

# POMPEIIANA

NEWSLETTER



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## Dais Ann?

By Stephen Lovenberg, Latin II student of  
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Fl. Washington, Pennsylvania

My name means desire,  
Love is the thing I can help you acquire.  
One day I fell in love with the wrong girl;  
She was so beautiful as a pearl.  
I only asked that she not look at my face.  
When she did, her I could not embrace.  
At that moment I left her to wonder,  
But during that time I continued to ponder:  
I went to Jupiter, wife and Clever,  
And asked him to let her live forever.  
Now we live together in peace,  
And our true love will never cease.  
I may have wings, but I'm not a crow.  
I spread love with an arrow and bow.

## THE BUZZ

The buzz this month is all about things Greek—Classical Greek, that is.

First of all, the colossal statue of Athena Parthenos—and when we say colossal, we mean a thirty-foot high statue (including its pedestal)—that was commissioned by Pericles as part of the Parthenon's interior decorations in 433 B.C., has now been re-created in all of its full-sized glory!

The armor and much of the clothing on the original statue, designed and built by renowned architect and artist Phidias, were made from real gold—a veritable fortune!

The skin of the goddess was made from a fortune of imported ivory.

Of course, having such fortunes just sitting there on top of the Acropolis in Athens eventually proved to be too much of a temptation. Athens was finally attacked, the Parthenon was sacked, the gold and ivory was looted from the statue, and the statue's frame destroyed.

Everyone assumed that would be the last time that anything quite so beautiful would ever be seen. And that's exactly where everyone was wrong! The thirty-foot high colossal statue of Athena Parthenos has been rebuilt, this time by the sculptor Alan LeQuire. And it once again can be viewed in the "Parthenon"—not the one on the Acropolis in Athens, but the one in Centennial Park in Nashville, Tennessee!

Want more? Those who want to try their hand in reading current news in Classical Greek need only visit:

<http://www.alex.net>

Special thanks to Victoria Seedell,  
Spartanburg, South Carolina and  
Larry Nersis, Indianapolis, Indiana.



## GEORGIUS WASHINGTONIUS

Excerpta ex Vita Georgii Washingtonii, Presidis Primi, Americae  
Septentrionalis Civitatum Foederatarum, Litteris Latinis  
conscripta a Francisco Glasse, Ohioensi

In Virginia, tunc temporis regni Britannici provincia, octavo kalendas Martii [in calendario Gregoriano], annoque Domini millesimo septingentesimo et tricesimo secundo, dux inclitus noster, patriae decus, Georgius Washingtonius natus est. Avi atavique Angli erant, pater autem Virginienſis, qui, uxore priore fati abrepta, alteram duxit, e qua vitam accepit Washingtonius. Quidam, errore caeci, et Europae gloria stultissime capti, Washingtonium Americanum existitisse omnino negaverunt; at tandem aliquando fateri coacti sunt, omne solum forti patriam esse, omnisque terram sepulcrum.

Sub patriis tutela altus eruditusque, utrum litteris Graecis atque Romanis animum suum Washingtonius appulerit parum compertimus, eamque rem igitur in medio relinquentes. Cognitum tamen perspectumque habetur, linguam Anglicam cum penitus calluisse, et in scientiis mathematicis, aliisque studiis, doctissime existitisse eruditum. Per plures annos, postquam a praefectore discesserat, doctrinam ab illo acceptam multum atque sedulo auxit; et terrae memoris munere, summa cum laude peritiaeque fama, perfunctus est.

Vicesimum agens annum, multaeque munera suscipere incepit; et virtutem animi-

que vires ostendendi occasionem haud longo intervallo oblatam impigre atque libentissime arripuit.

Washingtonius, vicem civitatis Virginienſis in coloniarum foederatarum Congressu gerens, ad Americani exercitus summum imperium, nebulae contradicente, electus est [duodevicesimo Kal. Iul. Christi anno millesimo septingentesimo et septuagesimo quinto]; stipendium quoque ei a Congressu quam amplissimum decretum.

Die secundo mensis Novembris [Christi anno millesimo septingentesimo et octogesimo tertio], exercitus omnis Americanus dimittendus erat. Die illo, Washingtonius praefectis cunctis militibusque valedixit.

Exercitu dimisso, Washingtonius Annapolim profectus, ut diplomate sibi a Congressu, belli initio, dato, sese abdicaret.

Washingtonius, summo omnium bonorum consensu, civitatum foederatarum Americae septentrionalis Praeses primus electus fuit die Martii quarto, Christi anno millesimo septingentesimo octogesimo nono; at causis quibusdam intercedentibus,



Washingtonius de praesidis officio haud ante diem quartum Aprilis certior fuit factus. Postquam Eboracum Novum venerat Washingtonius, iurjurando sese (prout lex postulat) obstricti ac quid detrimenti, eo praeside, libertas Americana caperet [pridie Kal. Mai.].

Die Decembris decimo tertio, Christi anno millesimo septingentesimo nonagesimo nimo, Washingtonii cervix et capilli pluvia tenui conspergebantur, dum, rebus rusticis quibusdam intentus, agrorum cultum in maius promoveri voluit. Nocte insequenti, galae inflammatione correptus, dolore maximo, haustuque difficillimo laborans, vena ante lucem incisa fuit.

Putridae, trium medicae artes inanes fuerunt: intra, enim, horas viginti quatuor, postquam accessit morbus, placida morte obiit dux inclitus, pater patriae, generis humani ornamentum et decus.

PUBLISHING  
Ancient Roman Style

Along the Via Argiletum, a heavily trafficked street in Imperial Rome that led down from the slums of the Subura district and entered the Forum Romanum between the Senate House and the Basilica Aemilia, one could encounter daily a microcosm of the city's populace.

One could stake out a shady sidewalk spot and divert oneself for hours just watch-

Paternoster Row or Park Avenue, i.e., the center of the publishing and bookselling trade. Many publishers had not only their offices along this clamorous paved thoroughfare but their factories and retail outlets as well. It was also a rendezvous for the distinguished literati of the day who would be on hand to help promote sales of their latest volumes.



ILLUSTRATION OF VERGIL SEATED NEXT TO A LEATHER SCRINIUM ON A MANUSCRIPT IN THE VATICAN LIBRARY

ing the ceaseless river of changing faces flow by. The eclectic multitude would range from a prominent senator with a conspicuous entourage of bodyguards to an obnoxious millionaire with a cadre of obsequious clients; to actors, bankers, businessmen, teachers and teenagers; to ladies of the social register, pickpockets and down-and-outers. Their one common denominator? A passion for good books.

The Argiletum, you see, was Rome's

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

Up to the last half-century before Christ, the publishing business was virtually nonexistent. There were as yet no public libraries, and the literacy rate was woefully low. In the Roman world of letters, such as it was, authors would produce copies of their writings in their own homes for distribution

(Continued in Pagina Sexta)

## A Message for Lesbia

By Octavia Stann, Latin IV student of  
Chermon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

The pain inside is killing me,  
As I watch you leave my place.  
For my love for you is never ending,  
Timeless like your perfect face.

Your scent lingers in the hall,  
While I rearrange the vase of flowers,  
Memories flood my brain,  
Falling down like warm rain showers.

No woman matches your beauty,  
Nor your lovely presence.  
You and the fair Venus  
Bear a striking resemblance.

Alas, I cannot have you  
For you belong to another.  
People tell me to get on with my life,  
But why even bother?

So alone I wait,  
Pining for your love,  
Asking to be released from this torture  
By the gods above.

—Catullus

TEN BEST LOVE SONGS  
(Send for 'em)

1. Melodia Catenis Liberata, Fratres Just!
2. Hoc Tibi Pollicor, NSYNC
3. Mea Vita Tota, K-Ci et Jo Jo
4. (Omnia Quae Facio) Id Facio Pro Te, Brianus Adams
5. Te Semper Amabo, Whitnes Houstonensis
6. Mirabile Hac Nocte, Ericus Claptonensis
7. Nolo Ullam Rem Omittere, Sagittarius
8. Stupefactus, Stella Sola
9. Tandem, Enia Iacobus
10. Vere, Insane, Peritus, Hortus Ferus

\* Translations in Pagina Decima

## Newly Unearthed Journal of Augustus

By Neal Hamilton, Latin III student of Dr. Marietta Colakis, The Cornwell School, Charlottesville, Virginia  
**Author's note:** The following is an English translation of a manuscript recently discovered in the archives of the Vatican. It appears to contain occasional notations and observations made by the Emperor Augustus beginning in 2 B.C. The last entry was made almost one month before he died on August 16, A.D. 14.

a.d. X Kal. Oct., DCCLII A.V.C.

This morning, while in the gardens of the villa [his villa at Baiae], I saw a most spectacular tree of fantastic size and color. I believe it was an oak, but it had gone a most striking yellow—impossible. The Augur says that yellow stands for success. Livia enjoyed my grandson's story of the tree.

a.d. VI Kal. Jan., DCCLVII A.V.C.

It is very tiring being the *Principes* of Rome. There are so many functions, so many *Ludi*. Ah, but I do take pleasure in the Palatine parties we host. The gifts I give seem to delight all, even such odd ones as the picture showing Athena and Arachne at their looms. I am grown too old for the intrigues of politics, but there are family matters which I find especially disturbing. Why is it that those whom I foster to succeed me seem to die so mysteriously? Even *Saturnalia* this year was unusually cold and dreary, and the speeches of the priests were unusually lifeless. Do I dare note that sometimes it feels as though there is no truth in the gods? It would be better if such thoughts never left my head. At least they must never go beyond the private pages of this *libellum*.  
 Non. Jul., DCCLIX A.V.C.

My health each year is getting worse. It is no help that while I was striving to convince Romans that they must respect family life, I was frustrated at every turn by my own family. Both my daughter Julia and my granddaughter Julia seemed to delight in scandal. Behind my back the *Senatores* rumored that both my Julia's are no better than common *saltatrices*! What choice did I have but to exile each Julia to her own island where their actions would not work against my reforms. My reputation suffers along with my health.  
 Kal. Mart., DCCLXI A.V.C.

My stomach has been a constant complaint this past year. My one joy has been the interesting things I am learning from my nephew, Claudius. He has shared so many interesting facts of Roman law and history that he has discovered from his research. It is sad that he can never be my successor. I know it is cruel to smile at it, but his horrible stutter and grotesque form are not unlike a great monster such as the *Galli* are accustomed to worship. I wish I did not feel as though some doom is hanging over me and the Roman people. Not only do the Augurs confirm this with their daily warnings, but even my own observations confirm this. Gone are the days when I would find a gold coin only moments after an eagle flew overhead.  
 Id. Mart., DCCLXIII A.V.C.

