

POMPEIIANA

VOL. XXVI, NO. 9

NEWSLETTER

MAL. A. D. MM



Anno Domini MCMXXIII A.J. McLean et Hovaradus Dorrough studentes erant apud Scholam Altam

Orlandoniensium in Florida. Quia prope Disney Mundum habitabant et in scena agere cupiebant, incipiebant se offerre apud Disney Mundum ut in scena agere possent. Hoc modo obviam ibant Nicolao Carter qui illo tempore erat student apud scholam altam iuniorum. Hi tres facti sunt amici et suam catervam musicam creare constituerunt. Quando obviam ierunt Kevin Richardson, qui iam in scena apud Disney Mundum agebat, cum invitaverunt ut se catervae musicae iungeret. Kevinus subiecit consobrinum suum, Brianum Littrell qui in Kentuckiensi habitaret, catervae musicae addendum esse. Quando hi quinque pueri simul cantabant, sonum bonum habebant et cognoscebant se paratos esse ut in scena agerent.

Orlandoniensi multi adolescentes tempus consumeant in foro cui nomen erat "Vici Postici Forum." Quia A.J. et Hovaradus tempus in hoc foro antea consumeant, quinque pueri constituerunt se nominare Vici Postici Pueri.

Primo, hi quinque pueri carmina cantabant quae popularia facta erant ab aliis catervis musicis. Alicui alicubi

libenter cantabant. Etiam in comitati in andronibus officinarum musicarum cantabant ut observarent. Tunc accidit colloquatur cum Davido McPherson (qui apud Mercurii Officium Musicum tunc laborabat) ut audiret pueros cantantes

Quinque Pueri Qui Musicam Facere Amant



ut auctorati esset ad cantandum apud saltatus in scholis altis. Mox invitati sunt ut cantarent apud Noctem Eis Qui Gradum Susceperunt in Mundo Maritimo. Tandem invitati sunt ut aperirent spectaculum pro "Brandy." Hoc modo hi quinque pueri multam experientiam in scena acquisiverunt.

Impresserunt carmen cui titulus erat "Dic Mihi Me Somnare" quod famosum factum est. Pueri in scena ante multos agitatissimosque spectatores cantantibus, eorum procurator telephonice

et quam maxime spectatores spectaculo fruerentur. Mox pueri pactum musicum habuerunt.

Tunc eorum procurator colloquationem fecit ut Vici Postici Pueri iter facerent ad Europam et Britanniam ad cantandum. A.D. MCMXXV, Vici Postici Pueri carmen impresserunt cui titulus erat "Habemus Id Accidens" quod popularissimum factum est in Britannia et per Europam. Tunc carmen "Cor Tuum Numquam Rumpam" impresserunt quod pueros etiam famosiores in Britannia

Europaque fecit. Illo anno eodem, quinque pueri "Smash Hits" Praemium Londinio meruerunt pro Optimo Spectaculo Novo Peregrinabundo. A.D. MCMXXVI, Vici Postici Pueri nominati sunt "Prima Caterva Peregrinabunda" in Germania.

Tunc erant principales cantantes apud LVII actiones in itinere musico per Europam. Tum in urbibus in Asia, Ora Pacifica, Australibus cantaverunt. Quando colloquationem fecerunt ut in XXXII urbibus Canadensis cantarent, fanatici omnes tesseras XX horae partibus minutis edunt.

Prudie Idus Augustas, A.D. MCMXXVII, quinque pueri prodixerunt primum album Americanum suum cui titulus erat VICI POSTICI PUERI. Carmina famosa inclusa in hoc albo erant: "Desine Ludere," "Dummodo Me Ames," "Omnes," "Cor Tuum Numquam Rumpam," "Omnia Quae Habeo Ad Dandum."

Nunc, solis septem post annis Vici Postici Pueri famosissimi sunt per mundum et ditissimi. Eorum secundum album Americanum appellatum est MILLENIUM. Vici Postici Pueri nunc agunt "Concentum Revenientes Domum" sunt in urbibus maioribus Americanis et unum ex spectaculis eorum in televisione recenter visum est.

Rendezvous

By Frank J. Korn

Selon Hall University, South Orange, New Jersey

Could there ever be a more poetic title for a novel or a movie? "Rendezvous in Rome." What an elegant phrase! The words have such an inherently glamorous ring to them that conjures up all sorts of romantic images.

For some reason or other, they strongly suggest to me this tableau: a handsome young American soldier, circa 1945, stepping off a train at the Stazione Termini and into the waiting arms of a beautiful, misty-eyed Army nurse.

Film makers, American and foreign, know well that for such amatory interludes there are no backdrops quite like those that Rome has to offer.

The choice of picturesque piazzas, roaring fountains, and brooding ruins is almost limitless. Beyond number also are shady lanes in quiet parks and cozy booths in candle-lit restaurants. Then there are triumphal arches, statue-crowned columns, and other such monuments galore ready to serve as idyllic settings, not to mention the Colosseum, the Spanish Steps and the Aventine Hill. One site more attractive, more suggestive, than the next.

This cornucopia of photogenic places has not been wasted on Hollywood's leading directors. Down through the years, they have often availed themselves of the dramatic dividends that derive from having their heroes and heroines get together in Rome. In *Rome Adventure*, Suzanne Pleshette coos to the overtures of Rossano Brazzi

on the moonlit Bridge of the Angels. The following afternoon she joins Troy Donahue, a towheaded Adonis, at an outdoor café in sunny Piazza Navona. Tall, handsome Gregory Peck shows petite and lovely Audrey Hepburn around the ancient city in Roman Holiday.

The closing scene in *Three Coins in a Fountain* features a triple rendezvous at the Trevi Fountain one fine April evening, with Brazzi, Clifton Webb, and Louis Jourdan seeking their respective sweet-

in Rome

hearts. Dorothy McGuire, Maggie McNamara, and Jean Peters.

Walk the streets of Rome any time of day, any day of the year, and you are sure to see a rendezvous or two taking place in real life as well as in "reel" life—especially in spring, when so many men's fancies "lightly turn to thoughts of love."

On spring nights in 1950, for example, Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini, in their scandalous liaison, were spotted at various trysting places around town.

On the set of *Cleopatra*, Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton felt the sweet sting of Cupid's arrows. At sundown following each day's shooting, they could be found sipping aperitifs at Doney's on the ultra-chic Via Veneto, much to the delight of gossip columnists and paparazzi.

In that golden age, at the same enchanted hour, a short distance away in Piazza del Popolo, Ignazio Silone, Ital Calvino, Alberto Moravia, Luigi Bartini, and other eminent literati would start arriving, one by one, for their nightly colloquies at Caffè Rosati. Parliamentarians and other politicians meanwhile would already be six-deep at the counter in the clamorous Bar Sant' Eustachio for cappuccino and conversation. (Not every rendezvous in Rome, you see, is of the man-and-women-in-love type.)

"Punti di ritrovo," is what the Romans call these popular gathering places, and there are myriads of them throughout their fair city.

During my student days there, I would meet my wife a couple of times a week for lunch at a rustic trattoria tucked away in Rome's tiniest square, Piazza della Maddalena, named for the church of St. Mary Magdalene just across the way.

On other occasions, we were wont to regroup under Mussolini's Balcony, or at Garibaldi's Monument high atop the Janiculum, or at Caffè Greco, a favorite oasis of poets and artists for over two centuries. (Shelly and Byron and Trelawny were regular customers.)

(Continued in Pagina Sexta)

STOP!

Don't throw those old books away!

It's the end of the year, and department chairpersons are insisting that rooms be cleaned up and that no longer used texts and materials be cleared out. And that goes for all that stuff stored in the foreign language office, too!

Everyone's got them. Whole sets of books that were kept after the last textbook adoption because there just might be a use for them. Although they could be useful, however, there was never enough time to work them into the syllabus. So they became part of the classroom clutter that department chairpersons have earmarked for removal.

Whatever you do, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER dump these materials in the trash. You suspected they could be useful, and they can be—to someone, somewhere.

Box everything up that you no longer use and request that your school pick up the postage to have these items shipped via LIBRARY RATE to:

Pompeiana, Inc.,
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Pompeiana will catalogue your donated materials and make them part of its TEXTBOOK GIVEAWAY program which will be activated as a link from its Web site on September 1, 2000.

Believe it or not, there is a school, a library, a Latin teacher or a classicist somewhere that is looking forward to using whatever you have to contribute.

You will have performed a great service for your fellow classicists—and you will have satisfied the mandate of your department chairperson.

Then, go ahead, have a great summer and let Pompeiana, Inc., work with your materials to get them ready to be recirculated for the cost of postage and a minimal handling fee.

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<http://www.Pompeiana.com>



Sidewalk cafe rendezvous in Rome

A Letter to a Friend

By Litz Hwang, Latin III student of Mary Jane Koonz,
Upper Dublin High School, Ft. Washington, Penn.

Fictional correspondence from a Roman girl named Livia during the reign of Trajan. She writes the letter to her friend, Pandora, telling her what is happening in Bithynia.

Livia Pandorae salutem dicit. E.V.S.T.V.R.E.

Tantum occidit in Bithynia postquam huc congressi sumus. Hic sum cum avunculo meo Plinio nomine. Hic est idem Plinius qui litteras scripsit de Vesuvio. Quamquam erant descendentes nubes, cadentes lapides et cineres, et nixius fumus, avunculus meus ab eruptione Montis Vesuvii incolumiter effugit.

Avunculus meus mecum et cum coniuge sua Calpurnia in Bithynia nunc est, missus ab amico eius Tralano ut rationes urbium inspiceret.

Hic in Bithynia erat tantum incendium ut viginti hom-

ines occiderentur et gymnasium Nicaeae et multa alia aedificia deleterentur. Gymnasium Nicaeae nunc restituitur, sed avunculus meus veretur ne nimium pecuniae frustra pendatur.

Constructionem theatri Nicaeae autem interrumpi et theatrum ipsum ingenitibus rimis hiare etiam invenit, cum multi privati cives pecunias detinuerint.

Dum avunculus meus has res curat, mea matertera Calpurnia libellos avunculi mei me docet. Ea tam adamat avunculum meum ut omnes scripturas eius a corde recitare possit.

Avunculus meus credit semper studentum esse ei qui intellegens esse velit. In epistula sua cum pugillaribus venari commendavit ut, si nihil caperes, cum plenis ceris tamen revenires. Solitudinem et silentium silvae esse magna incitamenta cogitando et scribendo etiam dixit.

Ergo semper studeo cum mea matertera.

Omnia tibi feliciter esse spero. Scribe max. Vale.

