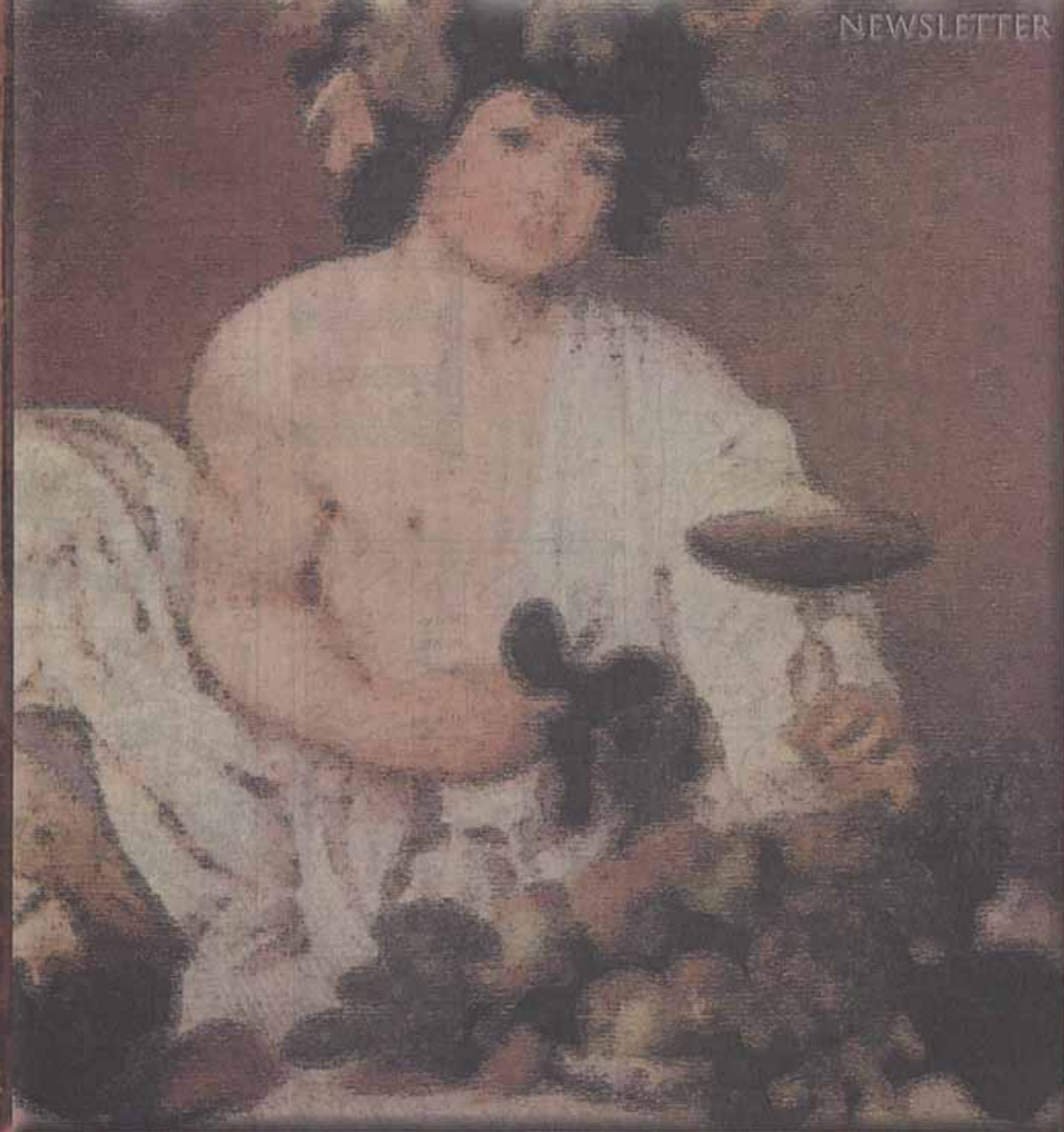


POMPEIIANA

NEWSLETTER



VOL. XXVIII, NO. 4

DEC., A.D. MMI

"Please tell me the truth."

Is there a Santa Claus?"

On September 21, 1897, little Virginia O'Hanlon wrote a letter to the editor of the New York Sun, Francis Pharcellus Church. That innocent letter and the editor's thoughtful reply have since become part of Christmas lore.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus" ...in Latin!

Walter Sauer and Hermann Wiesgans have cooperated with illustrator Matthias Krings to make this heart-warming correspondence available in a children's book for those who love to read the classics in Latin. The colorfully illustrated little book (5 3/4 in. x 7 1/4 in.) is available from Bolchazy-Carducci Publishers (www.bolchazy.com) for around \$15.00.

Now Latin lovers can warm to the query, "Puerus ovis annorum sum. Sunt autem Episcopus qui Sanctum Nicolaum esse negant. Si pater meus: Quisquamque in Sole legitur verum est. Ovis enim, ut mihi verum dicas: Estne Sanctus Nicolaus?" And luxuriate in the wonderful Latin reply: "Cara Virginia,

Affirmare avium amicos tuos parvulos errare. Nam affecti sunt opinione eorum, qui in hac aetate scepticorum omnibus de rebus dubitant. Non credunt esse nisi ea, quae suis ipsorum oculis videntur."

This is definitely one gift that should be presented well in advance of Christmas.

Quattuor Animalia Cantantia Celebrant Saturnalia

Fabula a Bernardo Barcio, L.H.D. deducta de fabula Latina A.D. MCMLXI reddita a Bessie S. Rathbun, Omahae, in Nebraskaensi

Quidam homo habebat asinum qui pro eo diu et fideliter laboraverat. Quoniam asinus nunc erat vetus, homo cum vicino vendere constituit. Vicinus asinum pro pelle interficere in animo habebat. Asinus autem colloquium inter duos homines audivit. Sibi dixit: "Pulchram vocem habeo; ibo Romam et operam meam amico meo, magistro chori, offeram." Et asinus Romam discessit.

Postquam diu ambulavit, canem vidit qui prope viam iacebat. "Quid agis, soci?" rogavit asinus.

"Ah," respondit canis, "vetus sum, et quoniam cuniculos capere non iam possum, dominus meus me in aquam summittere temptavit. Discessi, sed nunc nescio quo modo vivere possim."

"Age," inquit asinus, "Romam vado ubi magister chori mihi locum fortasse det. Veni mecum, et te magistro chori commendabo."

Cane laete consentiente, duo animalia simul processerunt. Mox felem viderunt quae miserabiliter vagabatur. "Cur eo modo vagis, parva feles?" rogavit asinus.

Feles respondit, "Vetus sum, et quoniam mares capere non iam possum, dominus meus me strangulare temptavit. Eam laceravi et desilui. Tunc aufugi, sed nunc nescio quo eam."

"Pulchram vocem habes," inquit asinus, "Sursum caute et Romam vadit. Veni nobiscum et te magistro chori commendabimus."

Feles laete consentiens cum eis discessit. Quando ad domum rusticam appropinquaverant, in muro gallum voce acri cantantem viderunt. "Aures nostras percute," inquit asinus. "Cur eo modo cantas?"

"Eheu," respondit gallus, "cras sunt Saturnalia, et agricola amicos ad cenam invitavit. Agricola uxore consilium cepit mei

capitis hac nocte abscindendi."

"Age," inquit asinus, "pulchram vocem habes. Vidimus Romam ut cantatores simus. Veni nobiscum et te magistro chori commendabimus."

Gallus laete consentiens una cum eis discessit. Quando ad vesperum in magnam silvam pervenerunt, ibi per noctem maneri constituerunt. Asinus et canis sub magno arbore humi iacerunt. Feles in arborem ascendit. Gallus in summam arborem volavit. Antequam dormire coepit, gallus undique circumspexit. Lamine viso, suis sociis clamavit. "Lu-

frangens se in cenaculum praecipitavit. Latrones, strepitu hominibus commoti, in silvam fugerunt. Tum quattuor animalia cenaverunt tali modo quam nunquam antea. Postquam omnem cibum in mensa consumperunt, luminibus extinctis, loca ad dormiendum petierunt. Asinus in peristylis iacuit, canis ad ianum iacuit, felis ad focum iacuit, sed gallus in tecto iniecit. Quoniam fatigata erant, omnia animalia statim dormitaverunt.

Media nocte autem latro cum dux, nullo strepitu audito, putavit domicilium inane esse. Misit igitur unum ex latronibus ad explorandum. Omni

tranquillo viso, latro in domicilium intravit. Felis oculos fulgentes videns, putavit eos esse carbonem candentes. Ubi ad eos se inclinavit ut lumen caperet, feles latronis faciem horribiliter laceravit. Dum latro clamans ad ianum clamavit, canis pedem motavit. Quando latro per peristylum transire temptavit, asinus eum calcitravit. Eodem tempore gallus in

summo tecto magnam clamorem fecit. Quando latro, terrore confectus et examinatus, ad ducem revecebat, ei dixit, "Est in domicilio venefica quae faciem meam unguibus laceravit. Ad ianum est custos qui pedem meum gladio vulneravit. In peristylis est gigas qui me clava percussit, et in summo tecto est vigil qui clamavit, 'Comprehende latronem!'"

Latronibus in domicilium se referre non audentibus, quattuor animalia cantantia locum tum idoneum esse semenerunt ut ibi Saturnalia celebrarent. Post Saturnalia, non iam Romam ire volentes, in hoc domicilio vitam suam feliciter egerunt.

men video. Propinquum domicilium sumus."

"Bene," inquit asinus. "Eo properabimus. Fortasse peragiam et cibum reperiemus."

Postquam ad domicilium luminosum pervenerant, aliquos latrones viderunt qui ad mensam cibo onustam sedebant. Edebant, bibebant, carmina Saturnalia cantabant. "Ah, amici mei," inquit asinus, "optime cenabimus si hos latrones domicilium expellere poterimus."

Hoc consilium ergo ceperunt: asinus duos pedes ad fenestram posuit, canis in asini dorsum ascendit, felis in canis dorsum ascendit, gallus in felis dorsum volavit et ibi iniecit. Tum asinus fenestram in mille fragmenta

The Bishop of Rome to the Rescue

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

On numerous occasions in the long history of Rome, a pope proved able to do for the Romans what their government could not: save them! Acting in his primary capacity as the city's bishop, it was a Supreme Pontiff who time and again was called on to protect his "flock" from ruthless invaders.

When Innocent I ascended the chair of St. Peter in 401, frightful storms of war were blowing through Italy. Alaric and his hordes of Goths had rampaged across the top of the peninsula and, by 408, had their avaricious sights set on Rome. While the citizenry huddled in fright, the inept Emperor Honorius was snug and safe in his impenetrable fortress at distant Ravenna, refusing to come to terms with Alaric.

At great personal peril, Pope Innocent journeyed on horseback to the Imperial Court at Ravenna to beseech Honorius to take what-

ever measures needed to save the capitol. The feckless ruler would not budge. In the meantime, the Gothic chieftain and his warriors poured through the Salarian Gate and, for the next five days, plundered and burned the helpless city. The Pope returned, heart-

broken, to his ravaged see. To his everlasting credit, he had at least tried to do what he could, something Honorius could not summon the courage and resolve to do.

In the remaining eight years of his pontificate, Innocent devoted most of his time and energy helping the citizens rebuild their town and their lives.

The year 452 saw Attila and his terrifying Huns, having overrun Greece and Germany, slash and pillage their way through Aquileia and other settlements in northeast Italy. The "Scourge of God," as he was called, was now encamped on the banks of the Mincio River near Mantua and boasting that the conquest of the Eternal City would be his crowning glory. Once more the Roman masses huddled in hopeless dread to await another onslaught. Their bishop this

(Continued in Pagina Sexta)



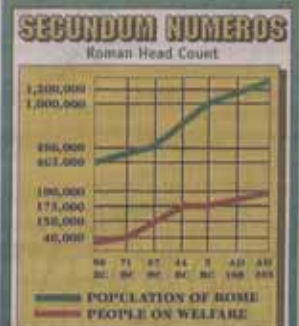
PAINTING OF POPE LEO I MEETING WITH ATILLA THE HUN BY RAPHAEL

IMAGE THIS ISSUE

Surfin' the ROMAN EMPIRE
Pagina V

THE HYDRA Speaks Out
Pagina IV

Political Fence Hopping
Pagina II



Source: July 196 in Ancient Rome, by Jerome Carcopina

Classics Online!
www.pompeiana.com

INSANIA by NAC HARTMANN

When the Cyclops gets glasses

December Holidays

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

25—January 6). Both the seven-day Kwanzaa festival and the Roman *feriae* of *Saturnalia* have their origins in harvest celebrations.

