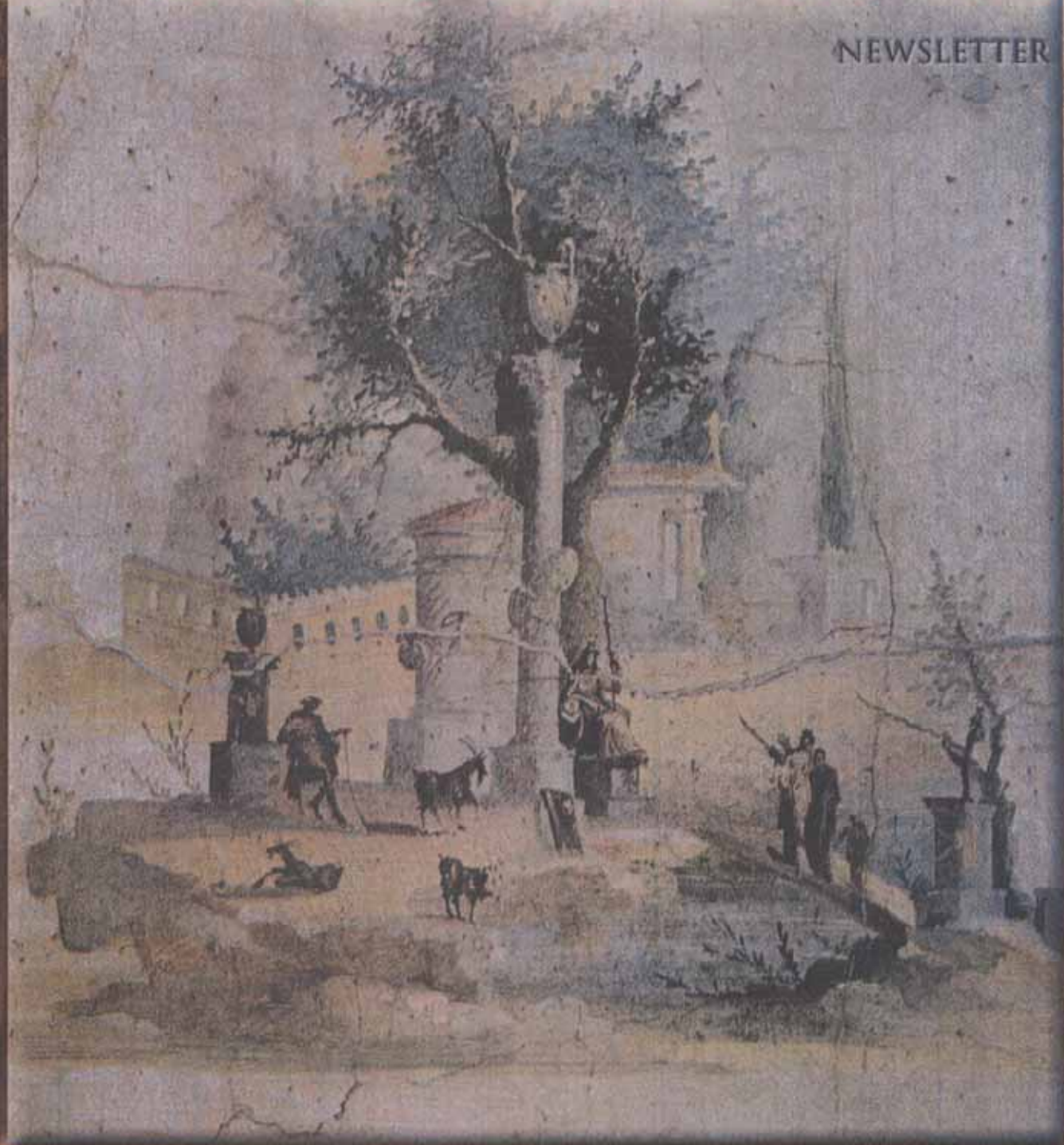


POMPEIANA

NEWSLETTER



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OCT., A.D. MMII

Carpe Diem

By Minna Goss, Latin II student of
Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

With all the threat of
Nuclear Annihilation,
And sarin gas at the train station,
It seems that one must
live life to the fullest,
Managing time like a totalist.

So, to that old poet, Horace,
do give heed.

For two thousand years later
he's still a good read.

Carpe diem! Seize the day!
Live your life in your own way.

THE BUZZ

The buzz is that certain Philadelphia schools have rediscovered an ancient formula that's making inner-city and suburban students fall in love with learning:

*Repetitio est mater studiorum,
et associatio est soror eius.*

Thus, after morning chapel—you read correctly, morning chapel—students at Christ Academy in West Philadelphia begin reciting the first declension to the tune of "Three Blind Mice." After more chants—this is the *repetitio* part—featuring verb endings and a rousing Latin version of "Simon says," the third, fourth and fifth graders troop off to their first class of the day: Latin!

The buzz word for this curriculum is **Classical Education**.

The Classical Education curriculum emphasizes the study of Latin from the early grades, stresses phonics in reading, follows the Great Books approach to literature, and hones students' critical thinking skills.

As Arthur Waldron of the University of Pennsylvania remarked after visiting a Classical Education school: "This was one of the finest classrooms I have observed in 30 years in education. Latin was taught in a way that brought it to life."

SPECIAL THANKS TO MARTHA WOODALL,
"A RETURN TO THE CLASSICS IN CLASSES,"
THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER, 4/3/02



Ashanti Douglas est Puella Regalis apud eos qui Carmina Numerosa et Demissa cantant. Nata est XXI annos, sed solum V pedes et III uncias longa est. Ashanti debet habere multam confidentiam ut superstes sit apud eos qui coxae-saltus mundum regunt. Hoc idoneum est puellae quae nominata est a tribu in Ghana in qua feminae dominant!



[Editor's Note: The columns written by Professor Frank Korn may contain words and expressions unfamiliar to some student readers. These are presented as an opportunity for students to "stretch" their reading abilities and to become familiar with language routinely used by college and university professors. Many secondary school Latin teachers use these columns in class as a means of helping their students increase their vocabulary and understanding as well as to familiarize them with the cultural context being presented.]

Roma Locuta Est



Whenever Imperial Rome thundered one of its decrees, the whole world quaked and meekly howed to its authority.

In chapter two of the gospel of Luke, we learn: "At that time Emperor Augustus ordered a census to be taken throughout the empire. . . Everyone, then, went to register himself, each to his hometown. Joseph went from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Bethlehem in Judea, the birthplace of King David."

In the centuries to come, it would be Papal Rome that would impact the lives of people everywhere with its pronouncements. No better and more succinct illustration of that fact can be found than a terse sentence uttered by a bishop from his pulpit in North Africa in the year A.D. 412:

"Roma locuta est. Causa finita est."

On the third of November in A.D. 354, a son was born to a devout Christian woman named Monica and her husband, Patricius, in the village of Tagaste in the ancient land of Numidia. From earliest boyhood, Aurelius Augustine (today known as Saint Augustine) troubled his parents with wild behavior. Upon turning sixteen, he was sent to study at the university in the great city of Carthage. Despite his continued errant ways, the youth managed sufficient attention to his studies to rank number one in his class of rhetoric.

While at Carthage, Augustine came into possession of a copy of Cicero's treatise, *Hortensius*, which sparked in him an interest in philosophy. He next read avidly the works of Plato and was at once entranced by the beauty and sublimity of the Platonic conceptions of God and of man's ascent to the heavenly father. After this, it was the writings of Saint Paul that fired his imagination. The young scholar began to turn away from the worthlessness of the life he was leading. His fervent search for "an immortality of Wisdom" led him through several cults, such as Manichaeism [a belief that Wisdom could only be learned from the ancient prophets by celibate vegetarians living monastic lives], eventually to Christianity.

In the year 383, the profoundly changed Augustine traveled to Rome where he opened a school of rhetoric. This venture met with only modest success. Hearing of a vacant post in his field in the then Imperial Capital of Milan, he applied and received the appointment. There the excellence of his teaching attracted the notice of the learned and powerful Bishop Ambrose, with whom he

ultimately forged a deep and enduring friendship. Under the prelate's guidance, Augustine came to embrace fully the teachings of the Catholic Church and was baptized by Bishop Ambrose on the eve of Easter, 387. It was Bishop Ambrose who counseled Augustine to turn away from the life of a



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(Continued in Pagina Sexta)

Ashanti

certabat, et sicut Atalanta eos superabat. Ashanti popularis erat apud alios studentes et clamores ducebat apud certamina athletica.

Habebat Ashanti amantem?

Ashanti, "De pueris," inquit, "necesse est sane cogitare. Non sum stulla credula."

Titulus primi disci sonantis singulariter quem Ashanti fecit erat "Stulta." Verba huius carminis expriment quo modo Ashanti sentiat de suo amante recentissimo. Quando cum eo Ashanti erat, trepida erat. Sed quando amans aberat, Ashanti cogitabat quid ille faceret.

Ashanti, "Multi amantes," inquit, "infidi sunt. Hoc carmen vitam veram explanat."

Tria carmina optima quae Ashanti fecit sunt "Semper Tempus," "Stulta," "Quid est Amor?" Ashanti quoque album musicum fecit cui titulus est "Ashanti."

Publii Vergilii Maronis
Dies Natalis
Idus Octobres,
DCLXXXIV A.V.C.

Dido to Aeneas

By Jennifer Tey, Latin III student of
Judith A. Grimes, Valley H.S.,
Las Vegas, Nevada

For many days and nights I dreamed of us.
Visions of us together I enjoyed.
With you I had friendship,
love that was just.
But now, those days and nights are gone,
destroyed.

You treat me as if you do not love me,
packing your boats to sail far away.
You leave me for some
unknown prophecy.
Did you love me?
Will you show it this way?
But your decision is made. You will go.
Dido, your love, is the one who remains.
I knew love,
but now what is left for me to know?
For me there remains loneliness and
everlasting pain.
I refuse to live without you, my love.
And so, into me this sword I do shove.

ROMAN CHEER

By Tamsin Green and Myles Holt,
Latin I students of McKenzie Lewis,
McDougle Middle School,
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

QUIS QUATIT DOMUM?

(Who rocks the house?)

ROMANI QUATUNT DOMUM!

(The Romans rock the house!)

ET QUANDO ROMANI
DOMUM QUATUNT,

(And when the Romans rock the house,)

QUATUNT EAM USQUE AD
IMAM DOMUM.

(They rock it all the way down.)

ILLI ROMANI OPTIMI SUNT,

(Those Romans are the best.)

OPTIMI EX OMNIBUS!

(The best of all the best!)

ILLI ROMANI OPTIMI SUNT!

(Those Romans are the best.)

EXITE, PUGNATE-VINCITE!

(Go, Fight, Win!)

The Waters of the Lethe

By Cathay O'Brien, Latin I student of A. Preteroti-Nilsen, St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

"And this is how it came to be that I forsook my memory."

A heavy silence follows, as oppressive as the blasted skeletons of buildings that loom just outside our campfire. We're all thinking, we forsaken three, about the world we've never known. And we don't mind as we sit in the dusky silence and finger the writings of a dead world.

