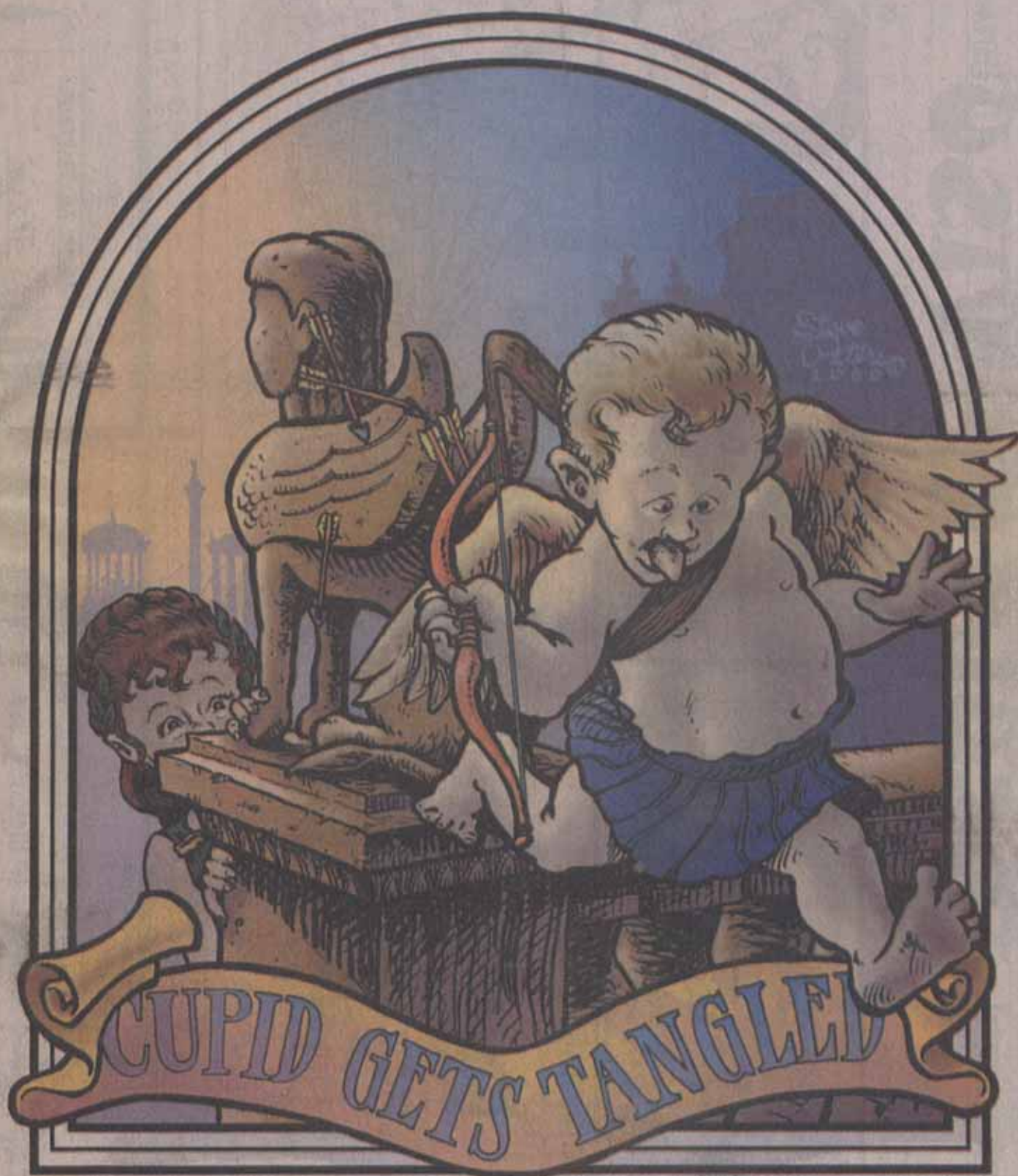


POMPEIIANA

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NEWSLETTER



Ante diem IX Kalendas Martias Charlotta Ecclesia diem natalicium celebrabit. Quattuordecim annos habebit! Ablinc quatuor annis Charlotta Ecclesia erat similis omnibus aliis puellis quae habebant decem annos. Pensum faciebat, pupa ludebat, cum amicis colloquebatur. Nunc autem Charlotta est puella illustris—famosa per omnes terras.

Quamquam Charlotta in nonnullis spectaculis televisificis Americanis visa erat, non multis Americanis enotatui ante Kalendas Novembres, A.D. MCMXCIX, quando cantavit "Solum Iacta Heus" in televisione per totam orbem terrarum ut Ford proscibat.

Quando Charlotta habuit tres annos et dimidium, ei tantum placebat cantare "Qui Larvas Frangunt" in scaena ut necesse esset detrahere Charlottam de scaena. A.D. MCMXCVI, Charlotta casu cantavit "Pie Iesu" per telephonium et invitata est ut cantaret in Televisione Hibernica.

Statim Charlotta erat famosa non solum per Hiberniam

sed etiam per Britanniam. Mense Augusto A.D. MCMXCVII Charlotta pactionem cum Sonio Classico fecit. Aestate A.D. MCMXCVIII, Charlotta album musicum "Angeli Vox" fecit.

Quamquam vox sua est "donum caeleste," etiam nunc Charlotta adolescens est. De vita sua ridere potest: "Omnia statim insaniverunt," inquit, "et odi stolas formales quae mihi apud spectacula symphonica gerendae sunt!" Contra suum

Charlotta Ecclesia

canta voce
Angelica

"donum caeleste," Charlotta mavult vivere sicut aliae adolescentes vivunt.

"Amo mercari. Mihi maxime placeat cinere bracas caeruleas et calceos—praecepit calceos. Habeo quattuordecim paria calceorum. Quoque mihi maxime placeat ludi in instrumentis computatoris."

Difficile est, autem, Charlottam vitam solitam vivere. Milia spectantium per orbem terrarum eam videre et audire cupiunt. Charlotta ergo Mense Novembre, A.D. MCMXCIX, in "Davidi Litterarum Spectacula" visa est, et in Supplicationis Pompei Novi Eboraci erat. Mense Decembre Charlotta erat in spectaculo televisifico "Itaque Hoc Est Festum Nativitatis Christi," in spectaculo televisifico "Salve, America!" et in "Spectaculo Huius Noctis Cum J. Lenone." Mense Ianuario, A.D. MM, Charlotta visa est in spectaculo televisifico "Divae in Glacie cum Catarina Witt." Mense Augusto, A.D. MM, Tempus-Monitor vendet librum audiendum cui titulus erit Angeli Vox—Fabula Mra.

Charlotta autem etiam est solum adolescens. Habet cantatrices et cantatores dilectos. Habet ambitiones suas. Qui cantatores et cantatrices Charlottae placeant? Illi Coeres, Flatus Tata, Gloria Estafana. Quid est Charlottae ambitio maxima? "Desidero cantare meam fabulam musicam dilectam, Dominam Papilionem, in La Scala Mediolani—et ovationem accipere a spectantibus in pedibus!"

Nemo—nec mater eius (Maria) nec matertera eius (Carolina quae in tabernis cantat)—Charlottam cogit ut hanc vitam publicam agat. Charlotta Ecclesia solum facit quod vult: cantare voce angelica!

Of all Roman institutions and customs the oldest might well be the open-air market, which has roots as far back as the age of Romulus himself. Indeed, before it became the term for the seat of government, the Latin word *forum* meant simply "market-place." Early historians mention numerous *fora* existing along the Tiber's banks even before Rome evolved into a republic in the sixth century before Christ.

There was, for example, the *Forum Boarium*, a wholesale meat market for butchers who would then take

The Open Air Market A ROMAN DELIGHT



Modern vegetable market in the Campo Dei Fiori

A ROMAN DELIGHT

By Frank Ross
Senior Art Historian
South Orange, New Jersey

oysters and mullet were but a few of the species in constant demand here by fishmongers and by owners of the shabby inns and food shops throughout the city. Just a stone's throw from here stood the *Forum Cappidinarium*, for those interested in fruit, honey, spices, and various culinary delicacies and oddities.

Market gardening (fruit, vegetables, and flowers) was a profitable enterprise. The gardeners of antiquity—as their counterparts in modern Rome still do today—would put up their crude little stands on every busy corner, offering rock-bottom prices. Sellers of clothing staked out their business places in the porticoes of public buildings. Wandering street vendors—then as now—hawked everything imaginable.

Today's Romans, much like their forebears, remain a highly communal race of people with a fondness for living as much of their lives as possible outdoors, sipping cappuccino and aperitifs at sidewalk cafes even in the raw months of winter. And though the modern supermarket arrived soon after World War II, much of their shopping for food, clothing, and other goods is still carried on at traditional open-air markets all over town.

The best known is the *Campo Dei Fiori*, in the piazza by the same name. The site is so-called because of the flowered meadows that sprawled here as late as the fifteenth century. Somewhere around 1450, the square was paved, with cobblestones, for use as a marketplace. There quickly developed around it a cluster of inns, hostels, bookshops, and houses of courtesans. Despite its lovely name, the *campo* was a frequent witness to ugly scenes since this was also the site for executions of heretics and criminals. One of those executed here for heresy (in 1600)—a Dominican friar named Giordano Bruno—has since 1841 been honored with a monumental bronze statue that serves as the market's centerpiece and landmark.

Every day *Campo Dei Fiori* hosts a seething mass of eager shoppers. The vendors, from under their immense white canopies, wooden-ribbed umbrellas, lyrically sing the praises of their wares while prospective buyers just as lyrically disparage them in the hope of reduced prices. Colorful displays of fruits and vegetables are everywhere. Egg-

(Continued in Pagina Sexta)

TERMINALIA

By Brianne "Stella" Ballinger, Latin I student of
Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Terminalia, an Ancient Roman festival,
Is a happy and wonderful day,
Where there is celebration
To see where the boundaries lay.
This day was named after the god *Terminus*,
A god of limits and bounds.
People show where their property stands,
And the singing of an annual song sounds.
Corn is thrown into the fire,
Honeycomb is thrown,
Blood is wiped from the altar,
All in respect for each other's homes.
Terminalia, *Terminalia*,
It is a wonderful day,
Where there is celebration,
To see where the boundaries lay.



