

POMPEIIANA NEWSLETTER

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DEC. A. D. M. M.





Olim in Polonia erat vir, nomine Iohannes, et uxor, Maria, qui tristes erant quia nullos liberos habebant. Uno die hiemali, vir ad fenestram sedebat unde spectabat liberos qui in nive ludebant. Magnam feminam e nive faciebant.

Iohannes uxori dixit, "Maria, specta liberos! Laeti sunt quia feminam niveam faciunt. Veni mecum in hortum et nos, quoque, feminam niveam faciemus."

Quando Iohannes et Maria in hortum ierant, Maria dixit, "Quoniam nullos liberos habemus, cur non faciemus parvam puellam niveam?"

"Bonum consilium est," respondit Iohannes, et parvum

PARVA PUELLA NIVEA

Fabula Poloniensis Latine reddita a Bessie S. Rathbun, Omahae in Nebraska, MCMLXVII

corpus facere incepit, deinde parvas manus. Maria, pulchro capite facto, id in statuam niveae corpus posuit.

Interim, viator in via transibat. Iohannem et Mariam breve tempus tacitus spectavit, tum dixit: "Deus vobis auxilium det!"

"Tibi gratias ago," respondit Iohannes.

"Dei auxilium," inquit Maria, "semper est res bona."

"Quid agitis?" rogavit viator.

"Puellam e nive facimus," respondit Iohannes. Et dum dicit, nasum, mentum, os, oculos faciebat. Brevis tempore, puella nivea perfecta est. Iohannes statuam niveam cum gaudio spectavit. Subito autem oculi statuam niveam aperti sunt! Puellae niveae labra facta sunt rosea. Puella nivea, mirabile visu, vivebat!

"Quis es?" rogavit Iohannes perturbatus.

"Sum filia tua, Candida," respondit puella nivea, et amplexata est virum et uxorem qui lacrimare cum gaudio inceperunt.

Parva puella ad eorum domicilium ducta, celeriter crescere incepit. Omnes aliae puellae in vico venerunt ad domicilium et cum hac placida puella nova luserunt quia tam bona et pulchra erat. Candida erat tam alba quam nix, oculi erant tam caerulei quam caelum, capilli longi erant aurei. Genae autem albiore quam eae aliarum puellarum erant.

Per hiemem Candida celeriter crescebat, et, primo verni, tam grunda erat quam ceteri liberi qui duodecim annos habebant.

Hieme Candida semper laeta fuerat, sed bona tempestate tristissima facta est.

Quia mater eius tristitiam animadvertit, ei dixit, "Cur, cara filia, tristis es? Esne aegra?"

"Minime," respondit puella nivea, "non aegra sum, mater mea," et in domicilio tranquilla manebat.

Uno die, autem, parvae puellae e vico venerunt et dixerunt, "Veni, Candida, in silvam nobiscum, et flores legemus."

"Quam bonum consilium est, Candida!" dixit Maria. "Ad silvam et huc cum parvis amicis tuis."

Candida cum liberis discessit, ad silvam ierant, flores legerunt. Tum coronas e floribus fecerunt et se ornaverunt. Tunc, autem, primo vespere, ignem accenderunt.

"Nunc, Candida," dixerunt liberi, "specta nos et fac idem quod nos." Statim cantare et saltare inceperunt. Deinde singuli per ignem saluerunt. Subito exclamationem liberi audiverunt. Circumspexerunt, sed Candida ibi non iam erat.

"Candida, Candida, ubi es?" clamaverunt. Sed Candida non respondit.

Liberi querebant et parentes querebant, sed frustra quia parva puella nivea in vaporem mutata erat, et ad caelum volaverat unde hieme venerat.

THE ODDITIES OF ROME

By Frank J. Rice, Salem Hall University, South Orange, New Jersey

A church with the name of "Where Are You Going?"

An ancient lie detector.

A single keyhole through which can be seen three countries.

These are among the scores of fascinating oddities of Rome, so often undiscovered by tourists in their mad dash to cover all the "must-see" sights.

While they can never match the splendor of St. Peter's, the aura of the Colosseum, nor the beauty of a lavender-bowered rooftop terrace, these quirky spots contribute, nevertheless, to the color, the character, the history and mystery of the Eternal City.

The year was A.D. 64 and Nero had proscribed Peter, the bishop of the small Christian flock residing in the capital. Persuaded to flee by his devoted followers, the first pope was making his way south down the already old and venerable Appian Way one rainswept night when, legend says, he encountered Christ—crucified three decades prior—walking toward Rome. Confused and astonished, Peter asked: "Quis vadis, Domine." Where are you going, Lord?

(Continued in Pagina Sexta)



QUO VADIS CHURCH OUTSIDE ROME

FED UP WITH SATURNALIA AND ALL ITS EXCESSES?

Based on "Sub Sole Nihil Novi," which first appeared in *THE ECONOMIST*, Dec. 18, 1999, pp. 55-56.

Special thanks to Dr. Robert Sutton of Indiana University-Purdue University-Indianapolis, for bringing this article to our attention.

THIS GUIDE WILL HELP YOU STAY SANE WHILE OBSERVING THE PROPER ETIQUETTE OF THE SEASON IN FIRST CENTURY A.D. ROME.

Saturnalia is the most wonderful time of the year, and also the worst. You want to enjoy yourself, but every December you end up exhausted, hungover and broke. All that shopping! All those presents! All that food! All those children and slaves running riot all over the house!

Relax. The key to a great Saturnalia is planning. Follow our question-and-answer guide, and you will never drag yourself like a corpse into January again.

How many days can I take off?

The vital question, of course, Saturnalia was originally only one day, the 14th before the Kalends of January. Augustus allowed three days for it, December 17th to the 19th, but he was a man of severe habits. The festival usually lasts for a week, and most people take as much time off as they can get away with.

Not everyone can take a break, of course. Essential services need to be maintained. Cooks go on cooking, accounting for the pull of smog that hangs over us all in December, and the shops stay open for those last-minute gifts you've forgotten. Abroad, too, those men engaged in expanding our glorious empire have to go on doing so. Only actually starting battles is forbidden.

Do I have to go to temple?

Temple-going on the first day of Saturnalia is optional, but it is traditional and good for appearances. Most of us seem to have forgotten the religious point of the festival, if we ever knew what it was. Saturn (just to remind you) is the sickle-wielding god of sowing and grafting. He presided over the Age of Gold, that magic, and long-past transformation of the world, when lions lay down with lambs and the earth brought forth crops without plowing. At Saturn's feast, for just a few days, we pretend we are back in that time of bliss and plenty, "when wine flowed in rivers, and there were fountains of milk and honey; when all men were good and all men were gold," as Lucian says.

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

IN MEMORIAM

Allen W. Clowes, a founding Board Member of Pompeiana, Inc., passed away November 1, 2000. His love of the classics and generous support will be missed.

Jingle Bell the Way

By Colin Girolamo, Nate Moran, Ben Gladick,

Alex Denney and Sara Richmond,

Latin II students of Mike Gegel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

(Sing to the tune of Jingle Bells)

Conjugate! Conjugate!

Conjugate your verbs!

If you cannot conjugate,

Then we will teach you how, hey!

Take the verb! Just the stem!

Take it through tenses,

Person, number, voice and mood,

And maybe a gerund, yeah!

Subjunctives! Gerundives!

They can be quite hard!

Participles you can do,

And imperatives, hey!

-a-re! -e-re!

And also -i-re!

You must remember all of these

While conjugating, yeah!



NARCISSUS REACHES HIS FAVORITE PART OF THE FUN HOUSE...

Why Leave the Riviera? Pytheas of Massalia

By Kenneth F. Kitchel, Jr., University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts

Last month we took a look at Hanno the Carthaginian. (Ever notice how many ancient people had "the" as a middle name?) Hanno was quite an explorer, investigating a great deal of the east coast of Africa, going further than anyone was to go until the age of Henry the Navigator.

But Hanno was not alone. The ancients produced more than a few explorers, and about a century and a half after Hanno, another ancient explorer caused quite a stir—Pytheas of Massalia ("of" was the second most popular middle name, apparently). Pytheas was born about 350-325 B.C., in Massalia (modern Marseilles) and died some time after 300 B.C. You may never have heard of him, but he was as bold as Hanno, for Pytheas undertook the first lengthy voyage to the North Atlantic and may have circumnavigated England. He probably took this voyage around 310 B.C., just after the death of Alexander the Great in 323. Alexander had opened up the East to Greece, but he did this mostly as a sideline to his conquering. Pytheas opened the world of the West out of sheer curiosity and intellectual stimulation.

While Hanno left an inscription, not one word of Pytheas' works remains. But later authors tell us that he started out as an astronomer. Using only a sundial, he calculated the latitude of Massalia with remarkable accuracy. He was the first to note that the pole star was not really at the pole, and was also the first to point out a relationship between the moon and tides.

So Pytheas' reputation as an astronomer was great, but Pytheas the explorer had another reputation entirely, neatly summed up by Strabo (the geographer) who called him "the greatest liar among mortals." It seems what he reported was so wondrous that no one wanted to believe it.

If we have constructed his voyages correctly, they are, indeed, pretty unbelievable. He left sunny Marseilles, went through the Pillars of Hercules, and turned right instead of left, as Hanno had done. He cruised around Spain and the coast of France to the coast of Brittany. But then, instead of continuing to hug the coast as was customary for ancient mariners, he apparently struck out across the English channel to Land's End at the southwest tip of Britain at Cornwall. Here he described local tin mining and certain local cus-

oms, long before Caesar got there.

We think that Pytheas even passed by Ireland, but it was his next stop on this voyage which caused (and still causes) the greatest discussion. Pytheas claims that the island of Thule lay six days to the north of Britain and only one day from a frozen sea, sometimes called the Cronian Sea. Here, he states, days have up to twenty hours of sunlight in summer and twenty hours of darkness in winter. As if this were not sufficiently incredible, he claims it lay in semi-congealed waters in an area where earth, sea and air are all mixed, suspended in a mixture he says resembles a "sea lung."

Where, if anywhere, is this Thule? Pytheas only claims that he saw the sea lung, getting the rest second hand, probably from local inhabitants who had sailed further north. Some parts of the tale ring true, such as long northerly days of light or darkness and a mixture of fog, mist and slush so thick one cannot tell where sea ends and sky begins. Scholars have variously identified Thule as Iceland, Norway, the Shetland Islands, or the Orkney Islands, but no one solution is entirely satisfactory. The name has survived, though, because a modern company called Thule sells racks to carry sports equipment, especially skis, and a certain arctic culture is called the Thule Culture. The term *Ultima Thule*, a fine Latin phrase for "far off Thule," came into our literature as well, referring to the farthest possible place in the world. It is mentioned by Edgar Allan Poe and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, among others.

His Mediterranean blood probably frozen solid, Pytheas soon turned back south, and completed his circumnavigation of Britain until he crossed the channel again and returned home. In all, even by the most conservative estimates, he had traveled a minimum of 7,500 miles on the Atlantic in ships designed for the Mediterranean and manned by sailors unfamiliar with the rigors of the northern seas.

Did he see what he apparently claimed to see, or is he the liar Strabo claimed he was?

It is your choice—but I like to believe the bookish astronomer had become an adventurer. It gives us all some hope!