Strange...it was during this same month two years ago that I was last moved to record my thoughts in this *libellum*. So much has happened in the past two years. It grieves me that I was forced to exile my nephew Postumus for his adultery with my granddaughter, Livilla. Can it be that the flings of my own youth have returned to haunt me through my descendants? My goal of returning the rule of Rome to the Senate seems more unattainable as time passes, and my health fades. Livia grows more and more agitated as the months wear on, and she insists that I decide upon a successor. She repeatedly suggests that her son is now the most logical heir. He may be a good soldier, but he lacks a sincere interest in the people. He's so depressing. What shall become of Rome when I am no longer *Principes*?  
 Pridie Id. Jul., DCCLXVII A.V.C.

Can it be that the letter C struck from my statue by a bolt of lightning last May meant I would have only 100 days left to live? The people seem to rumor this while my Augur insists that a more favorable interpretation of the omen must be accepted. I finally granted Livia, dear sweet Livia, her wish and formally adopted her son Tiberius to be my heir. Perhaps he will become a better man when he is faced with the responsibilities of leadership. This simple act on my part seems to have given Livia new life. I only wish I had new vitality and strength. Yet, I am content that I have done my best to enjoy the life given me by my *genius*. While I refuse to consider myself divine—as those in the provinces insist on referring to me, I believe I have done my best as *Principes* of Rome. After all, it is no small achievement that Rome, once a city of brick, now gleams as a city of marble! But is this not hubris for me to sing my own praises? I shall take pride only in the figs that grow in my private *hortus*. They are my only comfort now as all other food seems to sicken me. Enough. I have now finished with this *libellum*. I shall either hide it securely away or order it to be destroyed—tomorrow.

## CATULLUS LXXXIII

By Julianne Jones, A.P. Latin IV student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park High School, Orchard Park, New York

Lesbia abuses me greatly in his presence;  
 Which seems to be a great joy to that imbecile  
 of a husband.  
 Dimwit, how can you comprehend so little?  
 If she would just forget what there was between us,  
 she would be sane;  
 But now she snarls like a dog and slanders me.  
 She is pulled between her two relationships,  
 and with stinging abuses  
 She is raging. She is ablaze and reviles.

### Cupid Alone Survives

By Heidi Benton, Latin I student of Angela Letizia, Hollidaysburg Area H.S., Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

Cupid shot arrows of gold or lead.  
 If Rhea hadn't saved him, Jupiter would be dead.  
 Juno was Jupiter's wife and sister,  
 Ceres was the goddess of agriculture.  
 Venus was born from Mediterranean foam,  
 Athena was the goddess of wisdom.  
 The god of the sea was once Poseidon,  
 And Diana was once the goddess of the moon.  
 All of these deities were worshipped at one time.  
 Now we learn about them, and they remain in our minds.

## Learning Latin

By Nelson Muniz, Latin II student of Judith Granese, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

L earning Latin every day  
 L atinum discere omni die  
 A cts as a guide, so let me say  
 A git simul dux, ergo dicam  
 T hat today I finally learned the  
 T andem me hodie didicisse  
 I ndicative mood—  
 I ndicativum modum—  
 N ew words make sense now, dude.  
 N ova verba nunc intellego,  
 A mice.

## Carmina Latina

By Latin III students of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York

Lupus  
 Fortis, pulcher, ferox  
 Ululat, currit, domit.  
 Saevus est.  
 Lupus

By Rachel Timbreck

Oceanus  
 Tranquillus, Formosus  
 Spumans, Strepens, Placans,  
 Ego fruor  
 Oceano.

By Jenna Marshall

## WISE GODDESS

By Elise Galanto, Latin III student of Suzanne Duff, Flintridge Sacred Heart Academy, La Canada, California

Dea  
 Cordata et honora  
 Docet, iuvat, curat.  
 Dea belli et pacis est.  
 Athena

## On Running Through the Streets of Rome

By Frank Turris, Indianapolis, Indiana

Let's face it. It's only February. Spring has not yet sprung, the grass is not yet "riz", and no one's wondering where the birdsies "is." That all happens next month, or maybe not until April, depending on where a person lives. But it's not too early to start sitting up and taking notice of that cute boy or cute girl who's been sitting next to you in class all winter wrapped in sweaters and scarves, coughing and sniveling, and complaining of the cold weather.

Anyone who has ever spent the winter in Rome knows that it's not even spring there in February. It's definitely not shorts-weather. Yet, by mid-February, those old Romans had had it with winter. They wanted it to be spring, and they were willing to push the season.

Having already survived the dullest month of the year—January, during which only two *feriae* were celebrated—they were ready to party. Sure, it's still cold in February. Sure, everybody has the sniffles or a fever or a cough or something. But, hey! What better reason to distract themselves by celebrating more festivals than they celebrated during any other month of the year?

The fun started on the 15<sup>th</sup> when everyone was invited to line the streets to watch a bunch of young guys called the *Luperci* run half-naked through the city. What better way to get the old blood flowing, right? Of course, these guys had to work up to their streaking escapade by gathering near a cave on the Palatine Hill, drinking some (or maybe quite a bit of) *vinum* and sacrificing a goat and a dog to Faunus. Like some fanatical football fans who paint their naked flesh in sub-zero weather, the *Luperci* then smeared blood all over their bodies, cut little loin cloths for themselves from the fresh goat hides and used the leftovers to make small whips to hit the outstretched hands of girls and women who lined the streets. The girls believed that getting their hands hit meant they would have success in love. Married women believed this would help them provide their husbands with beautiful babies.

Hmm, do you suppose this has anything to do with the fact that we celebrate Valentine's Day on February 14<sup>th</sup>?

And, of course, once they had awakened themselves from their winter lethargy, the Romans were ready to party hearty. Two days later they celebrated *Stultorum Ferae* and *Quirinalia*. The next three days they spent picnicking at the tombs of their dearly departed relatives.

By then everyone was feeling pretty mellow, so the next day everyone was ready for some group hugs. This *feriae* was called *Caristia*, and it was a festival on which everyone kissed and made up. It was a day to wipe the slate clean, to forget and forgive. To start fresh—because the next day was *Terminalia*. According to the old lunar calendar, *Terminalia* was New Year's Eve, and no one wanted to start the New Year with last year's grudges.

Then, after nine days of partying—that's a whole Roman week—they finally took a day off.

After one down-day to catch their breaths and rest up a little, it was time to run through the streets again. February 25 was the festival of *Regifugium*, a day on which another group of young guys, professional leapers called the *Salii*, leaped their way through the streets of Rome as they reenacted the time when Lucius Brutus led the Romans as they chased Sextus, the rapist son of the last king of Rome, Tarquinius Superbus, out of the city along with his father.

By then, it was almost March, and everyone could sit down and rest as they awaited the arrival of spring, the grass and the birds.

### Follow Your Heart

By Kashie Suiter, Eighth Grade Latin student of Betty Whittaker, Carmel Junior H.S., Carmel, Indiana

Come and listen to a story of a boy named Cupid. He loved his Psyche, but his mom thought she was stupid. Then one day Venus sent him to take Psyche's life. But after one look he decided to make her his wife.

Well, the next thing you know, she was at Cupid's pad. Psyche had invisible servants, a big house, and she was glad. She couldn't, however, see Cupid, and this made her mad. And a little bit frustrated. I mean just a tad.

Her sisters convinced her that her husband was a monster. So, with a knife and lamp, she went to find the answer.

She was surprised to see Cupid looking like a kid. And Cupid, embarrassed, flew away and hid.

Psyche sought help from Venus to rejoin her lover, Cupid. Venus gave her three tasks that Psyche thought were stupid.

The tasks were impossible without her lover's aid. But Cupid came through and their family was made. The moral of this story is to follow your heart. Especially when you've been hit by Cupid's dart.



# AN UNFORGIVABLE MISTAKE

Based on the First Place Entry in the Kentucky Classical Association Essay Contest by Dr. Florio,  
Latin III student of Dianna Haude, Notre Dame Academy, Park Hills, Kentucky

Vera wiped the sweat from her brow with a small, olive-colored hand. She set to work again, her dark eyes concentrating intently on scraping the scales off the fish needed for dinner that night. Beams of sunlight struck the room at all angles, which only increased the heat of the summer sun. This was the New Age of the Empire, yet Vera was scraping scales off of dead fish. The slimy salmon would slip from her grasp every so often, only making the task longer and increasing her rising agitation. It was *hora septima*, and the blistering sun was hitting its peak. Escaping the heat and the powerful smell of dead salmon, Vera slipped deep into her thoughts—an endless churning that kept her far from any conclusions.

"How dare that master of mine beat me!" she raged in her head. "I was merely trying something new. Well, that's the last time. I'll have no more of this. I'm a German princess, and I shouldn't be anyone's slave. Father was confident he could defeat the Romans, but his army simply proved to be inferior."

Oddly, her skin was olive-colored, the same as the Romans, but Vera had always chosen to ignore this peculiarity. She plunged herself deeper into her own thoughts.

"I will make sure that destiny gives my master a cruel end—all I need is a sure poison and a brief opportunity. I will act tonight!"

She smiled with self-satisfaction, brushing a few loose strands out of her jade eyes. Scraping the last scales from the salmon, she laughed an odd and almost cynical laugh and went to get the flour for the *panis*.

Philippus paced the floor of his *tablinum*. Mosaics of Romulus and Remus covered the floor, the vibrant colors magnifying the glory of Rome. Philippus barely noticed, and his *tunica* stuck to his perspiring body. As always before a semi-important *symposium*, he was making sure no detail had been overlooked. At last, he was content.

"Some of the best scholars as well as some of my closest friends will be welcomed into my *domus* tonight. This *symposium* must delight and fulfill them. Everything must be perfect. Reputation is everything nowadays."

Nervously twisting his *anulus*, he decided to go see how the preparations were going.

"Only perfection..." he muttered as he strode out of his *tablinum* toward the *peristylum*.

Holding up a tiny clay *laguncula*, Vera smiled at her own craftiness. All she had to do was wait for the right moment, and her master would have the punishment he deserved. She was too intent on her own thoughts to notice that Davus had entered the *culina*. He remained silent, hidden behind a corner and listened as she spoke to herself.

"Just pour this into the master's wine. That will teach him to mistreat a princess. The gods will see to it that the deserved fate is brought upon everyone, whether it is evil or prosperous."

Davus stared in astonishment. The small, darkly attractive woman had a gruesome smile as she looked at the small *laguncula* in her delicate hand. Vera's eyes flashed intensely as she tucked the small *laguncula* into her *tunica* and returned to her work. Davus was both horrified and awestruck by this striking and fragile creature. His large, calloused feet never made a sound as he walked steadily toward the *peristylum*.

Philippus stared intently into the gleaming *piscina* that reflected his fury-filled face. The *servus*, Davus, had informed him of the plan he had overheard in the *culina*. Could a *servus* in his *domus* contemplate such a vile crime? Was he not a fair *dominus*? He only used the *flagellum* when he could correct them in no other way. The swirl of questions and disgusting conclusions he made were almost too much for him. It was now *hora nona*, only a few hours until his guests would be arriving.

"No one," he said aloud, "especially not a *servus*, will commit such a crime in my *domus*. Her punishment will put an end both to her and her evil mind."