"By Kelly Rosenberg," Trista says quietly, her eyes glittering with half-formed tears. She gently squeezes shut the rancid book in her lap, her ash-stained fingers leaving dark streaks on its surface. "Copyright, 1999."

"Before the Apocalypse," Dane mutters from the other side of the fire. I turn to look at him, his shadowy features wavering feebly through the fire's waves of heat.

"Before The Accident," Trista corrects sharply, but her head is still bowed as she leans over the book...like a mother protecting her young.

"Before boiled water," he spits through gritted teeth, staring into his cup disdainfully.

"Dane," I begin, my voice low, but Trista is already at him.

"You know what, Dane? This is how it works," she hisses, her spine arching aggressively. "Some rich idiots slap each other and then get this idea in their thick little noggin to fling a couple nukes at the other guys. Boom!" she exclaims, her arms flaying through the heavy air. "The idiots die along with the rest of the world. And we're stuck with the fallout. So if you don't boil the water, guess what? You die." Trista finishes, her lip curled and shadowing her nose. Outside our ring of firelight the corpses of ancient architecture loom in sick moonlight. They're laughing, I know. Laughing at the three lone humans bickering over boiled water.

"Speaking of water," I say quietly, my eyes roaming across the barren city-tomb, "we're almost out. I think I'll go look for more before the bucket's plain-out empty."

I rise and slip from the fire into a landscape of tortured concrete and anguished moonlight. Trista and Dane have better things to do than watch me go...if having yet another stare-down counts as being productive.

I can't imagine how many people died in the nuclear cataclysm that strangled our world, but I can feel their ghosts as I step through the rubble-strewn streets. There must have been tens of thousands in a city this big since we three have never found another single survivor. When we huddle around our tiny blaze at night, we imagine someone might see the light and join us, but no one ever does. All we have for company are legions of wraiths hovering like lost echoes.

A single wall slumps heavily in the darkness before me, and I move carefully toward it, my mind slipping back to the poem Trista has just read. It's the only written record we've ever located from before The Accident, as Trista insists that we refer to it. It has become our tie to the past, our heartbeat. Other than the ruins by which we are surrounded, it is our only link to all those people who once knew what it was like to live...really live.

"Beside the Pool of Memory Reside the waters of Lethe, A pool of daydreams swiftly taken Lifetimes many so forsaken..."

I don't realize that I've spoken aloud until my own whispers murmur back at me. So that's how it was back then, I muse as I walk through a doorway with no building. A person crossed over the river Styx and then found himself...well, it depended. There was a place of eternal punishment called Tartarus. For the not-good-but-not-bad there was a boring place done all in shades of gray and called the Asphodel Fields. The Elysian Fields were reserved for the righteous, supposedly. This we know from a footnote in the "Waters of Lethe," our poem written by Kelly Rosenberg and copyrighted in 1999.

I snap out of my reverie as I stop and look around. In front of me is what looks like the remains of a church. It has fragments of "Hey, look at me, I'm rich and you're not" artwork that seems to have been common for such buildings. What was once a magnificent gilded dome is now a broken shell of faded paint and crumbling stonework. Against the shattered landscape and lonely moonlight it seems a parody too cruel to bear.

After I pass what may have been an ornate garden at one time, I catch sight of an ancient pipe system, old even before The Accident, now ridiculously aged. Where there were pipes, I reason, there must have been water.

As I pick my way through the debris I come upon a series of glimmering surfaces—pools! And there are many of them. Some huge, some tiny, all filled with stagnant wa-

ter outlined in brackish green highlights. Mosaics fouled beyond recognition adorn the walls, and they only become more and more extravagant as I work my way inward.

This was how I stumbled upon what I thought of as The Great Pool, its waters still fresh and clear of the green slime that corrupts all the others. I stop short and try to comprehend its truly awesome size, shallow and yet wide as it enters from an unseen source.

"And this is how it came to be that I forsook my memory..."

"Of course," I breathe and quickly begin to follow the beacon of our campfire to tell the others.

"But Lethe was shaded by poplar trees," Trista reminds me patiently.

"Gardens," I shoot back too quickly. "This place is outlined by gardens. Maybe that's what is meant by the trees!"

Dane blinks twice, obviously not comprehending. "Lethe was a pool," I continue sharply. "How else can you explain why it wasn't polluted?"

"If your pool isn't polluted, it would have to have a fresh water source," Trista answers skeptically. "What are you going to say about the other pools you mentioned?"

"Hey, wait! Is that what this is all about? Do you think you've found the waters of Lethe?" Dane says slowly.

I can practically hear the gears laboriously churning in his head.

"To channel the excess," I almost shout over Dane's interruption. "Why would Kelly Rosenberg write down and copyright something that wasn't true? Wouldn't she have been called a liar?"

"So I suppose that now you'll want to take us there and maybe help you start searching for the Pool of Memory too, right?" Trista taunts, her voice shrill with disbelief.

My chest puffs up with determination just as Dane cuts a niche for his comments.

"I say we ain't got nothing to lose," he says gruffly, his hairy arms perched imperiously on his hips. "Our bucket's almost empty, and we're more than two days away from the last water we found."

Trista only has time enough to roll her eyes before I jump in.

"And what if we do find the Pool of Memory, and its waters still work? Isn't that why we're wandering around out here in the first place—to try to learn about what life was like before The Accident?"

"I think..." Trista begins.

"But I know," I declare, my voice squeaky with the thrill of possibility.

As soon as it began to get light, Trista and Dane followed as I carefully retraced my steps from the night before: the slumpy wall, the doorway with no building, the crumbling dome, the pipes and, finally...the garden!

While Trista and Dane survey the stagnant pools and try to understand the arrangement of the garden, I'm already bounding ahead toward where I remembered The Great Pool lay. Aided by the daylight, I quickly find the fork that separates Lethe from the Pool of Memory.

I eagerly call the others, and as soon as we are all three standing next to its clear waters, I begin to count.

"One, two, three, go!" On my command, we threw ourselves into the water, submerged, returned to the surface and began to take long, deep drinks.

"So," I say to myself, "this is what sweet memory tastes like. It's the most refreshing sensation I've ever had."

I drink mouthful after mouthful, ignoring the ache in my stomach, until Trista suddenly cries out.

"The water," she chokes, her eyes wild and reflecting the shimmer of sunlight off its surface.

"It's beautiful!" Dane sputters, his hair slapping wetly across his forehead.

"No," she groans, and suddenly I know why my stomach is hurting.

"Before boiled water," Dane spits through gritted teeth. "You die," Trista snarls.

In the stunned silence that follows, Dane proclaims what we all had suddenly realized.

"We forgot to boil it," he bursts out before doubling over with a gut-wrenching moan.

I realize he is right as I fall sideways into the water that had seemed so blessed just moments before. Radioactive poisoning, or something like that. From the fallout. From The Accident.

"Ah, great!" I mutter before I'm engulfed in darkness.

ODI et AMO

Translated by Elizabeth Sprehe, Latin IV student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York

Hate...

Love...

Both are felt

But why?

Even I know not.

Yet both are felt,

And henceforth is felt torment.

Diamante

Shakespeare's JULIUS CAESAR

By Laura McAllister, Honors Latin III student of Kim Ryan, Quigley Catholic High School, Baden, Pennsylvania

Caesar

Powerful, arrogant

Conquering, dominating, ruling

"Et tu, Brute?"

Worrying, betraying, killing

Anxious, distraught

Brutus



HIDDEN MASKS



Based on a story by Katrina Dulatas, Latin I student of A. Preteroti-Nilsen, St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

I was alone in a strange place and scared out of my wits. My parents had warned me not to wander away from our underground settlement to go to the world above, but my curiosity was too much to handle.

All my life I have lived in the subterranean city of Emor. There has been no excitement—just the humdrum of a monotonous existence. The Elders were always sharing fascinating stories about their former lives when they weren't living underground. Often I dreamed about a better place, about sneaking away and seeing for myself the exotic world above.

In none of those dreams, however, did I ever imagine it to be as eerie as this. The blinding sun was brighter than I could ever have imagined even though it shined through a dismal fog that hung over the entire landscape. Appearing like ghosts were heaps and piles of debris and rubble. So this had been the result of that Great Nuclear War about which the Elders had spoken!

Trampling aimlessly through the mess, I wandered farther and farther from the entrance to Emor. Then, in the distance, I saw something big and, apparently, intact. Could it be a building that had not been totally destroyed? As I carefully made my way toward it, it grew more awesome at each step.

I reached out and touched its aged stone work. It was real! I soon discovered that there was a lovely, undamaged row of stone columns that ran around the entire structure. There were also beautiful arches which formed corridors under tiers. After I had walked half way around the structure, I discovered that it had a semi-circular shape.

Its stone construction had been made so solid that the whole building seemed to be very well preserved. Of course, some stones were chipped here and there, but for some odd reason, this building seemed to be the lone architectural survivor of a brutal war.

Drawn by enchantment, I dared myself to enter the building. The structure inside was just as grand. Curving rows of small stairs and huge ones spread from an open semi-circular area in front of a raised platform. The wall behind the raised platform contained small balconies and more columns and arches. Some of the arches contained statues of draped figures which seemed to scrutinize me as I wandered about the interior of the building.

Although there was no roof on the structure, it did not appear to have fallen in. It just seemed never to have been there in the first place. Looking up though the opening I was suddenly very conscious that I was alone. I wondered if anyone had noticed my absence. Part of me knew I should begin to find my way back to Emor, but another part wanted to know more about this wonderfully intact structure.

I turned round and round, trying to absorb all of its details. Could it have been a religious building? The Elders were always talking about buildings called churches or temples, but I guess I never listened carefully enough to be

(Continued in Pagina Tertia)



HIDDEN MASKS

(Continued a Pagina Secunda)

able to identify one if I saw one. The rows of seats could have been for worshippers as they watched the services being performed on the raised platform.

As I climbed up on the raised platform to study the details of its back wall more closely, I suddenly lost my balance and fell to the floor—which gave way beneath me. I was falling. A loud, ear-piercing yell escaped my throat as I landed on a hard surface.

As soon as my eyes adjusted to the darkness of my new surroundings, I managed to get up on my feet and look around. Dust and cobwebs covered everything, but I could make out enough shapes to realize that I had fallen into some kind of a storage area. By one wall were what appeared to be musical instruments—perhaps flutes and strange stringed instruments. On another wall was a wardrobe of some sort. Now this definitely had my attention. I inched my way over to it and opened the large doors.

Purple gowns hung side by side with striped voluminous wrappings. There were short cloaks, red voluminous wrappings and things that looked like long shirts. Long and short square cloaks filled the rest of the wardrobe. I was afraid to touch any of them for they looked very fragile with age.

As I closed the doors of the wardrobe, I noticed a short horizontal cabinet along the facing wall. I went over to it and opened one of its small doors. My scream of horror resounded in the small storage room into which I had fallen. Grotesque human heads stared blankly back at me. Horrible visions of people being sacrificed and decapitated flashed in my mind. I wanted to run away, but my legs wouldn't follow my commands. They felt as though they were cemented to the ground.

As I stared in horror at the heads arranged so neatly before me, I slowly began to realize that they weren't human heads at all. They were just masks, distorted portrayals of human faces. They were hollow, lifeless things with gaping mouths and empty eye sockets.

