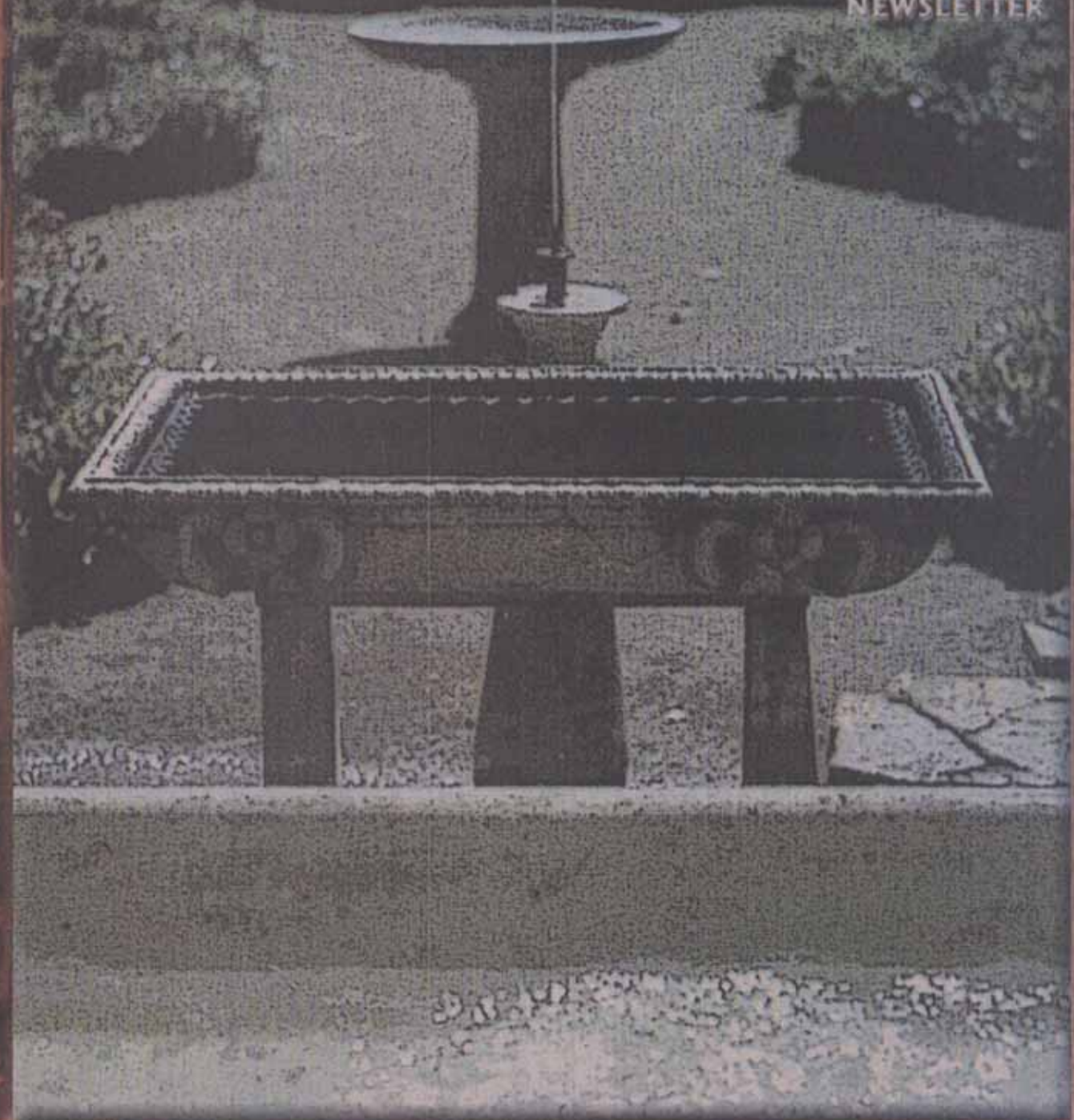


POMPEIIANA

NEWSLETTER



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SEPT., A.D. MMII

Alliterative

Haiku

By Joe Narkovic, Latin IV student of
Kim Ryan, Quigley H.S., Baden, Pennsylvania

I.
Silently sighing
A circular assembly
Concedes Cicero

II.
Shakespeare and Caesar
Superfluous subtlety
(Something else "ess-ish")



"Archaeological gastronomy" has taken Rome by storm with cubed cuttlefish in cold-egg sauce, duck breast with turnips, leeks with vinegar and goat pâté being served by waitresses wearing white ancient Roman tunics at an honest-to-goodness *caupona lauta* called *Magna Roma*.

This unique ancient Roman-style restaurant is the brain child of Franco Nicastro, an archaeologist who decided to let folks share in the lives of the ancient Romans more closely than simply looking at the artifacts they left behind.

Not only do diners at *Magna Roma* enjoy ancient recipes presented by tunic-clad servers, but they also use only authentically re-created ancient Roman "sporks": spoons with very thin handles, the ends of which are pointed.

Unfortunately, this little trip to a *caupona lauta* is true to the meaning of its adjective which, of course, means "luxurious." A meal for three with wine costs \$190.

The really great thing is that the whole experience can be enjoyed within walking distance of the Colosseum!

SPECIAL THANKS TO LARRY MARCUS, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



Ei quibus fabulae de iuvenibus audacibus placent "speculatores parvuli" amant. Hi iuvenes videntur agere vitas solitas: habitant cum parentibus suis et student apud scholam cum aliis studentibus. Hi speculatores parvuli, autem, non sunt iuvenes soliti. Habent personas secretas quas agunt quando causas secretas suas suscipiunt. Speculatoribus parvulis placent periclitari, res occultissimas investigare, eis qui sunt in periculo iuvare, machinis callidis uti.

Quamquam domum solitam habitant, cubacula sua certissime non sunt solita. Omnes res in cubiculis sunt automatarum. Mane ne oportet quidem eos colligere calceos. Etiam habent machinas quae cameras suas automatarum purgant!

Speculatores qui primam picturam moventem *Speculatores Parvulos* spectaverint postprincipium certe amabunt. *Speculatores Parvuli II: Somniorum Amissorum Insula* a Roberto Rodriguez quoque directa est. Ricardus Moutalbanus (qui personam egit in pictura moventi cui titulus erat *Iter Apud Stellas II: Khani Ira*) personam agit in hoc postprincipio. Patris personam agit qui iustus est quia Gregorius filium suum in matrimonium duxit sine permissione.

Cheechus Marinus, qui personam in prima pictura moventi egit, quoque in *Speculatoribus Parvulis II* personam agit. Etiam parva filia eius (in vita vera) personam breviter agit cum patre.

In *Speculatoribus Parvulis II*, Carmen et Junius speculatores nunc sunt, sed omnes apud scholam suam causarum secretarum eorum ignari sunt. Scholae princeps autem suspicax est quia Carmen et Junius frequenter absunt propter "aegritudinem."

In *Speculatoribus Parvulis II*, Carmen et Junius parentes suos non liberant de periculo (sicut fecerunt in prima pictura moventi), sed causas secretas suscipiunt una cum parentibus suis. Et habent plus machinas callidas quam habuerunt in prima pictura moventi. Nunc habent helicoptera pro se praecipue constructa. Nunc speculatores videre possunt omnia instrumenta callida quae sunt in sportella metallica eorum.

Quia a *Diseno* producuntur, haec duae picturae moventes non monstrant violentiam terrentem, sed certissime monstrant quam maximam actionem. Argumenta harum duarum picturarum moventium non sunt multiplicia, sed ne

picturae moventes de Iacobo Vinculo quidem habent argumenta multiplicia.

Sicut prima pictura moventi, *Speculatores Parvuli II: Somniorum Amissorum Insula* quoque est festiva et iucunda. Si opus est te habere praetextum ut haec picturam moventem spectes (quia senior vel urbanior sis), duc minorem fratrem tuum vel minorem sororem tuam ad picturam *Speculatores Parvuli II: Somniorum Amissorum Insulam* spectandam.



SPECULATORES PARVULI II

Just south of Naples, Italy,

a spur of the *Autostrada* curves around the bay, traverses pleasant countryside, then passes through tranquil towns with names like *Torre del Greco* and *Torre Annunziata*. Every now and then motorists catch sight of huge, grotesque, concrete World War II

lives away in poverty and misery.

While settling in to help the peasant farming families survive, Longo also sought to enrich their spiritual lives. This self-appointed missionary would gather the ill-clad, ill-fed, ill-housed peasants each evening in

down the rickety old church of *San Salvatore* to make way for a splendid Marian shrine.

By pouring his own funds into the project, along with funds collected from all over the region, Longo was able to start construction of this new church complex—

the POMPEI with one "i"

machine-gun bunkers rising among the wheat, the grapevines and the olive trees—incongruous leftovers from the attempt to prevent the landing of Allied troops.

Soon, signs appear indicating the exit for Pompei, a modern town—spelled with one "i"—that sits on the edge of the exca-

the aged little church of *San Salvatore* (Holy Savior) for the recitation of the Rosary, a prayer form to which

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

vated ancient community by the same name. As does its tragic predecessor, ancient Pompeii, *Pompei Nuova* attracts visitors from far and wide, but for wholly different reasons, as will soon be shown.

In 1873, a thirty-two year old lawyer from *Lutiano* (located in the heel of Italy) took up residence in the *Valle Pompeiiana*, as the area was then known. Though success in his chosen field had afforded him a comfortable life in *Lutiano*, Bartolo Longo felt unfulfilled. One night, the restless man had a dream in which the Virgin Mary urged him to work among the poor and the down-trodden. Thus he had moved to *Valle Pompeiiana* where a sizeable number of peasant farming families toiled their bleak

Longo had recently become especially devoted.

Two years later, Longo brought back from a trip to Naples an oil painting on canvas of the *Madonna del Rosario*, which the locals soon came to cherish and venerate.

Profoundly thankful to the Virgin Mary for having guided him to his new, more satisfying life, Longo then sought and gained permission from the area's bishop to pull

which would be called a Sanctuary—on May 8, 1876, just three years after having undertaken his new mission in life. Thanks also to the encouragement and support of the Pope himself, Leo XIII, the new church was (Continued in Pagina Sexta)



IL SANTUARIO DELLA MADONNA DEL ROSARIO IN POMPEI

Welcome Back, Persephone!

By Shamora Harden, Classical Mythology student of Dr. Robert Sutton, I.U.P.U.I., Indianapolis, Indiana.
Winner of the 2002 Indianapolis Borders Book Shop "Publius Ovidius Naso Living Myth Contest."

I stare out of the window as we ride up toward the house. "Night and day," I say to myself as I think about how different Mount Olympus is compared to the Underworld. Every time I come home and see lush, green leaves and plump, perfectly ripe fruit hanging from the sturdy trees, I wonder how I could ever stand to be away from this place. How could I ever have adapted to the red hue of torches and fire after having grown up in the reddish hues of the sun? "Stop it," I say, speaking once again to myself. I can feel myself getting angry all over again, and I let out a long sigh.

"What's wrong?" my husband asks, concerned.

"Nothing," I say, looking at him and feigning a smile.

He stares at me for a minute, then turns away. He knows I'm lying, but how can I tell him that I'm still angry about the way we were married? That I'm still angry about the way he snatched me away from my happy existence and forced me into his?

"Hades," I say.

He turns toward me, his dark, almost black eyes wide and attentive.

"I'm..." I pause. I realize I can't tell him what I'm thinking. Things are different now. I think I've actually fallen a little in love with him. This will only hurt him. I guess I just wish that we could at least talk about it. He acts like it never happened.

"Yes?" he says.

"I'm..." I start again as I contemplate whether or not I should dare delve into the topic.

"Persephone?" he asks, looking confused and slightly irritated.

I finally decide that he doesn't deserve this. Not right now. I change the subject.

"I'm glad you decided to come this time," I say as our chariot slows to a stop.

"Well, it's for a special reason," he answers while quickly getting out of the chariot.

"Hmmm," I mutter aloud, reacting to his unusual answer. He's up to something!

After I am helped down from the chariot, I stop for a moment and take in the beauty of the house.

"We haven't been here for a while, huh?" says Hades.