The Romans, of course, honored Saturn, the god of the harvest, during December with *Saturnalia*. This holiday was part of a chain of *feriae* that began on December 17 and concluded on December 25 with a celebration in honor of *Sol Invictus*, the Unconquered Sun. During this festive season, Romans exchanged gifts, entertained, burned candles, and decorated their homes with evergreens (to emphasize "life" in the face of the "death" symbolized by the longer nights). Their Greek slaves joined in by keeping huge logs (cf. Yule Logs) burning during this season (a Greek tradition intended to scare away mischievous spirits of the dead that were allowed to revisit the earth during this time of the year), and by wearing special "Freedom Caps," called *pillei*. Those who worshipped the Persian god Mithras also celebrated his birthday on December 25.

It was the Emperor Constantine who, after having converted to Christianity himself, decided to restructure the customs and festivals of the Roman Empire so they would focus less on the worship of pagan gods and more on the beliefs of Christianity. Being a wise leader, he knew it would be political suicide to eliminate holidays, so he simply "re-oriented" the ones already in place. Thus he proclaimed that December 25, a date previously celebrated as the birthday of the Unconquered Sun, would now commemorate the birth of the Unconquered Son—Jesus Christ. He also made Sunday, a day historically named in honor of the sun (as Monday was originally "Moon Day"), a day on which Christians would honor the Son—Jesus Christ.

While these Fourth Century A.D. proclamations may have partially distracted December partiers from their earlier beliefs in Saturn and *Sol Invictus*, most Christians still refused to celebrate the birth of Christ because this act still smacked of paganism. It wasn't until the founder of the Franciscan Order, Francis of Assisi, went on a campaign during the twelfth century A.D. to popularize the celebration that it began to catch on. By focusing on the birth of Christ during the special Mass in his honor—Christ's Mass—and by encouraging his parishioners to visit a small crèche that he had set up to help his parishioners visualize the events that took place in the manger in Bethlehem, he slowly popularized the celebration.

Although today most Christians continue to focus on the First Day of Christmas (or the night before with Christmas Eve celebrations), December 25, for their Christmas celebrations, many Christian countries have moved some of the holiday events to the Twelfth Day of Christmas, January 6, which is called the Feast of the Epiphany (Gk. *Epiphaneia* = to show forth, or present). In Italy, children believe that *Babbo Natale* (Santa Claus) doesn't bring gifts until January 6, and both the Greek and Russian Orthodox Christian churches emphasize the Epiphany as the major holiday of the season instead of Christmas Day.

However you celebrate them, may your holidays be happy!

September 11 & Thucydides

By Joseph H. Knippenberg, Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Georgia

The class was supposed to talk about Thucydides at 9:50 a.m., Tuesday, September 11. It didn't get around to it, spending its time, instead, sharing fragments of information its members had heard on car radios and television sets during the first few moments of that shocking and difficult day.

When the class next met a few days later to return to its discussion of Thucydides, it was eager to discuss how relevant Thucydides' account suddenly seemed for a democracy preparing for and conducting a war.

Thucydides' description of how Pericles, the supreme commander of the forces of Athens in the 5th century B.C., planned to win a long war of attrition, his consideration of the constraints posed by the emotions and attachments of a democratic public, the political debates on how to conduct the military response...these were no longer mere historical narratives or theoretical situations. Suddenly, what Thucydides had recorded seemed to be potential lessons for how modern citizens of democratic countries should conduct their lives and plan their policies in the days, and indeed years, to come.

Because of the events of September 11, the class discovered that—in its timelessness—the history of Thucydides had once again become timely.

Marcus Tullius Cicero
Jan. 3, 106 B.C. – Dec. 7, 43 B.C.

A Man for all Tempora Moresque

Based on an article by Judy Chan, Tom Longo and Tim Suk, Latin III students of Dr. Rafaele de Zenzo, Glenbrook H.S., Northbrook, Illinois

As the great Cicero once wrote:

"Nostra autem res publica non unius esset ingenio, sed multorum, nec una hominis vita, sed aliquot constituta saeculis et aetatibus."

Believing that the republic was not based on the life of one man, but had been founded on several generations and ages, Cicero also thought that laws were created for the good of all common men, not just to serve the interests of a few.

Cicero also believed strongly that laws should be moral and logical in and of themselves. Thus, he further wrote:

*"True law is right reason in accordance with nature."
"Est quidem vera lex recta ratio naturae congruens."*

Cicero preached that laws should not hinder, but help the citizens of Rome. With unjust and irrational laws Rome would achieve nothing and never advance. Cicero emphasized that society, which he called *humanitas* and *communitas*, could only improve itself when guided by just and rational laws. By observing such laws, individual citizens can improve, thereby improving society and bringing all its members closer to morality and goodness.

Writing that,

"Non fortuito populum Romanum, sed consilio et disciplina confirmatum esse,"

Cicero affirmed the need for carefully thought out and respected limits that help Romans reaffirm themselves. He did not believe that such limits hindered individual freedoms but strengthened them:

"Libertas sub lege"

Even though Cicero was the first person in his family to enter Roman politics, a *novus homo*, he showed a courage and fortitude that few others possessed in the face of tough challenges. He dared to bring charges against such established politicians as Verres and to shake up his fellow senators by exposing the Catilinarian Conspiracy. While he did not hesitate to protect his house with privately hired security guards, he believed that, in the end, peaceful solutions would win out. *"Cedant arma togae."*

Cicero believed that a true politician should stand up for his beliefs even when such a stance could get one temporarily exiled from the city he was trying to protect. Since he was so outspoken, and no respecter of persons, Cicero frequently found himself with a lot of time on his hands until he could be reaccepted into the good graces of those running the show in Rome. Not wanting to waste his time in exile nor let any of his thoughts and ideas go unshared, he wrote voluminously. Not only did he write hundreds of letters to friends and family (inquiring about their activities and offering detailed advice), but he also wrote scores of essays on everything from the art of public speaking (*De Oratore*) to the challenges of growing old (*De Senectute*). And, of course, he believed he owed it to posterity to leave copies of almost every speech he ever delivered, intended to deliver or wished he had delivered.

Because his courage and outspokenness frequently got him into trouble in Rome, in the end he gave in to the lure of political fence-hopping. Because he ended up on the wrong side of the political fence at the wrong time, Cicero got himself assassinated in accordance with the laws of Rome that he had spent his life promoting and defending. After an initial moment of fear and indecision, it was with admirable personal courage that he ultimately faced his assassins and freely offered his head and hands to be cut off and taken to Rome for public display and humiliation.

Despite this tragic end to his outstanding career as a lawyer, philosopher, author and politician, Cicero remains a man for all *Tempora Moresque*. His impact on society today is still as strong as the influence of Rome itself.

A politician
should stand up
for his beliefs!

the lure of
POLITICAL
FENCE
HOPPING

CLEOPATRA

Anonymous submission by a Latin I student of A. Preteroti-Nilsen, St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New York

I was the ripe young age of eighteen
When given the responsibilities of being ruler,
Forced by Egyptian law to marry my brother
In order to have a male consort at all times.

During this time, Egypt was at its lowest point.
The country was plagued by disease and famine.
We were at the mercy of the Roman Empire,
And we paid tribute to keep them at bay.

Because my brother, Ptolemy XIII,
Was believed to be easier to influence,
I was overthrown by a group of men
Led by the half-Greek general, Achillas.

My sister Arsinoe and I were forced to flee to Syria.
There I raised an army from the Arab tribes.
I then had myself smuggled home through enemy lines.
It was then that I met my first true love, Julius Caesar.

After my brother unfortunately drowned in the Nile,
I was left as the sole ruler of Egypt,
And was next forced to marry my younger brother
To please the Alexandrian and Egyptian priests.

Soon afterwards I was found to be with child
Whom I named Caesarion, after his real father.
All my plans, however, unexpectedly fell short
When my first true love met his demise on the Ides of March.

A few years later my second husband mysteriously died,
And I made my son, now four, my legal consort.
By this time, our country had been so neglected
That its revival called for desperate measures.

I next met a Roman with limited abilities
And even fewer tactical strategies.
He had blue blood, but loved wine too much
And was a womanizer with vulgar ambition.

Knowing his weaknesses helped a lot,
For I was able to attract him with a vulgar display.
This man of whom I speak was very famous,
He went by the name of Marc Antony.

Together we had three children,
But he and I never formally married.
Having lost Octavia and the Battle of Actium,
He returned to my shore to fall on his sword.

When Octavia's brother next came to call,
I saw that his plans for me were far from noble.
That's when I decided to secure my immortality
By feeling the fatal bite of my little pet asp.

During all the days I lived on earth,
I never regretted the life I had.
I was blessed with brilliance and a wonderful land,
And expressed myself well in nine different languages.

I adored mathematics
And loved the business of government.
I gave my all for my subjects
Who loved my charismatic personality.

The fame that accompanies my career
Makes me believe that my life was not wasted.
I know now that, though dead, I am truly immortal
For there is not a soul alive who does not know my name.

DE IMPERIO ROMANO

BY CHRIS DICKOLAND, LATIN I STUDENT OF BORTH GRANGER VALLEY H.S., LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Rome
Omnipotent
Majestic
Appian Way
Named for Romulus
Everlasting impact
Magnificent in war
Perfect in strategy
Incapacitating all enemies
Ruled over many countries
Empire of strength

THE LANGUAGE OF SCHOLARS AND STUDENTS

272 B.C. — A.D. 1960, 2001 — IN AETERNUM

Believe it or not, it has only been during the past forty years that a knowledge of Latin has not generally been required throughout the western world as a *sine qua non* for any scholar.

Beginning in 272 B.C. when Livius Andronicus translated Homer's *Odyssey* into Latin to be used as the basic reader for all Roman schoolboys, Latin has been a requirement in the classroom. Of course Latin went on to flourish in Rome during the Golden (70 B.C.—A.D. 14) and Silver (A.D. 14—138) Ages of its literature. Even after learning had been forced to retreat behind the stone walls of monasteries during the Dark Ages (ca. A.D. 476—1000), scholarly monks continued to teach and learn Latin in order to study and preserve the wealth of manuscripts that had been gathered into their libraries.

In the later part of the Middle Ages (A.D. 1000—1200), Latin once again began to flourish openly as civilization began to re-emerge with the help of the Roman Catholic Church and courtly rulers.

By A.D. 1200, Latin was back on the streets as wandering students and teachers began to travel throughout Europe in search of each other and learning—in Latin, of course. These happy users of Latin, called the Goliards, claimed to be followers of a mythical Bishop Goliard, and in his name they brought Latin out of the monasteries and even into the taverns. Before long, everyone—Church and political leaders and the wealthy—wanted to get back to real learning and study. When the schools of the Renaissance (ca. A.D. 1350—1600) were founded, the books used were in Latin and instruction was carried on in Latin.

Professor Terence Tunberg of the University of Kentucky has pointed out that, throughout the Renaissance, European children were required (under threat of painful punishment) to speak only Latin in school, and famous scholars such as Erasmus and Vives wrote dialogues known as "*colloquia*" designed as models for conversational Latin in school. Before the Roman Catholic Church allowed the Mass to be offered in the vernacular instead of in Latin (the mid-1960's), the spoken use of Latin was required in all schools run by the Jesuits throughout the world.

Professor Tunberg further points out that the statutes of such 17th century universities as Harvard refused admission to those students who could not fluently read and converse in Latin. There are indications, however, that by the 18th century, students at Oxford frequently got themselves into trouble when they were caught using English instead of Latin in their studies.

Proof that Latin conversation was still being encouraged in American schools during the 19th century can be found in the fact that S.W. Wilby published his little *Guide to Latin Conversation* (513 pages, John Murphy Co., Publishers, Baltimore, Maryland) in 1892 and its sequel, *How to Speak Latin* (204 pages) in 1896.

Throughout the early 1900's (up until the mid-1960's), any high school student intending to go to college or university was required to take Latin at the high school level. It was the first scholastic aptitude hurdle a student had to master. And once again, showing that spoken Latin was still

being encouraged in the classroom as late as 1960, Haefling Printing Co., in Tiffin, Ohio, published two Latin conversational guides entitled *QUOMODO DICITUR* and *DIC MIHI LATINE!*

Two things happened during the 1960's, however, that allowed students and scholars, for the first time in more than 1900 years, to overlook Latin as an essential part of their studies. The first was America's involvement in the Viet Nam War, and the second involved the four sessions of the Second Vatican Council in Rome.

So many young men were being drafted into the military during the 1960's that college and university enrollments plummeted. These institutions were facing financial crises that could only be helped by more student enrollments. This was when colleges and universities across America decided that they would no longer require incoming freshmen to have studied Latin in high school. This gave them a much broader group of applicants from which to choose. These applicants may not have been the most academically prepared, but they were paying customers.