LABORS of an NBA HERCULES

By Katie Seward, Latin II student of Adrienne Nilsen, St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

Dear Journal,

Here it is, almost the end of the year, and it seems as if nothing can stop the new NBA season from being cancelled. I've sat in on the meetings day after day, but the owners are being totally unreasonable. And it's not really about money. They claim that great athletes don't draw crowds anymore. They want hero-athletes. Guys who are known for fantastic achievements off the court as well as on. When I tried to reason with them that what they were demanding was too vague, they decided to get specific. They said they would be happy with an athlete that had at least three outstanding achievements to his name. They also said that if I truly wanted to promote the interests of the players I represented at these meetings, I should be willing to set the tone by showing them how it will be done.

Dear Journal,

Well, when we sat down at the table today, the spokesman for the owners slid a piece of paper across the table at me. He said that, as far as they were concerned, all talks were on hold until I accepted the challenge to turn myself into a hero-athlete by completing the three labors they had chosen for me. I don't know what to do. I've come to love my expensive life-style, and I'm not qualified to do anything else. I should have gone to college—or at least listened to my dad and invested my money instead of spending it all.

Dear Journal,

I got started on my first labor today—retrieve the golden ball from Mt. Spalding. The labor wasn't easy because not only did I have to hike up the mountain, but the ball is guarded by huge birds called the Defenders. They protect the golden ball as though it were their egg or something.

After two hours of hiking, I was only half way up Mt. Spalding. I encountered only a few minor setbacks such as

slipping and starting small avalanches. I hadn't seen any of the Defenders yet, but I could hear their heart-stopping squawking. I was determined to have the season start on time, so I stuck with it.

When I finally made it to the top, most of the Defenders seemed to be off somewhere either hunting for food or napping. Only one big bird was guarding the golden ball. I hid behind some bushes and rustled the leaves to attract its attention. It flew down and stood in front of the bushes where I was hiding. When it got close enough, I dashed between its long lanky legs and headed for the ball. Before it could figure out what was happening, I had picked up the ball. It was heavier than I thought it would be, and it took me a minute to hoist it into my arms. When I turned around, the Defender was standing right in front of me with its giant wings outstretched and its menacing beak open wide. I dropped the ball, but, to my surprise, it bounced back up into the palm of my hands. I began to dribble and run in and out between the bird's legs. Then I took off. As the bird chased me down the mountain, I continued to dribble the ball, crossing it from hand to hand and weaving it in and out between my legs to confuse him as he tried to peck at the ball to retrieve it. I finally came to a cliff, jumped down and got into a thicket of trees. When the Defender came to the cliff it took off on its giant wings and flew around for a while trying to figure out where I had gone. Finally, it flew off and I made it back home, my first labor complete. This gave me the confidence to attempt my next two labors.

Dear Journal,

This second labor is even more difficult than the first. I have to teach a tribe of men called the Albini how to play basketball. I had no idea how uncoordinated they would be at hoops. I spent the first couple of days teaching funda-

(Continued in Pagina Decima)

SATURNALIA (Continued a Pagina Prima)

What do I wear?

No problem here. You are absolutely required to leave off the toga and put on the *synthesis* instead. (It's that thing in the back of your wardrobe which looks like a dressing gown, only flimsier.) Togas mean business, lawsuits, affairs of state; the *synthesis* says that you're going to PARTY! Some people complain that it makes no sense to wear something flimsy when there is ice on the ground and Boreas is blowing, especially when they have sweated through the summer in all-wool togas. But *nil desperandum*—put on lots of tunics underneath.

Is it essential to give parties?

Yes, it is. Only social losers hang around the Arcades trying to cadge an invitation. As Lucian says, "In the first place friends banish dull silence from your table, and are ready with a good story, a harmless jest, or some other contribution to entertainment; that is the way to please the gods of wine and love and beauty. And secondly they win your love by spreading abroad next morning your hospitable fame. These are things that would be cheap at a considerable price." A few party suggestions: Invite "no less than the Graces" (three) but "no more than the Muses" (nine). Food should be plentiful but not extravagant. Eggs and fish for starters, followed by boar and turbot, then sow's belly and Lucrine oysters and sausages and pastry. Cheese and fruit for dessert. Keep the wine well watered. Games are essential. "The dice-box reigns supreme," as Martial says.

What about presents?

This is the biggest Saturnalia headache of all, but the answer is simple: give them to everyone.

How much should I spend?

Again, the answer is simple: as much as you can afford. Even the young Claudius, who was thought too much of a simpleton to be given a magistracy, was allowed 40 pieces of gold by Tiberius to spend on Saturnalia presents.

Lucian suggests putting aside a tenth of your income, as well as going through your stuff to see if you can spare any old clothes or tableware. These will do for freedmen. Give your slaves a *sestertius* to spend at the fair in the Forum, where they sell the sort of trinkets slaves like, and give your children nuts and clay toys; they'll be broken or lost in a day anyway.

Whole books have been written on what to give at Saturnalia. Martial's "Good Gift Guide" suggests you cannot go wrong with a nice stationery set, a new toga for clients, alabaster bottles for the ladies, or a new set of silverware. If these are too expensive, the standard offerings these days are a basket of candles, a set of napkins or a jar of plums. Although unoriginal, these are quite acceptable; and, if kept unopened, they can be recycled with nobody noticing. Martial's other suggestions include live mullets, a peacock-feather fly-whisk or "Cilician socks from the beard of the fetid goat."

Do I have to give my slaves time off?

Unfortunately, yes. Part of the vaguely religious point of Saturnalia is that it is a festival of freedom. *Ergo*, everyone drags out their *pillei* so they can look suitably silly while they frolic. "When I was king," Lucian's Saturn says, "slavery was not." In keeping with the spirit of the season, prisoners are not executed and children are excused from school. Pileated slaves are allowed to dance, gamble and insult you to your face, refuse to wait table and generally misbehave. It is horribly inconvenient, just when you're trying to impress friends and hangers-on with the quality of domestic service. But just for the festival, all men are equal. You must indulge all this with a tight-lipped smile.

How do I deal with unwanted guests?

You must be nice to them, even when they are relatives you wish you didn't have or friends on whom you thought you had turned your back. That is the Saturnalia spirit. Even when Caesar and his army dropped in on Cicero unexpectedly for the holidays, he was gracious:

"It was really very pleasant. But when he arrived at Philippus' place on the evening of December 18th, the house was so thronged by the soldiers that there was hardly a spare room in which Caesar himself could dine. I was really worried about what would happen the next day, but Cassius Barba came to my rescue and posted sentries on the house. On the 19th, after being anointed, Caesar took his place at dinner. He both ate and drank with uninhibited enjoyment. His entourage, moreover, was lavishly entertained in three other dining rooms. In a word, I showed them I knew how to live. Still, my guest was not the kind of person to whom one says, 'Do come again if you're in the neighborhood.'"

Can't I just skip the whole thing?

Only sports try. However, if you insist, you could always retire to your country house. Pliny the Younger did this. The philosopher Seneca did much the same in his flat in Rome, and Juvenal said he knew lots of starving poets who simply spent the holidays in their attics.

But, instead of planning your escape, there is a good reason for taking part in Saturnalia, even if you remain unmoved by the magic of these "best of days." In this consumer-led Golden Age, Saturnalia is a civic duty!

THE TROJAN HORSE

By Mikola Pahuliz, Jimmy Cheng, Patrick Nelson and
Brenda Kiel, Latin I students of Suzanne Romano,
Academy of Allied Health and Science,
Neptune, New Jersey



Aeneas tells the Trojan War story
About a sad battle and lost glory.
In beautiful Asia where Trojans did
stay

The Greeks did battle and caused
dismay.

Finally, the Greeks came up with plans
That would deliver Troy into their hands.
The Trojans found a wooden horse,
And took it into the city, of course.
They thought they'd won, and parted all night.
When the Greeks came back, it was too late to fight.
They never saw the men inside,
And that was why the Trojans died.

When Vesuvius Blew Its Top

By Bethany Albert, Latin I student of Judy Hanna,
Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Pompeii was such a great city
Until Vesuvius blew its top.
Everyone was certainly startled
And wondered when it would stop.

Then pumice started to rain;

Next came the hot ash.

Some people fled,

Others thought that was rash.

Last came the deadly gas.
It sneaked through every nook.
A lot of people died,
Even a cook.

This is Pompeii's sad history.

It was really too bad,

But now we can see this great city,

And everyone is glad!

Twas the Night Before Christmas

By Clement Clarke Moore

Based on a Latin translation submitted by Latin II, III and IV students of Walter Kawalec, Jr.,
Mount Saint Mary Academy, Watchung, New Jersey.

Erat nox ante Christi Nativitatem
Cum ubicunque per domum
Nullum animal movebatur ne mus quidem.
Tibialia de camino cum cura suspensius
Sperantes Sanctum Nicolaum mox ibi adfuturum esse.
Omnes liberi commodi in lectis recubant
Dum prunorum saccharo conditorum visiones in
capitibus saltabant.
Et mater in sudario et ego in pillo meo.

Modo recubaveramus ad diu hieme dormiendum
Cum foris in pratulo talis strepitus ortus est
Ut e lecto meo exsurgerem visum quid accideret.
Ad fenestram statim properavi.
Forculus rescindi et fenestras partem patefecit.
Luna in nivis recens casae pectore
Meridiei fulgidum omnia infra dedit.
Cum quid ad meos oculos mirantes appareat
Sed traha minuscula et octo parvi tarandri.

Cum parvo auriga veteri, tam vegeto et coleri
Ut statim cognovi eum debere esse Sanctum Nicolaum.
Rapidus aequis tarandri venerunt.
Et sibilavit et eos nominibus clamavit:
Nunc Festinator, nunc Saltator, nunc Exiliator et Vulpes.
Ago Comites, ago Cupido, ago Tonitro et Fulgor!
Ad summam pergolam, ad summum murum!
Nunc festinate, festinate, festinate omnes!

Sicut folia arida ante procellam feram volantia
Ascendunt ad caelum quando impedimento obviam fiunt,
Ita ad summum tectum tarandri volaverunt
Cum traha puerorum oblectamentorum plena
etiamque Sancto Nicolao.

Et tum in tecto statim audivi
Quamque parvam ungulam exsiliantem et
pulsantem.
Manum retrahente et me convertente,
Sanctus Nicolaus e camino alta exsiluit.
Resonibus omnino indutus est ab imis ungulis
usque ad verticem summum.
Et vestes suae cinere fulgineque maculae sunt.
Saccum cum puerorum oblectamentis in tergum coniecit.
Et similis erat circulatori saccum aperienti.

Oculi eius—quantopere micabant, gelasini, quam hilares
Genae eius similes rosae, nasus similis cerasi!
Eius os parvum tentus est sicut arcus,
Et barba in mento erat alba sicut nix.
Infundibulum cursum in dentibus stricte tendebat.
Et fumus caput circumvixit sicut corona;
Faciem latam habebat, et parvum ventrem rotundum
Qui, quando ridebat, quassabat sicut cratera cyloni plena.

