

# POMPEIIANA

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## NEWSLETTER





**H**aec verba scripta in actis diurnis per mundum Idibus Februariis, A.D. MM, notaverunt finem et picturam descriptarum ARACHIDES (quod verbum Latinum significat "nucis parvae subterraneae") et earum creatoris, Caroli Schultz.

Haec erant verba ultima quae Carolus scripsit in ultima pictura descripta ARACHIDUM. Carolus ipse pridie Idus Februariis, A.D. MM, mortuus est.



Describere picturas non facile est, sed picturae bene descriptae omnes lectores delectare possunt.

## "CAROLINUS BROWN, SNOOPIUS, LINUS, LUCIA... quo modo eorum umquam oblivisci possum?"

sunt. Quam ob rem Pompeiana, Inc., totam paginam picturarum descriptarum in LITTERIS NUNTIIS suis quoque mense edit. Haec pagina non solum iuvat eos Latinae studentes ut studio fruantur sed etiam occasionem novicis descriptaribus dat ut ingenium demonstrent et melius faciant.

Nullus descriptarum statim rem bene gerit, ne Carolus Schultz quidem. Carolus picturas describere incepit quando sex annos habuit. Paucis post annis studebat praecipitis missis a schola in Minnesotensi ut picturas melius describere disceret. Tales scholae saepe se in libris comicis proscribebant. Sed tales scholae multis

fraudulentae et peiores videbantur. Hoc tempore autem quia aliquae scholae altae neque artem neque picturarum descriptionem docebant, multi studentes picturarum descriptionem praecipitis missis discere temptaverunt. Itaque praecipitis missis ab hac schola Carolus picturas melius describere temptavit. Sed quando picturas descriptas suas dederat emendatoribus qui scholae altae librum annum creabant, hac picturae reiectae sunt, et Carolus miserrimus fuit.

Postquam Carolus in Bello Orbis Terrarum Secundo stipendia meruerat, ad Americam revenit et magister factus est in illa eadem schola in Minnesotensi quae picturas descriptionem praecipitis missis docebat. Ipse autem etiam tunc rem non bene gerebat picturas suas descriptas.

procreavit quinque liberos.

A.D. MCMLVIII Carolus cum familia sua migravit ad Californiam decessit.

A.D. MCMLXIX

Carolus, quia sibi per glaciem calceis carinatis labi placebat, Sequoiae Imperii Glaciei Arenam construxit prope Sanctam Rosam in California. Haec arena publica picturis personarum descriptarum in ARACHIDIBUS ornata est. Carolus in hac arena quoque aedificavit Caluli Calidi thermopolium quo in loco cotidie ientavit. Carolus prope arenam construxit officinam praecipitum quo cotidie adivit ad ARACHIDES describendas.

Mox autem Carolus cum Iocularia divorcium fecit, et A.D. MCMLXXIV Ioculam Forsyth in matrimonium duxit quacum ultimos XXVI annos vixit.

Carolus ut juvenis, similis multis studentibus qui picturas descriptas pro Pompeianae LITTERIS NUNTIIS, non optimas picturas suas descriptas. Carolus, autem, quia picturas describere amavit, et quia picturas describere perieverat, tandem optimus et ditissimus descriptarum factus est. CCCXXXV decies centena milia hominum in LXXX rebuspublicis cotidie ARACHIDES legant.

Si ingenium habes et picturas describere amas, debes temptare fieri Descriptarum Conductus pro Pompeianae LITTERIS NUNTIIS. Vide regulae quae in editione Martia scripta sunt. Quis scit? Fortasse fies proximus Carolus Schultz!



## THE PAGAN PRIEST in the VATICAN

By Frank J. Korn,

Seton Hall University, South Orange, New Jersey

An old Roman friend of mine, now retired, enjoyed a long career as a guide in the Vatican Museum. Though a serious classical art scholar, he was not above injecting a little wry wit into his highly informative tours. One day, many years ago, he asked me to keep him company as he shepherded a group of eleven nuns from Calabria through the vast collection.

After trudging through endless corridors, climbing countless staircases, passing through the Hall of Tapestries and the Gallery of Maps, we followed our doctress down a

flight of steps to the Pio-Clementino wing where he gathered us off in a corner and delivered this brief speech: "Ognuno sa che ci sono tanti sacerdoti nel Vaticano. Ma sapevate che uno fra di loro è pagano?" (Every one knows that there are many, many priests in the Vatican. But did you know that one of them is a pagan?)

While the sisters in their long black habits stood frozen in shock, my friend suggested: "Andiamo ad incontrarlo!" (Let's go and meet him!)

We then strode out into the welcome fresh air of the octagonal Belvedere Courtyard and over its cobblestones to one of eight alcoves. Pointing with his ever-present umbrella to an ancient marble sculpture, our leader grinned: "May I present to you Laocoön, the pagan priest of the Vatican!" The nuns and I smiled and applauded his little spoof, as we gazed in awe at the Trojan priest of the sun-god Apollo, struggling with his two young sons to survive a vicious assault from two monstrous sea-serpents.

There are several anecdotes in Greek and Roman lore of the fate of Laocoön. According to Hyginus, the monsters were dispatched by Apollo himself to punish his vicar for having married and begotten children in violation of his priesthood. But it is Vergil's account in the *Aeneid* that is most generally accepted.

According to Vergil, Laocoön was looked upon as a party-pooper when he warned the deliriously happy Trojans not to transfer within the city's walls the colossal Wooden Horse left behind by the exasperated Greek besiegers. "Ego ne credite, Teucri. Quidquid id est, timo Danaos et dona ferentes!" he preached. "Do not trust the horse, Trojans. Whatever it is, I fear the Greeks even when they come bearing gifts."

He would, of course, be vindicated in his advice by subsequent events. But as he now stood, accompanied by his sons, at an altar on the shore about to cel-



Vatican Statue of the Trojan priest Laocoön and his sons

(Continued in Pagina Sexta)

## ACT NOW FOR 2000-2001

### Fall 2000 Textbook Giveaway To Be Web-Accessible

In order to provide all those with paid-up memberships for the 2000-2001 school year with same-day access to the materials to be included in the Fall 2000 Textbook Giveaway Program, Pompeiana will activate a link on its website (<http://www.Pompeiana.com>) on September 1, 2000.

Also, for the first time, the Fall 2000 Textbook Giveaway Program will include scores of AUDIO-VISUAL MATERIALS including slide/cassette programs, sound and silent filmstrips, videocassettes, cassette tapes and 16 mm films.

In order to place an order via the Textbook Giveaway link on the website, members will have to have paid personal memberships for the 2000-2001 school year.

Please see the ACT NOW FOR 2000-2001 reminder card which is being sent with this issue of the NEWSLETTER for new rates and renewal information.

Those wishing to do so may now renew their memberships by phone (317/255-0589) using a VISA, MasterCard or Discover Card.

Pompeiana decided to post the materials on a web link because it became obvious that those teachers farthest away from Indianapolis were the last to receive their Textbook Giveaway lists last fall and thus they found that things were well-picked over before they even had a chance to make their requests.

By using the link from the Pompeiana website, paid-up members will be able to print it out immediately and e-mail their selections to Pompeiana. In the event an item is requested by more than one member, Pompeiana will honor the e-mail request with the earliest date and time.

As in the past, items will be shipped to members with school addresses via library rate. The members will be invoiced for cost of postage and a \$2.00 handling fee when the order is filled.

By renewing personal memberships at this time for the 2000-2001 school year (using the new rates published on the enclosed ACT NOW FOR 2000-2001 cards), members will insure that they will be among the first to be able to request items once the Textbook Giveaway link is activated on September 1.

Teachers who subscribe to the NEWSLETTER for their students should place their orders with their department chairmen at this time so that the NEWSLETTER can be provided by the school as supplementary classroom materials for all their Latin students.

Teachers who normally provide the NEWSLETTER for their students by paying for it themselves may submit their orders at this time to be billed in August.

## Fencing Battle Sees Perseus VICTORIOUS

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

Luckily for Ethiopian princess Andromeda, Perseus knows how to wield a sword. Coming off of a win against Medusa, the son of Jupiter was not only able to defeat the evil sea serpent, but also win the princess' hand in marriage.

King Cepheus had been ordered to allow the monster to devour his daughter to appease the deities after his wife, Cassiopeia, had compared her beauty to that of the sea nymphs. When Perseus, flying over, observed the princess chained to a rock, awaiting her death, he acted quickly to save her life. Perseus was able to elude the attacks of the monster by using the winged shoes of Mercury. After many jabs with his sword, the monster was slain and the young princess was saved.

### Perseus

Drawn by Kevin Liu,  
Latin IV student of Mary Jane Koons,  
Upper Dublin H.S., Fort Washington, Pennsylvania



## Amber Waves

By Pugnas Phero, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert,  
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Ager  
Longus, Planus  
Sero, Sero, Exspecto  
Arno Spectare Agrum  
Ager

## The Beckoning Sea

By Gretchen Van Schaik, Latin II student of  
Sister Mary Dolores, Seton H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Mare  
Frigidum, harenosum  
Placidum, tranquillum, blandum  
Id mihi clamat  
Litus

## Apollo Reports Sun Chariot Stolen

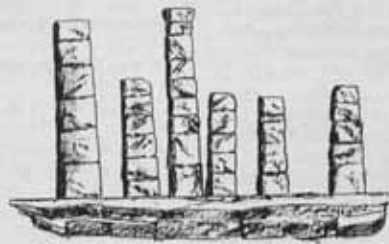
By Anthony Ribando, Latin I student of Adrienne Nilsen,  
St. John Vianney High School, Holmdel, New Jersey

Shortly after dawn yesterday the legendary Sun God reported that his Sun Chariot and horses had been stolen.

Apollo said that it had been a normal morning and that he was preparing as usual when a boy somehow got on his chariot and stole it before Apollo could stop him. With the help of Apollo, police have identified the person as one of Apollo's sons named Phaethon.

Phaethon's stealing of the chariot has caused widespread disaster all over the globe. The police have come to the conclusion that Phaethon must have lost control of the horses causing them to get very close to the earth, burning everything in their path. Then the horses must have taken the chariot very far away from the earth causing everything on earth to freeze.

Phaethon's chaotic ride finally ended when Zeus was notified by Mother Earth. With a



Temple of Apollo

Drawn by Adree Jordan, Latin III student of Susan J. Miller, Catholic  
Central H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

carefully aimed thunderbolt, Phaethon was instantly sent falling to the ground. The horses then led the chariot back to their stable.

Police believe that the motive behind Phaethon's hijacking of the chariot was to win a bet with another boy. Witnesses say that they saw Phaethon arguing with a boy named Epaphus who claimed to be a son of Zeus. When the boy did not believe that Phaethon was Apollo's son, Phaethon said he would prove it.

It is believed that Phaethon had never visited his father before and had certainly never practiced driving the famed chariot. Also, police have requested an Olympic investigation into charges that Apollo himself may actually have become implicated by letting Phaethon drive the chariot and then later reporting it stolen when he saw the damage being done. A source, unnamed at this time, is reputed to have said that Apollo promised to do anything for the boy to prove that he was, indeed, his father.

Police state that the investigation has now been turned over to Olympic authorities and that after they locate Epaphus for questioning, the case will be officially out of their jurisdiction.

