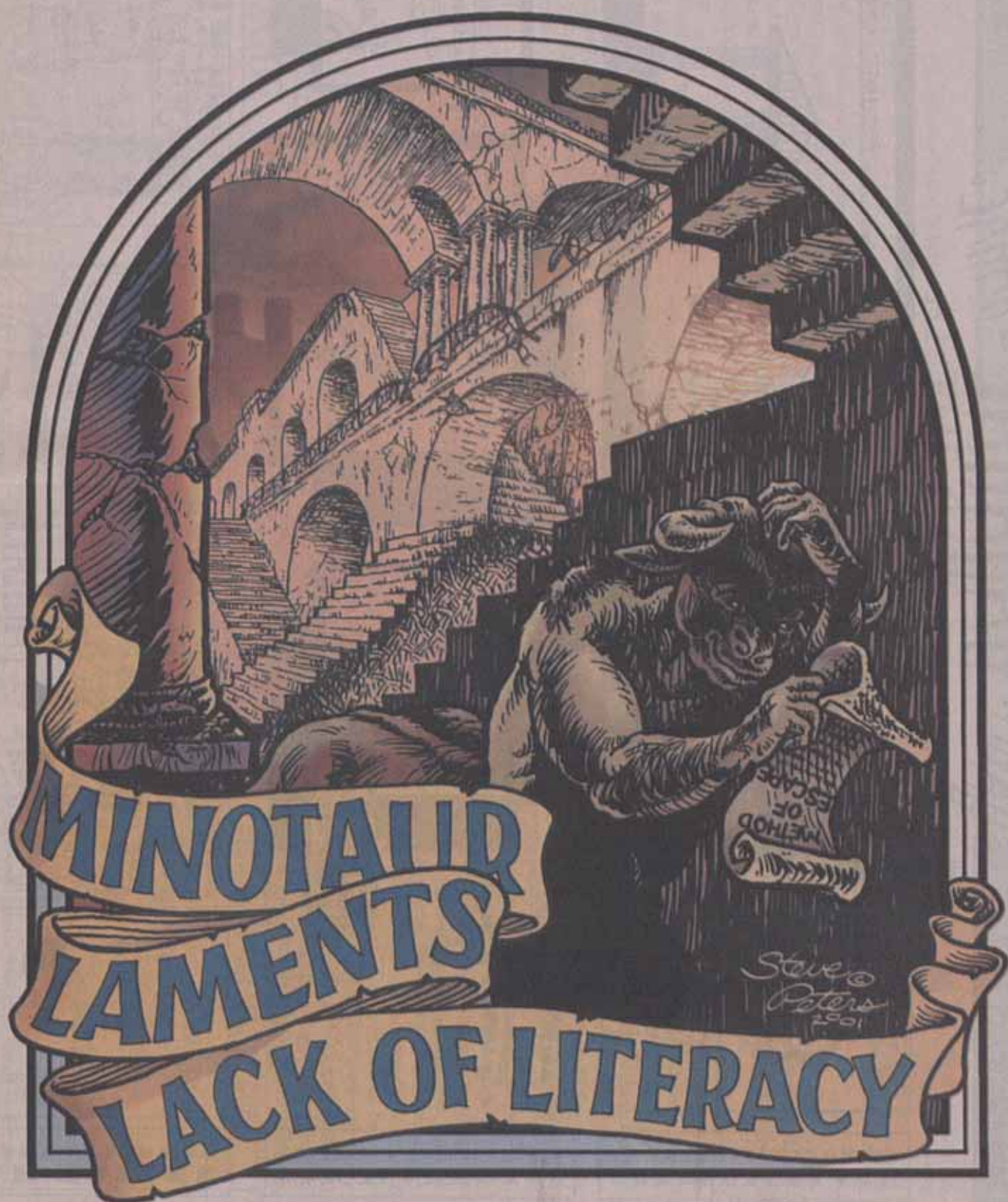


# POMPEIIANA NEWSLETTER

VOL. XXVII NO. 9

MAY ADMMI





# SALUTATIO

Habita in Comitibus Academicis Princetoniae in Nova Caesura a.d. VI Id Iun.  
Anna Salutis MCMLXXXII atque Academicus CCXXXVI.



Officium est mihi gratissimum vos omnes in hoc campo amoeno hodie congregatos lingua Latina salutare. Verum vos video aspirantes, subridentes, nihil comprehendentes. Sed id parvi refert. Hic est mos antiquissimus Universitatis Princetoniensis, qui, mehercule, magni refert. (1)

Te primum, Praeses Guilhelme Bowen, saluto. In hoc campo tu es primus inter pares, vir laudandus, ornandus, tollendus. (2)

Tum vos, curatores augustissimi, et vos, professores doctissimi, mihi placet salutare. Ne vos quidem praetermittam, administratores diligentissimi, qui Collegium Occidentalem occupantes tot extensiones nobis dedisti quot vobis nos excusationes. Ibi sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem academicam tangunt. (3)

De vobis, parentes nostri, quid dicere possum, qui tantum amorem, tantam caritatem, tantam pecuniam nobis dedistis? Quatuor, ecastor, annos pro nostra educatione pretium solvisti. Quare id feceritis, fortasse requiritis. Nescitis, sed fieri sentitis, et excruciamini. (4)

Postremo condiscipulae condiscipulique, vos saluto. Nunc est descendendum a turri etherea et egrediendum in orbem frigidum et crudelem. "Frigidum et crudelem" dico?

O tempora! O mores! Quo usque tandem abutere, Ronalde Reagan, patientia nostra? (5) Nihil te species omnium operae egentium, nihil moles tantarum belli machinarum, nihil turbac-

studentium pauperum, quos multos nunc video, te moverunt? Quam diu ista tua duritia nos vexabit? Quam diu istae picturae robbles, paulo ante lacem per televisionem repetitae, nos vexabunt? "Bonos in Cubiculo," "Knut Rockne Totus Americanus," et ille iste Gipper? (3) Parce nobis, Ronalde, precor, precor. Sed satis superque.

Hodie magna est nobis felicitas, quae tamen cum tristitia commixta est. Stipendia merimus per quadriennium, contubernales, una ludentes, laborantes, ridentes, lacrimantes. Nunc multas per gentes et multa per aequora cunus ad nostra officia diversa: Ordinem Chasis Manhattanensis vel Ladum Harvardiensem Negotiorum (6) vel Corpus Pacis. Ubicumque eritis, "Vis sit vobis!"

Itaque, amici, avete atque valete. (4)

(1) Hic plaudite, (2) Hic vociferamini, (3) Hic gemite, (4) Hic vehementer plaudite, (5) Hic plaudite et vociferamini, (6) Hic sibilate.

[Each year the Salutatory Address at Princeton University's commencement ceremony is traditionally delivered in correct, but light-hearted, Latin. Distributed to the audience beforehand are copies that contain numerical notations keyed to a list of audience reactions that are desired at certain points in the talk. This Salutatio was delivered while Ronald Reagan was still President on June 8, 1982, during Princeton's 236th commencement.]

## BAGNAIA

Latium's Most Enchanting Spot

By Frank J. Kern, Seton Hall University  
South Orange, New Jersey

The Via Cassia twists and turns and climbs through the northern Roman countryside, on its way to Arezzo, Florence, Lucca, and other Tuscany locales. Scarcely wider now than when it opened in the late Roman Republic, the road wanders through vineyards and chestnut groves, past



pepperino and pozzolana quarries until it reaches the stunted, walled-in city of Viterbo, still in the region of Latium, about fifty miles above Rome.

Just three miles east of here, uphill along a serene country lane, lies the tranquil hamlet of Bagnai, a slice of true medieval enchantment. Also enclosed by thick fortifications of Etruscan stonework, the modern town was established sometime in the ninth century—soon after the period of Lombard domination—by inhabitants of surrounding villages in a quest for refuge from Saracen incursions. Its name is thought to be a corruption of the Latin *balnearia*, for the numerous thermal springs that course through the area.

At the top of the road, Bagnai comes into view like something out of a watercolorist's fertile imagination, with its formidable castle tower piercing the sky and the immense wooden portals of the town's only gate swung open onto a lilliputian piazza that features in its center a hardworking, faithful old graystone fountain.

Not much is known about the earliest centuries of Bagnai's history. What is certain is that feudal lords of German origin held sway here throughout most of the twelfth century. By 1193, however, Bagnai had become the episcopal seat of the Diocese of Viterbo and hence now came under the jurisdiction of the bishop.

(Continued in Pagina Sexta)

## Roman Pantheon

By Michelle Weaver, Latin IV student of Angela Letizia,  
Hollidaysburg Area Schools, Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

In ancient times the Romans worshipped a pantheon of different gods and goddesses, but the "Big Twelve" were Diana, Minerva, Jupiter, Juno, Ceres, Dis, Venus, Vulcan, Mars, Mercury, Neptune and Apollo.

Diana was known as the goddess of the hunt. In Roman art she was usually shown as a huntress with a bow and arrows, along with a hunting dog. She was, however, multi-talented and also served as the goddess of the moon, forests, wild animals and women in childbirth. Women honored her strength, athletic elegance, radiance and her hunting expertise.

The Roman Trinity consisted of The Father (Jupiter), The Queen (Juno) and The Holy Spirit of Wisdom, Minerva. Minerva, the daughter of Jupiter and Juno, was considered to be the virgin goddess of warriors, poetry, medicine, wisdom, commerce, crafts and music. The Roman poet Ovid called Minerva the "goddess of a thousand works." Minerva was especially honored during the artisans' holiday that was celebrated from 19th to the 23rd of March.

Ceres, the sister of Jupiter, was the goddess of the earth's fertility and grain. The daughter of Ceres, by Jupiter, was Proserpina who was kidnapped by Dis to become the queen of the Underworld. Ceres let the earth become barren during the six months (winter) that her daughter was gone each year, but allowed all things to flourish during the six months (summer) that she was with her on earth.

Because Venus was the goddess of love, she was worshipped as the patroness of pleasure and as the mother of the Roman people. Although Venus was officially married to Vulcan, the god of metal-working and the armor-maker of the gods, she frequently dated such other gods as Mars, the god of war, and Poseidon, the god of the seas. Venus was the mother of Cupid, the chubby little love-god that decorates our valentines today. As the mother of Aeneas, the ancestor of the Roman people, Venus was worshipped as Venus Genetrix. When she was asked to bring military victory to the Roman people, Venus was worshipped as Venus Victrix. When women prayed to Venus to help them preserve their chastity, they invoked her as Venus Verticordia. Venus' favorite season was the spring.

Mars was the son of Jupiter and Juno. As the god of war, Mars was the most prominent of the military gods honored by the Roman military. Mars was also considered to be the father of Romulus and Remus, the twin founders of Rome. Since Venus was the mother of Aeneas, and Mars, working through a descendant of Aeneas' son, Iulus, was the father of Rome's twin-

(Continued in Pagina Septima)

## Textbook Giveaway Program to Start in June, 2001

Hey Teachers! Box up those un-used texts gathering dust and taking up valuable storage room in your classrooms or on your bookshelves and send them to Pompeiana, Inc., to be shared with your fellow-classicists across the country. All items received will be catalogued and listed on the Textbook Giveaway link on [www.Pompeiana.com](http://www.Pompeiana.com).

Items will begin to be added to the Textbook Giveaway link during May, but Pompeiana's Great Textbook Giveaway Program will not begin accepting requests until June 1, 2001, so that all members can have simultaneous access to the materials being offered. In addition to classroom textbook series that are annually contributed by members, hundreds of Latin author texts and readers will also be available along with teaching files and vertical files (containing photos, magazine features and small posters) that have been assembled over the years from a wealth of teacher-donated materials.

There will, however, be one major change in the way the Textbook Giveaway Program will work this year. Members activating their required 2001-2002 memberships personally on line and requesting items to be shipped to them personally will be required to pay for their memberships and the usual \$5/H charges with a Visa, MC or Discover Card. Only those charges to be billed to a pre-approved school purchase order number will be invoiced. Pompeiana regrets this change in policy, but it has been made necessary by the difficulty it has experienced over the past years in exacting timely payments from invoices sent to individual members.

Members who do not have access to the internet should make arrangements with someone who can access Pompeiana's website for them and print out the list of items available. These items may then be requested by phone beginning June 1 by providing the required charge card information or school purchase order number at the same time.