Erat crassus et rotundus, pumilius vero hilaris,
Et eum videns, me invito risi.
Oculo nictante et capite torquente,
Me certorem fecit nihil mihi timendum esse;
Nullum verbum dixit, sed statim laborem suum incepit.
Et omnia tibialia complexit; tum salebrose convertit.
Et digitum ad nares apponens,
Et nutans, in camino sursum ascendit;
In traham insiluit, iugo sibilum dedit.
Et omnes evolaverunt sicut cardui pappus.
Sed eum clamantem audivi antequam e conspectu
agilaverat.

"Omnibus Felicem Christi Nativitatem, et omnibus
noctem bonam!"



A Modern Myth by Ben Hanna,
Seventh Grade Latin student of Gayle Hightower,
Mansfield Middle School, Storrs, Connecticut

One day in December, when Jupiter
was practicing with his lightning
bolts, aiming at various objects at the
bottom of Mt. Olympus, Vesta stopped
by to ask a special favor. She wanted to
create something that would make Roman
families happy as they walked from
house to house visiting their friends each
evening during Saturnalia. She was
thinking that a pattern of beautiful colors
in the night sky might be nice.

Vesta attached it to the clouds that
she could have his permission, but that she
would have to find someone else to help
her with her creation. He suggested that she
ask Minerva.

Minerva loved the
idea and began weaving
a huge multi-colored
tapestry that ended up being ten
miles long.

When Minerva
finished her beautiful
weaving, she and
Vesta attached it to the clouds that she
could have his permission, but that she
would have to find someone else to help
her with her creation. He suggested that she
ask Minerva.

beautiful multi-colored tapestry shining
in the sky was more than she could
bear. She went crying to Jupiter and
asked him how he could be so insensitive
as to allow this insult to be added
to the injury of Saturnalia. Since she
was inconsolable, Jupiter regretted the
permission he had given Vesta and
agreed to destroy the tapestry immediately
so that Ceres could mourn in peace.

Jupiter stepped into the night, took
aim with his lightning bolts and began
to blast the tapestry to strips. The pieces
tore loose from the clouds and were
blown toward the North Pole by a strong
December wind. Ceres stopped her
weeping and returned to her house of
sorrow. Vesta and Minerva were infuriated
but knew better than to question
anything that Jupiter did.

The people of the North, however,
were amazed by their sudden good fortune.
For when they looked up into the December
sky, they beheld beautiful strips of color waving.
Today we call this gift-gone-awry the
Aurora Borealis.

Do You Know Where
Your
Endowment Envelope Is?

Endowment contribution envelopes were included with
all October NEWSLETTERS mailed to adult members.
Please take a moment to consider what contribution you
might be able to make to the fund before the end of the
current tax year.

Pompeiana, Inc., is a 501(c)(3) public not-for-profit
corporation and donations to the Endowment Fund are de-
ductible to the extent allowed by law. Also, if your spouse
works for a company that matches employee contributions,
please do request that such a match be sent to Pompeiana,
Inc.

It is only with the support of its members that
Pompeiana can make plans to continue its mission of pro-
moting Classical Studies at the secondary school level into
the Twenty-First Century.

A reply from every adult member before
the end of this month would provide very posi-
tive encouragement for the future!

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 be-
fore the end of the 2000-2001 school year by mailing their
tax-deductible contributions payable to the "Pompeiana En-
dowment Fund."

Giving Categories

Students (\$25), Latin Class/Club (\$100),

Adult (\$200-\$400), Friend (\$500-\$900),

Contributor (\$1000-\$4000),

Benefactor (\$5000-\$10,000),

Patron (\$20,000-\$90,000) and Angels (\$100,000+).

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

HONOR ROLL

Latin Classes/Clubs

- Barrington Latin Teams, Barrington Middle School,
Barrington, Illinois
- Bel Air H.S. Classical League, El Paso, Texas
- Ben Davis H.S. Latin Club, Indianapolis, Indiana
- Boonville H.S. J.C.L., Boonville, Indiana
- Brookville H.S. Latin Club, Lynchburg, Virginia
- Brownsburg H.S. Latin Club, Brownsburg, Indiana
- Castle H.S. Latin Club, Newburg, Indiana
- Indiana River H.S. J.C.L., Philadelphia, New York
- Lawrence North H.S. Latin Club, Indianapolis,
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NHL

By Sam Philip, Latin III student of Mary Jane Koons,
Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

LUDI,
DELECTATIONES, EXERCITATIONES,
ORDE ATRO LUDIMUS, RIDEMUS, NOS EXERCEMUS,
MINI MAXIME PLACENT
LUDI IN GLACIE.

Medusa Maliciously Maligned

By Marie Ortenzi, Latin III student of Nancy Mazur,
Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

When the *Ghoulish Gazette* announced that it was going to run a feature issue commemorating the anniversary of Medusa's death, I felt I had to write to express my feelings about the wrongful treatment of such a fine young lady.

I am a Siren, and being considered a monster myself, I know how difficult life can be with such a title. I have never been completely accepted into society, and I have lived my life feared and ignored by others just because of negative rumors.

Medusa, however, was born as a human being, not a monster. She did not have a monstrous appearance until after she was wrongfully blamed for the incident with Poseidon in Athena's temple. Why was she blamed for an event over which she had no control? As a woman, Athena should have been more understanding of the situation. Instead, she completely over-reacted. She had no right to change Medusa's beautiful hair into snakes. It was cruel of her to add insult to injury by allowing Perseus to behead Medusa and then to wear her head on her own aegis! In my opinion, nothing could have been more cruel! I am outraged that the other gods allowed one so innocent to suffer such a ghastly fate.

Tantaene animis coelestibus irae? Our deities need to look past their anger before imposing such harsh punishments on the innocent.

Could it be the goddess of wisdom is not so wise after all?

Farewell to Arms: Amores I.1

By Terry Kennedy and Dee Ross, Latin III students of
Suzanne Romano, Academy of Allied Health and Science,
Neptune, New Jersey

Ovid started to write a poem about war.

Cupid came saying "Love is what you adore!"

Cupid then even started to seal the poem's core.
But inspiration is not Cupid's—it's with Muses that soar.

Cupid stealing the poem, taking the place of the Muses.
Venus taking weapons away from Minerva who abuses.
Ceres in the forest, Diana in the farmlands just confuses.
Apollo with a spear and Mars with a lyre just amuses!

"Why do you bother me, Cupid, with such great power?
You don't have control over every animal and flower.
It's your destruction," he said, giving Cupid a glower.
"Due to you, god of love, my strength is growing sour."

And so Ovid was unable to avoid love as a subject.
Cupid had struck him with an arrow, and, seeing its effect,
Ovid then considered the love his poetry would project.
Apollo with war, and Cupid with love are correct.

Farewell to arms.

Story Time

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

Auscultate, amici, fabulam
de Bellerophonte, bellatore
forti, Chimaerae nefariae
interfector.

Bellerophon, auxilio Pegasi,
magnifici equi alati, hanc
adversariam mortiferrimam
oppugnavit.

Flammae inextinctae a
Chimaera exhalabantur, sed
Pegasus flammam celeriter
effugit.

Bellerophon sagittam
hamatam e pharetra sua
removit. Sagitta a Bellerophontis arcu avolvit et beluae
femorem percussit. Altera sagitta a Bellerophontis arcu
avolvit.

Apollo, qui omnes sagittarios custodit, alteram sagittam
profunde in Chimaerae pectus egit. Chimaera ad terram
cecidit, et sanguis venerifer e vulneribus gravibus effudit.

Hoc modo Chimaera a magno Bellerophonte necata est.



By Ryan Griffin,
Latin III student of Adrienne Nilsen,
St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

"Exiled from Crateron forever!"

The words rang in my mind as we left the only home we had ever known and climbed to the rim of the crater. I and twenty-seven others, both men and women, had been accused and convicted of "intent to do evil against the town of Crateron."

Evil! All we had done was question a single judgment of the Elders. Now we were being exiled into the fabled wilderness of the Plain.

When we reached the rim of the crater, I slowly began to revise all that we had ever been taught about the uninhabitable wilderness of the plain. The rim itself was indeed cluttered with ancient rubble—the result, we had been told, of the Great War. But, beyond the rim, in the valley below, things did not look all that bad. Vegetation was returning, streams appeared in the distance and birds and small animals could be glimpsed here and there.

Shouldering the week's survival packs we had each been issued, lest The Elders should appear to be too cruel, we made our way carefully down the side. Once in the valley, we took a vote, and it was decided that we should head northwest. As far as I was concerned, it was as good a direction as any.

As the days passed, I slowly emerged as the one that others looked to for the best advice on the many decisions that needed to be made each day. Several days later, as we dug ourselves out from a sandstorm that had blown across the plain, I noticed something unusual in the distance. It seemed to resemble a hill, but it had straight sides and was flat on the top except for things that stuck straight up at the corners. I convinced the others that this definitely would be worthwhile investigating, since it was the first unusual thing we had encountered on the plain.

We walked for a whole day, and, as we finally drew near, we were shocked at the size of it. Whatever it was, it was definitely twice as large as our old settlement at Crateron. We wondered if this could be one of those ancient cities that the Elders had talked about. Not one of the cities inhabited by those who started the Great War, but one that had been built centuries before even those folks had lived.

As we examined it, we noticed that it was constructed all of stone, not the combustible materials that disintegrated and burned up during the Great War. This was not the molded stone of Crateron, the stone the Elders called concrete, but individual pieces of stone assembled tightly to form walls and roads. At the corners of this ancient city, immense towers rose high. Surely

they had been built to allow the residents to see into the plain for many miles around them.

We found a stone road and followed it up to the wall where it passed under a huge gate, a gate so wide that several of us could walk abreast and still get through with plenty of room. Behind the walls was a complex of stone buildings. When we got to the far side of the structure and looked out from one of the corner towers, we noticed a sharp drop of hundreds of feet down into an even lower plain.

We decided to pick out one of the buildings and get ready to spend the night. We would do more exploring in the morning.

I was up before dawn, too excited to sleep. All was silent. Although, if I listened very carefully, I thought I could hear something. Could my ears be playing tricks on me? No. I was sure. It was the sound of water. As soon as I could see to find my way, I returned to the last tower we had visited the night before and peered down into the lower plain. The sound was definitely coming from down below.

As soon as the others were up, I told them what I had heard and asked for a group of volunteers to come with me to explore the lower plain and see if we could find where the sound was coming from. When we had gathered, we made our way out of the walls and down in the lower plain. After a few hours we were thrilled at what we found. Not only did we find a spring of cool, clear drinking water, but we also found a small cave in which lay a pool of warm water fed by a boiling hot spring.

We returned to the others and told them what we had found. We also said that the lower valley had much more vegetation, some of which might prove to be edible. And little animals seemed to be everywhere.

We decided that the ancients that had built this place knew how to live in harmony with the plain, and had carefully constructed a city in a place where all their needs for survival would be provided.

More exploration into the various buildings of what we now had decided was indeed an ancient city, revealed an armory of sorts. There were iron ax heads and some bronze swords and shields such as we had been taught were used by ancient civilizations.

Our first inclination was to travel back to Crateron to tell the others that they no longer had to live under the cruelty of the unyielding Elders if they didn't want to. They could come here and live free in an ancient city on the plain. I thought to myself how ironic it would be if the Elders themselves decided to leave Crateron and came here to live under my leadership.

