

POMPEIANA

NEWSLETTER



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A LITTLE MORE PRACTICE

By Andrea Segal, Latin II student of Mary Jane Koon, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

My Latin class recently read an article about Luigi Miraglia. He teaches Latin in a high school in Montella, Italy.

He converses, most days, in Latin—by phone to friends world-wide.

Unfortunately, while Miraglia is speaking Latin to his colleagues without any thought at all, I am still trying to figure out whether *circum* takes the ablative or the accusative.

Oh well, all I need is a little more practice.

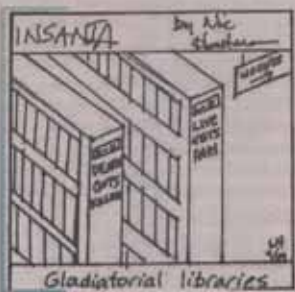


The Buzz these days is that there really is nothing new under the sun. All those who have studied Latin or Greek very long have, no doubt, their own personal lists of fascinating facts and observations that they have chalked up to "Now, isn't that interesting!"

When Denis Papin constructed a cylinder and piston steam engine in 1690, there were, no doubt, classicists who, while amazed at the new invention, realized that an ancient Greek named Hero of Alexandria had already made a thorough study of the power of steam back in 130 B.C. Hero's machine was called an aeolipile and was a steam reaction turbine. The idea was never fully developed because during those early centuries there really was no need for such a labor-saving device. Slave labor was abundant and a whole economy had been built around it. To develop a technology that threatened the network of slave sales and purchasing would have been seriously resisted by those in power.

And this, too, can be chalked up to "Now, isn't that interesting!" Especially when we consider that while we currently have the technology to develop alternate power sources, our society remains enslaved by a very powerful oil industry that would aggressively resist any threatening technology.

And then there's the joke that is so funny that no one ever gets to hear it because the teller always dies laughing. Compare this to the riddle that was so difficult that Homer supposedly died trying to solve it. The riddle, of course, was never recorded!



PETRUS CUNICULUS

Omnes erant quatuor parvi cuniculi quibus nomina erant Flopsa, Mopsa, Cauda-Gossypinus, Petrus. Cum matre sua in silva infra maxillae abietis radicem habitabant.

Uno die prima luce "Nunc, cari mei," mater inquit, "vobis licet ire in agros aut secundum semitam, sed nolite ire in Domini McGregori hortum. Pater tuus ibi captus est. Nunc currite et nolite introire in maleficium. Ego eo ad panem emendandum."

Tum mater corbem et umbellam suam sustulit et per silvas ad pistorem ivit. Interim, Flopsa, Mopsa, Cauda-Gossypinus, qui erant cuniculae bonae, secundum semitam rubos carpebant. Sed Petrus, qui erat improbius, statim ad Domini McGregori hortum cucurrit et se sub portam praesit.

Primo lactucam et fabas, tunc nonnullos raphanos edidit. Et tunc, nauseans vero, ivit ut apium peteret. Sed Petrus—horribile visus—Domino McGregoro ipsi statim occurrit!

Domino McGregoro erat in manibus et genibus suis et brassicas novellas serbat, sed exsiliit et cucurrit ad Petrum ostentans rostrum et elapsans, "Siste, fur!" Petrus vehementissime territus est; per totum

hortum se praecipitavit, nam oblitus erat ubi esset porta. Primo Petrus calcens amisit, tunc, quattuor cruribus currens, in rete incurrit et veste sua captus est. Petrus de se desperavit et magnas lacrimas profudit.

Quando autem Dominus McGregorus cum corbe pervenit ut Petrum caperet, Petrus se extorsit, veste sua relicta. Petrus in instrumentorum tugurium irruit et in situlum insiluit, in quo—horribile dictum—erat multa aqua. Dominus McGregorus vidit Petrum in instrumentorum tugurium irruentem et statim eum in instrumentorum tugurio quaerere incepit, sed frustra.