## AURIGA RESIGNS FROM WHITES TEAM

By Melissa Howard, Latin II student of Marianne Colakis,  
The Covenant School, Charlottesville, Virginia

My name is Marcus Apollinarius. I'm a charioteer, an auriga. Most people consider my job to be an easy one. I mean, how hard could it be? All I do is drive around in circles. Well, let me tell you something, it's not as easy as it looks.

Sure, you think, I'm just telling you that so you won't want this job. You're wrong. You can have my job, and welcome to it. Being a charioteer no longer interests me.

One day, a day just like all the other ones I'd raced on, I was practicing with my White Team partner, Cornelius. We always liked to warm-up a little first. We figured that today would be an easy day because the Blues were racing against had lost several times previously, and one of their charioteers had been injured so a substitute had been brought in. Everyone in their right mind was betting on us.

We looked good warming up, and I was already imagining the award ceremony where we would be given our prizes. Just as I was receiving my imaginary wreath, the other team came in and started to warm-up. It was then that my bubble popped. I mean, I started thinking that maybe this wasn't going to be as easy as I thought.

The Blue Team aurigae didn't look too bad for charioteers who had lost most of their matches. In fact, they looked really good.

We drew lots to decide which career we would each be in. Then, we got into our chariots and awaited the drop of

the mappa. The small white cloth was released, and my horses took off.

I was in the choice position, the track on the inside where the distance around the meta was the shortest. I was also in the position that the other team wanted, and I knew things could get nasty. Pretty soon, I was being forced to the outside.

It probably looked as if we were taking turns holding the inside position. In reality, we were fighting for it. Suddenly, Cornelius's chariot was smashed into the outside wall of the arena, and half of our White Team was out of the race. That made me mad. Really mad.

I overtook the Blue chariot and got the inside position from him. His partner tried to intervene by forcing my chariot against the spina. My wheel caught his, and his chariot spun out of control. One Blue down, and one to go. Unfortunately, before I could make my next move, the other Blue got me. He pushed my chariot against the spina. The next thing I know, I'm flying through the air. I was told that I landed on my head and just missed being run over.

That's when I decided to resign (all right, so I quit, but "resign" sounds so much better). From now on the only thing you'll see me doing at the Circus Maximus is cheering—and maybe placing a few insider bets. With my connections I should do quite well!

## Did You Hear Something?

By Kelley Delaney,  
Eighth Grade Latin student of Judy Hanna,  
Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

The sky grew black as coal  
Hushing the people below.  
We didn't know what to do.  
We didn't know where to go.

As we feared for the worst,  
We looked upon Vesuvius asking why.  
As we screamed for our lives,  
No answer came except for a cry.

No one realized what Vesuvius had in store.  
No one had known  
That we all would die  
And our bodies would be covered in stone.

Now came the pumice  
Shooting through the air.  
Some people took cover,  
Some didn't care.

We started stumbling over each other  
Not caring about their pain  
Because soon we wouldn't be heard  
And would never be known again.

Coughs spread over the tumbling city  
As the mountain spat out thick ash  
Sealing off the clean air,  
Stealing lives with its big crash.

## Catullus and I

By Nathaniel Grubbs, Latin III student of  
Mary Carroll, Northeastern H. S.,  
Elizabeth City, N.J.

Our assignment: Translate Catullus II into English. Rather than turn in the usual word-for-word, I decided to try to embody some of the feelings I had experienced in a personal relationship of my own. But because there was nothing physical about the love I shared with my "Lesbia," I chose to substitute spiritual concepts for Catullus' more physical expressions. Thus, Catullus' "sparrow" (physical relationship incarnate) has become my "soul mate."

My girlfriend delights in our relationship,  
Because we are soul mates.  
We flirt with words like chirping birds;  
She hugs me often, holding me tight.  
She most enjoys teasing me  
With some strange little joke to make me feign anger.  
Only to draw it back so that we laugh together.  
She always whispers little things to her friends  
That I can never know or understand,  
But I am the candle on which burns  
The flame of her love.  
How happy I am that I have such a soul mate,  
For it eases my sad and anxious mind.

## Give Me the Simple Life

Horace ODE XXXVIII

By Anna Fecker, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert,  
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

I despise Persian magnificence;  
Their unnecessary extravagance does not  
Impress me; I need no rare riches to  
Make me happy. I am indifferent to the  
Excesses of what should be simple; the  
Ordinary things in life have never  
Dishonored anyone, and I am content to  
Enjoy a humble existence.

## Lesbia's Sparrow

By Gia Stark, Latin II student of Regina Chapin,  
Shaker High School, Latham, New York

Oh, wretched death!  
I am now knocking upon your door.  
Life is kind but bitter in the end.  
I must now leave my lovely mistress.  
An ocean is made by the tears she weeps,  
My cage door is now left open.  
No one can ever argue with Turtarous,  
So I must leave you and go.  
Do not cry, sweet mistress,  
For you cannot change my wretched fate.  
I must go and accompany Turtarous,  
And leave this beautiful place.



## CICERO, IT IS THEE I EMULATE

By Hilary Alves, Latin III student of Kate Sullivan,  
Oakmont Regional H. S., Ashburnham, Massachusetts

## Exordium

Look at me! Is this situation at all familiar to you? Is this frustration at all familiar to you? Is this tragedy at all familiar to you? I am certain the search for similar socks is an everyday dilemma for many of you because the situation is not uncommon, nor is it taken lightly.

## Narratio

What do those socks that we love, need, miss, do? Disappear? This is the question that we must analyze.

You entrust your socks unto the hands of the washing machine with apprehensive courage. You count them to see that they match up in pairs of two, and eagerly await their return from the sudsy abyss.

Finally, when all is washed and dried, you dive into the laundry basket and submerge yourself in the pile of socks, only to find a single lonesome sock without its partner. This is the sad life cycle of so many socks.

## Partitio

It is time we stop the cycle of losing single socks. It is no longer a misconception of irresponsibility that can be overlooked or blown-off or set aside. We must stand up for those single socks that warm our feet—like David stood up for his people and faced Goliath in their time of need.

## Argumentatio

## a) Confirmation

If the event of losing socks were only an occasional affair, it could be overlooked as a fluke in the natural order of things. But I can't tell you how many thousands of lonely



Cicero

Drawn by Eric Segal, Latin II student of  
Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft.  
Washington, Pennsylvania

socks I've counted and searched for so thoroughly, so carefully, so precisely, so undisputedly accurately, that error is no longer an option. Isn't it at all disturbing to you that this tragedy is such a common occurrence that our hearts are

filled with fear as we add the Clorox to a load of happily paired socks? It's so disturbing to me that I'm completely demoralized every time my eyes see the emptiness of a basket full of single socks.

## b) Refutatio

And yet some (mothers especially) still persist in the argument that the case of losing socks is due to irresponsibility on the part of the owner. But my personal experience contradicts that statement fully. I had a pair of socks so precious to me; they were my crown jewels. I loved them, loved them so much that I only wore them on special occasions, and kept them in a drawer all their own. I will never forget that dreary day when I put both—positively both—socks into the wash, and low and behold, only one sock returned. I was burning with anger because the washing machine had somehow "eaten" my beloved sock; but I took a deep breath, cleared my mind, and considered the seriousness of this dilemma. I decided that the world must stop denying that there is a mystery behind the disappearance of socks that cannot be blamed on the individual any longer.

## Peroratio

This address is not the final ending to the tragedy of losing socks, but it can be concluded that the loss is the fault of the machine, not the owner. This problem must be stopped, or society will be faced with a generation of single socks everywhere! Oh, lonely socks! You should never walk solo again!

## Buffy No Match for Lamia

"As long as there have been demons, there has been the slayer. One girl in all the world, a Chosen One, born with the strength and skill to hunt vampires..."

No new thing, these vampires, *Lamiae*, as the Romans knew them, weren't as limited as their modern cousins. *Lamiae* were shape shifters. They could change form into whatever would be most pleasing to their victims. And they especially loved children.

*Lamiae* soothed their intended victims by making an irresistible hissing sound. They usually hung out along the main roads so they could attack unsuspecting travelers. Since young blood was what they needed most, they usually assumed the forms of attractive women so they could allure young men or steal babies from their mothers.

And, no, Buffy, *Lamiae* could not be killed!

them, gathering a large sum of gold and silver over time.

Over the centuries, inflation proved to be a serious problem for Rome which saw the buying power of an *as* go from being able to purchase a live cow during the early Republic, to being able to purchase only two loaves of bread in the first century ACE. The emperors themselves contributed to inflation by striking new coins of slightly less weight. These new, but less valuable coins, initially retained their same buying power, but over time they become less valuable on the world market. Also, base metals began to be mixed in to produce less valuable coins. For example, the *denarius* (like the American "silver dollar") contained as little as 2% pure silver in the later years of the empire.

Since coins were made in massive quantities over several centuries, hundreds of thousands are available today for the collector. Coins from every period, and every ruler can be found in good condition. Coins in excellent condition of less famous rulers can be purchased for as little as \$50. Of course, coins bearing the heads of the more famous emperors cost more. One could enjoy collecting these ancient, and beautiful coins, full of history of a glorious past, for a reasonable low cost.

[Editor's Note: Anyone interested in starting a personal collection of ancient coins can, of course, shop local coin dealers who always seem to have a few ancient coins on hand. The American Numismatic Society catalog also offers ancient Greek and Roman coins. A copy of this catalog may be obtained by calling 800/561-0804.]

## COINS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

By Nick Reich, Latin I student of Mary Jane Koons,  
Upper Dublin H. S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

For the duration of the great Roman Empire, gold and silver coins flowed throughout the Mediterranean. The empire was rich, and new coins struck from metals obtained as the spoils of wars poured into the land.

Each new leader graced the populous with coins minted in his own honor. From the golden *aureus*, to the silver *denarius*, the shiny bronze *sestertius*, and the copper *as*, all but the lowly *quadrans* had the portrait of the emperor protruding from its face. Rome's coinage was a sign of her absolute power—a power that spanned three continents. From Britannia to Africa, one coinage was used. A person could trade anywhere in the empire using the same coins which seemed to flow in an endless supply from Rome.

In the year 23 BCE, Augustus overhauled the system once again resetting the value of each coin. While other coins would appear from time to time, the system set forth by Augustus acted as a backbone for the majority of the empire.

Coins could, of course, be broken in half to make change; but not all mutilations of coins were legal. Many unscrupulous merchants shaved off the edges of coins before using

## HERACLES

By Matt Zarvas, Seventh grade Latin student of Betty  
Whittaker, Carmel Junior High School, Carmel, Indiana

When Hera sent two serpents to kill the babies,  
Heracles sent them right down to Hades.  
He saw his dreadful image and he cared,  
But when he got to Tyrens, the king was scared.  
The Hydra's many heads, he was torchin',  
But all he could think about was his fortune.  
After cleaning stables filled with dung,  
Another monster he then flung.  
He also had a loving wife, believe it or not,  
He had two, in fact— which wasn't a lot.  
Deianira kindly made him a shirt,  
Which made him fall right in the dirt.  
After fighting many monsters, exactly seven,  
Zeus brought him up with him to heaven.