"Yeah. Well, Mom told us to meet her here," I respond. Since my father and I haven't had much to say to each other since my marriage, I haven't had any reason to spend any time at all on Mount Olympus. I usually just go straight to my mother's in Eleusis.

I take a long look at the palace before stepping forward. Sculpted shrubs accented with every flower imaginable sprinkle the front lawn. The grass is perfectly trimmed which brings out its rich, pure green color. Towering white pillars wrapped with ivy seem to stretch past the heavens supporting a golden roof that extends for miles east and west. The arched door is of pure gold, adorned with the images of all of the gods. My gaze lingers on the image of my father.

"We haven't talked in a while. I'll have to tell him how I've been feeling," I say to myself. "We need to talk about what happened. How I didn't appreciate being given away without warning, without my mother's consent, without a real wedding." Every year I try to force myself to have this talk with Zeus, and every year I end up putting it off. Finally, I decide that 3,000 years is long enough, and that the time has come.

"Kore!" I hear a familiar voice call as I pull down on the smooth ivory, sickle-shaped doorknob.

"That has to be my mom," I say to myself. "She's the only one who calls me 'Kore.'"

I turn to see my mother running toward me, her braided sun-kissed hair and silk royal purple gown trailing behind her as she reaches me with arms wide open.

"Mom!" I shout as we hug, both crying happy tears and smiling.

"My baby, I've missed you," she says as she lovingly caresses my cheek.

I hold her lilac-scented hand to my face. I've missed her warm hands.

"I've missed you too, Mom," I reply.

"How are you feeling? Your skin is pale. You're so thin. Are you eating? Is everything...?"

"Mom," I interrupt. "I'm O.K. Everything is fine."

Hades walks over to us.

"I'll catch up with you later," he informs me, leaning over to kiss my cheek. "Demeter," he says to my mom, nodding respectfully.

"Hello...Hades," she coldly replies cutting her eyes

away from me to his face.

Sensing the obvious tension, he immediately retreats into the house.

"Well, at least you two are speaking now," I laugh.

"It's a special time," she says, now smiling at me.

"What do you...?"

"Just come with me," she interrupts. "Today is a special day. We have to get ready." She grabs my hand and leads me inside the house.

Inside the house it's frantic! Everyone is hurrying around at a frenzied pace.

"Hi, Persephone," says Hermes as he rushes by, winged-shoes flapping.

"Welcome back," say Artemis.

"Ready for the big night?" asks Apollo.

I respond with a confused look.

"Shhh! She doesn't know yet," warns Artemis, nudging Apollo in the side. Both rush past me in the opposite direction.

"What don't I know yet, Mom?" I ask.

"Just come with me," she assures me as she continues to lead me by the hand.

We finally stop in a room at the far end of the house. She closes the door as I look around. The room is bright, lined with a plush, white fur carpet. There are mirrored closet doors everywhere and an ivory sunken tub filled with steaming hot water in the right-hand corner of the room.

"What's this all about?" I ask my mother.

"You'll find out soon, but hurry up and get ready," she insists. "Bath, and I'll be back soon."

"But Mom, who do I...?"

The door closes before I can complete my question.

After soaking in the tub for a while, I hear a knock at the door.

"Come in," I say.

The door opens, and six nymphs glide in holding a fluffy, white towel before them.

"Time to get ready," they say in unison with their transparent wings twinkling. They immediately wrap me in the towel and begin primping my hair.

"What is going on?" I ask hoping finally to get an answer.

They only giggle and continue feverishly working on my hair.

"I command you to tell me what's going on," I say in my most authoritative voice. I was hoping that the "I command you" bit would scare them. Instead, they laughed even harder.

"You'll see," they said in unison as they finished my makeup and fluttered out of the room.

As the chorus of nymphs passed out through the doorway, Aphrodite entered holding a sheer, purple dress, cut in a simple peasant-style.

"Are you going to tell me what's going on?" I ask as she helps me slip into the dress.

"You like it? I made it for you to wear today," she says changing the subject.

"You made this? Thank you, but why did...?"

"You almost look as good as I would in that dress," she

jokingly interrupts. "Just kidding! Good to have you back," she smiles while exiting the room.

Minutes later, Hermes enters holding a pair of golden sandals adorned with diamonds.

"Hey!" he greets me. "I made these for you. Let's try them on."

"They're beautiful," I say as he slips them on my feet.

"They feel great. Hermes, level with me. What's going on?" I ask.

"Has anyone ever told you that you have great-looking ankles?" he smiles, evading my question as he leaves the room.

"This is ridiculous," I say aloud. "Why won't anyone answer me?"

Almost immediately, Athena walks in, dressed in her best armor and holding a belt of white violets.

"Oh, wise Athena," I plead, "please tell me what is going on!"

"Take off the belt you're wearing! It simply won't work," she scoffs as she hands me her floral creation. "This will much better suite the occasion. You are pale, but you still look nice," she says as she turns to leave.

Hephaestus limps past Athena in the doorway as he makes his entrance. He is holding a tiara on a royal blue, velvet pillow.

"Hello, Persephone," he smiles. "I've brought you a gift."

"Oh, it's so beautiful, Hephaestus," I say, momentarily distracted by the beauty of the tiara. It is gold with five heart-shaped amethyst stones on the front and sparkling rubies forming a band around the crown. "Thank you so much," I say, kissing him on the cheek.

He blushes and carefully limps back out of the room.

I look at myself in the mirror for the first time since I've arrived.

"Man...I am pale," I say aloud twirling around to see my mother enter the room. I snap back into question mode.

"Mom, what's going on? Why is everyone giving me gifts? Am I...?"

"Kore, there is a surprise for you out back, but someone wants to talk to you first," she says.

"Is it father?" I ask.

She nods.

"Good. I've been wanting to talk to him!"

"If you intend to discuss what I think you are, now is not the time," she warns.

"I can't put it off any longer, Mom. I've put it off for way too long."

"Here, this is for you," she says handing me a beautiful, purple sheer veil.

"But this is yours, Mom. Why are you...?"

"Let me help you put it on. Promise me you'll hear your father out first before you start talking."

I nod as I watch her put the veil on me. She then walks out of the room.

"Persephone!" I hear a strong voice say. It's my father.

"Hello, Father. We have to..."

"I have something I wish to say to you," he says grabbing my hand and looking me straight in the eye. "I know things haven't been great between us, but I want you to know that I am not sorry for what I did. I was just doing what was best for you. I do, however, regret the way I hurt both you and your mother. And to show you just how sorry I am, there is something I am now going to show you."

He leads me out of the room further down the hall until we're in front of a back door. I hear music and muffled conversations.

"Father, what is...?"

"I have decided to give you a real wedding. The wedding you should've had a long time ago," he says and opens the door.

I step out of the house to see all of the gods seated in rows. Apollo is in the front playing his lyre. There are numerous tables overflowing with food and nectar. I look straight ahead and see Hades standing at the altar. His hair is dark and thick, shoulders broad and strong. I look up at my father. His beard and hair look like fluffy clouds surrounding his face.

"You didn't have to do this. I just...we just..."

I try to speak, but am overcome with emotion. I grab him and hold him tight.

"Thank you so much, father!"

As we walk down the aisle, I realize that I'll have to postpone our talk for a little while longer. At least until after my wedding.

Catullus' Love-Torn Soul

By Kimberly Dwyer, Latin IV student of Suzanne Romano, Academy of Allied Health and Science, Neptune, New Jersey



Oh mournful season that delights the eyes,
Her farewell beauty captivated your spirit,
And at her leave your heart she's taken
Till the stardust whispers to draw the night.

Your lips whimper at the sight
Of guileful promises betrayed by your love;
Yet as the sun blisters your heart,
Your passion patiently awaits the shadows.

Is this lustful warmth worth the wait?
Or will the darkness slaughter its splendor?

POMPEII

Through Pliny the Elder's Eyes

By Anie Lee, Latin II student of
Judy Granese, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

De Meridie—a.d. X Kal. Sept. DCCCIII A.V.C.

Misenum was indeed the perfect place for my villa. From my terrace I can see the imperial fleet that was recently placed under my command by *Imperator Titus*. This naval base, located at the mouth of the Bay of Naples, is one of two that protect the whole of Italy. And the nearby towns have much to offer me and my sister Plinia who is spending the late summer with her son at my villa. If I look carefully across the bay, I can even see the walls of Pompeii. One of these days I shall have to take Plinia and my nephew Plinius on a day-trip to the other side of the bay. They would love to see the beautiful villa of Tascus and his wife Rectina located at the foot of Mount Vesuvius.

De Meridie—a.d. IX Kal. Sept. DCCCIII A.V.C.

My sister noticed a strange cloud arising from the top of Mount Vesuvius across the bay. Because of my interest in nature, I intended to set out to have a closer look for myself. As my boat was being prepared to take me across the bay, a messenger arrived from Rectina begging me to come to her rescue since Tascus was away and she had been left alone to face this danger. All routes of escape by land were cut off. I immediately ordered warships to be launched for a rescue mission and boarded the lead ship myself.

As my ship approached closer to the mountain, bits of ash and pumice floated down onto the deck. I had intended to land as close to the mountain as possible, but the falling debris soon made the waters close to the shore too shallow to beach the boats. I realized with great sadness that it was already too late to rescue poor Rectina.

My officers advised me to return to Misenum, but I thought that would be a cowardly decision. Since I was in command, I ordered the warships to proceed south along the shore for a couple of miles and land in the small protected harbor near Stabiae. At least, if the gods favored us, I might be able to rescue my good friend Pomponianus who lived near there.

Suprema—a.d. IX Kal. Sept. DCCCIII A.V.C.

We managed to get ashore at Stabiae, and I met my friend Pomponianus. He has a villa at Stabiae, and, although he had a boat all prepared for his escape, the strong winds prevented a launch. While we waited for the winds to die down a bit, I ate, bathed and tried to get some sleep. I knew I had to give the impression of calmness. The commander of a Roman imperial fleet must instill confidence in his men.

Prima Hora—a.d. VIII Kal. Sept. DCCCIII A.V.C.

I hope that my writing is legible. It is almost impossible to see even though I know that it has to be dawn. During the fourth watch, my friends woke me for fear that I might be trapped in my room by the ash which was building up at an alarming rate. I was led down to the shore with torches and lamps so that I would be close to the ships. It was so impossible outside that we had to tie cushions over our heads to protect ourselves from the hot cinders that fell like hail.

I am currently resting on a rolled up sail as I try to catch my breath. There is so much fine ash and so many acrid fumes in the air that it is becoming increasingly harder for me to breathe.

Oh, I'll choke if I don't drink some water or something...water...I need water! Where did everyone go? I'll...just...have...to...try...to...get...up...I.....need.....wait.....

PRIMAPORTA

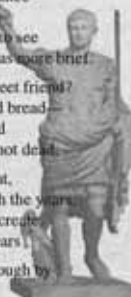
By Rose Kearns, Latin II student of
Florence Newman, University Laboratory H.S.,
Urbana, Illinois

He, standing white with cherub at his knee
And armor all of glories in relief,
Still looks with eyes that do not seem to see
To sometime-things whose moment was more brief.

You loved them dearly, didn't you, sweet friend?
Loved Rome of brick and circuses and bread—
But left it marble. Don't cry. In the end
They loved you dearly back. You are not dead.

I know that not all conquerors are great,
Whose peace and war seem easier with the years.
They are the ones who keep, not who create.
And yet from softer voices one still hears!

Of goodness, having been brought through by
Augustus Caesar, *pater patriae*.



Lux Fiat

By Marie Wolbert, Latin III student of Margaret Curran,
Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York

Sol
Clarus, ardens
Oritur, lucet, cadit.
Apollo est deus.
Sol

IF YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW CAESAR

By John Mark Montgomery,
Latin I student of Angela Letizia,
Holidaysburg H.S., Holidaysburg, Pennsylvania



Most readers will not realize that *Gaius Julius Caesar* was quite possibly the most successful military leader of all time. Not only was he skillful in waging war, but he also was expert on putting the correct political spin on his war-time efforts. This kept him popular with the Roman people, although his downfall did come at the hands of the Senate who feared his ability to manipulate the masses and resisted his ideas for reform.