Mox autem Petrus sternuit. Domino McGregoro ad situlum appropinquante, Petrus e situlo exsiliit et per fenestram apertam salutem. Felicitas, fenestra nimis parva erat et Dominus McGregorus



eum petere non poterat. Praeterea Dominus McGregorus nunc erat defessus currendo post Petrum. Ergo ad suum laborem reversus est.

Petrus concessit ut conquiesceret; exanimatus erat et tremescibat, nec ullam notionem habebat quo ire deberet. Paulo post autem Petrus hortum pererrare coepit—late fens et circumspiciens.

Circumspiciens totum hortum, Petrus Dominum McGregorum caepas sarrientem vidit. Ego tergum ad Petrum intortum est, et ultra eum erat porta!

Petrus magno silentio currere quam celeriter ad portam incepit. Dominus McGregorus eum subito conspexit, sed id Petro nihil erat. Sub portam aufugit, et tandem erat incolumis.

Dominus McGregorus in horto Petri vestem et calcem auspicii formidinis causa quae merulas terret.

Petrus neque finem currendi fecit, neque respexit dum domum ad magnam abietem pervenit.

Nos paucis dicere Petrum non valde voluisse per vesperem. Mater cum lactulo imposuit et theam caponem fecit et hunc potionem Petrus dedit et cum aliis panem et lac et rubus edidit.

If You Want to Write... Move to Rome!

For all its cosmopolitanism and sophistication, ancient Rome—the city that is—turned out few hometown writers of note. Curiously, nearly all of those one associates with that time and place hailed from some Italian municipality or distant province.

And though these wordsmiths had come to the Eternal City to seek their fame and fortune, they seemed never to have truly em-

literated community the poet Horace. Rural Arpinum (Arpino) in the hills of southern Latium contributed Cicero. Mantua

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

in the Po Valley sent Vergil; Comum (Como) the two Plinys; Spain the two Senecas, Martial and Quintilian, among others. These lo-



THE VILLA ARCONATI ON LAKE COMO IN ITALY. HOMETOWN REGION OF MANY THE ELDER AND PUNY THE YOUNGER

cales still show their pride in the accomplishments of their native sons through monuments, piazzas and street names.

On the façade of its high school, Arpino (Continued in Pagina Sexia)

April 21, 753 B.C.

THE FOUNDING OF ROME

Based on a poem by Gifford Poyer, Latin II student of Maple Lake High School, Iron Is. H.S., Holland, Michigan

A long time ago, far, far away,
two children were born
on a fine summer day.
Down the Tiber they went afloat
in a basket that was used as a boat.
Romulus, the first,
had a good-natured soul;
Remus, the second,
had a heart made of gold.
At first a she-wolf gave them a home
until Faustulus, the shepherd,
made them his own.
The brothers decided to set up a city
with shops, houses
and outcasts quite gritty.
Romulus stood on the Palatine Hill
while Remus on the Aventine
stood quite still.
Although Remus' omen had
definite priority,
Romulus' math gave him final superiority.
A furrow and wall soon demarked the land
which Remus jumped over
using just one hand.
At once the brothers got into a fight,
neither admitting who was wrong or right.
But then Remus took a deadly blow
and fell over dead at the foot of his foe.
Romulus went on to finish the city.
It was a prosperous place—oh, so pretty.
It gave many a well deserved home—
That's the story of the founding of Rome.



Drawn by Kristine King, Latin I student of Dr. Elliott T. Egan, Ben Franklin H.S., New Orleans, Louisiana

DIAMANTE

By Latin III students of Joan Easterling,
Beaufort H.S., Beaufort, South Carolina

Flumina
Alacria, Caerulea
Puriora, Celeriora, Clariora
Tranquillissima, Pulcherrima
Flumina

By Bridgett Molony

ITER
abire, redire
iocum, immodicum, iucundum
exploravisse, vidisse
ITER

By Mary Kathryn Dempsey

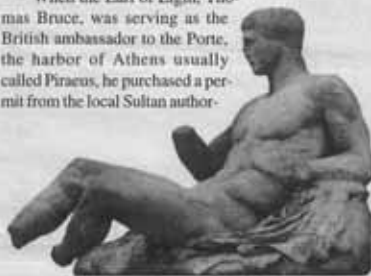
Legal or Illegal, Greece

Wants Them Back!