## ZEUS

By Jack Schumacher, Latin III student of Sue Miller,  
East Kentwood High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Maximus deus  
Desuper sedet  
In cathedra aurea  
Sorsum aether  
Habet imperium  
Regit mundum  
Cymbala percussit  
Tam forte et acriter  
Ut monitus ablegat  
Illos prope advenientes  
Amator ab omnibus  
Vere timetur ab omnibus  
Est deus  
Zeus

ARGUS:  
THE REAL STORY...SORT OF

A Modern Myth by James A. Woods II, Latin II student of  
Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H. S., Amherst, Ohio

Argus was a typical young athlete living in a typical Arcadian town. His superior strength served him well in many sports and daring boyhood excursions. His parents loved him, and people admired him for his valor.

One day, while walking through the woods, Argus found dreaded Echidna preparing to sacrifice a deer and take its eyes for use in some evil scheme concocted by Hagis the sorceress to make Typhon fall in love with Echidna. Argus' coming startled Echidna, and the deer got away. Angered, Echidna grabbed Argus and took his eyes to replace those of the deer that got away and left him screaming in pain.

Echidna took the eyes back to Hagis who cut them up evenly into 100 pieces and threw them into her cauldron; but when nothing happened, she was shocked.

"These eyes are not those of a deer! Get me what I requested if you want the enchantment to work," said Hagis. Echidna acknowledged her and departed in search of a deer.

Meanwhile, a hunter had found poor Argus crying in the woods and had bandaged his wounds. He told him he knew a sorceress who might be able to replace his sight. Argus asked the kind hunter to take him there for he could not see to find his own way. The hunter agreed, but he said that he would not accompany him inside the hut of the sorceress. They set out, and, after traveling several miles over tiresome terrain, they reached the secluded hut.

"This is as far as I take you. I'll wait here for your return," said the hunter to the boy.

The tired and injured boy felt his way up to the door of the hut and inquired if anyone was home.

"Come here, boy. What do you want?" asked Hagis.

"My eyes...can you help me?" inquired the boy.

"Take this bag and its contents home and eat everything in the bag. Then place 100 drops of goat's milk into a cup and mix it with two drops of pure wine and drink it," said the witch as she gave him the bag.

Argus held the bag carefully, and, after feeling his way back outside to the hunter, he returned home with his aid. Argus thanked the hunter for his generosity and told him that he would no longer need his assistance.

After he sensed that the kind hunter had left, Argus opened the bag and ate its contents. Then, he searched through his house until he found the containers of goat's milk and wine. The containers were the same in size and texture, and he assumed them to be what he was looking for. He mixed the entire contents of both containers together and drank it all down.

When he removed the bandage from his face, however, he found that his wounds hadn't healed. So, he replaced the bandage and went to bed. The next morning, however, he discovered that his wounds had healed and that he could see once again. In fact it seemed that he could see everything everywhere at the same time—fifty times better than he had been able to see before.

It wasn't until then that he remembered that the sorceress had said "two drops of pure wine!"

## And That's Why Spring Has Come Again a one-act skit

By Colleen O. Boyle, Christina Konstantas and Molly Grace,  
Latin I students of Marian E. Altoz, Mount de Sales Academy, Baltimore, Maryland

### SCENE 1—PLUTO (in Hades)

PLUTO: I hate ruling the Underworld alone; it's so lonely. I think I'll go find a wife.

### SCENE 2—PROSERPINA, PLUTO, CERES (in a meadow—summer)

PLUTO: That will be my wife! (he runs after Proserpina)

PROSERPINA: Ahhhhh! Somebody help me!

CERES: I'm coming! (looking around) I can't find them anywhere. My daughter is gone! Let there be drought and famine 'til she returns!

### SCENE 3—CERES (at a writing table—winter)

CERES: (writing) "Dear Jupiter, I have discovered that Pluto has taken my daughter to Hades. I cannot get her back without your help. Please help me! Your loving sister, Ceres."

### SCENE 4—MERCURY, CERES (winter)

MERCURY: Letter from Jupiter! Letter from Jupiter!

CERES: Thank you. (reading) "My dear Sister, I will be happy to return my niece to you on one condition: that Proserpina did not eat anything while she was down there. Love, Jupiter."

### SCENE 5—PLUTO, PROSERPINA (in Hades)

PROSERPINA: I hate this place! This atmosphere puts me in a dismal disposition! I refuse to eat. I'll starve to death if you don't take me back to earth!

PLUTO: Hmm...let's see. Have you ever seen a pomegranate?

PROSERPINA: No, what is it?

PLUTO: It's a small fruit with small red seeds. Here. Try it.

PROSERPINA: Okay, I'll try it. (she eats six seeds while PLUTO snickers to himself)

### SCENE 6—MERCURY, PLUTO, PROSERPINA (in Hades)

MERCURY: Letter from Jupiter!

PLUTO: Thank you. (reading) "Dear Pluto, Return Proserpina to my

sister, Ceres, immediately..."

PROSERPINA: Ha! I get to go home!

PLUTO: (reading) "However, if she has eaten, she might have to stay in accordance with the usual rules!" (looking up) Ha! You ate those seeds, so you'll have to stay!

PROSERPINA: But that's not fair. I only ate six seeds. I shouldn't have to stay all the time! Why can't I only stay six months out of the year?

MERCURY: That would be in accordance with the rules, Pluto.

PLUTO: I guess that's fair. One month for each seed.

### EPILOGUE—NARRATOR

NARRATOR: Because Proserpina was in the Underworld six months out of the year, Ceres was very unhappy. During those six months the earth was barren. Plants did not grow, and the weather was harsh. For the six months when Proserpina was with her mother, Ceres was happy and flowers and plant life flourished. This is why we have the various seasons of the year.

### The Black Side of Ceres

By Ed Kwitek, Latin III student of Margaret Curran,  
Orchard Park High School, Orchard Park, New York

Insana  
Mente capta, cecrita.  
Ridet, nugas garrit, tremitt.  
Perdita est.  
Asylum.

### Deep in Space

By Chris Donohoe, Sixth grade Latin student of  
Saru Solberg, Rutgers Preparatory School, Somerset, N. J.

Often found hunting  
Raccoons, beware of this mighty club!  
I can find his constellation during wintertime.  
Oh, how could Apollo kill such a man?  
Now he is chased forever by a Scorpion.

### Exclusive Interview With the Founder of the Greatest City Ever Built

By Elizabeth Gurr, Latin II student of Judith Granese, Valley High School, Las Vegas, Nevada

Elizabeth: Romulus, it is so great to meet you finally. Welcome!

Romulus: Thank you, it is so great to be back.

Elizabeth: Well, let's get started. I see that you and your twin brother, Remus, were raised by a she-wolf. What was that like?

Romulus: I'll tell you, it's not easy to tell everyone your mother's a she-wolf. Kids can be cruel. But, you know, she raised us well, and I'll never forget her for what she did.

Elizabeth: How does it feel to know that you are the founder of what is now known as the greatest city ever built.

Romulus: Well, I don't mean to brag, but it's not easy to be such a great, intelligent, strong, and handsome man. I always knew that my city would be great. Ha! And Remus thought it would get burned to the ground the first week.

Elizabeth: Yes, that reminds me. Isn't it true that you brutally murdered Remus over an argument about this city?

Romulus: Hey, I swear I didn't do it. I loved my brother. We were not only brothers, we were twins, best buds for life. Besides nobody can prove anything.

Elizabeth: Yeah, well umm, could you tell everyone your side of the story.

Romulus: It all happened like this. Around April of 753 B.C.E., by your calendar, my brother and I decided to build a city. I wanted to build it on the Palatine, and Remus wanted it on the Aventine. Apparently, he wanted to watch the birds or something. Can you believe that? Anyway, he got all upset and wanted to fight. I thought, "I can't fight Remus. He's my brother; besides, I'm smarter and stronger, and it wouldn't be a fair fight." Sadly, Remus wouldn't take "No" for an answer, and he charged at me. I dodged, and he ran right into a sharp tree branch. (Sigh) It killed him instantly. That's the truth; I swear!

Elizabeth: Ummmm, oh, too bad! Look at the time. It was nice talking to you, Romulus. Congratulations on Rome's success.

Romulus: Yes, I knew it would succeed. I, the wonderfully talented, smarter twin, thought of it.

Elizabeth: Good night everybody! Join us next week when our guest will be the forgotten twin, Remus!



Cartoon by David Knoll and Joydeep Goswami, Latin I students of Dr. Elliott T. Egan, Ben Franklin H.S., New Orleans, Louisiana

### CAESAR'S HUBRIS

By Calix Vi-Bul, Latin II student of Beverley A. Meyer,  
St. Francis High School, Sacramento, California

Stories are told of Caesar's victorious combat  
But the British will proudly tell  
How they battled off the likes of him,  
How they defended their land so well.

Caesar knew there wasn't much time.  
He knew summer was soon ending.  
Winter would come on all too fast  
Yet to the island he continued approaching.

Just before midnight they started off  
In weather considered fair.  
To the northern port they sent the calvary.  
They were supposed to embark straight there.

Lethargic was the cavalry.  
Caesar's warships arrived there first.  
The British were unexpectedly waiting.  
Armed and ready at the surf.

Precipitous cliffs reached beyond the foamy beach,  
Restricting Caesar from that fighting position,  
So he anchored his ship in the hypnotic seas  
In accordance with this premonition.

Then, as out of the ships in impending armor  
They pushed through the surf quite mean,  
Angst mounted in the Romans  
As British horses did things never seen.

Lucky for Caesar, he had his warships,  
Giving the British an uninvited surprise.  
The enemy fell back a little ways  
Awaiting the outcome they surmised.

The Romans had been weakened,  
Caesar's boys needed food.  
So when the British engaged in shock attack,  
Caesar had to make his move.

Enemy javelins, enemy horses,  
Enemy foot soldiers, all well-trained,  
Unnerved the Roman fighters greatly.  
Caesar battled with his brain.

He waited for the clouds to dissipate.  
Then, gathering his wounded men,  
He rebuilt his ships and headed back,  
Leaving the British unconquered then.

Who won or lost that bloody fight  
Remains in the eyes of beholders.  
I am often inclined to wonder, within,  
If Caesar just laughed and shrugged his shoulders

### Deizens of the Sky

By Dylan Edwards, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert,  
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Aves  
Parvae, Celeres  
Volant, Quiescent, Cantant  
Orbem terrarum circum volantes  
Aves

### Archaeology Confirms Ancient Literary Record

Very rarely does an archaeologist find tangible remains of something made famous by ancient literature—but once in a while it does happen.

In 431 B.C.E. soldiers from Sparta had traveled to Athens to try to capture their enemy to the north. Athenian young men rose to the challenge and bravely gave their lives in defense of their city. Pericles himself delivered their funeral oration, stating that "these men died nobly in battle."

Now, all these years later, four of the communal burial sites of these young warriors have been found at 35 Salaminos Street in downtown Athens. These graves are the very ones that Thucydides said were honored yearly in ancient Athens. (For more information, visit: [www.archaeology.org/online/features/athens/index.html](http://www.archaeology.org/online/features/athens/index.html))

### Night & Day

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

Nox  
Stellata, tranquillitas  
Dormiens, somnians, stertens  
Lunae lumen per fenestram  
Excitans, ludens, ridens  
Sol oriens, clara  
Dies



## Horace: Ode 2.10

By David Monteiro, Latin IV student of Phyllis Dunn, Norwell, High School, Norwell, Massachusetts

Rectius vives, Licini neque altum  
semper urgendo, neque, dum procellas  
cantus horrescit, nimium premendo  
litus iniquam.