The next day, I asked for a volunteer to accompany me back to Crateron. As cruelly as we had been treated, I knew that we had friends and family there that deserved a chance at something better. We would invite them to come into the Plain and live under our leadership. We would tell them that we had discovered that the ancients knew how to survive on the Plain, and that we would share all we had learned about those ways with them. We would tell them that the Plain was healing itself and that they no longer had to live a confined and fearful life in Crateron.

They would be happy to see us return, and they would welcome our great news!

The Little Red Wagon That Could

Translated into Latin by Molly Fogg, Riley Clark and Kerri Aveni, Latin I students of Jodi Gill,
The Hawken School, Gates Mills, Ohio

Olim carrulus erat, nomine Parvus Rufus. Ille parvior erat quam alii.
Magnus carrus, nomine Brutus, "Tu nimis," inquit, "parvus es. Tu iter facere non potes."

Parvus Rufus tristis erat quia iter facere volebat.

Deinde Bruti rotae fractae sunt, et Brutus iter facere non poterat.

Nunc Parvus Rufus laetus erat quia ipse iter facere poterat.

Omnes alii carri eum laudaverunt.

Memento: Si primum non successeris, tempta et iterum tempta!

An Old Sailors' Tale

Based on a story by Danielle Johnson, Latin II student of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

It was a smoggy, rainy day. A ship manned by thirty-five Greek sailors had just set sail on what was supposed to be an easy four-day journey. Captain Athanasios had just finished giving the orders for the day when all were startled by a shout from below.

The captain nodded at Biaios who immediately went below to investigate. When he returned, he quietly told the captain that the cook, Panphilos, had slipped in the galley and had broken his leg.

Captain Athanasios decided that, rather than turn back to port, they brace his leg as best they could and then put in at the first island they came upon to get more professional help.

On the third day out, the cry of "Island, ho!" came from the crew's nest. Athanasios had the ship's course adjusted to head straight for the island. As they drew near, they were amazed to hear beautiful voices of maidens coming over the waves. The whole crew made their way toward the front of the ship to see what they could see.

Athanasios told the lookout in the crew's nest to watch for hidden rocks or reefs as they slowly drew near the island. There was no real harbor, so they would have to anchor out a little ways and send Biaios ashore with a few men in a skiff to see if help could be found. Although the singing continued, no one could be seen on shore.

When Biaios and his party beached their skiff, they left Nikomenes to keep watch, while the rest set inland to look for help. After finding a path, they followed it for a while until they came to a message hastily written on a rock. It read, "Beware the Sirens."

At first, his men were a little concerned, but Biaios assured them that Sirens didn't exist, and that their story was only an old sailors' tale made up to explain why careless captains had damaged their ships on unseen rocks. The group moved forward along the path following the sound of the singing that slowly grew louder.

When night began to fall, Nikomenes began to grow concerned. He signaled the ship that he was going to go look for Biaios and the others and set out down the path. When he came to the rock with the warning written on it, he noticed that someone had tried to write something else beneath the word "Sirens." He bent close to the rock, and in the fading light he could barely make out the first five letters of his own name, "N I K O M."

He quickly stood up and ran back down the path to the shore. He pushed the skiff into the surf, hopped in, grabbed the oars, and headed for the ship as fast as he could row.

When Nikomenes made it back to the ship, he said he would only speak with Captain Athanasios.

In the captain's cabin, Nikomenes told Athanasios about how he had waited all day for Biaios and the others to return before going to look for them. He told him how he had found the rock with the warning on it, and how he had read the first five letters of his own name also scrawled on the rock. When Athanasios asked what had been used to write on the rock, Nikomenes thought for a while. Then he said, "It was getting dark, but if I'm not mistaken, I would say it looked very much like blood."

Athanasios ordered Nikomenes not to say anything to anyone else on board and dismissed him to his quarters.

In the morning the singing was louder than before, and more alluring. The word from the crew's nest was that there were now some maidens on shore waving at them and signaling them to come on in. Athanasios ordered all his men to their posts and gave the order to set sail immediately. The men grumbled and threatened mutiny, but they obeyed his orders.

Once they were safely out to sea again, Athanasios assembled the crew and told them that he still wasn't sure whether or not he believed the old sailors' tale about Sirens, but something very strange had happened to Biaios and the others on that island, and he wasn't going to put the rest of their lives in danger. He was going to appoint a new cook, and Panphilos would just have to heal as best he could until they got to their final destination.

The Mysterious Brooch

Based on a story by Emily Stratton, Latin I student of Adrienne Nilsen, St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

Scene 1: Garage sale in New Jersey after The Nuclear War. EMILY and JEFF are talking to the SELLER.

EMILY: Wow, what a great sale!

JEFF: Yeah, it's great. Look at that ceramic horse over there.

EMILY: How much does it cost?

SELLER: Isn't it lovely? It's only a dollar.

EMILY: It'll look great in my room.

Hey, Jeff, look. The horse has a door on its stomach. Maybe it's a bank.

SELLER: I found it in Europe after The War.

EMILY pays the SELLER and hands the horse to Jeff to hold in the car. As they drive away, they hit a big pothole. The horse falls from Jeff's hands to the floor and breaks.

Scene 2: Outside the garage of EMILY'S house.

EMILY and JEFF are cleaning the broken pieces of the horse from the floor of the car.

JEFF: Hey, Look what I found! It must have been inside the horse. What is it?

EMILY: It looks like a golden brooch. I'll bet it's worth a lot of money. The guy who sold it surely didn't know it was in there.

JEFF: Maybe we should take it back.

EMILY: Are you kidding me? We bought it fair and square. I'm going to wear it to school on Monday. Look at these female heads hanging from it. They must represent very important ladies. One of them is wearing a helmet. One of the others looks like a prophet and the other like a priestess. What do you suppose this inscription means?

JEFF: I don't know. But what if the brooch has magical powers?

EMILY: Right! Like I believe that! You're nuts!

JEFF: What ancient language is that?

EMILY: I don't know, but it sure is a pretty brooch.

Scene 3: In a school building.

EMILY is talking with JEFF'S MOTHER outside the principal's office.

EMILY: Where's Jeff today?

JEFF'S MOTHER: That's why I'm here to see the principal. I don't know. When I went up to his room to call him down for breakfast, his room was empty. And the really weird thing was that there was pile of nuts on his bed. And he doesn't even like nuts!

EMILY: That is weird, but I'm sure he'll turn up. Did he tell you about this brooch we bought at the garage sale? Isn't it pretty?

JEFF'S MOTHER: It is beautiful! What does the writing on it mean?

EMILY: I don't know, but after school I'm going to ask Mr. Frederick. He's a retired teacher who used to teach me Latin when I was a little girl. Maybe he'll know what it means.

Scene 4: On the porch of a large old Victorian-style house. EMILY is talking to MR. FREDERICK who has come to the door.

EMILY: Hi, Mr. Frederick. Do you remember me? You once tried to teach me some Latin when I was a little girl.

MR. FREDERICK: Stand back a little, and let me look at you. Yes, yes, now I remember. You were a pretty good little student as I recall.

EMILY: Can I come in and talk with you for a second?

MR. FREDERICK: Why, of course, if you don't mind the clutter.

Scene 5: A Victorian living room cluttered with antiques. EMILY is talking with MR. FREDERICK.

EMILY: What clutter? All I see are beautiful antiques. You have such wonderful old things.

MR. FREDERICK: Thank you. I love to collect antiques. Now, what can I do for you?

EMILY: I was wondering if you could tell me anything about this brooch I'm wearing.

MR. FREDERICK: I'm sorry. What did you say? That's one of the bad things about getting old. My hearing isn't as good as it used to be. Sometimes I wish I were a cat, just like Mr. Tabby over there in the window. He hears every little noise.

EMILY: I was wondering if you could tell me anything about this brooch.

MR. FREDERICK: Brooch? May I see it?

EMILY: Yes. I don't know whom the heads are supposed to represent, and I don't know what the inscription is supposed to mean.



MR. FREDERICK: Well, now. The heads are easy to identify. They represent ancient goddesses. Now, let's have a look at it.

EMILY turns away from Mr. Frederick and walks over to the window to pet MR. TABBY.

EMILY: Can you read it?

MR. FREDERICK: You know, a person needs to be careful with these ancient artifacts. Sometimes they have mysterious powers. If I'm not mistaken, your brooch says,

CAVEQVODCVPIASDEAE TIBI DARENT

The room grows very quiet. Suddenly MR. TABBY jumps off of the windowsill and cautiously moves to the center of the room where he crouches and hisses at another cat that has suddenly appeared.

EMILY: Where are you going Mr. Tabby? Mr. Frederick? Did you know there's another cat in here?

EMILY looks around the room but can see no sign of MR. FREDERICK. Then she notices that the newly arrived tabby cat is sitting next to her brooch that is lying on the floor. She picks up the brooch, and, becoming frightened when MR. FREDERICK does not answer her calls, quickly leaves his house.

Scene 6: A bedroom.

EMILY is in her bed, fading off to sleep.

EMILY: Boy, I sure wish I knew what was going on.

Scene 7: EMILY'S dream. A field.

EMILY stands in front of a large version of the horse that she purchased at the garage sale. The door in the side of the horse opens, and an ARMED SOLDIER leaps down.

ARMED SOLDIER: Emily, you must learn a lesson from the ancient writer, Vergil.

EMILY: I know that name. I once studied about him with Mr. Frederick, my Latin teacher. What lesson should I learn?

ARMED SOLDIER: *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. Do you know what that means?

EMILY: I think so. Vergil meant that the Greeks shouldn't be trusted even when they bring gifts.

ARMED SOLDIER: That's right. The three goddesses on the brooch you found were the Greek goddesses Athena, Hera and Aphrodite. They are the goddesses that caused the Trojan War. The Latin message on the brooch should have warned you that you were dealing with something very dangerous. Do you remember what Mr. Frederick said was written on it?

EMILY: I thought it was just a series of sounds. I couldn't make out what they stood for.

ARMED SOLDIER: Can you repeat the series of sounds?

EMILY: I think so. It went like this:

CAVEQVODCVPIASDEAE TIBI DARENT

ARMED SOLDIER: That's right. **CAVE QUOD CUPIAS DEAE TIBI DARENT**. Now do you know what it means?

EMILY: I think it means something like, "Beware what you want..."

ARMED SOLDIER: "Beware what you want. The goddesses might give it to you."

EMILY: But I never said what I wanted.

ARMED SOLDIER: Of course you did. You said that Jeff was "nuts," and he turned into a pile of nuts. Mr. Frederick wished he could be a tabby cat, and he was turned into one.

EMILY: But I never meant for any of that to happen. What can I do?

ARMED SOLDIER: You must give up the gift. Return it to its proper owner, and all will be restored.

Scene 8: A kitchen.

EMILY is talking with her MOTHER.

MOTHER: Emily, where are you going so early? School doesn't start for another hour.

EMILY: I want to stop by that house where they were holding that garage sale last weekend.

MOTHER: What on earth for?

EMILY: I've decided to return the brooch. It's much too nice, and I'm sure they would never have sold that horse to me if they had known the brooch was in it.

MOTHER: Well, aren't you nice! I wish every girl in the world were as honest and thoughtful as you are.