The better secondary Schools did not drop Latin!

longer offering Latin to their students.

And once Vatican II (1962-1965) proclaimed that the Mass no longer needed to be offered in Latin, even Roman Catholic schools began to drop Latin from their curricula.

As readers know, however, Latin was not dropped by all secondary schools, and students with Latin on their transcripts continued to have an advantage when applying to the "good" colleges and universities (not to overlook the often-documented higher Verbal scores achieved by Latin students on their SAT's). The better secondary schools, of course, both public and private, did not drop Latin from their curricula during these forty years. The communities they served insisted that Latin continue to be taught to their children.

This same community interest has, of late, even insisted that elementary schools be founded that focus on Latin in all areas of their curricula. These are generally called Latin Schools, and they have been started in several mid-western communities over the past several years (cf. Brentwood Latin Grammar School, Fort Wayne, Indiana).

And now, after this brief intermission of 40 +/- years, scholars and students are beginning to re-examine the benefits of conversational Latin in the classroom. This is why the Secretary to the Vatican, Reginald Foster, has been conducting special seminars throughout America, why Professor Terence Tunberg has been conducting special *Conventicula* at the University of Kentucky for Latin teachers and classicists to become more fluent in spoken Latin, and why Luigi Miraglia, the famous Italian Latin teacher, also insists on speaking Latin with his students (cf. "*Parliamo Lingua Latina*," *Pagina X*, November MMI NEWSLETTER).

No doubt, as the Twenty-first Century unfolds, these past 40 years of neglect will appear only as a temporary glitch in the use of Latin by serious scholars and students.

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 2001-2002 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-\$90,000) and Angels (\$100,000+).
- Those who work in the business world are encouraged to check on the availability of corporate matching funds.

HONOR ROLL

Student Supporters

- James J. Aubuchon, Great Neck, New York
- 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
- Brownsburg H.S. Latin Club, Brownsburg, Indiana
- Castle H.S. Latin Club, Newburg, Indiana
- Indiana River H.S. J.C.L., Philadelphia, New York
- Lawrence North H.S. Latin Club, Indpls., Indiana
- Milton Area H.S. Latin Club, Milton, Pennsylvania
- Mount Vernon Sr. H.S. Latin Club, Mt. Vernon, Indiana
- Newport H.S. Latin Club, Newport Beach, California
- Palmer H.S. Latin Club, Colorado Springs, Colo.
- S.P.Q.R. Latin Club, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania
- St. Edmund Campion Academy, Cincinnati, Ohio
- Tatnell School Latin Club, Wilmington, Delaware
- University Laboratory H.S. Latin Club, Urbana, Illinois
- Valley H.S. *Societas Romana*, Las Vegas, Nevada

Adult Supporters

- David Coe, Costa Mesa, California
- Claudia Colvin, Bowie, Maryland
- Effie Douglas, Brimhurst, Indiana
- Rosalind A. Harper, Los Angeles, California
- Indiana Junior Classical League
- Nancy Tigert, Cincinnati, Ohio

Friends of the Classics

- Mr. & Mrs. Frederick Clark, Piedmont, California
- Richard and Tammy Jensen, Fort Worth, Texas

Contributor

- Dr. Lawrence D. Cutter, New Paltz, New York

Miscellaneous Donors

- Tamara Bauer, Milton, Massachusetts
- Sally Davis, Arlington, Virginia
- Janet Mae Fillion, Roxbury, Massachusetts
- Bonnie T. Fisher, Bloomington, Indiana
- Fountain Valley School Latin Club, Colorado Springs, Colorado
- Rebecca Harrison, Kirksville, Missouri
- Frances L. Higgins, Chevy Chase, Maryland
- Cynthia Kaldis, Athens, Ohio
- Philip S. Kappes, Indianapolis, Indiana
- Peter J.J. Kosiba, Chicago, Illinois
- Latin Club, Oviedo H.S., Oviedo, Florida
- New Haven H.S. Latin Club, New Haven, Indiana
- Margaret Nolan, Piedmont, California
- Stephanie Pope, Virginia Beach, Virginia
- Denise Reading, Gordou, Australia
- Susan E. Setnik, Winchester, Massachusetts
- Veneto Sports Awards, Jackson, New Jersey
- Gordon Wishard, Indianapolis, Indiana

So, Saturnalia!

By Anie Lee, Latin I student of Judith Grane, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

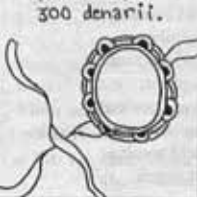
Ordering food from around the world: 500 denarii.



Preparing gifts for family and friends: 200 denarii.



Buying preparations to set up the house for parties: 300 denarii.



Having a great Saturnalia: Priceless!



The Sound of Hope

By Ashley Amplement, Latin III student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York

Musica—

Valida, bonae spei
Cantans, ludens, audiens—
Musica est vocis
Donum.

Hydra's Side of the Story

By Catherine Nicastro, Eighth Grade Latin student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York

I was just minding my own business in my den when I saw some arrows whizz past my head. That's how it all started. And now, my "immortal" head is stuck under a rock—thanks to Hercules.

Now everybody seems to think that Hercules is a hero. I guess they're entitled to their opinion, but has anyone ever considered how I might feel? Or maybe how the Nemean Lion or Cerberus felt after he was done dealing with them? So, for what it's worth, here's my story from my point of view.

Like I said, I was minding my own business in my den when I saw those arrows whizzing past. Naturally, I had to go see what was going on. My first inclination was to be a little angry, thinking that it was just another pesky human trying to challenge me. Then, looking at the brighter side, I hoped that was exactly what it was—I needed a little stress right about then!

All eighteen of my eyes squinted at the bright light as I stepped out of my cave. But before I even had a chance to focus on anything, I felt a jab in my side. Looking down, I saw that it was indeed a human. He seemed to be rather strong and very courageous as he stood there, assuming a battle position. Unlike others who had come to challenge me in the past, this one had an unusual look of determination in his eyes.

For a moment, I almost felt a little sorry for him. He would be no match for the venom that I would squirt from my teeth. And even if he did manage to cut off one of my nine lovely heads, I would simply re-grow two more to replace it. Not to mention the fact that the head with my main brain is actually immortal. Mr. Determination-Eyes didn't really have a chance of killing me.

As my challenger *du jour* took his first swing at me, I laughed inside, thinking, "He'd better be careful with that thing. He could poke an eye out." He was actually quite impressive. Too bad I would have to kill him. But first I thought I would have a little fun. Rearing back on my hind legs, I let him have my best nine-headed hiss. Instead of recoiling, as I thought he would, he lunged forward and I felt the sting of his sword as I watched one of my heads fall to the ground.

"Why you little twerp!" I thought. It hurt a lot more than I ever imagined it would! Now I was mad! I forced the man to retreat a little as my two lead heads lunged forward, roaring and squirting venom, and I focused with my other six heads on the severed neck that was already re-growing two new heads. I pulled back, took some deep breaths, and

then faced my challenger with all ten of my heads. He was obviously impressed. It was then that a voice from the woods distracted me.

"Hercules," the voice called out, "be careful!"

Five of my heads turned to my challenger as he called out, "Iolaus! Quick! Fetch some large branches and make me two huge torches. Hurry!"

"Hercules!" I had heard of him. He wasn't just another human. This challenger was semi-divine. I would have to give him my full attention. I let out a ten-headed hiss, squirted venom, and charged forward. But instead of yielding, he slashed again. More pain! Two more of my heads fell to the ground. This was definitely not going to be easy. I lunged again, and as I grabbed one of his legs with my lead head, a second human came running up with two giant torches in his hands.

Another sword slash and my lead head fell from his leg and kept rolling. The human with the torches charged, and he flowed as he scorched each of my severed necks before they had a chance to re-grow new heads. I was blind with pain and rage, and I began snapping at both men wildly. Neither human yielded, however, as, one by one, my heads continued to fall to the ground and my severed necks were scorched by the giant torches.

I finally realized that any challenger who was smart enough to figure out a way to keep my heads from re-growing probably also had a plan for my immortal head. I began to get seriously worried and started retreating toward my cave. I was now desperately reviewing my options. I was down to one head, which I knew was immortal, even if my challenger managed to cut it from my body. I was, however, getting weary from the effort, the pain and the loss of blood.

I guess I must have gotten careless, because, after making several unsuccessful slashes at my final head, my challenger finally connected. I felt myself falling, and, after I hit the ground, I watched as my final severed neck was being scorched with both giant torches, and my body crumbled to the ground.

Before I had a chance to think of what I would do next, I saw my challenger raise a huge rock high above his own head. Balancing it carefully as he walked over to where I lay, he brought it crashing down, burying me and my consciousness in this deep pit where I now lie.

So it was this Hercules and his helper Iolaus who would finally defeat the great Lernaean Hydra. "Hercules!" I rekindle my hatred of him daily as I relive the battle and wonder, in vain, what I could have done differently.

GARRISON KEILLOR ON LATIN TRANSLATION

During a recent "Writers' Almanac" program on MPR (Oct. 4, 2001), Garrison Keillor, who generally amuses listeners with tales of his mythical life in Lake Wobegon, Minnesota, treated his audience to a poem written especially for Latin students by Gavin Ewart (Selected Poems 1933-1988). The poem shows that Mr. Ewart's Latin teacher definitely tried to impress upon him the need to watch for gender, not just spelling, when matching Latin adjectives with the nouns they modify. The poem is entitled,

For Translation into Latin

The sailors love the beautiful girls.
The wise poets love the sailors.
The girls often love the sailors.
The bad poets love the beautiful girls.
The bad girls love the farmers.
All the poets hate the farmers.
The bad girls hate the good girls.
The good girls love all the sailors.
The bad girls love the bad girls.
The farmers hate all the poets.
The good girls love the bad poets.
The bad poets hate the good poets.

Junior Classical League Outreach

Classic Horizon

By Steve Perkins, teacher of Latin, North Central H.S., Indianapolis, Indiana

"When at every hour we see or hear that some atrocity is happening, even those of us who, by nature, are most mild lose all sense of humanity from our souls because of the constant trouble."

"Nam cum omnibus horis aliquid atrociter fieri videmus aut audimus, etiam qui natura mitissimi sumus adidulitate molestiarum sensum omnem humanitatis ex animis amittimus."

While many Americans, shocked by the events of September 11, were overcome by "unyielding anger" and were wondering how best to revenge the atrocity, the Latin students at North Central H.S., in Indianapolis, Indiana, were moved neither by anger nor revenge, but by a "sense of humanity" that, according to Cicero, most folks lose in such circumstances. Having already dedicated themselves and their JCL Chapter to a year of service and community outreach program called Classic Horizon (having already planned such projects as inner-city mission work and after school tutoring), the students immediately identified a broader role for their program. After all, it was the Latin author Seneca who wrote to Lucilius (28.4):

"Non sum uni angulo natus,
patria mea totus hic mundus est."

"I was not born in one small corner,
but find my native land to be the whole world."

The Latin students decided they could best help by organizing the students and faculty of North Central H.S.—one of the largest in Indiana—in a school-wide effort to compose notes of sympathy for the victims, as well as expressions of gratitude for those helping to restore our country.

The study of Latin, after all, does more than teach students Latin grammar and vocabulary, it teaches an appreciation for its cultural influences. It has a primary purpose of passing on to the leaders of tomorrow (the students of today) the best that humanity has produced in the past.

So, while many others were blinded by anger and thoughts of revenge, these Latin students, through their special Classic Horizon project, were proving that the classic spirit of love for humanity still exists—living proof of yet another bit of ancient wisdom, this from Isaiah (11:6):

"Et puer parvulus ducebit eos."
"And a little child shall lead them."

Canemus Latine!

Two Latin Songs for Pax in Terra

Blowing in the Wind

Based on a translation by Nick Palmer and Sam Couzins,
Latin II students of Cheravon Davidson,
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Quot viae sunt homini peragranda
Antequam eum "virm" appellent?
Et quot maria columbae albae velanda
Antequam in harena dormiat?
Quotiens ballistae conicienda sunt
Antequam in aeternum vententur?

Chorus

Responsum, mi amice,
Volat in vento,
Responsum in vento volat.

Quot annos necesse est monti stare
Antequam ad mare abluatur?
Quot annos aliqui possunt vivere
Antequam eis libertas liceat?
Quotiens vir caput potest avertere
Et simulare se non videre?