## Bedtime Stories:

In English and Latin

In 1974 Pompeiana published *Bedtime Mythology Liber Primus* in English. The booklet contains four classical myths designed to be read to children as young as three or four years old. The stories of "Ceres and Persephone," "Narcissus and Echo," "Pyramus and Thisbe" and "Apollo and Daphne" are presented in very simple language modified "to protect the innocents."

More recently Bolchazy-Carducci publishers have offered such wonderful Dr. Seuss classics—translated into Latin by Jennifer and Terrence Tunberg—as *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* (*Quomodo Invidiosulus Nominis GRINCHUS Christi Natalem Abrogavit*) and *The Cat in the Hat* (*Cattus Petasatus*).

The Pompeiana NEWSLETTER has also featured both classic and original holiday tales translated into Latin by its director, Dr. B. F. Barcio. Over the years, the following titles have been presented:

*"Donum Magorum"* ("The Gift of the Magi" by O. Henry)  
*"Grus Grata"* ("The Grateful Crane" by Ann Herring)  
*"Illa Befana"* ("La Befana" by Lillian Lewicki)  
*"Fabula de Festo Nativitatis Christi"* ("A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens)  
*"Cuniculus Parvus Qui Saturnum Vidit"* ("The Little Rabbit That Saw Saturn" by Dr. B. F. Barcio)

*"Tympanista Puerilis"* ("The Little Drummer Boy" by C. Davis, Henry Onorati and Harold Simon)  
*"Est Vita Mirabilis"* ("It's a Wonderful Life" based on "The Greatest Gift" by Philip Van Doren Stern)  
*"Salinae Nativitatis Miraculum"* ("Sally's Christmas Miracle" by Charles M. Schultz)  
*"Parva Puella Nivea"* ("Little Snow Girl" by Bessie S. Rathbun)

In its Library, Pompeiana also has the following stories that have been published in Latin:

*Alicia in Terra Mirabili* (Alice in Wonderland)  
*Aureola et Tres Ursi* (Goldilocks and the Three Bears)  
*Aves Incantatae* (The Enchanted Birds)  
*Carolini Brown Sapientia* (The Wisdom of Charlie Brown)  
*Cinderella* (Cinderella)  
*Experimentum Heideggeri Medici* (Dr. Heidegger's Experiment)  
*Fabula de Petro Cuniculo* (Peter Rabbit)  
*Felices Calceatae* (Puss in Boots)  
*Ferdinandus* (Ferdinand)  
*Ferdinandus Taurus* (Ferdinand the Bull)  
*Freddus Elephantus et Horatius* (Elephant Fred and Horace)  
*Hansulus et Greta* (Hansel and Greta)  
*Linus de Vita* (Linus on Life)  
*Magus Mirabilis in Oz* (The Wizard of Oz)  
*Maria Poppina ab A-Z* (Mary Poppins from A to Z)  
*Monile* (The Necklace)

*Mundus Secundum Luciam* (The World According to Lucy)  
*Petrus Scelopetarius* (Pistol Pete)  
*Philosophia Secundum Snoopy* (Snoopy's Philosophy)  
*Pinoculus* (Pinocchio)  
*Piscis Aureus* (The Golden Fish)  
*Porcus Solans Cincinnati* (The Cincinnati Dancing Pig)  
*Pyramus et Thisbe* (Pyramus and Thisbe)  
*Quattuor Cantores* (The Four Musicians)  
*Rubella* (Red Riding Hood)  
*Sacerdos et Mercator Opulentus* (The Poor Cobbler and the Rich Merchant)  
*Tibicen Hamelinis* (The Pied Piper of Hamelin)  
*Tres Ignoti* (The Three Strangers)  
*Tres Parvi Porci* (The Three Little Pigs)  
*Tres Ursi* (The Three Bears)  
*Tres Viri Mundani* (Three Wise Men)  
*Vestes Novae Imperatoris* (The Emperor's New Clothes)  
*Via Valeri Miti Arcana* (The Secret Life of Walter Mitty)  
*Winnie Ille Pu* (Winnie the Pooh)

Although it does not have a copy, Pompeiana does know of two other classic children's tales that have been published in Latin by Mandadori of Milano. The first is titled *Donaldus Anas atque Nox Saraceni* by Lamberto Pigini. The second, also by Pigini, is titled *Michael Musculus et Lapis Sapientiae*.

So the next time you're ready to tuck a little person away for the night, you might just want to begin with something like, "*Olin in Hispania erat taurus nomine Ferdinandus*."

If your little one isn't quite ready for straight Latin, try "Once upon a time there was a young lady named Echo."

## The First Shooting Star

A Modern Myth by Julia Yund, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

One lovely spring day, all of the gods were enjoying a nice game of baseball atop Mt. Olympus. This wasn't just any game, however; it was the final game in the playoffs between the Stars and the Fates. The Stars, under the superb coaching skills of Jupiter, were beating Pluto's Fates 8 to 5 at the top of the ninth inning. Naturally, the Stars were very excited and felt as though they already had the game wrapped up. The Stars, however, had no idea what Pluto had up his sleeve—a secret weapon that had been hiding in the locker room.

By the time they reached the bottom of the ninth, it was starting to get dark. The Fates had played the hardest they had ever played before, and the Stars' fielders weren't able to keep up. Once the Fates had already brought in one run, and the bases were loaded, Pluto revealed his secret weapon: Cerberus. This three-headed monster, suited in a Fates' uniform, had three times as many eyes so he could watch the ball three times more closely. In addition, Cerberus' incredible strength allowed him to hit a grand slam easily, which brought in four more runs and won the game for the Fates.

Jupiter was so mad that he just couldn't control himself. He was outraged that Pluto would pull something like that, and being the incredibly competitive god that he was, he couldn't stand to lose. In a fit of rage, Jupiter began throwing his lightning bolts all around, not worrying about what they hit. One bolt destroyed the Fates' dugout, and another put a huge hole in the field. At the high point of his fury, Jupiter threw one bolt that flew directly at Stella, the Stars' mascot, who, unable to react quickly enough, was hit by the bolt and was sent flying. Among the massive excitement and confusion, the crowd suddenly fell silent as they watched the glowing star travel across the night sky.

Meanwhile, down on the mortals' playground, a boy named Marcus and his friends were sitting in the middle of their baseball field, having tired themselves out by playing baseball all day. As they talked and recounted their individual outstanding plays, they were suddenly amazed by a bright light from above. Marcus was the first to look up and see how much it was the world's first shooting star.

I survived!

A whole year of Latin—and I thrived!  
 So many new things I understand  
 About a culture from a foreign land.  
 I learned to count, *unus, duo, tres*,  
 And I learned all about the genitive case.  
 Let's not forget nominative and ablative, too.  
 There's more, that was just to name a few.  
 Some of the words were quite hard to say,  
 But I studied and practiced and did okay.

We translated stories from the book.

Often times I had to take a second or third look.  
 I learned that Roman beliefs differed from ours today,  
 And that their society functioned in a different way.

Their feasts went on into the night.  
 A seven course meal was quite a magnificent sight!  
 Learning declensions was such a chore.

I had to practice more and more.

I made it, though—this year is through!

Practice made perfect, and now it's on to Latin II

## The City, Pompeii

By Lana Wolber, Latin I student of Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

C is for the City of Pompeii.

I is for the injury the volcano soon would send its way,

T is for the terror the people were to meet,

Y is for the young ones destined to die in the street.

P is for the perfect day it started out to be,

O is for the obvious danger that many refused to see,

M is for the mountain that never was suspect,

P is for the people whose lives it soon would wreck,

E is for the explosion that made the city sway,

I is for the impossibility of finding a place to stay,

T is for the immersion Pompeii still makes today

## The Tale of Echo and Narcissus

By Stephanie Zwerner, Grade 8 Latin student of Betty Whittaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, Indiana

Echo was a beautiful young nymph

Who would gossip and chat all day.

She kept Juno talking so Jupiter

Could flirt with the other nymphs and play.

Junio, however, found out about this  
 And got to be really quite mad.  
 The fact that Jupiter was a player  
 Made her also become quite sad.

Then Narcissus came into the picture,

And Echo had a huge crush on this guy.

Narcissus just thought she was annoying

So Echo just ran away—oh my!

But the goddess of love felt sorry  
 For Echo's sad repetitive plight.  
 She plotted revenge on Narcissus,  
 Made him pay with all of her might.

She showed Narcissus unrequited love

Like he'd done to Echo not so long ago.

She made him fall in love with his reflection.

She made his own vanity his foe!

He slowly changed his shape, never knowing

About love, and love's great power.

He'll stay by that lake until this world ends

Admiring himself—turned into a flower.

Now Echo lives in caves and tunnels,

And if you visit one you will see.

She'll repeat everything that you say,

But all she wants is just to be free.

## Apollo and Daphne

By Jessy Santana, Latin I student of Judith Granese, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada



Daphne was the first girl to receive  
 Apollo's love.

Nimble and free, she was, just like

a dove.

Because their love was born of

Cupid's malice.

Daphne always fled from Apollo

as if in madness.

Cupid had been bending his little  
 bow

When along came Apollo having  
 beaten a foe.

He'd killed the Python, a gigantic  
 snake,

That, when beaten, made the whole  
 world shake.

Apollo told Cupid his arrows were for grown-ups.

That torches were enough for the love of little pups.

Cupid answered, "Apollo, you may surpass me in shining.

But my skill will soon leave you pining."

Cupid flapped his wings and soared high above,

And took from his quiver two different arrows of love:

One arrow was golden and sharp.

The other was blunt, meant to make a sweetheart tart.

At Daphne the blunt arrow was shot,

The other pierced Apollo's heart and made it hot.

He loved Daphne even though she quickly ran away

Up a mountain on whose sides she used to play.

After her he ran, proclaiming his love and calling her name:

"Daphne, I'm a god but will be your lover all the same.

I am called The Healer throughout all the world,

But I cannot heal my heart, whose love you'll always hold."

Daphne, frightened, left him with

many words unsaid,

Running quickly, beautiful hair

streaming from her head.

From the cliff she saw her father's

river and prayed at once:

"Please save me from this suitor

who is about to pounce."

As soon as she said it, she began

to change.

Her limbs grew numb—she felt

trapped in a cage.

She became a laurel tree, and

Apollo, seeing this, said,

"My tree you now shall be, your

leaves adorning my head!"





# PLINY AND THE BIRDS

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

Most of us know about Pliny the Elder. We read about him all the time as the fellow who died in the eruption of Vesuvius August 25, A.D. 79. He was Pliny the Younger's uncle, and for much of his life he actually worked in the imperial court of Vespasian.

But I know him most for his incredibly huge work, the *Natural History* which I have mentioned before in this column. Despite the fact that he led a busy public life, Pliny was always hard at work writing his *Natural History* or the other books he wrote. His nephew tells us that he rose at 2 or 3 a.m. every day and wrote until Vespasian's own pre-dawn meetings. He never read without taking notes, and one of his mottoes was that no book was so bad that he could not find something of use in it. He always read or was read to whenever possible—if he was bathing, eating, or sunbathing there would be a slave, reading to him. He read or dictated while riding in his sedan chair, and he once scolded his nephew for walking since it was impossible to read while walking; a person could read when in a sedan chair! He even devised a sort of glove to insure that his slave could take notes on such trips in cold weather. To find more time for his studies, he retired early and rose even earlier, reading and writing by lamplight in the early morning darkness (his slaves, who had to tend to him, must have hated this). Upon his death, he left his nephew 160 books of notes written on both sides in a tiny hand.

The *Natural History* became the great showcase for these notes. It is huge! The Loeb edition, for example, is ten volumes long. And it covers all sorts of things—zoology, entomology, botany, mineralogy, astronomy, geography, pharmacology, anthropology, physiology, folklore, magic, metallurgy—virtually everything. In Pliny's pages one can read about the history of art, the manufacture of papyrus, religious practices, and how to rid one's house of fleas. In his preface, he claims to have studied about 2000 volumes, and he cites almost 500 authors by name.

Whenever I have the time, I read him for hours just to learn all sorts of interesting things. Did you know that the Romans used hedgehog hides to work on linen cloth? Because this column will be appearing in the May issue, however, I'd like to turn to the subject of birds in honor of spring. And, in Book X of Pliny's *Natural History*, 102 pages are devoted to nothing but birds.