EMILY: Be careful what you wish for, Mother. You just might get it.



Cara Matrona,

I always used to love *Saturnalia*. It was my favorite *feriae* of the whole year. We were allowed to wear our colorful *syntheses* to special *cenae*, we received gifts, we decorated our house with *rami semperviventi*, we had company, and the *servi* got time off to celebrate and even gamble right in front of the *aediles* if they wanted to with no fear of being thrown into the icy dunk tank usually reserved for anyone caught gambling in public.

That was the way it always used to be. This year we won't be celebrating *Saturnalia* at our house because my *avus* has come to live with us, and he says that the days of *Saturnalia* are no different than any other days and that only *stulti* go around wearing funny *pillei* and gaudy *syntheses*.

This year we won't be having any special *cenae*. This year we won't get to wear our *syntheses*, decorate our house or exchange presents. *Avus* says we should all take this opportunity to wear our oldest clothes and eat simple meals by ourselves at home so that we will be able to handle hard times if our family ever has to endure them. *Mater* says that *avus* is a *Stoicus* and doesn't believe in *Saturnalia*. While *avus* was alive, he used to tolerate some celebration in his house just to please her. He, of course, would always go off into a private room so he wouldn't be bothered by any party noises and so his *Stoic* observances wouldn't put a damper on the special things that *avus* wanted to do.

Then *avus* died, and *avus* decided it was foolish for him to live in a house by himself with his own slaves when he could come and live with us. He sold his house and his slaves and gave the money he made to *pater*, joking that it was his "*dos*" that he was bringing with him to his new household.

Matrona, I wish it were *avus* that had died and not *avus*. She, at least, used to know how to have a good time during *Saturnalia*.

Is there anything we can do so *avus* won't ruin what used to be the best celebration of the whole year for us?

Mueta. Minutina

Care Maeste,

Shame on you! You're acting like a *prociat puto*, and you really should be punished! Now that your *avus* is living in your house, he is to be respected as the *paterfamilias* of your *familia*. Don't you realize that this gives him the power of life and death over everyone in it, including you?

Your *mater* *paterque* respect his authority and are honoring his wishes. If you love and honor your *parentes*, and you value your own life, you had better get with the program *quam celerissime*!

As your *avus* is teaching you, not everyone in the world goes around wearing *syntheses* and *pillei* during *Saturnalia* or letting their *servi* gamble openly. Not everyone buys *umbellae* or *new togae* for their *clientes*. Not everyone presents a *porcum pinguem* to special friends. Not everyone even sends little *ocitail* clothes brushes as gifts.

You should respect the decision of your *parentes* to welcome your *avus* into your home. You should honor the *Stoic* beliefs of your *avus* and accept him as the new *paterfamilias* of your *familia*.

When you accept the *toga virilis* and become *paterfamilias* of your own household, then you can celebrate all the *feriae* as you choose.

And never, never, never wish that your *avus* were dead! Evil wishes and curses have a way of coming back to haunt those who utter them.

Pater Meus

By Melissa Kammeraad, East Grand Rapids H.S.,
East Grand Rapids, Michigan

Pater meus
fortis et benignus,
amat me magnopere.
Ego curro in brachia
quaerens auxilium,
et mihi id dat.
Pater meus amicus
optimus semper est.

THE ODDITIES OF ROME

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

To which Christ replied: "*Vado Romam iterum crucifigi.*" I am going to Rome to be crucified again. The message was clear. Christ was disappointed in Peter for abandoning his episcopal post and was willing to suffer anew to save the Church. Deeply feeling his master's rebuke, the weary fisherman apologized, begged forgiveness, and returned to his diocese where he revealed to the faithful all that had happened.

These early Christians then went out to mark with a modest shrine the point at which the apparition was said to have occurred. Nine centuries later, their spiritual descendants erected a little church there, giving it the name it still bears: "*Quo Vadis?*"—Where Are You Going?

Not far from the ruin-strewn Forum, in the vestibule of the church of *Santa Maria in Cosmedin*, is a one-ton marble disk, five feet in diameter, into which is carved a grotesque face with mouth agape. Most likely a well-head from some patrician's villa in the age of the Caesars, this oddity was hauled here by priests, sometime in the misty depths of the Middle Ages, to decorate their church entrance. Before long, a legend developed about it, suggesting that if a liar were to put his hand between the lips, they would slam shut and amputate it. Thus this ugly visage soon gained the title of *Bocca della Verità*, or the Mouth of Truth.

From here, a fifteen-minute hike up the eastern flank of the verdant Aventine Hill brings one to the world's most remarkable keyhole. This is found in the majestic gateway to the Territory of the Knights of Malta, a miniature sovereign state recognized by a formal treaty with Italy. Peering into the tiny aperture, one will note the gardens of the Knights' Enclave—one country. Beyond these will appear the rooftops of Rome, Italy—country number two. In the far distance floats the dazzling white cupola of St. Peter's Basilica in the Vatican—the third, and last, country.

Only in Rome are such things possible! What a city! No wonder that Cicero used to sigh: "Rome, Rome! Residence anywhere else is nothing more than exile!" Now one should make his way back down toward *Santa Maria in Cosmedin*. Less than a quarter mile past the *romanesque* church, one will find himself at the foot of the precipitous face of the Capitoline Hill. From that jagged cliff one hundred and sixty feet above, the traitorous *Turpeia* was flung to her death eight centuries before Christ. For ages thereafter, all Romans convicted of betraying the fatherland were cast down from the same point, which was then, and is now, known as the *Tarpelan Rock*.

Rome today remains girded by the tall, red-brick *Aurelian Wall* that the idle legions constructed in A.D. 275. But from the fifth century B.C. until that year the city was protected by a shorter ring of fortifications—the *Servian Wall*, erected by and named for the sixth king of Rome, *Servius Tullius* (578-535 B.C.). Today, jutting forth from the left side of the modern train station is a considerable stretch of the original forty-foot high defenses of huge yellowish tufa blocks. Shorter fragments of the wall can still be found here and there throughout Rome, even all the way across town, back at the foot of the Aventine.

In the nineteenth century, travertine quays were raised to contain the troublesome flooding waters of the Tiber. Near the small boat-shaped island perpetually navigating these turbulent waters, there is a large circular hole in the left embankment. This is the mouth of the *Cloaca Maxima*, the municipality's principal drain—still functioning—engineered by order of *Tarquinus Priscus*, fifth king of Rome.

Close by is a single, stocky arch of the *Pons Aemilius*, a stone bridge put up by the censor M. Aemilius Lepidus in 181 B.C. Today's Romans call this relic simply: *Il Ponte Rotto*, the Broken Bridge.

Just outside one of Rome's gates—the *Porta Maggiore*—stands yet another strange remnant of the past: the famous *Baker's Tomb*, with its round stone ovens and



fine bas-reliefs representing all the phases of bread-making. This elaborate vault dates to the late Republic. According to the inscription, it was paid for by a certain *Atinia* as a final resting-place for her husband, *Marcus Vergilius Euryaces*.

Down in the *Campus Martius*, on the *Via Pie di Marmo*, rises an impressive travertine pedestal supporting just one stupendous, marble, sandal-shod foot. The prevailing opinion of scholars and antiquarians is that it is from an imperial-age colossus of *Isis*, an Egyptian goddess of fertility whose cult was quite popular throughout the Empire.

Just minutes away there is *La Borsa*, Rome's Stock Exchange. Its right wall—sporting twelve fluted *Corinthian columns*—is a leftover from the Temple of *Hadrian*, raised by public funds in A.D. 145 to honor that deified ruler.

Our next oddity requires merely a brief stroll from *La Borsa*. Following the *Via del Plebiscito* one arrives at a triangular piazza, known as the windiest corner of Rome. This is the *Piazza del Gesù*, named for the Church of *Jesus* that dominates it. Built by the founder himself, *St. Ignatius Loyola*, it is the seat of the *Jesuit Order*. For some strange reason—even on the calmest of days—this square is forever gusty, swirling with mini-tornadoes kicking up discarded newspapers and other debris. Often under fire for their revolutionary ideas, the *Jesuits* are the targets of this legend: One day, centuries ago, the Devil and the Wind went for a walk in Rome. Upon reaching this spot, the Devil asked the Wind to wait for him while he tended to some business in the *Jesuit church*. The Wind is still waiting.

Over on the glitzy *Via Veneto*—amid the unexampled glamour of expensive cafes and five star hotels—is a church called *Concezione Immacolata*, cared for by a chapter of *Capuchin monks*. Beneath the church are six dimly lit alcoves where the bones of long-dead monks



are arranged artistically about the ceilings and walls. These are vaults of skulls, arches of femurs, cornices of humeri, and chandeliers of ribs. The *Capuchins* insist that their display is not macabre, but rather a silent reminder of the swift passage of terrestrial life and the need to live it well.

Across the Tiber, the *Janiculum*, highest of Rome's hills, affords sweeping vistas. Just off one of the roads that climb to the summit, squats an eerie, twisted, blackened, iron-corseted trunk of a tree. *Tasso's Oak*, they call it, for it was in its shade that the epic poet used to sit in the twilight of his years and dream of past glories.

Other Roman curiosities include a sizeable church built to the exact dimensions of just one of the pilasters supporting the dome of *St. Peter's*; another church with a cupola that terminates in a sort of *Dairy Queen ice-cream cone swirl*; an intersection where each of the four corner buildings sports a splendid fountain on its facade; a window with three people in *terra-cotta* relief staring out at the passing crowd; a marble baby elephant supporting a real Egyptian obelisk on its back. And more. Much more.

The rare visitor with time to spare might be well advised to get off the beaten trail one afternoon and explore this Off-Beat Rome. The investment of time and energy is sure to be rewarded.

I HATE GRAMMAR

By Magister Optimus, Ft. Wayne, Indiana

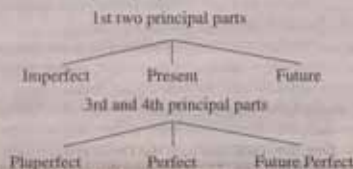
Salvete, discipuli! Last month you learned about the four principle parts of verbs in Latin. *Nunc*, you will see one reason why they are so important.

But first, let's review. The English word "tense" derives from the Latin word *tempus* (through the Old French form *tenir*) and means "time." When we talk about tenses in language, therefore, we are talking about the "time" of an action. We all know that something can happen in the past, the present, or the future; thus we have the **Past (Perfect)**, **Present and Future** tenses. One event can precede another in the past (i.e., I *had* already *opened* the door when she *opened* it) or in the future (i.e., You *will* have *finished* your homework before I *will* take you anywhere). Therefore, we can also have the **Pluperfect** tense and the **Future Perfect** tenses respectively. Finally, an action could be indefinite. Maybe it began in the past and continues in the future, or maybe we don't know when it began, but it's over; or maybe it is a habit (i.e., I used to pray to my *Lares* and *Penates* daily). This is called the **Imperfect** tense.

"But Magister Optimus," you are saying, "I see the word 'perfect' in most of the tenses."