(Chorus)

Quotiens necesse est viro suspicere
Antequam caelum videat?
Quot aures uni viro habenda sunt
Antequam lacrimantes audiat?
Et quot moriendi sunt antequam sciat
Nimis populorum mortui fuerint?

(Chorus)

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

By B.F. Burcio, L.H.D.,
Indianapolis, Indiana

Serena nocte media
Delapsi de caelis
Insigne illud angeli
Psallerunt citharis:
"In terra pax et gratia
Dei benevoli;"
Quiescit orbis reverens
Cum canunt angeli.

Bis mille annos egimus
Ex illo cantico,
Discordia et scelere
Plenos miserrimo;
Bellantes semper homines
Sunt cantus inscii—
Iam rixas intermittite
Dum canunt angeli.

Advenat tempus aureum
Annis volentibus
Iam pridem quod praedictum est
A sanctis vatibus,
Cum Pacis Princeps praerit
Refecto huic orbi,
Omnesque reddent homines
Quae canunt angeli.

The Heroic Runaway

Titled on a story by Andrew Trubnikov, English Credit Letter 1 student of Dr. MARIANNE CUNILL, The Culverton School, Culverton, Virginia

I sat and watched, horrified, at the sight before me: a dead man suspended from the tip of a spear. The worst thing about the sight was not the limp body of the victim, but the way the crowds cheered the spectacle.

Now I wish I hadn't run away from Modestus the baker, my former master in Pompeii. I just wish I had been captured by someone who would have made me work as a carpenter, or even as a stable boy. But I suppose things could be worse. Maybe I should consider myself lucky to be alive instead of feeling sorry for myself because I have to work for the arena crew manager.

Things were going so well after my escape from Modestus that I actually was beginning to make plans for my life. I had managed to leave by the *Porta Capuensis* just after *media nocte* and had spent almost a full *nundinae* hiding in various woods and living off fruit I picked and fish I caught. I was, in fact, sitting on the bank of the Sarno trying to catch my breakfast when I was grabbed from behind, tied and gagged. My captors threw me into a sack and loaded me into a wagon. As the wagon began to move, I could tell that I was not the only one that had been captured that day. I could feel others struggling to get free in other sacks lying next to me.

When the wagon stopped, I heard my captors negotiating a sale price. As the wagon began to move, I could tell that I was not the only one that had been captured that day. I could feel others struggling to get free in other sacks lying next to me.

The next day, a middle-aged slave came in and told me that if I cooperated and obeyed my new owners, my life would not be all that bad. But he also advised me that my *dominus* was ruthless and would have no second thoughts about killing me if I gave him any trouble. He said I would have work to do and would be well cared for so long as I was obedient and respectful.

My chain was then unhooked from the wall, and I was taken to a sales booth where it was re-attached to a floor fixed to a stone in the ground. My job would be to sell clay figurines of gladiators to those who were going in to watch the *munera gladiatoria*.

As it turned out, I was quite a little salesman, and even though that I worked the stand, I managed to sell out of our supply of figurines. I was then taken to my *cella* under the amphitheater where I could watch the events in the arena through a small *fenestra*. My new owners were quite impressed with me, and, after a couple of months, they removed my ankle chain. I was then given a more comfortable *cella* in which to sleep, keep my extra tunic and *subligacula* and hide my *peculium*. I ate well and was not mistreated. I even began to feel some attachment to my new owner. I did have to wear a metal neckband that said "*TENE ME NE FUGIAM*," but with this band on my neck, I could be sent on errands around Capua all by myself.

It was on one of these errands that I met Tiberius the Giant Slayer. He stopped me one day and asked if I would do him a favor while I was out and about. It was nothing, really. I just had to deliver a small scroll to the postern gate of a wealthy house and tell the *lanista posticus* to give it to his *domina*. After that, Tiberius would always wink at me when he saw me working in my booth.

One day, as I was on an errand, I literally ran into Tiberius as he was leaving a *caupona*. At first he was furious, but once he recognized me, he laughed and picked me up and tossed me to one of his buddies. They all had a good laugh, and then Tiberius told his buddies he wanted to talk to me alone and told them to go on without him.

When we were alone, Tiberius sat down on a doorstep and pulled me close. I could smell the wine on his breath as he said in a low voice that he was going to be presented with his *rudis* soon and would be retiring from the arena. He said he had big plans for himself in the future and could use a smart and reliable slave such as myself. He said the first thing he would do after his retirement would be to purchase me from my current owner. I was thrilled, but he made me swear that this would be our little secret.

That very night, after I had retired to my *cella*, my *dominus* and another man came in carrying a *lanterna* and a small *ampulla*. My *dominus* explained that the man with him was one of the *Aediles* of Capua, and that he had a very special errand for me.

It seemed that one of the gladiators was secretly having an embarrassing relationship with his wife. He wanted me to give the *ampulla* to Tiberius and tell him that it was from the *domina* to whom I had delivered his small scroll. My *dominus* then said that it was very important that I do what the *Aedilis* was asking of me, and that, if I didn't, he would have me tortured and killed.

I agreed as enthusiastically as I could, pretending to get into the spirit of deception that they were hoping for. I said I would do anything for my *dominus* or his friends because I sincerely appreciated the new life he had given me.

As I now look back at that time of uncertainty in my life, I don't regret for one minute the decision I made. Two days later, the *Aedilis* sponsored a grand *munera gladiatoria*, and, once again, Tiberius the Giant Slayer was the hero of the day. At the end of the day's matches, and before the *venatio* began, Tiberius was presented with his retirement *rudis* by his *lanista*, as he had expected. I was supposed to deliver the special *ampulla* to him during his retirement celebration later that night. My *dominus* warned me that I would be watched so I had better not try to pull anything funny.

When I arrived at the celebration, I was surprised to see both my *dominus* and the *Aedilis* in attendance along with the *lanista* and just about every gladiator member of his *familia*. Carrying the *ampulla*, I walked over to Tiberius and sat at his feet, as though I were his *puer a pede*. When he noticed I was there, he winked at me and reached down and patted my head.

I said, loud enough for my *dominus* to hear, "Tiberi, I have something special for you that comes with a secret message." Tiberius raised his eyebrows, gave me his full attention, and then rearranged himself on his *triclinium* so I could whisper the message to him. But instead of telling him that the *ampulla* in my hands was from his special *domina*, I quickly explained that there was supposed to be poison in the *ampulla* that I was being forced to give him, but that I had replaced the poison with safe wine. I told him to act like he was poisoned after he drank it. I quickly added that my *dominus* was in on the poisoning plot. He wouldn't be able to buy me, but I was willing to run away with him.

Tiberius listened carefully to my whispered message, caught on quickly, and took the *ampulla* from my hands. He then turned back around and addressed his fellow gladiators, saying, "*Socii mei*, join me in a toast to my retirement. May you each receive your own *rudis* in the near future!" He then opened the *ampulla* and drained it all in one gulp. Almost immediately, he doubled over, grabbing his stomach and letting out a huge groan. I glanced at my *dominus* and the *Aedilis*, as they gave each other a knowing glance.

A couple of Tiberius' fellow gladiators, jumped up and carried him out of the room. I was right behind them—ready to start my life as a runaway slave all over again.

STUDERE LINGUAE LATINAE

By Michael Chesney, Latin II student of
Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin HS,
Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

Magistra dicit, "Salvete studentes!
Quid agitis hodie?"

Audio et laboro cum libro meo,
Sed multas rogationes nescio.

Quando Latine colloquimur,
Omnia verba Latina scio.

Tandem praecepta terminantur.
Magistra dicit, "Valet, omnes."

Respondens, "Vale, Magistra!" abeo.
Pensum autem non facio. Malus sum.

Praecepta incipiuntur,
Et discere incipimus.

Conor optime facere,
Sed male studeo discoque.

Strenue laboro,
Strenue studeo.

The King and I

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

I used to go to the palace to see him every day. It was magnificent. The King shone like gold. All the people praised him. After all, he was the teenage King Tutankhamen. We had dedicated our lives to building ant-hills in his kingdom just so we could see him.

One day, I had a strange personal encounter with the king. I was in his palace. He was sitting in his throne, and I was on the floor near his foot. I felt his eyes on me so I turned and looked at him. We made eye contact. It was very strange because it wasn't just a look. It was something more than that—something very strange. The way he looked at me, I knew he had no intention of hurting me. Then he looked away, and I went about my own business. The encounter stayed on my mind for days.

A few days later, I decided to approach the King again. This time I actually climbed up the leg of his throne. Just when I didn't think he would notice me, he looked down and began talking to me. I was astonished. He told me that he admired the way we built our ant-hills. He said they looked like miniature pyramids. I thanked him, and, surprisingly, he understood what I said!

King Tut, as he said he preferred to be addressed by me, then told me that he had a special job for me and my friends. He said we would be perfect for it. He wanted us to build a small pyramid for him. When I objected that we were too tiny for such a big project, he said he had a solution for that. He knew a way to make me and my friends 300 times bigger and stronger for a few days. He told me that if I got my friends to cooperate with his plan, he would make me known throughout all of Egypt.

I loved the idea since I had always wanted to be big enough for people to sit up and take notice of me.

A few days later, I returned with my whole colony, and I said we were ready to help him. King Tut then produced a small vial from behind his throne and sprinkled all of us with a magic dust. Soon we were each more than three-feet tall. King Tut was so confident in our friendship that he showed no signs of fear at our size, but simply went about explaining our first building project.

We finished the small pyramid for him in just three days. His subjects were amazed and rejoiced, hoping that they would no longer have to work in the hot sun building the massive monuments. A couple of days later, when we woke up, we were all small again.

About a month later, King Tut sent a messenger to my ant-hill to tell me he wanted to see me again. This time, King Tut said that he wanted even bigger pyramids built, and, that if my friends and I would cooperate again, he would make us even bigger this time. And this time we could stay big for as long as we wanted.

Of course, we agreed. As ten-foot tall ants we had no trouble building a huge pyramid in a couple of weeks. As soon as we finished one, King Tut would give us the plans for another. People began to come from all over the region to watch us work. Of course, as the foreman of the work projects, I began to get very popular. Soon, I no longer worked myself, but sat on a throne of my own in the shade as I supervised my fellow ants.

Everything was great until, one day, King Tut noticed that I had more people visiting me at my throne than he had visiting him in his palace. Since I valued my friendship with the King, I finally went to see him in his throne room again and told him that I was sorry that I was stealing some of his glory. I also said that I realized that I was wrong to be taking all the credit for these wonderful projects that were really all his idea. He accepted my apology and explained that it was probably time for us to return to our normal lives.

I agreed, and told him that as soon as we finished the last pyramid, we would all come to pay him a visit to thank him for the great opportunity he had given us to leave our mark on the world. We parted as friends.

When the last pyramid was complete, we all assembled to pay our respects to King Tut. He thanked us, and then ordered us all to kneel down. As soon as we did, he sprinkled more magic powder over us, and we immediately began to shrink back down to our normal size.

I have to admit that it was fun to be big and strong, and to be noticed and respected by almost everyone, but that just isn't the life that we ants are supposed to be living.

I kept in touch with King Tut for a while after that, but, eventually, he got too busy to see me anymore. At first, I was a little hurt, but then I realized that he had a whole kingdom to run, and that I should be glad that we had at least been friends for a little while. And even if my friends and I are not mentioned in any of the historical accounts written about this great king, the wonders he helped us create will always be remembered.

Surfin' the Roman Empire

Those who enjoy discovering new websites of interest to Latin will be thrilled at the wealth of photos that are posted on this one. It was created by Professor Hick Rauh at Purdue University in Indiana for his History 102 class, "Introduction to the Ancient World." Professor Rauh advises visitors to the site to go to the links for the midterm and final exams to find the captioned images covering the period from the ancient Near East to the Roman Empire.

Visit: <http://icdweb.cc.purdue.edu/~rauhn/>

Those who are interested in archaeology and would enjoy reading reports, watching video clips, viewing GIS maps and animated DEMs, and viewing the wonders of Space Imaging, Inc., will also enjoy visiting the following URL:

<http://pasture.ecn.purdue.edu/rauhn/>



Cara Matrona

I don't know whether I should be concerned or happy about the gift my *vir* offered me for *Opalia*, so I thought I would ask your advice before I worry too much in my condition. I am in the fifth month of my *graviditas*, and since this will be our first child, my *vir* thought he would take me to Rome to visit the *Flamen Carmentalis* and celebrate *Carmentalia* at the shrine of Carmenta. He says that Carmenta will protect me during the birth of our child. He also says that by consulting Antevorta and Postvorta, the sisters and handmaidens of Carmenta, the *flamen* will be able to tell us whether or not my *graviditas* will bring good or bad luck to my *vir*.