UNDULATING BEAUTY

By Kristine Maloney, Latin III student of
Margaret Curran, Orchard Park High School,
Orchard Park, New York

UNDA
IMMANIS, FORTIS
TERRET, COMMOTET, DELET.
INCIPIIT SURGERE ET CONCIDERE.
AQUA.

SUMMER LOVE

By Arria VanSant, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert,
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

AMOR EST PULCHER.
AMBULANS, MANUS TENENS.
IN CALIDA AESTATE
NUDIS PEDIBUS
RIDENS, OCULI CLAUSI.

The Pool

By Tramio Baurichter, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Piscina
Magna, bona.
Veni, vidi, natavi.
Amo natave.
Aqua.

Return To Sirmio Catullus XXXI

By Danny Hurl, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert,
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

O Sirmio, how precious you are to me,
Like an emerald embedded in a sea
of sparkling sapphires.
I find myself hypnotized by your beauty.

Every time I travel to you,
It is like I have died and traveled to the Isle of Avalon.
I feel so safe and carefree in your presence
That I never want to let go of your embrace.
O, how I long to bask on your shores
And submerge my toes in your warm sand.
As I come home tired from the labor of the day,
Just the mere thought of you sets my mind to rest.

You are a dear friend and comfort to me.
Your memory will be emblazoned
On my mind for all eternity.

SUMMER TIME

By Carli Spinelli, Latin II student of Sister Mary
Dolores, Seton High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Aestas
Aprica, calida
Ludens, natans, ridens
Nulla schola
Aestas

Journal Entry

A ROMAN WEDDING

By Julie Vander Heide, Roman Civilization student at Butler University,
Indianapolis, Indiana

Cara Ephemeris,

Today my sister got married to her sponsus, Gaius Tullius Lectus. My pater has five daughters, so he is anxious to get us all married off quickly. Feliciter, my pater is a wealthy man, so he can afford to send us to our husbands with ample *dotes*. My sister Tertia's sponsus is a patrician like us so he will be able to provide her with the lifestyle to which she has become accustomed.

The *confarreatio* was absolutely wonderful. The Pontifex Maximus said it was the most fabulous wedding he had officiated since my sister Secunda got married. The *augur* said all of the *auspices* were in place and that the couple would have good luck. All of their birds were in line, so to speak.

Tertia let me sit in the room while her *ancilla* put her hair in the beautiful *sex crines*. Tertia cried out in pain a few times when the *ancilla* poked her with the *hasta caelibraris*, but she was always a crybaby. I know when it is my time to get my hair put in *sex crines*, I will not cry. I also got to help the *ancilla* put the *tunica recta* on my sister. I even helped her tie the *nodus Herculeus*. It was pretty exciting. I never got to see my other sisters get ready for their weddings, but then again, I am a lot closer to Tertia. I think she wanted me to feel

part of the wedding because I could not be her *pronuba* since I have not been married yet. I think that is a dumb rule.

Oh! Yesterday, Tertia let me help gather flowers for her *verbenae*. We went out to the *ager* and found some of the most beautiful and colorful flowers. I even picked a few for myself that I later wore to the wedding. Tertia picked a few flowers for Tullius because she figured that he would forget to pick his own, being a *vir* and everything.

The wedding started at *hora septima*. Tertia's face was covered by the *flammeum*, but I could tell she looked beautiful. She had on the red shoes, too. They were the same ones that my other two sisters had worn at their *confarreationes*. My sister Secunda served as the *pronuba* since my oldest sister Claudia's first husband had died, and she was now married to her second one. I hope that Tertia will be the *pronuba* at my *confarreatio*. Tullius looked *pulcherrimus*, and he even remembered his own flowers so I got to hold the ones that Tertia had picked for him. Tertia looked so serene walking in with the *camilli*. They were my uncle Quintus' *fili*. Poor little Quartus dropped the *cumeris* and everyone laughed. He started crying, but the other *camilli* helped him settle down. Later, he was reprimanded by his *pater*. I don't

think he'll be crying in public again any time soon.

I must admit that even I almost cried in public today. It was so beautiful when my sister and her sponsus were in front of us all and she said, "*Quando tu Gaius, ego Gaia*." I guess I'm just a sucker for weddings. Watching three of my sisters take husbands has just made me want to get married all the more. *Pater* arranged for my marriage when I was one year old, and I have been a perfect *sponsa* for the past ten years. I just know that I'll make an even more wonderful *uxor*.

After the ceremony we all yelled out "*Feliciter!*" in congratulations to the bride and groom. They both looked so happy. Then Tertia came back to the threshold over which her *maritus* had carried her, and she threw her extinguished *fas* out to the crowd. I tried to catch it, but one of my *consobrinae* beat me to it. Then Secunda, the *pronuba*, walked Tertia to the *lectus genialis*. Tertia looked very serious, and I wondered if she was worried about her wedding night.

Then we all came back home, and my *ancilla* helped me bathe. Tonight I think I will dream about my own wedding. *Pater* hasn't decided exactly when I will be led into *matrimonium*. Whenever I ask him about it, he just looks at me and says that I'm still his little *puellula*.

Well, Ephemeris, that's all I have for today. Sweet dreams! I'll write more tomorrow!

Vale, Quarta

Never, Never Tell a Lie!

By Stephen Marshall, Latin IV student of Beth Lloyd,
Wayne Valley High School, Wayne, New Jersey

A hard-working woodsman was felling a tree On the bank of a river so deep When, all of a sudden, his ax slipped free, And to the bottom of the river did creep. The honest woodsman sat back in dismay, Lamenting through sorrow and grief. His tool of livelihood had been taken away. And he needed some sort of relief. Mercury appeared with an ax made of gold, And asked the woodsman if it belonged to him. The woodsman said, "No, my ax is old." So back in the water did Mercury swim. Mercury appeared again on the shore, With the woodsman's ax and the golden ax as a token. "Why did you award me this ax, I implore?" "Because of the honest words you have spoken." The woodsman's good fortune spread through the town, And soon others wanted a golden ax too. Another man made his drown, But the words he spoke were untrue. This man demonstrated his deceit and his greed, By telling Mercury that the golden ax was his indeed. Since this man did not act out of need, The man's original ax was never retrieved.

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

The Board of Directors of Pompeiana, Inc., has set a goal of having a \$500,000 Endowment in place by the year 2003 to enable Pompeiana, Inc., to continue to serve as a National Center for the Promotion of Latin into the Twenty-first Century.

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

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

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The First Wife

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

Here lies a good lady,
We don't know much about her,
But we admire her bravery.

We know she married Gaius Julius Caesar in 83 B.C.,
And her father's name is Lucius Cinna.
She was part of a big family.

In 82 B.C., pain set its course—
Lucius Cornelius Sulla was about.
He ordered Caesar and Cornelia to get a divorce.

Caesar refused because his love was too strong.
His property was deprived.
Their marriage wouldn't last for long.

Her heart was broken in two,
She was miserable
And tried to live her life through.

She eventually died,
A sad widow was she.
But every one knows she tried.



By Lisa Keels, Latin IV student of Sister Rita Small,
Merion Mercy Academy, Merion Station, Pennsylvania

*Ecce Tyrii occupati
Laborantes similes apibus
Pars arcem creat
Tollens saxa dum genibus
nisi sunt*

*Alii loca petunt
Theatris et domibus
Perinde ac in examine
Nemo solus laborat
Etiam alii terram excavant
Portus aliqui parant
Contra labores postulant
Quisque sua parte fungitur
Sicut sodales alvearii
In sole mel stipantes
Moenia Tyri surgunt
Observate quae viri
fecerint!*

Behold the busy Tyrians
Laboring like bees
Some create a citadel
Lifting stones while on
their knees
Other seek locations
For theaters and for homes
Just as in a swarm
No one works alone
Yet others dig for drainage
Harbors some prepare
Despite demanding labors
Each performs his share
Like members of a hive
Packing honey in the sun
The walls of Tyre rise
Behold what the men have
done!

LATIN STILL LIVES!

And, boy, is it fun!

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

What a long and wondrous journey it's been,
The four years which I have spent taking Latin.
I started it out as a wee little lad.
"Take Latin," they said. "It'll help your vocab."
Pre-Latin turned out to be all games and fun,
But the older ones warned us, "You've only begun."
We learned about colors and numbers and fruit
And how Asterix gave the Romans "Das Boot"
Then we moved on to Latin year one.

On the board we read "Latin is fun!"
In walked our *magistri*, and as she drew near,
We wondered if we would learn more this year.
She asked my friend Dan, "Quid agis hodie?"
He knew not the answer, so he just said "Salve."
She then bid us welcome and "Latin's not dead."
We looked at her strangely. Had she lost her head?
But she proved us quite wrong. Oh boy, that she did.
In fact in the Vatican, Latin still lived.

And so we learned the language of Rome,
That *spatium* meant room and *domus* meant home.
We learned how each noun had a declension.
How the "Fabulous Five Cases" also deserve mention.
Then came the verbs, and they were quite tough,
Our brain power just seemed to be not enough.
Active and Passive and the six tenses—
Conjugating verbs drove us out of our senses.
Prepositions were taught by astronaut Sid Space.
We thought they'd be easy, but that wasn't the case.
Nouns, verbs, and adjectives rained down upon us,
So much so that we wanted to cuss.
But then it was over, our first year was passed.
Would we be able, through four years, to last?

Then came the fall—it was Latin year two.
We were veterans now. We knew what to do.
But we spent the first quarter reviewing a lot,
Because it turned out that our memories were shot.
Grammar was learned and grammar was taught
And this time we remembered, just as we ought.
We learned the subjunctive, the grief that it causes:
Indirect questions, subordinate, and if-then clauses.
Participles and adverbs allowed us to modify,
And we learned derivatives: from *mollis* comes "mollify."
Culture we started, and, boy, was it neat.
Like marriages and funerals and how to cook meat.
They worshipped their gods whom Jupiter led
With brothers Neptune and Pluto, the god of the dead.

Now it was time for Latin, year three.
Poetry or Prose—it mattered not to me.
Prose was chosen, and it was quite tough.
New vocab abounded and translations were rough.
The figures of speech made it more interesting,
But they also made it much more confusing.
Cicero and Pliny and Caesar Augustus,
We read now of them, not Sextus and Marcus.
Vesuvius erupted and Pliny hunted without spears,
And Catiline was the worst of Cicero's fears.
Culture, this time, was politics and war.
Scandals and rebels holes in the Republic tore
We read of Pyramus and his lover, Thisbe,
How scarlet red became the mulberry tree.

