of reference for the spiritual and civil renewal of all humanity."

In actuality, John Paul II has been laying the groundwork for Jubilee 2000 from the first day of his pontificate. Across the last two decades he has overseen the collaboration of church and state in getting Rome ship-shape for one of the most momentous roles in its on-going dramatic playing host to the entire Christian world for twelve whole months.

The travertine facades of hundreds of churches, monuments, and fountains have been washed with a special solution to remove the grit and soot and urban pollution of the ages. Apartment and office buildings have been given a fresh coat of that burnt orange hue so peculiar to Rome. The ancient infrastructure has been overhauled via the widening of roads, the construction of new access ramps and viaducts, the extension of the subway system, the replacement of imperial-age drainage lines.

The city's eight hundred hotels and pensiones with their grand total of sixty thousand beds will be aided in their



The Porta Sancta in St. Peter's Cathedral

martyrdom, where the infant Church produced courageous disciples that propagated and defended the Faith, some of whom did so with ink, thousands of whom did so with their own blood.

They shall kneel in prayer at all the major basilicas and churches. They shall descend into the darkness of the catacombs where their persecuted spiritual ancestors assembled for worship, buried their dead, and sought refuge from the tyranny of Nero, Valerian, Diocletian *et al.* They shall tour the *Circus Maximus*, the sandy race course which once echoed with the growls of hungry lions, the moans of martyrs, the roars of the pagan mob.

As has been the tradition since 1500, this Jubilee Year will commence with the opening of the Holy Door in St. Peter's Basilica on Christmas Eve. The Holy Father, accompanied by many cardinals and bishops, will approach the *Porta Sancta* (the portal to the extreme right of the vestibule) and, with a silver hammer, tap on it chanting, "*Aperite mihi portas iustitiae*" - Open the doors of justice for me. He will strike it again chanting, "I shall enter thy house, O Lord." He will tap a third time singing the words, "Open the doors because God is with us."

At this point in the ceremony, workmen inside the basilica will lower the immense block of concrete that has sealed the door shut since the closing of the previous holy year. The pontiff will kneel at the threshold and intone the solemn hymn "*Te Deum Laudamus*" then rise and enter the great church. Precisely at this moment, the Jubilee of A.D. 2000 will be underway. Following the pope through the Holy Door will be a year-long procession of Christians from all corners of the globe, many of whom will fall to their knees and kiss the threshold in a gesture of penance and humility. They will at last begin to fulfill perhaps the most precious and cherished dream of their lives... a pilgrimage to Rome!



The "Chains of St. Peter" displayed in the Church of St. Peter in Chains in Rome

task by a great number of religious houses, convents, and monasteries opening their doors for bed-and-breakfast accommodations to paying guests.

As many as thirty million pilgrims are expected. Unlike their foot-weary forebears of that first Holy Year, they will arrive by dropping out of the skies in jumbo jets at DaVinci Airport, or on high-speed "bullet" trains at *Stazione Termini*, or by way of the *Autostrada del Sole* in comfortable, all windowed tourist motor coaches.

They shall come on a pilgrimage to the city where St. Peter himself served as bishop, where he and Paul suffered

The APPIAN WAY

By Titus Gaskins and Scipio Davie, Latin I students of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Just like Highway 66 in the United States and the Autobahn in Germany, the Appian Way is the legendary path of transportation in Italy.

Begun by the Roman censor Appius Claudius Caecus in 312 B.C., this "highway" is the most celebrated in the history of the Roman Republic.

The road was paved with large hexagonal blocks, primarily lava, and it seems to have had a foundation of cement for strength, although it is believed that this was not the original foundation. Its route was, for the most part, straight, but the Alban Hills and the swamps of the

Pontine Marshes posed a few engineering challenges along the way.

Stretching more than 350 miles, or 560 km, the Appian Way begins at the Servian Wall in Rome and stretches southward to Brundisium. Among the sites passed along the way are the Appii Forum and Terracina.

The Appian Way was, and still is, one of the most phenomenal and historically significant highways of the world.

Conversations with SOCRATES

By Ken Sippin
Student of Philosophy,
Indianapolis, Indiana

PART IV

So every great man's goal is to be a thinking man. A thinking man's only allegiance is to truth. Truth is definable and waiting everywhere to be discovered. This was obvious to Socrates 400 years before the beginning of the Common Era. He and his companions spent their time pursuing truth and wisdom day and night—a quest in which Socrates so strongly believed that he allowed himself to be executed in its name.

Now, twenty-four centuries later, we must be geniuses, right? For 2,400 years thinking people surely have been building on the seeds planted by Socrates, Plato and the hundreds of generations of thinkers since. Right? Hmm. Maybe not.