Matrona, I am concerned about this *Opalia* gift for several reasons. First of all, my *vir* says I should be prepared to be away from home for almost a full *nundinae*. That's a long time for a *femina* in my condition to be traveling away from home. And, what if the *flamen* predicts something awful concerning our first child? Also, when I told my *vicina* that we were going to go to Rome to visit the shrine of Carmenta, she quickly licked her finger and rubbed behind her ear. Then she said, "Don't you know that the shrine of Carmenta is located near the *Porta Sclerata*? I wouldn't want to go near that *porta* if I were in your condition."

Matrona, do you think I need to be concerned, or should I just trust that my *vir* has our best interests at heart?

Aurelia
Aricie

Cara Aurelia

Relax. Yes, you should trust that your *vir* has your best interests at heart. The last thing you want to do in your condition is to start worrying and losing sleep. You should just continue to focus on staying happy and healthy. Remember, you now live under the *manus* of your *vir*, and he is responsible for making all the right decisions.

I personally think it's very thoughtful of your *vir* to take you to visit the shrine of Carmenta. This ancient goddess of prophecy deserves more attention than she is given by most women these days. Not many women even know that she was the prophetic wife of Evander who came to *Italia* years ago from *Arcadia*.

You will need to be away from home so long because *Carmentalia* is celebrated on two different days, *a.d. III Id. Ian.* and *a.d. XVIII Kal. Feb.* This five-day span coupled with your travel time to Rome from *Aricia* and back explains why you will probably be away from home for a whole *nundinae*. I would, however, ask your *vir* to please provide a comfortable wagon for your travel. It really would not be very good for you to have to walk that far or ride a horse or an ass.

As far as I'm concerned, I think it was inconsiderate of your *vicina* to frighten you by licking her finger and rubbing behind her ear just because you would be going to the *Porta Carmentalis*. While some people do refer to that *porta* as the *Porta Sclerata*, it's only because it was through that *porta* that the *Fabii* left the city when they set out on their fatal expedition. You would be wise not to think about that, but, rather, to focus on the protection that Carmenta can offer you during your *graviditas*.

I know you are concerned about what will happen if the *flamen* does offer bad predictions concerning your first child, but, again, leave those concerns to your *vir*. It is he who will have to make the decision as to whether or not he will be placing your first child on his knee when it is presented to him. Of course, if he chooses not to keep it, you will have to go along with his decision. There will, no doubt, be many more *pupi* or *pupae* that you will be presenting to your *vir* over the years, and he's sure to keep several of them for you to love and help raise.

For now, think happy thoughts. I'm sure the *flamen* will have only good things to predict after he consults Antevorta and Postvorta.

So, be thankful for your *Opalia* gift and leave all the negative worries to your *vir*. That's his job, not yours.

The Bishop of Rome to the Rescue

(Continued a *Pagina Prima*)

time was the fearless, charismatic Leo I. True to his name, the lionhearted shepherd wasted no time in confronting the danger to his flock head on.

Accompanied by a few of his cardinals, he set out at once for Mantua. There, in full papal vestments, Leo entered the electrically charged camp and sought out Attila. With blazing eyes and steady voice, the Pope vowed divine retribution upon the hardened conqueror if he did not turn back and leave Italy and Rome unharmed. There then unfolded one of the most remarkable scenes in the history of humanity: A heartless, barbaric general, devoid of all emotion and pity, seeing the rich booty of his life's ambition within his grasp—and his soldiers hungering for it—stood aghast and nervous before this simple, unarmed priest. Attila yielded, packed up his camp and marched away from Rome. Attila's closest aides, so the story is told, later asked why he so readily capitulated. He answered that all the while Leo was reprimanding him, there appeared in the air above the Pope's head, a vision of the apostles Peter and Paul with swords drawn, ready to use on them if he did not acquiesce.

Little more than a century later, Rome was menaced by a far different kind of foe. Pestilence stalked the streets, the corpses of victims piled up higher each day in the eerily quiet and abandoned thoroughfares to await common burial in vast pits outside the walls.

On a Sunday morning in 590, Pope Gregory I mounted the pulpit in St. Peter's Basilica and preached a reassuring sermon to his congregation. He pledged that the whole stricken populace would bombard Heaven with prayers so fervent that God would never ignore them. One evening soon after, in a great procession organized and led by their bishop, walked the clergy of Rome, the monks, the nuns, the nobility, the common folk and the children. It must have been a moving sight as, carrying lighted tapers and chanting with feverish voices the *Kyrie eleison* (Lord have mercy), they made their dolorous way through Eternal Rome to the Basilica of Saint Mary Major.

There then unfolded

in the history of humanity!

Throughout the ages since, a story has been told that when this tidal wave of humanity passed the tomb of Hadrian, many, including Pope Gregory, saw Michael the Archangel standing on the parapet, sheathing a flaming sword as if to suggest he had just slain the Plague. The following day, the pestilence suddenly ended. To commemorate the vision, Pope Gregory ordered a statue of the Archangel placed atop the imperial mausoleum, which to this day is more popularly known as *Castel Sant' Angelo*.

When another century and a half had passed, Lombard armies under their fierce commander, King Aistulf, were running amok through northern Italy. Alarmed for his city's survival, Pope Stephen III made the difficult trek, fraught with danger, to Pavia for a conference with Aistulf. When his pleas were scorned, Pope Stephen outfitted and crossed the foreboding Alps to make a personal appeal to Pepin, King of the Franks, for help against Aistulf. Pepin's vaunted legions soon swept down on Italy to vanquish the Lombards. In 754 Pepin created the Papal States, an extensive swath of Italian territory that included the regions of Latium, Umbria, the Marches, Emilia and Romagna. This land would serve as an enormous buffer zone for the City on the Seven Hills and effectively make all the popes thenceforth kings as well. Once again, thanks to the courageous and decisive action of their bishop, the citizens and their beleaguered city were rescued from the brink of annihilation.



HADRIAN'S TOMB TOPPED BY THE STATUE OF MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL

Watching Time Pass

Based on a story by Dan Gerdeman, Editor in Chief of *July House*, *Central Middle School*, *Portland, Maine*

This story begins with a very intelligent man named Supnet who lived about five miles from the *Forum Romanum*. Supnet was always trying to learn or invent something new. One day, he heard that a dial with a gnomon had been imported from Sicily and set up in the *Forum Romanum*. He was fascinated. When the sun shown on the dial, the gnomon cast a shadow that showed exactly how many hours of daylight were left each day. Every day Supnet would walk the five miles from his workshop to the *Forum Romanum* to see the shadow cast by the gnomon.

After a while, Supnet grew weary of the long walk, and he decided to make a sun-operated dial of his own. His first effort was too big, and he couldn't get it out of his workshop for the sun to shine on it. Next he decided to make a very small dial that he could carry around with him. This small sundial worked fine—so long as the sun was shining.

Supnet then spent many days trying to figure out how to make a dial that would keep track of how many hours of daylight were left even when the sun wasn't shining. He finally had a bright idea. Instead of waiting for the shadow to move across the calibrations on the dial, he would make the gnomon itself move in a very regulated way.

So, Supnet went to work to make the gnomon move on its own. First he got a little pot that he filled with water and sealed, except for a very small hole in the top. Then he built a small fire under the pot, and as the water boiled, steam came out the little hole with enough force to move the gnomon on his specially built dial. The problem with this, however, was that the fire needed tending and the little pot kept running out of water.

Then one day, as he worked on another project, Supnet was hammering the end of an iron rod. Suddenly, he noticed that the other end of the rod was attracting tiny scraps of iron on his worktable, and they seemed to be sticking to the rod. This amazed Supnet, and he immediately took another iron rod and hammered on it to see if the same thing would happen. It did. But when Supnet placed the two rods down on his workbench together, he got the surprise of his life. The end of one rod that was attracting scraps of metal was pushing the other end of the other rod away from it.

"This is great," he thought. He had discovered a power that could push a gnomon around a dial.

Supnet went right to work to build a large dial outside his workshop on which he would install a moveable metal gnomon. He would make it from the metal rod that he had magically changed. He then went to a nearby foundry

and ordered a very large piece of iron that he planned to magically change also and place it under the dial and gnomon in such a way that it would move the gnomon.

When the large piece of iron was finally delivered, Supnet spent days striking it with the largest sledgehammer he could find, but he just couldn't seem to make it react as his rods had.

After a particularly long day of fruitless hammering, Supnet fell into bed, exhausted. As he slept, Jupiter appeared to him in a dream and told him to use the power of his lightning bolts to give the magical power to his large piece of metal.

After a few days, Supnet was happy to see a violent storm hit Rome. He ran out into his yard and prayed to Jupiter. Suddenly, a huge lightning bolt came down and hit the large piece of metal by which Supnet was standing. Supnet was knocked senseless. When he finally came to, he was completely turned around.

A neighbor came up to him and asked him if he was OK. Supnet looked up at him and said, "Eneb ergo, te ut?"

The neighbor looked at him strangely, and asked him if he knew what his own name was. Supnet answered, "Nemon ihm tse Tempus."

Finally, the neighbor recognized a Latin word he could understand and realized what was going on. Supnet was talking backwards. The neighbor went over and helped his friend up, saying, "OK, Mr. Tempus, let's get you inside."

After a few days, Supnet recovered, but everyone continued to call him by his backwards name, Tempus.

When Tempus was finally able to go back outside on his own, he was amazed to see the gnomon on his dial slowly rotating, being pushed by the magical properties that had been given to the large piece of metal beneath it by the lightning. Tempus sat for days watching the gnomon move around the dial. He kept making adjustments until the gnomon always indicated the exact number of hours of daylight that were left each day.

Soon, whenever anybody had any free time, they would always say, "Let's go watch Tempus's invention."

At first, Tempus wasn't sure what to call his new invention, but, after a while, because so many people would come to "watch" it, he decided to call it his "Watch."

And thus, while the rest of the world continued to rely on sundials, hourglasses and water clocks for centuries, there was at least one man in Rome who had a reliable "watch." His name was Tempus.

What a Building!

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



EMPEROR VESPASIAN

Today, the Flavian Amphitheater was finally dedicated! This huge project was started by the Emperor Vespasian to help everyone forget the years of war and turmoil that followed the tragic reign of Emperor Nero. Unfortunately, Emperor Vespasian never got to see its completion, and it was left to his son, Emperor Titus,

to preside over the dedication ceremonies today. The building is still not done, however. There are only two tiers of marble seats installed. A third tier is planned, but some say wooden



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF AN ARENA NAVAL BATTLE

seats may have to be installed up there until sufficient funds are available to complete the project as planned.

When it is finally completed, they say that more than 45,000 spectators will be able to watch entertainments in the facility. *Munera gladiatoria* were already presented in



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF A VENATIO IN THE FLAVIAN AMPHITHEATER

its arena during the dedication ceremonies, and some people claim that the arena can be flooded so that naval battles can also be presented! The outer shell of the amphitheater is decorated with Doric, Ionic and Corinthian style columns, and, eventually, statues of the great leaders of Rome will decorate all the upper story arches.

Those who have been down under the arena say that there is a maze of tunnels, cages, cells and elevators down there.

The really great thing about this new amphitheater, however, is the huge *velum* that is drawn over the spectators to protect them from the sun during the hottest part of the day.



MODEL OF THE FLAVIAN AMPHITHEATER

It's fascinating to watch the sailors climbing along the ropes and extending and retracting the *velum* as needed.

More than 100,000 cubic meters of marble have already been used on the facility, all held firmly together with 300 tons of iron clamps concealed in the blocks of stone.

As spectators enter through the eighty different gates, they are entertained by the wonderful sounds of one of the largest water-organs ever built.

If you haven't seen the Flavian Amphitheater yet—or the Colosseum, as the lower classes refer to it because of the giant statue of Nero that still stands near by—you have no idea what you're missing.

BENE LAVA!

By Amelia Robinson and Thanatos McCullough, Latin I students of Nancy Mazur, Marlen L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

Welcome to the best little *balneum* in all of Rome. I am your *balnearius*, and I trust you will find your visit relaxing and pleasant. Be sure to give your *quadrans* to my *ianitor* before entering. After you pass through the *baptisterium* to cleanse your feet, you'll find that the *apodyterium* is to your right. If you did not bring a *puer a pede* with you, we can provide security for your clothing for a small charge.



CALDARIUM IN THE HOUSE OF MENANDER IN POMPEII

APODYTERIUM OF THE STABIAN BATHS IN POMPEII

If you plan to exercise, you will find our *palaestra* equipped with all the latest in workout equipment: dumbbells, *harpasta*, *folles*, *pilae trigonales*, *pilae paganicae*, wrestling areas, and an outdoor *piscina*.