As a military commander, a *dux*, Caesar led many successful campaigns, including the Helvetic campaign in 58 B.C., the Belgic campaign in 57 B.C., the Venetic campaign in 56 B.C., the Germanic campaign in 55 B.C. and the Britanic campaign in 54 B.C.

During his climactic battle against the *Galli* at Alesia in 52 B.C., Caesar displayed his true military genius. He instructed his troops to surround the city, which was perched on an oblong hill, with a series of *fossae* and *valla* and to cut off all of the city's outside help and resources. Caesar's resolve to take Alesia was not even shaken when the *Galli* drove all weak and elderly residents out of the city to perish in the no-man's land between the city walls and Caesar's fortifications. For his victory at Alesia a twenty-day thanksgiving extravaganza was held in Caesar's honor.

During his unprecedented invasion of Britain, Caesar displayed his personal bravery, his total reliance on the training and loyalty of his troops and his ability to spring back in the face of serious strategic miscalculations. Before crossing the channel from *Gallia* to *Britannia*, Caesar had his troops practice beach landings, albeit in calm waters. When his troops were confronted with rough, waist-high waves on the coast of Britain, they nevertheless persevered and successfully beached their ships. What Caesar and his officers did not realize, however, was that dramatically high tides visit the coasts of Britain when the moon is full. Since Caesar's ships were beached near the Ides of the month, the unforeseen high tide carried all his ships out to sea during the night where they were smashed into each other by rough seas.

Caesar, however, did not despair. He quickly organized the land assault for which he had come while instructing his engineers to recover as much of the material as possible from the damaged ships and have them rebuilt immediately. Another magnificent victory for Rome!

The power of Caesar's legions, the genius of Caesar himself, and his ever-growing popularity with the *populares* made the Roman Senate wary of his return to Rome. When he began his triumphal re-entry into *Gallia Cisalpina* at the head of his victorious legions, the Senate sent a delegation to meet him, congratulate him and forbid him from leading his legions across the Rubicon River, which marked the southern border of *Gallia Cisalpina*.

Caesar, however, knew that he held all of the dice in this political game, and he determined that they would not deprive his victorious legions of their triumphal march up the *Via Sacra*. As he sat astride his horse (a unique beast renowned for its cleft hooves) on the north bank of the Rubicon, he determined that he would defy the order of the senate and said aloud, "*Alea iacta est*" as he led his troops across the shallow and narrow waters of the river. Upon celebrating his triumphal march through Rome, Caesar the *Dux* became Caesar the *Imperator*!

Without *Gaius Julius Caesar*, the true greatness of Rome as a world power may never have been realized. He possessed the skill to lead and motivate. He devised some of the best schemes for victory and showed his successors the powerful, personal determination that would be required to lead the far-reaching Roman Empire that he had helped create. Had he not been cut down by jealous assassins, we can not help but wonder what even greater projects he would have initiated for the glory of Rome.

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Pompeiana, Inc., needs to have a \$500,000 Endowment in place by January, 2003, to enable Pompeiana, Inc., to continue to serve as a National Center for the Promotion of Latin into the Twenty-first Century.

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- 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, Gordon, Australia
- Jane Ann Reinitz, Evansville, Indiana
- Diana S. Rurde, Robeson, Pennsylvania
- Susan E. Setnik, Winchester, Massachusetts
- Veneto Sports Awards, Jackson, New Jersey
- Betty Whittaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, Indiana
- Gordon Wisard, Indianapolis, Indiana



Heus, Buddy, Can You Spare a Cow?

Based on a submission by Hillary Dempse, Latin II student of Angela Letizia, Hollidaysburg H.S., Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania



Anyone who thinks that inflation is bad today should consider how bad it was in ancient Rome. The monetary unit called an *as* that originally could be used to buy a whole cow eventually came to be worth only two loaves of bread. When it was first "coined," an *as* was made of iron that had been molded in a hole in the ground shaped to resemble a cow—indicating its purchasing power and explaining the origin of the Latin word for money, *pecunia* (pecus=cattle). The fifth king of Rome, Servius Tullius, decided that the *as* should be a bar of cast copper stamped with the image of a cow, indicating either how much more valuable copper was than iron or how much less-valued cows were then considered to be.

About 450 B.C., it was decided that an *as* should still be made of copper but weigh only one Roman pound, a *libra*. There were twelve *unciae*, or ounces, in a Roman *libra*.

To provide flexibility in the use of the *as* to make purchases, different denominations were soon struck. The *semis* was a half an *as*, the *triens* was a third of an *as*, the *quadrans* was a fourth of an *as*, the *sextans* was a sixth of an *as* and the *uncia* was a twelfth of an *as*.

As the years passed and the economy changed, the size of the *as* continued to shrink. The first change resulted in an *as* that weighed only four *unciae*. The next change produced an *as* that weighed only two *unciae*. By 217 B.C. the *as* weighed only one *uncia*. After 89 B.C. it weighed only one-half an *uncia*, and during the Empire it was finally reduced to one-fourth of an *uncia*. It was this *as* that could be used to purchase two loaves of bread during the first century A.D.

Once the *as* had become so small, there was obviously no need for most of its smaller denominations that had come into use when the *as* weighed a Roman pound. Of all those smaller coins, the only one that survived was the *quadrans* which, similar to the old Italian *dieci* (10 *lira* coin used primarily to operate coin-operated elevators in Italy), had a very limited use. The *quadrans* was primarily used to pay the entrance fees at baths or to tip slaves (*peculium*).

By the first century A.D., Romans were primarily dealing with seven different Roman coins:

The gold *aureus* (worth 250 *denarii*) issued by the Emperor.

The silver *denarius* (worth four *sestertii*) issued by the Emperor.

The bronze *sestertius* (worth 2 1/2 *asses*) issued by the Senate and stamped with the letters S.C. (*senatus consulto*).

The bronze *deponius* (worth 2 *asses*) issued by the Senate (S.C.).

The copper *as* issued by the Senate (S.C.).

The copper *semis* (worth 1/2 of an *as*) issued by the Senate (S.C.), and

The copper *quadrans* (worth 1/4 of an *as*) issued by the Senate (S.C.).

Merchants, of course, also had to deal with a great variety of coins produced in such countries as Greece and Judaea and would have to rely on moneychangers to determine current rates of exchange.

The general Latin word for a coin was *nummus* which, technically, referred to the *sestertius*, the unit most gener-

ally used when indicating the worth of an item or an individual, just as the word "dollar" is generally used in America.

For the Romans, however, coins did much more than simply provide units of exchange. They sometimes commemorated religious occasions and holidays. They advertised buildings recently completed by the issuing Emperor as well as the images of the Emperor and special members of his family.

Roman coins were in no way uniform in shape since each was struck by hand. The engraver would first create two molds, one for the frontside (called the *caput*—"head" or "face"—of the coin since a deity or emperor frequently

appeared there) and one for the backside (called the *navis* since early coins generally had a ship portrayed on that side). The backside mold would be installed in an anvil base. A carefully pre-weighed piece of metal (called a "fan") was then placed on this bottom mold. The mold for the top side would be mounted in the bottom of a metal punch. After this punch was placed on top of the "fan," it was struck with a hammer, simultaneously imprinting both designs in the coin. Sometimes either

the molds or the "fans" would be pre-heated to make the metal more malleable.

On the coins there were inscriptions. They started at the bottom left and continued clockwise until the bottom right. The letters or words were usually on the outer edges of a coin. If the coin were one of the smaller denominations issued by the Senate, the backside would contain the letters S.C.

Today, tens-of-thousands of Roman coins are dug up every year. In fact, bags containing 500 unidentified Roman coins can be purchased for as little as \$995 (www.worldwidetreasure.com). Many of these coins are found in England or in Italy. The modern worth of Roman coins depends a lot on their quality and their rarity. For example, the famous "tribute penny," a silver *denarius* with the Emperor Tiberius on the frontside and his mother Livia on the backside, is not worth very much because so many of them have survived. On the other hand, a gold *aureus* coined by the Emperor Otho, and containing his face on its frontside, is worth a fortune because so few have survived from his short three-month term in office. A visitor to the Boston Museum of Art can take an interesting walk down memory lane by viewing examples of all the Roman *aurei* coined by the various Roman emperors.

It's not really very hard to date a Roman *aureus* or *denarius* because the emperors who issued them usually had specific images put on their coins that date them fairly accurately. Coins issued to commemorate the reign of the previous Emperor generally have the word *consecratio* imprinted under the image of that Emperor.

It is interesting that even the English word "money" owes its origin to Roman coins. The word "money" comes from the temple of *Iuno Moneta* on the Capitoline Hill where the first Roman coins were struck in Rome. *Iuno* was called "Moneta" to commemorate the fact that it was her geese that once warned (*monere*) the Romans encamped on the Capitoline of the nighttime approach of the enemy.



September 29, 83 B.C.
1871 October 10, 83 B.C.

Excerpts From The Last Journal of AUGUSTUS

By WILL GARNETT,
Latin II student of St. Marianne Catholic,
The Common School, Charlottesville, Virginia

a.d. VII Kal. Aug. DCCLXVII A.V.C.

I find myself feeling as sick today as I have throughout this spring. My asthma is really starting to be a problem, and I find it to be too cold for my liking. I cannot stand going out into the sun even when it is cold; I must wear a hat to protect myself from it. I have been sick a lot of times in my life, but I was most critically ill right after our conquest of Cantabria. The *medici* said I had a terrible problem with my liver. At first I was given a very dangerous treatment that provided little relief. It was Antonius Musa who finally cured me. I'm suddenly feeling a little worse right now, so I think I shall lie down and take a rest.

a.d. V Kal. Aug. DCCLXVII A.V.C.

I had a dream last night about my three lost legions in Germania. I dreamt that I was watching from the background as Quintilius Varus led the legions into a dark forest where they were massacred by the Germanic tribes. When I awoke, I lay there remembering how I had let my beard and my hair grow in my sadness over the losses. I could also feel the pain in my forehead as I recalled banging my head against a post as I shouted, "O, Quintili Varus, give me back my three legions!" Lying in the dark, I also recalled the looks on the faces of those around me at that time who feared I had gone crazy. I still can't forgive him for having wasted 15,000 legionnaires. I think I'll quit writing now before I get all depressed again.

a.d. III Kal. Aug. DCCLXVII A.V.C.

If it's true that *senes* like to reminisce, I guess I'm definitely getting old. Ever since *prima hora* today, I have been thinking about how I have reformed Rome's laws—proposing new ones, improving or revoking old ones. I've been thinking about how opposed the *Equites* were at first to my law that said a man must wait for three years after the death of one wife before he marries another. And, although it seemed logical to me, there were even those who complained about my new law forbidding men from marrying young girls who had not yet reached puberty. Some senators, whose wives had born them only two children, even wanted me to change my law that gave special privileges to *matronae* with three or more children. I believe my laws have made a difference for all of us citizens of Rome—even though I may be the *Princeps*, or leading citizen of Rome, I do still consider myself to be simply a *civis* like everyone else. But now, it just makes me weary thinking about the struggles involved in reforming the laws of Rome. It also makes me hungry. I think I'll send for my *ientaculum*.

Kal. Aug. DCCLXVII A.V.C.

Today I attended the theater and was pleased to see all of the reserved seats in the first two rows filled. I believe I can take full credit for this because it was my *lex theatralis* that allowed anyone whose parents or who they themselves may have had the fortune of an *Eques* at some time to sit in those special seats even if they had recently lost their fortune. Of course, I still get the *malus oculus* from some of the older *Equites* who would have preferred to have the old *lex Roscia theatralis* still in effect that restricted that seating to those who still enjoyed the wealth of an *Eques*. I don't know whether it was because I was in attendance, but it did my heart good to see the soldiers, plebeians, young boys and their *paedagogi* all in their proper seats. There were, of course, no women in attendance since it was still *de meridie* and my *lex theatralis* forbids them entrance into the theater before *suprema*. All in all, it was a fairly good day. I felt healthy, and everything seemed to be exactly as I like to see it in Rome.

Pridie Non. Aug. DCCLXVII A.V.C.