"Tell me," said Socrates, "what is the great issue of your day? Is it truth? Is it freedom? Is it justice?"

"Probably Y2K," I said.

"Y2K? What's that?"

"The year 2000," I said. "Computer programmers in the old days used to shorten '2000' to '00' when they wrote programs with dates in them. So some people think computers will interpret next year's date as 1900, not 2000, which might cause networks to crash and systems to fail, possibly inciting riots, mayhem and maybe even the end of the world."

"Really?" asked Socrates. "Seriously?"

"Totally," I said. "My sister is storing emergency rations and everything. She even bought a gun."

"What is she afraid of?" asked Socrates.

"Well," I said, "if the power goes out, or if there's no way to get water for a couple of days, people might get attacked by roving gangs of, I don't know, angry, thirsty suburban youth."

"Might people?"

"Maybe," I said. "Or maybe Russia's nuclear missiles might accidentally launch themselves at America and blow up the world."

"They might?"

"Possibly," I said. "I don't know. Nobody knows. That's the problem. That's why everyone's afraid."

"They are afraid of the unknown," Socrates said. "A classic human blunder. But why should they be afraid?"

"Well," I said, "for starters, because those scenarios I mentioned would stink, man. Who wants to get nuked?"

"I don't know," said Socrates. "Have you ever been nuked?"

"No," I said, "but other people have. If there's a nuclear war, everybody will die."

"And people are still afraid of dying? Incredible. People were afraid to die when I lived as well."

"Why shouldn't they be," I asked. "It's like you said, 'fear of the unknown.'"

"Well let's approach it logically," said Socrates. "Let's apply the Socratic method to Y2K."

"Okay," I said. "Why not? You start."

"Okay," said Socrates. "We already know it's illogical to fear death, right?"

"We do?"

"Of course. It's elementary. Let's pretend for a moment that I'm not standing here before you. That would mean that you had never met anyone who had come back from the afterlife; therefore, you would have no evidence of what the afterlife is like."

"Or if there is an afterlife," I said.

"Right," said Socrates. "If there isn't an afterlife, you will die and cease to be cognizant. You will feel nothing. No fear. No pain. No longing. Nothing. You will not even know you are dead; however, if an afterlife does exist—and I happen to know first hand that it does—isn't it reasonable to assume it is somewhat like the descriptions given by your soothsayers, or prophets, meaning that there are Elysian Fields and perhaps also a Tartarus, your Heaven and Hell? And since no reasonable man would live in such a manner so as knowingly and willingly to send his soul to be tortured in Hell, every man must surely believe that he is good at heart and will thus go to the Elysian Fields, or Heaven, in which case the afterlife for him will be an inconceivable paradise full of every goodness known in the universe."

"I guess so," I said.

"Okay, then," said Socrates, "so either way you win. Fear of death is inherently illogical."

"Okay," I said. "I agree. But Y2K is potentially worse than death. Y2K could mean suffering. Widespread, wholesale pain, or, at the very least, annoyance."

"Or maybe nothing at all will happen," Socrates said.

"That's just it," I said, "nobody knows."

"Be reasonable," Socrates said. "If an apocalypse comes, everyone dies, and death, we have already decided, is not worth fearing. If no apocalypse comes, then there may be shortages, wars, pain and suffering, in which case, to survive, people will need to rise above their complacent attitudes and actually help each other. Humanity will be exalted. People will be united in need. Struggle bonds people together as often as it pulls them apart. And if there are no wars, no shortages and no apocalypse, there will be no suffering whatsoever, except for the empty pocketbooks of people who bought extra generators. January 1st will just be another day. In fact, there could even be a jubilee—a great planet-wide celebration. It could be the first time in the history of humankind that the entire planet would be united in a common celebration, the joy of averting worldwide destruction, the joy of dodging a planet-sized bullet. So of those three scenarios, tell me, which one is it logical for humanity to fear?"

"None of the above, I guess," I said, "but since when does humanity have anything to do with logic? And since when does logic have anything to do with fear?"

"You know," said Socrates after giving my last comments some thought, "I think I'd like a little more ice cream."

in the Footsteps of Alexander

(Continued a Pagina Secunda)

from a culture about two thousand years old. He, like many in Pakistan, had a mysterious way of gliding up and down the mountainside without breaking into a sweat or needing to catch his breath. Although he was about my age, he seemed to contain the wisdom of an ancient priest. There was also a purpose in all he told us. He wasn't just guiding us through the valley; he was desperately educating us so that his people would not be forgotten.

His mission, he explained to me later, was to preserve his culture against physical assaults from neighboring peoples who had pushed the Kalash from the Chitral Valley into the remote Kalash Valley. He was hoping that by educating himself in a university in Rawalpindi and learning from the village elders, he could teach his own people to understand their culture and how special it is while preventing them from losing it to tourism.