By Frank Turris, Indianapolis, Indiana,
with special thanks to Dr. Robert Sutton, Chairman,
Department of Classics, I.U.P.U.I.

Back in 1812 Greece was not quite as protective of its monuments as it is today. If a visitor had the money and a work crew, he could pretty much walk off with entire temples and almost any statuary that struck his fancy.

When the Earl of Elgin, Thomas Bruce, was serving as the British ambassador to the Porte, the harbor of Athens usually called Piraeus, he purchased a permit from the local Sultan author-



ity to remove certain stones and inscriptions that were lying about on the Acropolis in Athens. Of course, Lord Elgin had to pass some money under the table to acquire the permit.

Once he had the permit, however, he hired workers and began to cart off marble statues that once adorned the pediments of the Parthenon, its metopes, most of the frieze that decorated the *cella*, as well as statues removed from the Erechtheum and the Temple of Nike Apteros. All these beautiful adornments, no doubt designed by Phidias himself and executed under his direction, were loaded on ships and transported to England for the Earl's personal enjoyment.

When the Earl tired of his marbles, now commonly referred to as the Elgin Marbles, he sold them. While some pieces were sold to various European museums, most were sold to the British Museum where they are still on display—as the official property of England.

For the last twenty years, however, Greece has been trying to force Britain to return the Elgin Marbles which they believe are an important part of the National Heritage of Greece that was illegally stolen back in 1812.

Since Greece has won the right to host the 2004 Olympics, it would like to have the Elgin Marbles back before then so they can be properly displayed in a beautiful new Acropolis Museum it intends to have open in time for the Olympics.

At the moment, England isn't budging. Complicating the hopes of Greece to display the Elgin Marbles in the new Acropolis Museum is a protest being waged in Greece—by historians, archaeologists and a Culture Ministry official named Thanos Papathanassiopoulos—against the proposed site of the museum.

The excavated museum site is packed with foundations of buildings and houses built between the 2nd and 7th century, a period archaeologists say is not well represented in Athens. The ruins are part of an early Christian settlement in the city. Protesters say it isn't worth destroying parts of this special site to make way for the proposed \$100 million museum. But others say the new exhibition space is vital to efforts to bring back the 2,500-year-old Elgin Marbles.

Italy, which owns a few of the Elgin Marbles, has said it plans to return part of a statue of Peitho, goddess of persuasion and seduction, to Greece in a 99-year loan. The British Museum, however, resolutely refuses to return its share.

Roman Catastrophe

By Nguyen Monahat, Latin II student of
Dr. Raffaele Di Zeno, Naperville Central H.S., Naperville, Illinois

Seven miles from the Bay of Naples

Eruption

August 24, 79 A.D.

Oh, terrible day

Pliny the Elder is killed by Mt. Vesuvius, Mons Vesuvius

People run, trying to escape

The ashes and smoke chase them through the towns

No more sunlight, only darkness

Terror for three days

Calix Plinius Secundus

Pliny the Younger is saved

Saved by the core of many languages spoken today

Saved by Latin, the best language to grace the earth

He did not rob Peter to pay Paul by waiting to do his

Latin homework in math class

Oh, no, Pliny wanted to be prepared

He is a champion! Bene! Bravo!

He saved himself ab Montis Vesuvi eruptione

His studiousness saved his life

We should all do our Latin homework and avoid

the spectacles

That way we won't be smothered by the ash and smoke
of modern day volcanic distractions

Mysterious Lady of Eleusis

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

One of six children, this fair-haired lady walks the fields dressed in green. Her moods can cause feast or famine. Wearing a beautiful crown, the Mysterious Lady of Eleusis holds a torch in one hand and stalks of grain in the other. She loves to watch livestock in the fields, to adorn her home with poppies and narcissi and to watch the graceful flight of the crane.