A smirk spread across his increasingly dark face as a plan, equally evil as the slave's plot, unfolded. Philippus' judgement was clouded, but his mind was clear. He knew what the punishment would be.

Vera sat unnoticed in a corner of the *culina*. The *laguncula* that held the poison was tucked safely away. Her face rested against the cool brick wall. Vera wasn't thinking of the work that she had been ordered to perform this evening, but of the work she had chosen for herself.

"Vera!" screeched the *tricliniarcha*. "Get up and get busy. In case you've forgotten, you're still a *serva* in this *domus*."

"Maybe he'll be next," muttered Vera under her breath, and she pulled herself up and pattered over the compacted dirt floor to a *mensa* where other *servae* were chattering and arranging fruit.

As the guests began to arrive, their laughing and talking drowned out all of the other sounds of the cool, crisp evening. The *vinum* flowed as freely as the waters of the Tiber, and Philippus himself laughed and joked with his guests. He himself, however, had not tasted a drop of the *vinum* yet. He made every effort to appear as carefree as his guests, but he could not avoid darting occasional troubled glances around the room. Suddenly, a *serva* caught his eye. She was walking directly toward him carrying his favorite *poculum*, already filled to the brim with fresh *vinum*.

"For you, *domine*," she softly whispered as she handed him the *poculum* with a brazen, seductive smile—it was a rule that *servi* and *servae* avoided looking directly into the eyes of their *domini*.

Philippus looked immediately at Davus standing on one side of the room who, in turn, nodded at his *dominus*. This was their pre-arranged signal. Philippus returned the direct glance of the *serva*, but did not accept the *poculum* from her hands.

"I prefer, *serva*," he said, "that you drink first from the *poculum*."

Vera had a look of horror in her eyes, suddenly realizing that she had been caught, and that the gods were bringing a cruel fate upon her head. She straightened her shoulders, and stood before her master with all the dignity of a German princess.

"As you wish," she said stiffly.

Vera took a quick glance around the room to see who else might be watching, as that would surely be the person who had betrayed her. She caught Davus staring intently at her, and returned a fiery glance in his direction before drinking deeply and deliberately from the *poculum*.

At first, nothing happened, and Vera had a glimmer of hope that maybe the poison was not very deadly. A minute later, however, she began to tremble uncontrollably, to sweat profusely and to double over with a cramp in her stomach more powerful than any she had ever experienced before. When the *poculum* fell with a loud clang, the room grew quiet as all the guests watched her writhing on the floor, gasping quick breaths of air.

Vera's last breath was a sigh, and her head struck the floor. Her life was no more.

As Philippus glanced contemptuously down at the fallen *serva*, he noticed that an *anulus*, attached to a worn string, had fallen from beneath the neckline of her *tunica* and had struck the floor with a small clink. Leaning over the edge of his *triclinium*, Philippus reached down and lifted the string necklace over the head of the fallen *serva*. As soon as he looked closely at the *anulus* suspended from it, he did a quick double take and checked the *anulus* that adorned his own ring finger. The *anuli* were exact duplicates! They each bore the seal of his father's house.

Philippus signaled for his *puer a pede* to put his *soleae* back on his feet and then rose from his *triclinium*. Without saying anything to anyone, he walked slowly from the room and out into the *peristylum*. All the guests were shocked, and no words seemed to fit the occasion. As the room grew dark, other *servi* quickly lit the *lucernae*. The mosaics depicting the great battles of Rome once again could be seen on the pavement, but the *convivium* was definitely over. One by one, guests requested their own *soleae* and silently began to leave.

In the *peristylum*, Philippus' mind was racing. He recalled that his *pater* had had two *anuli* that were exactly the same. His *pater* had given one to his baby sister just before she had set out with their *amita* to visit relatives who lived near the *limites* at *Vindonissa*. The family had never heard from them again. Philippus received his *anulus* from his *pater* when he accepted his *togu virilis* on *Liberalia* after he had turned sixteen.

"How could I have not recognized her?" he moaned in the darkness. As he recalled the love he had once had for his baby sister, he could no longer hold back the tears. He wondered if the gods had planned this ironic fate for both of them. It was cruel and unfair—as most of the world appeared to him to be. While he may not have been a bad *dominus*, he had definitely been a rotten *frater*. It was a *peccatum* for which he would never be able to forgive himself.

## Pompeiana, Inc., Endowment Fund

The Board of Directors of Pompeiana, Inc., 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.

As of January 6, 2003, \$9,000 was donated.

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It was cruel and unfair —  
as most of the world  
appeared to him to be.

# A Tragic Romance

By Amanda Sutton, Latin II student of Suzanne Romano,  
Academy of Allied Health and Science, Neptune, New Jersey

Two lovers meet with love and all

The parents' dispute put up a great wall

But in that wall  
A crack was found  
And through the night  
Love whispered a sound

Agreed to meet  
Beneath a tree  
Where they would plan  
Their matrimony

Thisbe had left  
With a veil on her face  
Walked in the night  
To the secret place

After the kill  
A fierce lion gave  
Thisbe a fright  
Who ran into a cave

On the ground  
The lion did leave  
A bloody cloth  
Which did deceive

Poor Pyramus  
Who came soon  
Saw the veil  
And began to swoon

He thought the worst  
For his dear love  
He took his sword  
And struck just above

Thisbe full of fear  
Came out of the cave  
She saw her Pyramus  
And felt very grave

Desperate she was  
She took his blade  
And life then left  
That poor young maid

Leaving parents then  
Full of grief  
Buried together  
Their lives were brief

## Valentine's Day Is Coming!

Based on a story by Rachel Allen, Latin I student of Angela Letvin, Kollidingsburg Area Sr. H.S., Kollidingsburg, Pennsylvania.

**A**s Valentine's Day comes around each year, one is sure to see the now-famous symbol of this romantic event—Cupid. This chubby, young, mischievous son of Venus has symbolized love for centuries.

**O**ne legend about Cupid that is popular at this time of year is the story of his involvement with a Greek girl named Psyche. This young girl, because of her pure and simple beauty, had the misfortune of incurring the jealousy of Venus. Like any ancient goddess who became annoyed at mortals, Venus decided to punish Psyche. She ordered Cupid to make Psyche fall in love with the most hideous monster he could find.

**U**nfortunately for Cupid, before he could carry out his mother's order, he himself fell in love with the beautiful young girl. So instead of condemning her to a life of attachment to a hideous monster, Cupid secretly carried her away to live with him in his own palace. Psyche, of course, was thrilled by her new home, her invisible servants, the beautiful clothing and jewelry she was given. All she had to do was promise never to look at her lover. It seemed a small request, and she quickly agreed.

**A**lthough Psyche was very content at night when Cupid joined her in the darkness of their marriage chamber, she did tend to get a little lonely during the day. Finally, after weeks of lonely days, Psyche begged her husband to let her invite her sisters over to her new home so she could have someone to talk to besides invisible servants. Cupid knew this was a very dangerous request to grant, but he could not resist her tears and persistent entreaties. In the end, he gave his permission.

**A**s almost everyone knows who has ever heard this story, Psyche's sisters poisoned her mind against her husband, and convinced her that he was an ugly monster poised to devour her. To protect her own life she would have to hide a *lucerna* and a knife under her pillow so she could kill her monster-husband while he slept.

**P**oor! In an instant, Cupid discovered her scheme, and the beautiful palace disappeared instantly, leaving Psyche lying cold and alone in a deserted field.

**T**he next day, Psyche was sorry for what she had done and went in search of a temple or shrine to Venus so she could ask for the help of the goddess of love.

**T**his, as we all know, was the worst possible thing she could have done. Once Venus realized that her son had disobeyed her and had himself fallen in love with this object of her envy and scorn, Venus decided to take matters into her own hands. She would break this girl and destroy her beauty. And when she was done, she would kill her.

**P**retending to listen to Psyche's piteous prayers, Venus proceeded to assign her a series of impossible tasks, each more difficult and more deadly than the previous. Psyche, however, had a way of evoking the pity of any who saw her, and she received unsolicited help with every task she was given—Venus becoming more enraged after each completed task.

**V**enus then remembered the primary strategy for defeating one's enemies—use their own weaknesses against them. What weaknesses did this simple, young girl have? Vanity and curiosity.

**S**o, for her final assignment after which Venus promised that Psyche could be re-united with her husband, Venus sent Psyche down to the Underworld to visit Proserpina. On the pretext of getting a Box-o-Beauty that Venus could use to refresh herself, Venus secretly notified Proserpina to substitute a Box-o-Death!

**B**ut as we all know, *Amor omnia vincit*. Even though Psyche fell right into Venus' trap and tried to steal a little bit of the beauty from Proserpina's box, Cupid was able to save her at last. With the help of Jupiter, Psyche spent eternity loving the symbol of our Valentine's Day.

## POETS GOOD AND BAD

A translation of CATULLUS 95 by Trevor Higgins, Advanced Placement Latin V student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park High School, Orchard Park, New York

At last, the great work of my friend Cinna, Smyrna, conceived and developed for nine months, is done. Also in that time rotten Volusius has choked out not one but as many works as equal the national debt. Smyrna's manuscript will wither in time, but its message will last forever and touch a billion hearts...

Volusius' excretions, on the other hand, will die unread, not worth the paper they're printed on. May I always savor the intelligence and quality of poets like Philitas and Cinna. Leave the hasty and meaningless, like that of Antimachus, for the masses.

## POMPEIA'S LESSON

By Magdalena Sherlock, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Once upon a time, there was a flamingo named Pompeia. It was a rainy day in Rome, which was where she lived. Since she was just sitting moping around the house, her mother suggested that she read a book. After thinking about it, Pompeia decided to take her mother's advice, and she went to the bookshelf. Just as she was about to pick out a book about ducks, she noticed the book next to it.

"Hmmm.... I wonder what this book is about?" Pompeia said to herself as she picked up the *Odyssey*.

"Who are you?" screamed the angry Cyclops.

"Why, I am Pompeia," she replied.

"Why are you here on my island? Are you taking my cheese?" the giant questioned.

"Ummm....," she stuttered as she looked down toward her feet and realized that she was standing on top of a mound of cheese. "I'm sorry! I don't even like cheese. Please don't hurt me!"

"I don't care what you want. You have dirtied my cheese. Now you must suffer!" growled the angry Cyclops. Pompeia realized that the Cyclops was coming toward her. She was so stunned that she couldn't move. The Cyclops then grabbed her, tied her long legs into knots, and hurled her across to the other side of his island.

All of a sudden, Pompeia woke with a start.

"Huh?" she questioned to herself. "That's not what really could've happened!"

She sat up straight and began reading the story properly until she understood all that Ulysses had really done. That night when she went to sleep, she relived her daydream about the Cyclops. Except this time, instead of saying her name was Pompeia, she confused the Cyclops by saying that her name was No One, just like Odysseus had done.

In the morning, after thinking about how much more successful she was in her nighttime dream than she had been in her daydream encounter with the Cyclops, she learned a very important lesson.