Islam, or the modern world. Doud is the heart and soul of the Kalash. I would learn much from him.



A villager in Rambur poses near a modern house built on ancient foundations.

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



Latin Students!

This is the chance for you and your school to enjoy fifteen minutes of fame. Submit your photographically documented adventure in Roman cooking at this time to be featured in the first issues of the year 2000. Use the **Roman Cooking** link on the **Pompeiana.com** website to insure that your entry will pass the Roman authenticity test.

While most authentic Roman recipes come to us via several authors who were named Apicius, some also come from other Latin authors. This month's recipe was a favorite of a rather austere Roman called Marcus Porcius Cato who was usually too stoic to talk about things that he liked to eat. In this case, however, in his book entitled *De Agri Cultura*, he showed his softer side by recording the following recipe: *Savillum hoc mudo ficto, farinae seilibrum, casei p. II s. una commisceto... mellis p. et ovum unum*. Unfortunately, the translation doesn't really tell a cook exactly what to do: "Make cheese cake in this way, mix a half libra of flour, two and one-half parts of cheese, a part of honey and one egg." Right! Good luck!

The following updated version of the recipe, arrived at by trial and error, will, however, be a lot easier to prepare.

SAVILLUM —ROMAN CHEESECAKE—

By Cassiella, Latin II student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

RES COMMISCEMENTE:

- 1 2/3 cups ricotta cheese
- 1 cup flour
- 6 Tbsps. honey
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbsps. poppy seeds
- olive oil



CASSIELLA MIXES THE INGREDIENTS. THEN POURS THE MIXTURE INTO A BAKING PAN.

MODUS PARANDI:

Blend the cheese with the flour, 4 Tbsps. honey and one egg. Grease a baking pan with olive oil, pour in the mixture, and cover with aluminum foil. Bake at 400° F. for 15 mins. Remove foil and continue baking for another 10 minutes, watching so that the top doesn't burn.

Remove from the oven and drizzle the remaining honey over the surface, then sprinkle with poppy seeds.

Replace in the oven for 5 more minutes, remove and serve warm.



ROMAN CHEESECAKE!

Martial Mimic

By Jessica Moryl, Latin III student of Kate Sullivan, Oakmont Regional H. S., Ashburnham, Massachusetts

Hector is lonely and aging.
He was such a sickly guy.
How sick was he?
He would have to get better to die.



The BEST of TOM HANKS

By Claudia Brown, Zoe and Octavia Bally,
Latin III students of Cheravon Davidson,
Cincinnati, Ohio

42

Use the clues to unscramble the Latin translation of each movie title and then write the name of the movie in English.

- I. LOPALO IIXI "Houstoniensis, problema habemus."
(Latin: _____)
(English: _____)
- II. NSAMGU "Ecce, Mamma, nunc sum puer."
(Latin: _____)
(English: _____)
- III. LALI ESR MQAU AICFSA Personam agens cum
Liv Tyler, Thomas catervam musicam praecipit.
(Latin: _____)
(English: _____)
- IV. EADNU NSOSIUT Personam cum Darryl Hannah
agit.
(Latin: _____)
(English: _____)
- V. ASBEH MTBAALEL LTECREMCAI Instrumenta
computatoria amorem alunt.
(Latin: _____)
(English: _____)
- VI. ASVRTROE TE OHOHC Vigilis cum cane est.
(Latin: _____)
(English: _____)
- VII. EMA TIVA Moritur quia carcinoma habet.
(Latin: _____)
(English: _____)
- VIII. ARVSESN ARYNMU TIMIELM
MPMRIULANEA Miles in Bello Mundano II est.
(Latin: _____)
(English: _____)
- IX. UBFALA ED RUEPMUOR SOIBLNECEMAT "Tu
es meus vicarius dilectus!"
(Latin: _____)
(English: _____)
- X. SEHOIPSU RSUEVS NMEMTO MVUUILCNA
Mons evomens ignes vitae eius imminet.
(Latin: _____)
(English: _____)

Ubinam Gentium Est?

By Andrea Tesich, Latin I student of Ann Marie Fine,
Archbishop Bleck H.S., Gretna, Louisiana

43

Match the Latin name of each location with its description.