Then in the middle of Latin, year four,
We read of Aeneas and of Troy's War.
We chose poetry, not prose, this time
And found that Vergil didn't like rhyme.
Instead, in dactylic hexameter wrote he
The adventures of Aeneas crossing to Italy.
Long, short, short, long, long, we scanned.
The *Aeneid*, we thought, would never end.
More and more figures of speech did we see.
The one we used most was hyperbole.
We learned of the horse, a big wooden one,
And how the Trojan War had really begun.
Against them stood Juno and cruel Achilles,
With him Venus and Dido and faithful Achaes.

Now here I stand, in this wondrous year,
Near the end of my high school career.
I did not mention the good times I've had,
Just what I've learned, so don't think me mad.
With one month left, there's not much to be done,
But to tell others that Latin still lives—

and that it is fun!

Lighten Up, Man

By Garland Alene Arrowood, Latin I student of Judith Granese, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

Dear Zeus,
Hey, Zeuse, buddy! It's me,
Prometheus! How's it going? How's
Hera? Give her my greetings.

Look, I'm going to be blunt, okay?
It wasn't my fault! I didn't mean to give
the humans fire! I tripped, really! And
now, this whole "chained-to-a-mountain-while-a-vulture-eats-my-never-ending-liver" thing just doesn't work for
me. It's all for something I didn't do on
purpose! Let me give you the real story,
Zeuse!

Everyone knows how man was created
to worship the gods. Everyone
knows how the secret of fire was kept
from mankind, but what you may not
realize is that one tiny rock is what actually
gave humans this closely guarded
secret—not me!

It all started out like any ordinary
morning. I woke up and took a luxurious
bath in rosewater. After my break-

fast of ambrosia, my dim-witted brother,
Epimetheus, asked me to do one of his
daily duties, a most disagreeable chore.
He wanted me to carry the pan of hot
coals to refresh the bowl of sacred fire.
Well, you can be sure I didn't plan on
doing that! The path to the fire is long,
winding, and strewn with rocks, not to
mention on the edge of Mount
Olympus; but Epimetheus talked me
into it by telling me about this date he
was supposed to have with a beautiful
nymph. Well, he hardly ever gets a date,
so I took sympathy on him and decided
to carry the stupid pot.

Lo and behold, I hadn't gone more
than 100 yards before I tripped on that
rock. All the hot, flaming coals leaped
out of the pan and danced merrily down
the steep slope to the humans below.

Now, at that time, humans had
taken to piling stacks of heavy, dry
wood in their doorways, much as a fire

is stacked now. I think they were there
as some sort of stack-o-clubs. Oh well,
the point is that every piece of coal
landed on its own stack-o-clubs. Within
minutes, every stack-o-clubs in the
world was on fire.

Before I could do so much as mutter
"Uh-oh," I was strapped to this
wretched mountain, with this smelly
vulture picking at my innards. No one
even bothered to ask me if I gave the
humans fire on purpose, which I didn't.

So you see, Zeuse, buddy, I didn't
mean it! I didn't want humans to have
fire... it just sort of happened. Can you
please get me off this mountain? Or dis-
miss the vulture?

Anxiously awaiting your answer,

Prometheus

P.S.: Did I mention that I think you're
great?

Oedipus and the Sphinx

By Jill Wilson, Latin I student of Nancy Mazur,
Marion L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

Once upon a time, long, long ago,
Delphi was where Laius and Jocasta would go.
The prophecy for his son would be no other,
Than to kill his father and marry his mother.
On the mountain they left Oedipus alone,
Never to be the heir to the throne.
He was soon adopted by King Polybus,
But the king's real son was not Oedipus.
Apollo told Oedipus what would go on.
Before anyone knew it, the boy was gone.
Oedipus knew that he could not stay,
So he left to go on his own merry way.
He met a chariot at a three-forked path.
The riders filled him with so much wrath.
How these men refused to budge!
And first they tried to give him a nudge.
Oedipus then killed dear old dad,
Like he was told as a young lad.
Thebes was the next stop down the street.
The Sphinx was at the gate to meet.
"Answer my riddle—your prize is Jocasta.
If you fail, it's really gonna cost ya!"
Oedipus said, "The answer is 'Man!'"
She then replied, "You ruined my plan!"
Oedipus married his "perfect wife,"
But later his kingdom fell under strife.
The Theban king didn't know what to do,
Until Tiresias said, "The cause is you!"
He returned to his home, his heart filled with dread,
Only to find his wife and mother dead.
No, King Oedipus himself did not die,
But blinded himself by stabbing each eye!

The Song of Charybdis

By Kristin Calabro, Latin II student of Suzanne Romano,
Academy of Allied Health & Science,
Neptune, New Jersey

Here I am
I wait for you to come to me
Beneath my tree I watch the narrow strait
Without you
The water is calm and glassy
I see you enter as I start my spin
Across the strait
I see my dear friend Scylla
Avoid her and you face my wrath
Thrice a day
My whirlpool starts its churning
All you do is scream and hope some god will save you
But you know
The power is all mine
Your life is in my hands
And although
You know that you will die
Still you try
There's no hope for you
I'm Charybdis
And when my whirlpool is finished
You'll be gone
Once again the strait will be smooth
Without you
My world is dim and lonely
I'm Charybdis
All my life I've been right here just waiting
Without me
You'd pass right through so quickly
And live your lives so happily and never think of me
I'm Charybdis

PENNIES

A Ciceronean Parody

By Sean Ramsdell, Latin III student of Kate Sullivan, Oakmont Regional H.S., Ashburnham, Massachusetts

Exordium:

Pennies. Do you use them? Most would answer, "Yes." But have you ever actually considered the harmful and irritatingly laborious nature of the penny?

Narratio:

Why don't we review the history of this corrosive coin of corruption? It's been around for more than one hundred years and was created before your grandfathers were even born. It is the equivalent of one cent, 1/100 of a dollar, 1/25 of a quarter, 1/10 of a dime, 1/5 of a nickel. You get the picture. Millions of people see pennies every day—in their pockets, in the store, in their houses, on the floor. Some even collect these coins, and some even save them. I have presented to you the facts, now let's twist them.

Propositio:

I am here today so that the blinds covering your eyes and the shrouds sheltering your minds may be lifted so that

you may see the terrifyingly true temperament of this coin. I am also here to show you that throughout its century or so of existence, one thing hasn't changed about the penny: its worthlessness.

Argumentario:

Confirmatio:

Do you actually like pennies?

Do pennies help you? Assist you in everyday life?

Benefit you? I think not. If you looked in anyone's wallet today, you

would have no trouble finding an enormous enumeration of pennies.

The pennies fill your wallet, dragging you down with tons of weight. They invade your wallet like the Huns swarming over the Great Wall of China. When you're walking down the street, what do you hear? The endless monotony of jingling coins. When will it

end? It ends now. The penny is not your friend. It is useless, and if anything should happen to it, it should be melted along with its family into billions of paperweights.

The penny isn't your worst nightmare, of course, nor is it your playmate. The penny is, more than anything else, an annoyance, a hindrance, a plague. I'm not even going to say how annoying it is when you are in the bank behind some woman counting hundreds of dollars in pennies.

Here's another common scenario. You go into a little store and you get a little 99 cent snack and you give the clerk a little dollar. You leave the penny behind. The clerk puts it in a little tin to be given away to anyone who may want it. Why? Because it isn't important. It's worthless. You don't need it. Enough? Well, I'm not done yet.

Here's another situation. You're on your way to a baseball game. Pennies cover the sidewalks, yet you aren't interested. Why? Because they aren't worth

it. You're at McDonald's. You put your change on the tray and finish eating. Before you leave, you take all the worthy coins and put them in your pocket. Then, you throw out the pennies with indifferent apathy along with the trash. Why? Because they are worthless.

Add all of these up and what do you get? Worthlessness! Pennies are the hot coals on which our feet have to tread slowly day in and day out. O, almighty mint! What are you doing to us? You make a coin which terrorizes us. You make a coin which burdens us, and you continue making that coin—the very coin which is an encumbrance to all of humanity.

Refutatio:
Some may say that if the penny were abolished, every price in the land would be rounded up to the nearest nickel. Nonsense! Half the prices nowadays end in .09 anyway. Ooooooh! We'd lose one cent. Big deal! That's the worthless cent I was just mentioning.

Peroratio:
Thus, I ask you: Is it reasonable to keep such an insignificant little wretched piece of crummy copper? Even if it may keep the prices lower by one cent, there's still the weight, the burden. Isn't that enough? Pennies are the bane of humanity and your pocket's strain. Please join me in lovingly hating pennies. Remember, they're worthless!



Marpessa and Apollo

By Brooke Reynolds, Latin student of Betty Whittaker, Carmel Junior High School, Carmel, Indiana

Once upon a very young love,
A mortal, Marpessa, was as pretty as a dove.
Two young men were after her hand,
Apollo, the god, and Idas, a man,
Idas received a flying chariot from Neptune,
Eloped with Marpessa and flew toward the moon.
Apollo came down and stopped their flight.
He argued with Idas. They got into a fight.
Then Jupiter said to let Marpessa choose!
Marpessa chose Idas. "Apollo, you lose!"
So Marpessa and Idas walked away with great laughter.
Together they lived happily ever after.

Princess Mononoke Theme Song

Translated by Terentia Zoller, Latin II student of Cheravon Davidson, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

In the moonlight I felt your heart
In lunae lumine cor tuum sensi
Quiver like a bow-string's pulse
Tremens similem pulso nervi
In the moon's pale light
In lumine pallido lunae
You looked at me
Me spectavisti
Nobody knows your heart
Nemo cor tuum scit
When the sun has gone
Quando sol est occassus
I see you beautiful and haunting,
Video te pulchram et frequentantem,
But cold
Sed gelidam
Like the blade of a knife
Similem laminae cultri
So sharp, so sweet
Tam acutae, tam dulci
Nobody knows your heart
Nemo cor tuum scit
All of your sorrow, grief and pain
Omnem dolorem tuum, maerorem angoremque
Locked away in the forests of the night
Celatum in silvis nocturnis
Your secret heart belongs to the world
Tuum cor secretum mundo esse
Of the things that sigh in the dark,
Rerum quae in tenebris suspirant,
Of the things that cry in the dark
Rerum quae in tenebris exclamant

POMPEII

By Amber Thayer, Latin I student of Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Running,
Falling,
Getting up,
Running again.
Shouting,
Ash covered streets, Ragged breath,
A shower of stones, Clumsy
steps,
Doors slamming, Collapsing homes,
People hiding, Falling spirits.
Hiding from stones, Cries for
mercy,
Huddled in corners,
Listening, Waiting.
The steady beat of lapilli on the roof.
Quiet sobs,
Silent tears,
Dogs barking,
A calm killer
Down the streets,
Under the
doors,
Creator of sleep, Bringer of death.
Vesuvius awakes, Pompeii sleeps.
Silence.