After reading a few of these pages it will be easy to see

that Pliny's *Natural History* was no *National Geographic* or *Nature Channel*, for which writers and reporters stalk off into the wilds to observe their subjects first hand. Because Pliny relied on stories and hearsay, he sometimes appears to have been fairly gullible. He accepted, for example, the existence of the *triorchis*, a grotesquely deformed hawk and solemnly tells us that a rooster once spoke like a human. He reports that migrating quail are able to sink ships when they rest in great numbers on their masts.

But sometimes Pliny is not so gullible. He flatly denies belief in the phoenix and the so-called "pegasus bird." Many times he implies his caution by using such Latin phrases "*tradendum putare memoriae quidam*" ("some folks have thought it worth recording that..."), or "*vulgus arbitrabatur*" (so "the common folk think"). He can also be more blunt as in the following passage in which he debunks a story from the lost author Dinon that a bearded eagle in India used to charm people to sleep and then tear them to shreds:

"Anyone who would believe that sort of thing would also assuredly not deny that snakes gave the augur Melampus the power to understand the language of birds by licking his ears, or the story told by Democritus who mentions birds whose blood gives rise to a snake, and that if someone eats this snake then he will understand the conversations of birds."

Let me close by encouraging readers to obtain a copy of Pliny's *Natural History*. There isn't a lot of plot, since the book is more of an encyclopedia. But page after page offers something utterly bizarre and unobtainable elsewhere.

Readers will certainly remember the empress, mentioned in this column in February, who hatched an egg in her bosom. Such insights into Roman folk beliefs are invaluable. And isn't it odd to learn that Roman soldiers in Germany used to send entire cohorts out to collect goose feathers because of the price they would fetch in Rome. Historians of cooking light up when they read who the first man to fatten a peacock for the table was or who it was who invented the delicacy of "sole of goose-foot."

In Book X one can read of folk remedies, endangered species, and even of a public funeral for a raven murdered during the reign of Tiberius. Any modern reader who enjoys such things as the *Book of Lists*, almanacs, or those little fillers often used at the bottom of newspaper pages, will find something to enjoy in Pliny's *Natural History*.

## What Is It?

By Brian Valania, Latin I student of Adriane Nilsen,  
St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

Host: Welcome back, friends, to *What Is It?* I'm your host, Brian Valania, and, once again, we are offering contestants a chance to win free roundtrip tickets to any destination in the galaxy. So, open the curtain please, and let's have a look at today's challenge. Remember, each contestant is allowed to ask two questions before he make his one guess. O.K., the

phones are ringing. Let's go to our first caller.

First Caller: Hi, Brian, this is Joe from Jupiter's Luna Quinta. Wow, that's the weirdest looking thing I've seen on the show yet. How big is it?

Host: It's a decent size, Joe. I'd say it's six or seven feet tall.

First Caller: Can you tell me what it's made of?

Host: To answer your final question, Joe, I can tell you it appears to be made of some sort of shiny stone no longer in common use. And, now, Joe, you have ten seconds to give us your guess.

First Caller: Oh, man, this is tough, but I'm gonna have to listen to my adoptive Plutonian child on this one. He thinks it's a statue of Niron who is honored on Pluto as the sacred guard of its secret moon.

Host: No, Joe. I'm sorry, you're wrong. But thanks for competing on *What Is It?* Let's go to our second caller.

Second Caller: Hello, caller? Are you there? O.K., let's go to caller number three.

Third Caller: Hi, Brian, this is Sean, and I'm a first-time

caller from the Survivors' Colony on the earth's moon. Host: Great to hear from the Survivors' Colony, Brian. Would you like to ask a question before you make your guess?

Third Caller: Yes, Brian, I would. Am I correct in saying that the statue seems to be a blend of a human and some four-legged creature, such as a horse?

Host: Yes, Sean, I believe you would be correct in saying that. Do you have a second question you would like to ask, or are you ready to go for today's prize on *What Is It?*

Third Caller: I will take my second question, Brian. The protrusion between the bottom of the statue and the base is not really part of the four-legged creature is it?

Host: No, Sean it doesn't appear to be.

Third Caller: O.K. then, Brian, I think I'm ready.

Host: O.K., Sean, for a free roundtrip ticket any where in the galaxy, what is it?

Third Caller: Brian, I'm going to say it's a statue made of marble, a stone used on planet earth when that planet was habitable. Since I like to study ancient cultures of

earth, I believe the statue represents a creature that was half-man and half-horse known as a centaur. It may even represent Chiron, who was famous in ancient Greek earth-culture as the teacher of two Greek heroes: Achilles and Jason.

The protrusion from the belly of the horse portion was included because the statue was originally created in bronze, (Continued in Pagina Decima)



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

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

To help realize this goal, all adult members and Latin Clubs are invited to add their names to the Honor Roll before the end of the 2000-2001 school year by mailing their tax-deductible contributions payable to the "Pompeiana Endowment Fund."

### Giving Categories

Student Supporters (\$25),  
Latin Class/Club Supporters (\$100),  
Adult Supporters (\$200-\$400),  
Friends of the Classics (\$500-\$900),  
Contributors (\$1000-\$4000),  
Benefactors (\$5000-\$10,000),  
Patrons (\$20,000-\$50,000) 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 Class/Club Supporters

- 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
- Brownsville H.S. Latin Club, Brownsville, 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, Indiana
- Milton Area H.S. Latin Club, Milton, Pennsylvania
- Mount Vernon Sr. H.S. Latin Club, Mt. Vernon, Indiana
- Palmer H.S. Latin Club, Colorado Springs, Colorado
- S.P.Q.R. Latin Club, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania
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### Secret Writing in I Claudius

After reading last month's article "Don't Catch Code" by Professor Kenneth Kitchell, Jr., those who are familiar with the novel *I Claudius* may have wondered what historical evidence there is for the secret milk-writing mentioned by author Robert Graves.

Professor Kitchell confirms that solid historical evidence exists in the following quotation from Ovid's *Ars Amatoris* (3.625-628) as he describes ways a girl can send messages without her guardian knowing it:

*Tuta quoque est fallitque oculos e lacte recenti  
Littera: carbonis pulvere nange, leges.*

Not only can messages written in milk be read after the paper is heated, but also those written with a wet flax stalk, as Ovid goes on to describe.

## Armed Forces Chronicle OUR MEN AT THE FRONT

By Rachel Divizie, Latin III student of facilitator Louise Cox, Brownsville Area H.S., Brownsville, Pennsylvania, and Joan Jahnke, KET distance learning teacher

Although not all of our readers agree with the decision of the Senate to place our boys in harm's way in Pontus, all agree that our armed forces deserve the support and praise of every single Roman. In an effort to lend support and respect to these brave young boys and their family, we have decided to share with our readers a letter we received from one of our brave soldiers, Marius Lepus Ballius, whose family lives in Capua. Marius is currently recovering from battle wounds in a *Valetudinarium Militare* in Armenia.

*Marius Lepus Ballius III salutem dicit civibus Romanis in Italia.*

*Tigranocerta, A.U.C. DCLXXXII*

"Greetings to my fellow citizens in Italy and to my parents and family in Capua. After serving for seven years in the legions of Rome, I am now awaiting discharge at the age of 28. On the encouragement of my Centurion, I am using my time while recuperating to share some of the excitement and daily details of my military career during our conflicts with Mithridates. My centurion has even provided me with a *tiro* to record my thoughts so that I can continue to rest at the same time.

"The engagement in which I was wounded took place here in Armenia under the leadership of *Dux* Lucullus.

"Before invading Armenia, I had been stationed in Pontus. Pontus, of course, is on the south shore of *Mare Euxinum*, in Asia. This area is inhabited by Thracians, Scythians, Celts, and a dominant Persian upper class who seem to have adopted most of the culture of *Graecia*. In fact, Mithridates used to like to portray himself as a Greek champion for Greek settlements located along the *Mare Euxinum*.

"Ten years before I signed my *sacramentum* to serve in the legion, Mithridates had showed how cruel he could be by ordering all of the cities in Asia to execute all Roman inhabitants on the same day. They say that 80,000 Romans were slaughtered.

"That was when *Dux* Sulla decided to lead Roman troops into Greece to face Mithridates for the first time. I have met some veterans from that invasion who tell me that it took two weeks to transport all of the Roman forces into Greece. Conditions were very rough, they say, and many of our men died from starvation before new camps could be set up and reliable supply sources located.

"These veterans remember Sulla as a superior commander who spent the nights before each battle meeting with the commanding officers of each *cohors* to be sure all the men knew what their positions would be on the battle field and to be sure that cavalry units and archers were properly stationed. Veterans who served under Sulla's fellow-commander, Fimbria, are also very proud of the role they played in bringing that first war against Mithridates to a successful conclusion. These veterans love to tell stories about how Mithridates had to turn over 70 ships to our commanders along with 3,000 silver talents.

"Those veterans who were left in Asia to serve under *Dux* Murena, after Sulla returned to Rome, are somewhat less proud of their engagements during what is usually referred to as the second war against Mithridates. Those that survived the slaughters suffered by the Romans during that encounter never want to see the Halys River again. They

say Murena would probably have lost all the legions under his command had he not been ordered by a messenger from Sulla to quit engaging the enemy.

"I signed my *sacramentum* while Nicomedes ruled Bithynia as an ally of Rome. My unit was basically part of a peace-keeping force stationed in the area. That all changed two years ago, however, when Nicomedes died suddenly. Although Nicomedes had left a will leaving all his dominions to the Roman people, and Bithynia was therefore immediately claimed as a province by the Roman Senate, Mithridates had his own ideas. Mithridates notified Rome that Nysa, the wife of Nicomedes, was claiming Bithynia for her young son who was Nicomedes' legitimate heir. Mithridates pledged to use his 120,000 foot soldiers, 16,000 cavalry and vast cohorts of barbarian auxiliaries to drive the Romans out of Bithynia.

"That was when my unit was put into active service. Two consuls, Lucullus and Cotta, arrived from Rome and began to prepare us for action. Consul Cotta was the first to lead us into a battle near the port of Chalcedon, but, unfortunately, we were defeated both by land and by sea. When Mithridates next laid siege to the port of Cyzicus, Consul Lucullus assumed the command of the legions. This time our first assignment was to cut off all of Mithridates' supply routes. Before long, Mithridates was forced to retreat into Pontus, all the while suffering heavy losses.

"For a year we maintained our position in and around Cyzicus while vigorously training for an invasion of Pontus. During this year, Mithridates was able to enlist thousands of new recruits into his army, but they were poorly trained. When we invaded Pontus and met Mithridates on the battle field, we entirely defeated his army.

"When Lucullus learned that Mithridates had then taken refuge with his son-in-law Tigranes, the king of Armenia, Lucullus decided to send Appius Claudius as a *legatus* to Tigranes. Camp rumor has it that Tigranes would have been willing to hand Mithridates over to us if Appius Claudius had not been so pushy in his negotiations. The result was that Tigranes sent Appius Claudius away with the message that Armenia would actively resist any Roman effort to capture Mithridates.

"By the time the order came from Lucullus to invade Armenia, we were all primed and ready for battle. I was proud to serve in such a well-trained and highly motivated army. We made the journey into Armenia in a matter of a few weeks, not losing a single soldier along the way.

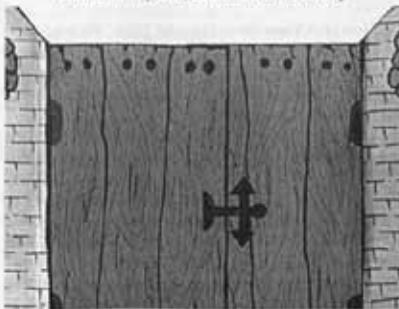
"Our first battle took place near Tigranocerta. I was involved in an attack on a small farm that had been overtaken by Mithridates' men. We ended up fighting in an open field for more than two hours. By then we were all getting tired—and beginning to make mistakes. My mistake was that I suddenly forgot the first rule of field battle: 'Thrust, don't chop!' I raised my sword arm to chop and was immediately stabbed in the armpit by an Armenian. I remember falling to the ground and being aware that my buddies were slowly moving forward, leaving me behind on the ground.