Delicately, I took one in my hand. Amazingly enough, it was lightweight. I felt its texture and examined it closely. It seemed to be made of rags covered in plaster. It was exquisitely painted. The mask had feminine features, and the skin was a pale white. The mask was equipped with long hair and a bow on the top. Its mouth was contorted into a dramatic shout, as though it were going to die. Freaked out, I put it back in its proper place and grabbed another, more stocky mask. This one was brown and had a beard—definitely male. It was probably supposed to be comical, but the leering grin—eerie and almost malicious—just spooked the daylight out of me. I replaced that one as well, shutting the small door.

I turned my back to the cabinet and leaned heavily against it. My heart was pounding so loud the sound seemed to resound in the room. Thud! Thud! Thud! I froze—those were footsteps, not my heartbeats! On the floor above me footsteps pounded and echoed in my underground room. Now I was definitely *not* alone!

I panicked, began to search for a way out, tripped and let out an involuntary scream. I braced myself as a dark shadow covered the hole through which I had fallen. I bur-

ied my head in my hands and tried to disappear into the floor as I realized that someone—or something—was lowering itself into the room with me. I could sense a presence behind me. I could hear heavy breathing. My whole body froze as I prepared for the worst.

"Julia!" a familiar voice called out. "Julia—cough—are you in here?"

I couldn't believe my ears.

"Dad?" I questioned. "I'm over here," As I sat up I recognized the familiar shape of my father bending over to help me. "You scared me," I said accusingly.

"Well, you scared us, too, running off like this," my father said sternly. "You know that no one is ever supposed to leave Emor!"

Defeated, I sighed and protested, "Yeah, I know, but..." "You left the entrance open," my father continued. "I had to get special permission from the Elders to come in search of you."

"How did you—cough—know where I was?" I asked.

"I had no idea until I heard a faint scream a while ago. When I got close to where I thought it had come from, I saw this building and just knew—cough—that you would be in here looking around. Are you okay?"

"Yeah," I replied, mumbling, "but the world up here is not at all—cough—like I had imagined it would be."

"No," he said, "unfortunately it's not like any of us remember it either."

"What is this building, anyway? Is it one of those churches the Elders talk about?"

"No," my father laughed, "this is an ancient theater. You—cough—fell through a hole in the stage floor. This must be one of the storage rooms for costumes and props."

"Is it a theater that was once used by the Elders?"

"No, it was simply a tourist attraction when the Elders lived above ground—cough. It belonged to a race of people called the *Romani* that lived thousands of years before any of the Elders were born."

"Can we get out of here now?" I coughed. "This place is starting to creep me out."

"That may take a little doing, but I'm sure we'll figure out a way. After all—cough—the *Romani* used to be able to get in and out easily," he comforted me.

"Dad, do we know the name of the town that used to be in this place before it was destroyed," I asked.

"I think so," he said. "It's sort of similar to the name of our underground settlement. I believe it used to be called *Roma*. Now, are you ready to get back to Emor?"

I nodded and reached for my father's hand. In a dark corner we found a tunnel that quickly led us back into the interior of what I now knew was a theater.

"Can we—cough—go back there again—cough—some time?" I managed to ask as the wonderful building disappeared into the fog.

"No—cough, cough—not until the Elders say that it's safe. The air up here is still—cough—polluted. I just hope we both don't become deathly ill after we get back."

"Why did it have to happen?" I wanted to ask, but I knew he would just say that I wouldn't understand until I got a lot older.

An Olympic Story

The gods on Mount Olympus
Ruled everything in sight.
They crushed the things that resisted
By using brains and might.
Poseidon ruled the ocean,
Owning the trident and the fish.
Cupid shot his bow and arrow,
Obeying his mother's wish.
Hermes was a messenger
But had other jobs as well.
His Roman name was Mercury,
I've heard my teacher tell.
Athena was goddess of wisdom.
One of her attributes was the spear.
Whenever there was confusion,
Her advice would make it clear.

Aphrodite governed love,
Apollo helped the sick.
Wherever there was illness,
His medicine would do the trick.
Hades ruled the Underworld,
Ares controlled all war.
Artemis said which animals to hunt,
Such as the pig, the deer and the boar.
Last but, of course, not least
It was Zeus that ruled them all.
He led the gods against the Titans
Who could only stumble and fall.
While straying from Mount Olympus,
Zeus fathered a mighty son.
Heracles was the strong boy's name—
And now the story's done.

Based on a poem by Rachel Dogel, Latin III student of
Napoli Latin, Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A.

Amor

By Navahita Patel, Latin II student of
St. Margaret Riley, S.S.J.,
Nazareth Academy H.S.,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Amor
Magnus, Divinus
Dare, Curare, Placere
Pulcher, Mirabilis
Amor

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

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

To help realize this goal, all adult members and Latin Clubs are invited to add their names to the Honor Roll by December 31, 2002, by mailing their tax-deductible contributions payable to the "Pompeiana Endowment Fund."

Giving Categories

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Friends of the Classics (\$500-\$900),
Contributors (\$1000-\$4000),
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Patrons (\$20,000-\$90,000) and Angels (\$100,000+).

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

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- Castle H.S. Latin Club, Newburg, Indiana
- Central Catholic H.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
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- S.P.Q.R. Latin Club, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania
- St. Edmund Campion Academy, Cincinnati, Ohio
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- Turpin H.S. Latin Club, Cincinnati, Ohio
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HADRIAN

Based on an article by Titus Daroll, Latin I student of Cheraron Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Quick—what comes to mind when someone mentions Emperor Hadrian? His wall? His tomb? His villa? His beard? While all of these things are definite trademarks of this Spaniard who served as the fourteenth emperor of Rome, he was an inspired and inspiring man of many talents who deservedly won the admiration of most of the civilized world during his lifetime.



pire at the height of its size and power.

Adrianus, or Hadrian, as he is usually called, had already proved his leadership abilities as the leader of Roman legions in Lower Moesia and in the war against the Dacians. Because of his remarkable abilities, he was appointed Praetor, Governor of Pannonia and Consul. He further caught the attention of his future adoptive father by marrying Trajan's grandniece, Sabina, and serving as Trajan's official speech writer.

At the time of his adoption, Hadrian was busy finalizing Rome's peace treaty with the Parthians whom they had just defeated. Then before finally traveling to Rome a year later to accept his seat of power, he first had to put down rebellions in Egypt, Libya and Palestine. Because Romans in the field did not always shave as routinely as city-dwelling Romans, Hadrian was still sporting a full beard when he arrived to claim the reigns of power in Rome, and he simply kept it—setting a trend that would be maintained by the next several emperors.

Traveling, in fact, would become one of the hallmarks of Hadrian's reign. He spent more than half of his rule traveling.

In addition to his military genius, Hadrian was also a man of many talents and pursuits which included public speaking, philosophy, poetry, political savvy and, perhaps most noteworthy, architecture. He rebuilt the Pantheon in Rome into the remarkable building that survives to this day, designing an *oculus* nine meters in diameter in the center of the dome as the primary source of light. He also had a temple built to honor both his adoptive parents, Trajan and Plotina.

As part of his administrative policies, Hadrian visited every province in the Empire, not only to align the administrations of the provincial governors with his personal policies, but also to erect and repair public buildings. When

Hadrian visited *Britannia*, he decided to have an east-west defense wall built across the entire island to protect Roman colonists from invading Caledonians. Hadrian personally supervised the design and construction of the wall, making sure that the natural defenses offered by the geography along its route were built into its design. Mile forts were constructed every 1,000 paces which would enable guards stationed in their towers to be in constant visual communication with each other. Each mile fort was also set up to house a cavalry unit that could be put into action at a moment's notice.

Back in Rome, Hadrian got the idea of building back-to-back mirror-image temples to *Roma et Amor*. *Amor*, of course, was name frequently used to refer to the mother of Aeneas, Venus. Later, after overseeing the design and construction of his sprawling country complex at Tibur (now Tivoli), sixteen miles northeast of Rome—a complex commonly referred to as "Hadrian's Villa," he oversaw the design and construction of his own burial tomb to be situated prominently along the Tiber River in Rome.

Showing his open-mindedness, Hadrian allowed himself to be initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries while spending the winter at Athens one year, and, while there, was persuaded by Quadratus, the Bishop of Athens, to order the persecution of the Christians to be stopped.

After a three-year war which pretty well destroyed Jerusalem, Hadrian ordered the city to be rebuilt and renamed *Aelia Capitolina*. Even though Hadrian did order the persecution of the Christians to stop, he did not distinguish between Jewish and Christian holy sites in and around Jerusalem. He ordered a temple to *Jupiter Capitolinus* to be constructed on the Temple Mount in Jerusalem, he had a statue to Venus erected on Golgotha, set up an image of Jupiter in the burial tomb of Christ, and established the worship of Adonis in the grotto in Bethlehem in which Christ had been born.

When Hadrian was sixty-three years old, he adopted Antoninus Pius who would succeed him. He died shortly afterwards in Baiae where he may have gone in the hopes that the healing waters there would help cure the edema from which he was suffering.



SABINA, WIFE OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN

The 'D' Word

Based on a submission by Nicholas Nourbakh, Latin I student of Angela Lottini, Hallsbury Ave H.S., Hallsbury, Pennsylvania

It's October! What better time to talk about the "D" word, Death.

Somewhere around 45 B.C.E. Publius Syrus, that famous collector of Latin one-liners, wrote, "Death is fortunate for the child, bitter to the youth, too late for the old." Not very uplifting, but, hey, it opens the topic.

It's actually sort of ironic, but there's no denying that death and burial both play very meaningful roles in the lives of the living. One minute a person is there, a part of one's life, and the next minute everything is changed. What's worse is that no one knows for an absolute certainty what awareness the deceased have after dying.

That doesn't mean, however, that we simply go about our business, as the wildebeests do after a member of their herd has been felled by a lioness. We do take time to reflect on the deceased and to respectfully deal with the remains.

The Romans practiced both burial (inhumation) and cremation. If the deceased had been wealthy, the body was often placed in a stone sarcophagus (literally, a "flesh eater"). Relief carvings of religious scenes or events that characterized a person's life frequently adorned the outside walls.

Although the Etruscans preferred to cremate their dead, they placed the burial urns in tombs that had elaborately and cheerfully painted walls and were often furnished with stone carvings of furniture, weapons, tools or utensils.

Cremation may sound like a cruel way to deal with the body of a beloved. It does, however, have its benefits. Ashes take up much less room than a cadaver, and there is no fear of someone desecrating the body. Especially since vindictive Romans were known to push knitting needles through tongues and do other disgusting things to cadavers if they could get their hands on them.

Once the body was cremated by the *ustor* in the *ustrina*, the fire was doused with wine. The ashes were then put in one container which was sealed in a small vault called a *tegula* because it was generally made from roofing tiles.

Rather than live with the fear of not knowing the details of what happens after death, the ancient Romans, as the Greeks and Etruscans before them, developed very detailed theories with which they could live.

First of all, all three of these classical cultures generally fostered the belief that each person had a "life force," an *anima*, a *psyche*, a soul, that continued its existence.