Pompeia learned that one must always finish what one has started.

If she had read the *Odyssey* immediately instead of falling asleep, she would not have dreamed that her legs were tied into knots!

## Pompeii

By Pat Fleming, Latin Honors student of Dr. Raffaele Di Zenzo, Naperville Central H.S., Naperville, Illinois

Pompeii,  
a city that  
died too soon,

Is waiting for another  
chance to bloom. When it

erupted on that fateful day, many  
families relaxed overlooking the bay.

But when Vesuvius blew its top, there was  
no time to stop—just to run and hide—and die.

Pliny the Younger saw his uncle rush to rescue a friend  
Only to find out later, in pity, that his uncle had died too.

## I'M SO CONFUSED

By Clay Cochran, Latin III student of Jennifer Stebel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

Zeus can be Jupiter,

Hades can be Pluto,

Hestia can be Vesta;

If I could remember this,

I would deserve kudos.

Poseidon can be Neptune,

Ares can be Mars,

Athena can be Minerva;

I really don't know,

But I'm not doing well thus far.

Hermes can be Mercury,

Hera can be Juno,

While Aphrodite can be Venus;

How to remember this,

I just "dunno."

Artemis is Diana,

Hephaestus is Vulcan.

I cannot take this.

I'm gonna start a sulk-in.

But wait—I found one,

One not hard to follow.

I thank the gods for you—

You being Apollo.



## Get Some Clothes On, Aphrodite!

Based on a submission by Kara Romagnino, Latin I student of, Angela Letizia, Hollidaysburg Area Sr. H.S., Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania



Aphrodite is one of the most renowned of the Greek Olympians. She was the goddess of love, beauty, fertility, marriage, family life, community kinship, gardens, groves, apple orchards, tender plants and flowers such as the rose and myrtle, the shifting gale, the changeable sky, storms, light-

ning, victory, calm seas, and prosperous voyages.

On Valentine's Day most folks associate Aphrodite with those cute little lovebirds, doves. But many other animals were also sacred to Aphrodite: rams, he-goats, rabbits, sparrows, swans, mussels, dolphins and tortoises.

According to the poet Hesiod, Aphrodite emerged from the foam on Poseidon's great sea and stepped out onto the shore on the island of Cyprus. Homer, however, claims that she was the offspring of Zeus and Dione. Regardless of her exact origin, Aphrodite was regarded as the most beautiful of all the goddesses. Because she represented absolute female perfection, she was the only goddess that ancient artists portrayed partially or totally unclothed.

Although Aphrodite may be associated with St. Valentine's Day in the modern western world, she was more properly worshipped during the month of April by the ancient Greeks. Remember that St. Valentine's Day, the modern feast day for young lovers, was celebrated in February in order to overshadow the pagan Roman festival of *Lupercalia*, also associated with young lovers. The Romans even dedicated a special day of the week to their goddess of love, *Veneris dies*. In modern Romance languages this day is called *venerdì* (Fr.), *venerdì* (It.), and *viernes* (Sp.). Her special day of the week is called Friday in English. This word Friday (*Freitag*—Ger., *Freitag*—Swed., *fraytic*—Yiddish) is derived from the name of the Norse goddess of love, Frig. Frig's day was originally called *Frigedag*.

There are many stories pertaining to Aphrodite. Homer wrote in *The Iliad* about Aphrodite's intervention in the Trojan War to save her son, Aeneas. In the process, she was wounded on her wrist by the spear of the Greek warrior, Diomedes. Ichor, the immortal version of blood, spewed from her wound as she borrowed a chariot from her brother, Ares, and flew back to Mt. Olympus. Zeus made a point of telling her she should not interfere in matters she could not handle and should stick to matters pertaining to love and beauty.

Aphrodite also had a dark side to her personality. On several occasions, she enticed fellow deities into incompatible romances, upsetting Zeus in the process. It was to punish her for one of these misadventures that Zeus arranged for her to fall in love with the mortal Anchises.

Officially, Aphrodite was married to Hephaestus, a crippled deity who worked in a very unappealing occupation. She had no qualms, however, about having frequent trysts with the mortal Adonis and with other gods such as Ares and Poseidon.

## A Sheepish Solution

Based on a modern myth by Sam Salorio, Seventh Grade Latin student of Gayle R. Hightower, Mansfield Middle School, Storrs, Connecticut

As all readers know, it is Apollo's job to drive the sun-chariot across the sky every morning to its nightly resting place in the west. It is such a long ride that even a god can get lonely and wish that he had some company. Apollo thought about inviting someone to ride with him, but he realized that no creature could withstand the chariot's heat.

Since most of Apollo's journey was over the waters of the seas, he decided to create special animals that would be able to swim along and accompany him on the surface of the water. He also decided his special animal friends and companions should have four legs, large heads with protruding ears that he could easily see from his chariot, and smooth skin. They would be mammals and breathe air, as well as be excellent swimmers.

The first day after Apollo had placed his newly created friends in the waters of the seas, he delighted to see them skimming the waves and happily keeping up with him as he flew the sun-chariot across the sky. No longer was he lonely. Every night Apollo thought of how much fun he would have the next day.

After a while, however, Neptune, the god of the sea, noticed these strange new creatures skimming along the surface of his watery kingdom. He was furious that he had not been consulted before new subjects had been added to his domain.

Now, the wrath of Neptune, the Earthshaker, was not a thing with which to trifle. As his anger grew, the seas began to froth and bubble. The waters soon became so hot that many fish and other marine life began to die, including

Neptune's favorite creatures, the dolphins. Through some mysterious process, even the horses on land soon became ill, reflecting the anger of Neptune, their creator. Suddenly, Neptune himself rose up from his throne room beneath the sea, gave a mighty roar and shook his awesome trident at Apollo's new creatures.

Apollo could only watch in horror as his friends and companions swam for their lives. In his rage, Neptune caused the sleek skin of Apollo's creations to begin to grow thick, heavy hair that soon became soaked with seawater and

dragged many of them down beneath the surface, where they quickly drowned. A few of the stronger ones, however, did manage to make it to shore, where they quickly scrambled to safety.

The next day, Apollo searched far and wide for his friends and companions, but saw only the drowned bodies of a few floating on the surface of the seas. When he came to land, however, he looked down and saw a small group flopping on the ground and attempting to shake the seawater from the thick fleece that Neptune had caused to grow from their skins. Apollo felt sorry for them and quickly decided that his friends would have to spend the rest of their lives on land rather than on the surface of the sea. He caused a few minor adjustments to occur to their legs, and soon each was able to stand and begin to walk about.

And this, of course, is how fleece-covered animals that we know as sheep came to be.



## A "Berry" Sad Love Story

By Ellie Rowden, Eighth Grade Latin student of Betty Whitlaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, Indiana

The fairest maiden and the handsomest youth met in secrecy for they were in love, forsooth. Their parents forbade, although they were neighbors, so they talked in the night from each other's chambers. However, one night they escaped to a tree whose berries were white, but soon would not be.

While Thisbe was waiting for her one true love, a bloody lion came by, and she was shoved. Then Pyramus arrived and saw her torn veil—he sunk to the earth and let out a wail. "Oh, what have I done?" he cried out in shame; for this poor girl's death he felt he was to blame. "No longer, my love, shall we be apart"—extracting his sword and plunging it into his heart.

When Thisbe returned to the tree, she was filled with dread as she saw her dead lover and lifted his head. "For once I'll be brave for my love is strong: wait for me, Pyramus, together we belong!" And she, too, plunged his sword into her heart, making one last wish before she would depart.

"Mother, father, as our love by death has been constrained, let our two bodies by one tomb be contained. And, gods above, may the berries on this tree so white retain the marks of our blood both day and night." So to this very day purple berries hang from this tree, and the story of their love remains for everyone to see.

## Those Harry Potter Characters

Based on a submission by Katie Gornick, Latin II student of Angela Letizia, Hollidaysburg Area Sr. H.S., Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

Any Latin student who has seen a Harry Potter movie or read any of the books—one of which will soon be published all in Latin—knows that many of the characters have Latin names or names partly derived from Latin.



Albus Dumbledore is the Headmaster at Hogwarts. Dumbledore wears half-moon spectacles, long flowing robes and, of course, is easily recognized by his astonishing long white beard.

There are several different houses at Hogwarts. The head of the house of Gryffindor is Professor Minerva. She is, as her name would suggest, noted for her wisdom.

The head teacher in the house of Slytherin is Professor Severus Snape. As expected, Professor Severus Snape is a mean teacher who seems always to be angry. Also living in the Slytherin house is the meanest wizard at Hogwarts. His name is Draco Malfoy. And it isn't at all coincidental that the symbol for the Slytherin house is a huge serpent.

## Denelope

By Lea Dulator, Latin III student of A. Preteroti-Nilsen, St. John Vannoy H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

Nothing from the nymph's cradle could have primed my heart for what the Fates decreed: Two decades of looking over the sea longing for my war-torn groom. Each day only brought suitors to my door eager to end my wait; Day by day I sat to weave a shroud that might well become my wedding veil. Yet in the shield of each dark night, delay unraveled my sunlight labor. (Never would a morning see that final stitch in place, Not while this chaste spouse awaited her heroic Odysseus. His return, though great, was marked with taint of red—spilled blood of those who dared, who tried to take what was not theirs.) Now that he has returned, I am free at last to unwind the rest of my life. Mercifully now all wait is over.





### Cara Matrona,

I was honored to have heard that you recently attended a performance of Plautus' *Capituli* at the Theater of Marcellus in Rome in which I played the role of Hegio. Since you appreciate good theater, I'm sure you have some understanding of the challenges we actors face and will be willing to offer me a little friendly advice.

Last season I was invited to play the lead in *Miles Gloriosus* that was presented in the *theatrum* at Pompeii. I had heard many things about that bustling little city at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius, and I also knew that several influential and wealthy patrons of the arts often attended performances in its *theatrum*. There seem to be a number of such patrons living both at Baiae and at Stabiae as well as in the more refined nearby town of Herculaneum. So, naturally, I accepted the engagement.

The sponsor of the play could not have been more pleased to have me in his town. He treated me like a patrician and made sure that I met Albucius and Caellius who were running for town *aediles* at the time. These gentlemen seemed so well-bred and educated that I even agreed to let my name be used on wall ads supporting their *petitiones aedilium*. And I have heard from others that,

after I left Pompeii, my popularity in that city was kept alive by scores of wall notices that read "*Paris vale*," and "*Paris hic fuit*."

*Matrona*, although my host in Pompeii was most generous, I have never seen more rude *spectatores scaenae* in all of my days in *scaena*! Not only did the Pompeians not hesitate to heckle and interrupt the performances, but some of them even brought rotten *holera* with them which they threw at the performers. Twice during the performances *spectatores* leapt up on the stage and physically attacked performers.

Now that Albucius and Caellius have been elected *aediles* in Pompeii, they have invited me to return to *agere* the *personam* of Phormio in Terence's play.