More rightly will you live, my dear,  
By pressing neither without fear  
Into the sea, nor to the shore.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem  
diligat, tutus caret obsoleti  
sordibus tecti, caret invidenda  
sobrius aula.

Whoever holds the Golden Mean  
Shall have a home that's truly clean,  
And no grand hall to be envied for.

Saeptis ventis agitur ingens  
pinus et celsae graviore casu  
decidit turres feruntque summos  
fulgura montis.

The huge pine is blown most by gales,  
And lightning strikes the hills, not vales;  
A higher tower falls with a louder sound.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis  
alteram sortem bene praeparatum  
pectus. Informis hiemes reduct  
Iuppiter, idem

The well-braced heart wishes to be  
Elsewhere in danger, but fears a calm sea:  
Whatever brings joy can turn it around.  
summovet. Non, si male nunc, et olim  
sic erit: quondam cithara tacentem  
suscitat Musam, neque semper arcum  
tendit Apollo.

Things now seem bad, but you must know  
That they will not always be so:  
Fate is cruel one day, but kinder after...

Rebus angustis animosus atque  
Fortis appare; sapienter idem  
contrahes vento nimium secundo  
turgida vela.

In difficulty, be brave and bold,  
But keep too-favorable winds controlled,  
And temper every sadness with laughter.

Catullus 72,  
You Are My Inspiration

By Amanda Parker, Latin V student of  
Elizabeth Farshtey, Westfield H. S., Westfield, New York

For all thy sins,  
My love remains strong,  
I cannot turn hatred on  
Your deeds,  
But pray for when I  
May  
Acquire pure love  
From one so saintly  
And may no longer be in  
Love with  
Sin.

## Radio News

Joy Collins, Latin teacher at Fountain Valley School in  
Colorado Springs, Colorado, not only listens to **Nuntii Latini**,  
she has her students write Latin news stories of their own.

## Aerumna in Seribus

Ventibus milibus annis, Karmapa Lama, qui tenet  
paenultimam dignitatem inter Tibeticos Sectatores  
Buddhae tenet—illi "Nigri Petasi"—iter a Tibete ad  
Tibeticam Rempublicam-in-Exilio in Indo fecit.  
Augentibus civilibus Theologicisque disputationibus  
in Seribus, Karmapa Lama, qui XIV annos natus est, cum  
quinque hominibus ad Indum super Himalayas confugit.  
Accidit ut a Seribus discederet quod ab Sereca Republica  
Tibetici Sectatores Buddhae repressi sunt. Hoc iter tam  
minum erat ut et Sereca Republica et Tibetica Respublica-  
in-Exilio Karmapa Lamae effugium ignorarent. Karmapa  
Lama ad Indum peragrabat ut colligeret sanctas reliquias  
quas superiore incarnatione usus erat. Nunc sunt in Indo  
tres ex quatuor ducibus ex quatuor maioribus sectis  
eorum qui Buddham sequuntur. Solus alter controversus  
Panchen Lama in Seribus manet. Sunt duo qui possunt  
esse "Panchen Lamae": alius in Seribus, alius in Indo.  
Hic in Indo a Dalai Lama Ipso electus est. Haec autem  
sola pars disputationis est. Cum multae disputationes man-  
cant, Sereca Republica tamen dixit Karmapa Lama  
qui nunc sit in Indo posse reverire in Tibetum si velit.

## Happy Birthday, Roma!

By Jennifer Tay, Latin I student of Judith A. Granese, Valley H. S., Las Vegas, Nevada

The Greeks battled the Trojans in the war.  
They fought for years without a victory.  
They thought harder for a plan that would soar.  
That would leave the Trojans in misery.

When the Greeks entered the city of Troy,  
The Gods sent Aeneas on a journey.  
Aeneas gathered his father and his boy.

And sailed for the country called Italy.  
In the year Seven Fifty Three B.C.,  
Romulus founded the city of Rome.  
He picked the spot through a prophecy.  
And began the empire on his own.

The Roman empire grew fierce and strong.  
Just like the gods had prophesied all along.

## The Life of Aeneas



Artwork drawn by Lindsay Demaree, Latin I student of Judith Granese, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

AFTER  
THE BIG ONE

BY GRACE SICA,  
LATIN I STUDENT OF ADRIENNE NILSEN,  
ST. JOHN VIANNEY H.S., HOLMDEL, NEW JERSEY

My name is Dr. Sica and I'm  
pleased to report on the wonderful  
achievements taking place in the field  
of historical restoration. One hundred  
years ago our society lived through what  
could be the most horrifying experience  
ever to happen to mankind. A nuclear  
war. During this past century, survivors  
have cooperated to rebuild society. We  
have started new governments and re-  
stored much of our old life.

Now, I am calling upon you, my  
fellow men and women, to move past  
rebuilding and to help me and my col-  
leagues find out the truth about the past.  
We are starting a campaign, with the  
cooperation of our government and the

governments of five other countries  
to begin excavations and serious re-  
search. Because of the lack of  
older scholars and a loss of  
most records after "the big one," this  
process will be long and tedious.

Preliminary digging has already  
produced more questions than answers.  
We were in the area that used to be New  
York City and came across the basement  
of what we found out to be the Metro-  
politan Museum of Art. In this we found  
summaries of about fifty or so objects  
in the museum.

One of the most important items we  
found was a huge metal box identified  
as an ancient Roman woman's groom-  
ing kit. The kit led us to ask many ques-  
tions about our predecessors. The kit  
contains elaborately carved tools. These  
tools are extremely beautiful and are

made from a substance called ivory. The  
carvings are those of beautiful swirls  
and amazing designs. These tools are  
long and have short picks protruding  
from them. Along with these tools came  
a painting of a woman using this tool to  
comb hair, on her head!

Yes, before the nuclear war, people  
actually had hair on their heads. Most  
modern scientists attribute current  
world-wide baldness to gene mutations  
caused by radiation all those years ago.  
Knowledge such as this will be lost for-  
ever unless our proposed project is gen-  
erously funded by cooperating govern-  
ments and generous individuals and pri-  
vate foundations.

So, keeping this in mind, we are  
asking you to send your charitable do-  
nations to "The Restoration of History  
Fund," c/o Dr. Sica, Government Re-  
search and Restoration, Ground Zero,  
Survivorville.

## O, Parcae!

By Jenny Papatolis, Latin IV student of  
Sister Rita Small, Merion Mercy Academy,  
Merion Station, Pennsylvania

In ancient Roman times, the Fates were believed to be  
three sisters whose decrees applied to gods as well as  
mortals. Clotho spun the thread of life, Lachesis mea-  
sured the thread, and Atropos cut the thread when a  
person's life was to end. Both gods and men alike feared  
the three sisters, who literally held mortal lives in their  
unpredictable hands.

O Clotho, quid urget te texere filum vitae—  
Vitae—tam fragilis, tam tenuis?  
Quorum vitas texes nunc expectantium mortem?

O Lachesis, quid urget te metiri filum vitae—  
Disceptans longitudinem vitae homini?  
Quam diu mansuri sumus in tellure,  
Tuis manibus metientibus?

O Atropos, quid urget te secare filum vitae—  
Tam acerbis, tam maligne?  
Quorum sortes nunc explevisi  
Qui a vita detondentur?

Parcae, regitis animas omnium  
Tractantes eos qui manebunt et qui moriuntur.  
Nemo scit cur. Nemo comprehendit.

## Obituary

## THE SIRENS

By K. McGuire, Latin II student of Suzanne Romano,  
Academy of Allied Health & Science, Neptune, N.J.

Monsters with feet and feathers of birds  
With faces of virgins,  
And lovely words and songs.  
They were born to Achelous and Melpomene,  
And cast alone in the middle of the sea onto an island.  
They spent their days luring lonely sailors there.  
One played the lyre, another the flute.  
But it was the singer that captured all who did  
hear—  
Until the day Odysseus did what no one else dared.  
He listened without being enticed away from his crew,  
Who tied him to the mast so he could hear and not die.  
The crew, then sealed their own ears with wax  
When Odysseus signaled that they were near.  
The song was irresistible, and he attempted to break  
away.  
But the crew held him back to save his life.  
After Odysseus and his crew had passed this location,  
The Sirens, frustrated, cast themselves in the sea.  
They perished and no one has heard their song since.  
But is that truly the story?  
Are we safe to, again, set sail?  
Or will there be other victims?  
Only sweet time will tell.



### Cura Matrona.

I have heard from friends of mine that you can help explain almost any problem that is shared with you, so I'm hoping that you will be able to help me with a problem that is really bothering me.

My *pater* is a *medicus equarius* and, since I love horses more than anything, I have always enjoyed working with him.

*Matrona*, you would not believe how carelessly people overwork their horses or neglect them and then expect my *pater* to fix them up so they can be overworked and neglected some more. Horses are the most noble animals in the world, and it just makes me sick to see them abused. When I get a little older—*nunc habeo solos duodecim annos*, I intend to be a *medica equaria*. I know I can learn what I will need to know because I am very smart. My *mater* taught me how to read and write when I was only six years old!

But let me get right to the point. *Nundinis proximis* an *equus* was brought in that had a ball with spikes in it stuck in his hoof. The owner said he had been riding across the old battlefield at Cumae looking for souvenirs when his horse stepped on the ball. The poor horse's hoof was so infected that my *pater* couldn't promise that he would be able to save it.

When my *pater* removed the spiked ball from the horse's hoof, I asked him what that awful thing was. He told me it was called a *marex* by some people and a *tribulus* by others. He said it had been specially made to stick in the hoof of a horse.

*Matrona*, I've never heard of anything so cruel! Are people really all that *barbari* that they would deliberately make things to hurt horses?

While I truly want to become a *medica equaria*, I'm not sure I could deal with such cruelty as this.

*Hateria Superba*  
Quinti Hateri Ephebi filia  
Canusi

### Cura Hateria Superba.

I am always pleased to hear from young girls who hope to practice a profession when they grow up. It sounds like you would make a wonderful *medica equaria*. How very smart you are to have learned to read and write when you were so young! Unfortunately, you do still have so very much to learn.

I agree that horses are beautiful animals, and I also love to watch them and even to touch their velvet noses. They are truly noble creatures. One reality that you must come to grips with, however, is that people use horses, in the worst sense of that word. To many people, a horse is just another tool that gets used until it breaks. Then they either have it fixed or get rid of it. Also, you must realize that, in war, the horse is viewed as just another enemy that needs to be stopped. This is why *ferrarii fabri* make the *murices* or *tribuli* that you saw.

You must also expect horses to be brought to you with *pilum* wounds, or with *cuspides sagittarum* stuck in them. *Ferrarii fabri* also make anti-horse weapons called *ferrina*. These vicious little darts have barbed tips and are designed to pierce the skin of a horse and dangle there as the horse runs. *Ferrina* can tear a horse up pretty badly, and you will see many coming to you with eyes put out or with serious infections from these weapons.