I have to admit that I don't travel as well as I once did. This trip down here to Nola tired me completely. I was outside for a short time today, and watched my grandsons running and playing. It reminded me of the games I used to sponsor and how much the people of Rome loved them. I think what I remember most fondly are the *naumachiae* I sponsored right next to the *Tibur*. The expense and manpower it took to create that artificial lake was well worth it. And what could have been more pleasant than watching the *certamina ludae* I sponsored in the *Campus Martius*? Of course, encouraging large crowds to spend the day in the *Campus Martius* did require the construction of large temporary bleachers and the stationing of the Praetorian Guard throughout the city to help the *vigiles* protect the homes of the spectators from looters. And how can I ever forget the exotic animals I used to display in the Forum to amuse my

(Continued in Pagina Septima)

DE LINGUA LATINA

By Joseph Cook and Chris Digilano, Latin II students of Judith Granger, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

Latina est lingua paucorum verborum.

Latin is a language of few words.

Latina autem peperit multas linguas.

Latin has, however, produced many languages.

Omnes hae linguae de Latina dependent.

All these languages depend on Latin.

Sed non participes sunt gloriae Romae.

But they do not share the glory of Rome.

Roma erat urbs cum multis hominibus.

Rome was a city with many people.

Sed pauci erant reges et reginae.

But few were kings and queens.

Plerique Romae erant plebes.

Most people in Rome were commoners.

Omnes autem Romam amaverunt.

All, however, loved Rome.

Latina diu difficultates superavit.

For a long time Latin has overcome difficulties.

Indocti existimant Latinam mortuam esse.

The uninformed think that Latin is dead.

Nos autem scimus Latinam vivere.

We, however, know that Latin lives—

Magna cum Gloria!

With great glory!

Semper vivet lingua Latina.

The Latin language shall always live.

Latina numquam morietur!

Latin will never die!

The Thirteenth Labor

Based on a Modern Myth by Dan Quinn, Latin II student of Jeanne Larsen, Seton School, Manassas, Virginia

I.
Well, Heracles had just finished with that ugly dog Cerberus, and he was on his way back to King Eurystheus when, all of a sudden, something bright shot out of the clouds and, kicking up a blinding cloud of dust, landed in the road before him. It was Hermes, and he had an important message from King Eurystheus himself: The town of Thebes was under attack by a giant dragon, called Draco, that had come down from the mountains.

Hermes had arrived on the back of Pegasus, the great flying horse, and had brought several gifts from Mt. Olympus to help Heracles save Thebes. Ares had sent a magical shield that would return weapons fired at Heracles back against his enemies. Hephaestus had created a sword that could cut through any material with a single blow. Out of gratitude for his having released him from his chains on Mt. Caucasus, Prometheus had sent Heracles a special attachment for his sword that would enable it to project a powerful water-jet for thousands of feet.

Hermes informed Heracles that the monster attacking Thebes was a fire demon sent from Hades, not a dragon that had come down from the mountains, as King Eurystheus thought. The demon could change the color of its scales at will to become invisible in its surroundings. Its tail contained a stinger that would impart immortality to its victim while placing them in a state of extreme pain that would last forever.

Finally, Hermes presented Heracles with a special medallion sent by Zeus. It had a magic power. Heracles had only to snap it into an opening on the end of his sword handle, and its power would be activated the instant that Heracles called upon Zeus for help.

II.

When Heracles arrived in Thebes, he was directed to a cave in the mountain that the monster was using as its lair. Heracles mounted Pegasus and immediately flew toward the mouth of the cave, outside of which he hovered as he planned his next move. Suddenly, the ground shook and a rush of black smoke belched from the mouth of the cave, accompanied by a deep rumbling that made Pegasus nervous and uneasy.

Instead of emerging from the cave as Heracles thought the monster would do, the top of the mountain exploded, and the head of the dragon-like creature arose, spewing a deadly stream of lava down the side of the mountain. As the monster climbed out of the mountain, it grew to be more than a mile long. Powerful gusts of wind blew when it flapped its huge wings. Its body was covered with jet-black scales. The poisonous stinger on the end of its tails swung dangerously back and forth through the air. Its eyes glowed a haunting red, and its foul breath made the air grow stale and dry.

Heracles noticed immediately that the stream of lava that the monster had spewed was flowing straight for Thebes, and he knew that would have to be the first thing he would have to address. He flew as close to the lava stream as the heat would allow and fired the powerful water-jet attachment of his sword at the head of the flow. All that did, however, was release a massive cloud of stinging steam. Flying upward away from the cloud of steam, Heracles looked down on the scene and noticed a lake on top of a nearby mountain beside which the lava was flowing. He flew down beside the lake, and, using the great sword that had been given him by Hephaestus, he carved a gash into the side of the mountain to release the waters of the lake. Heracles used his shield to direct the entire contents of the lake over the lava flow that cooled and hardened just before it reached the city.

The demon rushed forward, full of fury. It belched a blast of fire that was immediately reversed into its face by the magic shield of Ares. Then the demon pulled its little disappearing trick and blended into the landscape or the sky temporarily before firing another blast at Heracles. Every time the monster was hurt after being hit by its own blasts of fire, it would immediately heal itself. The battle continued day and night for several days.

III.

Eventually, Heracles realized that if he slashed away a few of the demon's protective scales and immediately blasted the wound with his water jet before the monster could disappear, the scales did not grow back. Proceeding in this fashion, Heracles was able to weaken the monster, but not without weakening himself considerably in the process.

It was then that he remembered the medallion that had been sent to him by Zeus. He quickly snapped it into the end of his sword handle as he called upon Zeus for his help. The medallion immediately began to glow green. Heracles pointed the tip of the sword at the demon, but this time,

instead of water shooting out from Prometheus' special attachment, a bolt of lightning flashed through the air. The demon reared back in pain. Heracles kept up the barrage of lightning bolts until the demon was too weak to breathe fire or even disappear into its surroundings.

The monster was far from defeated, however, and moved forward determined to destroy its attacker with its claws and the stinger at the end of its mighty tail. Before Heracles could move to safety, the monster's tail swung around with a mighty swish and its stinger was driven into Pegasus' side. Pegasus neighed in pain and began to fall to the earth with Heracles on his back.

IV.

With a bone-wrenching crash, the magical horse and its rider hit a ledge near the top of a mountain. Pegasus lay limp, barely alive, as Heracles scrambled to find cover behind some large boulders as the monster approached. Slowly, the demon raised its head to examine the fallen body of Pegasus on the ledge. Heracles held back quietly without moving a muscle. As the demon began looking around for the horse's rider, Heracles prepared to attack.

As soon as the monster turned his head away from the boulder behind which Heracles was hiding, Heracles rushed forward giving a great battle cry, and launched himself onto the neck of the monster. He then plunged his sword between two of the monster's great protective scales, and when it had been plunged in up to its hilt. He again asked Zeus for his special help. Another mighty bolt of lightning shot forth from the tip of Heracles' sword, and the monster gave a great roar as its eyes glazed over in pain. Heracles leapt back onto the ledge where Pegasus lay as the monster's body began to crash into the valley below.

Then the sky grew full of swirling black clouds, and the ground shook violently as a great chasm opened in the valley into which the monster was falling. Green shafts of light shone out of the chasm, and lightning from above raced down into the abyss, escorting the demon back into the Underworld. With another violent shake, the chasm in the valley below closed.

Before long, nature resumed its normal activities. Birds chirped, small animals appeared continuing their daily hunt for food. Heracles invoked the help of Athena who quickly healed all of Pegasus' injuries with her magical herbs.

To commemorate his thirteenth labor, not only was Heracles honored by the city of Thebes, but the gods themselves also hung constellations of Heracles and Draco in the night sky to commemorate the mighty conflict.

GRAMMATICUS WANTED!

By Nancy W. Latin V student of Richard Sprules, Packway West H.S., Ballwin, Missouri

In need of a teaching job?
Parents in the small village of Comum in Northern Italy are tired of sending their sons far off to boarding school in Mediolanum. These parents are willing to pay a teacher to teach their sons in their own hometown. At the encouragement of Pliny the Younger, a native son of Comum, the parents seek a grammaticus to educate boys XII annos natos through XVI annos natos at the secondary school level. This grammaticus should be prepared to teach Latin subjects using the Greek language. He not only should have excellent grammatical skills but should also have patience with students. Specifically, the parents want their students to be given a good basic knowledge of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, to be able to discuss Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and to be able to write epigrams. The grammaticus should be skilled in geography and history while focusing on grammar and style in Greek and Latin literature.

Those interested in applying should contact the assistants of Pliny the Younger or Tacitus to whom Pliny has written the following appeal:

"My friend, Tacitus, I beg you to look out for some teachers among the throng of learned men who gather around you. If you find anyone who thinks himself capable, let him go to Comum, but on the express understanding that he builds upon no certainty beyond his confidence in himself."

Applicants should be ready to begin work a.d. VIII Kal. Apr.



Anthony & Cleopatra

Based on an article by Carl Wienecke, Latin III student of Larry Steele, Norman H.S., Norman, Oklahoma



Although Gaius Julius Caesar had been married three or four different times, his only legitimate child was a daughter named Julia. Because of this, Caesar decided to adopt Octavius, the son of his niece, Atia (the daughter of his sister, Julia), after the boy's father had died. Cleopatra, the young queen of Egypt, would bear Caesar an illegitimate son, to be named Caesarion in his honor, but this was not a boy to whom Caesar could hope to pass on his legacy of power.

With an eye to preparing his young protégé to succeed him, Caesar included him in his triumphal procession when Octavius was 16 years old and awarded him military decorations even though Octavius had been too young for overseas service. Octavius, as his name was changed to indicate his adoption, closely observed his grand-uncle's ruling techniques and soon became an adherent of his political philosophy. Following Caesar's self-appointment as dictator, a massive military campaign was planned against distant Parthia (modern-day Iran) in 44 B.C. Since Octavius had no formal military training, he was sent to spend the winter being drilled with the legions stationed in Apollonia. Caesar intended to join his adopted son in the spring before launching the campaign.

As is well known, however, a group of senators, fearing the dictator's authoritarian power and popularity, assassinated Caesar on the Ides of March, 44 B.C. Although Marc Antony, Caesar's nephew (the son of Caesar's sister, Julia) and one of his most loyal supporters, had been initially detained by one of the conspirators, he was subsequently released and even allowed to deliver his uncle's eulogy. As immortalized by Shakespeare, this eulogy promoted public revenge against Caesar's assassins and successfully incited a riot that drove the conspirators from the city.

To Antony's chagrin, Caesar had already appointed Antony's nephew, Octavian, as his heir, and had given him his name (Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus)—a significant contribution to his political status. As soon as Octavian returned to Italy from Apollonia, he began a campaign aimed at gaining the public's approval, and, before long, Uncle Antony was forced to admit that his nephew Octavian was, indeed, his chief political rival. After the Senate appointed Octavian as consul of Rome (even though he was only 20 years old), Antony arranged a secret meeting with Octavian and a wealthy colleague, Marcus Lepidus. Using Julius Caesar's illegal triumvirate as a model, Antony, Octavian and Lepidus formed what is traditionally known as the Second Triumvirate, a five-year collaboration that was legalized by the Senate. Working together, the Triumvirs convinced the Senate to deify Gaius Julius Caesar in 42 B.C. One of this Triumvirate's first challenges was to organize an army to defeat the opposition forces of Brutus and Cassius which had been amassed in Macedonia and were bent on overthrowing Caesar's legacy of power in Rome. Led by the skilled commander Antony and the just recently trained Octavian, the legions dispatched by the Senate met the forces of Brutus and Cassius near the city of Philippi in Macedonia and soundly defeated them.

The skill and daring of Uncle Antony during the Battle of Philippi greatly enhanced his political image. Being young and untired in battle, however, Octavian's "cowardly" performance on the battlefield was soon rumored throughout Rome.

When the Triumvirate met afterwards to divide the administration of Rome's provinces among themselves, Antony hoped that by putting Octavian in charge of Italy and the western provinces of Gaul and Spain, his cowardly reputation would undermine his authority and that he himself would soon be asked to take over the administration of these areas. Antony chose the civilized, elegant provinces of the east, among them Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor and Greece, as his political base. Now that the wealth of Lepidus was no longer critical to his political success, Augustus assigned him the governorship of a province in northern Africa.