After our troops successfully defeated Mithridates and the Armenian troops, I was discovered by a *capsarius* who was making his rounds among the wounded. My wound was bound up, and I was transported here to the *Valetudinarium Militare* set up at Tigranocerta.

"Antonius Verrilus, the commander of the *Valetudinarium*, has determined that I will never be able to properly use my sword arm again and has recommended to my centurion that I be dismissed from active service. Of course, I won't receive a *diploma* or retirement pay, but I am looking forward to seeing my family again in Capua."

## AT THE GATE

By Lea Dalatax, Latin I student of Adriane Nilsen, St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey



I surveyed my surroundings appraisingly and wiped the sweat as it trickled past my brow.

"Where am I?" I wondered. "Truly this is too warm and barren to be Pag-asa."

"Pag-asa," I thought. "My home."

I pushed back the wistful memories and fought back the tears.

"Could its walls still be standing after that last attack?"

Hope had faded during the last few months of the attack, but I never thought we could be defeated. Now I was trying to convince myself that if I had gotten away, my loved ones might have also survived somehow. Still, a painful awareness was slowly coming over me that my life had now been changed forever. Pag-asa was the only world I knew. And this definitely wasn't Pag-asa.

Despite the heat, I felt a cold chill pass through me as I approached the huge walls before me.

"Whoever lives here certainly couldn't be friendly."

I gazed dumbstruck at a 9-meter high gate.

"They must be giants. Do I dare ask for help?"

I quickly evaluated my position: I was lonely, confused, and, worse, I had no inkling of where I might be. Finally, I made my decision, took a deep breath of hot dry air, and trudged toward the mysterious gate. My resolve, however, soon began to weaken. As I approached a rickety bridge over a defense ditch before the walls, I could not help expecting a fatal ambush.

As the walls, now visibly dotted with lookout towers, grew nearer, I uttered a prayer repeatedly until I finally reached the most imposing gate I had ever seen. I stood glued to the ground for a while, fidgeting with a jade necklace, a gift from my mother, as was my habit. Then, summoning all the courage and daring I could, I swiftly sprinted up to the gate and found an opening through which I could squeeze.

The stony silence that greeted me within was something I could not fathom. It was certainly unexpected. I had imagined that the inside would be bustling with giants going about their daily activities. The silence, however, was not unwelcome. For the first time that day, relief washed through me. True, I was still a solitary survivor, but at least I wouldn't have to confront anyone or negotiate for my life. As I became more comfortable with my surroundings, I began to explore a maze of narrow streets. Some of the walls lining the streets formed terraces, and some even had low parapets. There were vertical offsets breaking the walls into segments.

"Decorative," I surmised, "but hardly structural."

I reached out and ran my hand over one of the walls. Judging from the inconsistencies in the materials that had been used in its construction—there was limestone, mudbrick, even evidence of wooden beams—they had gone through several different phases of construction and reconstruction. As I moved further through the narrow streets studying the walls that lined them, I noticed that some walls had obviously been violently destroyed at some point and then carefully rebuilt. Having lived through the attacks on Pag-asa, I felt sorry for these inhabitants—for the fear, the pain and hard work they had obviously been forced to experience.

As the scale of the structures began to become clear to me, I slowly began to realize that this was not a dwelling for giants, but simply a large, well-built city for regular people—just like me.

"This place is just like Pag-asa," I pleasantly reflected. But there was not any hope here, only a sense of foreboding and gloom. I climbed to the top of a wall and looked out over the entire structure. There were massive unapproachable ramparts. The exterior walls had an inward slant. The lofty, looming towers, the moat-like ditches. Surely this place was as difficult to exit as it was to enter.

(Continued in Pagina Decima)

## Night & Day, Life & Death

By Stella Connors, Latin III student of Susan Miller, East Grand Rapids H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Nox  
Densa, mala  
Tradens, expectans, pugnans, delens  
Novus, benignus  
Dies  
Vita  
Honorifica, fructuosa  
Alens, explorans, dedens, avolans  
Saeva, perfida  
Mors

## Iphigenia's Thanksgiving Prayer to Artemis

By Taylor James, Latin III student of Susan Miller, East Grand Rapids H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Mea amica amans,  
De luna et caelis  
Optimas fabulas narras.

Mea amica amans,  
Facta es laetitia  
In vita mea.

Me eripuisti  
ex patris manibus:  
Tibi gratias ago!

Amica mea,  
Hoc optatum tibi do:  
Laetissima sis in aeternum!





## The Ballad of Prometheus

By Eric Salazar, Latin III student of Angels Latin,  
Hollingsburg Area Schools, Hollingsburg, Pennsylvania



Zeus decided he needed some beings to worship his divinity  
So he called on me and my brother to perform the creativity.  
My half-wit brother ran off to see what he could do—  
While his beings had legs of four, mine had only two.  
He gave to his creatures so many great gifts to help them survive  
That nothing was left that I could use to keep my men alive.  
I needed something special to make my men higher  
So I ran up to Olympus and came back with the gift of fire.  
When Zeus learned what I had done, he really lost his cool.  
He chained me to a mountain and let Pandora play the fool.  
She released on men the evils and things that make them shiver.  
But I have problems of my own—like trying to save my liver.

## The Golden Bough

By Jen Roake, Cristina Medito, Alicia Garcia, Ian Balom  
and Will Lurgen, Latin II students of Suzanne Romano,  
Academy of Allied Health and Science, Neptune, New Jersey

Aeneas travels to see his dad.  
He sees twin doves on the land.  
On the land he finds the golden bough,  
And the Sibyl will continue to lead him now.

Venus sends him tiny doves to guide,  
And into death's clutches he does ride.  
Aeneas passes through ghosts in the still night,  
And with each harm he did fight.

He found the golden bough and carried it away,  
Escaped from Dis' reign—he did not stay.  
He gave the golden bough to the Sibyl's hand,  
And found himself once again in the light of a safe land.



SUBMITTED BY SARAH DIERDORF  
LATIN III STUDENT OF KIM RYAN,  
QUIGLEY CATHOLIC H.S., BADEN, PENNSYLVANIA

## Retiaria

By Era Kryzhanovskaya, Latin II student of Dr. Marianne Colakis, The Covenant School, Charlottesville, Virginia

### Mercurii Dies

I can't believe it! Just two days before my first arena appearance and still no one besides my friend Masilia knows about it. And even she continues to hassle me about my decision to become a female net and trident gladiator.

"Why a gladiator, Julia?"

"Because!"

"Why because?"

"Just because! I want to do something no one else has done. I want to show everyone that we women can have a life beyond *lanam trahere*. And, I want to be different."

"So you're willing to risk your life just to be different? If I didn't know better, girl, I would say you're out of your mind. How did you train for all those months without your parents finding out? And what about Mutius? Hasn't your *pater* arranged for you to marry him? He's not going to want a scarred arena-bride—trained to kill!"

"Masilia, I'm not going to change my mind. Besides, my *pater* is so wrapped up in his own *negotia* that he doesn't even pay attention to how I spend my days. And the last I heard, Mutius was still stationed up in Aquileia."

"But, Julia, what if you are killed? Who will know to claim your body and give it a proper burial?"

"Alright, already. If you'll get off my case, I'll promise to tell my *mater* tomorrow morning, but I just know it's just gonna be a big hassle."

### Iovis Dies Matutina

"Wake up, Julia. It's Iovis Dies and it's late."

"Huh? Morning? Iovis Dies? Only one more day 'til the fight!"

"What was that about a fight?"

"Oh, nothing, *mater*."

"Julia, I'd better not hear that you're watching those *munera gladiatoria* again."

"Don't worry, *mater*. I'm not watching. I'm fighting in one!"

"WHAT?"

"You heard me. I've been training for months and tomorrow I'm going to fight as a *retiaria* in the arena, and there's nothing you can do about it!"

"Julia, you know if your *pater* finds this out, there's no telling what he'll do to you. He's a Proclius, you know."

"Oh, yah? Well I'm not afraid of *pater* any more."

"Julia, you've disappointed us before, but this time you're going too far! Why can't you just be a proper young lady and await your *sponsus*, Mutius? Why can't you just be content with your spinning and weaving like other young ladies? I've taught you how to read and write. Why can't you just enjoy the *libri* and *scrinia* we get for you from the *bibliotheca*?"

"*Mater*, when will you understand that I'm not like other young ladies. I'm ME, and I want to be a gladiator!"

"Why don't you just say you want to be a *nonaria* and break our hearts entirely?"

"I'm not immoral, *mater*, I just want to live my own life as I choose."

"If you choose to do this, you will be banned from the Proclius familia."

"*Mater*, you're killin' me with this Proclius stuff. You'll never understand me. I'm just doing what I want to do!"

"Proclius women don't do what we want. We do what the men under whose *manus* we live expect us to do. Why can't you just be a lady?"

"That's it, *Mater*. I'm outta here. You know what you can do with your proper Proclius ladies. And in case either of you are interested, you might want to come and get my body at *suprema* in case I'm not as good as I think I am."

### Iovis Dies Postmeridiana

Ever since the first time Masilia and I dressed down and managed to get *tesserae* to sit with the *liberti* and *servi*, I've been fascinated by gladiators. At first, it never even crossed my mind that there were no women competing in the arena. It seemed natural for it to be a man's contest. But the more *munera* we attended, the more I began to wonder why no gladiator was ever presented. When I mentioned this to Masilia, she just laughed and called me a *stulta*.

Frankly, I don't care if people think I'm a *stulta*. I've always felt as though I were different. I grew fast, and my athletic limbs draw the attention of passersby who love to

stare at me. The ruder ones point, call me an amazon and have a good laugh. We'll see who's laughing tomorrow.

I can't believe it was only a few months ago that I saw the sign that read *VENITE! ESTE GLADIATORES! MERETE PECUNIAM GLORIAMQUE!* Of course, when I walked into the *ludus*, the *lanista* sure did a doubletake. He didn't laugh, though. He sized me up and then tossed a *tridens* at me. My natural reflexes are great. I grabbed the *tridens*, reversed the *dentes* and assumed a defensive stance. He was impressed. The *lanista* was the first person who appreciated my talent. Mutius certainly doesn't. He's just wants an alliance with the Proclius *cognomen*.

My *lanista* is named Natus, and I'm afraid that I have fallen in love with him. We work together for hours, practicing with the *gladius*, the *flagellum*, the *rete* et *tridens*, the *pugio*. Natus wants me to be as versatile as possible. He did promise, however, that he would never fight me as an *andabata*—way beneath my dignity!

Because I have been so anxious to make my entrance into the arena, Natus agreed to schedule me to fight tomorrow. He said I would need to have an arena name and asked if I had any nicknames. When I told him that people sometimes called me an amazon, he laughed and said that was perfect. I shall now be known as Amazonia! The only thing I don't know is who my opponent will be tomorrow. I know it will be a *thrax*. No matter. I can take any of them!

### Veneris Dies Matutina

I am really fired up. I look great in my *tunica Amazonica*. I've checked my *rete* for rips or loose knots. Not a one. My trident feels comfortable in my hand.

"Amazonia, are you ready?"

"Natus, is that you behind that helmet?"

"In the flesh!"

"But what are you doing dressed as a *thrax*? I didn't know you ever competed yourself."

"I usually don't. But today I'm making an exception."

"What's so special about today?"

"Amazonia, listen to what I am about to tell you, and don't let it interfere with your resolve to win today. You have a very promising career ahead of you."

"It won't. Just tell me."

"Amazonia, I just learned that all matches this afternoon will be *sine missione* by order of the *Editor*."

"That's all right with me. I can handle any opponent."

"Amazonia, I shall be your opponent today."

"NO, Natus. Why? Don't you know I care deeply for you? Surely you've noticed during our time together that if I were not engaged to Mutius..."

"Of course, I've noticed, Amazonia. Don't you think that I care for you also? This is why I won't let anyone else fight you *sine missione* but me."

"But, Natus, you know we shall both have to fight to the death. Do you really want me to kill you?"

"If you can, you must. Don't hold back. If we appear cowardly during our match, we'll suffer disgraceful deaths."

"And how about you? Will you be trying to kill me?"

"Amazonia, it's what we have trained for. What better way for either of us to die than at the hands of someone we know cares for us. If I am given the *pollice verso* signal, I promise that you I will kill you as quickly and as painlessly as possible. Will you promise to do the same for me?"

### Veneris Dies Postmeridiana

"Natus, how could this have happened? I just want to die!"