We say "generally" fostered this belief because there were many outspoken Romans, including the author Lucretius (*De Rerum Natura*), who insisted that all of the tortures believed to be awaiting the wicked in Tartarus were simply figments of a guilty person's imagination.

Most ancients, however, preferred to believe that as the soul left its body it was escorted by the messenger of the gods (Mercury/Hermes/Turnus) to the Underworld. Before entering the Underworld, each soul would have to arrange passage across the River Styx. To pay Charon, coins were placed on the eyelids or in the mouth of the cadaver.

Of course, it was absolutely essential that the body of a deceased person be properly cremated/buried before the soul could even get this far. Souls of the unburied were condemned to spend eternity hovering around the entrance.

The souls of the properly buried then entered a sort of triage area where they would be judged and sorted, a belief that is still present in most modern-day religions. While Christians kid each other about being judged by St. Peter before being allowed to enter the pearly gates of Heaven, the ancients believed their souls would undergo judgement by three stern judges: Rhadamanthus, Aeacus and Minos. Those judged worthy were allowed to enter the heavenly fields of Elysium, also called Asphodel. Those who needed punishing were sent to Tartarus to endure frustrating, painful and everlasting tortures—all very fiendishly devised.

Those ancients who survived deceased family members definitely did not follow the "out of sight, out of mind" adage adopted by so many modern day survivors. Waxen death masks (*personae*) were frequently made of highly respected family members. These would be kept in shrine-like cases in the home. On the anniversary of that person's death, this wax *persona* would be brought out, and while the family members gathered around, the *paterfamilias* would mention the name of the deceased three times and would recall memorable events from the person's life. Also, on the feast of *Parentalia* (February 18-21), family members would gather at family tombs to honor the memories of their dead and enjoy a family meal in their presence. Many tombs had some type of pipe built into them that led down to the *tegulae* so food and wine offerings could be shared with the deceased.

So there you have it. The "D" word, Death—a very real part of life. **Happy Halloween!**

Via Appia

By Sarah Treisenberg, Latin I student of Dr. Jeffery De Juan, Naperville Central H.S., Naperville, Illinois

Once I took a journey on a road,
The *Regina Viarum*, I am told.
The *Via Appia* was its name.
It opened my eyes to all of its fame.
Along the way I met some friends.
When we're together, adventure begins.
We find our way to forums and such,
The Colosseum, the Circus—there's just so much!
We learned some Latin—it's on the walls,
On the streets, on the monuments and in the halls.
The people there were very nice.
They showed us around for a very small price.
Our journey took us through interesting places.
Excitement could be seen on all of our faces.
After learning so much about this whole time frame,
It seemed that nothing would ever be the same.
We learned of Romulus, the founder of Rome,
And Remus his twin, who called the place home.
How they were sent down the river in fear
And nursed by a she-wolf who happened to be near.
The seven kings we also learned of
And the seven hills we've all come to love.
Gods and goddesses of every kind
Everywhere we looked we were sure to find.
When our journey began to come to an end,
We all said "Vale," as one says to a friend.
We had so much fun, you should join us next time.
We're sure that you, too, would think it just fine.



Aeneas finds Dido wandering in a Mourning Field,
And to his loyalty he does yield.
He speaks to her with a tear in his eyes,
And she ignores him, much to his surprise.
Ghosts of his fellow soldiers ask who won the war.
He tells them he's sorry that the news he brings is poor.
Sybil rushes Aeneas along,
And they avoid the place where the bad belong.
In Elysium he talks with his dad,
And learns what future Rome will have.
The final ghosts he meets can't remember the past
Because from the River Lethe they have drunk at last.

Crib Talk

By Sarah Doll and Natalie Kremer, Latin II students of St. Mary Dolores, SC, Seton H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Praesepe
Simplex, Sacrum
Tranquillans, Adlevans, Incipiens
Inhonoratus, Modestus
Infans

Latin Feels Just Fine

Based on a submission by Joel Wiggins,
Latin III student of Larry Steele, Norman H.S., Norman, Oklahoma

Don't you just get so tired of hearing people say that Latin is dead? Hey, not only is Latin not dead, it isn't even sick!

While Latin is no longer fluently spoken by a populous modern-day culture (the definition of a "living language"), it is not "dead"—with all the negative connotations that accompany that word.

Critics of Latin make false accusations about the relevance of Latin to modern-day America. They don't take time to consider that Latin lives in the fabric and foundation of modern-day America. Roughly 75% of modern English words were derived from Latin roots. Another 15% were derived from classical Greek.

The other 10% are either modern versions of original Anglo-Saxon words (they're frequently the small, monosyllabic words we use), or derived from such modern foreign languages as French, Spanish, Italian, Chinese, Japanese, Arabic, etc.

Latin lives in the fabric and foundation of modern-day America

Of course, the Romance languages such as French, Spanish, and Italian (there are some thirteen of them, by the way—just look up the Italic languages listed under the entry "Indo-European languages" in a Merriam-Webster English dictionary) were also all derived from Latin. Americans, in their daily conversations, use professional, medical, academic, legal and scientific words that are derived from Latin as well as common, ordinary words (such as "ordinary") that are derived from Latin.

In fact, there is even a nation today that still considers Latin to be its official language: Vatican City in Rome. Yes, it is a politically sovereign nation.

And we won't even go into the massive cultural, legal, architectural, medical, scientific, mechanical, musical, artistic, political, ceremonial, entertainment, philosophical and ideological borrowings from the Romans that form the underpinnings of modern-day America.

So, the next time some *illiteratus* or *illiteratus* noisily repeats that nauseous old ditty, "Latin is a dead language, as dead as it can be. Once it killed the Romans and now it's killing me," look at them pitiously, and remind them that the very word "language" is a Latin derivative, and that if they are willing to be led out of their mental darkness, you would be more than happy to share the truth about Latin with them.

Through the Veil of Age

Based on a submission by Andrew Tobolowsky, Latin III student of Donna Gerard, Richardson H.S., Richardson, Texas

A ghostly mist hangs o'er the well
Where Antony rallied Caesar's men
A silently brooding presence lies
Upon what once was Nero's den

The furrow plowed by Romulus
Is weed-grown, overborne with dust
The bridge of brave Horatius
Crumbles now and challenges trust

The river by which Caesar stood
And took his stand prepared to die
Has somehow dried up with time
And lies quiet now beneath the sky

Around the sea once claimed by Rome
There now lie a thousand worlds
Around the marble arches built of old
The traffic of modern cities whirls

But in the sky the same sun shines
And gently warms every hill
When it disappears from sight at night
The world is cloaked in purple still

The flame that burned Scaevola's hand
Is dim now through the veil of age
But stubborn as the Roman mind
It burns still with vibrant rage

We know the wealth the Romans left
Within our words, in how we think
And so we know they'll never die
So long as we hold that true link

And sometimes still on a cloudless day
A watcher on a sycamore
May see through mists of wraithlike time
Aeneas' land on Latium's shore

Ghostly is his mighty host
The source of all that came to be
But still their footprints on the sand
Echo through eternity

THE MANY FACES OF VENUS

Based on a play by MaryBeth Kuenne, Latin I student of A. Preteroti-Nilsen, St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

Personae Dramatis

Bill.....New World Archaeologist
Chris.....New World Archaeology Graduate Student
Patty.....Classical Archaeologist

Setting

An ancient grove of myrtle trees just outside of Rome. The three archaeologists are resting, having just finished enjoying the picnic lunches they brought with them on their walk in the Italian countryside.

Bill: You know, this has been one of the best vacations I've taken in years.

Chris: It's certainly a lot more pleasant sitting in a grove of old myrtle trees than it would be trying to cool off in a pueblo. Bill, did I show you the neat souvenir pocket flashlight I bought last night?

Bill: Toss it over here. I used to have a small pocket flashlight that I always carried. It came in handy for me more than once.

Chris: That's what I thought when I saw it. You should get yourself one when we get back to town.

Bill: I think I will. It will be a great souvenir. Patty, I'm glad I let you talk us into spending some time in Italy this year instead of our usual summer trip to the Hopi burial grounds in New Mexico.

Patty: Well, I just thought that it was about time you New World folks were introduced to the world of classical archaeology in which I work. Here in Italy, a person can hardly trip over a stone without coming in contact with the ancient Romans that lived here.

Bill: Speaking of stones, I've been wondering about that flat stone in that little gully over there. Do you see it? It seems to have something carved on it.

Chris: What do you say we check it out, Patty? It might be something you'd be interested in.

The three get up from the shady spot in which they have been resting and make their way to the gully. They discover that the stone rests about six feet above the floor of the gully in the side of a small hill.

Bill: Can you make out the inscription?

Patty: Help me pull some of these vines away, and I'll see if I can read it.

All three archaeologists go to work pulling vines, shoots, weeds and small trees away from the area, revealing not only the carving on the stone, which turns out to be a lintel stone, but also an old doorway with an intact, but heavily decayed door.

Chris: What does it say?

Patty: Well, it either says *MURTEA* or *MURCEA*, the fourth letter is damaged.

Bill: Hmm. I'm not a classicist, but that sounds like the English word myrtaceous. It's a word we use in New World archaeology when referring to trees in the myrtle family.

Chris: That would make sense since this old grove is full of myrtle trees.

Patty: It could just mean a myrtle tree, but it could also mean something else.

Bill: What did you have in mind?

Patty: Well, the *Latini* used to worship a goddess of garden fertility that they called *Murtea*. If it's *MURCEA*, it could refer to Venus to whom the myrtle was sacred.

Chris: What do you say we take a peak inside.

Patty: Probably wouldn't hurt if we don't disturb anything. We don't want to get in trouble with the Italian authorities in case this is some sort of a classical site.

Bill: I think I can get the door open enough so we can squeeze in without breaking it.

Bill goes to work on the old wooden door, carefully cleaning debris from the ground in front of it and gently pulling it an inch or two at a time.

Bill: Okay, I think we can get through there. Chris, want to loan me your souvenir pocket flashlight a second.

Chris: Here. Be careful, you never know what's in a place like that.

Bill enters carefully, and after determining it's safe, invites Chris and Patty to follow him. At first they just stand in one spot letting their eyes adjust to the light of the flashlight.

Chris: Looks like a shrine of some sort. That raised platform could be an altar.

Bill: And the walls appear to have formal writing on them. Here, Patty, take the light and do your thing.

Patty: This place is incredible. Not only are there inscriptions on the walls, but also different images.

Chris: What are the images of?

Patty: They all seem to resemble Venus somehow.

Bill: Roman goddess of love, right?

Chris: Wasn't she also the mother of Aeneas that I read

about in my lit course?

Patty: You're both right. This image is labeled *VENUS ERYCINA* and she appears to be standing on a little island with a volcano in the middle of it. Here's one labeled *VENUS VERTICORDIA* and she seems to be standing next to a small circular temple, like the Temple of Vesta we saw in the Forum Romanum yesterday. This image is labeled both *VENUS OBSEQUENS* and *VENUS POSTVORTA*.

Chris: Why so many different names?

Bill: Does it have something to do with different roles the goddess played in Roman religion?

Patty: Actually, it has more to do with Roman history, than Roman religion. If I'm remembering right, the worship of the Roman goddess of love as *Venus Erycina* began after that image was brought to Rome from Sicily. Romans believed that if you truly wanted to control people that you conquered in battle, you had to incorporate the worship of their gods into your own religion.