A Perfect Husband

Inspired by Pliny's
"A Perfect Wife" (IV,19)

By Aurelia Heller, Latin III student of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

The perfect husband is a kind and caring man. Not only would I have to be able to trust him, but he must also trust me. A good sense of humor would certainly be a plus, but he must also have a serious side. Both my perfect husband and I would be able to say whatever we thought or felt because we would be understanding and supportive of each other.

The perfect man for me doesn't have to be perfect. It may sound funny, but nobody wants to be around someone who is totally faultless. I want someone who will take long walks with me. He must also enjoy swimming because I spend a great deal of my time at the local pools. In addition to these things, my perfect husband must also enjoy dancing. Even though I am a decent cook, my husband should also know how to cook or, at least, how to boil water. I don't necessarily want a Harvard graduate, but I don't want a dummy, either.

No girl really knows exactly what her future husband will be like, but it may be easier for her to find him if she knows what she wants.

Quae Dea Est?

By Heather Miller, Latin I student of Judith A. Granese, Valley High School, Las Vegas, Nevada

She's the goddess of love and beauty.
All the guys think she's a real cutie.
She wanted the war god Mars as her man,
But her husband is the fire god, Vulcan.
Paris picked her as the fairest Goddess of all,
Which set Troy up for a great big fall.
She had a son, and his name was Cupid.
He made people fall in love and act real stupid.
Her modern day is Valentine's
Which is the day when love really shines.
She also loved a mortal, Adonis, who died,
From whom a flower sprang when she cried and cried.
She lived on Mount Olympus where all the gods dwell,
Where life is good, fun, and just plain swell.
The Romans knew her as one who was flighty,
And in Greek her name rhymes with the word "mighty."

Love Birds

By John Estridge, Grade 8 Latin student of Betty Whittaker, Carmel Junior High School, Carmel, Indiana

In the land of Thessaly,
Lived Ceyx and Halcione.
All was happy,
Till Ceyx's brother died alone.
Long tempests could be seen,
The sun went black,
And there were monsters that were mean.
Ceyx was the king,
For he had been crowned.
So he went to find help,
But, unfortunately, he drowned.
He prayed that his wife
Would find his body to bury.
That night she had a dream
Which was rather scary.
With news of his death,
Morpheus appeared.
"Ceyx has drowned," he said.
That was what she had feared.
Once awake from her slumber,
Halcione ran to the sea.
She looked around,
And found her husband's body.
So upset from the death,
Of which she had heard.
She jumped into the water,
And was turned into a bird.
Kingfisher was the type,
Or so we have heard.
Now they live happily,
For each is a bird.

in the footsteps of Alexander

by michael keathley

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

The next morning after breakfast, Inyat drove us back to the Mir's house. This time we acted like dignitaries again and walked through the main gate up to the house. Again, no one stopped us or asked us what we were doing. Steve noticed a sign that said "Office" so we went there and knocked. No one answered but a servant came around the corner and said he would notify the Mir that we had arrived. Within minutes Mir Ghazanfar greeted us wearing a polo shirt and jeans and invited us in.

His office was large and elegantly furnished. Books lined the wall behind his desk and mementos of his family history decorated the walls. The Mir sat down behind his desk and offered us chairs facing him.



Keathley (L.) with the Mir of Hunza

First, we let the Mir talk. He began by describing a situation that has been common to Macedonians around the world: political and cultural oppression. He explained that with good intention, the Pakistani government is having a mostly negative influence directly and indirectly on his culture. Although they now had some comforts like electricity in every Hunza house, tourism and contact with the outside world were destroying their famous Shangri-La.

For the first time in his memory, the people of Hunza looked worried. They had all been farmers happy to work their fields (like the Kalash), and his family had watched over them like a caring parent. All were equal; there were no classes in Hunza. I pointed out to him how accessible his house had been and how Macedonian that was as a leader. He seemed happy about that comment and said that his gate and house were always open. "I have no reason to feel threatened," he added.

Now that the Pakistani government had built the

Karakoram Highway and was concerned about national security, their way of life was changing. Many Hunzakuts were going away to serve in the army or to get a college-level education. Others were learning about the lure of money and building businesses based on tourism. They were no longer interested in farming. He concluded by stating that he is under a sort of house arrest. Sometimes he is not allowed to leave Hunza for six months; sometimes neither are his people.

Sitting there I thought about some of the things we had seen in Hunza. Now that the initial excitement was over, with my memory of the happy Hunzakuts came a few images of children as young as two and three working on construction projects while others were neatly dressed in British-style school uniforms laughing and playing on their way to school. The Mir himself mentioned that he had three other houses (in Gulmit, Baltit, and Islamabad) and a new hotel being built on his property. He also looked worried; his European features were taut with American stress. This is the future for Hunza and the Kalash, I kept thinking. Their simple, happy life is giving way to the stresses of life associated with capitalism.

On a more positive note, however, the Mir helped us find many cultural similarities. Steve showed him pictures of Macedonians dancing in full costume, and the Mir verified that in Hunza they once had dressed that way and still danced that way too. He added that the men used to wear boots up to their knees like some of the Macedonian men were wearing in the pictures. He also was able to explain the meanings behind some of the colors and designs woven into the costumes. We asked him about other symbols from Alexander's time, and he mentioned the same ones we had seen among the Kalash and in the local art of Hunza: the *zdravets*, sunburst and vines.

When we asked him about Macedonian words in the local language of Burushaski, he said that he did not know which ones were or weren't. He did verify that the title "Mir" implied a wiseman, peace and leadership as it does in Macedonian. We were also able to find many other words with the same meaning in

both languages as we had among the Kalash.

The greatest moment in our interview came when the Mir showed us a picture of the Hunza state flag prior to Hunza's incorporation into Pakistan; it was a lion carrying a flag! The lion is also said to have adorned Alexander's campaign flag, and it is frequently depicted in Macedonian art. The Mir added that it was a very old symbol dating to Alexander's time. When we showed him the flag of the Macedonian Republic, he reacted strongly when he saw the sunburst. He said quietly, "We will have to change our flag to this one, too."

Our final discussion centered on networking the Macedonian cultures around the world to provide a better understanding of Macedonian Civilization. He explained that like other Macedonians, the Hunzakuts were very interested in learning. In an area as small as Hunza, there are about sixty elementary and middle schools, seven high schools, and two colleges. He is now hoping for teachers and teaching materials to aid in the link between his people's past and that of the Macedonians.

The Mir excused himself saying that we must stay in contact for the benefit of our people. We agreed and thanked him for the information. After trading contact information, we left by the same path we had the night before.

Our mission to meet the Mir, however brief, had at last been successful!



Carved doorway with sunburst symbols crowning its lintel

in the footsteps of Alexander

CONCLUSION

By Michael Keathley

Our purpose in going to Pakistan was to add evidence to the world record that Macedonian Culture is one of the oldest and most influential cultures in the world. We hoped to add to the proofs that Macedonian is a civilization in its own right with some influences from contact with other cultures, yet with its own distinct personality. Macedonia and the Macedonians together with their language, customs and traditions are not an invention of any medieval invasion or modern political entity, but a continuity at least as old as that of Rome.

What evidence do I have to offer? First, I do not pretend that a one month long trip to the East or a series of nine articles could produce enough evidence of the Macedonian connection to satisfy scholars. It was and it remains my hope, however, that the trip will present the evidence found as a first step, however small, toward a better understanding of Macedonian culture and history. A more in-depth investigation and much more study are needed. The trip has become a catalyst both for myself and for others to pursue Macedonian Studies more independently of the confines of the Classical Tradition.

Second, as several respected scholars have told me, this line of thinking is not unreasonable. That the Macedonians were in northern Pakistan and remained there in part is not doubted. The influence of Alexander the Great and the activities of the successor states in the areas the Kalash and Hunzakuts now inhabit is undisputed. It is their connection to modern Macedonian culture, a continuity from the past, however, that is disputed.

Finally, we did easily find clues to a connection between the Macedonians of Europe and those of Northern Pakistan. There are symbols common to Macedonian culture: the *zdravets* is found in Macedonia from at least as early as Philip II's reign until today and was also found in the Kalash and Hunza Valleys. Likewise, the lion is featured prominently, especially on the state flags of Ancient Macedonia and Hunza. The sunburst of Macedonia was seen in the Kalash Valley as well as in Hunza; vines were a symbol in Macedonia, the Kalash Valley and in Hunza; and the serpent image figures prominently in Macedonia and Hunza. All these symbols were identified in the Kalash and Hunza Valleys as being Macedonian.

Next, the governments of these areas have similarities. In Ancient Macedonia, the Kalash Valley and Hunza, the rulers had political, religious and military duties. They were revered, yet easily accessible by their subjects. They also held their power only by consent of the Macedonian people. Consider, for example, that it was the Macedonians who finally stopped Alexander's eastern campaign when they refused to go on in India.

In addition, the religion of these areas bears some similarities. Evidence of a peculiar cult of Dionysus (perhaps Orphic) involving the snake as a symbol or tool of worship and perhaps one savior-god connects Macedonians, the Kalash people and the Hunzakuts. This religion seems to offer eternal happiness as a reward for faith; it may have opened the door to Buddhism, then to Islam in Hunza and to Christianity in Macedonia. The Kalash assured me that they worshipped one god in this manner whose name is

Hodij; their place of prayer on a mountaintop also reflects Macedonian tradition. "Alexander was a great prophet," I was told repeatedly. He taught the Kalash how to worship. In the Macedonia of Alexander's time, the greatest of the gods also lived on the "great mountain" known in Macedonian as "Golem Bos," known better by its Latin form "Olympus."

Likewise, the traditional dress of Macedonia and the Kalash and Hunza Valleys bear a striking resemblance to the point of being identical in some respects. This can also be said for the traditional dances in each of these regions.

At one point when I returned from Pakistan, I went to see an exhibit by an internationally renowned expert on Macedonian traditional costumes. I showed him a headdress I had been given and added that I did not know where it came from. He looked at it and immediately identified it as Macedonian from the region of Lerin (Florina) in what is today northwestern Greece; this is the same region that Alexander the Great's paternal side of the family came from. I pressed this expert for details and was given a ready list of comparisons. When I told him it was from the Kalash people of Northern Pakistan, he was stunned. I have had similar reactions to our pictures of the Kalash dancing and the tape of their music.