1. _____ Renowned for its burial by Mt. Vesuvius
2. _____ Founded in A.D. 43 on the Thames
3. _____ Battle site between Octavian and Caesar's assassins
4. _____ Claudius' first Roman colony in Britannia
5. _____ City destroyed by Rome in 146 B.C.
6. _____ First city founded by Scipio Africanus in Spain
7. _____ City kept under siege by Titus for seven months
8. _____ Place where Octavian defeated Marc Antony
9. _____ Location of Hadrian's Villa
10. _____ Wealthy capitol of the province of Syria
11. _____ Birthplace of Septimius Severus that was colonized by the Romans during the 2nd century B.C.
12. _____ New capitol of the Roman Empire established in A.D. 330

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| A. Leptis Magna | G. Londinium |
| B. Constantinopolis | H. Tiber |
| C. Roma Italica | I. Camalodunum |
| D. Hierosolyma | J. Pompeii |
| E. Philippi | K. Actium |
| F. Carthago | L. Antiochus |

Songs of the BEATLES

Pars Quarta

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

1. Volo Tibi Narrare _____
2. Dies Crastinus Numquam Scit _____
3. Subaquarium Navigium Flavum _____
4. Publicanus _____
5. Robertus Doctus _____
6. Sol Regius _____
7. Margarita Venusta _____
8. Trans Universitatem Rerum _____
9. Ave, Vale _____
10. Nullius Loci Vir _____

Roman Carpentry



By Geoff Veldman,
Latin II student of Darrell Huisken,

45

Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan
Enter the Latin word on the lines following each English
clue to reveal the vertical Latin word for a carpenter.

- | | |
|------------|-------|
| 1. Drill | _____ |
| 2. Sawdust | _____ |
| 3. Wood | _____ |
| 4. Plane | _____ |
| 5. Hammer | _____ |
| 6. Saw | _____ |
| 7. Ax | _____ |
| 8. Nail | _____ |
| 9. Chisel | _____ |

CROSSING PATHS WITH Horror movies

By Jennifer Kathman, Latin III student of Dion Meade,
Notre Dame Academy, Park Hills, Kentucky

Use the Latin translation to enter
the English titles of horror movies.



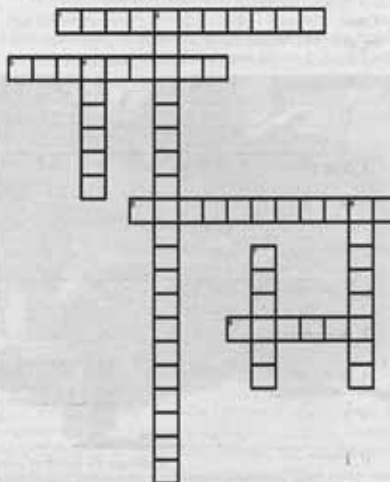
46

ACROSS

1. Fabula Urbana Quae Memoria Prodit Est
3. Saltationis Formalis Nox Apud Scholam Altam
5. Scarabaei Sucus
8. Ululatus

DOWN

2. Somnium Horridum in Ulmorum Via
4. Miseria
6. Sacchari Crystallini Vir
7. Vir Psychologica Instabilis



Feriae in Orbe Terrarum

Based on a game by Lindsay Micheal, Latin III student
of Kristy McGowen, Olathe East H.S., Olathe, Kansas

Translate each holiday into English and then match it
with the country and day of its celebration.

1. _____ Laboris Dies
2. _____ Veteranorum Dies
3. _____ Recordationis Dies
4. _____ Columbi Dies
5. _____ Dies Maia
6. _____ Pugillatus Dies
7. _____ Imperii Dies
8. _____ Castelli Dies
9. _____ Karnehemehae Dies
10. _____ Possessionis Dies
11. _____ Gentis Fortissimorum Dies
12. _____ Libertatis Dies
13. _____ Dies Memorialis
14. _____ Novi Anni Dies

- A. Americae Stati Uniti, a.d. III Kal. Iun.
- B. Americae Stati Uniti, a.d. IV Non. Iul.
- C. Americae Stati Uniti, Prima Lunae Dies Sept.
- D. Americae Stati Uniti, a.d. IV Id. Oct.
- E. Americae Stati Uniti, a.d. III Id. Nov.
- F. Canada, a.d. III Id. Nov.
- G. Europa, Kalendae Maiae
- H. Gallia, Pridie Id. Iul.
- I. Hibernia Septentrionalis, a.d. VII Kal. Ian.
- J. Insulae Hawaiianenses, a.d. III Id. Iun.
- K. Insulae Philippinae, Pridie Kal. Dec.
- L. Magna Britannia, a.d. IX Kal. Iun.
- M. Mundus Occidentalis, Kalendae Ianuarie
- N. Portus Dives, a.d. VIII Kal. Aug.

Greco-Roman MYTH MATCH

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

Match each Greek name with its Roman counterpart.