(Continued in Pagina Decima)



Cura Matrona.

Although I am a simple plebeian with no family or living parents, I hope that you will not refuse to offer your help. My *pater* died in childbirth when I was about three years old. My *pater* never remarried, but did his best to provide for the both of us and train me to be a respectable young man. We lived simply, in a small rented room above the *Caupona Euxinus*. Every morning I would help my *pater* clean the *caupona* in exchange for the rental fee on our room. When that was done, my *pater* insisted that I attend our neighborhood *ludus litterarius*, while he went to his day-job at the tannery near the *Porta Stabiana*. My *pater* manned one of the large oblong *basins* lined with wood in which fine leather was tanned. Whenever my *pater* and I had some free time together, and he wasn't too tired, he would teach me how to swim, ride a horse and defend myself. He was bonded and determined that I would grow up to be a proper young man.

When I asked him when I would be able to go to work with him at the tannery, he said, "Nunquam!" He did not want my hands to turn yellowish-brown as his had become. He said that when the time came, he would apprentice me in a better trade.

My *pater* even arranged for me to *ducere* in *matrimonium* the daughter of Euxinus as soon as I was old enough. Ten years ago, just before my *pater* died, he arranged for me to learn how to work as an *affector* in a nearby cloth-dyeing shop.

Matrona, I have continued to live frugally in the same rented room, for which I continue to clean the *caupona*

every morning before I go to my day job. I have even advanced myself by learning how to be a skilled *affector* who dyes fine materials in their original colors instead of just re-dyeing faded cloth as *affectores* do. Since I am now old enough to *ducere* my *sponsam* in *matrimonium*, I would like to try and improve my life a little more.

Please don't get me wrong, *Matrona*. I am very grateful for everything my *pater* did for me and for his arranging for me to learn the cloth-dyeing trade. I would, however, like to have a job that would earn a little more money so that my *uxor* and I would not have to live in my small room above her *pater's* *caupona*.

Can you offer any suggestions, or is it possible that you might have a friend here in Pompeii to whom you could recommend me?

Crescens
Pompeii

Care Crescens.

There is nothing more noble than a young man, however poor he may be, who respects his *pater* and is doing his best to achieve the goals for which his *pater* would have wished. Your *pater* obviously loved you a great deal to make sure that, even though you were poor plebeians, you got some formal schooling and learned those skills that every good *pater* teaches his sons. Your *pater* obviously wanted you to enjoy a full life of your own, and thus arranged for you to have a *sponsa* awaiting your growth into manhood. I don't think you should feel guilty at all about wanting to improve yourself to the point where you could afford a nice apartment for you and your *uxor*.

It would take more *pecunia* than you obviously have to start your own cloth-dyeing shop. Not only would you have to rent space for your shop, along with a drying yard, but you would also need enough *pecunia* to purchase the many glass bottles containing all the various dyes that you would need.

There are two practical suggestions that I can offer you, however.

First I suggest that you request an opportunity to have a serious talk with your future *socer*, Euxinus. If he does not have a *filius*, he may be willing to have you train to take over his *caupona*. And even if he does have a *filius*, he might be willing to suggest that you work with his *filius* in running the *caupona* so that you would be able to provide a comfortable life for his *filia*.

If you don't think there is any chance of your *socer* offering to help you in this way, I would be willing to write to a close friend of mine named Marcus Vecilius Verbecundus who is a *vestiarius negotiator* in your city. I'm sure that, after I explain what a fine young man you seem to be, and how you want to improve yourself as your *pater* would have wanted you to, he would be willing to take you on as an apprentice in his business. He has a shop in which he sells and manufactures woolen cloth, garments of felt such as slippers, gloves, hats, ribbons, and fine linen garments. No longer would you have to return home at night with stained hands. If you learn well and earn the respect of Vecilius, I'm sure you would be able to move into sales where the real *pecunia* can be earned. Within a year or two you would surely be able to do your *pater* proud by saving enough to afford a nice apartment and *ducere* your *sponsam* in *matrimonium*.

What If Hercules Had Another Task?

By Amanda Candelino, Latin I student of Kelly Ryan,
Quigley Catholic H.S., Baden, Pennsylvania

Hercules was tired, he had done his tasks.

He finally sat to dinner, with his meat and wine in a flask. But he soon learned that his stay would be short in this inn—He was to have a 13th task which was ready to begin.

He must save a golden chicken, for his sister, Venus true. He needed to get it quickly for Venus was very blue. Traveling to Mt. Olympus, he received all of the news—He must travel to Zimbabwe, and there must pay his dues.

He arrived there as a human, with muscles bulging quick. He thought this would be easy. It was only a golden chick. But he was wrong for three monsters stood on the ground—He would either defeat them or no longer be around.

The first two-headed monster he quickly tied into a knot. The second three-armed monster took just one shot. He then sized up the third and struck him in the head—Hercules made a mighty fist, and "Bash," that ogre was dead.

Hercules completed his task standing firmly on two feet. "Finally," he said, "my duties are complete." He returned home feeling great and bold—

Then he struggled with his Mommy, but just because he was cold!

the POMPEI with one

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

consecrated fifteen years later almost to the very day. Along the right side of its entrance, a Latin inscription proclaims:



PAINTING OF THE MADONNA DEL ROSARIO PURCHASED BY LONGO IN NAPLES

AUSPICE
L'OPERA DEI PAI-
TERIUM
COLLATA UNO QUO-
STIP-
AASO-EXTRENDUM
BARTOLOMEO LONGO
ET ALIIS

With the approval
of Leo XIII, Supreme Pontiff,
this Sanctuary
with funds gathered at large
for many years for its
construction
overbuilt by Bartolo Longo
and his wife

Called *Il Santuario della Madonna del Rosario*, the large travertine structure has an attractive facade of two orders. The lower portion features Ionic columns framing three arches

that lead into an airy atrium. The upper, in the Corinthian style, has a Papal loggia. On the entablature is a relief of Pope Leo's coat of arms over the word PAX, engraved in letters six feet tall. Atop the pediment is a marble carving of Our Lady of the Rosary. The transept of the church is crowned with a huge dome flanked by four miniature cupolas.

The interior is rich in frescoes, mosaics and sculptures. Prominent among the last are effigies of the most learned "Doctors of the Church," including Thomas Aquinas and Catherine of Siena. Displayed above the tabernacle, in a gold-leaf frame, is the oil painting of the *Madonna del Rosario* that Longo had bought in Naples in 1875. Beneath the main altar reposes the body of Blessed Bartolo Longo who died on October 5, 1926. (He was beatified by Pope John Paul II on October 26, 1980, at solemn ceremonies in St. Peter's Square in Rome.)

Longo lived to see the completion of *Il Santuario's*

eighty-meter-high bell tower, just in time to herald the arrival of the Holy Year in 1925. Its eleven enormous bells fill the air each day with a sweet sound to announce the passing hours.

On the sprawling property around *Il Santuario*, the tireless benefactor of the town also established an orphanage, a hospice for pilgrims, a museum called the *Museo Vesuviano* and a health spa called the *Terme Fonte Salutare*. Considered the very founder of the modern city of Pompeii, the gentle man is honored with an impressive monument in the main square, the inscription on which proclaims in Italian:

POMPEI CITTA MARIANA
DOVE OPERANO FEDE E CARITA
DOVE PERLINNE ARTE LA PREZIOSA
ONORA IL SUO FUNDATORE
BARTOLO LONGO
APOSTOLO DEL ROSARIO PIU' BELLE FRIGIE CRISTIANE

Pompeii, the Modern City
Where works of faith and charity abound
Where Piety shines forth personally
Honors its founder
Bartolo Longo
Apostle of the Rosary, Father of Christians

Just as Longo hoped it would, the modern city of Pompeii quickly became, and continues to remain, a focal point of pilgrimage. Buses stream in daily, bringing thousands of the faithful whose goal it is to recite the Rosary in the world-famous shrine erected for just that purpose. Thus each day the streets leading to *Il Santuario* are filled with pilgrim processions chanting hymns to Mary.

The modern-day influx of pious Christians to Pompeii is the very antithesis of the gangs of hoodlums that used to storm into old Pompeii from the surrounding towns and provoke brawls at the gladiatorial games in the amphitheater. (cf. Tacitus' *Annals*, 14:17.)

The spiritual character of modern day Pompeii notwithstanding, this city can also be a perky, jaunty, enjoyable village where all day long daredevil young Lotharios whiz by on motor scooters, kids clamorously kick soccer balls all over the place, men chat animatedly at sidewalk café tables, housewives bargain spiritedly with the produce peddlers, young lovers stooch unabashedly on a bench, and the cop on the beat smilingly takes it all in with an elderly priest at his side.

The cordial and gregarious Pompeians of our era share Catullus' enthusiastic, yet innocent and contagious, philosophy of *Dum Vivimus, Vivamus!* "While Alive, Let's Live!" They also have, apparently, an insatiable

collective sweet-tooth, judging by the plethora of pastry shops and ice cream stands. And perhaps, too, an obsession with knowing what time it is, given the extraordinary number of stores selling watches of every shape, style and price.

And how they love to stroll! Each evening, *Via Roma*, the main drag, is closed to vehicular traffic to allow for *La Passeggiata*. Early each morning, however, the *Via Roma* belongs entirely to the stray dogs of the city. Be up and about before 8:00 a.m. and you are sure to encounter this rather large but harmless canine colony out in force, kibitzing with one another, promenading up and down *Via Roma*, or lazily "catching some rays" from the newly risen sun.

While the *Scavi* of Old Pompeii, dug up from the volcanic debris of Mount Vesuvius, offer visitors such fascinating antiquities as the Villa of the Mysteries, the House of the Vettii, The Barracks of the Gladiators and the Temple of Apollo, *Pompeii Nuovo* stands ready to accommodate them with numerous comfortable and moderately priced lodgings at places like *La Palma*, *La Rosa*, *Diomede*, *Tiberio*, *Europa*, *del Sole* (where Eva and her family will make you feel right at home), and the spanking new *Hotel Santa Caterina*. Also available are economical good spots for lunch and dinner, ranging from hole-in-the-wall *trattorie* to vine-covered pizzeria gardens, to the ever-popular *Ristorante Zi Caterina*. It is in this *ristorante* that the movie-star-handsome Fabio and his stunning fiancée, Anna Maria, never fail to provide—at the right price—an unforgettable experience with genuine Campanian cuisine in a most ap-



PUBLIC GARDENS IN FRONT OF IL SANTUARIO DELLA MADONNA DEL ROSARIO

pealing ambience.

An overnight—or two—in the Pompeii with just one "I" makes a wise addition to any southern Italy itinerary.

An Easy Read

The Boy and The Apples. By Venita Fox

Est in agro arbor, in qua poma multa sunt. Puer poma videt. Prima luce in arborem ascendit, et decem poma ab arbore removet. Iam ex arbore eum descendere oportet, et ab agro discedere; sed agricola, qui puerum videt, magnum canem in agrum ducit.

Tum puer perterritus magno clamore locum complet; sed auxilium abest.

Agricola appropinquat, et puerum ita monet: "Poma non tua sunt. Cur poma aliena ab arbore removes? Non acquiescis. Fur es, et canis meus semper fures mordet. Bonus puer esse debes!"

Tum puer exclamat: "Numquam iterum fur ero! Nunc canem tuum ex agro educ!"



Agricola ridet et canem abducit.

Puer incolomis est, sed poma non habet. Bonum consilium agricolae memoria tenet, neque postea ab arbore eius poma removet.

Nonne haec fabula facilis est?

The Classics Club

By Robert Chipok, teacher of Latin,
The Academy of Mt. St. Ursula, Bronx, New York

The Classics Club at Mt. St. Ursula explores all aspects of the civilizations of Ancient Greece and Rome. Although membership is drawn primarily from the students enrolled in our Latin language program (Latin I, II, III and AP Latin), the Classics Club is open to all interested students.