We think you will enjoy our *tepidarium* which, we're proud to say, is one of the cleanest in Rome. If you need help with your

unguentum and *strigiles*, you'll find our staff ready, willing and affordable. When you're ready to visit our *caldarium*, you will also see that we keep our boilers well-stoked so that the water is hot enough to cleanse both your pores and your spirit. If you prefer dry heat, feel free to use our *laconicum*. It has a brand new brazier in the center loaded with charcoal-heated stones. Of course, you will want to conclude your visit with a plunge in our luxurious *frigidarium*.

Finally, we know that we can not offer all the luxuries of Rome's largest *thermae*, but then you won't have to fight 1,600 other bathers at the *Thermae Caracalae* or 3,200 at the *Thermae Diocletianae* either.

Enjoy your visit, and be sure to tell your friends. *Bene lava!*



FRIGIDARIUM IN A SMALL BALNEUM BY ALMA TUDMAN



Cancer Pagurus cum Heleoselino Ovisque Ghrina with Celery and Eggs

By Louis Liberator, Latin II student of
A. Preteroti-Nilsen, St. John Vianney H.S.,
Holmdel, New Jersey

The type of food eaten by Romans indicated the social class to which they belonged. Country-folk mostly dined on vegetables, cheese and fish, supplemented occasionally by fowl, rabbits, goat-meat or pork. Freshly baked bread was, of course, a constant, although country-folk would use lesser grades of flour than that used to make the bread of the wealthy.

Plebeian apartment dwellers frequently had no kitchen facilities and had to rely on fast food purchased from the many *tabernae*, *caupinae* and *thermopolia* located on almost every street corner. All these outlets would carry a variety of sausage, bread, cheese, figs, dates, nuts and wine of varying grades.



The wealthy Equestrians and Patricians could afford to have slaves who prepared fine meals which would be served to them and their guests in luxurious *triclinia* in their own homes. Delicacies enjoyed by the wealthy often included mollusks, sea urchins, oysters, scallops, lobsters, and shrimp.

This recipe, featuring the use of eggs, would have been a perfect *prima mensae* dish, since Roman meals traditionally proceeded *ab ovo usque ad mala*.

Res Commiscendae:

18 oz. cooked and prepared big shrimp

1/4 cup finely diced green pepper

1/4 cup finely diced celery

1/2 tsp. ground celery seeds

3 Tblsps. white vinegar

1/2 tsp. salt

5 hard-boiled egg yolks, finely diced

Modus Preparandi:

Cook the shrimp until tender. Drain and arrange neatly on a serving platter.

In a separate bowl combine all other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour the mixture over the shrimp and serve.





BLACK SABBATH SONGS 49.

By Octavius James, Latin II student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

I. ARCHITECTUS SPIRALIS

II. NATIONIS FUNABULUS

III. PORCI BELLICI

IV. ABSURDE SUSPICAX

V. NYMPHAE GERUNT PERONES

VI. IN INANE

VII. SABBATA ATRA

VIII. VIR FERREUS

IX. FUNUS ELECTRICUM

X. SABBATA CRUENTA SABBATA

The Boy of Cyprus 50.

By Lynne Kooiman, Latin I student of Darrel Huisken, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

From the story, copy the words in bold print next to the Latin words that would translate them.

"Once, in a little village on Cyprus, there was a boy named Julius. One day, Julius found a box of gems in the forest. He put the box on the table in the kitchen in his hut. Julius gave the gems to the poor. The people of the city made a statue of Julius and put it in the center of the city. Today, all the people carry him in their hearts."

- | | |
|-------------|----------------|
| 1. arcum | 11. olim |
| 2. casa | 12. parvo |
| 3. culina | 13. pauperibus |
| 4. cordibus | 14. populus |
| 5. dedit | 15. puer |
| 6. die | 16. silva |
| 7. ferunt | 17. statuum |
| 8. gemmas | 18. uno |
| 9. hodie | 19. urbe |
| 10. mensa | 20. vico |

Roman Baths 53.

Based on a game by Arminia Robins and Thantatos McCullough, Latin I students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

ACROSS

- Large remains of this emperor's baths can still be visited in Rome
- Roman "quarter" charged for admission
- Furnace
- A masseur
- Warm waiting room
- Locker room
- A small Roman public bath
- Sauna
- Cold plunge-pool
- Oil-anointing room

DOWN

- Open air exercise area in a Roman bath
- A bath keeper
- Special sweat bath
- Hot air channel under the floor
- Bronze body scrapers
- Largest bathhouse discovered in Pompeii
- Diocletian and Constantine both built baths on this hill in Rome
- Latin word for the "bath" that one takes

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MARTIAL 51.

Based on a game by Jennifer Tidd, Latin IV student of Jennifer Tidd, St. J. H.S., St. J., Ohio

Fill in the answer for each clue; then transfer the numbered letters to view the Mystery Message at the end.

- The emperor that Martial most often flattered in his poetry: _____ 10
- Martial's _____ usually had a "sting" in their last line. 2
- Country in which Martial was born: _____ 3
- The 33 poems that relate to shows put on by the emperors are generally called the _____ 14
- Martial is best remembered for his 1,500 poems generally called the _____ 5 7
- Even today, many of Martial's poems are considered too _____ to be translated. 6
- Martial's nomen was _____ 8
- _____ was emperor the year _____ 9
- Martial was born. _____
- City in which Martial was born: _____ 11 12
- Martial moved to Rome during the 13th year of the reign of Emperor _____ 1

Mystery Message:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14

Cultural Cryptogram 52.

By Yvonne Osmund and Gwen McCullough, Latin II students of Chervon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Hint: A = E

K J A Q U N T S C

X U S C Z O A Q A O

K J A P Q A A L C K U D A

D T Q D T Q Z T S C

yet they were aware that the Greeks were their cultural superiors!

ME MY & FAMILY 54.

By Eric Haywood, Latin I student of Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. father | A. amita |
| 2. mother | B. avia |
| 3. father-in-law | C. avunculus |
| 4. mother-in-law | D. avus |
| 5. step-father | E. consobrinus |
| 6. step-mother | F. filia |
| 7. brother | G. filius |
| 8. sister | H. frater |
| 9. step-brother | I. fratris filia |
| 10. step-sister | J. gener |
| 11. son | K. mater |
| 12. daughter | L. nepos |
| 13. son-in-law | M. neptis |
| 14. daughter-in-law | N. noverca |
| 15. step-son | O. nurus |
| 16. step-daughter | P. pater |
| 17. grandfather | Q. patruelis |
| 18. grandmother | R. patruus |
| 19. grandson | S. privigna |
| 20. granddaughter | T. privignus |
| 21. uncle (mother's side) | U. socer |
| 22. uncle (father's side) | V. socrus |
| 23. aunt | W. soror |
| 24. cousin (mother's side) | X. vitrici filia |
| 25. cousin (father's side) | Y. vitrici filius |
| 26. niece | Z. vitricus |

It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like... 55.

By Janice Zimmerman, Latin II student of James O'Brien, East Grand Rapids H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Unscramble the bracketed letters to spell out a Roman Holiday Greeting.

- Latin word for "holy" []
- Latin word for "shepherd" []
- Latin word for "calendar" []
- Latin word for "ornaments" []
- Latin word for the month of Saturn's festival []
- Latin word for "joy" []
- Latin word for "traditions" []
- Latin words for "winter time" []
- Latin word for "festival" []
- Latin word for "snowy" []

Roman Holiday Greeting:

RES IN CASA 56.

Based on a game by Julia Hoffmann, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

In the wordsearch, circle the English meaning of each Latin item.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. Ludibria | 11. Imagines |
| 2. Lecti | 12. Vestitus |
| 3. Sellae | 13. Gemmae |
| 4. Lucernae | 14. Scrinium |
| 5. Triclinia | 15. Volumen |
| 6. Arca | 16. Tabellae |
| 7. Patellae | 17. Fibulae |
| 8. Pocula | 18. Ollae |
| 9. Armarium | 19. Cibus |
| 10. Cochleares | 20. Patinae |

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



By Daniel Radtke, Steven Torre, Alex Reynolds and Rick Tenber, Latin I students of Butler-Lewis Middle School, Butler, Kentucky

Unscramble each English name and then match it with its Latin meaning.

- | | | |
|-------------------|--------------|--|
| 1. anguis | A. reba | |
| 2. camelopardalis | B. luhl | |
| 3. canis | C. atc | |
| 4. caper | D. ncehkci | |
| 5. cervus | E. wco | |
| 6. crocodilus | F. orcdoceli | |
| 7. cuniculus | G. edre | |
| 8. elephantus | H. odg | |
| 9. equus | I. tnaepelh | |
| 10. feles | J. xof | |
| 11. lacerta | K. rgof | |
| 12. leo | L. figrefa | |
| 13. lupus | M. ogta | |
| 14. mus | N. soreh | |
| 15. ovis | O. nloi | |
| 16. porcus | P. zdllra | |
| 17. psittacus | Q. knoeym | |
| 18. pullus | R. umeos | |
| 19. rana | S. rtpaor | |
| 20. sciurus | T. gpi | |
| 21. simia | U. trbiab | |
| 22. taurus | V. ehpes | |
| 23. tigris | W. knesa | |
| 24. ursus | X. rseqluar | |
| 25. vacca | Y. greit | |
| 26. vulpes | Z. lofw | |



Children's Books

(That Have Actually Been Translated Into Latin)

- I. ALICIA IN TERRA MIRABILI
- II. AUREOLA ET TRES URSI
- III. CATTUS PETASUS
- IV. CINDERELLA
- V. DONUM MAGORUM
- VI. FABULA DE FESTO NATIVITATIS CHRISTI
- VII. FABULA DE PETRO CUNICULO
- VIII. FELES CALCEATA
- IX. HANSULUS ET GRETA
- X. MAGUS MIRABILIS IN OZ
- XI. MARIA POPPINA AB A-Z
- XII. PARVA RUBELLA
- XIII. PINOCULUS
- XIV. QUOMODO INVIDIOSULUS NOMINE CRINCHUS CHRISTI NATALEM ABROGAVIT
- XV. SALINAE NATIVITATIS MIRACULUM
- XVI. TIBICEN HAMELINIS
- XVII. TRES PARVI PORCI
- XVIII. VESTES NOVAE IMPERATORIS
- XIX. VITA VALTERI MITTI ARCANAE
- XX. WINNIE ILLE PU

'Tis The Season

By Frank Turrus, Indianapolis, Indiana

Answer each clue by entering the letters of the English alphabet as indicated by their numerical sequence, e.g. 1 = A, 26 = Z.

1. Freedom caps worn by slaves: 16 9 12 12 5 9
2. Customary Saturnalia gifts given by *patroni* to *clientes*: 14 5 23 20 15 7 1 19
3. Wife of Saturn: 15 16 19
4. Small dolls and figurines given to children: 19 9 7 9 12 12 1 15 19 3 9 12 12 1
5. The festival of Sol Invictus was celebrated after the: 23 9 14 20 5 18 19 15 12 19 20 9 3 5
6. Three-day festival of Saturn: 19 1 20 21 18 14 1 12 9 1
7. Two-day festival of Saturn's wife: 15 16 1 12 9 1
8. Two-day festival for children: 19 9 7 9 12 12 1 18 19 1
9. Branches used by Romans to decorate their houses: 5 22 5 18 7 18 5 5 14 19
10. Usually illegal activity allowed during the December festivals: 7 1 13 2 12 9 14 7

THROUGH ROMAN EYES

BASED ON A GAME BY RYAN SHEETZ, LATIN IV STUDENT OF ANGELA LETIZIA HOLLIPATSEVAG H.S. HOLLIPATSEVAG, PENNSYLVANIA

In the wordsearch, circle the Latin name for each Greek deity.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. Aphrodite | 11. Hephaestus |
| 2. Ares | 12. Hera |
| 3. Artemis | 13. Hermes |
| 4. Athena | 14. Hestia |
| 5. Cronus | 15. Persephone |
| 6. Demeter | 16. Poseidon |
| 7. Dionysus | 17. Rhea |
| 8. Gaia | 18. Selene |
| 9. Hades | 19. Uranus |
| 10. Helios | 20. Zeus |

ANWFYSZNEPTUNEBA
VNDUURVTMINERVAC
UNULMEUSBYEPUAJS
ORELSAICPEBRTIUI
EOITSVRRRSYOAIR
CJAUCGOSOEKSSBOP
EYNEQORLTNMEZAA
UERNACLUVRZVRNR
VEJORETIPUJPNR
SUHCCABZOFWISRE
MAGNAMATERDNNCI
KZJMMTDCAVVADDR



Julia Roberts Movies

By Beth Conway and Lynsey Oettinger, Latin I students of Toni Hicks, Middlesex Regional H.S., Townsend, Massachusetts

- I. AERUMNAM AMO
- II. CHALYBIS MAGNOLIACEAE
- III. CONIURATIONIS RATIO
- IV. DORMIRE CUM HOSTIBUS
- V. FEMINA BELLA
- VI. MEI AMICI OPTIMI NUPTIAE
- VII. NOVERCA
- VIII. NUPTA TRANSFUGIENS
- IX. PELICANI COMMENTARIUS
- X. UNCUS

Island Living

By Carina Karachian, Latin III student of Kim Rose, Ogden Catholic H.S., Bakers, Pennsylvania

Unscramble each Latin word, then match it with an English meaning.