The Mysterious Lady of Eleusis nurses the grief of every mother who has ever had her only daughter kidnapped. She also shares the wild joy of every mother who has been able to recover her missing daughter.

The Mysterious Lady of Eleusis is not one to be trifled with. She is more powerful than almost any other woman on earth. It lies in her power whether or not crops will grow each year or whether mankind will starve. She is one who must be treated with the greatest respect and the most honor. When she mourns, the rest of the world mourns with her. When she is happy, the rest of the world celebrates her joy with the wildest of abandon.

In the spring, therefore, people come to Eleusis from all over the world to celebrate the Eleusinian Mysteries in her honor. Although these mysteries have been celebrated for centuries at Eleusis, the threat of death has prevented any participant from revealing what actually takes place. Before any visitor is allowed to participate in the spring celebrations, oaths of secrecy must be sworn by attending special initiation rites during the previous September. Only those not guilty of murder are even allowed to present themselves for initiation.

Those who do present themselves for initiation first have to fast for several days before beginning the long journey—on foot—from Athens to Eleusis. Upon arrival at Eleusis, the candidates are met by a priest who has inherited his position from a family line that extends back to the very origins of the Sanctuary of the Mysterious Lady of Eleusis. After leading the candidates through a complex set of purification rituals, the priest conducts them to a very dark room in the center of the sanctuary. There, sudden bursts of light reveal secret and sacred objects, the sight of which binds the initiates to strict moral obligations while promising the hope of survival after death.

Who is the Mysterious Lady of Eleusis? She is one of the six children of Cronos and Rhea. The Greeks know her name as Demeter. It is her daughter, Persephone, who was kidnapped by the King of the Underworld, Hades. Although Demeter did manage to get Zeus to allow her daughter to return to her, a trick by Hades requires Persephone to return to her dark kingdom every fall.

When her daughter leaves, the Mysterious Lady of Eleusis goes into mourning, and the world mourns with her. The weather turns cold, crops die, leaves turn somber colors and fall to their death. Mankind, too, would die, if precautions were not made to store up food for this period of mourning.

When Persephone returns in the spring, the Mysterious Lady of Eleusis rejoices, and the world springs to life—crops, animals and mankind all eager to share in the celebration.

The Power of Dreams

Based on a poem by Kate Patich, Latin II student of
Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

I am Aphrodite,
The goddess of love.
I beam with the sunlight
That shines from above.

I give and I take,
Each day after day.
I've mothered a child
And married bad prey.

Whom I want to control
I hypnotize
With a single glance
From my very bright eyes.

All those in love
Know what I bring:
The power of dreams
That makes all men sing.

DISCIPULA

By Amanda Hinkle, Latin III student of Margaret Curran,
Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York

DISCIPULA
PRUDENS, LABORIOSA
COGITAT, SCRIBIT, DISCIT.
ANIMA APERTA EST.
DISCIPULA

The Rainbow

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Translated into Latin by Jonathan Ford, Latin II student of
Judith Grapese, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

Cor meum exsultat quando aspicio
Arcum in caelo;
Sic erat quando vita mea incepit;
Sic nunc est quando vir sum;
Sic fiat quando senescam,
Aut moriar!
Infans viri pater est;
Possim optare dies meos
Alium ad alium pietate naturali colligari.

APOLLO & DAPHNE

By Manna Pourrezaei, Latin III student of
Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

Apollo's unexpected love of Daphne was not one he chose. It was, instead, the work of a very rare foe. Having mocked the arrows of Aphrodite's son, Eros, Apollo found himself under the spell of his mighty bow.

Upon the rock of Parnassus Eros stood, And from his quiver he drew two arrows differing in kind— One for the god, Apollo, and one for the nymph, Daphne. He shot both arrows, each guaranteed to spellbind.

Apollo was struck with the arrow of gold, Causing a newfound love for Daphne so great. The nymph, being struck with a blunt arrow of lead, Was instead overcome by a powerful hate.