Furthermore, Macedonians, Kalash, and Hunzakuts all highly value education and learning. There is an obvious analogy between the collection of books for the great library of Alexandria by the Macedonian Ptolemies and the Mir's begging us to send books to educate his people. The Mir was not interested in Western luxury items; he wanted ideas.

Women also maintain a respected and independent status among each of these groups. In the Kalash and Hunza Valleys, unlike the rest of Pakistan, the women

(Continued in Pagina Decima)



Cara Matrona,

Can you give me advice on how to convince my *pater*, Lucius Aelius Lamia, to change our name? I am so tired of kids making fun of me for the last *tredecim annos*. Being a *puella bona*, I mind my own business, and try to ignore them, but as soon as they see me coming, they all scream, "Lamia, Lamia!" and run in every possible direction. This may have been funny once, but after the millionth time, it's wearing very, very thin. Sometimes I think I'll just run away somewhere and tell people that I'm just an *orba* named Aelia.

When I mentioned this problem to my *pater* once, he just said that if I couldn't handle the teasing, I should stay in the house. He said he was proud of his *cognomen* and that he would never consider changing it. That ended the discussion. Forever. Can you offer any helpful advice?

Aelia

Luci Aeli Lamiae filius
Rumae

Cara Aelia,

You know, your *pater* is right! You do have to learn how to deal with people who tease and torment you in life. Some people just get picked on more than others, if not for their names, for anything else on which *scordali* decide to focus. Having your *pater* change your family name would not eliminate *scordali* from the world.

I have discussed your letter with a friend of mine named Quintus Horatius Flaccus who happens to be a friend of your *pater*. He tells me that your family claims a descendancy from King Lamius who was the son of the Greek god, Poseidon. Your family name has absolutely nothing to do with Lamia, the ugly witch that people talk about to scare little children.

When this king of the *Laestrygones* decided to move to *Italia*, he established the city of *Formiae* where many well-known and influential people in Rome now have summer villas. In fact, I believe Marcus Tullius Cicero himself has a villa there that he calls his *Formianum*. In view of all this wonderful history, I can understand why your *pater* would never consider changing his *cognomen*.

You say you have been putting up with this teasing for *tredecim annos*? It's my guess that you will be given in *matrimonium* within the next year or two which would, of course, make the whole problem go away—you know, "*Ubi tu Gaia, ego Gaia*."

In the meantime, I would suggest several things besides just staying in the house all the time. First, be ready the next time you go out. Have something witty to say to the *scordali* before they get a chance to make fun of you. If you prefer, you could try and become friends with the least obnoxious of the *scordali* to get an inside-edge on the group. If one of them is your friend, the group will probably leave you alone. And, of course, you could just let it all go in one ear and out the other. As they say, "*Clavie sixaque ossa mea frangere possunt, sed verba mihi nunquam nocent*!"

Classics Take Center Stage

There's a definite classical revival happening on stage! Audiences are interested, and promoters/directors recognize the profits that can be made by catering to this interest.

In almost every major city throughout America, classicists can find productions of classical interest being staged in both professional and community theaters.

In Indianapolis, Indiana, Dance Kaleidoscope recently staged three performances of *CARMINA BURANA*, the most popular production in the dance company's history. The performances featured the world renowned Bharatanatyam dancer, Preeti Vasudevan.

The Denver Center for the Performing Arts is preparing to present the World Premier of *TANTALUS*, a ten-play epic of the Trojan War written by John Barton and directed by Sir Peter Hall. Those wishing to receive regular updates on the development of this project are invited to send an e-mail request to tantalus@dcpa.org.

Rendezvous in Rome

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

One warm lazy afternoon about twenty years ago, I had a hastily arranged rendezvous on the dusty Appian Way with Sister Sledge, a foursome of American sisters known for their hit record, "We Are Family." Mine was the privilege of relating to the stunning chanteuses the long history of the road, while pointing out some of the antiquities that flank it.

Across the years since—on buses, at markets, out on the streets—I have overheard Romans arranging to meet



Rendezvous with Sister Sledge on the Appian Way

later in the day at such interesting points as the Gate of St. John, the boathouse in *Villa Borghese*, and the Fountain of Neptune in *Piazza Barberini*. I have seen locals glancing now and then at their watches awaiting a friend, or paranoist, beneath a certain umbrella pine, on the steps of the Victor Emmanuel memorial, at a sidewalk table in the long shadow of the great basilica of *Santa Maria Maggiore*.

PISA:

Pompeii of the North

While most Latin students know that Pompeii was buried by volcanic ash that fell for three days in A.D. 79 (August 24-26), not many realize that Pisa, the home of the famous Leaning Tower, was also buried.

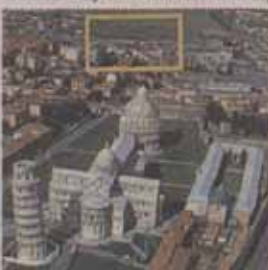
The burial of Pisa, however, did not happen quite as fast—in fact, it took place over a period of 800 years.

Recent excavations in downtown Pisa are revealing that this inland city was once a Venice-like seaside harbor. In contrast to the single river (the Arno) which today winds through the city, this Punic War-era Roman naval base was once criss-crossed by a myriad of streams, canals and rivers which had found their way to the coast.

The Emperor Augustus made Pisa a colony of Rome and authorized the construction of temples, a theater and baths. None of these can be seen in Pisa today, however, because they have been buried—by 800 years of flooding.

Over eight centuries these floods left behind so much mud and debris every time the waters recessed that eventually residents stopped digging themselves out. They simply rebuilt on top of the new surface created by the last flood.

Each year, mud and debris from the floods clogged the river beds and pushed the shore line farther and farther into the sea. Now, located miles inland, few people were aware of Pisa's early canal and harbor history—until, that is, the



The box shows the location of the Roman harbor discovered near the Leaning Tower.



Pisa's ancient river beds revealed by infra-red aerial photography

Ferrovie dello Stato decided to build a new control station.

Twenty feet beneath the surface, the ancient harbor of Pisa was discovered, complete with seventeen of some of the best preserved Roman ships ever excavated.

Standing at the espresso bar in front of the Pantheon early one morning, I heard a cassock-clad priest call out to another over the din: "*Ci vediamo in Piazza San Pietro a mezzogiorno!*" (Let's meet in St. Peter's Square at noon!) During my undergrad days at Seion Hall in the fifties, there was a popular song that went like this:

"In some secluded rendezvous
That overlooks Fifth Avenue..."

But ever since I first set foot in the Eternal City, Fifth Avenue just doesn't do it for me. No, I prefer a spot that overlooks *Castello San Angelo*, or the Forum, or the Tiber. In my humble view, one has not truly rendezvoused until he—or she—has rendezvoused...in Rome.



A pending rendezvous on the Spanish Steps

Latin Teachers No Longer Found Only in Classrooms

Sue Shelton has been teaching Latin for nineteen years; however, she no longer leaves home to go to school in the morning.

Sue now teaches Latin in cyberspace at a school which exists only on-line: Florida High School, a public online high school which serves students all over Florida (<http://www.fhs.net/FHSWeb.nsf/Home?Open>).

While other Latin teachers are fighting traffic and long lines in front of faculty mail boxes, Sue simply walks into her home office and turns on her computer. She describes the challenges of her new teaching career as follows:

"Teaching online requires different skills than teaching in a traditional classroom. Unlike many other distance education programs, Florida High School classes are not taught as a supplement to textbooks. Almost all materials are online, and many lessons are taught using Web sites. For example, the curriculum for the Latin course uses translations from a Latin textbook, but the instructor develops most exercises and lessons. Lessons are designed to help students discover answers for themselves. For instance, rather than give students a chart of the Olympic gods and their domains to memorize, students are given a list of mythology Web sites and asked to create their own charts. Most of my actual teaching is done as I review students' work before it is submitted for a final grade. In some cases, if a student is having a problem with a particular point of grammar or translation, I will talk them through it over the telephone. Whether over the phone or in writing, distance education requires that teachers be able to communicate their ideas very clearly.

Students are also encouraged to communicate with each other through an online discussion area. To illustrate, I am in the process of forming a cyber chapter of the National Junior Classical League. During the semester, students will be campaigning for office using the Discussion Area of the CourseRoom. We will be holding club meetings online. Students will also be given the chance to go to regional and state competitions in the spring.

"I've found that this type of instruction can provide an important alternative for students. Rather than not offer Latin because of a shortage of teachers, many Florida high schools now provide the benefits of taking Latin through the Florida High School."

N.J.C.L.
Cyber
Chapter
Started

Conversations with Socrates

By Ken Sippus
Student of Philosophy
Indianapolis, Indiana

Conclusion

My pager went off, so I checked the number. The LCD said "455," the code my parents use whenever they're ready to pick me up.

"That's my dad," I said.

"What's your dad?" asked Socrates.

"He just paged me," I said. "I have to go."

"Oh, yes, of course," Socrates said. "I suppose every good conversation must eventually come to a conclusion."

"Good conversation?" I said. "So you find me to be a good conversationalist?" Coming from Socrates, if that really is who this guy was, that would be a pretty awesome compliment.

"Well," he replied, "I should be perfectly clear. In my opinion, any conversation is a good conversation, so long as I am able at some point to express my own viewpoint. But within the realm of good conversations, some are indeed better than others."

"So how do I rate?" I asked. "I mean, did you find what you were looking for? Or was coming back from the afterworld a waste of your time?"

"Well, you are indeed devoted to logic, Mr. Sippus," Socrates replied, "so let me try to answer your question accordingly. Define what you mean by 'what I was looking for.'"

"Did your trip serve its purpose, as you intended it?"

"Ah, Socrates said. "In that case, then, yes. Because, of course, I had no intended purpose. To enter into a conversation with an agenda is to attempt to control the outcome. Therefore, as often as I can, I try to not have any intended purpose."

"Okay," I said, "so, since your trip had no specific purpose, its purpose was therefore served."

"Exactly," Socrates said, "by virtue of its purposelessness."

"I see," I said.

"And next you wanted to know if coming back from the afterworld was a waste of my time?"

"Yeah," I said. "Was it?"

"Well," Socrates said, "define time. Do you mean time as you experience it, in this dimension, on Earth, in this lifetime? Or do you mean time as I experience it? I must assume you mean as I experience it, because you are asking about my time."

"Yeah," I said. "I know it wasn't a waste of my time. Was it a waste of your time?"

"Of course not," Socrates replied. "How do you imagine time is experienced in the afterworld? Do you think it is measured by clocks and calendars?"

"I don't know," I said. "Is it?"

"What do you believe?" Socrates asked. "What are some other terms used to describe the afterworld?"