"Julia, who could have guessed that your *pater* would have jumped down into the arena like that?"

"But did you have to kill him?"

"Julia, he had a sword, and he was running at me like a mad man. I'm trained to defend myself. What else could I do?"

"But he was my *pater*! I never knew he cared enough to do something so foolish."

"Julia, let's at least thank the gods that our bout was cancelled."

"I feel so guilty, like I've sinned against the gods."

"Does this mean you no longer want to be a gladiator?"

"No, it doesn't. It's just that I didn't think that my *pater* ever cared for me, and now it's my fault that he's dead."

(Continued in Pagina Decima)





#### Cara Matrona,

I am writing to you for advice because I am sure that as an educated woman yourself you will support my goals for our filia.

I am a *femina Aegyptia*. When I was growing up in Alexandria, my *pater* made sure that I received the same high quality education as my *fratres*. When I first met the *sponsus* that my *pater* had arranged for me to marry, he seemed to be favorably impressed with both my refined upbringing and my education. Once in *matrimonium ducta eram*, however, he began to put me down whenever I tried to add anything intelligent either to our personal conversations or to conversations we were having with *amici*. I have adjusted to living with his wishes because, as he says so very often, he wears the *toga* in our *domus* and he is the *paterfamilias*.

Now, however, our *filia* is old enough to study with a *litterator*, just as our *filix* has been doing for several years already. I know she will do very well because I have already taught her how to read and write, and she enjoys reading the *practica tabulae* that her *frater* brings home from *ludus*. My *maritus* won't even listen to my arguments whenever I try to get him to agree to send her to study with a *ludi magister*.

While he likes the fact that I am intelligent enough to appreciate his intelligence, talent and wit, he doesn't want his *filia* to become one of those women who have too much education for their own good. He wants me to teach our *filia* to be charming, which, in his mind, means that she'll know how to make her *maritus* feel superior when she is given in marriage to the *sponsus* that he has already picked out for her.

Matrona, is there any argument you can give me that will help me convince my *maritus* to let our *filia* study with a *ludi magister*?

*Aegyptia Erudita, Ostiae.*

#### Cara Aegyptia Erudita,

You are wise to yield to the wishes of your *maritus* in your personal relations with him. He is the *paterfamilias* and does have *manus et imperium* over all the members of his *familia*. To cross him might lead to divorce, and you would find yourself being sent back to Alexandria with no hope of ever seeing either of your *liberi* again. If you are truly *erudita*, you will be content to use your education for your own personal enjoyment and for the enhancement of your relationship with your *maritus*. You will also teach your *filia*, by your example, the importance of this way of acting.

Unfortunately, there are many women these days who are giving female education and talent a bad name by the way they embarrass themselves and their *mariti* in public. Some flaunt their knowledge of Greek and Latin literature at parties and try to show up all the male guests. While it is fine for a woman to know how to play the lyre and how to dance for the private delight of her *maritus*, it is considered *improba* for such a *femina erudita* to perform in the presence of other men.

As far as most *veri Romani* are concerned, *feminae eruditae* who want to show how superior they are ought to shorten their tunics to midcalf. They pretty much all believe that there should be some things that *feminae* don't understand, and they get very upset when their *uxores* correct every little thing they say.

My advice to you is not to go against the wishes of your *maritus* concerning the formal education of your *filia*. You can, however, continue to teach her in private and share your personal knowledge, skills and talents with her. Be sure, however, that she knows how to use these skills properly, that is, for her own personal satisfaction and for the support and flattery of her future *maritus*.

*Feminae* who are truly *eruditae* learn how to use their *intelligentia* to manipulate their *mariti* and enhance their marriages, not destroy them.

## BAGNAIA

(Continued on Pagina Prima)



BAGNAIOLA POSE ALONG THE VIA MALATESTA

In the sixteenth century it served as the fiefdom of the powerful *Lante della Rovere* family which was to give the community its most celebrated landmark, the *Villa Lante* (about which more...later).

Nestled on a spur of the thickly wooded Ciminian Hills, Bagnaiola, from four hundred and fifty meters above sea level, looks out over the surrounding plains. In keeping with the architectural character of most feudal towns, it consists of a castle surrounded by modest stone dwellings huddled tightly together along narrow flagstone streets, with the inevitable humble parish church and miniature village square, all snug and safe within massive fortifications. This is Bagnaiola di dentro (inner), so-called to distinguish it from Bagnaiola di fuori (outer), the modern quarter that lies beyond the walls.

A walk along *Via Malatesta*, the main street which makes a complete loop of the entire "inner" town, takes one past the time-scarred and weather-worn facades of twelve century-old houses, their window boxes bright and spilling over with flowers, their formidable arched doorways lending a certain historic grace, charm and authenticity to the overall effect of enchantment.

I so enjoy strolling here with Romualdo Miralli, a dear friend of more than thirty years. Like Cicero from little old Arpinum, "Aldo", as everyone calls him, is the hometown boy who made it big in Rome!

From this sleepy hilltown, Aldo went on to become an officer in the *Carabinieri*, Italy's crack military police force, and later a member of the *Vigilanza Vaticana*, responsible for the security of the Pope and the Holy See. In May of 1974, while on duty in St. Peter's Basilica, he disarmed a sledgehammer-wielding madman who was about to pound away at Michelangelo's *Pieta* and thereby saved the world's greatest work of sculpture.

For this act of valor he was given a citation by Pope Paul VI. Aldo's picture appeared on front pages of newspapers around the world, putting his beloved hometown prominently on the map. Toward the end of his Vatican career, he had the privilege of accompanying Pope John Paul II on trips abroad.

Aldo is now retired and, after an absence of four decades, once again a resident of Bagnaiola. As we walk, our chat is repeatedly interrupted by admiring townsmen who come up and shake his hand or call out greetings from the windows above us. He and his wonderfully personable wife, Cadia, a hometown girl, have produced three sons—Corrado, Dario and Claudio, all now members of the *Carabinieri*.

## IO AMBARVALIA!

If you missed commemorating *Cerealia* and *Floralia* during April, don't pass up your final chances to bring Roman culture to life during the wonderful month of May. If an exclusive evening gathering for *Bonae Dae Feriae* (evening of May 3-4) doesn't appeal to you, and if you don't have a bridge near your school from which straw effigies may be tossed on *Mixus Argeorum* (May 15), you should at least try to do something for *Ambarvalia* (May 29).

Face it, by then, no one wants to study. A little parade around the football field with student volunteers dressed as a cow, a pig and a bull, occasional shouts of "Io Ambarvalia!" a sickle plunge into the earth, some Latin utterances and libations, and a grand finale involving grape juice and cakes in the shapes of a cow, a pig and a bull and the students will end the year on a very positive note—looking forward to returning to the Latin classroom next year. (For full details, a copy of *Feriae Agamus! Let's Celebrate a Roman Festival!* may be obtained from Pompeiana by using the order form on its website: [www.Pompeiana.com](http://www.Pompeiana.com))

Years ago, Cadia introduced my wife Camille and me, and our three sons—Frank, Ronald, and John—to the warmth of Bagnaiola hospitality and to the tastiness of the local cuisine, with its emphasis on *lombriotti* (a type of pasta) and *porchetta* (roast pork). Aldo taught us to savor Bagnaiola's wine—both red and white—fragrant and sweet, yet not too sweet. And made in such quantities as to be as inexpensive as water.

Like all *Bagnaiolani*, my friend has a genuine love of the soil. He spends most of his days now cultivating a small patch of land he owns at the foot of Mount Cimino, producing his own supply of wine and olive oil. Bagnaiola still observes the old traditions. It honors its two patrons, Saint Rocco and Saint Saturninus with appropriate festivities and rituals on their respective feast days. But the greatest pageantry on the public calendar takes place on Good Friday with a momentous re-enactment of the Passion of Christ. More than four hundred of the town's citizens participate in this annual dramatization which dates to 1628.

In the opening scene, Roman soldiers in full military dress march from the Church of San Giovanni through *Piazza Venti-Settembre* (in the outer section), bearing standards crowned with the letters: S. P. Q. R. There follows the condemned Christ carrying his cross, escorted by multitudes of onlookers. The procession weaves solemnly through the crowded streets of the new quarter and on through the ancient gateway into the walled-in district, and back to the St. John Church whence it originated. There are eighteen stages to the drama, commencing with Jesus' agony in the Garden of Gethsemane and concluding with his lifeless body being placed in the sepulchre. The moving spectacle draws thousands of pilgrims from far and wide.

Bagnaiola's main drawing card, however, is the fabulous *Villa Lante*, a Renaissance pleasure park created by Giacomo da Vignola, one of the premier architects of the 1500's. The lush gardens with their bridges shaped into elaborate geometric patterns, with their soft green shrubs and plants, their myriad hues of flowers, their brilliant white balustrades, their moss-draped statues, and their ubiquitous roaring fountains constitute a scene of rare arcadian beauty. Here in an exuberant spectacle of water and color, Art walks hand-in-hand with Nature.

Banks of hydrangeas, marigolds, morning glories and lilacs pour down the hillside in terrace after terrace, their heady perfumes enough to stir the soul of even the most unpoetic visitor. Amid all this vegetation, a stream comes plummeting down only to soar a hundred feet into the air through an exotic fountain of gigantic river-gods and their consorts. Geysers and cascades are everywhere! The eye is dazzled, the ear delighted.

Ranking among the finest of European gardens, *Villa Lante* has attracted through the ages such notables as Montaigne, Popes Clement VIII and Pius VII, King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy, King Gustaf Adolf VI of Sweden, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, and, recently, Prince Charles of England. None went away disappointed.

Indeed, no one who comes here ever leaves feeling let down. Romantic by twilight, dreamlike at dawn, little Bagnaiola draws itself into your heart. All the grandeur of Rome, all the masterpieces of Florence, all the wonders of Venice are somehow eclipsed by the simple, yet intense, enchantment of...Bagnaiola.



GEOMETRIC GARDENS IN THE VILLA LANTE





# I HATE GRAMMAR

By Magister Optimus, Ft. Wayne, Indiana

*Salvete, discipuli!*

What you have learned so far about verbs is called the **indicative mood**, from the Latin verb *indico* meaning "to give evidence" or "to demonstrate" (think of the English verb, "to indicate" also). These forms express ideas that are fact or definite. You have also seen the **imperative** or "command" mood (think of the *imperator* to remember this one). There is one more important mood, and that is the **subjunctive**, from the Latin word meaning "to join together."

The subjunctive expresses anything that is unsure; for example, it can express doubt, wants, desires, hopes, possibilities, advice, suggestions, etc. as in the following English sentences:

I wish I had known Julius Caesar.

They may come to Rome next week.

If I were you, I wouldn't drive a chariot so recklessly.

Now, you know how *Lingua Anglica* is full of painful rules that you have to struggle with? Sometimes you just want to go wild and write some things incorrectly to relieve the tension and have fun? Well, to form the subjunctive, that is almost what you do!

You know how you've learned to form the 1<sup>st</sup> conjugation with the vowel -a, the second with a long -e, the third with a short -e (and don't forget the -io verbs!), and the fourth with an -i? With the subjunctive, you are going to flip this. That's right, the 1<sup>st</sup> conjugation is going to use an -e, and the rest will use -a! *Nimne incredibile est?* But it's true, and this is also how you can recognize the subjunctive when you're translating Latin—the vowel will seem wrong.

Look at these sample conjugations, *immet*:

## Present Active Subjunctive

Portem	Doccam	Ponam	Capiam	Muniam
Portes	Doccas	Ponas	Capias	Munias
Portet	Doccat	Ponat	Capiat	Muniat
Portemus	Doccamus	Ponamus	Capiamus	Muniamus
Portetis	Doccatis	Ponatis	Capiatis	Muniatis
Portent	Doccant	Ponant	Capiant	Muniant

## Present Passive Subjunctive

Porter	Doccar	Ponar	Capiar	Muniar
Porteris	Doccaris	Ponar	Capiaris	Muniaris
Portetur	Doccetur	Ponatur	Capiatur	Muniat
Portemur	Doccamur	Ponamur	Capiamur	Muniamur
Portemini	Doccamini	Ponamini	Capiamini	Muniamini
Portentur	Doccantur	Ponantur	Capiantur	Muniantur

founders, the Romans considered love and war to be traits intrinsic to their character.