*Matrona*, what do you think? In view of my past experiences in Pompeii, do you think I should accept a return invitation, or pass up this opportunity to display my skills to potential patrons who might be able to further advance my career?

Paris  
Romae

### Cave Paris,

What a pleasure to hear from you! I certainly did enjoy your presentation of Hegio in the Theater of Marcellus!

To get right to your question, I would advise not turning down any invitations from *aediles* to perform in their local *theatra* if you can help it. One never knows just how well connected someone in politics may be, even if the office held is in a seemingly unimportant little town. I'm sure you've heard the saying that every *clien*spairous relationship eventually connects with the *imperator* himself! So, my short answer is "*Ita*," you should certainly accept the return invitation.

There are, however, a few requests that you could make of the *aediles* that might help avoid the negative experiences you had before in Pompeii.

First of all, request that all notices of the performances

include the phrase, "*velu et sparsiones erunt*." *Spectatores scaenae* tend to be much more pleasant if they do not become overheated from sitting for long hours under the direct heat of the sun. Also, frequent *sparsiones* (using chilled water generously mixed with a quality perfume) will go a long way in keeping the *spectatores* peaceful.

Next, request that *vigiles* be hired to sit facing the audience on stage left and stage right during the performances, with their *fustes* in their hands. This is a common practice in many *theatra* these days. An attentive *vigil* can quickly admonish an unruly *spectator scaenae* with his *fustis* before things get out of hand.

You should also ask that the *dissignatores* hired to work the *actiones* be trained in crowd control. Having a number of burly *dissignatores* stationed at the back of *theatrum* should also guarantee respectful *spectatores scaenae*.

Once you get everything under control by taking the precautions I have already suggested, you should be sure that the *embolarii* hired to perform during the interludes aren't so bawdy that they incite the *spectatores* to rowdy behavior despite your precautions.

Finally, you should strike an arrangement with the *sipario* who will be operating the *siparium* during your *actiones*. In case of an audience out of control, an attentive *sipario* can protect both the actors and the sets by quickly raising the *siparium* the instant the first *holas* comes flying toward the stage.

It should also help that you will be appearing in a play by Terence instead of one by Plautus. In general, Terence tends to attract older, more sedate theatergoers. If your performance drags, they may be tempted to leave early, but they seldom get rowdy.

I'm confident that you will have a very pleasant and career-enhancing return visit to Pompeii. Hopefully, after you leave Pompeii next time, in addition to writing "*Paris vale*" on the walls, they will also write things like, "*Paris, Amor populi, cito redi. Vale*."



among friends and relatives.

Cicero, however, had the advantage of a wealthy entrepreneurial friend, Atticus, who put his corps of skilled slaves to work mass-producing editions of the orator's manuscripts. When Atticus noted the ever-increasing market of book lovers, this astute financier jumped into the publishing racket with both feet. He soon entered into agreements with a number of aspiring poets, essayists, satirists, et al. Naturally, Cicero, the most acclaimed wordsmith of the day, headed his list of authors.

Atticus' production plant on the *Argiletum* had one room where slaves pressed the fine bark of the Egyptian papyrus into sheets, another where they glued the edges of these together to form very long sheets. In the third room—a large hall, in fact—dozens of slaves skillful in penmanship sat at drafting tables and wrote on these long sheets with reed pens cut to a fine point and dipped into permanent ink made from lampblack while a reader dictated in a loud deliberate voice from the original manuscript.

In 39 B.C., as the literacy rate improved significantly, C. Asinius Pollio founded a for-profit lending library on the Aventine Hill. With the resultant increased demand for books, the fledgling, struggling publishing industry started to flourish, and more companies and shops blossomed on the *Argiletum*. Prior to his assassination, Julius Caesar had plans in the works to build the first State Library. It was left

to his successor, Augustus, to complete the project.

Libraries began to be organized in the provinces and municipalities throughout the empire. By the end of the first century A.D., there were numerous such facilities in the capitol itself, the most impressive among them being the twin libraries built by Trajan, one stocked entirely with works in Latin, the other in Greek.



Fresco from Herculaneum showing a papyrus scroll with white titulus.

as well. Good home libraries tended to include as many as three or four hundred volumes. Book collecting had by this time also become a form of extravagant ostentation.

Publishing houses soon dominated the *Argiletum*. Quintilian and Martial (first century A.D.) both mention the firms of Tryphon and Atretus. Horace (first century B.C.) in his treatise on the art of poetry, *Art Poetica*, had told of another. After instructing his readers on what should go into a volume of poetry, he writes:

*Hic meret aera liber Sosii.*

"Such a book would be a real money maker for the Sosii Brothers."

We also see references to the publishing firms of Dorus and Q. Pollius Valerianus.

While the idea of royalties was still unknown, the publisher and author surely must have first reached some kind of share-the-profit agreement. Of course, first-time and unknown authors, desperate to have their work produced and disseminated, would settle for a pittance.

A publisher would try to estimate the demand for any new manuscript and put as many copyists as called for to work on it. No copy left his establishment until the whole edition was ready. Since copyright laws did not exist, a new publication could be easily pirated and mass-produced in a cheap and slovenly issue.

By the mid-second century, in addition to doing a thriving business right on the premises, the *Argiletum* dealers were shipping their neatly packaged products to all corners



DRAWING OF THE FORA ROMANA (UPPER RIGHT HAND CORNER) THAT SHOWS HOW THE ARGILETUM WAS LATER OBLITERATED BY THE FORUM NERVAE.

In addition to all this, there was now a private collection craze for the publishers to satisfy

of the Roman realm. The book-buying public continued to jam the street daily seeking the latest best sellers. Stores and stalls hung advertisements in conspicuous locations giving the prices of new releases. Sometimes tantalizing excerpts would be posted for the convenience of browsers who would swarm like flies around the entrance to each shop.

Literary clubs and discussion groups soon also became commonplace—

as had the expression, "What's new on the *Argiletum*?" It



POMPEIAN FRESCO SHOWING A PAPYRUS SCROLL WITH A RED TITULUS

was the golden age of Roman publishing.

Today there is hardly a trace of the colorful old book bazaar street. It courses somewhere beneath eighteenth century buildings and Mussolini's *Via dei Fori Imperiali*. The short stretch of the *Via Argiletum* that penetrated the *Forum Romanum*, now overrun with weeds and broken masonry, is best to a colony of vagrant cats.

**Editor's Note:** A *liber* (book) to an ancient Roman was a scroll, called a *volumen* in Latin. Generally, a *volumen* consisted of no more than 100 pages (*paginae*) glued together although the *volumen* on which the works of Thucydides were written is said to have consisted of 578 pages—nearly 100 yards long. If an author's work was several hundred pages long, it was customary to divide it into as many 100-page *volumina* as were required. These scrolls would then be tied into bundles called *fustes* or *fasciculi*. Each *volumen* in the work was identified by a red or white strip of parchment called a *titulus* or *index*. Frequently *fustes* would be stored in *scrinia* which were round leather boxes containing interior compartments.



THE ARGILETUM RAN BETWEEN THE CURIA (LEFT) AND THE BASILICA AEMILIA (RIGHT)



# An Easy Read

## Marcus Ad Forum Ambulat.

By Venia Fox

Marcus est dominus Romanus. Dominus familiam Romanam regit. Marcus familiam bene regere potest. Marcus, dominus Romanus, intendit ruri, Romae intendit habitare. Hodie Marcus ruri non est. Nunc in oppido manet. Et ruri et Romae multos servos habet. Quid Marcus est dominus benignus, servi dominum suum amant.

Dominus ad forum ambulare in animo habet. Itaque servos vocat.

"Venite, servi, properate!" clamat. "Togam calceosque portate. Nam hodie domi non maneo. Nunc ad forum properare debeo. Quando in oppido sum, vitam fori vianumque amo. Multi amici mei in foro sunt. Respondete! Ubi estis? Celeriter venite!"

Neque hic clamat Marcus. Servi ad dominum celeriter

veniunt, ex togam calceosque portant. Nam si celeriter non veniunt, poenam timeant. Togam circum domini umeros cum cura ponunt. Nam domini Romani in foro semper togas gerunt. Sed domi et ruri togas non semper gerunt. Nonne facile est legere hanc fabulam?



# GO FOR it

By Eugenio San Marco, Chicago, Illinois

Students who have ever considered—even for a brief, rash moment—the possibility that they would make great teachers of secondary school Latin, should guard that tender flame with all the love and care they can muster. It may be several years before they can take definite steps toward realizing such a goal, but if the flame is kept alive, definite opportunities will present themselves.

It's no easy thing becoming a teacher of secondary school Latin. Of course, there is the challenge of mastering the Latin language. But there are many excellent college and university programs that will enable them to achieve this goal. A more difficult challenge will be to hold on to the dream of teaching secondary school Latin.

The big temptation for those who become excellent Latin scholars on college and university campuses is to be lured into Ph.D. programs and then be convinced that true joy and personal satisfaction can only be found teaching at the college and university level. Make no mistake. This can be a tremendous temptation. Promises of professional recognition, potential authorship, serene campus life, "mature" students eager to share the wisdom you have acquired after years of dedicated research are hard to resist.

Many of the most promising Latin teachers get lured out of our secondary school classrooms each year by such attractions. But if that small flame you have noticed burning in your own heart is really important to you, it will be kept burning. You will obtain an excellent college or university education in classical studies, you may even decide to go for a Ph.D., but you will remember your goal. You will return to the students who are waiting in the secondary school Latin classrooms.

Nowhere else can a teacher experience such vitality of young minds and lives. Nowhere else will a teacher meet challenges that will encourage personal growth, professional achievement, and the perfection of people skills.

Secondary school Latin teachers can experience the absolute joy of working with sixth and seventh grade students who are so eager to learn that they offer no resistance to Latin conversation in the classroom. Secondary school Latin teachers can watch struggling first year Latin students turn into fourth year NLE gold medal winners! Secondary school Latin teachers can share the joys of commemorating Latin *feriae* with their students on beautiful fall days. They can even sponsor hayrides, ski excursions, canoe trips, cookouts, homecoming floats, pizza parties, Roman banquets, *Saturnalia* parties and more! They can strike the spark of competitive learning in their students by setting up the buzzer system in the Latin classroom once a month and having competitive review days. They can take shy, inhibited young secondary school Latin students and help them become self-confident, poised, aggressive leaders in such state and national Latin organizations as the *Junior Classical League*.

And, believe it or not, a secondary school Latin teacher can even have his or her students build real, full-sized, working Roman catapults! They can plan and coordinate National Catapult Contests and have their efforts featured

on local and national television. They can take pride in their Latin students as they appear on national television game shows (such as *To Tell the Truth*), and are featured in *Sports Illustrated* and the *New York Times*.

College and university Latin instructors and professors have yet to experience such uninhibited joy. And yes, if secondary school Latin teachers want to, they can even sponsor National Chariot Races for Latin. They can plan and conduct Latin Total Immersion Latin Weekender Conferences for Latin students and teachers. They can even bring



Latin students dress for a Roman banquet.