Student Flamen making a sacrificial offering

Latin classes that would like to commemorate the ancient Roman festival of *Terminalia* should order the booklet *Ferias Agamus* from Pompeiana, Inc.

Commemorate
TERMINALIA

your
school

this
year!

The booklet contains complete instructions for planning and conducting authentic re-creations of twenty-eight different Roman festivals, in addition to *Terminalia*, beginning with *Ludi Romani* on September 5 and ending with *Quinquatrus Minusculae* on June 23.

To order send a check for \$10.00 (which includes S&H) to: Pompeiana, Inc., 6026 Indianapolis Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana 46220-2014.

their purchases back to their respective neighborhoods and accommodate faithful customers with cuts of cow, pig, goat, lamb, rabbit, and wild fowl. (Every precinct of the city had its own street market.)

Nearby was the *Forum Holitorium*, where today stand the marble remains of the Theater of Marcellus and the Temple of Apollo. This was the central outlet for produce retailers and green grocers. After stocking up on all their needs here before the crack of dawn each day, these peddlers would do a brisk business back at their local markets. While they shaded themselves under make-shift awnings, their figs and olives and melons would slowly ripen under the limpid blue sky, and, along with the beans, peas, carrots, asparagus, lettuce, leeks, mushrooms, and cabbages, would draw the keen interest of passing housewives.

A huge fish emporium, the *Forum Piscarium*, with its unmistakable pungent smells, was open for business every day at the foot of the back of the Capitoline Hill. Sardines,

Alexander

by michael keathley

Doud, our Kalasha guide, walked me up to their place of prayer after warning me that the steep ascent was "too dangerous." This was located further up the steep mountainside and set off like a small, square terrace. Around the edges were flat portraits in wood of ancestors facing the altar as if in eternal prayer. Standing in this position the altar looks like a four-horse chariot approaching. I asked the guide if this design had any connection with Alexander's worship and he said no. Their god is called Hodij. He is omnipotent and omnipresent, but definitely not Alexander. The style of the altar may have been taken from Alexander's chariot, however. There is a large boulder behind the altar on which goats are sacrificed, usually three, and branches are burnt to please their god. Each time an animal is born or at times of harvest, a sacrifice is made to Hodij. Women are not allowed in the place of prayer. It is the men who represent the Kalash before their god.

Interestingly, the name of the god Hodij sounds very similar to the modern Macedonian word used when one has "departed" this life. As I stood looking at the altar, Doud placed a stone in my hand because it would "protect me". He then told me he would go back down the mountain and wait for me to pray. After he left, I was alone with the great god of the Kalash people and could not help but say a prayer for them. Afterwards, I slipped the stone into my pocket for safety. As I walked down the mountain, however, I slid about ten feet on the rocks; had Hodij abandoned me already?

According to our guide, the word "Kalash" refers to their religion, not their ethnic group. He said quite clearly that the Kalash are Macedonians, descendants of Alexander's soldiers who stayed behind in Chitral and married local Persian women. Some of their customs, however, they have adopted from places where they have lived. On our way back down the mountain, our guide showed us their graveyard and the one remaining effigy of a father; the Pakistani government had taken the rest away to the museum in Peshawar. Usually these flat portraits were carved two years after a man's death and his memory was celebrated with much dancing. This one stood alone and silent; his expression revealed his burden as the last of the ancestral guardians.

The next stop, the temple in Bumburet, was a shock. It was similar to the one in Rambur in every way except that here we found *zdravtsi* carved into the wood. *Zdravtsi* is the Macedonian name for a variety of wild geranium that grows everywhere in Macedonia. Its name means strength, and it

has been a symbol of Macedonia for millennia. The *zdravtsi* were carved everywhere in this temple, sometimes alone, sometimes in groups of two or three. I could not believe my eyes, and I asked our guide if he knew what they were. He said they were "very old symbols from five hundred generations ago" (that is how they date Alexander's visit); they were a sacred symbol to the Kalash so old, no one knew their meaning.

After dinner our guide had invited us to a dance in Birir. This, too, would turn out to be a great success!

When the guide arrived at our hotel around 8 PM, we were ready and loaded down with our cameras and recorders. After about a thirty-minute drive down a pitch-black narrow village street, we hiked a few minutes through the darkness. Before I could see anything, I could hear the sound of voices, women chanting, and finally, drums. At last, we walked into an open area on a hillside between some buildings. It was still impossible to see.

Steve began flashing pictures, and it was like watching the scene through a strobe light. Two drummers stood in the center pounding a rhythm that to me sounded like a large number of horses on a charge. The women began dancing an *oro* [a traditional Macedonian dance done in a circle with everyone holding hands]! Suddenly the women yelled something that reminded me of soldier's battlecry and charged forward in a line. I wondered if the dance had something to do with the Macedonian soldiers of Alexander who had once danced and battled before the local women. No men danced because they were uncomfortable in front of the tourists. Doud explained that the Pakistani government is encouraging them to give up their traditions and become a part of Pakistan culturally as well as politically.

After the dance, we returned to our hotel. Steve went inside to go to bed. Doud and I sat up most of the night talking near an aqueduct that ran through the Kalash valley. Sadly, the next morning, we had to say goodbye to our guide. I promised to send him pictures of Macedonian art and of Macedonia. I had also been carrying an old copy of Arrian's *Campaigns of Alexander* so I gave it to Doud with one thousand rupees hidden inside. I wish the weather had allowed us to stay longer as I know we could have learned more from the Kalash as well as teaching them a bit more about their connections to Macedonia.

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

The Father of Them All

By Yanne Givens, Latin II student of Judith Granese, Valley High School, Las Vegas, Nevada

The king of the gods is Jupiter
Who is also known as Zeus.
His wife is Juno, also called Hera,
Who prefers a peacock over a goose.

The god of love is Cupid;
Bacchus is the god of wine.
Apollo is light and music
Which both are quite divine.

Neptune, or Poseidon,
Is the god of the sea.
The god of fire is Vulcan,
And the messenger god, Mercury.

The goddess of wisdom is Minerva
And Mars is the god of war.
Ceres is the goddess of the harvest
Who helped Rome gain riches galore.

Within the underworld
A god named Pluto one can find.
This is where the lost souls go
After leaving this world behind.

The gods had different names as well as rules,
And sometimes they would fall.
But Saturn was always there to help them out;
His other name was Cronus, the father of them all.

Your Brother's a Real Dog!

The ancients loved to tease each other with tricks of logic. In his dialogue called *Euthydemus*, Plato recorded the following false argument:

"Tell me, do you have a male dog?"
"Sure, a miserable cur."
"And does he have pups?"
"Sure, they're just like him."
"So, if your dog is a father, that makes him your father and that makes his pups your brothers!"

Modern Day Vestals

Based on an essay by Chip Plunket,
Latin I student of Claudia Colvin,
St. Anselm's Abbey School, Washington, D.C.

After reading about the honored group of ladies called the Vestal Virgins, and about how privileged and respected they were in ancient Roman society, I decided to draw a few modern parallels.

Although there is no exact equivalent to the Vestal Virgins today, we do have religious orders of nuns who seem similar to the Vestals in some ways. Modern nuns take a vow of chastity, they practice communal living, and they share religious duties and practices. Nuns also commit to long-term service. Nuns are also widely respected and receive special privileges from society.

Other women who are respected and given special privileges by modern society are professional cheerleaders. They are very popular, enjoy special seating at sports events, and are provided with special transportation. Another select group of women in modern society is beauty queens. Like Roman girls who became Vestal Virgins, future beauty queens must also commit to the life-style at an early age. Like the Vestals, beauty queens also perform many special public functions. They are treated with respect, given priority seating and provided with limos.

Cheerleaders and beauty queens do not, however, need to take vows of chastity, and none of these modern women fear the punishments that kept the Vestals in line. As I researched this article, I read what Plutarch had recorded about a Vestal named Urbina who was accused of performing the sacred rites of Vesta after she had broken her vow of chastity. After Urbina was proclaimed guilty, she was whipped with the rods of the *fusces* carried by lictors. Then she was taken in a litter through the streets of Rome, which were ordered to be silent because of her crime, to a subterranean tomb outside the Colline Gate. She was sealed into the tomb with enough food and water to let her suffer for thirty days before she died.

Love has
neither
rhyme nor reason

By Jessica Beckman, Latin III student of Suzanne Romano, Academy of Allied Health & Science, Neptune, N. J.

With a fight and a quarrel
Between two mighty gods,
The fate of Apollo and Daphne was decided
By the choice of Cupid's arrows.
A gold one for Apollo,
Filling him with love;
A lead one for Daphne,
Filling her with fear.
Thus she ran from Apollo's embrace,
Into a forest of Jove,
To the arms of her father.
She cried out her desires:
To banish her suitors,
To protect her maidenhood,
To preserve her sweet freedom.
She wanted to follow
The perpetual maiden Diana.
Apollo, of course, did not want this to be.
He wanted her hand
And would not rest without her love.
He chased her to the top of a steep cliff.
But, sadly for him, Daphne's prayers were answered.
Apollo's only memento of a love that got away
Was a wreath of laurel fashioned from her leaves.

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."

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

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Star-Crossed Lovers

By Annette Fahy, Jessica Beckman, Aracelly Jugrez,
Patrice Hayslett, and Laura Robinson,
Latin IV students of Suzanne Romano, Academy of Allied
Health & Science, Neptune, New Jersey

Dido's Lament

When, at first, our love was lost,
I tried to keep you, at any cost.

With the love from me that you receive,
How can you continue to deceive?

My heart dies, as you conspire—
To my grave I will retire.

Why do you now decide to flee?
Was it something I did? Was it me?