- | | |
|-----------|--------------|
| A. scina | M. ceame |
| B. ivr | N. teer |
| C. sob | O. animfe |
| D. usm | P. suilif |
| E. reup | Q. rxpsit |
| F. spsiic | R. sumaci |
| aseedri | S. suuicicln |
| G. rxou | T. sulpu |
| H. roost | U. ipsics |
| I. emar | V. afil |
| J. leupal | W. rvoetan |
| K. reftar | X. suuledihp |
| L. lseef | Y. savi |

- | | | | | |
|-----------|------------|--------------|---------------|-----------|
| 1. girl | 6. fish | 11. rabbit | 16. man | 21. bird |
| 2. net | 7. wife | 12. wolf | 17. dolphin | 22. cat |
| 3. dog | 8. son | 13. hunter | 18. mouse | 23. woman |
| 4. friend | 9. cow | 14. daughter | 19. star fish | 24. crab |
| 5. boy | 10. sister | 15. sea | 20. brother | 25. shark |

10, YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY SMART!

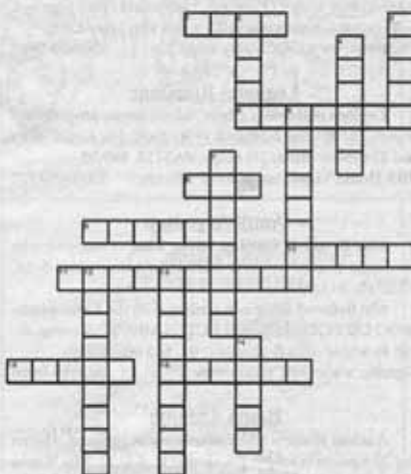
By Joseph Cook and Chris Digrolamo, Latin I students of Judith Granese, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

ACROSS

1. Agamemnon led a fleet of 1000 ships against this city
5. Aeneas' closest friend and companion
8. "Mr. Rich," or the Roman god of the dead
9. Roman and Greek god of music
10. The bird of Jupiter
11. Latin name of Augustus that indicates he was adopted.
15. Wife of Menelaus
16. Island kingdom of Odysseus

DOWN

2. The port city of Rome
3. Brother murdered by Romulus
4. According to Shakespeare, this assassin delivered the "most unkindest cut of all."
6. Greek spelling of the name of the most famous legendary hero of the ancient world
7. Beast of the labyrinth
12. Name of Aphrodite that reflects the name of the island near which she was born from the sea
13. Latin *nomen* of a poet called Maro
14. Julius Caesar's *praenomen*



The City of Pompeii

By Terry Langberry, English Grade Latin student of Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

It was a peaceful and bright day,
With no sign of haze in the way.
Mt. Vesuvius was thought to be at rest,
And the people were all at their best.
Little did they know
That soon it would blow.

Then the skies turned gray,
And the children stopped their play.
As rocks came flying,
Their voices rose, crying,
"Should we stay? Should we go?
Does anyone know?"

As time went on,
All hope was soon gone.
The gases crept in
Filling the rooms of houses and inns.
The cries died down.
Pompeii was left a mound.
But now some of Pompeii has been restored,
And Mt. Vesuvius remains at rest once more.

The Twelve Days of Subjunctive

By Susan Innes Hanks, Teacher of Latin, Greenville H.S., Greenville, Tennessee

On the First Day of Subjunctive,
Magistra shared with us...
"Let us hortatory with a 'mus'!"

On the Second Day of Subjunctive,
Magistra shared with us...
"Let them eat cake," and

On the Third Day of Subjunctive,
Magistra shared with us...
"If only there weren't Twelve!"

On the Fourth Day of Subjunctive,
Magistra shared with us...
"We came to study Latin!"

On the Fifth Day of Subjunctive,
Magistra shared with us...
"We are so bright that..."

On the Sixth Day of Subjunctive,
Magistra shared with us...
"I order you to memorize!"

On the Seventh Day of Subjunctive,
Magistra shared with us...
"I know what you are doing."

On the Eighth Day of Subjunctive,
Magistra shared with us...
"Ut" and "Ne" are reversed."

On the Ninth Day of Subjunctive,
Magistra shared with us...
"When, Since and Although."

On the Tenth Day of Subjunctive,
Magistra shared with us...
"If I should, then you would."

On the Eleventh Day of Subjunctive,
Magistra shared with us...
"If I had, then he would have."

On the Last Day of Subjunctive, (Yeah!)
Magistra shared with us...
"What else should we learn?"

(Now we know the Twelve Subjunctives... in a pear tree!)

Exit & Adit, but no "Init"

The Spelling Doctor (www.spellingdoctor.com), ever vigilant, shares this encounter with a wise seven-year old:
"I was looking toward Lake Champlain when this seven-year old informed me that she was going over to the 'adit' after school to wait for her Daddy when he finished his work in the iron mine. I thought I misheard her, but, after consulting my dictionary, I hadn't."

Just like "exit," "adit" is a derivative from "ire." It refers to the place of entry and departure for miners.

Sonnet to Juno

By Marissa Collins, Latin III student of
Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S.,
Fort Washington, Pennsylvania

In retrospect, we see her as a shrew,
A goddess prone to jealous fits of pique.
But one must ponder all that she went through
Before one labels her as mean or weak.
She was forced to marry Jove, her brother,
And she, unloved, was crowned unwillingly.
Jove chased females, one after another;
Of his children, his wife mothered just three.

Her first child, Hebe, her only daughter,
Wed her half-brother, to Juno's dismay.
Her next, Mars, became the god of slaughter;
Vulcan, the last, was ugly, lame and gray.

Her life was fraught with failure from the start—
Child to Time, I forgive you your cold heart.

How Well Did You Read?

1. *Quid egit asinus quando luto per perlutulum transire temptavit?*
2. What two events caused the study of Latin to be overlooked during the 1960's?
3. Which Pope convinced Atilla the Hun not to attack Rome?
4. Which Roman author is famous for his belief that the laws should not just serve the interests of a few?
5. What is the main evidence that Jesus Christ was probably born during August instead of during December?
6. Who wrote the poem that ends with the line, "The bad poets hate the good poets."?
7. On how many different days is *Carmentalia* celebrated?
8. Who dedicated the Flavian Amphitheater?
9. What campaign was launched by the Latin students at North Central H.S., in Indianapolis, in response to the events of September 11?
10. According to Christine Calamunci, what did the ants do for King Tut?

2002 NATIONAL LATIN EXAM

- More than 112,000 participants in 2001
- 40 question multiple-choice exam
- Seven levels: Introduction to Latin through Latin VI
- Grammar, reading comprehension, mythology, derivatives, literature, Roman life, and history
- Gold and silver medals
- Opportunities for Scholarships
- Deadline for application: Jan. 10, 2002

For application and information:
National Latin Exam
P.O. Box 95, Mt. Vernon, VA 22121
www.vroma.org/~nle



NATIONAL LATIN EXAM • SINCE 1977
Sponsored by the American Classical League/National Junior Classical League

RES • VENUM • DATAE

Carpe Secundas Mensas

CARPE DESSERT! Imprinted on a white 90/10 cotton blend sweatshirt (#204664: M-XL=\$32, 2XL=\$35) or 100% cotton T-shirt (#204665: \$19) would make a perfect, light-hearted, *Saturnalia* gift for one who loves Latin.
Wireless: www.GiftCatalog.com 800/669-9999

Legiones Romanae

Legions of Rome is a three video-cassette program that covers *The Roman Invasions of Britain*, *The Gallic Wars* and *The Punic Wars*. 2 1/2 hours. #A5754. \$49.95
PBS Home Video: www.shopPBS.com 800/645-4727

Anuli Argentati

This Brushed Sterling Silver Ring is stamped with the Latin words, CARPE DIEM. In whole sizes 5-10. #202510. \$45.00.

My Beloved Ring is inscribed with the Latin words, "EGO DILECTO MEO DILECTUS MEUS." Sterling silver. In whole sizes 5-12. #202507. \$45.00.
Signals: www.GiftCatalog.com 800/669-9696

Roma Antiqua

Ancient Rome is a four video-cassette program, 3 hours and 20 minutes in length. #AAE-42237. \$39.95. *The World of A&E*: www.AandE.com/store 877/447-8679

Veteres Pictura Moventes Dilectae

The Sign of the Cross is a classic film, featuring Charles Laughton as Nero, that has one of the most elaborately filmed arena sequences ever made—including those seen in *Gladiator*! 1932/b&w/118 mins. VHS: #HUMCA080824. \$14.95.

Barabas stars Anthony Quinn as the murderer set free by Pontius Pilate. 1961/color/134 mins. VHS: #HURCA060129. \$13.46.

Demetrius and the Gladiators pits Victor Mature against Emperor Caligula who struggles to gain possession of The Robe. 1954/color/101 mins. VHS: #HUYFOX 001178—\$9.99; DVD: #HUFXD001177—\$24.95.

Androcles and the Lion, adapted from Bernard Shaw's comic play, stars Victor Mature and Jean Simmons. Interestingly, this film incorporates arena-footage clippings from *The Sign of the Cross*. 1952/b&w/100 mins. VHS: #HUHVC080422. \$29.95.

The Robe, starring Richard Burton, Jean Simmons and Victor Mature. 1953/color/135 mins. VHS: #HUF0X001022. \$9.99.

Ben Hur, starring Charlton Heston. 2 cassettes. 1959/color/3 hrs., 31 mins. VHS: HUWHV065506. \$19.95; DVD: HUWBD065506. \$24.95.

Order all of the above from *Critics' Choice*: www.criticschoicevideo.com 800/367-7765

Emptio Secunda

Teachers, there are still a few boxes left if you would like to obtain complete sets of the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER published during the 1999-2000 and the 2000-2001 school years at bargain prices!

1999-2000 NEWSLETTERS

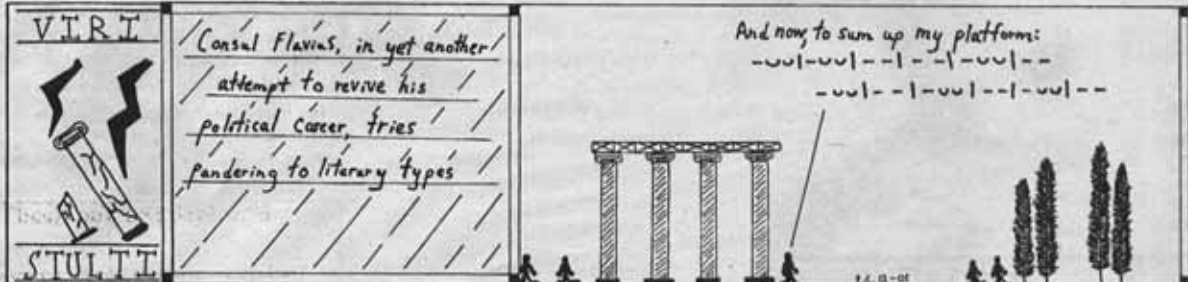
Each box, loaded with 28 copies (+ *Auxilia Magistra*) of each of 8 of the 9 issues published (the April issue was a short press run), sells for \$25.00, including S/H charges.

2000-2001 NEWSLETTERS

Each box, loaded with 25 of each of the 9 issues published (along with the *Auxilia Magistra* for each issue) sells for \$25.00, including S/H charges.

The learning games, cartoons and articles provide timeless cultural enrichment for new students who may not have received these issues when they were originally published.

Please send ☐ boxes of the 1999-2000 NEWSLETTERS.
Please send ☐ boxes of the 2000-2001 NEWSLETTERS.
Teacher: _____
School: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____ ZIP: _____
☐ Check is enclosed. ☐ Invoice School P.O.# _____
Please charge my ☐ VISA, ☐ M/C, ☐ Discover Card # _____
Expires: ☐ _____

DAWN LAU
RYMELLE, AUSTRALIAFREDERIC CLARK
LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIALEAH ZOLLER
CINCINNATI, OHIOELLEN T. SIERGIEJ
MONACA, PENNSYLVANIAMICHAEL PEREZ
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIAALEX ROSENTHAL
SCARSDALE, NEW JERSEY

Pompeiana, Inc.