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. _____ Hera | A. Venus |
| 2. _____ Poseidon | B. Mars |
| 3. _____ Aphrodite | C. Diana |
| 4. _____ Zeus | D. Minerva |
| 5. _____ Athena | E. Ceres |
| 6. _____ Eros | F. Bacchus |
| 7. _____ Pan | G. Vulcan |
| 8. _____ Demeter | H. Juno |
| 9. _____ Ares | I. Mercury |
| 10. _____ Hermes | J. Vesta |
| 11. _____ Hades | K. Dis |
| 12. _____ Hypnos | L. Neptune |
| 13. _____ Gaia | M. Jupiter |
| 14. _____ Hestia | N. Saturn |
| 15. _____ Artemis | O. Cupid |
| 16. _____ Hephaestus | P. Somnus |
| 17. _____ Cronos | Q. Vesta Prisca |
| 18. _____ Dionysus | R. Faunus |

ILLAE SENTENTIAE MERCATORIAE



By the Latin II class of Lois Bower,
Lincoln H.S., Tallahassee, Florida

49

Translate each of the following company slogans into English and then match each with the companies listed below.

- A. Est Nullus Modus Mendosus Ad Reeses Edendas.
B. Mentoi, Ille Redintegrator.
C. Ecce Casei Potestas.
D. Duo Mihi, Nullum Tibi.
E. In Ore Tuo, Non In Manu Liquescent.
F. Ora Felicia Facit.
G. Digitus In Butyridigito Meo Nemini Imponendus est.
H. Gusta Pluvium Arcum.
I. Bonum Usque Ad Ultimam Guttam.
J. Hodie Quo Vadere Cupis?

1. Butterfinger Candy
2. M & M's Candy
3. Maxwell House Coffee
4. Mentos Candy
5. Microsoft Computers
6. Reeses Candy
7. Skittles Candy
8. Twix Candy
9. Twizzlers Candy
10. U.S. Dairy Farmers



= Beginning Level



= Upper Level



By Megan Minerva and Connie Clio, Latin II students of
Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19

50

Translate the Latin titles, then copy the numbered letters on the blanks above to reveal the title of this list.

- I. Smurfi: _____ 3: _____ 18: _____
II. Mannulus Meus: _____ 11: _____
III. G.I. Josephus: _____ 5: _____
IV. Qui Mutant: _____ 19: _____ 2: _____ 9: _____
V. Arcus Plavius Clarus: _____ 4: _____
VI. Vermes Qui Ardent: _____ 6: _____
VII. Ursi Qui Curant: _____ 1: _____
VIII. Fragorum Placentia Brevis: _____ 17: _____ 15: _____
IX. Feles Tonitralis: _____ 7: _____
X. Oppidum Acernum Meque: _____ 16: _____ 13: _____
XI. Accipitri Argentarii: _____ 8: _____ 14: _____
XII. Gummi Ursi: _____ 10: _____
XIII. Gemma: _____ 12: _____

Where does it Hurt?

Based on a game submitted by Randy Wells,
Latin IV student of Robert Kelsen,
Princeton H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

51

In the word search, circle the proper names and Latin terms suggested by the clues.

- 2nd century A.D. medical author and physician of Marcus Aurelius
- 5th century B.C. Greek physician famous for his oath
- Greek god of healing to whom snakes were sacred
- Doctor
- Dentistry (2 wds.)
- Hospital
- Retired Roman naval commander, naturalist and author who recorded physician fees (3 wds.)
- Goddess of malaria
- Sewer goddess and goddess of typhoid
- God of disease germs
- Surgeons
- Midwives
- Battlefield medics
- Main doctor in the imperial palace in Rome (2 wds.)
- Poison
- Medicine
- To cauterize
- A cure
- A dispensary physician
- To amputate
- A poultice
- God of athletes and the powers of healing
- Ophthalmologists

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



Ludi Familiae Tabulis Hiberno Tempore Ludendi



By Zachary Noeth,
Latin I student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

52

Translate the following board games which can be enjoyed by a family during winter.

- Monopolium
- Vita
- Sere IV
- Dies Pecuniae
- Periculum
- Noli Patrem Excusitare
- XX Quaestiones
- Muscipula
- Terra Saccharo Condita
- Eruptio



Best Songs By Tori Amos

53

By Livia Stewart, Latin III student of
Cheravon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

- Rana In Digno Meo
- Viduae Professionem Agit
- Heus, Iuppiter
- Adamantes Liquidi
- Bellis Floris Folia Mortua
- Fac Fugam in Caelum
- Sternumento Levi Afflicti
- Verno Tempore Magicarum Artium Eius
- Nubes In Lingua Mea
- Tintinnabula Pro Ea

They may be dead, but they RULE!