Each year club members perform at our school's International Night, a festival designed to celebrate the ethnic diversity of our student body as well as to recognize the culture of the languages studied in our school. With a cast



Student performers in the Classics Club's pantomime production of Demeter and Persephone

of 18, the Classics Club presented a pantomime of the myth of Demeter and Persephone, set to music from String Quartet #5 of Philip Glass. Past performances have included the songs of Elvis in Latin as well as a Latinized version of Old MacDonald, complete with a full complement of barnyard participants.

The Classics Club also sponsors field trips to the Greek and Roman collections at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, classical theme film presentations, and theatrical productions of Greek and Roman plays.

Excerpts From The Last Journal of AUGUSTUS

(Continued a Pagina Quarta)

fellow citizens. Many had never seen a rhinoceros before. Although most people were familiar with tigris, I believe mine were the most handsome they had ever seen in Rome, not to mention the extremely large unguis—mirabile visu—that I had shipped in from Northern Africa. Those are all good memories, but I get so sleepy now after eating the freshly picked fruit I like to have for prandium! I think I'll just rest my eyes.

a.d.XV Kal. Sept. DCCLXVII A.V.C.

I really did not intend to spend this much time in Nola, but I just seem to feel weaker everyday. I can't understand these stomach cramps! If I weren't eating only fruit that I pick fresh from the trees myself everyday, I might believe that someone was trying to poison me. I spent the early morning looking at the latest revised chartae of Rome's territories and provinciae. Although I have founded many new cities and located thousands of retired legionnaires on farms, I know that there is still a lot to be done. I still have not been able to visit Sardinia and Africa as I had promised Sextus Pompeius that I would. Of course, I did station legions there as had been requested... well, there is a limit to what I seem to be able to do these days. I just feel so sick...and weak. I think after I have a few freshly picked figs for prandium, I'll just stay in my lectulus for the rest of the day. The Imperium Romanum will just have to run itself for a little while...

ARTEMIS

By Jenny Crowl, Latin I student of Anella Letizia,
Holidaysburg H.S., Holidaysburg, Pennsylvania

One of the more multi-talented of the ancient Greek goddesses has to be Artemis, goddess of the moon, the forest, the hunt, all the beasts of the woods and fields, young maidens, and childbirth. Because of her many interests, Artemis was also called Selene and Phoebe by the Greeks, as well as Diana and Luna by the Romans.

Artemis was born on the island of Delos along with her twin brother, Apollo, god of the sun. Her parents, Leto and Zeus, thought that their child would only be safe if she were born on a floating island because of threats made by the goddess, Hera. Since Artemis was the daughter of Zeus, she commanded great respect on Olympus. She was one of only three goddesses who was immune to Aphrodite's love spells and remained a virgin goddess.

Artemis loved to hunt and wore silver sandals that gave protection to young wild animals. She danced around the countryside spreading this protection. She also carried a silver bow and silver arrows made for her by the Cyclopes as special gifts. To show her gratitude, Artemis promised them her first kill with her new weapons. At night, Artemis rode across the sky in a silver chariot, shooting arrows of silver moonlight throughout the night sky.

Although Artemis was generally friendly to mortals, with the permission of her father, Zeus, her arrows could cause sudden death, especially to wicked maidens and wives. Thus Artemis was involved in punishing the proud Queen



Niobe by killing her six daughters. Her brother Apollo was called in to kill Niobe's six sons.

Although she was not skilled in fighting wars, the Spartans always requested her help before a battle by offering her the gift of a she-goat.

It is no wonder that this Maiden of the Silver Bow was considered one of the most noble deities on Mt. Olympus!

Marpessa's Choice

By Emily Kallias, Eighth Grade Latin student of Betty Whitaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, Indiana

Marpessa, sought by Apollo, was a darling mortal lady. But she chose another in her effort to be shady. Idas he was, a brave and handsome man; Apollo, however, did not sit idly and tan.

When Idas received a chariot that had wings, He and Marpessa rode off just like kings. Apollo's chariot soon came along side, And Apollo explained why she should be his bride.

To stop all this trouble, Zeus finally said, "Let's let the girl decide in her head." Apollo and Idas each made his plea, Begging Marpessa on bended knee.

Although she was offered all the god's turf, Marpessa chose Idas to live with on earth.

ROMAN RECIPE Call Out

You "gotta" eat, right? Why not fix something different, delicious and healthy for a change?

Cook something **ROMAN**!

Hundreds of authentic Roman recipes can be printed out simply by visiting www.Pompeiana.com and clicking on the **ROMAN COOKING** link.

Before you round up your Latin student friends and head for the store to shop, be sure to locate a good camera so that all of the steps of your Roman Cooking Adventure can be documented on film. And have fun with your photos. Be creative! Ham it up! Think **COLORFUL** (back-grounds, clothing, garnishes, etc.)

Then, cook away. Savor the seasonings! Revel in the aromas! Enjoy the company of your Latin classmates as you dig into your *Gustatio*, *Prima Mensae* or *Secundae Mensae* creation!

You know your Latin teacher is going to be v-e-r-y pleased with your initiative and will reward you in some special way.

And, of course, send a copy of your recipe along with your photos and a description of your culinary adventure to **Pompeiana, Inc.** to be considered for publication in an upcoming issue of the **NEWSLETTER**.



Mustard (Special Occasion Bolls)

Submitted by Sophia Tarabicos,
Seventh Grade Latin student of Sheila Posasko,
The Independence School, Newark, Delaware

This recipe is the one used by the Romans to bake their special "Wedding Cakes," which, as you will quickly see, were not as sweet as ours are today.

This recipe, in fact, is a bread recipe and not a cake recipe. We must realize, however, that bread was an essential basic of their diet, the single most often eaten food.

Ingredients

2.4 lbs. whole wheat flour	13 T white wine
7 ozs. lard or shortening	5 ozs. warm water
2 T anise seed	2 T cumin powder
3.5 ozs. grated feta cheese	3 ozs. yeast
14 bay leaves	Olive oil

Modus Preparandi

Preheat the oven to 350°.

Rub a baking pan with olive oil and line up the 14 bay leaves at regular intervals along its bottom.

Then, using a large bowl, mix all the dry ingredients together: flour, anise, cumin, cheese and yeast. Make a hole in the middle of these ingredients.

Heat the lard/shortening and wine together. Pour this mixture into the hole and mix well. Then

pour in the warm water evenly and "fold" it into the mixture. The texture of the mixture will be sticky or doughy.

Make 14 small balls of dough and place each on top of one of the bay leaves arranged in the baking pan. Bake for 30-35 minutes. Serve warm, but remove the bay leaves before eating.





Top Ten Remakes

By Alexis Cady and Michele Ordway, Latin III students of Jennifer Siebel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

Translate each Latinized song title into English. Then match the unscrambled English names of the original and remake artists with each song.

ORIGINAL REMAKE ARTIST ARTIST	
I. _____	ERO IBI
II. _____	ILLUD TYMPANUM
III. _____	CRUSTUM AMERICANUM
IV. _____	VERTE PAGINAM
V. _____	MOLLITER ME INTERFICERE
VI. _____	PROVINCIALIUM CUSTODUM PRAEFECTUM SCLOPETO FERIVI
VII. _____	TERRA ALTIOR
VIII. _____	FIDES
IX. _____	HIEMIS UMBRA NEBULOSA
X. _____	OSCULUM ULTIMUM

Original Artists:

- A. tarorbe kclaf
- B. obb yldna
- C. nod nccmail
- D. minos nda funklearg
- E. obo resge
- F. iviese donwre
- G. rgegoe imhacle
- H. bbo cynral
- I. tchire salenv
- J. sojckni ifve

Remake Artists:

- a. galaneb
- b. uesegf
- c. dre tho ilchi speprp
- d. ametliel
- e. mlpi tizkib
- f. dnoanma
- g. slo bolos
- h. lpera amj
- i. crei cpaonil
- j. hiamar racye

VERGIL

Based on a game by Lauren Ayer, Honors Latin IV student of Kim Ryan, Quigley Catholic H.S., Baden, Pennsylvania

From the word bank provided, select the correct English or Latin word needed to fill each blank. Not all items in the word bank will be used.

- _____ Vergilius _____ remains known as one of the most influential Roman _____.
- He is known for writing _____ opera.
- One thing Vergil is famous for is a collection of pastoral poems known as the _____.
- This is a collection of (8) _____ poems depicting the beauty of Italian scenery and the lives of shepherds.
- Vergil is also famous for the _____, which were about the charms and challenges of Roman farm life.
- Vergil's most famous masterpiece is called the _____, which he never completed.
- Vergil modeled this masterpiece after the _____ and _____ written by the Greek author _____.
- Vergil begged Emperor _____ to destroy his unfinished masterpiece, but was unsuccessful.
- Vergil died on _____ in the year _____ of a pernicious _____.
- Vergil's first literary patron was _____.

WORD BANK

- | | | |
|-------------|-------------|---------------|
| A. 44 B.C. | J. Febris | S. Odyssey |
| B. 70 B.C. | K. Georgics | T. Publius |
| C. A.D. 19 | L. Homer | U. Scriptores |
| D. A.D. 31 | M. Illiad | V. Sept. 22 |
| E. Aeneid | N. Maecenas | W. Sophocles |
| F. Annales | O. Marcus | X. Tiberius |
| G. Augustus | P. Maro | Y. Tria |
| H. Decem | Q. Naso | Z. Venenum |
| I. Eclogues | R. Oct. 15 | |

CAMPUS QUIZ

By Maria Goun and Juliana Wallman, Latin II students of Mary Mount, Marion, L. School #2, Newark, Ohio

Translate each mascot or nickname, and then match it with its college or university.

- _____ Duke University
- _____ University of Southern California
- _____ North Carolina State University
- _____ Georgia Institute of Technology
- _____ University of Michigan
- _____ Stanford University
- _____ Michigan State University
- _____ University of Delaware
- _____ Arizona State University
- _____ Miami University in Ohio
- _____ University of Arizona
- _____ University of Miami
- _____ Indiana State University
- _____ University of Notre Dame
- _____ University of Florida
- _____ Bowling Green State University

ANIMALS EVERYWHERE

By "Tiberius" Wellbank and "Julia" Heis, Latin I students of Chervon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Use the clues to unscramble the Latin name of each farm or zoo animal, and then give its English name.

IN FUNDO

- | Latin | English |
|-----------|--|
| 1. _____ | SUNASI (Grand Canyon carrier) |
| 2. _____ | ANSUG (... chops) |
| 3. _____ | LUSLGA (Which came first, the egg or the ...?) |
| 4. _____ | VSIO (Little Bo Peep) |
| 5. _____ | CAVAC (Got milk?) |
| 6. _____ | REPAC (Billy ... Gruff) |
| 7. _____ | NISAC (Man's best friend) |
| 8. _____ | VAES (They'll wake you in the a.m.) |
| 9. _____ | SPURUOCL (Pooh's pink friend) |
| 10. _____ | ANRA (The princess kissed the ...) |
| 11. _____ | LSUCUNIUC (The Easter ...) |
| 12. _____ | SLEFE (Raining ... and dogs) |

IN VIVARIO

- _____ SSURU (Smarter than the average ...)
- _____ ELSUCAM (Purple tongued)
- _____ SEVURC (Prides itself on its antlers)
- _____ AIIMS (Man's prototype?)
- _____ LEPANTHUSE (Dumbo)
- _____ EANEYHA (Scar's sidekicks in The Lion King)
- _____ PULSU (Peter and the ...)
- _____ PHCAO ("..." of Approval)
- _____ SENELO (... & tigers & bears, oh my!)
- _____ SOHRRENICO (His horn is actually made of hair)
- _____ SITRGI (Bengals' mascot)
- _____ NPOYHT (Serpent killed by Apollo)

Know Your JIVE?

By Kevin Phillips, Latin II student of Kevin Gushman, Yorktown High School, Arlington, Virginia

Use the Latin clues to enter the English Jive expressions.