"Optime," I tell you. "*Vix omnes sunt intelligentes!*"

Last month we learned that the word *perfectus* in Latin means completed, and that *imperfectus* means "not completed." We also learned that the first two of the four principle parts express incomplete (imperfect) actions; the second pair express completed (perfect) actions. Therefore, to form a Latin verb describing an action that is not completed at a certain time, use the first base of the first two principle parts; to express an action that is over, use the base from the third and fourth principal parts. *Eccc!*



How Lucky Students of Latin are Today!

Ask high school Latin students today how they are enjoying reading Caesar's *Bella Gallica*, and they will probably tell you that they don't read Caesar at all. Just stories from *Ecce Romani* or their *Cambridge* readers.

In a way, they're probably better off because Caesar no doubt killed off a lot more twentieth century Latin students



If we were to make the same chart using English verbs, it would look like this:



Notice in English that the tenses are formed with helping verbs (was, will, had and will have). The tenses in Latin are even easier to form! They are like little mathematical equations, literally as easy as $2 + 2 = 4$.

What is the equation? Take the **imperfect or perfect base + the connecting vowel (+ the tense signal) + the personal pronoun ending**. It's that simple. Keep in mind that only the imperfect and future tenses have a tense signal. They are "-ba" and "-bi" respectively. *Iherum ecc!*

Porto Portare Portavi Portatus

Imperfect Portabam	Present Porto	Future Portabo
Portabas	Portas	Portabis
Portabam	Portat	Portabit
Portabamini	Portamini	Portabimini
Portabamini	Portatis	Portabimini
Portabamini	Portant	Portabunt

Pluperfect Portaveram	Perfect Portavi	Future Perfect Portavero
Portaveras	Portavi	Portaveris
Portaverat	Portavit	Portaverit
Portaveramus	Portavimus	Portaverimus
Portaveratis	Portavistis	Portaveritis
Portaverant	Portaverunt	Portaverint

Remember, *discipuli*, as you learned last month, there are four main conjugations in Latin, each with its own connecting vowel(s). You are also probably wondering why the fourth principal part is not used in the six tenses above. Relax, and don't worry about this one for now. We will learn about this in a few months. For now, study the verb equation above, practice, and compare your answers with your Latin book, your *Magister Magistrate*, or one another. *Er nunc, valete!*

than he ever did *barbarus*.

But, in another way, it's a shame students aren't being given the opportunity to read Caesar at the beginning of the twenty-first century. Never before have there been such wonderful resources to complement such a study.

Modern students of Caesar can actually have a Roman *Tribunus Militum* show up at their school and explain all the wonders, dangers and challenges of a career in a Roman legion. Students at Seton Hall Prep School in New Jersey even had Pompeiana, Inc., come to their school and give them hands-on experiences firing a Roman *catapulta* and *ballista*.

Members of *Legio XIII*, a group of re-creationists based in England, are touring the U.S.A. this year displaying maneuvers and teaching audiences Roman marching songs.

Instead of having only colored drawings (see below) to help them visualize the outfits and weapons of Roman legionnaires, students can now see historically accurate and very colorfully re-created Roman outfits being worn by men whose avocation is serving in such modern Roman legions as *Legio XIII* or *XX* (known as the *Ermine Street Guard*), both of which demonstrate their maneuvers in England.

And there are beautifully illustrated full-color books now available to bring the Roman military to life for students. One such book, entitled **THE ROMAN LEGIONS Recreated in COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS**, by Daniel Peterson, was recently sent to this author by Prof. Robert Griffin, Western Michigan University. The book not only features clear color photos detailing the chain mail *lorica hamata* seen on the left, but it also contains beautiful photos of *lorica segmentata* and *squamata*. The book is published by Windrow & Greene Ltd., in London.

If anyone wishes to have a library order it, its ISBN is 1-872004-06-7.



EARLY LATIN BOOK ILLUSTRATION



Isicia Omentata Roman Burgers!

Based on a recipe submitted by Scipio Davis and Silva Gaskins, Latin II students of Chervon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Res Commiscendae:

- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 Shredded insides of a French bread roll (crust removed), soaked in white wine



- 1/2 tsp. freshly ground black pepper
- 1/2 tsp. salt

- 1/2 cup pine nuts
- 1 tsp. peppercorns
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup grated Romano cheese



Modus Preparandi:

Mix the shredded bread soaked in wine into the hamburger. Add spices, pine nuts, cheese and egg. Use your hands to blend all the ingredients together. Form into patties and place on baking foil. Broil until done in the middle.



Enliven Your Study of Latin!

Pompeiana needs more student submissions for its Roman Cooking column. It's an easy, fun and delicious way to spice up the study of Latin!

Go to www.Pompeiana.com, click on the Roman Cooking link and search through the two cookbooks provided to find just the right recipe. Then shop, cook and record the whole venture on color film! What could be easier? Share your creation with friends or family. Who knows, this might even satisfy a cultural project class requirement or possibly earn some much-needed Extra Credit points! Mail a copy of the recipe used along with color photos and a paragraph describing the fun that was had to:

Pompeiana, Inc., 6026 Indianola Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46220-2014

LATIN: A Sonnet

By Lance Cadre, Latin I student of Judith Granger, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

Latin is an odd, classical language,
To any other, it doesn't compare.
Crazed inflections are the common adage;
Conjugations and such, just don't go there.
They say it will help on the SAT,
But word stems and—I can do without.
My brain is in need of some TLC.
"Maybe Teach will let up,"...but that I doubt.
"Latin is a dead language," they all cry;
But all their comments are met with snarls.
It may not be fun, or "easy as pie,"
But it makes us unique; it makes us rare.
Although it's not easy, I must admit,
I still hope that, some day, I can learn it.



OH, THAT BROADWAY RHYTHM

By Drusilla A. Catarzaro, Latin II student
of Cheravon Davidson, Anderson H.S.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

48.

Translate the titles, then match the names of the songs with their musical shows.

Spectacula Musica

- I. FELES
- II. NAVIS SPECTACULIS
- III. CARMINA PRO TERRA NOVA
- IV. FABULAE MUSICAE UMBRA
- V. OCEANUS PACIFICUS MERIDIANUS
- VI. CANTARE IN PLUVIA
- VII. BELLUM DOMESTICUM
- VIII. LEONUM REX
- IX. VIR MUSICUS
- X. JOSEPH ET MIRA SOMNIORUM
PAENULA MULTORUM COLORUM

Carmina

- A. Cogita de Me
- B. Vitae Circulus
- C. Iacob Filique
- D. Gladio
- E. Memoria
- F. Audi Cantum Meum
- G. Ille Vir Meus
- H. Laborem Habemus
- I. Te Saluto
- J. Nihil Dominae Simile

THE WONDERS OF CREATION 49.

Based on a game submitted by Andrew Sprizema,
Latin I student of Darrel Huiskens,
Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

In the word search circle the Latin word for each clue.

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|
| 1. darkness | 13. birds | 24. moon |
| 2. sun | 14. snakes | 25. oceans |
| 3. seas | 15. plants | 26. mountains |
| 4. light | 16. whales | 27. hills |
| 5. islands | 17. insects | 28. rain |
| 6. stars | 18. spiders | 29. rivers |
| 7. the world | 19. day | 30. streams |
| 8. fish (pl.) | 20. night | 31. lakes |
| 9. animals | 21. lightning | 32. ponds |
| 10. trees | 22. forests | 33. rocks |
| 11. man | 23. land | 34. planets |
| 12. woman | | |

N KOHMSCSAWMFDLUXP
SUIOAIPEENKKTESFL
KULMRLILOJGKBAELA
DADUIVYLUEEAHLRUN
GIRNAACOKVGTUPMT
DLSRUEYCVETIRJSEIA
OAXFEMONTESUENNNE
TMFAUTCTZGWVMITAP
MIKVOLEHAXASSEENL
CNRSCNMOTRJLAASIA
BALAENAEQALRQAMN
RXIBADSNNCLBGPSEE
UIRONDAUEONVBFT
LAVMIEVSTRIWEGCXA
EVEIGHRHSECGRUMSOE
ANULOSISGIZITMINZ
ATCESNIVGLDVEQPMQ

the best CANDY in the world

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



50.

1. Reesiensis Fragmenta
2. Capita Bellicosa
3. Chocolatum Fragile MM Impressum
4. Rubra Fila Torta
5. Bullitum Gummi Suave
6. "Pueri Docti Qui Vitas Non Habent"
7. Magister Later Bonus
8. Rustici Felices Qui Curant Boves Equosque
9. Petasi Nivei
10. Stellae Fragores



Fabulous Fruits 51.

By Annie Rygle, Latin III student of Kimberly Ryan,
Montessori Centre Academy, Glenshaw, Pennsylvania

Based on Fruits of the Earth by Jannette May Lucas.

Using the story-hints provided, complete each Latin answer.

1. As man developed permanent settlements, he began planting fruit trees near his home. In Latin, one of these areas planted with fruit trees is called:
P _____
2. The Roman Empire has long been a memory, but scientific use of the Latin name for this fruit is one of the many things which keep that memory alive. The Romans did more than give this fruit a name, they improved it. It is said that Cato in the first century B.C. knew only six varieties of this fruit, but Pliny, only two-hundred years later, counted forty-one:
P _____
3. Of this fruit, Vergil said it was "born of the soil," and Ovid said that it furnished a food for the Golden Age of Rome: F _____
4. It is told that Lucullus, the Roman whose name is associated with good food, was a political general who waged war against Mithridates, King of Pontus. It is also said that he waged the war with such indifference that he lost, but took pride in bringing back this delicious fruit from the kingdom he never conquered. Even if this story is not true, it is true that the Romans encouraged the planting of the trees that bore this fruit throughout the Roman Empire, even in Britain: C _____
5. Man learned to make one tree bear good fruit where two inferior trees had produced poor fruit before. Into a cleft made in one he fastened a small shoot of the second, bound the wound and let nature heal the surgery. The Latin term for this process is:
I _____

ACROSS

2. Day of wrath
5. Nourishing mother
6. In good faith
8. Forever
10. The Senate and the Roman People
13. With the right foot first
16. Let the buyer beware
17. With the order reversed
18. A friend of the court
19. Beware the dog
20. In the year of the Lord

DOWN

1. Concerning the fact
3. And the rest
4. Seize the day
7. Time flies
9. Written afterwards
11. For the sake of an example
12. Before noon
14. At first appearance
15. With praise

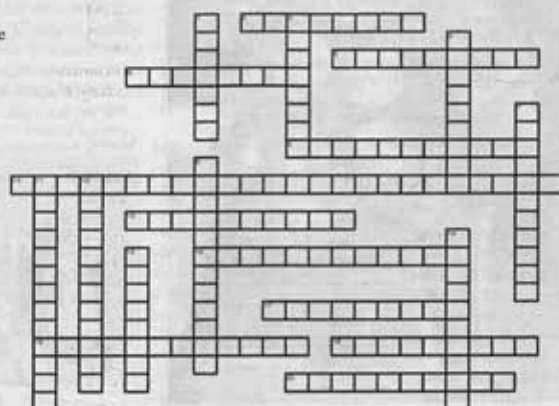


Latine Loqui

By Karen Matteson, Latin III student of Susan J. Miller,
Catholic Central H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan



53.



Are You a Match for the People, Places and Things in the AENEID?

By John Leikauf and Nicole Miller, Latin IV students of
Cheravon Davidson, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

52.