"Heaven," I said. "Paradise. Eternity."

"Ah! Eternity!" Socrates exclaimed.

"What?" I asked.

"That's just it," Socrates said. "Eternity. That is what the afterworld is, is it not? It is all time. It is forever. It is both the whole of time and the absence of time at the same time."

"Okay," I said, "so..."

"So if I have eternity at my disposal and can apparently travel freely between dimensions and realities, how could anything be a waste of my time? It is not possible to waste an infinite resource."

"Okay, cool," I said. "But you're not answering my question. You've basically just said that it doesn't matter what you do or where you go because you have no plan and you have all the time in the universe, so you can't possibly be disappointed."

"How does that not answer your question?" Socrates asked.

"Because," I said, "it's not every day that I run into an ancient philosopher. It's not everyday that I get a chance to converse with the A-I, name's me, top conversationalist ever in the history of the world. I want to know where I stand. I want to know how I stack up."

"Why?" asked Socrates.

"Because I have an ego," I said.

"So you want to know for yourself so you can improve upon your thinking skills if I deem that to be necessary."

"Sort of," I said. "But also I need to know what to tell my friends and stuff."

"Your friends?" Socrates asked. "I see now. You intend to brag about this conversation you have had with me. You intend to let everyone know how brilliant you were in the presence of greatness, is that it?"

"Basically," I said. "Yeah."

"Well, let me say that I am confused about your motives. One of the first conclusions we came to was that it doesn't matter what other people think about you. We determined that truth is all that matters. Ego is irrelevant. Friendship is only worthwhile if it is based on personal experience and trust, not rumors and hearsay."

"Yeah," I said.

"So you mean to say that despite all that, you still have the need to know how you rate with me. You're just shucking logic and wisdom out the window and feeding the ego, the source of all devilment and illogic."

"Yeah," I said. "How would you rate me? On a scale of five to one, five being a terrible conversationalist, and one being the greatest conversationalist and most logical person you've ever had the pleasure to meet and talk to, what number am I?"

Socrates sighed and shook his head and stood up. He didn't say anything else to me, he just walked away. But I know he thought I was number one. Because as he disappeared into the mist, he turned around once more and looked back at me, raising his hand. And I'm almost positive he was just holding up one finger.

Mummy Dearest

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

Mummification is an art that we Egyptians use to prepare our dead for re-unification with the soul in the afterlife. In this way the bodies are preserved in lifelike conditions. We even include preserved food along with royal treasures with the body in the tomb. We do this because we believe that there will be a need for these possessions in the life to come.

The process of mummification is long and spiritual and takes careful skill. All the organs are removed from the body and placed in labeled jars to be buried with the body. The body is

preserved by the use of resin and spices, or is immersed in a solution of salt or natron, a brittle alkaline. After the period of preparation, which lasts about seventy days, the body is tightly wrapped in linen. It is then placed in two cases of cedar or cloth stiffened with glue. The outer case is often covered with paintings and hieroglyphics telling of the life and achievements of the deceased person. A molded mask or a portrait on the linen or cedar sometimes decorates the coffin.

Then, the doubled case is placed in an oblong coffin which, in turn, is deposited

in a stone coffin. Of course, only Pharaohs and very important people are mummified in this manner. The bodies of poor people don't go through this long process.

Many can recall a time when a great general requested to be buried with his favorite chariot horse. Now this might seem normal, but the strange thing about that was that he died before the horse did. So, after the general died, a priest was summoned to kill his horse and use all his skills to mummify it so the man could ride his prized horse in the next life.



Pompeii Fricassee Offa Leek Patties

By Liz Higgins and Kirsten Barsonek, Latin III students of Beth Lloyd, Wayne Valley H.S., Wayne, New Jersey



Non-Cumulative:

4 cups chopped leeks
2 eggs, beaten
1 1/2 cups milk
1 cup flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
Olive oil



Notes Pompa:

Rinse leeks and remove leaves and root hairs, leaving the white parts. Chop the white parts into small pieces and put aside.

Combine beaten eggs, milk, flour and baking powder in a mixing bowl and stir until smooth. Add the chopped leeks to the batter and mix well.

Pour a small amount of olive oil into a frying pan (just enough to cover the bottom). Heat oil, making sure it doesn't overheat and start to smoke or burn. When the oil is heated, spoon small amounts of batter into the pan and flatten into patties with a pancake turner.

Fry each patty until it is golden brown on each side. Remove, drain on a paper towel and serve warm. Makes about 18 patties.



Liz and Kirsten proudly display their completed Pompeii Fricassee Offa Leek Patties.



Mummy sarcophagus in the Vatican Museum



Viri Blandi in Picturis Moventibus

By Emily Hoffmann, Nicole Waddell and
Mary Cavanaugh, Latin IV students of
Cherwon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

109

Translate each movie title and match it with the unscrambled English name of a featured actor.

- I. ___ NEB KAFFLEC
- II. ___ RGEQEG OYCLOEN
- III. ___ OMT UIERCS
- IV. ___ TAMT MNOAD
- V. ___ AMTT LOIDLN
- VI. ___ RRISHANO ROFD
- VII. ___ RJAED TOEL
- VIII. ___ TTMAWHE CMCYAGUOENH
- IX. ___ RJERY O'LENCONL
- X. ___ DEIDFER ZPNER RJ
- XI. ___ HNOJ VTAATLRO
- XII. ___ AADM DASRNEL

- A. Tempus ad Necandum
- B. Fabulae Urbanae
- C. Saturni Diei Febris Nocturna
- D. Fugitivus
- E. E Conspectu
- F. Sclopetum Summum
- G. Ea Est Omnis Illa
- H. Caterva Fera
- I. Ululatus II
- J. Benevolentiam Venari
- K. Proclium Ultimam inter Bonum Malumque
- L. Aquarius Puerilis

Via Ad CASAM ALBAM

By the fourth block Latin class of Andrew Treacy,
Martin County High School,
Stuart, Florida

110

Multi candidati CASAM ALBAM petunt. In lingua Anglica, scribe nomina harum casarum notarum:

1. CASA _____
2. CA _____
SA _____
3. CASA _____
4. casa _____
CAMPUS _____

Why is this family sad?

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



Write the correct form
for each Latin word suggested.

111

A vertical reading of the final letters of each
Latin answer will reveal the answer in Latin.

1. UNDER, preposition.
2. DAD'S BROTHER, dative.
3. MOMS, accusative.
4. SISTER, accusative.
5. BABY, dative.
6. BROTHER, genitive.
7. GRANDSONS, accusative.
8. DAD'S SISTER, nominative.
9. MALE COUSIN ON MOM'S SIDE, vocative.
10. MOM'S BROTHERS, accusative.
11. HEAD, accusative.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____
11. _____



COMMISSATIO 112

By Becky Hughes, Latin II student of Mary Jane Koons,
Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Penn.

Write the letters for each requested Latin word on the blanks
provided. Then copy the numbered letters to the Answer
line to learn who is in charge of a Commissatio.

1. Garlands thought to reduce the effects of wine.
_____ (2) _____
2. Full number of guests for two triclinia.
_____ (6) _____
3. The highest throw of the knucklebones.
_____ (3) _____
4. The lowest throw of the knucklebones.
_____ (4) _____
5. The dessert course, usually following commissatio.
_____ (5) _____
6. Undiluted wine which was thick and sweet.
_____ (1) _____
7. Perfumes provided at the party.
_____ (7) _____
8. Latin phrase suggesting a complete meal.
_____ (8) _____

Answer:

1 2 6
8 4 8 3 7 5 4



= Beginning Level



= Upper Level

A DAY IN THE LIVES OF THE ROMANS

Based on a game by Christina Daspi, Latin I student of Dr. Elliott T. Egan,
Ben Franklin H.S., New Orleans, Louisiana

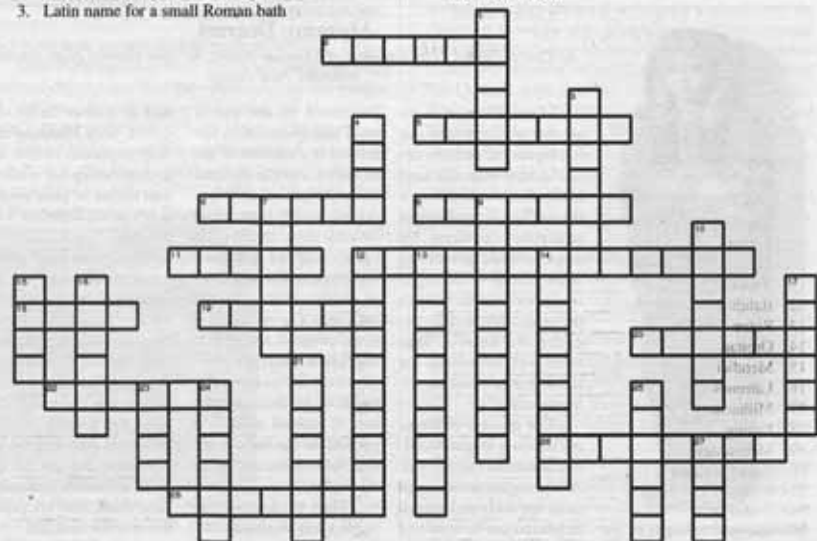
113

ACROSS

2. Latin name for an apartment building
5. Latin name for a large Roman bath
6. Roman women, by law, were considered to be _____ class citizens
8. Children not claimed by their fathers on what would have been their *Dies Lustrici* were traditionally _____
11. Every young boy and girl wore a _____ to ward off evil spirits
12. Official title for the head of a Roman household
18. A postern gate was usually located at the _____ of a Roman house
19. There were _____ main deities in the Roman pantheon
20. The main public room of a Roman house
22. The most common additions to female jewelry: emeralds, rubies or _____
26. A master's study or home-office
28. On her *Dies Lustricus*, a baby girl was given the feminine form of her _____ *nomen*

DOWN

1. A boy's _____ traditionally taught him swimming, horseback riding and sword fighting
3. Latin name for a small Roman bath
4. Material from which most female jewelry was made
7. Latin name for Roman street shoes
9. An enclosed flower garden, usually geometrically designed and adorned with statuary and small fountains
10. Latin name for a Roman shop
12. A boy's _____ was charged with making sure he got to and from school safely and did his homework
13. A couch, called a _____, was primarily used for dining
14. A system of these was used to bring water into Roman cities
15. A heavy money box which served as a safe at home
16. To avoid bad luck, Romans only cut their nails on _____ days
17. Divine forces in which the very ancient Romans believed before their deities became personified
21. To wear their earrings, Roman ladies had _____ ears
23. The only piece of jewelry a Roman male citizen usually wore
24. Latin name for footwear usually worn indoors
25. At a Roman funeral, a close relative was expected to deliver a _____ recalling the chief merits and accomplishments of the deceased
27. A *Dies Lustricus* did not occur until _____ days after a child was born





Top Ten Television Cartoon Characters

Selected by the Latin IV Class of Winthrop Dahl,
Nashoba Regional H.S., Bolton, Massachusetts

- I. Mus Fortissimus 114
- II. Nauta Luna
- III. Cimices Cuniculus
- IV. Cursor Vialis
- V. Lignosus Picus
- VI. Papas apod Parvos Caeruleos
- VII. Tam Candidus Quam Arcus Pluvius
- VIII. Oculus Prominens
- IX. Pilosus
- X. Vafer Canis Latrans

ATHENA apud ROMANOS

By Marcus Lewis, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Give the Latin name for each deity to reveal the
vertical Latin name of Athena.