If you are like most young girls, you probably also love *canes*, but you should be aware that there are *canes bellici* that are specially trained to jump up and bite the noses of horses on the battlefield. Be prepared to treat these unightly wounds also.

As a *medica equaria*, you will be dealing not only with *equi* who have mild illnesses, but you will also have to try and fix cruel wounds that were deliberately caused. Remember that the *equi* you will be treating are innocent victims, and, although you are repulsed by the cruelty of the people who hurt them, you can still do much to help these noble animals that we both love so much.

## THE PAGAN PRIEST in the VATICAN

(Continued a *Pagina Prima*)

celebrate rituals to his deity, two serpentine sea-creatures slithered with lightning swiftness out of the waves, entangled the three holy men in violent coils, and snuffed out their lives. The throng of bystanders, taking this as a discreditation by the gods of the priest's words, cheered wildly, then hauled and pushed and dragged and shoved the enormous "Trophy of Victory" through the gates and into downtown Troy. Breathes there a soul who does not know what transpired thereafter?

Like other incidents in the epic works of Homer and Vergil, the Laocoön episode soon became a popular subject for artists. In his *Naturalis Historia* (xxxv.1.4), Pliny the Elder mentions seeing, in the palace of the emperor Titus, a life-sized marble depiction of the Trojan priest in his agony. The writer goes on to praise it as a masterpiece superior to all else in art: "Laocoön, qui est in Titii imperatoris domo, opus omnibus et picturae et statuariae artis praeponendum." Pliny tells us that the project had been carried out—and signed—by three prominent sculptors, all from the island of Rhodes, in the first century (before Christ): Agesander, Athenodoros, and Polydoros.

With the fall of Rome, the Laocoön vanished for the next thousand or so years. Then on the bone-chilling Friday afternoon of 14 January, A.D. 1506, it saw the light of day once more when workers in some vineyards on the Esquiline Hill, near the former site of Titus' royal home, extracted it from the soil. The discovery caused a sensation throughout Renaissance Rome.



Michaelangelo's Christ in the Sistine Chapel copies the pose of Laocoön

since Rome. Pope Julius II at once sent Giuliano da Sangallo and Michelangelo Buonarroti to the site to evaluate the find. The two concurred that this was indeed the "Laocoön" cited by Pliny a millennium and a half earlier.

The pontiff quickly purchased the carving and, in so doing, began the Vatican's vast repository of priceless works of classical art.

The Laocoön had an immediate and profound impact on the art community. Mentors with their students would study intently, by the hour, this powerful drama in stone. Laocoön and his sons, enmeshed in the triangle-holds of two thick sea monsters, stand on the steps of an altar. One serpent prepares to sink its fangs into the left hip of the priest, who rears up and seeks vainly to hold the creature's ugly head at bay. The other has already bitten the side of the smaller boy who, writhing with pain, collapses. Barely discernable in Laocoön's hair are remnants of the headwear for a priest of Apollo—a laurel wreath.

Among the Renaissance masters, Michelangelo was particularly influenced by the Rhodian work's harmony of lines, its dramatic pathos, its spasmodic contraction of the priest's abdominal muscles in his gallant but futile struggle, and by the tragic man's almost

ecstatic expression of pain and desperate grief over the suffering of his sons. The effect on Michelangelo's technique can be seen not only in his statuary but also in his Sistine Chapel figures.

The sun-baked octre *Cortile Belvedere* provides a beautiful temple, the alcove a perfect pulpit for this "pagan priest of the Vatican" to preach, by personal example, a silent homily on man's destiny to suffer on earth, a theme which is so prominent an element of Christian theology.

In  
the  
footsteps  
of

## Alexander

by Michael Keathley

be as open and accessible as Alexander and the other Macedonian rulers have always been."

From the moment we arrived in Hunza, it was non-stop excitement. The road to Karimabad, Hunza's capital, was dusty and the Toyota had a difficult climb. Steve and I walked to the top; the thin air made it difficult to breathe. The village, however, was beautiful. Everywhere I looked, it was lush and green. The immense valley was terraced. There was snow visible on the tops of the mountains. We were forced to stay just outside of Karimabad in a small village called Altit.

That evening Steve and I walked about five minutes to tour Fort Altit. The fort was built in 909 A.D. by the Mir of Hunza for his family's dwelling and for protection against the Nagir Valley people who inhabited the other side of the Hunza River. It contained a large outdoor courtyard, a guardhouse, quarters for the royal family, and a dungeon. As we walked through the rooms, I noticed a familiar design in the royal bedroom. The guide explained that the columns forming the bedposts were "Chitrali" in design and proved the Mir's descent from Macedonian soldiers. The columns seemed to imitate the illusionary (low cost) Ionic style. This proved to be very significant. Here, the columns are carved of wood instead of the marble used in Alexander's time and flat instead of cylindrical. To say that the Ionic columns in strictly Macedonian would be ridiculous; however, to say that this was not a connection to Alexander's time would be ignoring the obvious. Who else would have brought this particularly Macedonian style out into the middle of nowhere? Who else would have clung to this design like a tradition?

The next shock occurred when I looked at the wooden carvings around some of the doorways. There I saw more *plavits!* This national flower of Macedonia past and present was as dominant here as in the Kalash temples! I couldn't stand it any longer. I had to meet the Mir that evening! After the driver dropped us off back in Karimabad, we walked toward the Mir's house. Steve seemed nervous about just barging in on the ruler of Hunza, and he suggested we try to telephone him for an appointment tomorrow morning. "That is the polite thing to do," he said.

"If he truly is a Macedonian leader," I replied, "descended from Alexander the Great's soldiers, then he will

I told him my favorite story about the old woman who was trying to get the attention of Antigonus Gonatas, and when he finally shouted at her that he didn't have time, she shouted back, "Well then don't be king!"

I admit I was also worried, but I would not go another night without contacting him. He had been the chief objective of the trip; not seeing him would drive me insane.

We continued to walk undisturbed until we were nearly at the front door of the Mir's house. It was built into the side of a large hill and a long staircase led down from the backyard of the house.

An old man finally asked us if he could help us. I told him who we were and why we were there. He invited us to wait at the top of the stairs. Then he walked through the backyard to a small group of leisurely-dressed gentlemen. Suddenly, the men got up and quickly approached us. Each of them shook my hand and bowed slightly as he passed. The last man to approach was casually dressed in a T-shirt, baggy pants, and flip-flops; I immediately noticed his pale blue eyes. With a warm smile he lowered his eyes and said, "I am Mir Ghazanfar. I'm sorry I'm not dressed to greet you properly."

I couldn't believe he was humbling himself before me! There stood a man whose family had ruled the Hunza State for a thousand years if not more; he was living history! I introduced Steve and myself and asked him if we could speak to him about the traditions of his people. He smiled and said, "That would be fine. Can you come back at 9 AM tomorrow morning?" My first thought was to do backflips up and down the stairs, but I managed to control myself enough to say, "Of course."

We thanked the Mir and wished him a good night. Then Steve and I walked like dignitaries down the steps and out the front gate of the Mir's house. Then we went crazy! Neither of us could believe what we had just done. We also felt an immense sense of relief because we were finally accomplishing our main objective to see the Mir of Hunza.

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



# Conversations with SOCRATES

By Zan Sippel  
Student of  
Philosophy,  
Indianaapolis,  
Indiana

## Part VIII

"So," said Socrates, "are you seeing anyone?"  
"Umm...that depends," I said. "Why do you ask?"  
"Just curious."

"Curious?" I said. "I read about you Greeks in my ancient civilizations class."

"Don't believe everything you read," Socrates said. "Besides, I'm just wondering because it seems like your civilization is obsessed with love and partnerships with the opposite gender. Everyone I can see walking around this city is either walking with a partner, talking to his partner on a portable communication device or looking over every member of the opposite sex that passes, as if he were shopping for a mate."

"Well, that's true," I said. "It pretty much seems like if you don't have a relationship, you're made out to be some kind of a loser."

"Why is that?" Socrates asked. "Aren't people interested in intellectual pursuits? Aren't people interested in quantifiable accomplishments?"

"Sure," I said. "But they also feel like they have to have someone to come home to at the end of the day. Someone to share their lives with when they're not working or thinking about stuff. Someone just to chill with. You know?"

"That seems illogical to me," Socrates said. "Having a casual relationship with a member of the opposite gender for the sole purpose of companionship doesn't make any sense."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, what is the primary objective of the two-gender nature of our species?"

"Speak English, Socrates."

"Sorry," Socrates said. "Why do humans have two sexes?"

"I don't know," I said. "Because opposites attract?"

"You know better than that," Socrates said. "The reason there are two sexes is so the species can reproduce. Therefore, the primary reason for a male to cohabit with a female is to procreate. If the couple, however, does not plan to procreate, then their 'relationship,' as you call it, is nothing but a harmful distraction; something to keep them from the more important work of seeking the truth about the universe and themselves."

"So you're saying that there is no reason ever to hook up with someone unless you plan on raising a family together?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying," said Socrates. "And

since it is apparent to me that the planet is in no danger of underpopulation, there is therefore no reason for everyone to go around reproducing everywhere. In fact, I would say that there are far too many people in the world as it is, and the last thing on any sensible person's mind should be procreation."

"That may be true," I said, "but I disagree that the only logical reason to spend time with a girl is so you can add numbers to the species."

"What other logical reason is there?" asked Socrates.

"There are plenty," I said. "Like, for example, if all my friends have girlfriends, and I don't have a girlfriend, I won't have anyone to hang out with when they're all out on dates."

"Hm, let's see," said Socrates. "That's illogical on so many levels, I'm not even sure where to start."

"And what about that down time between the end of basketball season and the beginning of football season?" I said. "You don't expect me to watch baseball, do you?"

"Uhm..."

"Of course you don't," I said. "That's the perfect time of the year for a guy to spend Sunday afternoons with a girl."

"Perhaps a valid point within the parameters of your feeble, warped, illogical viewpoint on this subject," Socrates said, "but it is useless to me. Give me just one logical reason to be in a relationship other than the procreation of the species?"

"I'm thinking," I said. "But truthfully, I don't think there is a logical reason. But girls and rock stars use the word love a lot. Maybe that's the reason people get together."

"Ah, love," Socrates said. "We had that concept in my day, too. But it doesn't really exist. Love is only the manifestation of fear. Fear of being alone. Fear of being misunderstood. Fear of being forced to deal with your true solitary place in the universe. Confident people have no use for love. And love has no place in logic."

"Sheesh," I said. "You're pessimistic! I guess maybe love is illogical, just like chaos, God and decaffeinated coffee. But just like that stuff, society can't seem to function without love. We need it."

"So you're saying that we should ponder to the lowest logical denominator sometimes just so we don't rock the boat?"

"No," I said. "All I'm saying is that, in defense of my people, something doesn't have to be logical to be worthwhile. It only has to have meaning, and meaning is relative. And if it ever comes down to a choice between a cute-but-illogical girlfriend and televised baseball, sorry, illogic, here I come!"