I put my reputation on the line—
I did this for you. Won't you be mine?

I do realize you have a destiny—
I don't understand why it doesn't include me.

I thought a little Aeneas we could share—
That would've been the answer to my prayer.

Though with these words we shall part,
You'll always have a place in my heart.

Aeneas' Rebuttal

I never promised you anything.
I must go to Hesperia, to become the new king.

I realize I'm being cold,
But my destiny has been foretold.

I can't hear a word you say—
Hermes sends me on my way.

I'm not sorry for what I've done—
I'm leaving you now. We've had our fun.

I know you thought this would end in love,
But for me, it was never even thought of.

I wish we didn't have to end like this,
But together we could never have bliss.

My people feel out of place—
I didn't know how to tell you to your face.

So this is how we must part.
I do apologize for breaking your heart.

Gossip Column from The NILE DAILY NEWS

By Caitlin Lock, Latin student of Adrienne Nilsen,
St. John Vianney H. S., Holmdel, New Jersey

Many on this side of the Nile have wondered for years about the strange and slightly twisted relationship between the goddess, Isis, and her brother/husband, Osiris. Yes, her brother and husband!

During my interview with Isis, the goddess of fertility and motherhood sat across from me, wearing her trademark cow horns and smiling brightly. At first, I was very intimidated at the prospect of interviewing a goddess, but, as it turned out, Isis was, in fact, a lot like the goddess of love and gaiety, Hathor.

My first question was obviously about the brother/husband thing. I was intrigued by her simple reply that she represented all female-reproductive things in nature, and that her brother represented all things male; thus their relationship was meant to be.

Despite her polite smile, however, Isis was, of course, still in mourning over the untimely death of Osiris. Killed mercilessly by his brother, Set, his body was mutilated and his limbs were scattered along the river Nile. Isis said she was not happy with her brother, Set, and since she was the widow of Osiris, she felt it was her duty to gather up the limbs of Osiris and prepare them for final burial.

When I asked her why she had put herself through that final torment, again her answer was simple. She said that it was the only way she could have experienced closure.

No wonder she is a goddess.

Venus and Aeneas

By Lauren Cifoni, Latin IV student of
Sister Rita Small, Merion Mercy Academy,
Merion Station, Pennsylvania

Venus,
Pulchritudinis dea,
Facit
Filium suum.
Facit
Sicut perplexus sculptor.
Elegantibus manibus
Facit
Virum omnibus admirandum,
Aenean.

MATER

By Laura McCann, Latin III student of Margaret
Curran, Orchard Park H. S., Orchard Park, N.Y.

Mater,
Elegantissima, pulchra,
Amat, curat, ducit.
Mater est mirabilis.
Mater

Terminalia

By Melissa (Camilla) Rader, Latin I student of Judy
Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Terminalia is celebrated
by two owners with
a boundary stone,
an altar, and a fire.
As the owners' sons
say "unus, duo, tres,"
they throw corn seeds
into the fire.
On the altar
their daughters
place honeycombs.
Friends and family
place goblets of wine,
one by one,
on the decorated altar.
Then they sing
a song or two
to end the festival
of Terminalia.

Catullus' "Return to Sirmio"

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

Sirmio, gem of the sea, floating wherever you wish,
I am so happy to visit you that I can barely believe that
this time has come. I have finally left Thynia and Bithynia
to see you now! It is so great to set my cares free and
throw off my burdens. I am tired from all of my work,
but I can come and rest here, in this place I have wished
for. This is a great reward after working so hard for so
long. Beautiful Sirmio, dance and rejoice with me! Cel-
ebrate with the dancing waves, Sirmio, and smile—be-
cause I am home at last!

Triple Trickery

A history re-write by Kimberly Schatz,
Honors Latin II student of Dr. Marianthe Colakis,
Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

In 40 B.C., four years after Julius
Caesar's death, Octavia, the half-sister
of Octavian, married Marc Antony.
Octavia and Antony had two daughters.
The couple lived in Athens while
Antony was serving in Parthia, and
Octavia helped raise the children.
Antony had had with his first wife
Fulvia.

Two years earlier Antony had al-
lied himself with Cleopatra to get
Egyptian aid for his Parthian campaign.
On his way to lead the campaign, he
met Cleopatra in Syria where she pre-
sented him with the twins she had borne
him.

This complicated set of circum-
stances provided a setting for the triple
trickery that ended with two deaths.

The first deceit resulted from

Antony's will, which left Antony and
Octavia's children without an inheri-
tance. Octavian was furious to discover
this and vowed revenge. So, using a
servant of Cleopatra, Octavian sent a
note to Antony reporting, falsely, that
Cleopatra had killed herself. The plot
worked because Antony stabbed him-
self with his own sword. A maid of
Cleopatra, however, who was the lover
of Octavian's messenger who had de-
livered the message to Antony, told
Cleopatra what had happened. Antony,
seriously wounded and dying, was
brought to Cleopatra in her tower where
he died in her arms.

The second scheme began when
Cleopatra realized who had sent the
note to Antony, and she swore to get
even. She planned first to win

CARPE DIEM!

By Decius Huri, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert,
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

What you do not know will not harm you, so do not ask.
O, dear gods, what fate have you prepared for me?
My dear mother once told me "Whatever will be will be"
And that "the future is not for us to see."
No matter if the harsh winds of autumn start to blow,
Or if life seems to crumble like a withering leaf
From a once-prolific tree,
Be wise, for soon you will be restored to glory.
When the golden chariot of the sun returns,
Seize the day, and never worry what the future may hold.
For if you do, you will regret it in the end.

Carmen Catulli V

By Emily Wilson, Latin III student of Mary Carroll,
Northeastern High School, Elizabeth City, New Jersey

Let's live and love
and let's not care about, or value,
what people say!
The sun owns a continuous cycle;
when our short life is over,
it is over forever.
Give me multiple kisses;
then many more;
then do it all again.
When we have lost track of the total,
we'll hold them in our memory
so that only we have access to them,
and others won't get jealous,
when they realize how rare is our true love.

Luna

By Kristine Maloney, Latin III student of
Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H. S.,
Orchard Park, New York

Luna,
Clara, magna,
Lucet, surgit, observat.
Spectatur noctu
Luna.

Hey, Who Needs Alternate Power Sources?

Yes, ancient Roman and Greek engineers knew about
steam power. They thought it was cute, and they built little
steam-powered toys for fun. And, yes, they knew about elec-
tricity—again, it was a novelty. They certainly knew about
hydraulic power, but they used it only in fun ways, like to
power the giant pipe organs that provided music during arena
games. After all, with abundant slave labor available, who
needs alternate power sources?

To learn more about ancient engineering, visit:
<http://www.unc.edu/courses/rometech/>
http://www.asap.unimelb.edu.au/asap_resources.htm

Octavian's confidence and then kill
him, but the only thing Octavian
wanted to do was to parade her as his
captive in Rome. Cleopatra lied and
said she would agree to his conditions,
but when she was alone in her room,
she began to make herself so beautiful
that Octavian would not be aware of
her plans to execute him.

The third plot arose when Octavian
heard from his servant through
Cleopatra's handmaid that Cleopatra was
planning to kill him after she had won
his confidence. At this point, Octavian
determined to have Cleopatra executed.
Octavian promised Cleopatra's hand-
maid marriage to his messenger if she
would put a poisonous asp in a basket
on Cleopatra's makeup table.

History has recorded the result of
the third plot, which was the death of
Cleopatra. Although many historians
think Antony and Cleopatra each freely
chose suicide, readers now know of the
triple trickery that led to their deaths.

BIMILLENNIUM

By Latin Honors students of Dr. Raffaele Di Zenzo,
Naperville North High School, Naperville, Illinois

MM.
Fiat lux,
Alme sol,
Tempus fugit.
Annus mirabilis,
Pax, fides, spes, amor
Novus ordo saeculorum nascuntur
Nulla bella, horrida bella.
Cedant arma togae,
Lux mundi,
Vita.

Vesta

By Jenny Wu, Latin I student of Judith Granese,
Valley High School, Las Vegas, Nevada

Vesta est dea foci,
Virgo in cuius templo
Sacer ignis ardet.
Vestae templum in Foro Romano est.
Festum eius Vestalia vocatum est.
Et a.d. V Id. Iun. celebratum est.

Late Winter Musings

By Erica Hubbert, Latin I student of
Sister Mary Dolores, Seton H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Hiems
Alba, frigida
Glacians, nixgens, quiescens
Faciens glaeubulas nivis cum amicis.
Natans, desiliens, colorari.
Calida, aprica
Aestas.

Terminalia

By Erin Steiner, Latin I student of Judy Hanna,
Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

A holiday
A stone
A touch of blood
A dash of corn
A glass of wine
A god of boundaries
An agreement
A fire
A temple
A toss of honeycomb
Two families
Two stones
Two dedications this day to one god:
Terminus

Mons Vesuvius

By Zach Allen, Latin II student of Mike Gagel,
Troy High School, Troy, Ohio

It was a clear day in Pompeii,
The ships were loading on the bay.
In the temples the people did pray.
Suddenly, ash sprayed from the volcano's mouth
While a slight wind blew to the south.
Since few understood what this was about,
People panicked and screamed in their bath.
Not expecting Vesuvius' wrath,
They weren't prepared for the aftermath.
Through the city the people did flow,
The gray ash covering the sun's warming glow.
To some it seemed like a hot early snow.
The fast ones ran while slow ones lay dying
And stubborn ones were not even trying.
They hid in their homes to avoid the ash flying.
Soon it was over and the town lay all hidden—
The gems and jewels are some things forbidden—
Til many years later we learned what had been.

Happy Valentine's Day!

By Marjorie Dornette, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Amor
Pulcher, perpetuus
Committit, sustinet, expectat.
Amor non est parvus, sed occupat omnes.
Amor

Pompeiana on Cutting Edge
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Recalling Loving Couples on
Valentine's Day

By Latin students of Marianthe Colakis,
Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

Pygmalion,
Doctus, effectrix,
Putat, creat, gratias agit.
"Statua eius vivat!"
Galatea

Oedipus
Filius, viator,
Oppugnat, occidit patrem, amat
Matrem, reginam,
Jocastam.