Barefooted Latin students stomp grapes.



Big-kick pulls its chariot to victory.

ancient Roman characters to life by researching and developing ancient Roman *personae* to share with secondary school Latin students.

Believe it or not, it is possible for secondary school Latin teachers to become so dedicated and so inspired by working with their students that they literally hate to see vacations come. And don't think this is something crazy. Secondary school Latin teachers can get so fired-up that a constant flow of new ideas, approaches, projects and goals makes them regret being away from their students.

No other vocation—yes, teaching secondary school Latin is a vocation, a calling—provides so many opportunities.

(Continued in Pagina Decima)



## Myvianus Puer's Culinary "Course Bread from the Island of Mykonos"

By Katrina Dulatus, Latin II student of A. Prietor-Nilsen, St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

As early as 600 B.C., the Egyptians had passed their leavened bread recipes, which they had learned from the Hebrews, on to the Greeks. The Greeks quickly began to vary the recipes by adding seeds, spices, herbs and wine.

Bread accompanied every course of a Greek meal, both for eating and for use as a napkin. As in Italy, many Greeks began their day by eating day-old bread dipped into a cup of wine to soften it.

## Res Commiscendae

- 2½ cups tepid water
- 2 packages dry yeast
- 1 T honey
- 2 Ts olive oil
- 2 ts salt mixed with 2 ts water
- cornmeal

Measure into a pre-weighed mixing bowl on a scale and stir together:

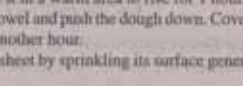
- 2 cups barley flour
- ¼ cup rye flour
- unbleached white flour so that all the flour combined weighs 2 lbs 3 oz

## Modus Preparandi

1. In a mixing bowl, dissolve the yeast in tepid water and allow to rise for 5-6 minutes.
2. When the yeast has risen, begin to stir in 4 cups of the weighed and mixed flour.
3. Stir in the honey and olive oil.
4. Knead for about 10 minutes—until the dough pulls away from the sides of the bowl.
5. Add the salt water and remaining flour.
6. Knead until dough is smooth and elastic.
7. Form the dough into a smooth ball, rub the ball with a little olive oil and then, after covering it in the bowl with a clean dish towel, place it in a warm area to rise for 1 hour.
8. Remove the dish towel and push the dough down. Cover and allow to rise for another hour.
9. Prepare a baking sheet by sprinkling its surface generously with cornmeal.
10. Push the dough down again, then form it into 2 or 3 loaves, and set them on the cornmeal on the baking sheet. Dust the surface of the loaves with a little flour, cover them again with the dish towel and allow them to rise for another hour.
11. Pre-heat the oven to 450°.
12. Uncover the baking sheet and place it in the center of the oven. Bake for 25-30 minutes, or until the bread is golden brown and the loaves sound hollow when tapped on the bottom.
13. When done, allow the loaves to cool on cake racks.



Mix the dough.



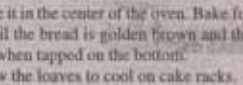
cover with a large bowl.



Push the dough down.



Dust the surface of the loaves with a little flour.



Enjoy!





## Beatle Mania

By Ethan Friend,  
Latin II student  
of Jean Thompson,  
Lyndon Institute, Lyndon, Vermont

- I. HERI
- II. MERULA
- III. EA ABIT DOMO
- IV. ET EAM AMO
- V. CAEPA VITREA
- VI. DIES IN VITA
- VII. IN VITA MEA
- VIII. EA TE AMAT
- IX. RES NOVAE
- X. SALVE, SALVE
- XI. SALVE, VALE
- XII. QUANDO SEXAGINTA QUATTUOR ANNOS  
NATUS SUM
- XIII. TORQUE CLAMAUQUE
- XIV. AMICORUM MEORUM PARVO AUXILIO
- XV. ALIQUID
- XVI. VIA LONGA ET FLEXUOSA
- XVII. MIHI PECUNIAM TUAM NUMQUAM DAS



Based on a game by Liz O'Leary, Lauren Dahler  
Latin II students of Dr. Laura Abrahamsen, Lakewood

Translate these sweetheart-candy messages into English.

1. TE AMABO
2. ESTO MEUS
3. TELEPHONICE COLLOQUAMUR
4. SUM SEMPER TUA
5. OSCULA ME
6. COMPLECTARE ME
7. AMA ME
8. INVICEM DESTINATI SUMUS
9. TE CUIPO
10. DUC ME IN MATRIMONIUM
11. TENE MANUM MEAM
12. DA MIHI MILLE BASIA
13. LICETNE MIHI TECUM DOMUM AMBULARE
14. LICETNE MIHI LIBROS TIBI PORTARE
15. SPATIEMUR
16. VISITA ME DOMI MEAE
17. HEUS, PUPA
18. VADAMUS SALTATUM
19. TIBI NICTO, TIBI NICTO
20. ERISNE MEUS
21. NUMQUAM ME RELINQUE
22. ADAMO TE
23. NOLI RUMPERE COR MEUM

67.



## ROMULAN BLANKS



By A. J. Williams, Latin III student of  
Kevin Gushman, Yorktown H.S., Arlington, Virginia

68.

Fill in each blank with the word needed to correctly complete the story.

He and his twin brother, (1), were the sons of Mars, god of war, and of Rhea Silvia, also called Ilia, of the (2) of (3) of Rome. Rhea Silvia was the daughter of (4), King of Alba Longa.

After the birth of the twins, to remove any threat against himself, Rhea Silvia's uncle, (5), had them set adrift in a basket in the (6) River. The twins were not drowned, however. They were rescued and nursed by a (7) and were later discovered by the shepherd (8) and reared by his wife (9). When they grew to manhood, the brothers deposed the king and placed their grandfather on the throne.

The brothers then decided to build a city. After quarreling over the spot, they finally chose the (10) (11).

After winning the right to name the city by spotting twice as many (12), Romulus built a low (13) around his city. When his brother easily jumped over the wall to show his scorn for it, he was (14) by Romulus.



69.

Based on a game by Sara E. Howell, Latin III student of Jennifer Stibel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio  
Unscramble each English organ or function of the body and then match its correct Latin term with it.

- |                 |               |
|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. nlg          | A. cor        |
| 2. rahet        | B. sudare     |
| 3. eabthre      | C. audire     |
| 4. inkdyes      | D. renes      |
| 5. wfwsla       | E. intestina  |
| 6. tmaoshe      | F. nasus      |
| 7. rniah        | G. stomachus  |
| 8. erah         | H. pulmo      |
| 9. taews        | I. concoquere |
| 10. irevl       | J. iecur      |
| 11. hwec        | K. oculus     |
| 12. snoc        | L. cerebrum   |
| 13. eaylbel     | M. spirare    |
| 14. eintisnests | N. vorare     |
| 15. gtdeis      | O. mandere    |



By Krista Campbell, Latin IV student of Angela Letizia,  
Holidaysburg Area Sr. H.S., Holidaysburg, Pennsylvania

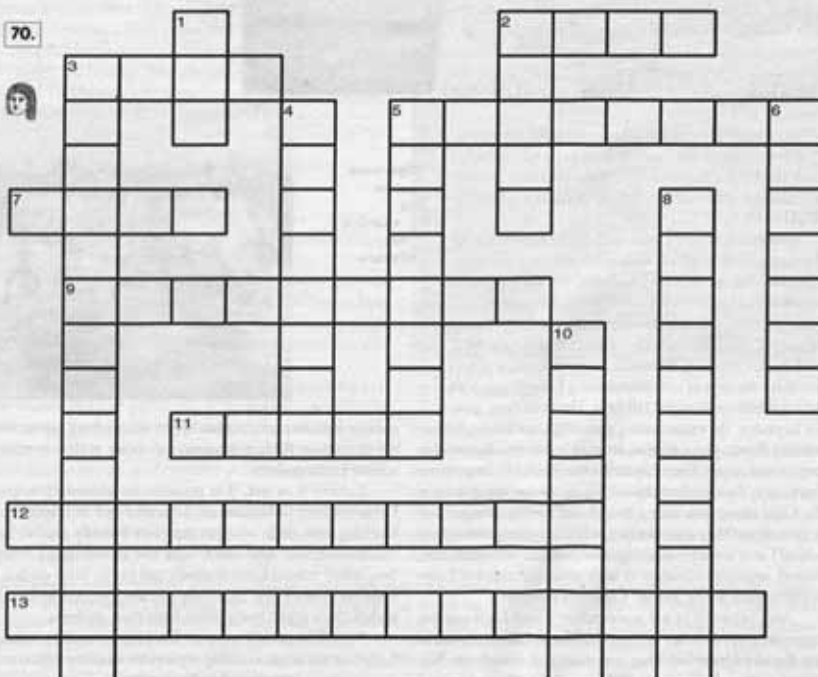
Enter the Latin word(s) suggested by each English clue.

### ACROSS

2. Dinner
3. Love
5. A hug
7. Aphrodite's helper
9. Greek goddess of love and fertility
11. A girlfriend
12. To hold hands
13. The Fourteenth

### DOWN

1. Heart
2. Son of Venus
3. To go for a walk
4. To talk together
5. Friendship
6. An arrow
8. Marriage
10. Sweets



## Star Wars Notable Quotables

By Actius Yantek and Telemachus Krafte-Jacobs, Latin II students of Cheravon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Translate each phrase from the Star Wars series into English and then match with the character who said it. Some characters may be used more than once.

1. "Ita esto, Iedi."
2. "Age, aut noli agere. Nullus conatus est."
3. "Lucas, sum pater tuus."
4. "Metus ad iram adducit. Ira ad odium adducit. Odium ad dolorem adducit."
5. "Interfice illos. Omnes illos."
6. "Fac ille non supersit? Amplissimus mihi est."
7. "Utere potestate, Lucas!"
8. "Insidiae sunt!"
9. "Eorum generi hic non famulamur!"
10. "Fatis debiti sumus!"

- |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| A. Admiral Ackbar | I. The Bartender  |
| B. Darth Vader    | J. Obi-Wan Kenobi |
| C. Boba Fett      | K. C-3PO          |
| D. Han Solo       | L. The Princess   |
| E. The Emperor    | M. Luke Skywalker |
| F. Darth Sidious  | N. Rebel Soldier  |
| G. Yoda           | O. Owen Lars      |
| H. Stormtrooper   |                   |

Beginning level  Advanced level 

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## Books by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson

By Chris Bittle, Latin II student of Larry Steele, Norman H.S., Norman, Oklahoma

- I. PISTRICUM VENATIO MAGNA
- II. DAMNATORUM CARMINA: Plus Notarum de Sonni Americani Morte
- III. PORCUM AETAS: Fabulae de Pudore et Ignominia Annis Octogesima
- IV. LONONIS MALEDICTUM
- V. INFERORUM ANGELI: Fabula Epica Insolita et Terribilis
- VI. TIMOR FASTIDIUMQUE IN ILLIS CAMPIS: Iter Saeva ad Sonni Americani Cor
- VII. TIMOR FASTIDIUMQUE IN AMERICA: Actorum Diunorum Confectoris Proscripti Odyssea Immanis
- VIII. SICERAE DIARIUM: Historia Commenticia Diu Amissa
- IX. VIA SUPERBA: Fabula Epica de Desperato Viro Honesto Meridionali

## State Nicknames

By Liz West, Woody Shepherd, Alex Coffer, Matt Peterson, Dave Mell and Tim Solberg, Latin III students of Linda Solondz, Summit H.S., Summit, New Jersey

Translate each Latinized state nickname, and then match the abbreviation of its state name with it.