## The Laurel Tree of Apollo

By Sara Allen, Grade seven Latin student of  
Denise Reading, Ravenswood School for Girls,  
Gordon, Australia

Young Daphne, the Nymph, was seen  
By Apollo the God who was keen,  
To give the young vision a kiss,  
(This she felt she'd rather miss)  
And so she took flight and ran,  
Crying "Help!" louder than other Nymphs can.  
A River God heard her and thought,  
That to save her he really ought.  
He changed Daphne into a Laurel Tree.  
And so now you can see,  
The Laurel Tree to Apollo belongs,  
In memory of Daphne for whom he longs.

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Students who like mythology.

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## Acetabula ex Cosmoconibus Sweet & Sour Cucumber Salad

Submitted by Latin I students of Mike Gogel,  
Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

### Ingredients:

2 cucumbers, peeled  
2 tsp. wine-vinegar  
Pinch of chopped mint  
1 oz. honey  
2 tps. oil from a can of anchovies  
Pinch of asafoetida  
Salt  
Black pepper



Emily, Jessica, and Nikki present the finished product to their classmates

### Modus Paravit

Slice the cucumbers into 1/8 in. thick slices and place in a bowl.

In a cup, mix the honey, wine-vinegar, mint and asafoetida. Then pour the mixture over the cucumber slices. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

## Fido Fun

By Drisilla Kornbluth, Latin I student of Nancy  
Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Amici

Ludere amant

Cum eorum cane pulchra.

In agris currunt.

Rumum iaciunt

Quem ore capiunt.

Bonum diem agunt.

## POWERS OF A WAR

By Molly Gorman, Latin I student of Suzanne Roman,  
Academy of Allied Health & Science, Neptune, N. J.

I was married to Menelaos,

King of Sparta,

Yet Paris swept me off my feet—

The power of true love.

Together we sailed back to Troy,

Unknowing Troy.

A thousand Greek ships set sail—

The power of true hate.

Years of fighting waged on,

Brutal, merciless.

The death of Achilles was seen as an end—

The power of true pride.

A horse outside the gates of Troy,

Innocent, evil.

The fall of Troy by fire—

The power of surprise.

My face launched a thousand ships,

Sorrowful, scared.

Paris dies so I return to Sparta—

The power of goodbye.





## All-Time Favorite Films 94

Submitted by the Latin III-IV students of  
Kelly Monahan-DiNoia, Bristol Central H.S.,  
Bristol, Connecticut

- I. Poetorum Mortuorum Societas
- II. Inanis Globi
- III. Laqueus Parentibus
- IV. Scopetum Summum
- V. Mendacia Vera
- VI. Titania
- VII. Silvanus Gumpus
- VIII. Sultare Spurcum
- IX. Beatus Branchiae Plus
- X. Cor Forte

## Latin Palindromes

By Tiberius Vollbracht and Tiro Srivastava, Latin I  
students of Cheravon Davidson,  
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

A palindrome is a word that reads the same backwards or forwards, such as the plural of the English word solo, i.e. "solos." Try to come up with a Latin word that would read the same backwards or forwards as a translation for each clue.

1. Wing (nom.)
2. That (dative)
3. Behold!
4. To be
5. Bad (fem., acc.)
6. His own (nom.)
7. Highest (masc., nom., sing.)
8. There
9. Having been hated (masc., dat. sing.)
10. Old men (nom.)

A Visit with Vergil  
for the Birthday of Rome

By Cari Krejci, Latin IV student of Denise Davis-Henry,  
Watterson H.S., Columbus, Ohio

## ACROSS

1. Region in Italy in which Aeneas settled
5. Home of Agamemnon
10. Nymph that Juno promised to Aeolus
11. Roman god of earthquakes
12. River near which Rome was founded
14. Aeneas' father-in-law
16. Greek god of the winds
17. Roman Dionysus

## DOWN

2. Half-man, half-fish
3. Dido's pre-Carthage home
4. Main Trojan general
6. Aeneas' right-hand man
7. City in Phoenicia that provided a nickname for Dido
8. City ruled by Agamemnon's brother
9. Amazon queen that fought at Troy
13. Nickname for Greek goddess of wisdom
15. City in Cyprus sacred to Venus
18. Roman Demeter

Multi-Cultural  
DEITIES

Based on a game by Matt Mauer, Latin II student of  
Mike Gagel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

1. GIARFG: Norse love goddess
2. USEZ: Greek cloud gatherer
3. USHRO: Egyptian god of light
4. EATRIMS: Apollo's Greek sister
5. RHOT: Norse thunder god
6. OPULT: Greek Mr. Rich
7. SAER: Greek vulture lover
8. IDNO: Norse war god
9. OALOPL: Greek who "gets down" with a golden lyre
10. ONUJ: Roman marriage protectress
11. TDIPHAERO: Greek born from the foam
12. POS: Wife of the Roman Saturn
13. MALIEA: Roman female vampires
14. ISSOIR: Egyptian god who causes the Nile to overflow annually
15. GEATS: Etruscan deity who taught the art of divination

Anticipare  
Aestatem

Based on a game by Jackie Perez, Latin I student of  
Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

- |                   |                          |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Beach          | A. Sole adustus          |
| 2. Ice Cream      | B. Parva pala            |
| 3. Ocean          | C. Feriae                |
| 4. Pail           | D. Cremor lactis gelidas |
| 5. Palm Tree      | E. Parva situla          |
| 6. Sand Castle    | F. Castellum harenosum   |
| 7. Shovel         | G. Litus                 |
| 8. Sunburn        | H. Magnum sudarium       |
| 9. Towel          | I. Oceanus               |
| 10. Vacation      | J. Palma                 |
| 11. Horse Back    | K. Ambulare foris        |
| 12. Riding        | L. Pilaris lusio         |
| 13. Swimming      | M. Paganica ludere       |
| 14. Hiking        | N. Sero dormire          |
| 15. Mountain      | O. Piscari               |
| 16. Climbing      | P. Equitare              |
| 17. Baseball      | Q. Scapha navigare       |
| 18. Tennis        | R. Natate                |
| 19. Iced Tea      | S. Ascendere montes      |
| 20. Sleeping Late | T. Thea gelida           |
| 21. Canoeing      |                          |
| 22. Fishing       |                          |



= Beginning Level



= Upper Level

Everyone's  
HERO

Based on a game by Scipio Barbieri and Atticus Birk,  
Latin II students of Cheravon Davidson,  
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

In the word search, find and circle the word suggested by each clue.

1. Heracles' first wife
2. Number of labors Heracles was initially assigned
3. Country of the lion Heracles killed as his first labor
4. Heracles' father
5. Heracles' mother
6. Monster in Lerna that grew two heads for each one Heracles cut off
7. Heracles' music teacher whom he killed
8. King whose stables Heracles had to clean in one day
9. What Heracles illegally used to clean the stables
10. Heracles' arch-enemy on Olympus
11. What Heracles killed in his crib
12. Heracles' brother
13. Material makeup of the horns of the Arcadian stag
14. What Heracles had to capture in Erymanthia
15. King whose cattle Heracles had to steal for his tenth labor
16. Heracles' charioteer
17. Creatures Heracles killed on a lake near Stympthalus
18. What Heracles captured on Crete
19. Amazon queen whose belt Heracles had to obtain
20. They guarded the golden apples
21. King who assigned Heracles his labors
22. Heracles' last mortal wife
23. Centaur whose poison blood killed Heracles
24. Heracles' wife after his assumption onto Olympus
25. King whose horses ate human flesh

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

Libri a  
Scussio Docto  
Scripti

By the Latin II students of Phyllis Dunn,  
Norwell H.S., Norwell, Massachusetts

1. Unus Piscis, Duo Pisces, Piscis Ruber, Piscis Caeruleus
2. Ova Viridia et Perna
3. Feles in Petaso Revenit.
4. O, Loca Ad Quae Adibis!
5. Et Concipe Animo Me Id in Mororum Via Vidisse!
6. Umquamne Tibi Dixi Quam Felix Esset?
7. Eane Tu Mater Mea?
8. Piscis Ex Aqua
9. Hodie Non Oriar!
10. O, Dic, Potesne Dicere?
11. Hortonus Audit Aliquem Cui Nomen Sit "Qui."
12. O, Cogitationes Quas Cogitare Potes!
13. Multorum Colorum Dies Mei
14. Quomodo Invidiosulus Nomine Grinchus Christi Natalem Abrogaverit

"I've lost my magazine,"  
he said, lifelessly.



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

101

Translate each Latinized magazine title into English.

1. Sorores in Habitu \_\_\_\_\_
2. Populus \_\_\_\_\_
3. Saltatus \_\_\_\_\_
4. Inceptum Atrum \_\_\_\_\_
5. Pecunia \_\_\_\_\_
6. Septendecim \_\_\_\_\_
7. Adolescens \_\_\_\_\_
8. Hominum Generosorum Trimestre \_\_\_\_\_
9. Ludi Feminei \_\_\_\_\_
10. Nuntium de Rotis \_\_\_\_\_
11. Americae Status Uniti Hodie \_\_\_\_\_
12. Oblectatio \_\_\_\_\_
13. Nationis Geographicum \_\_\_\_\_
14. Atlanticum Singulis Mensibus \_\_\_\_\_
15. Vivere Meridianum \_\_\_\_\_
16. Lectoribus Digesta \_\_\_\_\_
17. Cura Rei Familiaris Bona \_\_\_\_\_
18. Meliores Domus et Horti Meliores \_\_\_\_\_
19. Liber Ruber \_\_\_\_\_
20. Ludi Illustrati \_\_\_\_\_

How ~~WAS~~ UP Was Perseus?

By Nicole Zadzilka, Latin II student of Nancy Mazur,  
Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

102

1. ACAESPOI—The Queen of Aethiopia
2. ORMDENDAA—Perseus' bride-to-be
3. SLAAT—Titan turned to stone
4. UMESDA—Slain by Perseus
5. VERNEMA—Divine shield giver
6. TPEURJI—Perseus' father
7. NEROIFLTCE—What Perseus saw on his shield
8. RYEMURC—Divine giver of winged sandals
9. HEPEUCS—King of Aethiopia
10. AANDE—Perseus' mother
11. OPSEIRSH—Island landing spot
12. TPESODYLCE—Island king
13. YCIDST—Fisherman rescuer
14. SASUCIRI—Perseus' grandpa
15. AREEGA—Tooth and eyeball sharer



## The Songs of U2

By Asad Juleel, Latin IV student of Amy Cargill,  
Naperville Central H.S., Naperville, Illinois

106

- I. Tecum Aut Sine Te \_\_\_\_\_
- II. Unus \_\_\_\_\_
- III. Superbia (In Amoris Nomine) \_\_\_\_\_
- IV. Remane! \_\_\_\_\_
- V. Sequar \_\_\_\_\_
- VI. Solis Dies, Solis Dies Sanguineus \_\_\_\_\_
- VII. Ubi Viae Nullum Nomen Habent \_\_\_\_\_
- VIII. Aspectans Solem \_\_\_\_\_
- IX. Kalendae Ianuariae \_\_\_\_\_
- X. Amplectere Me, Pertempta Me Gaudiis, Basia Me, Caede Me \_\_\_\_\_



## Watch Out for This Man in April!

By Alex Salaj, Latin I student of Judith Gransco,  
Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada



103

Unscramble each Latin word, then write its English meaning in the blanks after it. Copy the numbered letters on the proper blanks to discover the Puzzle Answer.