Perseus,
Ingens, fatis,
Amat, pugnat, negat.
Laeta, pulcherrima
Andromeda.

Ariadnam,
Pulchram, callidam,
Amat, nubis, relinquit
Fortus, validus
Theseus.

Mars
Audax, periculosus,
Occidit, vincit, defendit
pulchram, divam
Venerem.

Daphne
Pulchra, celeris,
Currit, orat, fugit
Potentem, impotentem
Apollinem.

Thisbe,
Amans, sera,
Latet, lacrimat, moritur
Cum amante
Pyramo.

Pan
Amatorius, naturalis
Musicam facit, calamus capiti, tibiam parat
Quae fuerat pulchra
Syrinx

Agamemnon
Infelix, abominatus
Pugnat, navigat, necatus est
ab infida, ultrice
Clytemnestra

Narcissus
Superbus, se amans,
Contemnit, cupit, mutatur
In pulchrum, gloriosum
Narcissum

The early Romans had a basic meal system that consisted of three meals a day: breakfast (*ientaculum*), a small lunch-like meal (*prandium*), and dinner (*cena*). The complexity of each meal depended on the class of the Roman. Obviously the plebeians, or lower class, enjoyed less complex and diverse meals than did the patricians, the upper class.

All Romans began their busy days with some form of *ientaculum*. The plebeians usually had a breakfast of bread (which was sometimes dipped in wine) and water, with the occasional olives, cheese, or raisins sprinkled onto the bread. School children often stopped at bakeries for special morning treats called *adipata*, which were flattened chunks of bread dough deep-fried in animal fat and then coated with honey. Working Romans ate their breakfasts of bread while on their way to work. The patricians, however, usually enjoyed breakfasts of bread plus fruits, vegetables, meat, fish, and honey. Breakfast was prepared for them by slaves, who cut the food up for them, because the Romans did not use table forks or knives.

Prandium, in terms of complexity, was

Roman Repast Review

By Lindsay Murphy, Latin II student of Dr. Elliott T. Egan, Ben Franklin High School,
New Orleans, Louisiana

the only meal that was about the same no matter what socio-economic class to which the Romans belonged. Lunch consisted of leftover meat from the previous night's dinner, with bread, olives, cheese, salad, fruit and nuts, and was usually eaten *hora quinta*, i.e. about 11 a.m.

The complexity of *cena* changed considerably throughout Rome's history. During the republic, both classes ate simple dinners, at sunset (*hora duodecima*), which consisted of mostly vegetables. Mothers and/or female slaves prepared the meals. During the final two centuries of the republic, separate dining rooms (*triclinia*) began to appear in new houses, and the Romans ate on special dining couches (also called *triclinia*) instead of the stools that were previously used.

The food distribution system also changed drastically during the imperial age.

The Romans eventually set up a kind of a welfare program, called the *Annona*, and a school-lunch-system, called the *Alimenta*, to assist the plebeians. *Tesserae*, or little tokens much like present-day food stamps, were issued and allowed the plebeians to receive the bread, vegetables (which they made into porridge), meat, fish, olives, wine and other items that made up the plebeian menu.

Patricians, of course, could afford to buy the best culinary delicacies Rome's *fora* had to offer. Their dinners were much more elaborate. Sometimes the patrician men threw lavish parties which included a variety of entertainment. Because of lighting restrictions, these parties usually began at *hora nona*, around three o'clock.

During formal parties, patrician women and children had to eat seated in wicker chairs in separate rooms. During formal

meals at which guests were present, it was considered socially unacceptable for women to recline with men on the *triclinia*. During the later empire, women were eventually allowed to attend these parties together with men, and they were even allowed to have women-only parties of their own.

At formal dinner parties, an abundance of food was served in three courses. Hors d'oeuvres, which were called *gustatio*, included boiled eggs, olives and salad. The main course (*prae mensae*) included meat (such as wild boar or chicken), and fish. Dessert (*secundae mensae*), consisted of apples and other fruit, pastries, snails, oysters, and good wine, watered down at first by the *Rex Bibendi*, but served straight later in the evening so all could compliment their host by allowing themselves to become a little tipsy in his presence. Since Romans believed the adage "*In Vino Veritas*," a guest who refused to become a little tipsy was thought to be concealing negative feelings toward his host that he was afraid might be revealed if he drank too much straight wine.

Queen of the East

By Rebecca Reyes,
Latin student of Adrienne Nilsen,
St. John Vianney High School, Holmdel, N.J.

"Daughter of an emperor" was her name,
she lived in Rome
and had so much fame.
Every night was a feast,
and that's how she met
Constantine from the East.
Then, one day, there was planned
a marriage at Trier—
word spread through the land.
But in A.D. 310, it all turned bad.
Her father fought Constantine,
and he killed her dad.
Not only her father, Maximian,
but also her brother Maxentius,
was killed in the Battle of Milvian.
She had five children in later years—
beautiful, they were,
and they removed all her fears.
She had two girls and three boys
and had them brought up
with nobility and poise.

After the boys were born,
they were both made Caesars
and respectively sworn.
Because of her daughters, Constantine and Helena,
and because she was the emperor's wife,
Fausta's rank was *nobilissima femina*.
Constantine promoted Fausta
after his victory over Licinius,
and she became "Augusta."
Her life ended in an unfortunate way,
for she was executed
by Constantine one May.
In A.D. 326, she went on death's path—
the means of execution
was suffocation by bath.
Plotting treason was the cause,
but against whom and why,
has forced many to pause.
So you lie, Aunt Fausta, lovely in peace.
I'll remember your kindness.
Love always,

Your niece,

STORY TIME FOR DIDO

By Howard Segal, Latin IV student of Mary Jane Koons,
Upper Dublin H. S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

And all fell silent as he began to speak
Of the atrocities he faced and the weather so bleak.

"Behold! The Greeks left behind a mountainous horse
Before sailing to Tenedos—clever, of course.
Thymoetes was the first to urge with his calls
That the mysterious gift be brought within the walls.
But Capys disagreed, with his sounder judgment.
Only if it were cast into the sea, would he be content.
Laocoön broke forth—frenzied with terror:
'To take the horse within the citadel would be to err.'
Sinon, by the Greeks left behind,
Persuaded the Trojans it was a gift divine.
To further convince the Dardans of Sinon's truth,
Two slithering sea serpents were soon let loose.
After Laocoön and his two sons were seen to fall,
The gates were broken and the horse entered the wall.
As we gave rest to our tired limbs that night,
Hector appeared in my dream warning me to 'take flight.'
When I awoke I saw Ilium in flames—and much more!
Would that the Argives had not arrived on our shore!
I seized my weapons, having seen Priam's slaughter,
But my mother compelled not to die as a martyr.
I rushed to find my home through the night,
I carried my father, and my son I held tight.
Creusa had fallen behind, and I, insane,
Tried to embrace her shade three times in vain.
She bid me to go and fulfill my destiny,
She spoke of our son and Hesperia, where we would be.
With my back turned to flames, I strengthened my will
And joined all the others on a safe, nearby hill."

Aeneas continued his story and left out no part,
While Dido, poor thing, was losing her heart.

Two Roman Children Came to My Town

By Elizabeth Mauro, fifth grade Latin student of
Sara Solberg, Rutgers Preparatory School,
Somerset, New Jersey

If Lucius and Cornelia came to my town, I would show
them my house and my room. If they asked me where the
woven straw mat was, I would tell them that instead of a
mat, I had a bed. I would tell them that a thing called a
mattress made the bed soft and cozy. Lucius and Cornelia
would probably want to sit on it.

I would have my parents drive us to a football stadium.
Lucius and Cornelia would want to know how the car moves
so I'd tell them that the car has an engine and gets its power
from gasoline. Once we got to the football stadium, I'd take
them inside and let them walk down the aisles and ask them
if the stadium looked just like their Colosseum.

Next we would visit a church, and I would take them
inside and explain to them that a church is like a temple.
They would tell me all about their gods, and I would ex-
plain that I worship one God. We would probably talk a
long time about this.

When we got back to my house, I would say "Valete"
and hope that I would see them again.

HAIKU FOR A WARM WINTER

By Quintus Frazer, Latin II student of Nancy Tigert,
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Nubes in caelo
Nunc sol per nubes rumpit
Sol in gramine

The Yin and Yang of Love

By Mary Bardonaro, Latin I student of
Sister Mary Dolores, Seton H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Puella,
Speciosa, callida,
Languens, talis, ridens,
Semper querens occasiones,
Currens, saliens, ludens,
Durus, lentus
Puer

Obituary

One Eyed Poly, Shepherd

By Shawn Wnek, Latin II student of Nancy Mazur,
Marion L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

SICILY – One-eyed Poly, 76, of Sicily, died Friday at his
cave in the valley. While eating three humans (persons un-
known), he was unable to breathe after lodging the skull of
a human in his esophagus.

Poly had been a shepherd for 55 years before he
retired and served on the board of the Cyclops Sports and
Recreation Club.

Graveside services will be held Tuesday at mid-
day at the Poseidon Memorial Cemetery.

Terminalia Festival

By Christina Dodson, Latin I student of Judy Hanna,
Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

The sound of laughter,
The smell of grape juice.
The touch of a hard floor,
The feeling of Terminus.
The taste of honeycombs,
The sight of burning wood.
The bowl of corn,
The feelings of friendship are good.

La Donna è Mobile Qual Più il Vento

By Matthew Koren, Latin I student of Jodie Gill,
Hawken Upper School, Gates Mills, Ohio

Ventus
Semper mutans, vector munti,
Saltans eloquentia,
Forma caeruleo in aethere
Nunquam abiens, semper audens
Plaudere caecis alis,
Et avolare
Nusquam ad perditum solitarium
In somnio quod scire nemo potest.
Canta, avola
Et nunquam revertere!