So involved with nature and the woods, Falling in love was her most arduous dread. Both Eros and Hymen had sought her hand, But she rejected the idea of ever being wed.

Apollo, however, would not abandon his desire, And so the persistent chase of his new love began. Daphne, who feared his obsession, started to flee, But her hope for freedom weakened as she ran.

In a plea for help she called to her father— And became a laurel tree rooted deep in the ground. Apollo, saddened by his loss of this beautiful maiden, Vowed always to wear her leaves as a crown.

Take a (Spring) Break

By James Edwards, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Jupiter tried to love all the inhabitants on earth, but there was no denying he had a special place in his heart for those who understood and shared the culture of his favorite people, the *Romani*. Thus, when new converts to his worship began to make offerings in his temples that were being built in *Britannia*, he wanted to do something to help these *Britanni* get with the program—to be more like the *Romani*.

So it was that, one cold, winter day he called his son Aeolus to his chambers and gave him a special assignment.

"Aeole," said Jupiter, "I want the *Britanni* to begin to become more like the *Romani*. I believe that this will happen if they can only learn to appreciate their culture. I have decided to start by helping them to understand the literature of this great people."

"Do you have any special Roman author in mind, Mighty Jove?" asked Aeolus.

"Why, who else but Vergil," Jupiter replied. "I want you to take the *Aeneid* and translate it into their language."

Of course, Aeolus went right to work on his assignment. But rather than beginning with the very beginning "*Arma virumque cano*," Aeolus decided to pick out a few passages that might really stick in the minds of the *Britanni*.

While sitting at his desk enjoying a cup of Bacchus and some nicely browned venison, he went to work.

"O, socii—neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum—O passi graviores, dabit deus his quoque finem."

A couple more sips and a few hearty burps later, he wrote:

"O comrades, this not the first trouble that we have known. We have suffered worse things before and god will put an end to this also."

Before starting on his next selection, Aeolus decided to go for a little walk, carrying his translation tablets with him. Unfortunately, he didn't get very far before thunder shook the sky, and he saw that a horrific storm was about to hit. He immediately took refuge in a nearby cave.

As Aeolus sat in the safety of the cave, he was reminded of another passage he had selected for translation.

"Sic demum socios consumpta nocte reviso. Atque hic ingentem comitum affluxisse novorum invenio adnuntium, matresque virosque, collectum exilium pubem, miserabile vulgus."

As the storm raged outside, Aeolus studied the Latin passage and considered how it could be translated into the language of the *Britanni*. This passage proved to be much more difficult than the first, and, try that he might, he just could not seem to come up with the best way to express it. Eventually, Aeolus nodded off and fell asleep.

The next morning, Aeolus was more determined than ever to translate his selection. He tried all day long, but ended up discarding version after version. Once again, night fell. Aeolus was exhausted and hungry. And thirsty.

The following morning, Aeolus determined that he would not leave the cave until he had successfully translated the selection on which he was working. Once again, night fell with no success.

Aeolus, weakened, yet more determined each passing day, continued struggling with the passage for months.

Finally, one summer morning, just as Apollo began his journey across the sky, it came to him! *Mirabile dictu!* He had it. He knew how to translate the selection that had stumped him for so long:

"By now the night was over. I return to my comrades. Here I found that new companions had streamed in and I was amazed at their numbers, men and women, an army collected for exile, a sad crowd."

Aeolus was very relieved that he had finally achieved his goal. Slowly and stiffly he rose to leave the cave. Unfortunately, Vergil's *Aeneid* had claimed another victim, and Aeolus collapsed just a few feet from the entrance.

Jupiter had been wondering why he hadn't seen Aeolus around for a while and finally looked down from Olympus to see if he could determine what he was up to. He finally spotted his son lying exhausted on the ground.

After rescuing Aeolus and learning that he had become exhausted from working too hard over the winter months on his assignment, he decided that this should never happen again. If only Aeolus had taken a break a few months earlier, he might not have reached near-fatal exhaustion.