Chris: What's the story behind *Venus Verticordia*?

Patty: I think that one refers to a special temple the Romans built after the Vestal Virgins were accused of corruption. It was hoped that *Venus* would help them have a change of heart, which is sort of what *Verticordia* means.

Bill: Why are there two names with the third image?

Patty: I think the worship of *Venus Obsequens* was introduced into Rome by the general Quintus Fabius Gurgus at the end of the Samnite War. Romans frequently tried to use all possible titles for their deities in order to be sure to get their attention.

Chris: Are there any more?

Patty: Hang on. Let me check this last wall out. Hah! There are two more images here.

Bill: What are they called?

Patty: This one is labeled *VENUS GENETRIX*. It goes along with what you learned about Aeneas' mother, Chris. Her worship was introduced into Rome by Scipio Africanus the Younger.

Bill: How about the last one?

Patty: The last one is labeled *VENUS VICTRIX*. This is the image of *Venus* that Gaius Julius Caesar promoted while he was in charge in Rome.

Chris: Now, I remember. *Venus* was the goddess that was supposedly married to Vulcan, wasn't she?

Bill: Sounds like Mythology 101 is coming back to you.

Patty: Well, yes, she was. But just as she was known by many names, she also had many different lovers. When we get to Pompeii in a few days, you'll see frescoes of her spending time with Neptune, Mars and a special young boy named Adonis with whom she was enamored.

Bill: Was Aeneas her only son?

Patty: No, the Romans believed that she was also the mother of Cupid.

Chris: Patty, look here. It looks like someone painted a small Golden Delicious apple on the top of this altar stone.

Bill: Sounds like the golden apple that Paris awarded.

Patty: So, you've studied some Greek mythology too, haven't you Bill.

Bill: Just because we're New World archaeologists doesn't mean we're totally ignorant of Old World history.

Chris: But didn't that story deal with Greek goddesses? Hera, Athena and Aphrodite, if I'm remembering right.

Patty: You're right. But, you see, after the Romans conquered Greece, they merged the Greek gods and goddesses with their native Italic deities. In the process, they incorporated most of the Greek stories and just changed the names. So *Venus* has all the same stories as *Aphrodite*.

The three archaeologists stand quietly for a while and try to take in all of the details of the special spot they have discovered. Suddenly it seems very chilly and dark.

Bill: I don't know about you guys, but I'm getting chilly. Let's get out of here before Chris' battery dies.

Patty: Good idea. Be careful not to disturb anything. Think you can get the door closed the way it was?

Chris: We should probably try to conceal the door again with the brush that we removed so no one vandalizes the place—but not too well. I'd like to be able to find it again if we ever make another trip to Italy. I'm starting to dig this chick *Venus*. Hey, Patty, how come there wasn't a picture of *Venus di Milo* in there?

Patty: Chris, you really do have to get a life for yourself!

Bill: Maybe you can find yourself a nice statuette of *Venus di Milo* that you can take back to the states with you, Chris, because next year I'm pushing for a return to the pueblos. At least we'll be warm there.

Chris: Hey, maybe we'll find a *VENUS PUEBLOENSIS* in New Mexico or Arizona.

Patty: (To herself) I really need to find some new colleagues to hang with in the summer!



Cara Matrona,

I have just recently moved to Pompeii from Roma, and I read with great interest the advice you offered to Crescens last month. I was impressed with your knowledge of this city and with your connections here.

My situation, however, is a little different since my *avus*, Euryaces, was a very successful *pistor* at Roma. When he passed away last year, he not only designated a large sum of money for the construction of his elaborate tomb with a sculptured frieze that beautifully illustrates all the steps in the breadmaking process, but he also bequeathed me the *caput* which I could use to start a business of my own, provided I did not compete with my *pater* who took over my *avus'* *pistrinum* in Roma. This is why I have decided to move here to Pompeii.

Matrona, my first thought when I got here was to set up a *mola aquaria* on the banks of the Sarno river and produce flour to sell to the *pistores* in Pompeii and surrounding cities. But, the more I looked into it, I learned that no such mill has ever been successfully operated on the Sarno—perhaps because there are times of the year when the water flow is unpredictable.

So, I have decided to open a *pistrinum* in Pompeii instead. Do you have any advice that would help me start out *dextra pede*?

*Libarius
Pompeii*

Care Libarii,

How fortunate for you to have had an *avus* who had such confidence in you! I believe your decision to seek your fortune in Pompeii was a wise one—it is, after all, the commercial hub of all of Campania. I also believe that you were wise not to go against local tradition and sink your *caput* into the construction of a *mola aquaria* on the Sarno River. If it were feasible, such a mill would have been constructed long ago.

Although the 20,000 inhabitants of Pompeii and the hundreds of shoppers and visitors who come into the city daily would seem to be able to support another *pistrinum*, I would not recommend that you use your *caput* in this manner.

There are already more than twenty *pistinae* operating in Pompeii, and many homes have their own *furni* in which bread is baked daily. It could take quite a while not only for your bread stamp to be recognized in the city, but for it to be preferred to the more familiar stamps already in use. Besides, if you did want to try a start a *pistrinum* that would put some of the smaller ones out of business, it would have to be very large. To be a leader in Pompeii you would have to operate five or more *molas* and be able to afford and stable the mules needed to run them.

No matter how big your *furni* would be, you would still be limited to only one baking a day. Once a *furnus* is fired up, the ashes removed, and the bread inserted for baking, there is not enough time to repeat the process in a single day.

Also, Pompeii is a very political city. Those who have been elected as *aediles* like to sponsor free bread giveaways to the citizens, and they already have *pistores* who backed them in their elections from whom they are committed to buying the loaves. It could take you years to break into that *clientes/patroni* network.

So, if you really want some sound business advice, I would suggest that you become a *pistor dalcarius* and specialize in pastries. This is an open market in Pompeii, and if you hired *insitores* to peddle your fresh *dalcia et crustula* up and down the city streets every morning, I believe you could do quite well almost immediately. Be sure to produce quality *adipana* generously drenched in fresh, sweet honey that *pueri* can buy on their way to their *ludi litterarii* or *ludi grammatici* each morning.

Bene tibi sit!

TEXTBOOK GIVEAWAY PROGRAM

Adult Members are invited to visit the Pompeiana website (www.Pompeiana.com) and access the Textbook Giveaway link to request as many of these free materials as they can use. A wealth of teaching files, books, and AV materials are still available for the asking!

Roma Locuta Est



(Continued a Pagina Prima)

Augustine on how to comport himself whenever he visited the Eternal City: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." The bishop also offered this example:

"Quando hic sum, non ieiuno Sabbato; sed quando Romae sum, ieiuno Sabbato."

When I am here (at Milan) I do not fast on the Sabbath; but when I am in Rome, I do fast on the Sabbath.

Having returned to his homeland, Augustine was ordained a priest in 391 by Bishop Valerius of Hippo. Just four years later, upon the death of Valerius, he ascended the Episcopal throne. His rapid elevation to the hierarchy notwithstanding, Augustine chose to live a simple, ascetic, monastic life with his clergy in order to set a good example for his flock.

At about this time Pelagius, a British monk, had journeyed to Rome seeking to promulgate this theory:

"Man by his natural powers can attain heaven and the beatific vision. He does not need the grace that the Church claims derives from baptism, and Adam's original sin was purely personal, affecting no one but himself."

All this struck at the very heart of the Catholic doctrine on grace and original sin. Before long, Pelagius had developed a considerable following and, in the process, had sown much consternation, confusion and disunity among the laity, the clergy, and even the hierarchy.

When Alaric and his Visigoths stormed the gates of Rome, Pelagius and his adherents fled for safety to Africa, which soon emerged as the seat of Pelagianism. With the heresy now centered in his own diocesan backyard, Bishop Augustine fought it with all his might through sermons, letters and books.

The year 412 saw bishops from around the Christian world convene in an official council at Carthage to condemn Pelagianism and to excommunicate all who practiced it. Even after this action, however, uncertainty still persisted among many in the Christian community.

At this point, the African bishops sought the interven-

tion of the more universal and recognized authority of the Apostolic See. The bishop of Rome, Pope Innocent I, issued a vehement condemnation of Pelagius and his disciples, and thoroughly endorsed the measures taken by the council.

With this gesture, Innocent underpinned papal primacy for all time. He was the first pontiff in history to reserve to his office the power of final adjudication in all matters concerning doctrine. In this bold step, His Holiness was zealously supported by a loyal brother in the episcopate, Augustine.

Overjoyed at Innocent's message, Augustine took to his pulpit the very next Sunday and, in a compelling sermon to his people, announced that Rome had spoken; the issue was settled.

"Roma locuta est, causa finita est!"

Augustine always preached and wrote in Latin rather than in his native Punic language.

With this rhetorical flourish, known as synecdoche (Rome for the Pope)—the use of the whole for the part which he had undoubtedly learned from his study of Cicero—the local bishop was underscoring the prerogatives of the See of St. Peter. (Modern writers and newscasters, also keenly aware of the dramatic clout that this figure of speech produces, will report

"Washington warned Iraq" because it sounds more formidable than saying, "George Bush warned Saddam Hussein.")

Augustine knew well that popes would come and go, but that Rome—mighty and eternal Rome—would remain forever the symbol and seat of authority, be it imperialistic or ecclesiastical. Through word and deed, Augustine fostered the precept that whenever the college of bishops became divided on matters of faith and doctrine, it must look to



Pope St. Innocent I. A.D. 401-417

Rome for the answer, for the Truth:

"Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia"

"Where Peter (i.e., the Bishop of Rome) stands, there stands the Church."

After tirelessly shepherding the church in Africa through some of its most turbulent times, battling heretics and schismatics wherever he encountered them, Augustine, at the age of seventy-six, entered eternal rest on August 28, 430.

For his intellectual brilliance, extensive education, ardent temperament, and mystical insight, along with his prolific writings in the cause of the Christian Faith—among them were *Confessiones* (13 books), *De Civitate Dei* (12 books), more than five-hundred sermons, and some three-hundred pastoral letters—Augustine was honored with the title, Doctor of the Church. Within a few years of his passing, Augustine was canonized by Pope Leo I who designated August 28 as the new saint's feast day.

Once again, "Rome" had spoken.



View of St. Peter's dome from the Vatican Gardens

An Easy Read

MAGISTRA: Salve, discipuli.
DISCIPULI: Salve, Magistra.
MAGISTRA: Quis, Carole, est pater tuus?
CAROLUS: Nauta est pater meus.
MAGISTRA: Bene est. Laboratne pater tuus in America?
CAROLUS: Interdum, sed non semper in America laborat.
MAGISTRA: Cur non semper in America laborat?
CAROLUS: Haec est causa: pater non semper in America laborat quod est nauta.
MAGISTRA: Ubi, poer, habitas?
CAROLUS: In parva casa habito.
MAGISTRA: Estne pater tuus nunc in casa?
CAROLUS: Ita, Magistra, pater meus nunc in casa, sed non semper in casa. Saepo non est in America.
MAGISTRA: Bene est. Videtne pater tuus multas terras?
CAROLUS: Multas terras et insulas videt. Multos viros et feminas videt. Cultum et Siciliam et Hiberniam videt et laudat. Haec sunt insulae. Multas insulas videt.
MAGISTRA: Estne pater tuus Americanus?
CAROLUS: Ita, Americanus est, sed non semper in America habitat.
MAGISTRA: Iocula Italiae, discipuli, est Italia. Incola Britanniae est Britannus; incola Hispaniae est Hispanus. Hibernia est incola Hiberniae. Intellegitis discipuli? Americani sunt. Incolae Americae sunt. America est patria. Americani amamus. Quis, Carole, est amicus tuus?
CAROLUS: Cassius est amicus tuus.