By Matt Linn,
Latin I student of Kelly Kusch,
Covington Latin School, Covington, Kentucky

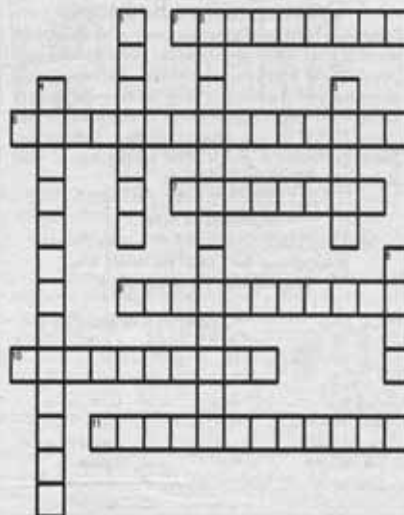
54

ACROSS

2. Ruins of this emperor's baths are the largest in Rome
6. Third king of Rome
7. Adopted son of Augustus
9. Moved the capitol of the Roman Empire from Rome to Byzantium
10. Retired alive as emperor in A.D. 305
11. Fourth king of Rome

DOWN

1. First king of Rome
3. Emperor who preceded Marcus Aurelius
4. Second king of Rome
5. Emperor when Mt. Vesuvius buried Pompeii
8. Adopted by Claudius in A.D. 50



Spiraling Shape

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS
Translated into Latin by Richard Sutherland,
Latin II student of Dr. Elliott T. Egan,
Ben Franklin H.S., New Orleans, Louisiana

Down, down, down you go.
No way to stop.
As you fall, hear me call,
"No, no, no..."
Listen to this warning,
and consider these
simple words of advice:
"Stop, stop, stop."
Fogging the view,
cupping face
to the window,
in darkness you make out
a spiraling shape.
Putting all reason aside,
you exchange what you're got
for a thing that's
hypnotic and strange.
The spiraling shape
will make you go insane.
But everyone wants to see
that groovy thing.
And nobody knows
what it's really like,
but everyone says it's great.
And they heard it from
the spiral in their eyes.
This could lead to excellence,
or serious injury.
Only one way to know:
Go, go, go.
Go ahead and
wreck your life;
that might be good.
Who can say what's
wrong or right?
Nobody can.
Put out your hands
and you fall through the window,
and, clawing at nothing,
you drop through the void.
Your terrified screams
are inaudible,
drowned in the spiral ahead
and consumed in the shape.
The spiraling shape
will make you go insane.
But everyone wants to see
that groovy thing.
And now that you've tried it,
you're back to report that
the spiraling shape
was a fraud and a fake.
You didn't enjoy it.
You never believed it.
There won't be a refund.
You'll never go back.

Ad inum, ad inum devolvit.
Nullo modo desistere potes.
Ut devolvit, audi me vocantem,
"Minime, minime, minime..."
Audi hunc monitum,
et considera haec
consilii verba simplicia:
"Desiste, desiste, desiste."
Viso calligine obducto,
faciem ad fenestram
manibus circumdans,
in obscuritate perspicis
formam turbine crescentem ab imo.
Deponens omnem rationem,
permutas quod habes
pro aliquo quod est
illicebrosus insolitumque.
Forma turbine crescentis ab imo
te ad insaniam aget.
Quisque autem vult videre
illam striatam.
Et nemo scit
qualem re vera sit,
sed quisque dicit eam esse mirabilem.
Et eam senserunt ex
involutione in oculis suis.
Haec ducat ad excellentiam,
aut ad injuriam gravem.
Solo uno modo sciendum est:
Age, age, age.
Age dum, et
age vitam tuam ad exitium;
fortasse sit bonum.
Quis potest dicere quid
sit falsum aut verum?
Nemo potest.
Extrudis manus
et exidis de fenestra,
et, unguibus nihil lacerans,
cadis per inanem.
Tui clamores terribiles
exaudiri non possunt,
immersi in involutione a fronte
et consumpti in forma.
Forma turbine crescentis ab imo
te ad insaniam aget.
Quisque autem vult videre
illam striatam.
Et nunc eam expertus,
revertens ut referas
formam turbine crescentem ab imo
fuisse fraudem falsamque.
Ea non fructus es.
Ei numquam credidisti.
Pecunia non refundetur.
Numquam revertaris.

Presence of Roman Goddess Minerva Felt Strongly in Indy

Minerva, Roman goddess of war and weaving, both of which give her many opportunities to display her main skill, wisdom, has been honored both publicly and privately in Indianapolis, Indiana.

The most recently dedicated memorial on which Minerva receives recognition is the **Congressional Medal of Honor Memorial** dedicated in May, 1999, in White River State Park. The memorial features the names of the 3,410 recipients of the Congressional Medal of Honor to date.

The Medal of Honor was instituted after the Civil War. The center of the Army medal features



U.S. Army
Medal of Honor

the head of Minerva. On the Navy medal, Minerva is depicted defeating Discord.

In another part of Indianapolis, Dr. Ossip, a Latin student who went on to become an ophthalmologist, has chosen to honor the Roman goddess of wisdom, weaving and war by decorating the front of his office with a life-sized statue of the deity.