1. Troiae regina Priamique uxor sum. Eum interfectum esse a Pyrrho vidi.
2. Didonis reginae patria erat.
3. Didonis maritus infelix sum. A Pygmalione interfectus sum.
4. Aeneae urbs patria erat. A Danais deleta est.
5. Postquam Danae Troianis equum ligneum dederant, post hanc insulam naves celaverunt.
6. Aeneae prima uxor fui. Troiae mortua sum.
7. Paridis praemium et belli causa fui.
8. Achilles mater superba eram.
9. Malum aureum apud tres deas ieci.
10. Laurenti rex et pater Laviniae eram.
11. Aeneae uxor in Latio eram.
12. Apollo mihi vaticinationis donaverat, sed nemo mihi credebatur.
13. Iunois nympha pulcherrima eram. Aeolo me in matrimonium dedit.
14. Augusti nepos bona spe eram. Augusti heres legitimus eram, sed iuvenis mortuus sum.
15. Venerem spectavi et propter hoc caecus eram.
16. In Carthaginem nube celatus cum Aenea ambulavi.
17. Graecus eram qui Hectorem interfecit.
18. Aeneae Creusaeque filius eram.
19. Iuno me iussit ut ventos contra Aeneides solverem.
20. Haec urbs ab Aeneae filio condita est.
21. Petivi ab Aenea ut mecum Carthaginem remaneret.
22. Graecus sum qui equum Troiae aedificavi.
23. Graecus sum qui Troianis persuasit ut equum ligneum in urbem traherent.
24. Pontifex eram qui Troianos de equo periculo monuit.
25. Troiae rex senex eram.
26. Iuvenis Graecus eram qui Priamum interfecit.
27. Didonis frater eram qui maritum eius interfecit.
28. Rex in Lybia eram. Amabam Didonem sed me non amavit.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| A. Tyre | O. Pyrrhus |
| B. Creusa | P. Tenedos |
| C. Ascanius | Q. Ilium |
| D. Laocoön | R. Cassandra |
| E. Latinus | S. Marcellus |
| F. Eris | T. Dido |
| G. Priam | U. Aeolus |
| H. Anchises | V. Pygmalion |
| I. Ulysses | W. Lavinia |
| J. Hecuba | X. Sychaeus |
| K. Thetis | Y. Helen |
| L. Deiopea | Z. Achates |
| M. Alba Longa | AA. Sinon |
| N. Achilles | BB. Iarbas |

Beginning level Advanced level

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Thinking of Christmas

By Casey Amend, Latin I student of Miles Geigel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

In the word search below, circle the English word(s) for each Latin clue given.

1. angeli
2. cantus
3. ecclesia
4. nix
5. tintinnabula
6. charta tincta
7. familia
8. ornamenta
9. lac
10. focus
11. candelae
12. dona
13. lumina
14. tibialia
15. sempervivi
16. crustula
17. renones
18. traha
19. Sanctus Nicolaus

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

By Kimberly Hopkins and Robert Hoffman,
Latin I students of Jodie Gill,
Hawken Upper School, Gates Mills, Ohio

Unscramble each author's name and then match it with a translated book title.

Libri

- I. OMNES REGIS VIRI
II. FABULA DE DUABUS URBIBUS
III. UVAE IRAE
IV. DELICTUM SUPPLICIUMQUE
V. VALE ARMIS
VI. LITTERA COCCINEA
VII. BELLUM ET PAX
VIII. MUSCARUM DOMINUS
IX. SONUS FURORQUE
X. FORTIS ORBIS TERRARUM NOVA

Scriptores

- A. hojn beinsteck
B. seenrt gimnawych
C. elo otlyots
D. lathanine rawothch
E. lawimil kelnuraf
F. oegger wolrie
G. oroydf vetosykysod
H. lareisch necksid
I. trebro nepn rawner
J. milwial ogdigni

Fashion STATEMENTS

By Amanda Greulich, Latin I student of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

Answer with singular or plural Latin words.

1. The _____ was originally part of a soldier's uniform.
2. It was later replaced with the grey _____.
3. A large shoulder pin used to secure #1 in place was the _____.
4. Both men and women wore _____.
5. The two belts worn by women were called the _____ and the _____.
6. Ladies wore _____ over their tunics.
7. They wore _____ over #6 when outdoors.
8. A wealthy young boy's formal garment was called the _____.
9. When a boy reached voting age, he was given the _____.
10. Equestrian tunics had two purple stripes called _____.
11. Patrician tunics had a single purple stripe called a _____.

Cryptoquipic Statement

By Anna Ross and Maria Riemar,
Latin I students of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Every letter in the cryptoquip stands for another. Using the clue that F=E, figure out, by trial and error, the statement which is partly in English and partly in Latin.

P A F M Z A F P S C E M
H E C F A S C F L J V C Z A F
C E N N D A F D E B G
I F M B I B G B I B D E

THE TWELVE

By Kelly Sutherland, Latin I student of Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Unscramble each deity's name, then unscramble the letters in brackets to reveal a mystery location.

1. JTPUER []
2. OIJN []
3. NUTPEEN []
4. CUERMRY []
5. RAMS []
6. ESRCE []
7. LOPLOA []
8. NEVSU []
9. LUANVC []
10. VIMRAEN []
11. ADNAI []
12. SDI []

MYSTERY LOCATION:

We're Taking You to COURT!

By Giovanna Mignosa and Emy Olexa,
Latin II students of Nancy Mazur,
Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

Answer using Latin words.

- ACROSS
1. Prosecutor
5. Evidence
7. Court house
8. "I object"
9. Spectators
12. Punishment
13. Law
14. Plaintiff
15. Lawyer
16. Defendant
17. Judge
- DOWN
2. Objections
3. Jurors
4. Judgement
6. Witnesses
10. Court recorder
11. Legally



40 Years of 007

By Melissa Sopko, Latin III student of Jennifer Stebel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

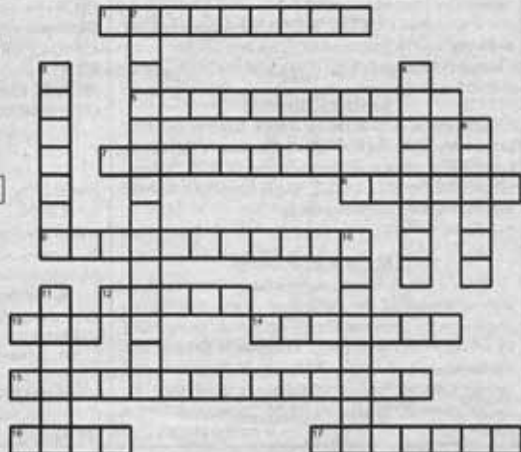
Translate each James Bond movie title and match the actor that portrayed James Bond in each.

Qui Personam Agit

- A. Sean Connery
B. George Lazenby
C. Roger Moore
D. Timothy Dalton
E. Pierce Brosnan

Picturae Moventes

- I. QUI LUNAM RADIT
II. VIVAE LUCES DIURNAE
III. E RUSSIA CUM AMORE
IV. ORBIS TERRARUM NON SATIS EST
V. VIVE ET SINE MORIATUR
VI. ADAMANTES SUNT IN AETERNUM
VII. MEDICUS MINIME
VIII. SOLIS OCULIS TUIS
IX. ASPECTUS AD NECEM
X. DIGITUS AUREUS
XI. IN MAIESTATIS EIUS MINISTERIO SECRETO
XII. VIR CUM SCLOPETO AUREO
XIII. POLYPUSI
XIV. SPECULATOR QUI ME AMABAT
XV. GLOBULUS TONITRALIS
XVI. CRAS NUMQUAM MORITUR
XVII. POTESTAS AD INTERFICIENDUM
XVIII. SOLUM BIS VIVIS
XIX. OCULUS AUREUS



THIS OLD LATIN CITY

By Brigata Earwood, Latin I student of Judy Hanna,
Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

I hear the carriage on the village road,
The bumping and screeching of sounds now unknown.
I touch the bumps on an old Roman toad
Descended from the Latins, now living alone.

I see the sun on the horizon afar,
I feel the cool waves on my skin,
Letting the heat in—as though a door was left ajar.
The aroma and smells of my mystic kin.

The taste of grapes,
The scent of wine,
I imagine their fun in their escapes
Beneath the vines that twine.

Here families worked and lived and planned.
Memories fade—and will remain unknown.
A thousand stories once filled this land—
All tales and fables I wish that I had known.

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NBA HERCULES (Continued a Pagina Secunda)

mentals like passing, dribbling and shooting. At first, I thought they would never get the hang of it, and I was sure the season was in jeopardy. But when I showed up at the courts on what turned out to be the final day of the labor, *mirabile visu*, they actually had a game going. The Albini were passing the ball, driving to the basket, sinking three-pointers and making free-throws. Their feet, however, seemed to be made of lead. I never could teach them how to jump. They just couldn't get airborne. Aside from that, I had succeeded and the second labor was complete.

Dear Journal,

The teams have now been locked out for 191 days. I only have twenty-four hours to finish my last labor if I intend to keep the season from being officially canceled. This labor involves netting off a fifty-foot high basket that's on a pole that sways from side to side.

As I looked up at the net, I realized it would be impossible even for me to jump up and hang from the hoop while I cut the net down. I would have to shimmy up the pole somehow to complete my final labor.

When I grabbed onto the base of the pole, my heart was racing. If I could do this, I would have set the example for the other players and the season could be saved. After three false starts, I finally studied the pole and looked for small bolts or ridges that I might be able to use to my advantage. Carefully pulling myself up to each bolt or ridge-resting place, I grabbed the hoop and hung on for dear life. Then I began to net the hoop. It felt great—like I was back in college and had just won the NCAA title. Holding the net in my teeth, I slid down, being careful not to tear my legs and hands up on the bolts and ridges.

Dear Journal,

I met with the owners today and announced my successful completion of the labors they had assigned. Those guys are impossible. Even though the season's back on, they still managed to finagle a 14 million dollar cap on our earnings. And they forced me to agree to donate half of my sneaker profits to the third world countries where they are manufactured.

But, hey, I'm still pretty proud of myself. I can't wait to hit the courts again!

Later,
Kobe Bryant

Gifts for Juno

By Catalina Geiger-Neely and Camilla Marsh,
Latin II students of Cherravon Davidson,
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

*Vulcanus ignis deus,
Clausus et foedus,
De Olympo a Iunone delectus est.
Thetidis deliciae factus est.
Iuno petivit ab eo ut domum reverteret.
Venus et mons fractus ei dati sunt.
Vulcanus Iunoni dona bona fecit.*

A COLOSSAL *Arroyo*

By Audrey Roberts, Latin I student of Judy Hanna,
Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

- C olossal, ancient structure
- O ften held animal fights
- L ongest standing Roman structure
- O val of entertainment
- S ometimes held naval battles
- S pectators helped decide the fate of competitors
- E ntertainment for thousands
- U sually held gladiatorial matches
- M ain tourist attraction of Rome

AN ARBOREAL POEM

By Jennifer Robben, Latin II student of
Sister Mary Dolores, Seton H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

ARBORES
MAGNAE, ALTAE
FLEUVIES, CRESCENTES, VIVENTES
VIRIDES, PULVAE
ARBORES

How Well Did You Read? 61.