Creation of Polyphemus

Creative mythology by Shawn Wnek, Latin II student of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H. S., Amherst, Ohio

On the beautiful *insula* of
Sicilia, there lived an evil
oculorum medicus named
Unibrow and his faithful *servus*,
Phegore.

Unibrow was obsessed with per-
forming experiments. As he became
more and more adventurous, he finally
decided to try something no one had
ever accomplished—create a one-eyed
human.

So, Unibrow and his *servus* went
to the Poseidon Memorial Cemetery
to dig up some raw material for their
experiment. As they were lurking
through the cemetery, they came upon
the grave of a one-eyed Lystrogonian
pastor named Polyurethane. After
digging up the *sarcophagum*,
Unibrow and Phegore first lifted the
lid of the *sarcophagum* only enough
to catch a quick glimpse of the *caput*
of the Lystrogonian. They weren't
disappointed so they opened the lid
completely and surgically removed
the slightly-decayed *caput*, put it in
a bag and carried it back to their *offi-
cina*.

Unibrow began the preparations
for the experiment. After a while, he
paused, grabbed *duo pocula* and
poured *vinum* into both. Unibrow of-
fered a *libationem* with Phegore in an-
ticipation of the success of the experi-
ment.

Phegore was *pauca* puzzled as
to why Unibrow was offering a
libationem since they still needed a
corpus for the experiment. Little did
Phegore suspect that Unibrow had
drugged his *vinum*.

Immediately, Unibrow went to
work. He put the *corpus* of his *servus*
on the operating table and replaced its
caput with the *caput* of the one-eyed
Lystrogonian.

When he finished the stitching, he
performed *multos modos operandi* to
bring the *corpus* back to *vita*. When the
usual *modi operandi* failed, he decided
to connect the lifeless *corpus* to a metal
rod mounted on the roof of his *officina*
and to wait for a storm so that one of
Zeus' *fulmina* could energize the *cor-
pus delicti*.

Within a few hours, a great storm
struck. Suddenly, the *corpus* began to
show *signa vitae*. Unibrow waited for
a few more *fulmina* to strike so the
muscle mass of the *corpus* could be
increased.

The final *fulmen*, however, in-
creased the *corpus* of his old *servus* so
much that it became too heavy for the
operating table. As the legs of the table
collapsed, Unibrow's *monstrum* broke
its restraints and rose to its feet.
Unibrow was too excited even to be
concerned for his own safety.

Then, however, the giant *mon-
strum* gave a loud scream and violently
began to break the lab equipment. It
cornered Unibrow and slowly closed
in for the kill.

Unibrow looked the *monstrum*
squarely in the eye and called out in a
loud voice: "Phegore, hear me! The ex-
periment was a success!"

The one-eyed *monstrum* stopped.
A puzzled look came over its *frontem*
as it tried to recall both of its former
identities: "Me... Poly... Me... Phe..."
Then, with a great effort, it combined
its old names Polyurethane and
Phegore, and screamed out,
"Me... Polyphemus!"

Polyphemus grabbed Unibrow and
began ripping off his limbs and devour-
ing them.

The cannibalistic one-eyed
monstrum then left what remained of
the *officina* and went out to find a nice
speluncam in which he could live. Since
Polyurethane had been a *pastor*, it
wasn't long before he had rounded up
a flock of *ovae*.

Over the years, however,
Polyphemus never lost his taste for hu-
man flesh, and he could hardly wait for
some unwary human visitors to drop in
on him so he could have them for din-
ner.

That, however, is another *fabula*!



Cari Matrona,

Since my friends all believe that I've done something awful, none of them will hang around with me anymore for fear of getting struck down by the gods. Since I didn't want to involve my *pater*, who prefers to keep a low profile in our community, they finally agreed that they would trust me again if I explained everything to you and then followed your advice.

On *Idibus Kalendas Februarias*, my friends and I decided to go hunting for *cuniculi*. After spending all morning in the *silvae*, we finally managed to snare one *cuniculus* in a trap we had built. We were so hungry by then that I suggested we just kill the *cuniculus*, clean it and roast it on a small fire before we hunted for any more. Of course, since it was my idea, I was put in charge of gathering the firewood. Not far from where we were was a small walled-in grove that had a few small dead trees in it so I just went in and broke off a few branches. Before long, the *cuniculus* was cleaned and on a spit. We all agreed it was the best we had ever eaten. Then my friends asked where I had gotten such great wood. When I pointed out the walled-in grove to them, one of them jumped up and acted like I was *renemum* or something. Then he said that his *pater* had told him never to go into that grove because it was sacred. He said that if I had removed wood from that grove, I was going to be punished by the gods. All the other kids believed him, and that's how it all started.

Matrona, are there really such things as "sacred groves," and if that particular grove was sacred, what do I need to do so my friends will hang around with me again without being afraid of being struck down by the gods?

Minicius Acilianus
Brixia

Cari Minici Aciliane,

Your name sounds very familiar. You are, no doubt, the son of Minicius Macrinus who lives in Brixia and who recently became the talk of Rome when he turned down an appointment to the office of praetor that the deified Vespasian had offered him.

Yes, *Minici*, there are indeed such things as sacred groves. Since the grove is surrounded by a wall, there is a very good chance that it is sacred. If you want to be sure, revisit the grove and, without entering it, walk all around it looking for a marker. If it is a sacred grove, there should be a marker in place stating this fact. The marker may even spell out the steps you will have to take to appease the god or gods you have offended by removing wood from the grove.

Usually an offering and a fine are required, the size of which varies depending on whether or not you knew you were violating a sacred grove when you removed the wood. You might have to offer a dog, a lamb or even a bull. Ask your *pater* to help you with this offering. Since you were not aware of what you were doing, you will probably only have to pay a small fine, usually one hundred aures, to the person who set up the marker. This should satisfy the god or gods of the grove and make it safe for your friends to hang around with you again.

If you decide you don't want to tell your *pater* what you did and you plan to ignore the situation, things could go very badly for you. First of all, charges could be brought against you by your "friends." Since your family is one of the *honestiores* in Brixia, you probably wouldn't be condemned to work in the mines, as a member of the *humiliores* might be, but your punishment could be severe, nonetheless. Your *pater* might be forced to send you to live with relatives outside of Italy.

Even if your friends don't report you, you might indeed be "struck down" by the gods. Many years ago in Greece, a young man named Erysichthon cut down some trees in a grove sacred to Demeter—Ceres to us—and, because he was unrepentant, he was punished with a hunger so great that he kept eating his own flesh. Even his father, King Triopas, was punished with eternal hunger for his son's crime. Surely a roasted *cuniculus* wasn't worth this much trouble for you and your family.

So, as I have said to so many young people, go immediately to your *pater* and explain the whole situation to him. He will help you do the right thing, and, before long, you'll be surrounded by your friends once more.

A ROMAN DELIGHT

(CONTINUED a *Pagina Prima*)

plants, strawberries, zucchini, yellow peppers and brilliant red tomatoes stir the taste buds. Endless varieties of seafood on big wet fig leaves over cracked ice do the same. Snails and eels wiggle and writhe before the sharp eyes of speculators. Peddlers' wives, seated on wooden bar stools, pluck off the outer leaves and pare artichokes while chatting with friends and patrons about this and that.

Carcasses of whole lambs and rabbits hang from rafter hooks. Huge straw-encased flasks of homemade

vino take up the shelves of one stall, scarves and sneakers another, bluejeans and walkmans a third. From the surrounding buildings, amused on-lookers take in the lively spectacle. One *signorina*—elbows resting on the wrought iron railing of her tiny balcony—calls to a free-lance delivery boy to bring up a kilo of string beans and a head of lettuce a.s.a.p. The earthy innocence of such entrepreneurial youngsters brings smiles to the leathery faces of the old-timers.

Another large popular open-air market operates daily in Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, a few blocks from Rome's railroad terminal. Each morning hundreds of ever-thrifty Roman housewives converge on the site in a mad quest for a *buen mercader* (a real bargain!).

Here one can observe spirited Roman negotiating at its most vigorous and truly feel the tempo of this most vivacious of cities. From corrugated metal stalls, the proprietors sell just about anything: on the northern end of the square foodstuffs of varying quality and prices; on the southern edge clothes, leather goods, and footwear. And in between? Everything but the kitchen sink. On any summer day here



Rome's first flea market

Medieval clothing market street in Rome



tors, and camel-hair coats; records, perfumes, switchblades and what-nots. The running banter and camaraderie among the stall owners would make a terrific sit-com. It is, to be sure, great theater.

LATIN CROWNS A. D. 2000

Demonstrating that Latin will have a place in the year 2000, the Roman Catholic Church has incorporated Latin into the design of its logo for the Jubilee Year A.D. 2000.

A Roman Catholic Jubilee allows any earthly punishments due for sins against God to be forgiven. According to tradition, all earthly debts are supposed to be forgiven as well.



In the Jewish tradition, a Jubilee Year of reconciliation was held every 50 years: slaves returned to their native lands, and debts were forgiven. Personal reconciliation takes place during the annual festival of Yom Kippur (Oct. 9, 2000).

Ancient Romans reconciled personal differences every year during the festival of *Caristia* (Feb. 22).

Mistake of Pandora

That sweet and lovely
Shy little maiden,
Creation of Zeus,
With her bright flowers
And silvery clothes
Topped off with a crown of gold.
The first woman,
Gift of all

A curious creature,
Not meaning harm,
Yet opening that ill-fated box,
Letting all the sorrow and plagues
Out into the world—
Kept at bay with one thing
For mankind to rely on:
Hope.

Text and watercolor artwork by
Suzanne Lindeman, Latin II student of
Mike Gagel, Troy High School, Troy, Ohio



Conversations with SOCRATES

By Ken Sippel
Student of
Philosophy
Indianaapolis
Indiana

Part VI

There was something weird about my conversation with Socrates.