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

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

Administrative Assistant to the Editor: Donna H. Wright

Production Assistants: William Gilmartin and Betty Whittaker

Graphic Designer: Phillip Barcio

E-mail: BFBarcio@Pompeiana.com

VOX: 317/255-0589

FAX: 317/254-0728

The Pompeiana NEWSLETTER

I.S.S. #08925941

The Pompeiana NEWSLETTER is the only international newsletter devoted exclusively to the promotion of the study of Latin at the secondary school level which is published monthly during the nine-month school year. Each month, September through May, 13,000 copies of the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER are printed for members and Latin classes throughout the world. The Pompeiana NEWSLETTER is a membership benefit for Adult and Contributing members. Teachers who are members of Pompeiana, Inc., may purchase classroom orders of the NEWSLETTER for their students.

© 2001 by Pompeiana, Inc. All rights reserved.

Website URL: <http://www.Pompeiana.com>

Membership Enrollment Form, 2001-2002

The cost of membership varies because of the expense involved in mailing the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER as a monthly membership benefit. All prices are in U.S. dollars. Memberships run for one year, June 1 through May 31.

Adult Memberships: U.S.A.--\$25.00; Canada--\$27.00;

England & Europe--\$36.00;

Australia & South Africa--\$45.00.

Name: _____

School: _____

Street: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Country: _____

Purchase Memberships & Subscriptions online: www.Pompeiana.com

Classroom Subscription Order Form, 2001-2002

All U.S.A. classroom orders must be sent c/o a current teacher-member of Pompeiana, Inc., at a school address. Additional charges are assessed for U.S.A. classroom orders, which cannot be mailed Library Rate to a school address. A MINIMUM CLASSROOM ORDER OF SIX (6) COPIES IS REQUIRED.

Per-Student Rates in U.S.A. Dollars:

U.S.A.: 6 (minimum)-50 cost \$5.25 each;

51 or more cost \$5.00 each.

Canada (minimum six): \$6.25 each;

England/Europe (minimum six):

via Surface Mail --\$6.25 each; via Air Mail --\$8.25 each.

Australia/South Africa (minimum six):

via Surface Mail --\$11.00 each; via Air Mail --\$24.25 each.

Please send _____ copies @ \$_____ each c/o the teacher-member listed on the enrollment form above.

Pompeiana, Inc.

6026 Indianola Ave.

Indianapolis, IN 46220-2014

Latin... Your Best Educational Investment

Let Pompeiana Put Your Name in Print!

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

Pompeiana, Inc., does not pay for spontaneously submitted items. It claims first publication rights for all items submitted. Its editors reserve the right to edit items prior to publication as they, in their sole discretion, deem necessary. Student work should include A) level of study, B) name of the Latin teacher, and C) the name and address of the school attended.

What May Be Submitted

1. Original poems/articles in English or in teacher-corrected Latin with accompanying English translations.
2. Special interest photos or news reports of Latin activities.
3. Teacher-corrected Latin reviews (with accompanying English translations) of movies, movie stars, musicians, major sporting events or renowned athletes.
4. Summaries or reviews of articles published elsewhere, complete with references to original author, title of publication, date and page numbers.
5. Challenging learning games and puzzles for different levels of Latin study, complete with solutions.
6. Cleverly written essays (300-400 words) about anything Roman. These may be serious or tongue-in-cheek parodies. Pompeiana, Inc., attempts to publish as much spontaneously submitted work as possible, but it cannot guarantee publication.

Auxilia Magistris

These solutions are mailed with each Classroom Order sent in care of a teacher member. Copies are also sent to all who purchase Adult Memberships. Teachers who give credit to their students for translating stories or solving learning games should be aware that Pompeiana, Inc., does not have the capacity to screen whether or not some of these Adult Memberships are being purchased for or by their students.

49.

Carmina Optima

- I. Spiral Architect
- II. A National Acrobat
- III. War Pigs
- IV. Paranoid
- V. Fairies Wear Boots
- VI. Into the Void
- VII. Black Sabbath
- VIII. Iron Man
- IX. Electric Funeral
- X. Sabbath Bloody Sabbath

52.

Cultural

Cryptogram

THE ROMANS CONSIDERED THE GREEKS TO BE BARBARIANS.

53.



60.

Island Living

1. J. poellia
2. N. rete
3. A. comis
4. R. amicis
5. E. puer
6. U. piscis
7. G. uxor
8. P. filius
9. C. bos
10. H. sonor
11. S. cuculus
12. T. lupus
13. W. venator
14. V. filia
15. I. mare
16. B. vir
17. X. delphinus
18. D. mus
19. F. piscis
20. K. frater
21. Y. avis
22. L. fides
23. O. femina
24. M. cancer
25. Q. pistris

50. The Boy

of Cyprus

1. box
2. hut
3. kitchen
4. hearts
5. gave
6. day
7. carry
8. genus
9. today
10. table
11. once
12. small
13. to the poor
14. people
15. berry
16. forest
17. statue
18. one
19. city
20. village

51.

The Life and Times of Martial

1. Domitian
2. Poems
3. Spain
4. Liber de Spectaculis
5. Epigrammata
6. Obiscene
7. Valerius
8. Claudius
9. Bibbula
10. Nero

Mystery Message:
Non amo te, Sabidi

55. It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like...

1. sanctus
2. pastor
3. kalendae
4. ornamenta
5. december
6. laetitia
7. traditiones
8. tempus hiemale
9. feriae
10. nivosus

A Roman Greeting:
IO SATURNALIA!

54. Me and

My Family

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

56. Res In Casa

1. TOYS
2. BEDS
3. CHAIRS
4. OIL LAMPS
5. DINING COUCHES
6. MONEY BOX
7. DISHES
8. CUPS
9. CHEST
10. SPOONS
11. DEATH MASKS
12. CLOTHING
13. JEWELRY
14. BOOK BOX
15. SCROLL
16. WAX TABLETS
17. SAFETY PINS
18. POTS
19. FOOD
20. PANS



63.



Through Roman Eyes

1. VENUS
2. MARS
3. DIANA
4. MINERVA
5. SATURN
6. CERES
7. BACCHUS
8. VESTA PRISCA
9. DIS
10. SOL
11. VULCAN
12. JUNO
13. MERCURY
14. VESTA
15. PROSERPINA
16. NEPTUNE
17. MAGNA MATER
18. LUNA
19. COELUS
20. JUPITER



59.

'Tis the Season Picturae Moventes

1. PILLEI
2. NEW TOGAS
3. OPS
4. SIGILLA, OSCILLA
5. WINTER SOLSTICE
6. SATURNALIA
7. OPALIA
8. SIGILLARIA
9. EVERGREENS
10. GAMBLING
1. I Love Trouble
2. Steel Magnolias
3. Conspiracy Theory
4. Sleeping With the Enemy
5. Pretty Woman
6. My Best Friend's Wedding
7. Sleepers
8. Runaway Bride
9. Pelican Brief
10. Hook

61.

Four Singing Animals Celebrate Saturnalia

A certain man had an ass that had worked long and faithfully for him. Since the ass was now old, the man decided to sell it to a neighbor. The neighbor was intending to kill the ass for its hide. The ass, however, heard the conversation between the two men. He said to himself, "I have a beautiful voice; I'll go to Rome and offer my services to my friend, the choir director." And the ass went to Rome.

After he had walked for a long time, he saw a dog that was lying beside the road. "What are you doing, friend?" asked the ass. "Ah," replied the dog, "I'm old, and since I can no longer catch rabbits, my master tried to drown me. I got away, but now I don't know how I can live."

"Come on," said the ass, "I'm going to Rome where a choir director may have a place for me. Come with me, and I'll recommend you to the choir director."

With the dog happily agreeing, the two animals set out together. Soon they saw a cat that was crying miserably. "Why are you crying like this, little cat?" asked the ass.

The cat replied, "I'm old, and since I can no longer catch mice, my master tried to strangle me. I scratched him and jumped down. Then I ran away, but now I don't know where to go."

"You have a beautiful voice," said the ass. "We are singers, and we're going to Rome. Come with us, and we shall recommend you to the choir director."

Happily agreeing, the cat went with them. When they had come to a country house, they saw a rooster singing in a sharp voice on a wall. "You're piercing our ears," said the ass. "Why are you singing like that?"

"Alas," said the rooster, "Tomorrow is *Saturnalia*, and the farmer has invited friends to dinner. The farmer's wife has decided to cut my head off tonight."

"Come on," said the ass, "you have a beautiful voice. We are going to Rome to be singers. Come with us and we'll recommend you to the choir director."

Agreeing happily, the rooster left with them. When, in the evening, they had come into a large forest, they decided to spend the night there. The ass and the dog lay on the ground under a big tree. The cat climbed into the tree. The rooster flew to the top of the tree. Before going to sleep, the rooster looked all around. Seeing a light, he called his companions. "I see a light. We're near a household."

"Great," said the ass. "We'll hurry there. Maybe we'll find a safe place to stay and food."

After they had approached the well-lit household, they saw some robbers who were sitting near a table loaded with food. They were eating, drinking and singing *Saturnalia* songs. "Ah, my friends," said the ass, "we shall eat very well if we can drive these robbers from the household."

Therefore, they adopted this plan: The ass put his two feet up near the window, the dog climbed onto the back of the ass, the cat climbed onto the back of the dog, and the rooster flew onto the back of the cat and sat there. Then, breaking the window into a thousand pieces, the ass crashed into the dining room. Disturbed by the awful racket, the robbers fled into the woods. Then the four animals dined like they had never dined before. After they had consumed all the food on the table, and the lights were put out, they looked for places to sleep. The ass lay down in the courtyard, the dog lay near the door, the cat lay near the fireplace, but the rooster perched on the roof. Since they were exhausted, all the animals went to sleep immediately.

At midnight, however, the leader of the robbers, having heard no noise, thought that the household was empty. He therefore sent one of the robbers to explore. Seeing that everything was quiet, the robber entered the household. Seeing the cat's eyes shining, he thought they were glowing coals. When he bent over to see better, the cat viciously scratched the robber's face. While the robber ran shouting toward the door, the dog bit his foot. When the robber tried to go through the courtyard, the ass kicked him. At the same time, the rooster raised a great clamor on the rooftop.

When the robber, terrified and out of breath, had returned to his leader, he said to him, "There is a witch in the household who scratched my face with her fingernails. At the door there's a giant who wounded my foot with a sword. In the courtyard there's a giant who hit me with his club, and on the roof there's a policeman who yelled, 'Stop the robber!'"

Since the robbers did not dare return to the household, the four singing animals felt that the place was so perfect that they celebrated *Saturnalia* there. After *Saturnalia*, not wanting to go to Rome any more, they lived their lives happily in this household.

Party

Animals

1. W, snake
2. L, giraffe
3. H, dog
4. M, goat
5. G, deer
6. F, crocodile
7. U, rabbit
8. I, elephant
9. N, horse
10. C, cat
11. P, lizard
12. O, lion
13. Z, wolf
14. R, mouse
15. V, sheep
16. T, pig
17. S, parrot
18. D, chicken
19. K, frog
20. X, squirrel
21. Q, monkey
22. B, bull
23. Y, tiger
24. A, bear
25. E, cow
26. J, fox

58.

Libri Optimi

- I. Alice in Wonderland
- II. Goldilocks and the Three Bears
- III. The Cat in the Hat
- IV. Cinderella
- V. The Gift of the Magi
- VI. A Christmas Carol
- VII. The Story of Peter Rabbit
- VIII. Pass in Boots
- IX. Hansel and Gretel
- X. The Wizard of Oz
- XI. Mary Poppins from A to Z
- XII. Little Red Riding Hood
- XIII. Pinocchio
- XIV. How the Grinch Stole Christmas
- XV. Sally's Christmas Miracle
- XVI. The Pied Piper of Hamelin
- XVII. The Three Little Pigs
- XVIII. The Emperor's New Clothes
- XIX. The Secret Life of Walter Mitty
- XX. Winnie the Pooh

64.

How Well Did You Read?

1. *Asinus non calcitravit.*
2. The Vietnam War and the Second Vatican Council
3. Pope Leo I
4. Marcus Tullius Cicero
5. Shepherds feed their flocks in the fields at night during August to avoid the heat.
6. Gavin Ewart
7. Two
8. The Emperor Titus
9. A school wide effort to compose notes of sympathy and gratitude.
10. The Pyramids