Mercury was Mr. Mischievous. He was a very slippery character who could be relied upon to deliver messages of the gods, lead the souls of the recently dead to the Underworld, help Roman businessmen have great financial success and help cheaters achieve their most secret ambitions.

One of the most important Olympia gods was the son of Jupiter and Leto who was destined to be considered by early Christians as a precursor of the imagery of Christ. Apollo was the god of the sun. The birthday of Sol Invictus (the Unconquered Sun) was celebrated during the Winter Solstice (ca. December 25), and it was this celebration that was transformed from the Birthday of the "Sun" to the Birthday of the "Son"—of God. Early Christian mosaics even portrayed Christ as riding in the sun chariot with Apollo's sun-rays emanating from his head. Apollo, the sun god, was the twin brother of Diana,

The imperfect tense is formed by taking the regular active infinitive and adding the active or passive personal endings:

## Imperfect Active Subjunctive

Portarem	Doccerem	Ponerem	Munirem
Portares	Docceres	Poneres	Munires
Portaret	Docceret	Poneret	Muniret
Portaremus	Docceremus	Poneremus	Muniremus
Portaretis	Docceretis	Poneretis	Muniretis
Portarent	Doccerent	Ponerent	Munirent

## Imperfect Passive Subjunctive

Portarer	Docerer	Ponerer	Munirer
Portareris	Docereris	Ponereris	Munireris
Portaretur	Doceretur	Poneretur	Muniretur
Portaremur	Doceremur	Poneremur	Muniremur
Portaremini	Doceremini	Poneremini	Muniremini
Portarentur	Docerentur	Ponerentur	Munirentur

Now, *discipuli*, the pluperfect active tense is formed in the same manner as the imperfect forms. Take the pluperfect active infinitive (the one that ends in -isse) and add the subjunctive active endings. *Exempli gratia*:

## Pluperfect Active Subjunctive

Portavissem	Portavissetis
Portavisses	Portavissetis
Portavisset	Portavissetis

The perfect passive subjunctive and the pluperfect passive subjunctive are formed by using the 4<sup>th</sup> principle part of the verb and the present or imperfect subjunctive forms of *sum, esse, like* this:

## Perfect Passive Subjunctive

Portatus, -a, -um sim	Portati, -ae, -a simus
Portatus, -a, -um sis	Portati, -ae, -a sitis
Portatus, -a, -um sit	Portati, -ae, -a sint

## Pluperfect Passive Subjunctive

Portatus, -a, -um essem	Portati, -ae, -a essemus
Portatus, -a, -um esses	Portati, -ae, -a essetis
Portatus, -a, -um esset	Portati, -ae, -a essent

Finally, the perfect active subjunctive is the only one that may require some memorization, but note the similarity between this mood and the future perfect indicative:

## Perfect Active Subjunctive

Portaverim	Docuerim	Poverim	Ceperim	Muniverim
Portaveris	Docueris	Poveris	Ceperis	Muniveris
Portaverit	Docuerit	Poverit	Ceperit	Muniverit
Portaverimus	Docuerimus	Poverimus	Ceperimus	Muniverimus
Portaveritis	Docueritis	Poveritis	Ceperitis	Muniveritis
Portaverint	Docuerint	Poverint	Ceperint	Muniverint

Haven't I forgotten a couple of tenses? Oh *discipuli*, you are so good at Latin now! The answer, however, is "Minime." There is no Future or Future Perfect tense in the subjunctive.

*Et nunc, valete.*

## Roman Pantheon

(Continued a Pagina Prima)



INTERIOR OF THE  
PANTHEON  
IN ROME. THE ONLY BUILDING TO  
SURVIVE FROM THE TIME  
OF THE ROMANS.  
WITH ITS  
ORIGINAL DOMED ROOF.

the goddess of the moon. He was truly a renaissance god, if there ever was one. If it was worthwhile, Apollo had something to do with it: prophecy, medicine, music, poetry, athletics (he was considered to be the first winner in the Olympic games), military arts (especially archery), law, philosophy and all the arts inspired by his handmaidens, the nine Muses.

All oracles owed their prophetic powers to the god Apollo, including Cassandra who was doomed never to be believed even though she unfailingly predicted the future. This because she dared to reject the amorous advances of her divine benefactor.

Since the Romans were definitely polytheistic, they were open to the idea that there could be a god whom they had overlooked, but whom they should try to honor just to be sure all their bases were covered. Thus the Romans built the Pantheon in Rome which they dedicated to all deities, including those they may have failed to recognize.



## Libum Ex Cateo Cato's Cheese Bread

By Amy Abramo and Ashley Welter,  
Latin II students of Donna Wright  
Lawrence North H.S., Indianapolis, Indiana.

We liked this recipe because it only called for four ingredients, all of which were easily found in the kitchen. We pretty much followed the recipe, except that instead of cooking the loaves for an hour and a half, as the recipe suggests, we found that our loaves were ready to come out of the oven after only 45 minutes.

After the breads were coated with honey, they tasted pretty good—certainly different from anything we had ever eaten. Making this Roman recipe was not only a learning experience, it was also fun!

## Recommendaes

- 1 cup feta cheese, drained, crumbled and packed into the measuring cup.
- 1/2 cup unbleached, all-purpose flour
- 1 egg, beaten
- 6 bay leaves
- 2 tablespoons honey



## Modus Preparandi

- Put the cheese into a medium-sized mixing bowl. Mash well with the fingers until it becomes a smooth, lumpless paste. Add the flour and mix well with the fingers. Add the beaten egg and mix well. The dough will be rather sticky.
- Divide the dough into two equal parts, then form two round, flat 1/2-inch thick loaves. Lay each on three bay leaves set on a greased baking sheet, and bake in a preheated 400° oven for 1 to 1 1/2 hours, or until cooked through.
- Remove the loaves from the oven, spread the tops with honey, and let cool. Remove the bay leaves before serving.

## The Game of Life

By Philip Serafini, Latin III Regents student of  
Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S.,  
Orchard Park, New York

Vitam  
felix, tristis  
amat, praecipit, possit.  
Hanc amo  
vitam.

Ludi.  
Sanguine, morte  
pugnant, necant, vincunt  
se defendentes.  
Ludi.





By Zoe Tones and Marcella Cooper,  
Latin II students of Cheravon Davidson,  
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Translate each Latinized theme song title into English, then match it with the movie or T.V. show in which it is featured.

- I. AMICI
  - II. ADULESCENTULI TESTUDINES QUI  
SUNT PERCUSSORES IAPONIENSES
  - III. BARNEUS
  - IV. ARCUS PLUVIUS AD LEGENDUM
  - V. ANIMALIA FURIOSA
  - VI. RIVULUS DAUSONIENSIS
  - VII. CAELUM SEPTIMUM
  - VIII. TARZANUS
  - IX. LEGATIO IMPOSSIBILIS II
  - X. POCOHANTAS
  - XI. NAVIS TITANIA
  - XII. VIR ARCANUS
- A. Eris in Corde Meo \_\_\_\_\_
- B. Ventri Colores \_\_\_\_\_
- C. Te Amo, Amas Me \_\_\_\_\_
- D. Quoquam Adire Possum \_\_\_\_\_
- E. Testudines in Concha Dimidiata \_\_\_\_\_
- F. Quando Video Eorum Subreptas Facies Ad Me Retro  
Surridentes \_\_\_\_\_
- G. Evanescio \_\_\_\_\_
- H. Cor Meum Pergit \_\_\_\_\_
- I. Non Desidero Expectare Vitas Nostras Finitas \_\_\_\_\_
- J. Ibi Tibi Ero \_\_\_\_\_
- K. Heus, Nunc Ex Optimis Electus Es \_\_\_\_\_
- L. Sumus Animalia Furiosa, Belli et Garruli Boves  
Grunientes \_\_\_\_\_



## Quid Est? Ubi Habitat?

124.

By Jasua Jones and Bruce Clingan,  
Latin III students of Jennifer Siebel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

Unscramble each Latin name, give its English meaning, and then match the Latin word for the habitat in which it would most likely be found.

HABITAT	LATIN	ENGLISH
1. _____	elest	_____
2. _____	uplsu	_____
3. _____	arsu	_____
4. _____	telpanheus	_____
5. _____	acacv	_____
6. _____	corpsu	_____
7. _____	sanic	_____
8. _____	misai	_____
9. _____	sana	_____
10. _____	lesupv	_____
11. _____	cinsulcuu	_____
12. _____	reepa	_____
13. _____	qusue	_____
14. _____	scoovr	_____
15. _____	smu	_____
16. _____	suvrce	_____
17. _____	strussic	_____
18. _____	sumhotppiao	_____
19. _____	scualem	_____
20. _____	ubob	_____
21. _____	obfu	_____
22. _____	siap	_____
23. _____	afcomir	_____
24. _____	ocbra	_____
25. _____	ssneper	_____
26. _____	ole	_____

- A. Aer E. Cavea I. Mons M. Suile  
B. Alveus F. Cavum J. Pastus N. Horreum  
C. Aqua G. Deserta K. Silva  
D. Arbor H. Gramen L. Vestibulum

## IN SEARCH OF HISTORICAL ANSWERS

By Heather MacDonald, Latin III student  
of Beth Lloyd, Wayne Valley H.S., Wayne, New Jersey

Write each answer as indicated by the letter-blanks provided. Then, in the word search, find and circle each answer.

1. English word for Rome's upper class citizens: \_\_\_\_\_
2. War that caused Sicily to become a Roman province: \_\_\_\_\_
3. Won the Battle of Zama: \_\_\_\_\_
4. Carthaginian leader defeated in the 2nd Punic War: \_\_\_\_\_
5. Carthaginian leader's beheaded brother: \_\_\_\_\_
6. Method of suicide used by the defeated Carthaginian leader: \_\_\_\_\_
7. This foreign leader allied himself with the Carthaginian leader after the Battle of Cannae: \_\_\_\_\_
8. Gave Rome its first solar calendar: \_\_\_\_\_
9. Cognomen of the two brothers who were elected Tribunes of the People, one in 128 B.C. and one in 123 B.C.: \_\_\_\_\_
10. Crassus, Caesar and \_\_\_\_\_
11. Term for the first man in a family to be elected consul: \_\_\_\_\_
12. Exiled for executing Roman citizens without trial: \_\_\_\_\_
13. Antony, Octavian and \_\_\_\_\_
14. Defeated Antony and Cleopatra at Actium: \_\_\_\_\_

PHZFOYFMICGYQHOSLSTPMRZ  
YASMYRQCANCVRACSKUEGWA  
EXTJXENIFBARDTKAHIEFSL  
ZJIRBFCEWVWZWARTEGSEX  
RSCVILVICAHAGSYDZCULYAK  
WPXACVUICPCTSIUOAIOHCL  
OIPNRGINJOSKGOALARFLPSO  
SGBMAUAIGJUSMNTOGGARUC  
FVGGMPFSNVJVIDXTHOYIIA  
PVXWTBOHESWHPYKFKMNI  
WUBSMNSRDPDNHSLVSNGEZUR  
YKRKBOMOHSSUVONZUSHORWJZ  
JIXUQFLZZTUDSPDETSXFCSE  
FZRKIQZBHXLLULVXEPSAJPUQ  
SUNACIRFAOIPICSLLOYUJIM  
HASDRUBALDBVUUJNJZLCVAS  
AINODECAMFOPILIHPTHARGW  
LABINNAYEPMOPSEANGIAV  
SUDIPELSUULIMEASUCRAMJM  
PISSUFTYZMQPZENIXQOHESG  
HMXGEHKQPHMCCPJGACAJUHP



## Talking About Greek Mythology

126.