1. *Quo ivit Candida postquam per ignem saltaverat?*
2. For his second labor, what did Kobe Bryant have to teach the Albini tribe to do?
3. Which Roman author suggested giving a peacock feather fly-whisk as a Saturnalia present?
4. Which Piazza is known as "the windiest corner in Rome"?
5. What did Mr. Frederick teach before he retired?
6. According to the *ivus* of Maestus, what kind of people wear *pillei* and *syntheses* during Saturnalia?
7. What did Nikomenes think had been used to write the first five letters of his name on a rock?
8. Which Roman legion does the Ermine Street Guard re-create?
9. What is the Latin for "hamburgers"?
10. What three things did the exiles from Crateron find in the armory of an ancient city?

PROSCRIPTIONES • NUNDINARIAE

Caesar Captivus

Looking for a novel to give someone as a Saturnalia gift? Vincent Panella's second novel on the pirates of the Mediterranean (the first was entitled *Cutter's Island*) tells the story of Caesar's capture by the pirates when he was twenty-five years old.

It is entitled *CUTTER'S ISLAND: Caesar in Captivity* and may be purchased for \$23 + S/H from Academy Chicago Publishers. 312/751-7300; academy363@aol.com

Cattus Pefasatus

The *magic* is back, the *cat* is back, this time in *Latin*! Load up on these for Saturnalia. *The Cat in the Hat* in *Latin*! Fully illustrated! Translated by G. & T. Tunberg. ISBN: 0-86516-4711. hb, \$22.50, pb, \$16.95. Order from Bolchazy-Carducci Publishers, Inc. 847/526-4344 www.bolchazy.com

Thermae et Balneae

This book on Roman baths—the most comprehensive treatment of the subject to date—may be too expensive for a personal library, but it could be requested for school library acquisition. *Thermae et Balneae: The Architecture and Cultural History of Roman Baths*, by Inge Neilson, comes in two volumes and sells for \$100. Order from the David Brown Book Company. 800/791-9354 www.oxbowbooks.com

Fabulae Notae in cassetis

Remember sound cassettes? No pictures, just great imagination-stimulating sound! The BBC has put some classics on tape that would be valued by any classicist.

#SCN194 *Coriolanus*, play by Shakespeare, 3 cass., \$21.95
#ECN116 *Venus and Adonis*, dramatized poem by Shakespeare, 1 cass., \$12.95
#SCN102 *Julius Caesar*, play by Shakespeare, 3 cass., \$21.95
#SCN171 *Electra*, play by Sophocles, 2 cass., \$17.95
Order from Audio-Forum/Video-Forum: 800/243-1234

Videocassettae

How about video-gifts for Saturnalia?

#A4092 *The Greeks, Crucible of Civilization*, 2 videos, \$29.98
#A3101 *In the Footsteps of Alexander the Great*, 2 videos, \$29.98
#A3428 *Ancient Rome: The Story of an Empire That Ruled the World*, 4 videos, \$59.95
Order from PBS Home Video. 800/645-4727 www.pbs.org/shop

Disci Spissi

If you're looking for CD-ROMS for your library or classroom, visit the website of Films for the Humanities and Sciences: www.film.com


Biga Romana



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LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

VIRT




STULTI


Roman
Late Night
Comedy
Shows

**Spectaculum Nocturnum* Monologues*

What did Augustus say
when he found out the
Pantheon had been made
with faux marble?



Agrippa fake it



DAN MARGOLIS
WELLSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

MOVIES
critics agree:
**A Connecticut
Yankee in J.
Caesar's Court,**
two thumbs up!

December, MM



the Great!




I don't know, Alex. Maybe you
should set more attainable
goals. How about Alexander
the Moderately Successful?


LEAH ZOLLER
CINCINNATI, OHIO

VITA
PROPOSITA
DEORUM
ET
DEARUM

This is my new
friend, Atalanta...
Jason turned us
down for the crew
of the Argo, so we're
stuck in Greece with
no way home...



Need a lift?




Diana, goddess
of the hunt &
the Moon

Diana! She's so cool!
We're saved! oh joy!
Home!



Latium is
Terentia's home

Hey! Latium's on the way
to Goryon's Cattle Ranch-
I'll come with you!
You've got to be kidding!



OWEN LEE
KENTWOOD, MICHIGAN

**GRAND
OPENING
THE
OLYMPIAN
MALL**
EVERYONE WELCOME

PARIS! GIVE THE
APPLE TO ME !!



UH... GALS GOOD
NEWS! EXPRESS
is 30% OFF.



HELP
!!!

COME ON, LET'S GO.
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF
THE APPLE LATER.



THOMAS MAJDANSKI
EAST BRUSWICK, NEW JERSEY

IMMORTALS 2001
OFFICE HOLIDAY PARTY
GET DOWN!
LIKE, IT'S
SATURNALIA



JUPITER! GREAT
YEAR. SUPER
ADDITION TO
OUR TEAM!



THANK
YOU
ALEX!

APPROX



MERCURY,
WHAT IS
WRONG?



I'M HAPPY FOR YOU,
BUT WITH ALL OF THIS
WORK OF YOURS, I
DON'T THINK WE
ARE STICKING TO
THE PLAN.



NICHARTMANN
MOUNT VERNON, INDIANA

**EST
ROMA DEIEMENS
"FOCUS VETUS"
TORTUS**
December 2000 A.D.
by
Nichartmann

Hebe, I'm afraid I have
to fire you as cupbearer.



Why,
Zeus?



Cause
we have
a water
cooler
now.

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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.
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48.

Carmina Optima

- I. E. Memory, CATS
- II. G. That Man of Mine, SHOWBOAT
- III. F. Hear My Song, SONGS FOR A NEW WORLD
- IV. A. Think of Me, PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
- V. J. Nothin' Like a Dame, SOUTH PACIFIC
- VI. I. Good Mornin', SINGIN' IN THE RAIN
- VII. D. By the Sword, THE CIVIL WAR
- VIII. B. Circle of Life, LION KING
- IX. H. We Got Trouble, MUSIC MAN
- X. C. Jacob and Simeon, JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT

49.



51.

Fabulous

Fruits

1. Pommarium
2. Pirum
3. Frugum
4. Cerasus
5. Insitio

52.

Are You a Match for...?

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

54.



55.

Libri Optimi

- I. I. Robert Penn Warren, ALL THE KING'S MEN
- II. H. Charles Dickens, A TALE OF TWO CITIES
- III. A. John Steinbeck, THE GRAPES OF WRATH
- IV. G. Fyodor Dostoyevsky, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT
- V. B. Ernest Hemingway, A FAREWELL TO ARMS
- VI. D. Nathaniel Hawthorne, THE SCARLET LETTER
- VII. C. Leo Tolstoy, WAR AND PEACE
- VIII. J. William Golding, LORD OF THE FLIES
- IX. E. William Faulkner, THE SOUND AND THE FURY
- X. F. George Orwell, BRAVE NEW WORLD

57.

Cryptoquipic

Statement

P=W, A=H, F=E, M=N,
Z=T, S=Q, C=M, E=A,
H=C, L=F, J=R, V=O,
N=L, D=S, B=I, G=D,
I=V
When the woman came
home from the mall,
she said, "Veni, Vidi,

56.

Fashion Statements

1. Toga
2. Sagum
3. Fibula
4. Tunicae
5. Cingulum, strophium
6. stola
7. palla
8. toga praetexta
9. Toga virilis
10. Clavus angustae
11. Clava lata

53.



59.

Picturae Moventes

- I. C. MOONRAKER
- II. D. THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS
- III. A. FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE
- IV. E. THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH
- V. C. LIVE AND LET DIE
- VI. A. DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER
- VII. A. DR. NO
- VIII. C. FOR YOUR EYES ONLY
- IX. C. A VIEW TO A KILL
- X. A. GOLDFINGER
- XI. B. ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE
- XII. C. THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN
- XIII. C. OCTOPUSSY
- XIV. C. THE SPY WHO LOVED ME
- XV. A. THUNDERBALL
- XVI. E. TOMORROW NEVER DIES
- XVII. D. LICENSE TO KILL
- XVIII. A. YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE
- XIX. E. GOLDENEYE

58.

The Twelve

1. Jupiter
2. Juno
3. Neptune
4. Mercury
5. Mars
6. Ceres
7. Apollo
8. Venus
9. Vulcan
10. Minerva
11. Diana
12. Dis

61.

How Well Did You Read?

1. Ad caelum volaverat
2. Play basketball
3. Marital
4. Piazza del Gesù
5. Latin
6. Stuli
7. Blood
8. Legio XX
9. Ischia Omentata
10. Iron six heads, bronze swords and shields

Little Snow Girl

Once upon a time in Poland there was a man named John and his wife, Mary, who were sad because they had no children. One winter day, the man was sitting by the window from where he was watching children who were playing in the snow. They were making a snow woman out of the snow.

John said to his wife, "Mary, look at the children! They're happy because they are making a snow woman. Come with me into the garden, and we'll make a snow woman too."

When John and Mary had gone into the garden, Mary said, "Since we have no children, why don't we make a little snow girl?"

"Good idea!" answered John, and he began to make a small body, then small hands. After a pretty head had been made, Mary

put it on the body of the snow statue.

Meanwhile, a traveler was passing on the road. He watched John and Mary for a short time, then said, "May God help you!"

"Thank you," answered John.

"God's help is always a good thing," said Mary.

"What are you doing?" asked the traveler.

"We're making a girl from snow," answered John. And while he spoke, he made a nose, a chin, a mouth and eyes. In a little

while, the snow girl was complete. John looked at the snow statue with joy. But, suddenly, both the eyes and the mouth of the snow statue

opened! The snow girl's lips turned pink. The snow girl was alive! It was a wonderful thing to see!

"Who are you?" asked John, disturbed.

"I'm your daughter, Candida," answered the snow girl, and she hugged the man and his wife who began to weep with joy.

After the little girl had been brought to their home, she quickly began to grow. All the other girls in the village came to their

house and played with this pleasant new girl because she was good and beautiful. Candida was as white as snow, her eyes were as blue as the

sky, and her long hair was golden. Her cheeks, however, were whiter than the cheeks of the other girls.

Throughout the winter, Candida grew very quickly, and in the spring, she was as large as the other children who were twelve

years old.

In the winter Candida had always been happy, but during the good weather she became sad.

Because her mother had noticed her sadness, she said to her, "Why are you sad, dear daughter? Are you sick?"

"No," replied the little girl, "I'm not sick, mother," and she peacefully remained in the house.

One day, however, the little girls came from the village and said, "Candida, come into the woods with us, and we'll pick

flowers."

"What a good idea, Candida!" said Mary. "Go to the woods and play with your little friends."

Candida left with the children; they went to the woods, and they picked flowers. Then they made wreaths from the flowers and

adorned themselves. But then, towards evening, they made a fire.

"Now, Candida," the children said, "watch us and do the same thing we do." They immediately began to sing and dance. Then,

one by one, they leapt through the fire. Suddenly the children heard a cry. They looked around, but Candida was not there any longer.

"Candida, Candida, where are you?" they shouted. But Candida did not answer.

The children searched, and her parents searched, but in vain, because the little snow girl had been changed into moisture, and

she had flown to the sky from where she had come during the winter.