1. dopur (1) \_\_\_\_\_
2. riatap (2) \_\_\_\_\_
3. ontiucfuls (3) \_\_\_\_\_
4. usecd (4) \_\_\_\_\_
5. tusecr (5) \_\_\_\_\_
6. tunecm (6) \_\_\_\_\_

7. munamd (7) \_\_\_\_\_
8. menta (8) \_\_\_\_\_
9. virusa (9) \_\_\_\_\_
10. dusliav (10) \_\_\_\_\_

Puzzle Answer:

(1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10)

## UBINAM GENTIUM SUMUS?

Based on a game submitted by Ryan Hoekstra,  
Latin II student of Darryl Huisken,  
Covenant Christian H.S.,  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

107

1. Adriatic
2. Mare Nostrum
3. Capri
4. Tyrrhenian Sea
5. Sicily
6. Capua
7. Delphi
8. Athens
9. Ischia
10. Vesuvius
11. Ostia
12. Appenines
13. Sparta
14. Ithaca
15. Mycenae
16. Cumae
17. Aetna
18. Sardinia
19. Troy
20. Tiber
21. Thames
22. Pyrenees
23. Sequana
24. Tibur
25. Corsica
26. Sarno

- A. Sea west of Italy
- B. River near which Londinium was founded
- C. Cultural capitol of ancient Greece
- D. Home of Aeneas' father-in-law
- E. Port of Rome
- F. Home of Apollo's oracle in Greece
- G. River which runs near Nuceria and Pompeii
- H. Mountains which form the spine of Italy
- I. Roman name for the Mediterranean Sea
- J. Volcano in Sicily
- K. Large island west of Italy now under French control
- L. Real home of Helen of Troy
- M. Rome's first province
- N. Town near which Horace's Sabine Villa was located
- O. Mountains which divided Hispania and Gallia
- P. Island home of Ulysses
- Q. Sea east of Italy
- R. Volcano north of Pompeii
- S. River near which Rome is located
- T. Home of Agamemnon
- U. Island home of Tiberius
- V. Latin name of the river near which Paris was founded
- W. Where Spartacus trained
- X. Small island north of Capri in the Bay of Naples
- Y. Large island west of Italy now under Italian control
- Z. Home of the Sibyl visited by Aeneas in Italy



104

## Top Ten Shows for Kids

Submitted by Lauren and Diane, Latin II students of  
Jodie Gill, The Hawken School, Gates Mills, Ohio

- I. Saxum Fragile \_\_\_\_\_
- II. Nani Caerulei \_\_\_\_\_
- III. Ursi Curantes \_\_\_\_\_
- IV. Coloris Caerulei Indicia \_\_\_\_\_
- V. Via Sesamina \_\_\_\_\_
- VI. Magister Rogeri \_\_\_\_\_
- VII. Testadines Qui Sunt Sicarii Japonienses \_\_\_\_\_
- VIII. Viri Littera Vicesima Quarta Notati \_\_\_\_\_
- IX. Parvus Mannulus Meus \_\_\_\_\_
- X. Pocemontes \_\_\_\_\_

## As the Saying Goes...

By Chelsea Dammeier, Latin II student of Dr. Elliott T.  
Egan, Ben Franklin H.S., New Orleans, Louisiana



105

1. ad libitum
2. amor omnia vincit
3. caveat emptor
4. dramatis personae
5. et alia
6. eureka
7. in loco parentis
8. in toto
9. in vino veritas
10. labor omnia vincit
11. non sequitur
12. pax vobiscum
13. rara avis
14. summum bonum
15. veritas vos liberabit
16. vox populi, vox Dei
17. fac totum
18. terra incognita
19. sic transit gloria mundi
20. alter ego
- A. another I
- B. in place of a parent
- C. I have found it
- D. labor conquers all things
- E. as you please
- F. a rare bird
- G. thus passes the glory of the world
- H. a jack of all trades
- I. love conquers all things
- J. unexplored land
- K. the truth will set you free
- L. the voice of the people is the voice of God
- M. in wine there is truth
- N. the highest good
- O. it doesn't logically follow
- P. let the buyer beware
- Q. in its completeness
- R. the cast of a play
- S. and the other things
- T. peace be with you



# The REAL Founder of Rome

A modern myth by Lauren Bleam, Latin I student of Dr. Marianthe Colakis, The Covenant School, Charlottesville, Virginia

They were fighting from the day they were born. Which one would see the light of day first?

As usual, Roma, the little-known sister of Romulus and Remus, won. Next came Romulus, and then poor Remus. Romulus and Remus immediately started crying, but Roma just sat there looking around. There was no one except Rhea to rejoice in their birth. Mars, whom Rhea said was their father, was certainly nowhere to be found. Rhea's father was not happy about the triplets' birth because he had ordered Rhea to become a Vestal Virgin. He had done this so no descendant could take over his throne.

Suddenly, Rhea's father burst into the room. He told his servants to throw the triplets into the river.

Roma quickly started crying so that anyone nearby would hear her and get them out. The brothers caught on to what she was doing and also started to cry. Roma also started paddling as fast as she could toward the bank.

Roma and her brothers caught sight of a she-wolf just as they were washing onto the shore. They were terrified. The she-wolf, however, meant them no harm. She nursed them and let them sleep near her warm fur.

The triplets stayed with the wolf for a while. Then one day a

farmer and his wife stumbled upon the triplets! They decided to take them home and raise them as their own. The triplets grew up thinking the farmer and his wife were their parents.

Years later, after the farmer and his wife told them about their real parents, the triplets decided to get even with their grandfather. The two boys were starting to back down, but Roma urged them on until they killed him.

The triplets wanted to build a city where they had lived with the wolf. However, it was not quite that easy. They argued about who would rule the city and name it. Roma had an idea, though. She suggested that they pray to the gods for a sign. So, all three stood on different hills.

All of a sudden, Remus saw six birds flying overhead. After that, Romulus saw twelve birds. Just as Romulus was about to celebrate, Roma saw twenty-four birds. Remus argued that since he had seen the first sign, he should be the one to name it. Romulus had no reason to be the one, which made him even madder. Since Roma was always the one who was the smartest, strongest and wisest, the boys had come to despise her; yet they respected her judgment at the same time. Also, since her sign made the most sense, that made them all the more angry at the prospect of a girl naming their city. For all these reasons, they decided that Roma had to go.

The boys decided that they should not kill her because she was so wise, smart and strong. They agreed to lock her in the castle that was once their grandfather's and was now theirs. They decided to give her only enough food to survive. In this way, they could still ask her advice and threaten that they would take away her food or kill her if she ever refused to help them.

In the middle of the night, they sneaked into Roma's room. While Remus woke her and distracted her, Romulus sneaked up behind her with a rope.

"Hey, take that rope off me!" Roma exclaimed.

"Too bad, Roma, you are now our prisoner."

"You know, you guys have some nerve, waking a girl up in the middle of the night and... where are you taking me?" Roma bit, kicked, and struggled, but in vain.

A little while later Romulus got mad at Remus' teasing and killed him. Roma was angry too. How could her brothers lock her up like this? She knew that Romulus would not kill her because then he would have no one from whom to get advice, and the new place he was starting would fall apart. He could starve her, but only for so long. So Roma devised a scheme of her own.

"Romulus, thank you for naming the city after me."

"I didn't. It's being called Romul, after me."

"Then I will not give you any more advice."

"Come on! You know I can't get along without your advice. What do you want me to call it?"

"Roma."

So, though Romulus continued to keep Roma locked up, she gave him advice on solving many problems.

The biggest problem Romulus had was that he did not have any women in his wonderful new city. At first, he thought women from all over would jump at the chance to come to the city, but he was wrong. So he had to ask for advice.

"Roma, what can I do? My city doesn't have any women!"

"Invite the neighbors to a race," Roma said. "Then, have your followers come out and catch the girls and force them to marry them. At first they will be angry, but if your men are kind and sweet, the girls will eventually love them."

Romulus followed her advice, and it worked. The parents and husbands of the kidnapped women got mad, however, and started a war. Again, Romulus turned to Roma.

"Roma, people are starting a war, what should I do?"

"Just have the wives tell their parents and ex-husbands how much it hurts them to see them fighting."

Soon they were all living in peace.

One day, while Roma was snooping around her cell, she came upon a tunnel that led outside the castle. She went through it, and, blinded by the light of day, she staggered into a neighbor's house. The people in the house tried to help her, but she was very weak and on the brink of death. Before she died, however, she managed to gasp out the truth of who she was and why Roma had been named after her. Because the neighbors feared King Romulus, they decided to live with the secret. They buried the young girl who had come to their house to die, and to this day everybody still thinks that Romulus named Rome after himself.

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## How Well Did You Read? 108

1. Who is the Pagan Priest in the Vatican?
2. What is the Latin name for vampires?
3. According to "Dr. Sica," what destroyed New York City?
4. Who has her students write Latin news reports of current events?
5. How can a *murex* or *tribulus* hurt a horse?
6. What was the buying power of a Roman *as* when it was first created?
7. What did the old woman say to King Antigonus Gonatas when he said he didn't have time to talk to her?
8. What website can be visited to get copies of recent articles promoting the study of Latin?
9. According to Lauren Bleam, Romulus and Remus were triplets. Who was the third sibling?
10. Whose graves were recently found at 35 Salaminos Street in Athens?

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

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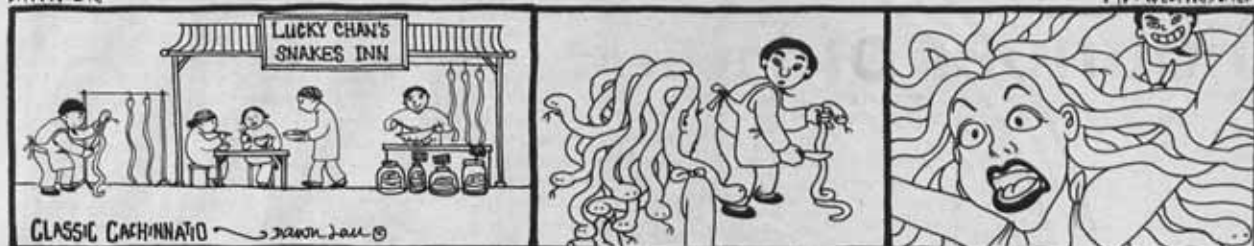
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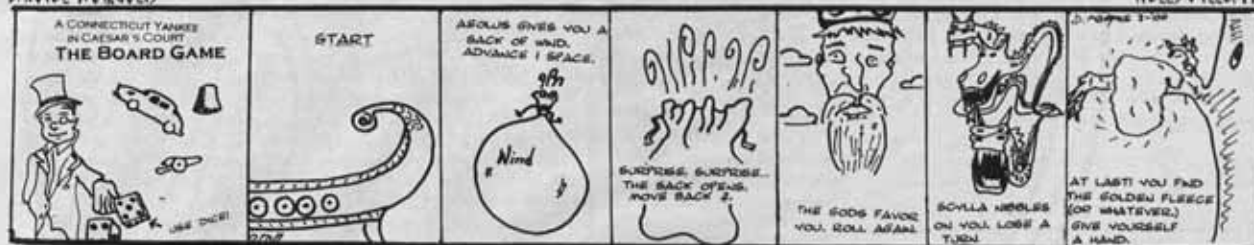
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CLASSIC CACHINNATO — DAWN LAU ©