By Dariush Snyder, Latin I student  
of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

1. This immortal is an enchantress encountered by Odysseus in Book X of *The Odyssey*. She amuses herself by turning the reconnaissance messengers sent by the tactical Odysseus into pigs.
2. Both sister and wife of Zeus, this Immortal is the goddess of marriage and the protector of women.
3. This Immortal, Zeus' sister, is the third virgin goddess. Her sole task on Olympus is the keep the fire burning brightly in the palace hearth.
4. This brother of Zeus wields enormous power and lives in a palace beneath the ocean.
5. This Immortal is the keeper of the winds.
6. Twin sister of Apollo and goddess of the hunt and unmarried women, this Immortal has vowed to remain chaste.
7. This kingly brother of Zeus rarely leaves his silent, gray palace underground to visit the brightness of Mount Olympus.
8. These three sisters, children of Zeus and Themis, control everyone's destiny.
9. This son of Rhea and Cronos reigns supreme on Mt. Olympus with his sister as his queen.
10. This tough-guy son of Zeus and Hera, loves dogs and vultures and loves to fight, although he quickly loses his courage if he himself is wounded.
11. This sister of Zeus kept the crops growing for mankind so long as she could be with her daughter who had been tricked into living with her husband for six months each year.
12. This son of Zeus and Hera was very crafty and handy with an anvil. He even created golden robots that looked exactly like women.
13. This Immortal loved to be loved. Born from the foam of the sea, she was seldom faithful to her husband and had a young man who helped her control the loves of others.
14. This Immortal is the son of Zeus and Maia. A mischievous, caduceus-wielding trickster, he was honored by thieves, travelers and merchants.
15. Some say this Immortal was born from an egg that floated through Chaos, others that he was the son of the wife of Hephaestus.
16. This Immortal was forced to kill his son Phaethon after he had been tricked into letting him drive his chariot.
17. This flower-picking daughter of Zeus can only spend a portion of each year with her mother.
18. This Immortal, along with his brother whose name means "Afterthought," as a Titan whose aid enabled Zeus to win his battle against Cronos and the other Titans.



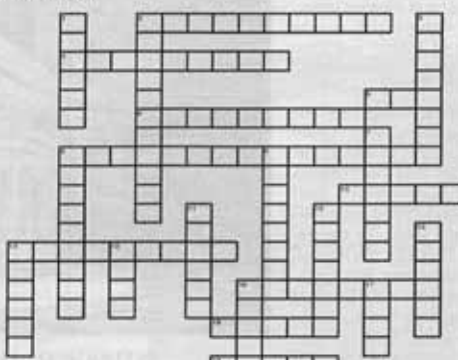
## May Flowers

127.

By Megan Thomas and Tiffany Best,  
Latin III/IV students of Diani Meade,  
Notre Dame Academy, Park Hills, Kentucky

Use the clues to write the English names of flowers or floral facts.

- ACROSS**
2. Friend Apollo accidentally killed with a discus
  4. *Dianthus caryophyllus*
  5. *Hedera*
  6. *Helianthus*
  8. *Oculi Atri Susanna*
  10. Goddess of flowers and springtime
  14. Beloved by Echo
  16. April/May festival dedicated to Flora
  18. *Rosae*
  19. *Bellis*
- DOWN**
1. *Orchis*
  2. *Clymenus*
  3. Flora's husband, the west wind
  7. *Corona*
  8. *Ranunculus tuberosus*
  9. *Asphodelus*
  11. Wreath awarded for athletic victories
  12. The Greek counterpart of the goddess Flora



13. *Floris partes tinctae*
14. Drink of the gods
15. Goddess of rainbows
16. Goddess of flowers and springtime
17. *Lilium*



# Groot Gooie?

128.

Match each English description of a sport with a numbered sport clue. Then, in the word search, circle the Latin translation of the description of the sport.

1. This sport involving a ball and two nets is played by teams on a field.
2. Americans LOVE to play this sport.
3. This sport uses ice, skates and goals.
4. This sport involves hills, poles and lifts.
5. Numerous movies and pay-per-view events have featured this sport.

- A. Fighting surrounded by ropes
- B. Playing on ice with sticks and a black disk
- C. Striking a ball with the feet
- D. Gliding down snowy hills
- E. Playing with rackets and a fuzzy ball

Based on a game submitted by Catulina Hall and Caia Ellis, Latin II students of Cheravon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

ACEEEQBRCLMRPUGILAREFUNIBUSSAAPTUM  
OICHRDRLUQFIOKVLNWDSDVXHFBHEYXSJP  
ZNMREBEYEPBTBSQYBQCVHMTESOUHYNWKA  
JQRAKODDDUCJGWGCJEKIRRDACGALBYS  
HFOAADZFUQHZIDOTZPPVFTVVKHGWKAXPO  
QAXFBXRPLJIKBZYFBHKYBGTXYQTCARYNT  
KYOFIDORBSAFRABCILMGEZUHBOCTTRIRFS  
CACBDBOWATVTSPOEYHTCDUBUIOBNEORJGB  
JNEERZQAZPRUQHODQXURJLEFUGHDWDH  
DTYICSLWTZEMSHSVHBEOWZXOVVMKVYSYJ  
SHCUOUZWEFTKUYRILBPVHPUPMZDZORDCWZ  
OUTELEAPILAMPEDIBUSPULSARELPVSBRYV  
BREVLCNRRHFKBGLMXXUBMCTOBKSSQIWKST  
JFSPIGRSSTBLTKPQQAQTFQKISIRITJGUPO  
ESLTBZAGFDUUVIQXXMLYHHEMQBYALOVFEY  
FAXAUUWJCOFKEZPKBNIEPTDLJFWZWZUPY  
HAWFSHBUDHANVAZCHHEPQWABOWKFTYDPSL  
CKJLNPMMQMTQZYTQXSMATYELNPOIPEGDX  
AVVWJXJYOKXNNJRTLZYQNWCKKFNSTNQFJ  
LVVWVTPHQJWILNKKYZKBCSSPENWELCEDR  
LVHXENJODDYJYDJTHRGUTRGIBIKQZLPVE  
BPKSIXUMAQJGILNRGCEFTALULOWKUPDAB  
PFRCSBSPXBEYDFFSEFZFRHKVVAUTAKBHFZ  
EREDULEICALONIORTAOCSDTESICITREFZ  
ZVZGNGCGLRYVUHDSSWYPHIROJOYIDRKKQ  
XOHVONSBOCXPTLXCFADANQOCWZNTIOCO  
D1VJTPWHZKRPWJCFQGYZINHYCASMPKIC  
E81BJPAISOZZBKMJMCPIQSHYAMJFQAIRBI



Submitted by the Latin III classes of  
Sergios Lazos, Hawken School,  
Gates Mills, Ohio

133.

I. IUS EX ANATE

II. CADUCUS

III. VITA MINUS USITATA

IV. FORI CONECTI MURES MAIORES

V. PROFESSOR VECORS

VI. OMNINO METALLICA TUNICA MANULEATA

VII. SPINAE FISTULA

VIII. CUCURBITAE

IX. QUIT CUNICULUM ROGERUM FALSO  
INSIMULAVIT

X. CAPITA CONI FIGURA

## FOR MUST HAVES for Summer Vacation

By Julia Hoffmann, Latin II student  
of Cheravon Davidson,  
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

129.

Match an English meaning with each unscrambled Latin word.

1. COSIU
2. LSO
3. IACIM
4. SBUIC
5. RMAO
6. APNCSI
7. SUANOEC
8. TSILU
9. SSUMNO
10. ELECBTIAOR

- A. friends
- B. ocean
- C. party
- D. food
- E. sleep
- F. beach
- G. sun
- H. fun
- I. pool
- J. love



## Must See T.V.

By Luigi Cendana and Jose Lapid,  
Latin I students of Brother Larry Shine,  
Hudson Catholic H.S., Jersey City, New Jersey

130.

- AMICI
- FASCINATI
- ANGELUS TENEBROSUS
- MUNDUS VERUS
- CAELUM SEPTIMUM
- VESTIBUS EXUTI
- AUTOMATA MACHINOSISSIMA  
PROELIARIA
- REGULUS RECENS
- DUO EUSEDEM MODI
- SAGACITAS VULGARIS

## A LITTLE ENGLISH & A LOT OF LATIN

131.

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

Use the numerical clues to help decipher the abbreviations.

1. Unus B. per Y.
2. Duo H. on O.
3. Tres G.L. who shared unum T. and unum E.
4. Quattuor W. during a R.N.
5. Quinque G.E. starting with N.
6. Sex D. of F.
7. Septem L. in a C.R.
8. Octo N. in an O.
9. Novem D. in a R.W.
10. Decem M. in the original R.Y.
11. Duodecim B. in the A.
12. Quattuordecim D. of L.R.
13. Viginti D. in the G.P.
14. Viginti quattuor B. in the I.
15. Viginti quinque M. in a M.I.
16. Undetriginta D. in F. during L.Y.
17. Triginta Y. of S. for a V.V.
18. Ducenti quadraginta quattuor Y. of the R.M.
19. Quadringenti octoginta duo Y. of the R.R.
20. Mille P. in a R.M.

## Summer Shopping Spree

By Danielle Detrich, Latin III student of  
Angela Letizia, Hollidaysburg, Sr. H.S.,  
Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

132.

Translate these store names back into English.

1. Aquila Americana
2. Balneo Corporique Negotium
3. Fibula
4. Cibi Leo
5. Apertura
6. Amplus Et Altus
7. Murus
8. Aquila Gigas
9. Classis Antiqua
10. Loculamentum A Pede



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## Popu Jar Musica of the Mi/enium

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

134.

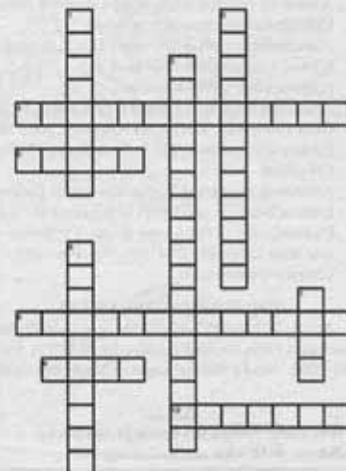
Use the Latin clues to enter the English names of popular musicals.

ACROSS

4. Unus vir cum duabus indolibus
5. Orba crinis rubri
8. Qui miserabiles sunt
9. Feles
10. Panniculatorum tempus

DOWN

1. Leo regius
2. Septem liberi qui cantare amant
3. Fabulae musicae lemur
6. Innupta quaedam femina qui in quadam urbe orientali vivit
7. Haec conductori quoque mense danda est





## Retiaria

(Continued a Pagina Quinta)

"So what do you want to do?"  
 "I want to fight again. After all, I AM the daughter of Julius Proculus, and I want to live up to my family name."  
 "O.K., but I promise you won't be fighting any *sine missione* matches until you've have a few victories. What will you do? What about your *sponsus*, Mitius?"  
 "As far as I'm concerned that *sponsalia* is null and void now that my *pater* is dead. Can I live here at the *ludus*?"  
 "Of course you can."  
 "Natus. I think I love you, but I'm very confused. I hate that you killed my *pater*. I need some time."  
 "Take all the time you need, Julia. You've got your whole life ahead of you, and you can do and be whatever you want. You can be a great *gladiatrix*—I'll guarantee you that. And, if you want, you can even be my *uxor* someday."  
 "O di immortales! I don't know what I want to do... I JUST DON'T KNOW!"

## Summer Thoughts

By Laura Palmo, Latin III student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York

Sol	Amici
clarus, virilis	benigni, iocosi
oculor, adurir, lucet.	amant, ridet, loquuntur.
Est calidus.	Sunt magni.
Sol	Amici

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## AT THE GATE

(Continued a Pagina Quarta)

"Could this have been some sort of a massive prison?" I wondered aloud. Armed guards could have occupied each tower, guarded the gate and manned each parapet. Surely no one could have escaped once he had been confined here. I could only guess at the tortures prisoners must have suffered.  
 "What kind of people are kept locked in such a prison as this?" I wondered. "Could this be where they confined all those who were unfit to live in Pag-asa? But if this were a prison, why is it empty now? Could all the inmates have gained their freedom after their guards were destroyed?"  
 I realized that if this, indeed, were the place where Pag-asa rejects had been confined, I no longer wanted to be here. Panic gripped me as I scrambled to get down from the wall and find my way back to the gate. But as I began to run back through the streets, I found myself hopelessly entangled in a labyrinth. Every turn led to an unfamiliar corner.

"I'm not a Pag-asa reject! I can't be trapped here forever!"  
 When a hand grabbed my shoulder, I screamed.  
 "Lea, wake up, or Heinrich Schliemann will give us a hard time again!"

It was John, a fellow student-excavator. He motioned to a figure slowly approaching along the wall. Heinrich Schliemann? Oh, yes, that was our pet name for Professor Nangwaya.

"Troy's fortifications were much like the Egyptian pyramids," Professor Nangwaya commented to the other student workers as he walked along. "They were a never-ending project."