ACROSS

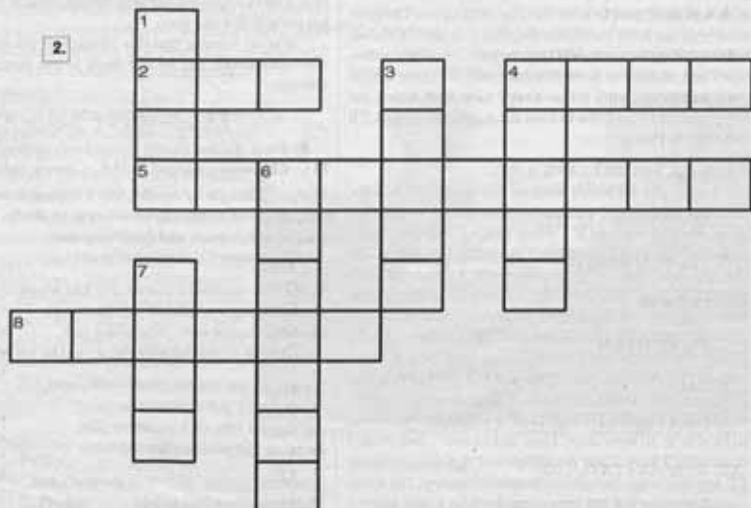
- Axis operculum
- Amicus vel amica
- Gemmae
- Puella

DOWN

- Casa
- Bonus
- Negotium
- Gemmans
- Currum Agere = to _____



2.



- A. Tempestas
- B. Laconici
- C. Laponum Grex
- D. Solis Diabolus
- E. Crocodilus
- F. Tigris
- G. Sycamori
- H. Feles Ferae
- I. Parvi Lupi
- J. Accipiter Ruber
- K. Hibernici Pugnantes
- L. Diabolus Caeruleus
- M. Gallina Caerulea
- N. Tunicae Flavae
- O. Troianus
- P. Falco



Unscramble the name of each English color and then match its Latin translation with it.

1. _____ der
2. _____ hsnctuet
3. _____ ecgnr
4. _____ belu
5. _____ elppru
6. _____ maofsf
7. _____ iknp
8. _____ abckl
9. _____ nrwbo
10. _____ cioqrusta
11. _____ iehbw
12. _____ eilrsv
13. _____ ozbnrc
14. _____ yrgasih
15. _____ leap llyweo
16. _____ nglode wylloe

- A. Gilvus
B. Albus
C. Puniceus
D. Crocus
E. Callainus
F. Viridis
G. Spadix
H. Ravus
I. Aeneus
J. Caeruleus
K. Luteus
L. Ruber
M. Ater
N. Flavus
O. Argenteus
P. Purpura



REALITY SHOWS

- I. CIMICIS SUCUS
- II. TIMORIS ELEMENTUM
- III. BELLA IN METALLI SCRUTARII AREA
- IV. ANNUS SENIOR
- V. CURSUS MIRUS
- VI. MAGNUS FRATER III
- VII. TEMPTATIONIS INSULA II
- VIII. CURSOR
- IX. SUPERSTES II
- X. TALPA
- XI. GUINNESSIENSIS PALMAE MUNDANAE
- XII. ROBOTA CERTANTIA

Art, Artists & Museums

By Stuart Arnold, Latin III student of Fairfield School, Troy, Ohio
After translating each work of art back into English, indicate its artist and the museum in which it can be viewed.

- | ARTIST | MUSEUM |
|-----------|------------------------------------|
| 1. _____ | Elisabetha Solitaria |
| 2. _____ | Virgo in Saxis |
| 3. _____ | Descensio de Cruce |
| 4. _____ | Vigilia |
| 5. _____ | Denea |
| 6. _____ | Helianthi |
| 7. _____ | Iosephi Roulini Imago |
| 8. _____ | Qui Solana Tuberosa Edunt |
| 9. _____ | Cubiculum |
| 10. _____ | Nox Stellata |
| 11. _____ | Ager Tricio Constitus et Cypressus |
| 12. _____ | Domina cum Mustela Erminia |
| 13. _____ | Mea Domina Litta |
| 14. _____ | Femina cum Sagitta |
| 15. _____ | Femina in Lecto |

- ARTISTS**
- A. Leonardo Da Vinci
 - B. Rembrandt Van Rijn
 - C. Vincent Van Gogh
- MUSEUMS**
- I. Louvre
 - II. London National Gallery
 - III. Rijksmuseum
 - IV. Hermitage
 - V. Neue Pinakothek
 - VI. Boston Museum of Fine Arts
 - VII. Musée d'Orsay
 - VIII. N.Y.C. Museum of Modern Art
 - IX. Czartoryski Museum
 - X. National Gallery of Scotland



Mystery Science Theater 3000 - The Movie

By Laurel Murphy, Latin II student of Larry Steele, Norman H.S., Norman, Oklahoma

Translate these Latinized quotations from the movie back into English.

- I. Navarchi Diurna: Amisi calidrum et cingulum meum. Non possum exire e camera.
- II. Abi, vir imbecille!
- III. Cur exhibes picturam gigantis cibi Hamburgensis in muro tuo?
- IV. Nannua, Nannua!
- V. Eum magis amare possem?
- VI. Melilla, te calcea, sumus apud aviam.
- VII. S-S-S-Salve, aëroplani magici vir, s-s-s-salve.
- VIII. Locare latrinam masculinam in summo tabulato, de quo cogitabam?
- IX. Quis sternimento titulos laudatos quatitbas?
- X. Nunc habeo menthae saporem iucundum.

Beginning level Advanced level

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Saturday Morning Cartoons

By Kaitlyn Buck, Laura Jenks and Anne Petralio, Latin I students of Jodi Gill, Hawken School, Gates Mills, Ohio



Match each English title of a cartoon with its Latin translation.

- | | | |
|-----------|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. _____ | Missilis vis | A. Bugs Bunny |
| 2. _____ | Heus, Arnolde | B. Rugrats |
| 3. _____ | Cimicis Cuniculus | C. Rocko's Modern Life |
| 4. _____ | Carolinas Fulvus | D. Batman Beyond |
| 5. _____ | Feles Canina | E. Rocket Power |
| 6. _____ | Petrae Vita Recens | F. Pinky and the Brain |
| 7. _____ | Paniculus Cerebrumque | G. Dexter's Laboratory |
| 8. _____ | Dextri Officina | H. Hey, Arnold |
| 9. _____ | Straguli Mures | I. Catdog |
| 10. _____ | Vespertilionis Vir Ultra | J. Charlie Brown |

Articles IN THE CLASSROOM

By Caryn Vanden Berg, Latin I student of Darrel Michsen, Covenant Christian High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan

In the wordsearch, circle the English meaning for each classroom object listed in Latin.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Armarium | 13. Loculi |
| 2. Calx | 14. Lumina |
| 3. Cartis ineptis corbula | 15. Mensa |
| 4. Charta | 16. Penicilius |
| 5. Desuper projector | 17. Penna |
| 6. Erasurum | 18. Picturae |
| 7. Fenestra | 19. Plutei |
| 8. Ianua | 20. Regula |
| 9. Indicia | 21. Sella |
| 10. Instrumentum computatorium | 22. Statua |
| 11. Libelli | 23. Tabula atra |
| 12. Libri | 24. Vexillum |

SPENCILJGPPNKHRTGRMD
SHYKXWDEQFXRFII OELIER
LOEAOWUKQSDDEMITKOARA
BQZLIATVGDCLSCSSHO
DWJNVZANUXVBXNEAECOB
RRDILETRATEAF LJBTDO
AOJMKTSEUOSTJTOECVOC
WNOTICESTHVQOQCRTOELA
EXIBBESAJTPWFQPSMQKL
ROORORYRUIVCGLDAPNRB
SEYUEOIECQUCKJAWUOKT
LXOTPSKTWUHTLMEGTQMR
RISZYRUSTAPEIZHGEWUR
YOGQIRJDLACIECRNRLWU
PILHETVKMZJCDMEPEXRG
VUFSTMYXBSLSLTPVRRRLBI
DLXYWSDOPRVPJXOQEIQR



As Antony settled into his new role as Governor of the eastern provinces, he celebrated a Triumph in Alexandria where he met the twenty-seven year old Queen of Egypt, Cleopatra. This charming head of Egypt spoke a variety of languages with a voice as sweet as that of a Siren. She was vivacious, and her beauty was overpowering as she playfully switched personalities. She had a superior intelligence and was fascinatingly brilliant in her conversation. Antony never stood a chance. He fell head over heels in love with the Queen and quickly agreed to live with her in Alexandria while excusing her kingdom from paying the required tribute to Rome.

When Octavian returned to Italy to assume his administration of Rome and the western provinces, he discovered that he had been rumored to be dead. Even when he showed the Senate that he was indeed alive and on the job, many secretly hoped that the administrative tasks would prove to be too much for the young grandnephew of Caesar. Octavian, however, quickly rose to the challenges of his office by launching a series of effective military campaigns against rebellious Roman generals in the north.

It was Antony's wife Fulvia and his brother Lucius Antonius who first realized that Octavian was positioning himself to take complete control as soon as the five-year Triumvirate expired. Working together, they put together an army to challenge Octavian in the field. They were, of course, soundly defeated.

When Antony finally woke up to what was happening, he decided to strengthen relationships within the family by marrying his own niece, Octavia, the sister of Octavian.

Then, in order to increase his political support at Rome, Antony began to plan a campaign against Parthia, to be financially supported by Cleopatra. Cleopatra, however, now had political ambitions of her own. She determined to use Antony to recreate the empire of the Ptolemies. After getting Antony to send Octavia back to live in Rome, she totally Egyptianized Antony, with him playing Osiris to her Isis. She then got Antony to acknowledge their illegitimate twins and to place the control of several eastern provinces under the control of her and their children. Only then did Cleopatra give Antony the financial support he needed to invade Parthia.

In the same year, Octavian began an offensive in Sicily against Sextus Pompey who had taken control of the island to cut off Rome's supply of grain. With the help of his brilliant general Agrippa and the triumvir Lepidus, Octavian quickly defeated Sextus Pompey. At this point, Octavian removed Lepidus from power and assumed control of the province of northern Africa.

While Antony was suffering a humiliating defeat in Parthia, Octavian was returning to Rome to be enthusiastically acclaimed by the people of Rome and proclaim his *Pax Augusta*.

Antony returned to Egypt where he committed bigamy by marrying Cleopatra and challenged the administration of Octavian by proclaiming Julius Caesar's illegal son, Caesarion, to be Caesar's legal heir.

By this time, the five-year term of the Second Triumvirate had expired, and Octavian claimed the allegiance of all of the western provinces and Africa. When he set out to claim the allegiance of Antony's eastern provinces, Octavian decided to establish a stronghold in Greece that Octavian would be forced to invade. Accompanied by Cleopatra and 60 Egyptian ships, Antony loaded his 19 Roman legions and 80,000 Asiatic mercenaries onto his 400 long ships and crossed the Mediterranean in the fall of 32 B.C. As a final provocation to Octavian, Antony sent a notice of formal divorce to Octavia.

Throughout the summer of 31 B.C., Octavian's forces skirmished with Antony's, soundly defeating them in every aspect. Then, on September 2, Antony's fleet rowed out to meet Octavian and Agrippa near the promontory of Actium, on the western coast of Greece. Cleopatra's squadrons, fearing Antony's defeat, unexpectedly set sail for Egypt. As soon as Antony realized his impending defeat, he sneaked off his flagship and boarded a swift galley to join Cleopatra. Without Antony to lead them, his fleet quickly surrendered to Octavian.

Octavian immediately began visiting the local leaders of the eastern provinces to accept their allegiance and collect their tributes to be taken back to Rome.

A year later, in 30 B.C., Octavian finally made his way to Alexandria to claim the allegiance of Egypt. Forces loyal to Antony and Cleopatra put up a brief resistance as Octavian's fleet sailed into the harbor, but soon surrendered to the Roman fleet.

At this point Cleopatra took refuge with a few of her attendants in a treasury building that had originally been designed as a sepulcher. When word was brought to Antony that Cleopatra had shut herself up in a "sepulcher," he assumed she intended to kill herself. Not wanting to be odd man out, Antony immediately threw himself upon his sword. While he lay dying, a servant rushed in to say that Cleopatra had never intended suicide but was only seeking temporary refuge in her treasury building. Antony asked to be carried to her where he died in her arms.

sumed she intended to kill herself. Not wanting to be odd man out, Antony immediately threw himself upon his sword. While he lay dying, a servant rushed in to say that Cleopatra had never intended suicide but was only seeking temporary refuge in her treasury building. Antony asked to be carried to her where he died in her arms.