1. Hermes
2. Artemis
3. Hera
4. Demeter
5. Zeus
6. Aphrodite
7. Ares

Along THE APPIAN WAY

By Geoff Veldman, Latin II student of Darrell Hutsken,
Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Give the English for these Latin items which would
be familiar sights along the Appian Way.

1. Carruca
2. Raeda
3. Cisiarius
4. Carrus
5. Raedarius
6. Pedester
7. Equus
8. Caupona
9. Boves
10. Leticarii
11. Viator
12. Bajuli
13. Rotae
14. Orbitae
15. Mendici
16. Latrones
17. Milliaria
18. Fanum
19. Mercatores
20. Saxa Quadrata
21. Pontes
22. Muliones
23. Lecticae
24. Sepulcra

May Montage

By Greg Dotoli, Latin II student of
Joseph Hoffman, Seton Hall Preparatory School,
West Orange, New Jersey

In the word search, circle the answer indicated by
each clue.

1. Colchidis rex, pater Medeae
2. Roman god of wine
3. Forum meeting place for Roman senate
4. Monstrum cum novem capitibus
5. Roman god of the sea (Lat.)
6. Mountain home of the gods in Thessaly
7. Principal river in northern Gaul
8. Monstrum cum sex capitibus
9. Clashing rocks at the entrance to the Black Sea
10. Son of Jupiter and Juno, god of fire (Lat.)
11. Ferryman of the Lower World
12. Mountains between Transalpine and Cisalpine Gaul (Lat.)
13. Agriculturae dea Romana
14. Daughter of Creon that was murdered by Medea
15. Three-headed brother of Orthrus
16. Priestess of Apollo at Delphi
17. King of Salmydessus tormented by the Harpies for his crime
18. Solis deus Romanus Graecusque
19. First day of a Roman month (Lat.)
20. Southwestern third of Gaul's "tres partes" (Lat.)
21. Triumvir with Crassus and Caesar



NAME THAT Food or Drink!

By Kiran Bidari and Mandy Rane,
Latin I students of Jodie Gill,
Hawken Upper School, Gates Mills, Ohio

- I. Translate each Latinized slogan into English.
- II. Unscramble the English name of each item.
- III. Match each unscrambled name with its slogan.

1. In ore tuo liquefacit, non in manu tua.
2. Crepitus, Crepitatus, Crepatas
3. Magni Sunt!
4. Magice Suaves Sunt.
5. Vita Ludus est—Eam Epota!
6. Imago Nihil Est; Sitis Est Omnia.
7. Propugnatorum Ientaculum

- A. EOTSFFDRKSALE
- B. PSTIER
- C. DERATAOG
- D. SDNMMA
- E. ATESIHEW
- F. CLSMHCARUYK
- G. KCREIRESSPII



Our Favorite Songs

By Kathryn Alack, Casey Ponder and Gina Sadhwani,
Latin IV students of Valerie Gemskie,
Ursuline Academy H.S., New Orleans, Louisiana

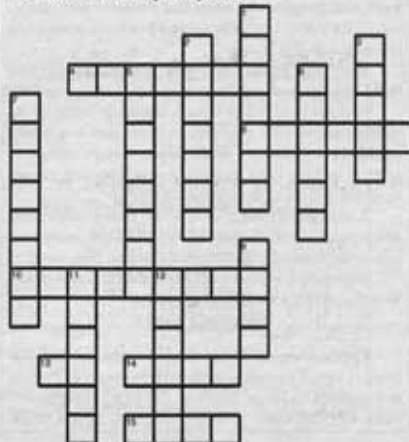
- I. BUBULCUS, Parvulus Saxum
- II. FEMINA AMERICANA, Lennius Cravitzus
- III. BLANDUS, Robertus Thomas et Santana
- IV. DENUO ORDINA, Flaccidum Crustulum
- V. AD UNUM RETROGRESSUS, Brianus Equitides
- VI. IN HOC UNA SUMUS, Novem Unciarum Ungues
- VII. CORDIS MUSICA, In Temporum Aequalitate et Gloria Estafana
- VIII. EQUITIS ASPERI CARMEN ELATUM, DMX
- IX. AGO, XCVIII Gradus
- X. HOC TEMPORE ANNI, Melior Quam Ezra

The Zeus is Loose

By Jesse Corn, Zach Lazar, Chad Greenwald and
Kevin Shrestha, Latin II students of Jodie Gill,
Hawken Upper School, Gates Mills, Ohio

- ACROSS
4. Mother of Heracles
8. Mother of the Fates by Zeus
10. Mother of the Muses by Zeus
13. Was changed into a cow by Zeus to hide her
14. Zeus appeared to her as a swan
15. Mother of Apollo and Artemis by Zeus

- DOWN
1. Granddaughter of Zeus by Leda and Clytemnestra
2. Mother of Persephone by Zeus
3. Zeus' wife before he married Hera
5. Metamorphosed into a she-bear by Zeus
6. Woman rejected by Zeus after Themis declared her son would be more illustrious than his father
7. Mother of the Graces by Zeus
9. Zeus' sister-wife
11. Young lady taken by Zeus to Crete on his bull's back
12. Mother of Dionysus by Zeus



Acrostic Poem

By Halcyon Person, 6th Grade Latin student of
Sara Solberg, Rutgers Prep School, Somerset, N. J.

O ne son of Poseidon, a modest
R eally good hunter, walks on water
I sland to island, till he comes to Chios.
O rion and the king made a deal:
N ullify the island's beasts, and get the king's daughter!
S o Orion kills all the beasts, but the king backs out.

First Star I See Tonight

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

Lucida, fulgida
Fulget, micat, accendit.
Procul est.
Caelum.

Aestas

By Grant Malmendahl, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert,
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Mox non erit schola,
Et non erunt curae.
Nata in aqua clara,
Sede et requiesce.
Vive libere.

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M any drinks later, the King blinds Orion to cheat him.
Y oung Orion wanders about following
T he clanking of metal to Vulcan's workshop.
H ere he receives a Cyclops boy to lead the way.
I n time they come to the Sun.
C ured is Orion.
A fter that, much later,
L anding in Crete, Orion meets Diana.

A ctually liking him, Diana hunts with Orion.
D iana and Orion fall in love!
V enting his jealousy on Orion, Apollo hatches a plan.
E very day Diana and Orion fall more in love.
N ow Apollo gets a big scorpion to kill Orion.
T hough Orion fights well, he is no match and dies.
U nucky Diana is mad at her twin, but not for long:
R ough Diana and Apollo place Orion in the sky where
E ven now he can be seen being chased by the Scorpion.

Alexander

(Continued a Pagina Quinta)

CONCLUSION

approached us freely. While speaking to them, it was easy to see the strength of spirit that led Cleopatra to challenge the might of Rome.

Finally, enough similar words were quickly found in the Macedonian, Kalash and Hunza languages to warrant further investigation. An example is the word "Mir" meaning a wise man, peace and/or leader. As a Finnish linguist we met in Hunza commented to us, "No one has really investigated that connection [between Macedonian and Burushaski] before." A multitude of "unknown" words exists in all three regions, and perhaps, by combining them, we can obtain a larger vocabulary and grammar that would place an Ancient Macedonian Language among the world's languages. Recent links between early Macedonian scripts and those such as Kharosthi in Northern Pakistan have been discovered. For example, a landmark link between Burushaski, the language of the Hunzakuts, and that of the Macedonians has been successfully proved by a noted Macedonian linguist, Ilija Casule, in his recent book, *Zboruvate li Burushaski?*

Since my trip to Pakistan, I have maintained constant correspondence with friends and scholars in the Kalash and Hunza Valleys. We continue to learn much from one another and from our explorations and discoveries of the common threads of our heritage.

Therefore, the influence of a defined, independent Macedonian Culture on the peoples of northern Pakistan is not doubted; our trip successfully proved that such a connection not only exists, but also that it deserves much further investigation.



Keathley (R) with Doud, historian of the Kalash

CyberLatin Site Praised by U.S. Department of Education

The March 2000 issue of *Community Update*, a publication of the U.S. Department of Education, praised the innovative website of Southern H.S. in Durham, North Carolina.

Richard Riley, U.S. Secretary of Education, complimented Southern H.S. during his State of American Education address for its exemplary academic improvement.

Southern H.S. maintains a state-of-the-art website that boasts a wealth of resources for teachers, students and parents: <http://www.southern.durham.k12.nc.us>

Especially noted was the *CyberLatin* page on this website which offers mythology, history and interactive applications.

How Well Did You Read? 121

1. *Ubi habitavit Briarius Littrell priusquam se iunxit Quinque Posticis Pueris?*
2. How many days of preparation preceded a mummy's being wrapped tightly in linen?
3. During what Roman ceremony was the greeting *Felicitur!* called out?
4. Which school recently started an N.J.C.L. Cyber Chapter?
5. According to Garland Arrowood, what accident resulted in Prometheus giving fire to mankind?
6. Which theme song did Terentius Zoller translate into Latin for this issue?
7. Which arts group is preparing to stage the World Premier of *TANTALUS*?
8. Which northern Italian city once had canals just like Venice?
9. What is the Macedonian word for "Mt. Olympus"?
10. What Italian phrase is used by modern Romans to refer to popular gathering or rendezvous sites?

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

Invita Personas Antiquas Ad Scholam

Plan now to invite one of *Pompeiana's Persona Presenters* to your school next fall. This is the best time to work with presenters to insure that preferred dates are reserved for you as you move toward finalizing plans when school resumes next year.

Many schools are using these performances to help build interest and enrollments in their Latin programs.