1. Salutationis Civitas
2. Imperii Civitas
3. Solis Civitas
4. Prima Civitas
5. Antiquae Lineae Civitas
6. Medii Saxi Aligantis Civitas
7. Persici Civitas
8. Civitas Aurea
9. Sinus Civitas
10. Parvae Palmae Civitas
11. Mihi demonstrandi Civitas
12. Montis Rushmoriensis Civitas
13. Soli Astri Civitas
14. Voluntariorum Civitas
15. Gemmarum Civitas
16. Pinus Civitas
17. Oceani Civitas
18. Civitas Montana
19. Reipublicae Legum Civitas
20. Astri Septentrionalis Civitas
21. Pacis Horti Civitas
22. Accipitris Oculis Civitas
23. Septentriom Antiquorum Civitas

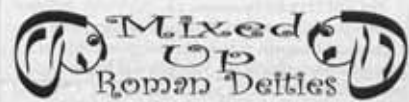
- |       |       |
|-------|-------|
| A. CA | M. MO |
| B. CT | N. NC |
| C. DE | O. ND |
| D. FL | P. NY |
| E. GA | Q. PA |
| F. HI | R. RI |
| G. IA | S. SC |
| H. ID | T. SD |
| I. MD | U. TN |
| J. MA | V. TX |
| K. ME | W. WV |
| L. MN |       |



## TOP TEN ACTION & SCIENCE FICTION MOVIES

By Davian Rima, Joshua Lorenzo, Joe Estrada and Michael Redmon, Latin I students of Brother Larry Shine, Hudson Catholic H.S., Jersey City, New Jersey

- I. VESPERTILIONIS VIR IN AETERNUM
- II. SIDERUM BELLA
- III. CELERES ET FURIOSI
- IV. STATIO
- V. SIMIORUM PLANETA
- VI. UNUS
- VII. PUGNA MORTALIS II
- VIII. SPECIES
- IX. HAROLDUS FIGULUS
- X. ANULORUM DOMINUS



By Adrienne McIntyre, Latin II student of Kim Ryan, Quigley Catholic H.S., Baden, Pennsylvania

Unscramble each Roman deity's name and match it with its Greek counterpart.

- |                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Aphrodite   | A. uatrms       |
| 2. Apollo      | B. dipcu        |
| 3. Ares        | C. usmosn       |
| 4. Artemis     | D. isd          |
| 5. Athena      | E. sop          |
| 6. Cronos      | F. reecs        |
| 7. Demeter     | G. evarinm      |
| 8. Dionysus    | H. iutripe      |
| 9. Eros        | I. usbahec      |
| 10. Gaea       | J. rats         |
| 11. Hephaestus | K. euntpen      |
| 12. Hera       | L. loapol       |
| 13. Hermes     | M. atsve        |
| 14. Hestia     | N. yrucmre      |
| 15. Hypnos     | O. aamid        |
| 16. Hades      | P. onuj         |
| 17. Poseidon   | Q. nucs v       |
| 18. Rhea       | R. esavt rscpia |
| 19. Zeus       | S. ancuvl       |

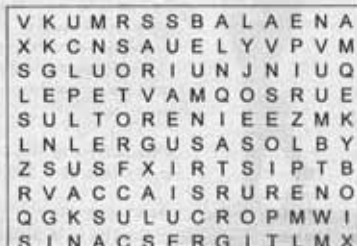
## Famous Animal Characters

By Lindsay Evangelista and Jenna Walsh, Latin I students of Jodie Gill, Hamilton School, Gates Mills, Ohio

In the wordsearch, circle the Latin word for the name of the animal(s) suggested by the empty line in each clue.

1. \_\_\_\_\_, xxxxxx and xxxxx, Oh My!
2. xxxxxx, \_\_\_\_\_ and xxxxx, Oh My!
3. xxxxx, xxxxxx and \_\_\_\_\_, Oh My!
4. Clifford, the Big Red \_\_\_\_\_
5. Mr. Ed, a \_\_\_\_\_
6. Garfield the \_\_\_\_\_
7. Curious George, a \_\_\_\_\_
8. Tweety \_\_\_\_\_
9. Rudolph, the Red Nosed \_\_\_\_\_
10. Barbar, the \_\_\_\_\_ King
11. The \_\_\_\_\_ Prince
12. The \_\_\_\_\_ jumped over the moon.
13. Three blind \_\_\_\_\_
14. Counting \_\_\_\_\_ to get to sleep
15. This little \_\_\_\_\_ went to market.

16. Big bad \_\_\_\_\_
17. J.A.W.S.: \_\_\_\_\_
18. Free Willy, the \_\_\_\_\_





## GO FOR it

(Continued a Pagina Septima)

ties for creativity and daily inspiration. Of course, great Latin teachers are also great learners. The best Latin teachers learn from their students! And their eyes and ears are constantly alert for new facts that they file away in the backs of their heads, tagging them for retrieval in the classroom. Great Latin teachers also learn little-known facts about ancient Rome and neat teaching techniques from other great secondary school teachers with whom they work. And, make no mistake! It *is* work—an awesome amount of work if the job is done right! That's why school systems pay Latin teachers to do it.

So, nourish the flame that is in your heart now. Grow and develop character, convictions and personal determination. Learn how to stand up for what you believe in. Learn how to survive in the school systems in which you will spend your career. Learn to be brave. Learn how to fight, literally, for yourself, your career and your secondary school students. Because sooner or later you will have to.

Even though you may fully appreciate the benefits of teaching secondary school Latin, it is a career that needs occasional defending. You will have to be the spokesperson for Latin and all of its enduring educational and cultural values in your school and community. You may have to sell the benefits of your program to your school's counselors. You may have to sell your school principal. You may have to sell your fellow teachers who have the ability to undermine your goals by poking inane and misdirected jokes at Latin. You may have to defend Latin before your own Board of Education. You may even find it necessary to become active in your school system's Teachers Association in order to fight for your Latin teaching position and make your personal career as professionally rewarding as it can be.

You will have the opportunity to work with outstanding state classical organizations already in place, state Junior Classical Leagues, regional organizations such as the Classical Association of the Midwest and South and national organizations such as the American Classical League. Who knows, you may even be inspired, at some point in your secondary school Latin teaching career, to create your own organization to promote the study of Latin at the secondary school level!

No, teaching secondary school Latin is not an easy career. Nothing is easy when a person is driven by a burning personal desire to achieve it. It can be definitely stated, however, from forty years of personal experience, that teaching secondary school Latin can be the most joyful, exciting, stimulating, challenging and rewarding career possible.

Will you be recognized for your dedication and hard work? Yes! Absolutely! Outstanding Latin teachers are recognized immediately by their students, by the parents of their students, by their fellow faculty members,

by their administrators, by their fellow local, state and national Latin teachers. If they wish to pursue such recognition, it is even possible for secondary school Latin teachers to be recognized by their State Departments of Education and be proclaimed State Teachers of the Year.

Make no mistake about it. Teaching secondary school Latin is a full-fledged career. And it starts with

Latin students model pillae during a Saturnalia celebration



Latin students build record-setting catapultae

that tiny little flame, a flame perhaps lit by your own teacher of Latin. Cherish it, nourish it—and go for it! Those of us who are there, or who have already been there, are cheering for you! Become the best teacher of secondary school Latin that you can possibly be!

TEN BEST LOVE SONGS  
(Just for fun)

Translations for titles in Pagina Prima

1. Unchained Melody, The Righteous Brothers
2. This I Promise You, NSYNC
3. All My Life, K-Ci & JoJo
4. (Everything I Do) I Do It For You, Bryan Adams
5. I Will Always Love You, Whitney Houston
6. Wonderful Tonight, Eric Clapton
7. I Don't Wanna Miss a Thing, Aerosmith
8. Amazed, Lonestar
9. At Last, Etta James
10. Truly, Madly, Deeply, Savage Garden



## Aetagna &amp; Carta

By Aaron Cherney, Latin Honors Student of  
Dr. Raffaele Di Zeno, Naperville, Central H.S., Naperville, Illinois

Merchants were protected and had the rights  
ad emendum et vendendum

Anno regni nostri septimo decimo

Guarantees the right for trial by jury and  
fairness of the law

Nullus liber homo capiatur, vel imprisonetur

Agreement between the Barons and King John

Created a basis for the Constitution and  
Declaration of Independence

Hae Americanis maximi momenti sunt

Attained a guarantee of certain rights for  
free men within democracy

Runnymede Meadow is where this  
momentous document was signed

The law cannot be bought by, denied to  
or delayed for anyone

Accepted in good faith by both parties (Bona Fide)

## How Well Did You Read? 77.

1. Quo anno Washingtonius ad Americani exercitus summum imperium electus est?
2. What sign did Augustus receive that he might have only 100 days left to live?
3. In his article, "Go For It!" what does Eugenio San Marco encourage Latin students to consider?
4. Who founded the first commercial lending library on the Aventine Hill in Rome?
5. What final, shocking truth did Philippus learn about his slave, Vera?
6. What kind of reception does Paris say he received during his first stage performances at Pompeii?
7. During which festival were Romans supposed to "kiss and make up"?
8. What lesson did Pompeia learn from her dreams?
9. By whose spear was Aphrodite wounded at Troy?
10. What is so fitting about the Headmaster of Hogwarts first name?

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## Statuarum Antiquarum Exemplaria



Now you can own beautiful copies of some of the Classical World's most famous statues—at reasonable prices!

All three of the statues shown here can be purchased from Design Toscano (800/257-0733; DesignToscano.com).

The Faun from the impluvium of the House of the Faun (left) is cast in art-grade resin and can be displayed indoors or outdoors.

The statue reproductions can be purchased in two sizes:

#NG-31539: 5 in. W x 4 1/2 in. D x 14 in. H. \$39.95

#NG-31620: 15 1/2 W x 13 1/2 in. D x 31 1/2 in. H. \$198.00



To the left is a reproduction of the statue of Hercules and Diomedes by Vincenzo de Rossi of Florence cast in bonded Carrara marble and set on a black solid marble base.

#SN-22102: 2 1/2 in. W x 2 in. D x 6 in. H. \$34.95

#SN-10048: 4 in. W x 4 in. D x 12 in. H. \$89.95

This graceful Roman garden statue on the right (the original is in bronze) is called *Lo Spinario* by the Italians. It shows a young athlete removing a thorn from his foot. The copy is cast in designer resin.