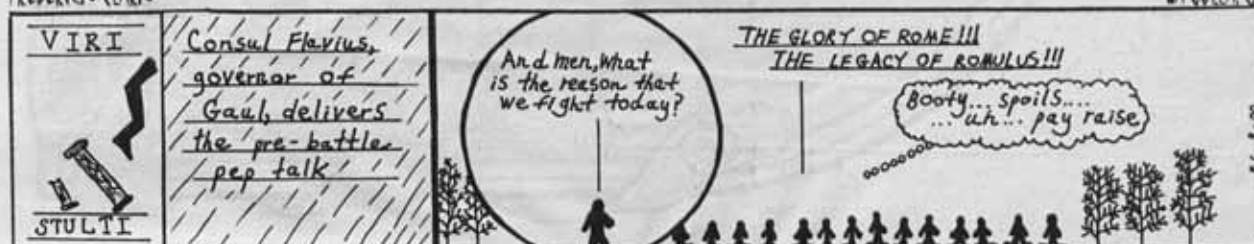
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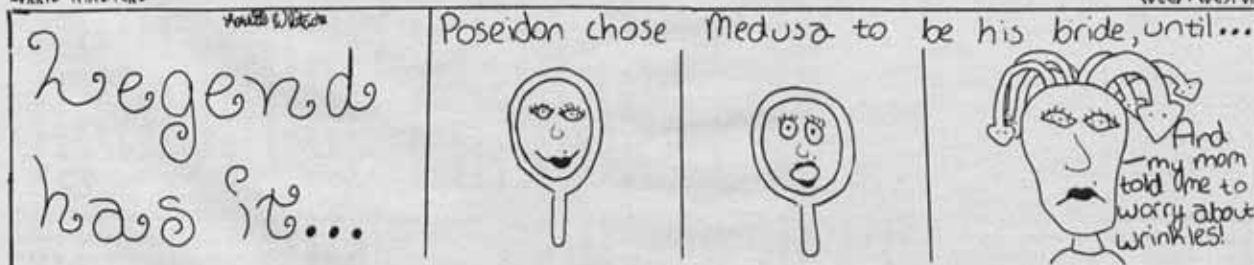
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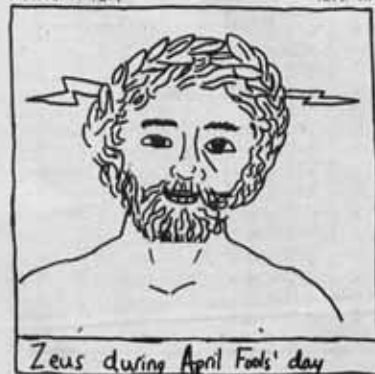
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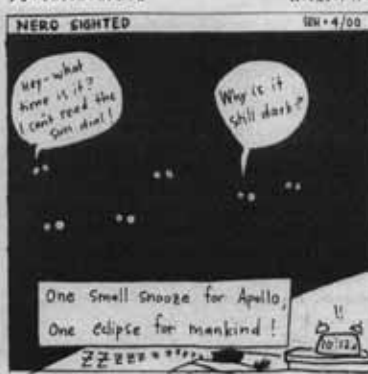
MATTHEW FREY



Zeus during April Fools' day

TROY, OH

SAMANTHA HOLDER



CONROE, TX

AUSTIN HEAD



LAWRENCE, KS



## Pompeiana, Inc.

*Pompeiana was incorporated under the laws of the State of Indiana in June 1974 as a National 501(c)3 not-for-profit Center for the Promotion of Classical Studies at the Secondary School Level. Pompeiana, Inc., is governed by a Board of Directors, which meets annually or as needed. The annual meeting for adult, contributing and board members is held in Indianapolis on the fourth Saturday of September.*

Executive Director: Dr. B. F. Barcio, L.H.D.

Administrative Assistant to the Editor: Donna H. Wright

Production Assistants: William Gilmartin and Betty Whittaker

Graphic Designer: Phillip Barcio

E-mail: [Pompeiana@aol.com](mailto:Pompeiana@aol.com)

VOX: 317/255-0589 FAX: 317/254-0728

### The Pompeiana NEWSLETTER

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The Pompeiana NEWSLETTER is a membership benefit for Adult and Contributing members. Teachers who are members of Pompeiana, Inc., may purchase classroom orders of the NEWSLETTER for their students.

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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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94.

## Picturae Moventes

- I. Dead Poets' Society
- II. Space Balls
- III. The Parent Trap
- IV. Top Gun
- V. True Lies
- VI. Titanic
- VII. Forrest Gump
- VIII. Dirty Dancing
- IX. Happy Gilmore
- X. Braveheart

95.

## Latin Palindromes

1. Ala
2. Illi
3. Ecce
4. Esse
5. Mala
6. Sum
7. Summus
8. Ibi
9. Oso
10. senes



## Multi-Cultural

## Deities

1. FRUGGA
2. ZEUS
3. HORUS
4. ARTEMIS
5. THOR
6. PLUTO
7. ARES
8. ODIN
9. APOLLO
10. JUNG
11. APHRODITE
12. OPS
13. LAMIAE
14. OSIRIS
15. TAGES

## Anticipare Aestatem

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

## Everyone's Hero

1. Megara
2. Twelve
3. Nemes
4. Zeus
5. Alcmena
6. Hydra
7. Linus
8. August
9. River
10. Hera
11. Snakes
12. Iphicles
13. Gold
14. Boar
15. Geryon
16. Iolais
17. Birds
18. Bull
19. Hippolyte
20. Hesperides
21. Eurystheus
22. Delanira
23. Nessus
24. Hebe
25. Diomedes

99.



## Spectacula Televisifica

- I. Fraggie Rock
- II. Smurfs
- III. Care Bears
- IV. Blue's Clues
- V. Sesame Street
- VI. Mr. Rogers
- VII. Ninja Turtles
- VIII. X-Men
- IX. My Little Pony
- X. Pokemon

100.

## Libri a Seusso Docto Scripti

1. One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish
2. Green Eggs and Ham
3. The Cat in the Hat Comes Back
4. Oh, The Places You'll Go!
5. And To Think That I Saw It On Mulberry Street!
6. Did I Ever Tell You How Lucky You Are?
7. Are You My Mother?
8. A Fish Out of Water
9. The Cat in the Hat
10. I'm Not Going to Get Up Today!
11. O, Say, Can You Say?
12. Horton Hears a Who!
13. O, The Things You Can Think!
14. My Many Colored Days
15. How The Grinch Stole Christmas

## "I've Lost My Magazine," He Said Lifelessly

1. Sisters in Style
2. People
3. Dance
4. Black Enterprise
5. Money
6. Seventeen
7. Teen
8. Gentlemen's Quarterly
9. Sports for Women
10. News on Wheels
11. USA Today
12. Entertainment
13. National Geographic
14. Atlantic Monthly
15. Southern Living
16. Readers Digest
17. Good Housekeeping
18. Better Homes and Gardens
19. Redbook
20. Sports Illustrated

## How Mixed Up Was Perseus?

1. CASSIOPEA
2. ANDROMEDA
3. ATLAS
4. MEDUSA
5. MINERVA
6. JUPITER
7. REFLECTION

102.

## Carmina Optima

- I. With or Without You
- II. One
- III. Pride (In the Name of Love)
- IV. Stay
- V. I will Follow
- VI. Sunday, Bloody Sunday
- VII. Where the Streets Have No Name
- VIII. Staring at the Sun
- IX. New Year's Day
- X. Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me, Kill Me

103.

## Watch Out For This Man In April

1. (pudor) shame
2. (patria) fatherland
3. (fonticulus) small fountain
4. (decus) glory
5. (certus) certain
6. (centum) hundred
7. (damnum) loss
8. (tamen) nevertheless
9. (varius) various
10. (validus) strong

Puzzle Answer: stultus vir

## Ubinam Gentium Sumus?

1. Q
2. I
3. U
4. A
5. M
6. W
7. F
8. C
9. X
10. R
11. E
12. H
13. L
14. P
15. T
16. Z
17. J
18. Y
19. D
20. S
21. B
22. O
23. V
24. N
25. K
26. G

108.

## How Well Did You Read?

1. Laocöon
2. Lamiae
3. A nuclear war
4. Joy Collins
5. If a horse steps on one, it pierces its hoof.
6. It could be used to purchase a cow.
7. "Then don't be king!"
8. <http://www.promotlatin.org>
9. Roma
10. Soldiers who died when Sparta attacked Athens in 431 B.C.E.

## "Charlie Brown, Snoopy, Linus, Lucy... how can I ever forget them?"

These words, published in newspapers throughout the world on February 13, 2000, marked the end both of the cartoon PEANUTS (the Latin for this word means "small underground nuts") and its creator, Charles Schulz.

They were the last words that Charles wrote in his last PEANUTS cartoon. Charles himself died on February 12, 2000.

It's not easy to draw cartoons, but a well-drawn cartoon can bring humor to all readers. This is why Pompeiana, Inc., publishes an entire page of cartoons each month in its NEWSLETTER. Not only does this page help students enjoy their study of Latin, but it also allows novice cartoonists to demonstrate and improve their talents.

No cartoonist enjoys success immediately, not even Charles Schulz. Charles began to draw cartoons when he was six years old. A few years later he tried to learn how to draw better by studying with a Minnesota correspondence school. Schools such as this often advertised in comic books. But many people considered such schools to be dishonest and not very good. Because many high schools, however, taught neither art nor how to draw cartoons at that time, many young students tried to learn with correspondence lessons. Thus, with correspondence lessons from this school Charles tried to draw better cartoons. But when he gave his cartoons to the editors of his high school year book, they rejected them, and Charles was very sad.

After Charles had served in the Second World War, he returned to America and became a teacher for the same Minnesota school that taught cartoon correspondence courses. He still did not have great success drawing his own cartoons, however.

At this time, Charles fell in love with Donna Johnson (a girl with red hair who would later become the "Little Red Haired Girl"). Donna, however, refused to marry Charles because she thought that a cartoonist would never earn much money.

Charles married his first wife, Joyce Halverson, in 1949, and a year later he was able to sell a cartoon that he had titled PEANUTS. Charles then spent every day drawing his cartoon, and soon he became very wealthy. He and Joyce had five children.

In 1958 Charles decided to move his family to California.

In 1969, since Charles himself liked to ice-skate, he built the Redwood Empire Ice Arena near Santa Rosa, California. This public arena was decorated with pictures of the characters in the PEANUTS cartoon. In the arena Charles also built the Warm Puppy coffee shop where he would eat breakfast every day. Near the arena Charles built a special studio where he would go everyday to draw the PEANUTS cartoon.

Soon, however, Charles divorced Joyce and, in 1974, married Jeannie Forsyth who was his wife for the last twenty-six years of his life.

Like many of the students who draw cartoons for the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER, Charles did not do his best work when he was young. Because he loved to draw cartoons, however, and because he continued to practice, Charles finally became a very good and a very wealthy artist. Every day about 355 million people in 75 countries used to read PEANUTS.

If you are talented and enjoy drawing cartoons, you should try to become a Contract Cartoonist for the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER. See the rules that were printed in the March issue. Who knows? You might become the next Charles Schulz!