MAGISTRA: Quis, Cassi, est pater tuus?
CASSIUS: Agricola bonus est pater meus. Agrum parat et in agro laborat. Interdum in agro laboro. Aquam porto et laboro. Ager est magnus et longus. Pater est laetus quod filius in agro laborare cupit. Interdum pecuniam habeo quod in agro laboro. Pecuniam habere cupio.
MAGISTRA: Amicum bonum habeo quoque. Poeta est. Italus est. Magnam pecuniam non habet. Fama non est magna sed bene scribit. Amicum meum non saepe video. Epistulas scribo et poeta epistulas scribit. Haec epistulas laudo. Habesne amicas, Maria?
MARIA: Ita, multas habeo.
MAGISTRA: Estne vita tuae periculosa?
CAROLUS: Non semper est. Interdum est. Vitam naufragii laudo.
Post scholam, discipuli dormiunt. Cena in casis est parata, et discipuli non laborant sed cum familiis cenant.



By Thomas Halldorson

Latin II student of Sandra Gullo, Tri-City Christian Academy, Somersworth, New Hampshire

You can imagine my delight when I was invited to visit the recently renovated palace at Fishbourne. It has been the talk of all the people, a must see for all the money that has been spent on the renovations.

At the invitation of King Cogidubnus himself and his wife, I am off to London. I will be among twelve others who have also been invited. Hopefully, we will be allowed to spend the night. It is my understanding that there are several wings of guestrooms.

The original structure was built around 80 to 90 A.D. King Cogidubnus of the Regni tribe aided the Romans in 43 A.D. by allowing them to use the harbor at Chichester during their invasion of Britannia. It is no wonder that the Romans rewarded him by making it possible to renovate the Fishbourne palace.

I've heard that 360,000 cubic feet of soil had to be removed to renovate the foundations of the palace. 160 new columns were carved and installed, and craftsmen from Italia were brought in to create 50 beautiful mosaic floors in the palace. Half of the 100 rooms in the palace have mosaic floors. All of the renovations were overseen by a Roman architect.

Finally, we are arriving at the palace! I'll do my best to describe everything as we see it.

We are being taken into a formal garden first. It leads to the reception hall at the west end of the palace. The walk through the garden allows us to enjoy the bedding trenches that surround the palace. Box shrubs line the edges of all the garden pathways. The eastern side of the garden has been planted with fruit trees and decorated with shrubs growing on lattice trellises. The western side of the garden contains imported cypress trees and a vegetable garden that extends along the northern wall as well. Along the south wall there is a semi-formal garden with flowering plants that fill the area with their colors and aromas. Roman planter pots are everywhere. They are made



MOSAIC OF CUPID RIDING A DOLPHIN FROM FLOOR OF THE SOUTH WING OF THE PALACE



AERIAL VIEW OF THE PALACE AT FISHBOURNE

from fired clay and are bright red. Small holes designed into the bottoms of these *vasae fictiliae* allow for drainage. The flowers in this area are planted in raised beds with diamond shaped lattice fencing. The area is also adorned with statues and fountains. There are benches everywhere so visitors can rest and enjoy the beauty of the gardens.

When we reach the entrance hall at the northwest corner of the garden, we go down a flight of stone steps through a porch graced with four beautiful carved columns. The floor is decorated with a beautifully intricate wall to wall mosaic depicting scenes from Roman history. The border represents a fortified town wall with castellations. The ceiling of the porch is painted red, purple and blue—all very expensive colors. Exquisitely furnished guest rooms surround the porch area.

We pass through this entrance porch to find ourselves in another formal garden decorated with fountains and marble statues. When we finally reach the north wing of the palace, there are two more exquisite courtyards surrounded by more guestrooms—all either with mosaic floors or decorated with large marble slabs in the *opus sectile* style. The mosaic floors in the courtyard are a dazzle of colors. Rosette patterns have red, yellow and white leaves outlined in black. In the corners are representations of wine vases with vine tendrils, dolphins or fish.

Looking to the northeast, we catch a glimpse of the great assembly hall. Eight rows of columns divide the hall into eight aisles. Some of the columns have statues carved into their bases. We find that the east wing of the palace contains two more courtyards and ten more rooms occupied by the palace staff.

Just when we think we have seen it all, we finally enter the south wing of the palace near which the *palaestra* is located. This is the part in which King Cogidubnus and his family reside. The family quarters are situated between two patios. The floor here features Cupid riding a dolphin. This central picture is surrounded by semi-circles of sea horses and sea panthers, wine vases and scallop shells enclosed by a series of borders made of spiral vine tendrils springing from the handles of wine vases. A small black bird sits on one of the tendrils. One of the patios has a magnificent view of the palace gardens and the other overlooks Chichester Harbor which is packed with beautiful vessels owned by the king.

We are so impressed with the beauty of the palace that we hope it will never be destroyed, but will be able to be enjoyed by visitors for centuries to come.



Alter Dulcia (Another kind of Roman dessert)

By Marcella Brown, Catilina Kelly and Virginia Thompson, Latin III students of Chervon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Res Commiscendae:

250 grams Coarsely chopped nuts
100 grams Coarsely chopped stone-pine kernels
50 milliliters *Passum* (grape juice boiled until thickened with a little honey added for sweetness)
4 T Honey
50 milliliters Milk
1/2 t ground black pepper
Ground black pepper

Modus Preparandi:

Mesh together the black pepper, pine kernels, honey, chopped nuts, and *passum*. Blend together with milk and eggs.

Heat this mixture to a full boil on medium heat, stirring constantly so it doesn't burn.



Apportion in smaller serving dishes and drizzle with honey and sprinkle with a dash of ground pepper.

Can be served warm or cool.



We Double Dare You!

Come on students, be brave! Go to the Roman Recipe link at www.Pompeiana.com and pick a recipe a little more challenging than scrambled or hard boiled eggs. Photographing your efforts, shop, cook and serve to your friends or family. Then send us your recipe, photos and a little summary of any special adventures you enjoyed. We'd love to publish your work in this column!

We need some really good recipes right now!



De gustibus non est disputandum!

By Mary Ellen Barrosse-Attle, Seventh Grade Latin student of Sheila Ponatko, The Independence School, Newark, Delaware



Britney Spears Songs

By Loren Pollack, Latin II student of Kim Ryan,
Quigley Catholic H.S., Baden, Pennsylvania

- I. NONNUMQUAM
- II. IN MEO CORDE PROFUNDO
- III. VALIDIOR
- IV. FELIX
- V. UBI NUNC ES?
- VI. NATUS AD TE EXHILANDUM
- VII. PUERI
- VIII. ILLUC EST QUO ME INDUCIS
- IX. NIMIS PROTECTA
- X. QUALE EST ESSE ME

Not-So-Classical Heroes

By David Goetz, Latin II student of Dr. Laura Abrahamsen,
Lakewood High School, Lakewood, Ohio

Translate these Latinized names of DC Comics Super Heroes back into English.

1. Vironum Venator Martius
2. Fulgor
3. Vespertilio-Vir
4. Vir Superior
5. Mediae Noctis Medicus
6. Lucerna Viridis
7. Falconis Vir
8. Falconis Puella
9. Horae Vir
10. Fatum Doctum
11. Argentum
12. Plumbum
13. Sagitta Viridis
14. Scarabaeus Caeruleus
15. Miraculi Praeceptus

ATHLETAE CATERVAE

By William Saxe, President of the Central Catholic H.S. Latin Club,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Give the Latin nickname of the team with which each athlete is most generally associated.

ACROSS

3. Christ Weinke
6. Jason Kidd
8. Joe Montana: —ers
10. Kurt Warner
11. Barry Sanders

DOWN

1. Julius Erving: —ers
2. Rod Woodson
4. Drew Bledsoe
5. Michael Jordan
7. John Elway
9. John Elway

What's for Dinner?

Based on a game by Lisa Dombrosky and Jacob Stewart,
Latin II students of Nancy Mazur,
Amherst High School, Amherst, Ohio

Complete each statement by filling in the blanks with Latin words or phrases from the Word Bank provided.

1. Romans called breakfast _____.
2. Romans called lunch _____.
3. A late lunch was called _____.
4. A Roman _____ had three courses: _____.
5. A special slave called a _____ announced the guests and showed them in which spot to recline.
6. A Latin phrase for removing one's sandals before reclining was: _____.
7. For the first course, Romans frequently ate _____ (eggs), _____ (salad), and _____ (honey-flavored wine).
8. For the second course, Romans usually enjoyed _____ (fish), _____ (poultry) or _____ (pork).
9. For the third course, Romans relaxed with _____ (fruit), _____ (nuts), _____ (pastry) and _____ (wine).
10. When dining, Roman men reclined on _____ while it was considered more proper for ladies to sit in _____ (wicker chairs) while dining.
11. Because individual _____ (plates) were frequently not used when dining, _____ (cloth napkins) were essential.
12. A guest's personal dinner slave was called a _____.
13. Banquets beginning before *hora nona*, were called _____.
14. The special slave who artistically arranged the food on the _____ (large serving trays) was called the _____.
15. Last minute guests brought in to round out the socially correct number of diners were called _____.
16. The Latin expression used to indicate one was preparing to leave the dinner party was _____.

WORD BANK

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| A. acetaria | P. pisces |
| B. aves cohortales | Q. porcina |
| C. cena | R. prandium |
| D. crustula | S. prima mensa |
| E. demere soleas | T. puer a pedibus |
| F. fructus | U. repositoria |
| G. gustatio | V. secunda mensa |
| H. ientaculum | W. sellae vimineae |
| I. mappae | X. soleas poscere |
| J. merenda | Y. structor |
| K. mulsus | Z. tempestiva conviva |
| L. nomenclator | AA. triclinia |
| M. nuces | BB. umbrae |
| N. ova | CC. vinum |
| O. patellae | |

IMPERIAL JUMBLE

Based on a game by Michael Denlinger,
Latin IV student of Jennifer Stebel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

Using Roman numerals, number the Roman emperors in the order in which they reigned.