#Z-NG-31234: 16 1/2 in. W x 7 in. D x 15 1/2 in. H. \$125.00



## Videocassettae

## I

*Magistri et Magistrae*, if you teach Latin IV or V, you surely do a unit on Roman and Greek theater. Teaching resources for such a unit should include a classroom copy of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, featuring Zero Mostel and Phil Silvers. The script for the original Broadway play was, of course, based on three of Plautus' most humorous comedies. The movie was filmed in 1966 and the color video runs for 100 mins.

DVD = #AZMGD908091: \$17.96

VHS = #AZMGM206839: \$ 6.99

Critics Choice Video: www.ccvideo.com 800/367-7765

## II

*Rome: Power & Glory* is a five-hour, six videocassette program that helps students relive the glory days of the Roman Empire. Traces the history of Rome from its humble beginnings to the conquests of Julius Caesar, the Emperors and the invasions of the barbarian hordes.

#A8382: \$49.95

Order from The Video Preview Collection:

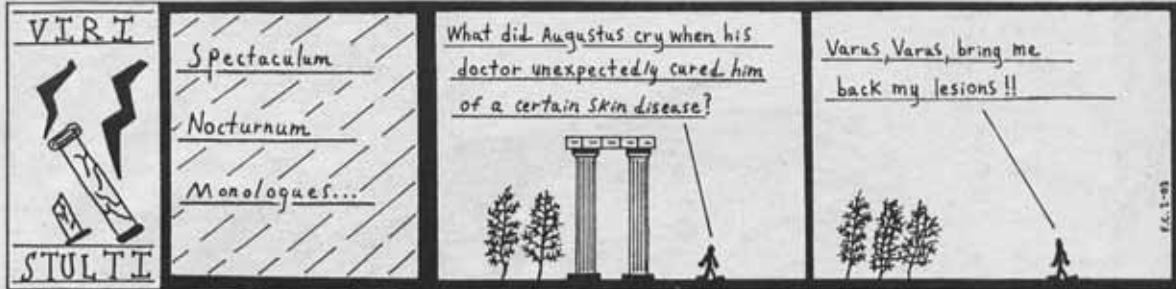
www.VideoPreview.com 800/771-9232

## Feriae Romanae

Celebrate all of Rome's spring festivals with the help of a *Feriae Agamus* manual from Pompeiana, Inc. \$10.00: www.Pompeiana.com 317/255-0589



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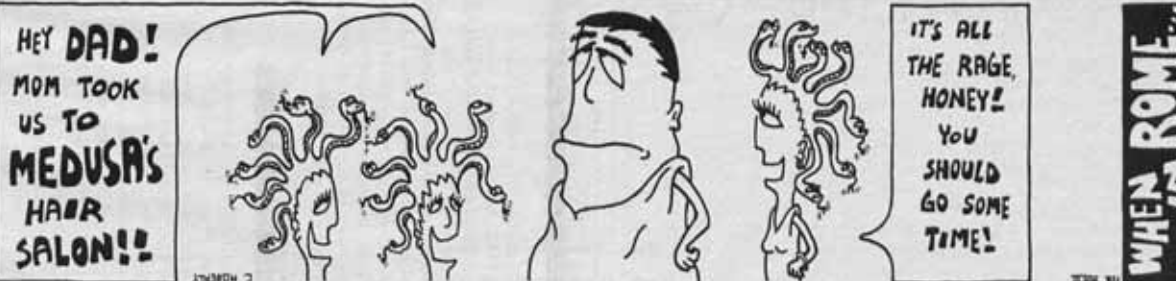
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### The Pompeiana NEWSLETTER

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

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5. Challenging learning games and puzzles for different levels of Latin study, complete with solutions.
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66.

## Carmina Optima

- I. Yesterday
- II. Blackbird
- III. She's Leaving Home
- IV. And I Love Her
- V. Giant Onion
- VI. A Day in the Life
- VII. In My Life
- VIII. She Loves You
- IX. Revolution
- X. Good Morning, Good Morning
- XI. Hello, Goodbye
- XII. When I'm Sixty-four
- XIII. Twist and Shout
- XIV. Little Help From My Friends
- XV. Something
- XVI. The Long and Winding Road
- XVII. You Never Give Me Your Money

67.

## Amo Te. Amasne Me?

1. I'll love you
2. Be mine
3. Let's talk on the phone
4. I'm yours forever
5. Kiss me
6. Give me a hug
7. Love me
8. We're meant for each other
9. I want you
10. Marry me
11. Hold my hand
12. Give me 1,000 kisses
13. May I walk you home?
14. May I carry your books?
15. Let's go for a stroll
16. Come and see me
17. Hey, baby
18. Let's go dancing
19. Wink! Wink!
20. Will you be mine?
21. Never leave me
22. I'm falling in love with you
23. Don't break my heart

68.

Romulan  
Blanks

1. Remus
2. Vestal
3. Virgins
4. Nomen
5. Amalthea
6. Tiber
7. She
8. Wolf
9. Faustulus
10. Acca
11. Larentia
12. Palatine
13. Hill
14. Vultures
15. Wall
16. Killed

69.

Corpus  
Quiz

1. H, lung
2. A, heart
3. M, breathe
4. D, kidneys
5. N, swallow
6. G, stomach
7. L, brain
8. C, heart
9. B, sweat
10. J, liver
11. O, chew
12. F, nose
13. K, eyeball
14. E, intestines
15. I, digest

71.

Star Wars  
Notable Quotables

1. E, "So be it, Jedi."
2. G, "Do, or do not. There is no try."
3. B, "Luke, I am your father."
4. G, "Fear leads to anger. Anger leads to hate. Hate leads to suffering."
5. F, "Wipe them out. All of them."
6. C, "What if he doesn't survive? He's worth a lot to me."
7. J, "Use the Force, Luke!"
8. A, "It's a trap!"
9. I, "We don't serve their kind here."
10. K, "We're doomed!"

72.

## Libri Optimi

- I. The Great Shark Hunt
- II. Songs of the Doomed: More Notes on the Death of the American Dream
- III. Generation of Swine: Tales of Shame and Degradation in the 80's
- IV. The Curse of Lewis
- V. Hell's Angels: A Strange and Terrible Saga
- VI. Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas: A Savage Journey to the Heart of the American Dream
- VII. Fear and Loathing in America: The Brutal Odyssey of an Outlaw Journalist
- VIII. The Run Diary: The Long Lost Novel
- IX. The Proud Highway: Saga of a Desperate Southern Gentleman

76.

## Famous Animal Characters

1. Leones 6. Felis 11. Rana 15. Porcupus
2. Tigres 7. Sima 12. Vacca 16. Lupus
3. Ursi 8. Avis 13. Mures 17. Pteris
4. Canis 9. Remo 14. Oves 18. Balanus
5. Equus 10. Leo

70.



73.

State  
Nicknames

1. F. The Aloha State
2. P. The Empire State
3. D. The Sunshine State
4. C. The First State
5. I. The Old Line State
6. Q. The Keystone State
7. E. The Peach State
8. A. The Golden State
9. J. The Bay State
10. S. The Palmetto State
11. M. The Show Me State
12. T. The Mount Rushmore State
13. V. The Lone Star State
14. U. The Volunteer State
15. H. The Gem State
16. K. The Pine Tree State
17. R. The Ocean State
18. W. The Mountain State
19. B. The Constitution State
20. L. The North Star State
21. O. The Peach Garden State
22. G. The Hawkeye State
23. N. The Old North State

74.

## Pictura Moventes

- I. Human Forever
- II. Star Wars
- III. The Fast and the Furious
- IV. The Simul
- V. The Planet of the Apes
- VI. The One
- VII. Mortal Combat 2
- VIII. Species
- IX. Harry Potter
- X. The Lord of the Rings



77.

## How Well Did You Read?

1. *Christi Anno millesimo septingentesimo et septuagesimo quinto* (1775)
2. Lightning struck the letter C from his statue.
3. To consider becoming Latin teachers
4. C. Assinus Pollus
5. That she was his sister
6. A poor one—he was heckled and pelted with vegetables.
7. *Caristia*
8. That one must always finish what one has started.
9. Diomedes
10. It is fitting that his first name is Albus because he has a long white beard.

75.

Mixed Up  
Roman Deities

1. Q. Venus
2. L. Apollo
3. J. Mars
4. O. Diana
5. G. Minerva
6. A. Saturn
7. F. Ceres
8. I. Bacchus
9. B. Cupid
10. K. Vesta Prisca
11. S. Vulcan
12. F. Juno
13. N. Mercury
14. M. Vesta
15. C. Sordanus
16. D. Dis
17. K. Neptune
18. E. Ops
19. H. Jupiter

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## George Washington: The Father of the Country

Excerpts from *The Life of George Washington, the First President of the United States of America, written in Latin by Francis Glass of Ohio*

In Virginia, at that time a province of the British Kingdom, on March 8 [on the Gregorian Calendar], A.D. 1732, our illustrious leader, George Washington was born. His grandfathers and great-grandfathers were English, but his father was a Virginian, who, having lost his first wife, married another, from whom Washington received his life. Certain people, blinded by error, and very foolishly enamored by the glory of Europe, have denied that Washington is entirely of American descent; but in the end they have finally been forced to confess that all of the soil is his fatherland, and that all the land is his tomb.

Under the supervision of his father, he grew tall and learned. We're not sure whether Washington applied his mind to Greek or Roman literature, and we therefore leave this matter unsolved. Nevertheless it is known and proven that he was deeply skilled in English, and in science, mathematics and other studies and that he stood out as one intelligent and very well taught. For many years after he had left his instructor, he gradually and carefully increased the learning he had accepted from him; and he was an accomplished surveyor known for his praiseworthiness and skill.

When he was twenty years old, he began his military training; and before long he had occasion to show a courage and strength of spirit that was offered energetically and very willingly.

Representing the lot of the state of Virginia in the Congress of the united colonies, Washington was unanimously elected to the supreme command of the American army [on June 15, 1775], the largest salary possible was also granted him by the Congress.

On November 2, [A.D. 1783] the whole American army was disbanded. On that day, Washington said goodbye to all the officers and soldiers.

After the army was disbanded, Washington went to Annapolis [on December 23] to resign from the commission given to him by Congress at the beginning of the war.

With the full consent of all good men, Washington was elected as the first president of the United States of America on March 4, A.D. 1789; but because of certain things that took place in the meantime, Washington was not informed about the presidency until April 14. After Washington had arrived at New York, he bound himself by solemn oath (as the law requires) that the liberties of America should receive no detriment [on April 30].

On December 13, A.D. 1799, Washington's head and hair got soaked by a light rain while, intent on certain farm matters, he wanted to improve the cultivation of the fields. The following night, weakened by a sore throat, very great pain, and great difficulty in drinking, he was dead before daybreak.

On the next day, the medical skills of three [doctors] proved useless; for within twenty-four hours after he got sick, the illustrious leader, the father of the country, the pride and glory of the human race died a peaceful death.