Granted, the whole thing was weird to begin with. I mean, it was weird that Socrates was in Phoenix. It was weird that I was in Phoenix. It was weird that, out of all the possible companions he could have chosen for the afternoon, he picked me.

But, aside from the general, base, weirdness-denominator innate in a situation such as this, there was definitely something missing from our conversation so far: Socrates had yet to mention a supreme being.

"Sooo, tell me about the Big Guy," I said.

"The Big Guy?" asked Socrates.

"Yeah," I said. "The Top Banana. The Big Cheese."

"Frank Sinatra?" asked Socrates.

"No," I said. "A supreme being. You haven't said anything about God!"

"I haven't?"

"No, and I'm a little surprised. I mean, that's a pretty important subject, don't you think?"

"Yes," Socrates said, "pretty important indeed."

"So, whaddup?" I said. "Is there one? Does God exist? Is he cool, like that? Does he watch MTV or VH-1? Is he faster than Bruce Lee?"

"Well, let's see," Socrates said. "Yes, Yes, and Both, and Yes."

"He watches MTV and VH-1?"

"He watches everything," Socrates said, "but he's not a 'he' at all. And when he 'watches,' he's not watching like you would watch."

"Oh, right," I said, "he's probably got HDTV, flat screen, surround sound and everything!"

"I imagine he does," said Socrates. "A supreme being has everything because he is everything. That's sort of what 'supreme' means, isn't it? But is that really all you want to know about God?"

"Well, no," I said. "I guess I want to know everything. Just start talking, and I'll dig what you have to say. I'll let you know when to stop."

"I'm afraid I don't work that way. You want a lecture, while I'm more into my own, well, you know, Socratic method—question and answer. Besides, there's really not much I'm at liberty to reveal. It's a very hush-hush operation, you see. You would probably want to know things like which of your current religions are right and which ones are wrong, and what does God think of Buddha, and who Jesus really was, and what happened to Dionysus and Zeus and Hera and what the Romans used to call the Fates, and so on, right?"

"Sure," I said. "For starters."

"I told you already," said Socrates. "I can't go there."

"But if I knew for sure that God exists, and I knew what religion to follow, I wouldn't have to waste any more time trying to figure it all out for myself. I could get busy right now and tell everybody else what's up."

"Exactly," Socrates replied, "and that would perfectly defeat the point."

"How so?" I asked. "What point would be defeated?"

"We already decided that the point is 'Truth,'" Socrates said.

"Exactly," I said. "The point is to know the truth."

"Is it?" Socrates asked, "I would argue that it is more

important to seek the truth than to know the truth. In fact, I believe the truth can not be known at all. Remember Heraclitus? Even though he was a little before my time, I know that he once observed that 'One cannot step twice into the same river.'"

"I don't follow you," I said.

"Heraclitus was describing a state of 'changeless change.' Although the Tiber River retains its name, its composition changes constantly. It changes in the time it takes to speak of it. And, likewise, doesn't your body change constantly, adjusting to hot and cold, fighting illness, while still remaining, nonetheless, your body?"

"Yes," I said. "I guess so."

"And, likewise, all other things in the universe work the same way: the mountains, the stars, the wind, the oceans, time, your own mind. All things visible and invisible conform to Heraclitus' observation, to the rule of 'changeless change.' So why should the truth be any different?"

"But truth is absolute," I said. "What's true now will always be true."

"And what is an absolute truth?" Socrates asked. "Name one."

"Okay," I said. "The sky is blue!"

"The sky may seem blue from earth, but what if you were standing on the moon or on the planet Venus or on Mars? What if you were viewing it from another dimension?"

"Okay," I said. "Fine. Maybe the sky isn't always blue. How about this one? Humans are mortal!"

"Are they?" Socrates asked. "What about the afterworld? The body is mortal, in its traditional form, but the soul could survive. And the parts that make up the body surely continue to exist in other forms. It all depends on perspective. So, you see, all truth is simultaneously true and not true."

"Okay, so knowing the truth isn't as important as seeking the truth. But what's the point of seeking if you can't ever know?"

"You tell me," Socrates said. "What's the logical answer?"

"Well, I guess the logical answer would be that there isn't a logical answer. It doesn't make sense to search for something you can't ever acquire, but without the search, there is not growth. And without growth there is death. So all a kid can do, I guess, is have faith that someday answers will be revealed."

"So 'Faith' is the logical answer?" Socrates asked. "Faith in what?"

"Faith in whoever or whatever knows the answers."

"Faith in a supreme being?" Socrates asked. "In God?"

"I guess," I said.

"Okay then," Socrates replied, "so faith in God is the point. In which case I would be doing you a great disservice by giving you absolute answers and removing the need for faith. Especially since we have decided that the only thing worth doing is to search."

"Right again," I answered. "I guess that's what I'm beginning to like about you. And that reminds me, I do have to keep an eye out for my dad. I don't want to miss him when he comes searching."

"So, your dad is also seeking the truth," Socrates observed.

"I suppose so, but when it comes out, he'll mostly just be looking for me."

Did George Washington's Family Bible Tell a Lie??

According to an entry in George Washington's family bible, the Father of Our Country was born both in 1731 and in 1732, on the eleventh day of February.

This may sound confusing, but the Bible entry wasn't necessarily a lie. England (and America) did not abandon the Julian Calendar until 1751. Since many in the 1730's still believed that a new year began in March not January, all dates between January 1 and March 25 were frequently recorded using both years with a slash between them.

Thus the Washington family Bible states that George was born on February 11, 1731/2.

When England and America accepted the Gregorian Calendar in 1751, February 11 became February 22.

And this is why we say that the Father of Our Country was born on February 22, 1732. No Lie!

GEORGIUS WASHINGTONIUS PATER PATRIAE

By St. Michael Louise
Oldenburg, Indiana

Ambulans per hortum uno die, Georgius vidit palchram novellam cerasum quam pater suus mulum dilexit.

Constituit excidere eam securi.

Brevi tempore, audivit patris vocem:

"Hic adsum, pater. Hic est tuus parvulus Georgius."

Pater quiescit, "Fecistine hoc, mi fili?"

"Ita, pater," respondit Georgius. "Ego non possum mentiri."

"Bene est," pater eius inquit. "Quam beatus sum cognoscere te puerum probum esse! Benedicat te Deus, mi fili!"



Globi

Puffy little balls of cheese and flour, deep-fried in olive oil, soaked in honey, and sprinkled with poppy seeds—the best ancient "doughnuts!"

By Jake Struchan, Latin II student of Mike Gagel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

Res Communiscendae:



- 1 cup flour
- 1/4 cup dry ricotta cheese
- 1/2 teasp. dry yeast
- 1/2 cup luke-warm water
- Olive oil
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1/4 cup poppy seeds

Modus Patrandi:

Put the flour and cheese in a mixing bowl. Blend well with fingertips to the consistency of corn meal. Mix in the yeast. Add water to the flour/cheese mixture and blend well.

Let rest for three mins., then sprinkle with a little flour and knead until smooth and elastic. Return to bowl, cover with a towel, let rise one hour. Remove risen dough and roll into a one-inch diameter sausage shape. Cut the dough into one-inch long pieces, roll each into a ball, and sprinkle lightly with flour. Pour two inches of olive oil into a sauce pan and heat. Fry the globi in the hot oil until they are golden brown. Remove and drain the globi on a paper towel before rolling them in a shallow dish with warm honey. Place the honey-covered globi in a serving dish and sprinkle them with poppy seeds.



Cleopatra's Needle

By Alexandra Denney, Latin II student of Mike Gagel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

Ever hear of Cleopatra's Needle? It's in Central Park in New York City. The story of how it got there is quite fascinating.

Cleopatra's

needle is actually

a granite obelisk

from Egypt. It was

one of a pair of

obelisks carved in

1475 B.C. by

Thutmose III, a

Pharaoh known as

the "Napoleon of

Egypt." The obe-

lisks were created

to honor the Egyp-

tian god of the

sunset. Tem, to

commemorate

Thutmose's sev-

enteen successful

military campaigns in Asia.

The obelisks were later moved in front of the Caesareum in Egypt, a temple built by Cleopatra in honor of Marc Antony. In A.D. 1878, the Egyptian ruler Ismail Pasha gave one of the obelisks to England where it is displayed along the Thames River. Two years later, Pasha presented the second obelisk, now known as Cleopatra's Needle, to the United States.



Are you a TRUE ROMAN?
or a Roman Wannabe?By Olivia Rochon,
Latin II student of Dr. Elliott T. Egan,
Ben Franklin H.S., New Orleans, Louisiana

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Circle your answer to each question AS THOUGH YOU LIVED IN ANCIENT ROME. Then check the chart in Pagina Decima to see if you are I) a Roman in training, II) a true Roman, or III) a Roman wannabe.

- The furniture and accessories in your house would be (A) rocking chairs, recliners, desks and dressers, (B) beds, couches, stools and chairs, (C) sega genesis, big screen TV, computer and bunk bed.
- You would be able to name (A) 50, (B) 150, (C) 5 kinds of edible fish.
- When you were born, you were placed on the floor because (A) your mother had to do a ritual dance around you, (B) your father had to claim you by picking you up and placing you on his knees, (C) your parents didn't want you to fall.
- School began with (A) history, ethics and speech, (B) reading, writing and arithmetic, (C) study hall, geometry and psychology.
- At a wedding, the bride's veil would be (A) gold, (B) saffron, (C) neon green.
- If you were an emperor, your toga would be (A) white, (B) purple, (C) black.
- Your entertainment tastes would lean toward (A) farce rather than comedy, (B) both A and C, (C) melodrama rather than tragedy.
- If you were at *munera gladiatoria*, and you wanted the life of a wounded contestant to be spared, you would (A) give the thumbs up sign, (B) wave your handkerchief, (C) jump up with both arms thrown into the air.
- The basic form of worship is (A) human sacrifice, (B) animal sacrifice, (C) self-sacrifice.
- You refer to the god of healing as (A) Asclepius, (B) Aesculapius, (C) Salus.
- As a woman you would have been named after (A) your husband's name, (B) your father's middle name, (C) your mother's name.
- As a man, you would wear your toga (A) under, (B) over, (C) on separate days from your tunic.
- When traveling, you would average (A) 50, (B) 5, (C) 100 mph.
- To be educated and entertained in the same place, you could attend a (A) ludus, (B) *thermae*, (C) *templum*.
- For good luck, you would enter a room (A) left foot first, (B) right foot first, (C) backwards.
- Your religious beliefs would be based on (A) gods and goddesses only, (B) numina, gods and goddesses, family beliefs and official cults, (C) neither A nor B.