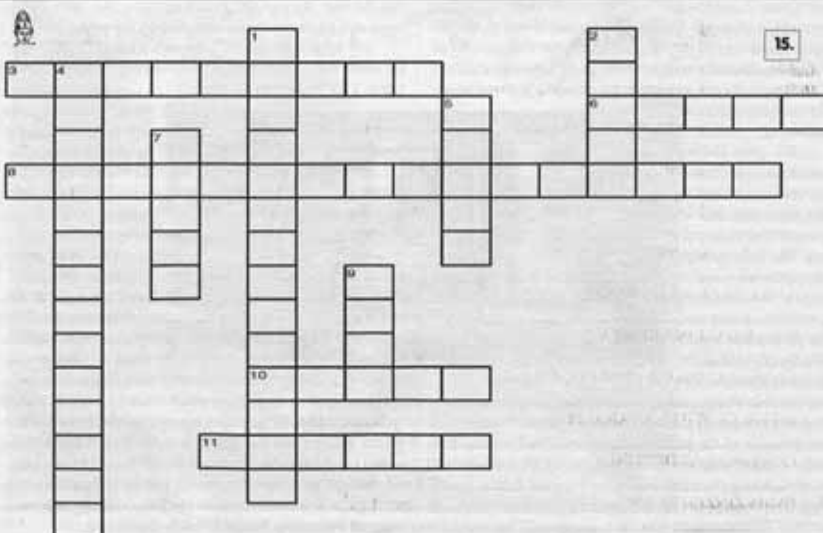
1. _____ Aulus Vitellius
2. _____ Didius Julianus
3. _____ Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus Augustus
4. _____ Gaius Caesar Caligula
5. _____ Lucius Aelius Aurelius Commodus
6. _____ Lucius Septimius Severus
7. _____ Marcus Aurelius Antoninus
8. _____ Marcus Cocceius Nerva
9. _____ Marcus Salvius Otho
10. _____ Marcus Ulpius Traianus
11. _____ Nero Claudius Caesar
12. _____ Publius Aelius Hadrianus
13. _____ Publius Helvius Pertinax
14. _____ Servius Sulpicius Galba
15. _____ Tiberius Claudius Germanicus
16. _____ Tiberius Claudius Nero
17. _____ Titus Aelius Aurelius Antoninus Pius
18. _____ Titus Flavius Domitianus
19. _____ Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus
20. _____ Titus Flavius Vespasianus



By Young Karkevedian, Latona Czeminski, Jake Ross,
and John Kelly, Latin II students of Linda Solondz,
Summit H.S., Summit, New Jersey

Translate these Latinized names of famous bands back into English.

1. Crustulum Flaccidum
2. Nicta CLXXXII
3. Far Indicum
4. Dies Viridis
5. Scarabaei
6. Litoris Pueri
7. U II
8. Sagittarum Faber
9. Sine Dubio
10. Vici Postici Pueri



American Holidays

By Dan Redmon, Rich LaGruta, Dan Cruz, Mauro DeSantis and Pankit Doshi, Latin I students of Brother Larry Shine, Hudson Catholic H.S. Jersey City, New Jersey



19.

Match each Roman-style date with its American holiday.

1. All Saints Day
2. April Fool's Day
3. Christmas
4. Columbus Day
5. Easter, 2003
6. Halloween
7. Independence Day
8. Labor Day, 2002
9. Martin Luther King, Jr. Day, 2003
10. Memorial Day, 2003
11. New Year's Eve
12. Presidents' Day, 2003
13. St. Patrick's Day
14. Thanksgiving Day, 2002
15. Valentine's Day

- A. a.d. IV Non. Sept.
- B. a.d. VIII Kal. Ian.
- C. Kal. Apr.
- D. a.d. VII Kal. Iun.
- E. a.d. XII Kal. Mai.
- F. a.d. IV Non. Iul.
- G. a.d. XVI Kal. Apr.
- H. a.d. XIII Kal. Feb.
- I. Pridie Idus Octobres
- J. a.d. IV Kal. Dec.
- K. a.d. XIII Kal. Mart.
- L. a.d. XVI Kal. Mart.
- M. Kalendae Novembres
- N. Pridie Kalendae Novembres
- O. Pridie Kalendae Ianuariae

Beginning level Advanced level

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Fairy Tales

20.

By Andrea Patterson, Latin III student of Angela Letizia, Hollidaysburg H.S., Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

- I. CRINES AUREI ET TRES URSI
- II. PUELLA PULCHRA DORMIENS
- III. PARVA GALLINA
- IV. TRES PARVI PORCI
- V. ALICIA IN TERRA MIRABILI
- VI. PARVA GALLINA RUBRA
- VII. CANDIDA NIVOSA ET SEPTEM NANI
- VIII. IACOB ET STIPULA FABALIS
- IX. HORTUS CLANDESTINUS
- X. PANIS ZINZIBERI VIR

Pyramus & Thisbe



21.

By Emily Fickelstein, Latin I student of David Fickelstein, Covert Middle School H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Fill each blank with a word that would correctly complete each statement about this story.

1. The Roman poet who recorded the love story of Pyramus and Thisbe was _____.
2. The city in which Pyramus and Thisbe lived: _____.
3. Their relationship was not allowed by _____.
4. Since they were forbidden to speak to each other, they communicated through a(n) _____.
5. They secretly arranged to meet at twilight near a white tree.
6. Thisbe got there before Pyramus and saw a bloody _____.
7. After running in fear and dropping her _____, it was soon smeared with blood.
8. When Pyramus arrived, he saw this, and he thought Thisbe was dead so he _____.
9. Thisbe was just coming out of hiding when she saw what Pyramus had done so she, too, _____.
10. So now, the fruit of this tree is colored _____ because of the lovers' blood that soaked into the ground near its roots.



James Bond Movies

By Chris Budz and Duran Deuschle, Latin II students of Kelly Kusch, Covington Latin School, Covington, Kentucky

22.

- I. A RUSSIA CUM AMORE
- II. VIR CUM SCLOPETO AUREO
- III. CRASTINUS DIES NUMQUAM MORITUR
- IV. OCVLUS AUREUS
- V. ADAMANTES SUNT SEMPITERNI
- VI. DIGITUS AUREUS
- VII. UNICIS OCULIS TUIS
- VIII. VIVE ET PERMITTE MORI
- IX. NUMQUAM ITERUM DIC NUMQUAM
- X. POTESTAS AD NECANDUM PER LITTERAS DATA
- XI. ORBIS TERRARUM NON SATIS EST



Happy Birthday, Vergil!

By Zach Benacan and Becky Hughes, Latin IV students of Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

In honor of Vergil's Birthday (October 15, 70 B.C.), decipher the following Latin cryptograms. Each represents a famous Latin quotation from *The Aeneid*. Hint: d = V, a = E, u = R, n = G, j = I, c = L

23.

1. iekksrx bsjy iekka djwarxsu.
2. bseush iyuk hynry zsj.
3. hjuyvjca wjtxs.
4. e iykkj nuydjeuy, vyvzj wask mjk bsebsa zjrah!
5. xaraeu iyxujya rat canjvsk scjck.
6. yuhj djvshbsa tyre.
7. xyryxa hecjy auxy terwaua narxah.
8. zeukyr ax myat ecjh hahjrjcka jsdyvjx.
9. wso zahjry zytjx.
10. ksrx cytuhya uaush, ax harxah heuxycjy xymsrx.



A Day at the Baths

24.

By "Diabolus" Red and "Refus" Hargan, Latin II students of Nancy Tegen, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

In the wordsearch, circle the Latin word for each of the underlined English words in the story.

After a long day at work, I decided to take a trip to the (1) large public baths to have a little fun and relax. I started off by entering the (2) changing room where I could rid myself of my dirty tunic. Before I could do anything, I went to visit the (3) restroom. Then, since I wanted to exercise first and then relax, I went to the (4) exercise court to wrestle with some friends. After I finished my match, I wanted to swim a few laps so I jumped into the (5) swimming pool. Now that I was worn out, I went to the (6) oil anointing room and got a (7) massage to rub oil on me. I could then enter the (8) sauna where I could relax in a steamy atmosphere while removing the oil from skin with my (9) scrapers. I then proceeded to the (10) hot tub to open my pores. Thank Jove for the (11) underfloor heating system because my feet would have been cold on the marble floor as I moved from room to room. When I could take the heat no longer, I hurried into the (12) cold plunge pool to close my pores. As soon as I had changed back into my tunic, I felt my stomach rumbling. I knew it was time to stop by a (13) low class food counter to buy a snack and get some (14) wine. Then I

took a stroll through the (15) park where I saw a strange flower. So I went to the (16) Latin library to look it up. That is where I finished my day reading (17) scrolls about the (18) science of horticulture.

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

Autumnus

By Chris Bittz, Latin II student of Larry Steele,
Norman High School, Norman, Oklahoma

Folia cadunt,
Autumnus hic est.
Temperatio frigidior est,
Autumnus hic est.
Mox erit nix in terra,
Et ero beatus ego!

SIC SEMPER TYRANNI

BY PAT FLEMING, LATIN HONORS STUDENT OF
DR. KAYLAH DE ZENZO, KAPTEVILLE CENTRAL U.S., KAPTEVILLE, ILLINOIS

Tyrants are always the same
Trying to pull you into the game
Hiding the truth around every turn
This is why Catiline was a worm
Taking advantage of the people of Rome
How dare he call it his home
People like this muddy the waters of life
And put many more through pain and strife
With disregard for their fellow man
They obsess over money and power in hand
So we must not believe everything we hear
If we let tyrants run the world, we'll all live in fear

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Kinder and Gentler TITUS

Drawing by Ryan Anderson, Latin III student of
Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania



During his short two year reign as Emperor, Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus had many occasions to show both his generosity and his compassion.

Perhaps no other short-term Emperor had more disasters to deal with than Titus did.

Two months to the day after he succeeded his father Vespasian as emperor, Mt. Vesuvius began its historic eruption, burying the towns of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiae and Oplontis. He contributed great sums of his personal wealth to the relief effort in Campania, established an Emergency Management Board of Consuls to coordinate the relief effort and ordered that money raised from the sale of the possessions and property of those who died without heirs should be used to help the survivors rebuild and resettle.

After a three-day fire ravaged the city of Rome, destroying many public buildings and temples, he appointed a Fire Relief Agency staffed by Equites to strip his personal mansions and country estates of their decorations and statuary in order to refurbish and redecorate the public buildings damaged in the fire.

When Rome was struck with one of the worst plagues in history, Titus made every effort to import medical staff who were ordered to use every imaginable means to cure the plague and limit its spread. He also ordered that all sorts of sacrifices be offered in the city's temples to ask for the divine intervention of the gods.

After having taken part in the destruction of Jerusalem and the slaughter of nearly one million people, Titus determined to become known as a Kinder and Gentler Emperor. He had himself appointed as Pontifex Maximus and, as such, took an oath not to commit any crime or be responsible for any murder. He kept his word to his dying day on September 13, A.D. 81. Titus was 41 years old and had ruled for two years, two months and twenty days.

Just before he passed away in the same house in which his father had died, Titus had complained that life was being taken away from him unfairly since he considered himself guilty of only a single sin—he did not, however, say what that sin had been.

MIGHTY MIDAS

By Thomas Carver, Latin III student of Jennifer Stibel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

Sad old King Midas sat in his chair.
He had little riches so he greatly dispaired.
He thought and he thought about what he should do,
But as for earning money, he had no clue!

After hopelessly praying to the gods in the sky,
He believed no one would save him or hear his sad cry.
But lucky for him, as his fortune faded away,
Intoxicated Silenus came to visit him one day.

"My friend, Bacchus, will surely help you out.
He'll give you anything you want without a doubt."
King Midas was happy when hearing this news—
A god who would grant him a gift he wouldn't refuse.