Students from feeder schools should definitely be invited to attend such a special program, and, if a school needs help to finance a performance, thought should be given to inviting Latin students from neighboring schools to attend and share the expense of the day.

A pamphlet detailing each of the presentations available is included with this May NEWSLETTER, and speaker contact information is printed on the outside back cover.

Information is also available through *Pompeiana's* Web site: <http://www.Pompeiana.com>

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Catholici Ductor Romae

Pompeiana columnist Frank J. Korn has released his much anticipated handbook for those who plan to visit the Eternal City.

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As he has done in his columns in the *Pompeiana NEWSLETTER* over the past several years, Korn unlocks the history, details and legends that make each aspect of Rome accessible to the reader. This soft-cover book is being sold by the Paulist Press for \$14.95. Order ISBN 0-8091-3926-X by calling 201/825-7300 or visiting the following URL: www.paulistpress.com

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Si Instrumentis Computatoriis Doces

Those who now teach using computers in the Latin classroom need to know of the following invaluable resources now available:

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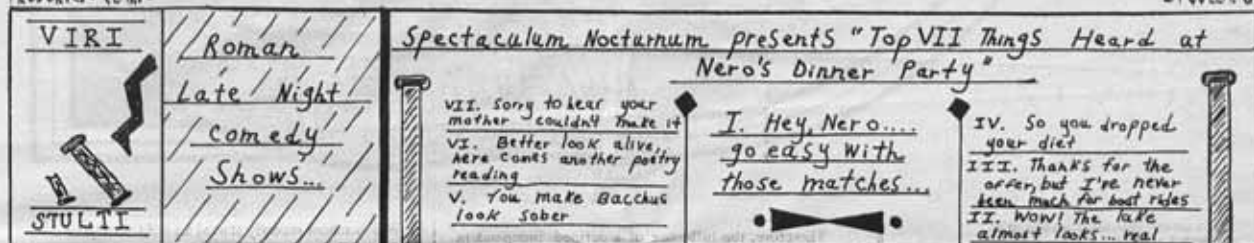
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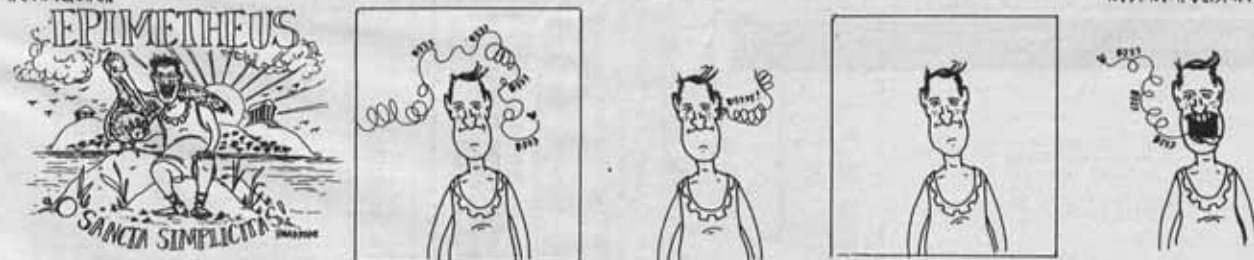
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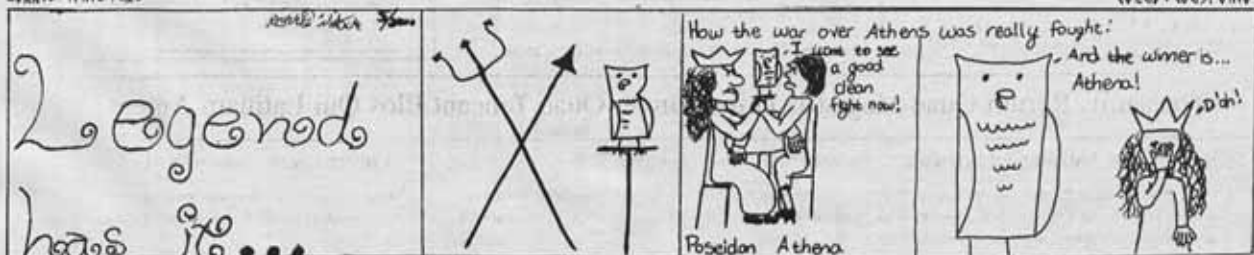
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The Pompeiana NEWSLETTER

I.S.S. #08925941

The Pompeiana NEWSLETTER is the only international newsletter devoted exclusively to the promotion of the study of Latin at the secondary school level which is published monthly during the nine-month school year. Each month, September through May, 13,000 copies of the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER are printed for members and Latin classes throughout the world.

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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Items spontaneously submitted for publication in the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER should be typed or computer set and sent to: The Editor, Pompeiana NEWSLETTER, 6026 Indianola Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46220-2014

Text items may also be submitted as attachments to e-mail sent to: Pompeiana@aol.com.

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

What May Be Submitted

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

Pompeiana, Inc., attempts to publish as much spontaneously submitted work as possible, but it cannot guarantee publication. Pompeiana, Inc., does not pay spontaneous contributors.

AUXILIA MAGISTRIS

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

109.

Picturae Moveres

- I. K, Ben Affleck, Armageddon
- II. E, George Clooney, Out of Sight
- III. F, Tom Cruise, Top Gun
- IV. J, Matt Damon, Good Will Hunting
- V. H, Matt Dillon, Will Bunch
- VI. D, Harrison Ford, The Fugitive
- VII. B, Jared Leto, Urban Legends
- VIII. A, Matthew McConaughey, A Time to Kill
- IX. I, Jerry O'Connell, Icream II
- X. G, Freddie Prinze, Jr., She's All That
- XI. C, John Travolta, Saturday Night Fever
- XII. L, Adam Sandler, Waterboy

110.

Via Ad Casam Alban

1. A house divided
2. A split-level house
3. A lighthouse
4. Little house on the prairie

Why Is This Family Sad?

1. SUB
2. PATRUO
3. MATRES
4. SOROREM
5. INFANTI
6. FRATRIS
7. NEPOTES
8. AMITA
9. CONSOBRINE
10. AVUNCULOS
11. CAPUT

BOS MISSA EST

Commissatio

1. Coronae
2. Sex
3. Venus
4. Canis
5. Secundae Mensae
6. Merum
7. Unguenta
8. Ab ovo usque ad mala

Answer: REX BIBENDI

Spectacula Televisifica

1. Mighty Mouse
2. Sailor Moon
3. Bugs Bunny
4. Roadrunner
5. Woody Woodpecker
6. Papa Smurf
7. Rainbow Brite
8. Popeye
9. Shaggy
10. Willy E. Coyote

114.

116.

Along the Appian Way

1. Heavy-duty four-wheeled carriage
2. Four-wheeled day-couch
3. Two-wheeled carriage drive
4. Four-wheeled materials transport wagon
5. Day-coach driver
6. Pedestrian
7. Horse
8. Inn
9. Omen
10. Litter bearers
11. Traveler
12. Potters
13. Wheels
14. Wheel ruts
15. Beggars
16. Thieves
17. Milestones
18. Shrine
19. Merchants
20. Paving stones
21. Bridges
22. Mail drivers
23. Litters
24. Tombs

117.



118.

Name That Food Or Drink

1. D. Melts in your mouth, not in your hand.
2. G. Snap, Crackle, Pop
3. A. They're Great!
4. F. They are magically delicious.
5. C. Life is a sport—drink it up!
6. F. Image is nothing; thirst is everything.
7. E. The Breakfast of Champions

- A. Frosted Flakes
- B. Sprite
- C. Gatorade
- D. M and Ms
- E. Wheaties
- F. Lucky Charms
- G. Rice Krispies

120.



How Well Did You Read?

1. Kentucky
2. 70 days
3. During a Roman wedding
4. Florida High School
5. Prometheus tripped and spilled hot coals down to earth
6. The Princess Mononoke theme song
7. The Denver Center for the Performing Arts
8. Pisa
9. Golem Box
10. "Punti di ritrovo"

121.

Five Boys Who Love to Make Music

In 1993 A.J. McLean and Howie Dorough were high school students in Orlando, Florida. Because they lived near Disneyworld and were interested in performing on stage, they began to attend acting auditions. This is how they met Nick Carter who was attending junior high school at the time. The three became friends and decided to form their own singing group. When they met Kevin Richardson, who was already performing at Disneyworld, they invited him to join their singing group. Kevin suggested that his cousin, Brian Littrell who lived in Kentucky, be added to their group. When these five boys sang together, they had a good sound and they knew they were ready to perform as a group on stage.

In Orlando many teenagers used to spend free time at a market called "The Backstreet Market." Since A.J. and Howie also used to spend time at this market, the five boys decided to call themselves **The Backstreet Boys**.

At first, these five boys sang cover songs. They were willing to sing for anyone anywhere. They even sang a cappella in the hallways of record label offices so they would be noticed. Then they began to be hired to sing at high school dances. Soon they were invited to sing at Grad Night at Sea World. Finally, they were invited to open a show for Brandy. In this way the five boys gained a lot of experience singing on stage.

They recorded a song entitled "Tell Me I'm Dreaming" which became famous. While they were performing before a large and very excited audience, their manager telephoned David McPherson (who worked for Mercury Recording Studio at that time) so he could hear the boys singing and hear how much the audience was enjoying the performance. Soon the five boys had a musical contract.

Their manager then arranged for **The Backstreet Boys** to travel to Europe and England to sing. In 1995 **The Backstreet Boys** recorded the song "We've Got It Going On" which became very popular in England and throughout Europe. Then they recorded the song "I'll Never Break Your Heart" which made them even more famous in England and Europe. During that same year the five boys won the Smash Hits Award in London for Best New Tar Act. In 1996 **The Backstreet Boys** were named the #1 International Group in Germany. They then appeared as the main singing group during fifty-seven performances on a musical tour through Europe. Next they performed in cities in Asia, on the Pacific Rim and in Australia. When they agreed to sing in thirty-two Canadian cities, fans bought all the tickets in twenty minutes.

On August 12, 1997, the five boys produced their first American album which they named **THE BACKSTREET BOYS**. Famous songs on this album included: "Quit Playing Games," "As Long As You Love Me," "Everybody," "I'll Never Break Your Heart" and "All I Have To Give."

Now, only seven years later, **The Backstreet Boys** are very famous throughout the world and very wealthy. Their second American album is called **MILLENNIUM**. **The Backstreet Boys** are now presenting their "Coming Home Concert" in major American cities, and one of their shows was recently seen on television.

Athena Apud Romanos

1. Mercurius
2. Diana
3. Juno
4. Ceres
5. Juppiter
6. Venus
7. Mars

115.

113.