Life-sized
statue of
Minerva
in Indy

Will Mortals Never Learn?

(Continued a Pagina Quarta)

ARACHNE: (jumping from her loom and holding up a very beautiful tapestry for the audience to admire) Ha! I'm done! I beat you, and mine is ten times better than yours!

MINERVA: No! This can't be happening! Let me see that rag you call a tapestry. (MINERVA jumps up from her loom, grabs the tapestry and throws it over ARACHNE; under the cover of the tapestry, ARACHNE takes off her stola to reveal a spider costume she is wearing underneath it) So Arachne, you think you can make a fool out of a goddess? I condemn you to a life of spinning!

(MINERVA yanks the tapestry off of ARACHNE to reveal her standing there in her spider costume)

PLUTO: Hey, that's no fair. She won, but I certainly don't want you in the Underworld for a year, Minerva. Bad enough, I have to put up with Proserpina for six months every winter.

MERCURY: Well, folks, we promised you a good time, and I don't think we let you down. Now, on behalf of Jupiter, and in honor of his father Saturn, a *lo Saturnalia* to all, and to all a good night!

How Well Did You Read? 55

- Which Pope decreed that a Jubilee should be held every 25 years?
- Quid accidit postquam Parvulus dixit, "Habeat! Si ea modo deciderit, possis eam habere!"
- How is the phrase "jingle all the way" translated into Latin?
- Qui color est tunica quam Spiritus I gerit?
- How many kilometers long was the Appian Way?
- Who won the swimming contest between Neptune and Lucius?
- What is the name of the three-headed dog in the second Harry Potter book?
- What did Hilarion want Alis to do with their child if it turned out to be a pupa?
- According to Cato, how much flour is used to make a cheesecake?
- Which Roman deity is featured on the Congressional Medal of Honor?

Thesaurus Rerum Quae Magistris Utiles Sint

Cenate Similiter Romanis!

Pompeiana has thirty table settings, each of which includes one terra cotta dinner plate (*patella*), two terra cotta cups (*populae*)—one with a stem/one without, and one stainless steel/silver plated spoon (*coclear*). See the color photo of a complete setting in *Pagina Prima*. A setting may be purchased for \$35.00 plus shipping/handling. Settings may also be purchased in groups of ten for the reduced price of \$300.00 plus shipping/handling.

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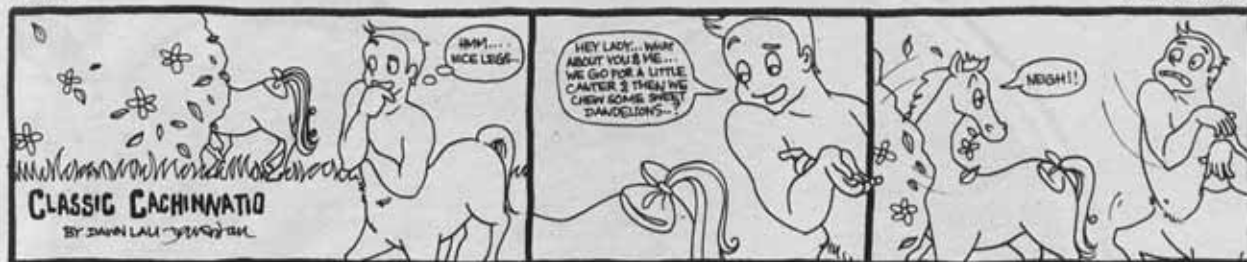
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What May Be Submitted

1. Original poems/articles in English or in teacher-corrected Latin with accompanying English translations.
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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.

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42.

Picturae Moventes

- I. APOLLO XIII
- II. MAGNUS, Big
- III. ILLA RES QUAM FACIAS, That Thing You Do
- IV. UNDAE SONITUS, Splash
- V. HABES TABELLAM ELECTRICAM, You Have Mail
- VI. VERSATOR ET HOOCH, Turner and Hooch
- VII. VITA MEA, My Life
- VIII. SERVANS RYANUM, MILITEM MANIPULAREM, Saving Private Ryan
- IX. FABULA DE PUERORUM OBLECTAMENTIS, Toy Story
- X. JOSEPHUS VERSUS MONTEM VULCANIUM, Joe Versus the Volcano

44.

SONGS OF THE BEATLES

PARS QUARTA

1. I Want To Tell You
2. Tomorrow Never Knows
3. Yellow Submarine
4. Taxman
5. Dr. Robert
6. Sun King
7. Lovely Rita
8. Across The Universe
9. Hello, Goodbye
10. Nowhere Man

45.