Add up the number of each letter you circled:

A's: _____ B's: _____ C's: _____

(Remember to check your score on the chart in Pagina Decima!)

Searching for
Mythological MeaningBy Toni Hummel, Latin III student of Diann Meade,
Notre Dame Academy, Park Hills, Kentucky

78

Circle the answer to each of the following questions on Greek and Roman mythology.

- A castaway tricked by an island king into obtaining the head of Medusa.
- Greek god of the Underworld
- Nine-headed water monster
- Tri-cephalic Underworld watchdog
- Gained donkey's ears after losing the golden touch
- His only vulnerable spot was his heel
- Greek goddess of victory
- Prometheus' distaff punishment for stealing fire
- Greek god of earthquakes
- The Greeks revered the eagle as his sacred bird
- The Greeks revered the owl as her sacred bird
- Greek and Roman sun god
- Greek name for Bacchus
- Waited twenty years for her husband Odysseus
- Bellerophon's ride
- Kidnapped Spartan queen
- Poseidon's half-man, half-dolphin son
- Greek sculptor who married his statue
- Father of Telegony
- Flower that sprang from the blood of Apollo's dying friend
- Plant into which Venus turned dying Adonis
- Greek name for Luna
- Maiden rescued then abandoned by Perseus
- Sea-mammals sacred to Neptune
- Vulcan's iron symbol
- Winged staff entwined by snakes
- Flowers sacred to Ceres
- Protective garment worn by Minerva
- Lares & Penates* symbols: wreaths and _____
- Trident: Neptune :: _____ : Dis
- Greek name for *Magna Mater*
- Wife of Vertumnus
- Apollo's epithet meaning "light bearer"

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

THE SONGS OF
Credence Clearwater
RevivalBy Michelle Allen,
Latin III student of Sue Miller,
East Kentwood H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

80

I. CARMEN MALUM IN TE INCANTAVI

II. LUNA INFAUSTA ORIENS

III. NATUS IN RIVO NEO-AURELIANENSIS
QUI IN FLUMEN MISSISSIPPIENSE
INFLUIT

IV. MARIA SUPERBA

V. CURRE PER LOCUM ULIGINOSUM
ET VIRGULTIS OBSTUM

VI. FILIUS FORTUNATUS

VII. CATERVA MUSICA ITER FACIENS

VIII. PROCUL IN INSULAE ANGULO

IX. UMQUAMNE PLUVIAM VIDISTI?

X. ID PER VITEM AUDIVI

DEATH MATCH

By Alex Friedberg, Lauren Torpey and Tristan Statler,
Latin I students of Jodie Gill,
Hawken School, Gates Mills, Ohio

77

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Mortui non mordent. | A. We who are about to die salute you. |
| 2. De mortuis nil nisi bonum. | B. Death before dishonor. |
| 3. Memento mori. | C. I shall conquer or die. |
| 4. Mors tua, vita. | D. The dead don't bite. |
| 5. Morituri te salutamus. | E. Only death shows how puny the little bodies of men are. |
| 6. Nascentes morimur. | F. Your death means life for me. |
| 7. Potius mori quam foedari. | G. Be aware of your mortality. |
| 8. Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. | H. There is no greater honor than to die for the fatherland. |
| 9. Vincam aut moriar. | I. Don't say bad things about the dead. |
| 10. Mors sola fatetur quantula sint hominum corpuscula. | J. As we are being born, we die. |

What's FACT? What's MYTH?

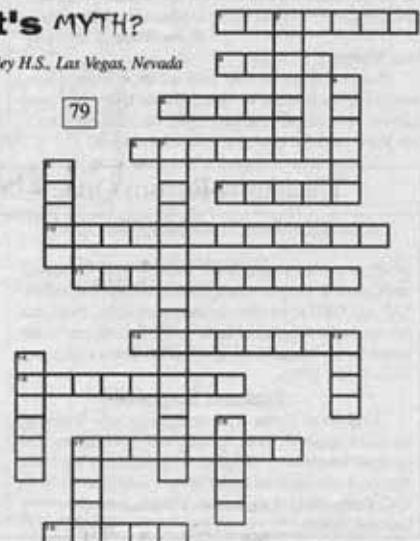
By Nasibo Kadir, Latin III student of Judith Granese, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

ACROSS

- Romae conditor
- Deorum regina
- Bacchi nomen alterum
- Didonis urbs
- Pulchritudinis dea
- Dixit, "Veni, Vidi, Vici!"
- Proserpinae nomen Graecum
- Canis cum tribus capitibus
- Primus imperator
- Saturae Latinae pater
- Proserpinae mater

DOWN

- Sapientiae dea
- Veneris Anchisaeque filius
- Imperii Romani Occidentalis finis
- Tiberi mater
- Flumen principale apud Inferos
- Paella in laurum mutata
- Apollonis soror
- Oblivionis flumen



Over the years, some fairly silly and fairly serious mistakes have been made concerning our nearest natural satellite, the moon.

As far as this author is concerned, the silliest mistake is to claim that there is a "man" in or on the moon. If there is a face up there, it certainly isn't very clearly presented. Besides, even the Greeks and Romans knew that the moon was feminine and not masculine. Whether it was called Selene, Luna or Diana (the feminine form of Dianus, the old Italic god of the sun that was replaced by the Greek Apollo, and whose name became slurred into "Janus"), the moon was always considered to be a lady.

Another big mistake was to try to predict the beginning of the next growing season by keeping count of how many times the moon has gone through its nascent, full and waning phases. As folks eventually figured out, the recurrence of the growing season is tied to the annual cycle of the sun, not the moon. This mistake caused the ancient Romans to struggle along with a very awkward lunar calendar for centuries, one that always had to be adjusted and explained. This mistake, however, is one that has become mystically, and even religiously, ingrained in human culture. Jewish religious observances are still scheduled according to a lunar calendar, and the Christian celebration of Easter is still calculated according to a lunar occurrence.

The moon does, however, have a definite effect on our planet, and maybe even our human psyches. The moon apparently exerts a gravitational pull on all liquids on our planet (bodies of water such as oceans, and, as psychics believe, the liquid in our brain cells). The force of this pull is somehow connected to how much of the surface of the moon is being illuminated by the sun. Thus, at the time of a nascent or waning moon, the pull is very slight, but during the night of a full moon the pull is quite significant. Those who believe that the moon's gravitational pull affects the liquid in brain cells claim that this explains why unbalanced psyches go bananas during full moons. As bright as Gaius Julius

Caesar was, he neglected to be aware of this fact when he casually beached his fleet on the shore of England when he first

lights off. Oops! Another silly lunar miscalculation. The much anticipated 12.22.99 arrived, but the moon appeared normal in size, although slightly brighter—power of suggestion? It turned out to be as dark outside that night as it usually is almost any other night without snow, and people had to use their headlights.

Another prediction to be filed away with the Y2K bug?

Lunar calculations MIS-

landed there. The moon was full. The tide was very high, and all of Caesar's boats washed out to

sea where they proceeded to smash onto the rocks and into each other. This was indeed a very serious lunar miscalculation!

On December 21, A.D. 1866, the moon happened to be as close to Earth as it ever gets (its perigee) on the very day that the Earth happened to be as close to the sun as it ever gets, and the moon was full! Since there also happened to be a solid snow cover on the ground in Wyoming on that same night, the close, full and very bright moon lit up the landscape as though it was an overcast day. Now, it happened that the Lakota Sioux Indians, whom the soldiers stationed in the Wyoming territory knew never attacked at night, decided they should take advantage of this false daylight and wipe out the white men—which they did. Another lunar miscalculation with serious military repercussions!

We come now to December 22, A.D. 1999. The 1866 lunar spectacle was going to happen again, and this time there was plenty of information out on the world wide web advising folks not to freak out when they witnessed this once-in-a-century lunar event: the moon would be full—and in perigee—on the first day of the Winter Solstice. The web-warning advised sky watching web-surfers not to be frightened by the gigantic appearance of the normally demure moon, and suggested that if anyone lived where the ground would be snow-covered, the night would be so bright that they would be able to drive around with their head-

Luv Ya!

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

Ego

Beata, fidelis,
Vivens, laborans, curans
Amans ullum et omnes, maxime
Te.

Are you a True Roman or a Roman Wannabe?

Evaluation Chart for self-quiz in *Pagina Nona*.

IF YOU ANSWERED

- Mostly A's:** You are a Roman in Training. With a little work, you might just succeed in ancient Rome.
- Mostly B's:** You are a Natural Roman! You surely have purple blood in your veins, and you should have no trouble living in ancient Rome.
- Mostly C's:** Sorry! You're only a Roman Wannabe. You had better plan on staying out of ancient Rome until you have successfully completed one or two more years of Latin study.

How Well Did You Read?

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- What caused Caesar to lose most of his fleet when he invaded England?
- Ubi Charlotiae Ecclesiae matertera cantat?*
- Who was the Roman god of boundaries?
- From whom do the Macedonian Kalash claim to be descended?
- What can be learned by visiting the URL: http://www.asap.unimelb.edu.au/asap_resources.htm?
- How old was One-eyed Poly when he died?
- What four Latin words are on the logo for the Roman Catholic Jubilee?
- What Latin word referred to the Roman welfare food program?
- What was Minicius Acilianus hunting when he violated a sacred grove?
- Where can the mate for Cleopatra's Needle be seen?