"Are you awake?" John asked impatiently.  
 "Sure," I responded sleepily. I reluctantly sat up, and leaned back against the base of the Scaean Gate. I fidgeted with my jade necklace, as was my habit, and resumed the tedious scraping and brushing at the base of the gate that had lulled me to sleep in the first place.

## What Is It?

(Continued a Pagina Tertia)

an ancient alloy. When the hollow and comparatively light-weight bronze original was copied in marble, this protrusion, which is probably supposed to represent the stump of one of the trees that used to grow on earth, was added to support the heavier weight of that portion of the statue.

Host: Well, Sean, while I'm sorry to say that you've told us a lot more than we wanted to know, I know you'll be happy that, yes, Sean, you are absolutely right! Our researchers have confirmed that today's object is definitely a marble statue recovered from the planet earth, and that it does represent the centaur known as Chiron to the ancient Greek earth-culture. So tell us Sean, where do you think you will go with the roundtrip ticket you have won?

Third Caller: That's a no-brainer, Brian. I'm gonna revisit earth and see if I can find the remains of Disney World!

Host: Fantastic, Sean. Well, folks, that's all the time we have for today. Join us again next week for your chance to answer the question, **What Is It?**

## A.K.A.

By Arminah Terzyan,  
 Latin I student  
 of Judith Granese,  
 Valley H.S.,  
 Las Vegas, Nevada

She is Queen of the Gods, the sister of the king of the gods, Jupiter, and his wife. When she and Jupiter were married in the spring, the golden apple-tree of the Hesperides sprang up to commemorate the event.

Women pray to her as *Juno Pronuba* when they want her to protect their marriages. They pray to her as *Juno Lucina* when they need her help during childbirth. As *Juno Regina* she is asked to counsel and protect the State.

Every year, on the kalends of March, women celebrated *Matronalia* in her honor. Because she served as the Protectress of Marriages, the month of June, which was named in her honor, was considered the most favorable month in which to marry. The peacock, cow, cuckoo bird (the form Jupiter assumed the first time he wooed her) and the lion were all considered sacred to her, as was the pomegranate.

To the Greeks, the Queen of the Gods was known as Hera, sometimes spelled "Here." Her handmaidens are the goddesses of the seasons, known as the Horae, and Iris, the goddess of the rainbow. Hera was considered to be the most majestic of all the goddesses, with an exalted but severe beauty. She kept her head covered with a veil, and wore a crown decorated with the images of the Graces and the Seasons. In her right hand she held a scepter and, in her left, the pomegranate, symbol of wedded love and fruitfulness.

## How Well Did You Read?

135.

1. What did the Salutatorian want the audience to do after he mentioned President Bowen?
2. What did the pomegranate symbolize?
3. During what Roman festival was a sickle plunged into the earth?
4. How many Latin versions of children's stories does Pompeiana claim to have in its library beside those already published in its NEWSLETTER?
5. How did the Second Caller identify the object featured on **What Is It?**
6. When was it considered proper for a married Roman woman to play the lyre and dance?
7. Which two retirement benefits will Marius Lepus Ballius III not be receiving?
8. What did Julia's father do when he saw her about to fight in the arena?
9. Besides using milk to write secret messages, what else does Ovid say can be used?
10. According to Ovid, who was the "goddess of a thousand works"?

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Those readers who may be seeking teaching positions for the 2001-2002 school year will want to look into the following openings:

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2. A teaching position at Stevenson H.S., Lincolnshire, Illinois. Contact Pamela Goland: [pgoland@district125.k12.il.us](mailto:pgoland@district125.k12.il.us)
3. A teaching position at Findlay City Schools, Findlay, Ohio. Contact Dr. MaryAnne Ashworth, Asst. Supt., Findlay City Schools, 227 S. West Street, Findlay, OH 45840
4. A teaching position at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana. Send c.v. and letters of reference to Prof. K. Dickson, Dept. of For. Langs. & Lits., Purdue University, West Lafayette, IN 47907. 764/496-3253. [kdickson@purdue.edu](mailto:kdickson@purdue.edu)

## Huc Magistrae Opus Est Ux

Angela Wilton, currently teaching in New Zealand, is seeking a Latin teaching position in the U.S.A. for 2001-2002. Send e-mail to: [angelawilton@xtra.co.nz](mailto:angelawilton@xtra.co.nz)

## A.C.L.L.

For a larger list of job openings and teacher candidates, visit: [www.aclclassics.org](http://www.aclclassics.org)

## Stude Scriptoribus Latinis Graecisque

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For general e-mail communication about the courses, contact Chris Paraone: [cf12@midway.uchicago.edu](mailto:cf12@midway.uchicago.edu)

For general information about the summer session, housing, registration, visit: [http://grahamsschool.uchicago.edu/summer/index.cfm?programid=131&program\\_link=collegegrad](http://grahamsschool.uchicago.edu/summer/index.cfm?programid=131&program_link=collegegrad)

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MAY 2001 DAN MARGOLIS



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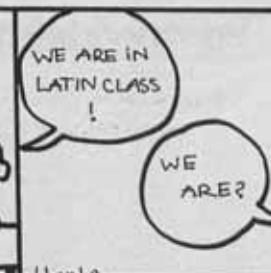
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PROPOSITA  
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ET  
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#1 TIP ON FLATTERING  
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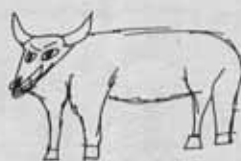


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ROMA(EST) DEMENS  
PRESENTS FORMAY 2001:

The difference between  
Roman times  
AND  
Today

100 B.C.  
the definition of "taurus"



2001 A.D.  
the definition of "taurus"



WetHushman 5/01



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4. Summaries or reviews of articles published elsewhere, complete with references to original author, title of publication, date and page numbers.
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123.

### Carmina Optima

- I. I'll Be There For You
- II. E. Turtles in a Half Shell
- III. C. I Love You, You Love Me
- IV. D. I Can Go Anywhere
- V. L. We Are Animagians. We Are Cute and Yaccho Yaks
- VI. I. I Don't Want to Wait for Our Lives to be Over
- VII. F. When I See Their Smiling Faces Smiling Back at Me
- VIII. A. You Will be in My Heart
- IX. G. I Disappear
- X. B. Colors of the Wind
- XI. H. My Heart Goes On
- XII. K. Hey, Now You're an All Star

124.

### Quid Est et Ubi Habitat?

1. N. felis, cat
2. E. pullus, chicken
3. K. ursus, bear
4. H. elephas, elephant
5. J. vacca, cow
6. M. porcus, pig
7. L. canis, dog
8. D. simia, monkey
9. C. anas, duck
10. K. vulpes, fox
11. F. cuniculus, rabbit
12. I. caper, goat
13. J. equus, horse
14. A. corvus, raven
15. F. mus, mouse
16. K. cervus, deer
17. D. sciurus, squirrel
18. C. hippopotamus, hippo
19. G. camelus, camel
20. D. bubo, owl
21. C. bufo, frog
22. B. apis, bee
23. F. formica, ant
24. B. crabo, hermit
25. H. serpens, snake
26. H. leo, lion

126.

### Talking About Greek Mythology

1. Cluce
2. Hera
3. Hestia
4. Poseidon
5. Aiolus
6. Artemis
7. Hades
8. The Moirai
9. Zeus
10. Ares
11. Demeter
12. Hephaestus
13. Aphrodite
14. Hermes
15. Eros
16. Helios/Apollo
17. Persephone
18. Prometheus

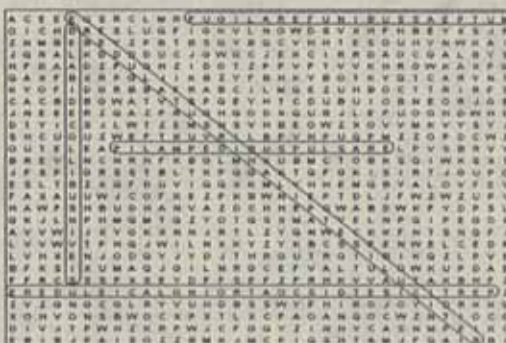
129.

### Top Ten "Must Haves"

1. H. locus
2. G. sol
3. A. amici
4. D. cibis
5. J. amor
6. I. piscina
7. B. oceanus
8. F. litus
9. E. somnus
10. C. celebratio

### Got Game?

1. C: Pila pedibus pulsare
2. E: Reticulus et pila hirsuta ludere
3. B: Ptericis et disco atro in glacie ludere
4. D: Delati de colibus niveis
5. A: Pugilare funibus saeptum



130.

### Spectacula Televisifica

- I. Friends
- II. Charmed
- III. Dark Angel
- IV. Real World
- V. Seventh Heaven
- VI. Undressed
- VII. Battlebots
- VIII. Fresh Prince
- IX. Two of a Kind
- X. Street Smarts

132.

### Summer Shopping Spree

1. American Eagle
2. Bath and Body Works
3. Buckle
4. Food Lion
5. The Gap
6. Big And Tall
7. The Wall
8. Giant Eagle
9. Old Navy
10. Foot Locker

133.

### Picturae Moventes

- I. Duck Soup
- II. Fallen
- III. A Life Less Ordinary
- IV. Mall Rats
- V. The Nutty Professor
- VI. Full Metal Jacket
- VII. Spinal Tap
- VIII. Airheads
- IX. Who Framed Roger Rabbit
- X. Cone-Heads

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125.

1. Patricians
2. First Panic War
3. Scipio Africanus
4. Hannibal
5. Hasdrubal
6. Poison
7. Philip of Macedonia
8. Gaius Julius Caesar
9. Gracchus
10. Gnaeus Pompey
11. Novus Homo
12. Marcus Tullius Cicero
13. Marcus Aemilius Lepidus
14. Octavian



134.



135.

### How Well Did You Read?

1. Shout and yell
2. Wedded love and fruitfulness
3. Ambivalence
4. 34
5. The Second Caller did not say anything.
6. Only privately, in the presence of her husband
7. Diploma and retirement pay
8. He jumped into the arena to defend her with a sword.
9. A wet flax stalk
10. Minerva

### Salutatio

Delivered at the Academic Assembly in Princeton, New Jersey, June 8, 1982, the 236<sup>th</sup> Academic Year.

It is my most pleasant duty to greet all of you in Latin who are gathered on this charming campus today. I see that you are, in truth, sighing, smiling and understanding nothing. But it doesn't matter. This is a very old tradition of Princeton University which, by Hercules, matters quite a bit! (1)

First of all, I greet you, President William Bowen. On this campus you are first among your peers, a man who is praiseworthy, decorated and extolled. (2)

Next, I am pleased to greet you, most honorable deans, and you, most learned professors. I don't even overlook you, most diligent administrators, who, as occupants of West College, have given us as many extensions as we have given you excuses. There are tears for material circumstances, and academic affairs do affect the mind. (3)

Concerning you, our parents, what can I say, you who have given us so much love, so much affection, and so much money? By Castor, you have paid the price for our education for four years. Perhaps you ask why you did it. You don't know, but you feel it happening and you are tortured. (4)

Finally, fellow students and coeds, I salute you. A departure must now be made from the ivory tower, a journey must be made into the cold, cruel world. Do I say, "Cold and cruel"? Oh, the times! Oh, the customs! Ronald Reagan, how long, finally, will you abuse our patience? (5) Doesn't the sight of all the unemployed move you at all? Doesn't the build up of such great military might move you at all? Don't the masses of poor students, many of whom I now see, move you at all? How long will that callousness of yours annoy us? How long will those rerun movies of yours annoy us on early morning television? "Bonzo in the Bedroom," "Knut Rockne, All American," and that Gipper of yours? (6) Spare us, Ronald, I beg you, I pray, But, enough already.

Today, a great happiness is ours, which, however, is also mixed with sadness. We have earned our discharge over four years, comrades, playing, working, laughing and crying together. Now let us go through the nations, and through many seas to our various callings: The Chase Manhattan Bank or the Harvard Business School (6) or the Peace Corps. Wherever you will be, "May the Force be with you!"

And so, friends, farewell and goodbye. (4)

(1) Applaud here, (2) Shout here, (3) Grunt here, (4) Applaud enthusiastically here, (5) Applaud and shout here, (6) Hiss here.

127.





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