Cleopatra, ever resourceful, adventurous and fully confident in her alluring beauty as a twenty-nine year old woman, decided to try her luck with Octavian, having previously won her way with both Caesar and Antony. Octavian, however, proved to be too business-like in his dealings with her, and she never got a chance to work her charms on him in private. When she learned that Octavian had had her son Caesarion executed and that her life was only being spared so she could be floated on a barge up the Tiber on a victory float as part of Octavian's Triumphal honors, she took her own life. When her body was found, she had only a small puncture in one of her arms. It was assumed that she either had allowed herself to be bitten by a poisonous asp that she kept in a basket on her dressing table for that purpose or had used a pin dipped in some deadly substance.

Octavian granted the terms of Cleopatra's will and allowed a magnificent funeral for her to be conducted in Alexandria and her body to be buried next to that of Antony. With a true sense of family, Octavian took the twins that Cleopatra had born to Antony home with him to be raised by his sister Octavia, Antony's second wife.

Thus Octavian became the first *Imperator* of Rome. Although he was later voted the honorary title of "Augustus" by the Senate, he preferred to be addressed as "Princeps," the First Citizen of Rome.

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How Well Did You Read?

12

1. *Quales sunt omnes res in Speculatorum Parvulorum cubiculis?*
2. What was unusual about the horse that Julius Caesar rode?
3. What unit of coinage was generally used by the Romans to indicate the worth of items?
4. Where did Pliny the Elder arrive at *Supremum*, a.d. IX Kal. Sept. DCCCIII A.V.C.?
5. Which two careers does *Matrona* suggest to Crescens?
6. Give the Latin name of the law of Augustus that provided special theater seating for *Equites* past and present and their children:
7. What color was the dress that Aphrodite made for Persephone to wear on her special day?
8. Who is the only donor to have contributed \$1,000 or more to the Pompeiiana Endowment Fund?
9. According to Carl Weinecke, during which battle did Octavian perform in a cowardly manner?
10. What was modern Pompei called in 1873?

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FREDERIC CLARK
LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

VERI
In the midst of the recount battle, Consul Flavius addresses the Senate...

Finally, I promise continued support for civil wars, abuse of public lands, and general plebeian exploitation!

THE SENATE

The Senate has voted to halt the recount... Flavius, barely a head, has been declared the Victor...

His opponent has immediately announced plans to grow a stylish beard and begin "fence-mending" in his home province...

STULTI

LEAH ZOLLER
CINCINNATI, OHIO

VITA PROPOSITA
DEORUM ET DEARUM

Salvete, omnes! I'm Terentia, your foreign correspondent covering the Trojan War.

...and HERC...

I can't take it anymore! I never thought I'd say this, but there are way too many women here!

I'm going to visit the Amazons and my friends, Atalanta...

You're just in time, Herc. We were just about to start without you!

All right! Male-bonding! What are we doing: hunting, wrestling?

Even better! We're making PASTRIES!

Pastries! Woohoo!

Hey, wait a minute...

MICHAEL PEREZ
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

THE ODD-YESSEY:
GODS OF OLYMPUS

We must do something about Lord Zeus' addiction to grapes. I'm worried! It can't be healthy to eat that many grapes at a time!

I've made up my mind. I won't bring him any more grapes!

No matter how much he begs and pleads, even if he threatens...

MORE GRAPES, HERMES!

Yes, Zeus... You show 'im, Hermes!

Hmph!

CHRIS MOBERLY
WATERFORD, MICHIGAN

WHEN IN ROME...

WE TUVUHI THE CHIMINIMIMIMIS TOGETHER, CONQUERED SARDINIA AND CORSICA TOGETHER, CAUSED DEATH, DESTRUCTION AND MAYHEM TOGETHER!

WE HIE TOGETHER, DRANK TOGETHER, SPILLED OUR GUTS TO EACH OTHER, ...ALL THESE GLORIOUS THINGS TOGETHER!

SO WHY WON'T YOU RIDE INTO BATTLE WITH YOUR FELLOW ROMAN SOLDIER, WARRIOR AND FRIEND???

'CUZ YOU'RE NO FUN ANYMORE!

RENAE ESSINGER
FINDLAY, OHIO

The Adventures of Li Caesar

So Li Caesar, what clothes would you like to buy for school this year?

On Dad, look! I want some of those!

PANTS 4 SALE

Back to school sale!

Son, we are the toga-clad race.

I know, I know... we don't trust anyone in pants.

ANDREA FARR
DAKVILLE, CONNECTICUT

Life in the Underworld.

Hades' Best Friend.

Oh, C'mon Cerberus! Please sit!

This is what you've reduced me to. I'm begging, alright? Happy now?? Just sit!!

How sorry I'm for Persephone.

See! You just have to learn how to sit.

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.

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I.S.S. #08925941

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3. Teacher-corrected Latin reviews (with accompanying English translations) of movies, movie stars, musicians, major sporting events or renowned athletes.
4. Summaries or reviews of articles published elsewhere, complete with references to original author, title of publication, date and page numbers.
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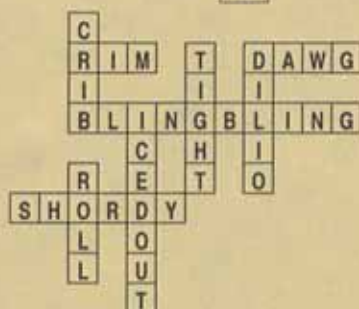
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1. Carmina Optima

- I. J (Jackson Five), J (Mariah Carey), I'll BE THERE
- II. I (Richie Valens), g (Los Lobos), LA BAMBA
- III. C (Don McLean), f (Madonna), AMERICAN PIE
- IV. E (Bob Seger), d (Metallica), TURN THE PAGE
- V. A (Roberta Flack), b (Fugees), KILLING ME SOFTLY
- VI. H (Bob Marley), i (Eric Clapton), I SHOT THE SHERIFF
- VII. F (Stevie Wonder), c (Red Hot Chili Peppers), HIGHER GROUND
- VIII. G (George Michael), e (Limp Bizkit), FAITH
- IX. D (Simon and Garfunkel), a (Bengals), HAZY SHADE OF WINTER
- X. B (Bob Dylan), h (Pearl Jam), LAST KISS

2.



3.

Vergil

1. T.P.U.
2. Y
3. I
4. H
5. K
6. B
7. M.S.J.
8. G
9. V.C.J
10. N

4.

Campus Quiz

1. L. Blue Devil
2. O. Trojan
3. C. Wolf Pack
4. N. Yellow Jackets
5. I. Wolverines
6. F. Tiger
7. B. Spartans
8. M. Blue-Chicken
9. D. Sun Devil
10. J. Red Hawk
11. H. Wildcats
12. A. Hurricane
13. G. Sycamores
14. K. Fighting Irish
15. E. Crocodile
16. P. Falcon

6. Color Me Latin

1. L, red
2. G, chestnut
3. F, green
4. J, blue
5. P, purple
6. D, saffron
7. C, pink
8. M, black
9. N, brown
10. E, turquoise
11. B, white
12. O, silver
13. I, bronze
14. H, grayish
15. A, pale yellow
16. K, golden yellow

Spectacula Televisifica

- I. Bag Juice
- II. Fear Factor
- III. Junkyard Wars
- IV. Senior Year
- V. The Amazing Race
- VI. Big Brother 3
- VII. Temptation Island II
- VIII. The Runner
- IX. Survivor II
- X. The Mole
- XI. Guinness World Records
- XII. Battlebots

12.

How Well Did You Read?

1. Omnes rex sunt automaturiae.
2. It had cleft hooves.
3. The Sestertius
4. At Stabiae
5. Managing a campus and working in a cloth shop
6. Lex Theatralis
7. Purple
8. Dr. Lawrence D. Cutter
9. During the Battle of Philippi
10. Valle Pompeiana

5.

Animals Everywhere!

1. Asinus, donkey
2. Agnus, lamb
3. Gallus, chicken
4. Ovis, sheep
5. Vacca, cow
6. Capra, goat
7. Canis, dog
8. Aves, birds
9. Porculus, piglet
10. Rana, frog
11. Caniculus, rabbit
12. Felis, cats
13. Ursus, bear
14. Camelus, camel
15. Cervus, deer
16. Simia, monkey
17. Elephas, elephant
18. Hyenae, hyenas
19. Lupus, wolf
20. Phoca, seal
21. Leonex, lions
22. Rhinoceros, rhinoceros
23. Tigris, tiger
24. Python, python

10.

Saturday Morning Cartoons

1. E
2. H
3. A
4. J
5. I
6. C
7. F
8. G
9. B
10. D

8.

Art, Artists & Museums

1. A. I Mona Lisa
2. A. I The Virgin of the Rocks
3. B. II Decent from the Cross
4. B. III The Night Watch
5. B. IV Dena
6. C. V Sunflowers
7. C. VI Portrait, Joseph Roulin
8. C. III The Potato Eaters
9. C. VII The Bedroom
10. C. VIII Starry Night
11. C. II Wheatfield and Cypress
12. A. IX Lady with an Ermine
13. A. IV Madonna Litta
14. B. X Woman with Arrow
15. B. X Woman in Bed

9.

Picturae Moventes

- I. Captain's Log: I lost my nooper and my gentle. I can't leave the room.
- II. Weenie Man away!
- III. Why do you have a picture of a giant hamburger on your wall?
- IV. Nani, Nani!
- V. Could I love him more?
- VI. Honey, put your shoes on, we're at grandma's.
- VII. H-H-Hello magic plane man, h-h-hello.
- VIII. Putting the men's room on the top floor, what was I thinking of?
- IX. Who sneezed on the credits?
- X. Now I have a refreshing mint flavor.

11.

Articles in the Classroom

1. Closet
2. Chalk
3. Wastebasket
4. Map
5. Overhead projector
6. Eraser
7. Window
8. Door
9. Notices
10. Computer
11. Posters
12. Books
13. Drawers
14. Lights
15. Table
16. Pencil
17. Pen
18. Pictures
19. Shelves
20. Ruler
21. Chair
22. Statue
23. Blackboard
24. Flag



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Spy Kids II: The Island of Lost Dreams

Those who like stories about brave young people love "spy kids." These young people seem to lead ordinary lives: they live with their parents and study at school with other students. These spy kids, however, are not typical young people. They have secret identities which they adopt when they undertake their secret missions. Spy kids like to live dangerously, investigate very mysterious things, help those who are in trouble and use clever gadgets.

Although they live in a typical home, their bedrooms are very definitely atypical. Everything in their bedrooms is automatic. In the morning, they don't even have to tie their own shoes. They even have automated room cleaners!

Moviegoers who saw the first *Spy Kids* movie will certainly love the sequel. *Spy Kids II: The Island of Lost Dreams* was also directed by Robert Rodriguez. Ricardo Montalban (who played a role in *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*) has a role in this sequel. He plays the part of the father who is angry because Gregorio has married his daughter without permission.

Cleech Marino, who had a role in the first movie, also has a part in *Spy Kids II*. Even his real-life daughter plays a short role with her father.

In *Spy Kids II*, Carmen and Juni are now spies, but everyone at their school is unaware of their secret missions. The school principal, however, is suspicious because of their frequent "sick" days.

In *Spy Kids II*, Carmen and Juni do not rescue their parents (as they did in the first movie), but they go on missions with their parents. And they have more gadgets than they had in the first movie. Now they have a helicopter made especially for them. Moviegoers can now see all the cool gadgets that are in their metal lunch box.

Because these two movies have been produced by Disney, they don't portray scary violence, but they most certainly show as much action as possible. The plots of these two movies are not complicated, but not even James Bond movies have complicated plots.

Just like the first movie, *Spy Kids II: The Island of Lost Dreams* is also entertaining and refreshing. If you need an excuse to see this movie (because you're too old or too sophisticated), take your little brother or little sister to see *Spy Kids II: The Island of Lost Dreams*.