Dear Cassandra

By Louise Cooper, Latin I student of Kevin Gushman, Yorktown H.S., Arlington, Virginia

Dear Cassandra,

It's bad enough that my father had the indecency to swallow me as an infant—and then to regurgitate me years later. I've even had the misfortune of marrying my own brother. He tricked me into marrying him, and then he has the nerve to flirt with anything in a *stola*. I've let him know, in no uncertain terms, what I think about his infidelities, but he just makes me out to be the one at fault. How can I clear my name? I'm just trying to preserve a little pride.

Name Withheld, *Olympus*

Dear Withheld,

You must learn to keep your mouth shut! Your husband is not one who can be reasoned with. If he wants your name to be scorned, you must suffer the indignity. Don't you know he could blast you with a thunderbolt?

Archaeologically Speaking

No Matter Where You Dig, There They Were

Although Jubilee A.D. 2000 was intended to be a year of reconciliation, feathers were ruffled in Rome when Vatican City authorized the construction of a multi-level parking garage to be cut into the Janiculum Hill.

As excavations proceeded, the former European Union Environmental Commissioner, Carlo Ripa di Meana, was shocked to see that scores of fragments of ancient statues and frescoes had been hauled off to a trash dump outside Rome. While de Meana blamed the Vatican, Rome's mayor, Francesco Rutelli, claimed that the artifacts were "less than the average Roman would find digging in his own basement." The situation was investigated by Italy's Culture Ministry, and the project snarled traffic in Rome for more than a year.

Thesaurus Rerum Quae Magistris Utiles Sint et Quae Teneant Illos Qui Latinam Ament

Amplifica Tuos Studentes Adscriptos

New publicity packets are available from the American Classical League which contain enrollment figures, SAT and GRE score comparisons, pamphlets, flyers and articles on the benefits of Latin study. Packets can be obtained for \$6.50 each from TMR/ACL, Miami University, Oxford, OH 45056.

Legiones Romanae

Legions of Rome. This tremendous new video can be used to teach all about the ancient Roman legions. The presentation starts ca. 200 B.C. with the last of the Punic Wars and continues through Caesar's assassination in 44 B.C. Order #E2218 (4 videos, \$79.95) from Discovery Channel Video: 800/207-5775

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Every Latin student should have a clear understanding of the origins of our western world alphabet, and this film, from Films for the Humanities and Sciences, teaches it all. Order #CSN9299 (\$129) by calling: 800/257-5126.

Auxilia Studentibus Tuis

It is every Latin teacher's responsibility to be sure his/her school library has a wide variety of Latin specific reference books and novels on its shelves. Tell your librarian to order the new **Oxford Companion to Classical Civilization** for \$49.95 from Oxford University Press, 198 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016-4314. #APS BLOWR 0-190860165-4.

Semper Ubi Sub Ubi

This is the oldest insider Latin joke around—next to having a shy first year student read aloud "*O Fili mi boni belli*." Now you can order a black T-shirt (#76828—\$19.50) or sweatshirt (76827—\$29.50) imprinted with SEMPER UBI SUB UBI and keep the fun going. Order from Signals: 800/669-9696.

Liber Admirationis Legendus

No better book could grace the coffee table of a Latin teacher than one entitled, **The Insula of the Menander at Pompeii**. This house was highlighted at museums via a beautiful furnished and decorated model during the Pompeii A.D. 79 Exhibition. #618, 813409-6. \$128.00. (416 pp. include 131 halftones and 62 linecuts.) Order from Oxford University Press: 800/451-7556.

FEBRUARIUS AD **OCULARE VISU** INA UNDECIMA

DAWN LAU

PYMBLE, AUSTRALIA



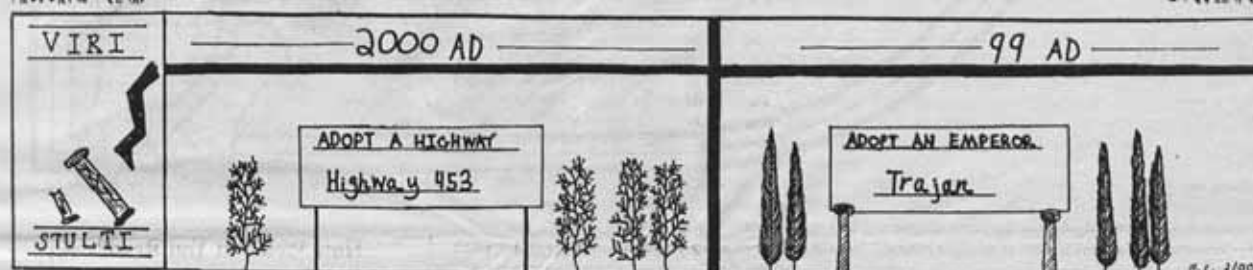
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While Pompeiana, Inc., does invite its members to apply for paid positions as Contract Cartoonists and Contract Adult Columnists each year in its March issue, it does not pay for any items spontaneously submitted for publication. Students submitting work should include their levels of study, the names of their Latin teachers and the names and addresses of the schools they attend.

What May Be Submitted

1. Original poems/articles in English or in teacher-corrected Latin with accompanying English translations.
2. Special interest photos or news reports of Latin activities.
3. Teacher-corrected Latin reviews (with accompanying English translations) of movies, movie stars, musicians, major sporting events or renowned athletes.
4. Summaries or reviews of articles published elsewhere, complete with references to original author, title of publication, date and page numbers.
5. Challenging learning games and puzzles for different levels of Latin study, complete with solutions.
6. Cleverly written essays (300-400 words) about anything Roman. These may be serious or tongue-in-cheek parodies.

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Picturae Moventes

- I. Q. Lion King
- II. C. An American Tail
- III. P. Care Bears
- IV. A. The Secret Garden
- V. M. Babe
- VI. L. Jungle Book
- VII. R. The Land Before Time
- VIII. K. The Never Ending Story
- IX. F. Hook
- X. E. Beauty and the Beast
- XI. N. Black Beauty
- XII. O. Toy Story
- XIII. J. The Little Mermaid
- XIV. G. All Dogs Go To Heaven
- XV. D. The Little Princess
- XVI. B. The Parent Trap
- XVII. H. Mighty Ducks
- XVIII. I. Miracle on 34th Street

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Latin Dingbats

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2. Six Feet Under Ground
3. Midnight Rendezvous
4. Neon (knee on) Light
5. Three Degrees Below Zero
6. Scrambled Eggs

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Beyond the Toga

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

75.

Spectacula Televisifica Optima

- I. Safe Harbor
- II. Charmed
- III. Angel
- IV. Dawson's Creek
- V. Unhappily Ever After
- VI. Time of Your Life
- VII. Buffy the Vampire Slayer
- VIII. Popular
- IX. Seventh Heaven
- X. Felicity

78.



80.

Carmina Optima

- I. I Put a Spell on You
- II. Bad Moon Rising
- III. Born on the Bayou
- IV. Proud Mary
- V. Run Through the Jungle
- VI. Fortunate Son
- VII. Traveling Band
- VIII. Down on the Corner
- IX. Have You Ever Seen the Rain?
- X. I Heard It Through the Grapevine

81.

How Well Did You Read?

1. He didn't realize the full moon would cause a high tide which would destroy his ships.
2. In tabernis
3. Terminus
4. From the soldiers of Alexander the Great
5. More about ancient engineering
6. 76
7. Christus, Hori, Hodie, Sempiternus
8. Annona
9. Cuniculi (rabbits)
10. Near the Thames River in London

"Sing Like An Angel"—Charlotte Church

On February 21, Charlotte Church will celebrate her birthday. She will be fourteen years old! Four years ago Charlotte Church was like all other ten-year-old girls. She did homework, played with dolls and talked with her friends. But now Charlotte is a renowned girl—famous throughout the world.

Although Charlotte had been seen on several American T.V. shows, she did not become well-known to many Americans before November 1, 1999, when she sang "Just Wave Hello" on a global television Ford commercial.

When Charlotte was three and a half, she liked singing "Ghostbusters" on stage so much that she had to be dragged off stage. In 1996, Charlotte, by chance, sang "Pie Jesu" over the phone and was invited to sing on Irish Television (ITV).

Suddenly, Charlotte was famous not only throughout Ireland, but also throughout England. In August, 1997, Charlotte signed a contract with Sony Classical. In the summer of 1998, Charlotte recorded the album "Voice of an Angel."

Although her voice is a "heavenly gift," Charlotte is still a teenager. She can laugh about her life: "Suddenly everything went mad," she says, "and I hate wearing the formal gowns I have to wear during concerts." Charlotte prefers to live just like other teenagers. "I love to shop. I really like to buy blue jeans and shoes—especially shoes. I have fourteen pairs of shoes. I'm also a real fan of computer games."

It's hard, however, for Charlotte to live a normal life. Thousands of spectators world-wide want to see and hear her. And so, during November, 1999, Charlotte appeared on the David Letterman Show, and was in the Thanksgiving Day Parade in New York. In December, Charlotte appeared on the T.V. show "And So This Is Christmas," on the T.V. show "Good Morning, America," and on "The Tonight Show With Jay Leno." In January, 2000, Charlotte appeared on the T.V. show "Divas on Ice With Katarina Witt." In August, 2000, Time-Warner will release an audiobook entitled *The Voice of an Angel—My Story*.

Charlotte, however, is still just a teenager. She has her favorite female and male singers. She has her ambitions. Which male and female singers does she like? The Corrs, Puff Daddy and Gloria Estefan. What is Charlotte's biggest ambition? "I want to sing my favorite opera, *Madame Butterfly*, at La Scala in Milan—and get a standing ovation!"

No one—neither her mother (Maria) nor her aunt (Caroline, who is a cabaret singer)—is forcing Charlotte to lead this public life. Charlotte Church is only doing what she wants to do: sing like an angel!

77.

Death Match

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

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