Roman Carpentry

1. TEREDRA
 2. SCOBIS
 3. LIGNUM
 4. RUNCINA
 5. MALLEUS
 6. SERRA
 7. SECURIS
 8. CLAVUS
 9. SCALPRUM
- Carpenter: TIGNARIUS

48.

Greco-Roman Myth Match

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

49.

Illae Sententiae Mercatoriae

1. G. Nobody better lay a finger on my Butterfinger.
2. E. Melts in your mouth, not in your hand.
3. I. Good to the last drop.
4. B. Mentos, the fresh-maker.
5. J. Where do you want to go today?
6. A. There's no wrong way to eat a Reese's.
7. H. Taste the rainbow.
8. D. Two for me, NONE for you.
9. F. Makes mouths happy.
10. C. Behold the power of cheese.

43.

Ubinam Gentium Est?

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

50.

Spectacula Televisifica Optima
CARTOONS FROM THE PAST

- I. Smurfs
- II. My Little Pony
- III. G.I. Joe
- IV. Transformers
- V. Rainbow Bright
- VI. Glow Worms
- VII. Care Bears
- VIII. Strawberry Shortcake
- IX. Thundercats
- X. Maple Town and Me
- XI. Silver Hawks
- XII. Gummy Bears
- XIII. Gem

52.

Ludi Familiae
Tabulis Hiberno Tempore Ludendi

1. Monopoly
2. Life
3. Connect 4
4. PayDay
5. Risk
6. Don't Wake Daddy
7. 20 Questions
8. Mouse Trap
9. Candy Land
10. Outburst

53.

Carmina Optima

- I. Frog on My Toe
- II. Professional Widow
- III. Hey, Jupiter
- IV. Liquid Diamonds
- V. Daisy Dead Petals
- VI. Take to the Sky
- VII. Caught A Lite Sneeze
- VIII. In the Springtime of His Voodoo
- IX. Cloud on My Tongue
- X. Bells For Her

55.

How Well Did You Read?

1. Pope Paul II
2. Arbor magno cum fragore decidit
3. Tintinnabulum
4. White (alba)
5. 560 Km
6. Neptune
7. Fluffy
8. He wanted it to be exposed
9. A half libra
10. Minerva

URBAN LEGEND

PROM NIGHT

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Where Does It Hurt?

1. Galen
2. Hippocrates
3. Aesculapius
4. Medicus
5. Dentium Medicina
6. Valetudinarium
7. Flinty the Elder
8. Mefitis
9. Cloacina
10. Verminus
11. Chiurgi
12. Obstetrices
13. Capsarii
14. Dominus Medicorum
15. Venenum
16. Medicamentum
17. Adurere
18. Remedium
19. Archiater
20. Amputare
21. Fomentum
22. Apollo
23. Ocularii

51.

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

Sally's Christmas Miracle

By Charles M. Schultz. Rendered in Latin by Bernard Barcio with permission from United Feature Syndicate

Sally: "I'm going out to fall down a Christmas tree."

Charlie Brown: "You mean cut down."

Sally: "I don't know how to cut down a Christmas tree."

When I look at it, I hope it'll just fall down."

Little Boy: "Hey, Kid, what're you doin' in our yard?"

You weren't thinkin' of cuttin' that tree down, were ya?"

Sally: "I don't know how to cut a tree down. What if it just falls down?"

Little Boy: "HA! If it falls down, you can have it!"

The tree falls with a great klunk!

Sally: "I'll take it!"

Later in the day, the little boy talks to Charlie Brown at his house.

Little Boy: "Hey, kid, you got a sister with yellow hair?"

She stole a Christmas tree from our yard."

Sally: (talking to Charlie Brown) "I didn't steal it. He said if it fell over, I could have it."

When I looked at it, it fell over. It was a Christmas miracle!

(now talking to the little boy) What are you standing on our porch for?

Go home!"

Little Boy: "I want our tree back!"

Sally: "You said if it fell over, I could have it!"

Now, get off our porch, or I'll call the dog!"

Snoopy: (speaking with himself) "Don't call the dog. He's decorating the tree."

Later that night.

Sally: "I can't sleep, big brother."

Do you think I should give the tree back to that ugly kid?"

Charlie Brown: "Why? Are you starting to feel guilty?"

Sally: "No! He said I could have the tree if it fell over. I don't feel guilty at all!"

Charlie Brown: "Tomorrow is Christmas Eve."

Sally: "Now I feel guilty."

At the little boy's house, Sally is standing with Snoopy who carries the tree with no ornaments on it.

Sally: "Hi! We brought your tree back!"

Little Boy: "No, keep it! I was wrong. It's yours!"

I said if it fell over, it was yours. Keep it!"

Sally: "Really? Thank you! Merry Christmas!"

Snoopy: (talking with himself) "Now I have to decorate it all over again."