"I want everything I touch to turn to gold,
enough riches to last me until I am old."
"If that's what you want, Midas, that's what you'll get.
But you'll be sorry. On that you can bet!"

King Midas returned home as happy as can be,
but became very selfish and very greedy.
He began to touch everything in sight,
Into gold it all turned, so shiny and bright.

He desired his gold more and more,
Touching everything possible from ceiling to floor.
Unfortunately, his foolish desires were put on hold
When his touch turned his precious daughter to gold!

How Well Did You Read?

25.

1. *Apud quam scholam altam Ashanti studebat?*
2. What did Trista and Dane forget to do?
3. What is the name of the Etruscan god that escorted the souls of the dead to the Underworld?
4. What was the name of the Regni king that lived in the magnificent palace at Fishbourne in England?
5. In a Pompeian bakery (*Pistrina*) how many times a day could a single oven be used to bake bread?
6. Who rescued Julia after she fell through the floor?
7. How many Romance languages are listed in the Merriam-Wester English Dictionary?
8. Which cult believed Wisdom could only be learned by celibate vegetarians living the monastic life?
9. Who persuaded Hadrian to order the persecution of the Christians to be stopped?
10. What event prompted the construction of the temple of Venus Verticordia in Rome?

RES • VENUM • DATAE

Tres Libri Optimi

Professor Myron Stagman of San Francisco, California, has published three books that should be of interest to classicists and teachers of Latin. They would make excellent additions to any personal or high school library.

1. **Socrates, the Martyred Messiah (An Essential History of Classical Athens).** One of the great features of this book is that it offers recommendations for adapting principles of Athens' participatory democracy to one's personal life. Paperback. 220 pages. ISBN: 0-9709265-8-8 \$19.95
2. **100 Prophecies of the Delphic Oracle.** While explaining the operation and 1000 years' fame of Apollo's oracle at Delphi, this book also presents 100 selected prophecies on a variety of subjects as a vehicle for introducing the history, personalities, philosophy, drama and culture of Ancient Greece. Paperback. 176 pages. ISBN: 0-9709265-0-2 \$14.95
3. **Guide to Greek Drama.** Both a reference and general reading work to introduce all of the ancient Athenian plays. Includes biographical and historical information for each playwright. Each essay contains a brief excerpt from each play along with the *Dramatis Personae*. Paperback. 328 pages. ISBN: 0-9709265-2-9 \$29.95

Order from Amazon.com

Pompeiana Tormenta Vera Venum Dat

Pompeiana, Inc., is offering for sale the last two working catapults built during the ten-year **National Catapult Contest**.

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The *catapulta* below fires three-foot long darts. It is approximately 8 ft. long and 6 ft. high and weighs ca. 300 lbs. \$1000 (OBO by 12/1/02) + shipping/delivery.



FREDERIC CLARK
LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

VIRI



STULTI

Pythagoras finds some useful applications for his theorem...

I'll be nice. For just 1000 pieces of gold... you can have both plots A and B... and I'll make do with C...

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE



P.C. 10-02

LEAH ZOLLER
CINCINNATI, OHIO

VITA PROPOSITA

DEORUM ET DEARUM



I don't know, Atalanta; these Amazons are so violent... they scare me.

And now, for the final rite of Amazon initiation...

Oh my Gads! They're going to kill Terentia!

I'll save you!

Slide trip

Is he always this neurotic?

It's just hair, here.

All right, I'm next.

ouch.

Leah Zoller 10-02

MICHAEL PEREZ
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

GODS OF OLYMPUS

Michael Perez 10/02

Disgusting! This room is a pig sty! Do you ever clean up?

And what is this tumbleweed doing in the middle of the floor?

Oh, Hades is going to take those grape skeletons away. He seems to like that sort of thing.

Garbage pick-up is on Monday. Today is Tuesday!

Zeus Hera

CHRIS MOBERLY
WATERFORD, MICHIGAN

...LOOK BUDDY, IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL... BUT I HAVE A JOB TO DO...

EAT HIM!

WHAT-A-YA WAIT'N FOR?!

EAT... HIM! EAT... HIM! EAT... HIM!

WHEN IN ROME...

10/02

KAREN ANTON
SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI

Marcus Makes His Mark

Karen Anton 10/02

Welcome to the library. How may I help you, Marcus?

I have to read something for Virgil's birthday. I-nee-id?

I know you need it for school, but what do you need?

-I-nee-id?

But what do you need?

Never mind. I found it myself.

Why didn't he say he wanted the Aeneid?

CHRIS COLLINS
CINCINNATI, OHIO

FOR GOODNESS SAKE, I AM HERCULES!

CHRIS COLLINS

I HAVE SLAIN A HYDRA!

A HYDRA!!!

HAVE YOU EVER SLAIN A HYDRA? DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH OF A PAIN IT IS?

DIDN'T THINK SO.

POINT IS, I HAVE DONE ALL THESE THINGS...

BUT THIS...

MOOI

ANNA

THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

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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What May Be Submitted

1. Original poems/articles in English or in teacher-corrected Latin with accompanying English translations.
 2. Special interest photos or news reports of Latin activities.
 3. Teacher-corrected Latin reviews (with accompanying English translations) of movies, movie stars, musicians, major sporting events or renowned athletes.
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13.

Carmina Optima

- I. Sometimes
- II. Deep In My Heart
- III. Stronger
- IV. Lucky
- V. Where Are You Now?
- VI. Born To Make You Happy
- VII. Boys
- VIII. That's Where You Take Me
- IX. Overprotected
- X. What It's Like To Be Me

14.

Not-So-Classical

Heroes

1. The Martian Manhunter
2. The Flash
3. Batman
4. Superman
5. Doctor Mid-Nite
6. The Green Lantern
7. Hawkman
8. Hawkgirl
9. Hourman
10. Doctor Doom
11. Silver
12. Lead
13. The Green Arrow
14. The Blue Beetle
15. Captain Marvel

16.

What's For Dinner?

1. H
2. J
3. J
4. C,G,S,V
5. L
6. E
7. N,A,K
8. F,B,Q
9. F,M,D,C,C
10. A,A,W
11. O,I
12. T
13. Z
14. U,Y
15. B,B
16. X

17.

Imperial Jumble

1. VII
2. XIX
3. I
4. III
5. XVII
6. XX
7. XVI
8. XII
9. VII
10. XIII
11. V
12. XIV
13. XVIII
14. VI
15. IV
16. II
17. XV
18. XI
19. IX
20. X

18.

On Stage In Latin

1. Limp Blahit
2. Blah 182
3. Korn
4. Green Day
5. The Beatles
6. Beach Boys
7. U2
8. Aerosmith
9. No Doubt
10. Backstreet Boys

19.

American Holidays

1. M
2. C
3. B
4. I
5. E
6. N
7. F
8. A
9. H
10. D
11. O
12. K
13. G
14. J
15. L

20.

Libri Optimi

1. Goldilocks and the Three Bears
- II. Sleeping Beauty
- III. Chicken Little
- IV. The Three Little Pigs
- V. Alice in Wonderland
- VI. The Little Red Hen
- VII. Snow White and the Seven Dwarves
- VIII. Jack and the Beanstalk
- IX. The Secret Garden
- X. The Gingerbread Man

15.



21.

Pyramus and Thisbe

1. Pallias Ovidius Naso
2. Babylonia
3. Their parents
4. Chink (hole, opening) in the (a) wall
5. Mulberry
6. Licensa
7. Veil (cloak)
8. Killed (stabbed) himself / (committed suicide)
9. Killed (stabbed) herself / (committed suicide)
10. Red (purple)

23.

Happy Birthday, Vergil!

1. Potum quia potum videtur
2. Quorum pars magna fui
3. Mirabile dicta
4. O passi graviores, datos deus his ipsoque finem
5. Tenuer parvae tunc legibus alios
6. Armas virisipue cano
7. Tantae molis erat condere gentem
8. Fersum et hanc olim nominasse iuvabit
9. Dux finitima foens
10. Sunt factitiae rerum, et mentium mortalia tangunt

25.

How Well Did You Read?

1. Apud Villum Sinum Solitum Album (Glen Cove H.S.)
2. Just the water before drinking it
3. Tuam
4. King Coghobant
5. Cina
6. Her dad
7. 13
8. Manichaeism
9. Quodam, the Bishop of Athens
10. The Vestal Virgins were accused of corruption



ASHANTI

Ashanti Douglas is the Princess of R & B. She's 21 years old but is only 5 feet 3 inches tall. Ashanti has to have a lot of confidence to survive among those who rule the hip-hop world. This is fitting for a girl who was named from a tribe in Ghana where women hold the power.

Seven years ago Ashanti began to record with Jive Records. But her heart wasn't with these musicians.

Four years ago Ashanti moved to Atlanta to work with Noontime Records (which is a part of Epic). Soon, however, Ashanti did not want to work with these musicians. All the musicians at Noontime Records were young, and they didn't know what they were doing.

Then, in 2001, Ashanti began to sing with Murder, Inc. With Murder, Inc., Ashanti sings with Ja Rule and Cadillac Tah. Although many consider these two singers to be thugs, Ashanti says they have good hearts.

"On Mother's Day," Ashanti says, "these singers came to my house and gave flowers to my mother. They're teddy bears! I'm always safe with them. When we go to a club, they always surround me. They protect me like I'm a little sister. Sometimes they overdo it, but it's okay because they act out of a lot of love."

When she was a teenager, Ashanti attended Glen Cove High School in New York. She was a very good athlete. She could jump so well that she was scouted by the Olympic team. Ashanti frequently competed against boys, and just like Atlanta, she used to beat them. Ashanti was popular with other students and was a cheerleader.

Does Ashanti have a boyfriend?

"When it comes to boys," Ashanti says, "you have to have your head on straight. I'm no gullible fool."

The title of the first single that Ashanti made was "Foolish." The words of this song express how Ashanti feels about her most recent boyfriend. When Ashanti was with him, he got on her nerves. But when he was gone she was thinking about what he was doing.

"Many boyfriends," says Ashanti, "cheat on their girls and vice versa. This song explains real life."

Three excellent songs that Ashanti has recorded are "Always On Time," "Foolish," and "What's Luv?" Ashanti has also made an album named "Ashanti."

Schedule Your Program Early!

Teachers, if this is your year to sponsor a program at your school featuring one of the presenters from Pompeiana's **Personae-Presenters Speakers Bureau**, be sure to schedule your program early.

Only by contacting your presenter early in the school year can you be sure of that presenter's availability on your date.

Dr. Barcio (Marcus, Citizen of Pompeii; *Fabius the Tribune*); BFBarcio@Pompeiana.com

Lois Dion (Cornelia, Roman Wedding Consultant; *Roman Cosmetics*); ledion@aol.com

Nancy Mack (Annunciata, Professional Mourner); INMagistra@aol.com

Paula Saffire, Ph.D. (The Songs of Sappho—A Living Performance); psaffire@butler.edu

Diane Werblo (Three different personae and five workshops!); 317/783-1428

Donna Wright (Julia, Daughter of Augustus; two workshops); donnawright@msdlt.k12.in.us

For full descriptions, visit the Personae Presentations link at www.Pompeiana.com