Thus it came to pass that Jupiter declared that, from that time on, all those who spend the winter studying and working hard on assignments should take a week off in the spring to refresh their minds and bodies so they don't collapse as Aeolus had done.

And this is the reason why students worldwide annually enjoy a Spring Break!

A Lupine Poem

By Jorie Meier, Latin I student of Diann Meade, Notre Dame Academy, Covington, Kentucky

Like a wolf flying high,

Underneath the sparkling night sky.

Precious is its soft glow

Unlike its much larger foes.

Small it is, but ever so dear.

This wolf is mighty this time of year.

He sings and sleeps among the stars.

Everything he sees seems so far.

What will become of this wolf of light,

Only coming out at night?

Listen to the howl he relays

For he is the wolf of the starlit ways.

One Last Embrace

Based on a story by Michael G. Napolitano, Seventh Grade Latin student of Sheila Pasatko, Independence School, Newark, Delaware



Drawing submitted by Mary Jane Koonis, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

Okay, maybe I shouldn't have killed myself over a man. Maybe I should have thought about what this would mean for my people down the road. I overreacted. I have time to think about it now as I sit by the shore of the River Styx. And I really should give it a lot of thought now. Once I drink from the River Lethe, I won't remember a thing.

I'm not sure exactly where to start. I suppose my brother Pygmalion is really at the root of all my problems. He really wouldn't have had to kill our rich Uncle Acerbas to whom I was married. If he had just been a little more patient, he would have had his chance to rule and control the wealth of our native country, Tyre. But I dealt with that situation. Thanks to a little midnight visit from the ghost of Acerbas, I was able to locate the money I needed to escape from Tyre with quite a few loyal followers. We were actually all fairly content with our new settlement in northern Africa that we called Bosra. I guess it was kind of cute how the Greeks changed the name to Byrsa because of the ox-hide I used to finagle a fifteen-mile area for our settlement from the local king, Iarbas. And things were going great. We were building. We were growing crops. We were doing just fine.

So I guess my real problems didn't start until Aeneas washed up on our shores. I know, I know, if I start blaming Aeneas, I really do have to go into that whole bit about Eris and Paris and the golden apple. Be that as it may, it really was the cruel heartlessness of Aeneas that led me to commit suicide. The man used me. Plain and simple. He needed supplies and a chance to repair his ships, and the best way to do this safely was to wiggle his way into my heart.

And boy, could he ever wiggle. He and that little son of his, Iulus or Ascanius, or whatever his *nom de jour* was. He could have been Cupid for all I knew—he certainly had a way of making me go "gaga" over his dad. With him on my lap I was completely taken in by Aeneas' story about how his native city of Troy was captured by Greeks hidden in a wooden horse. I was even enthralled by his long account of his travels from island to island—never staying anywhere very long since he was "destined to found a great city." I guess I should have caught on that he probably wasn't go-

DEFINITELY NOT A HERO

By Dan Scriber, Latin III student of Jennifer Stebel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

Ares was a god of war.

He is a major part of ancient lore.

Disliked by most Olympians, but loved by Aphrodite, Ares was actually very mighty.

Ares was wounded by Athena,

Man, was she mean.

Being the son of Zeus,

His wrath was soon let loose.

Ares helped the Trojans with terror and flame

In hopes that Aeneas wouldn't be put to shame.

The Romans worshipped him as Mars before battle So they wouldn't be slaughtered dead like cattle.

Ares starred in the Hercules and Xena show,

But he was mean and definitely not a hero.

To his brother Hephaestus he was kind,

But in other aspects Ares tended to be rather blind.

ing to stay with me very long either.

If only Juno had bothered to warn me that it was her doing that wrecked Aeneas' fleet off our coast, I might have been able to prepare myself. As it turned out, Venus seems to have had a little more luck in protecting her son than Juno had in trying to destroy him. Good for Aeneas. Bad for me. Worse for Carthage!

What could I do? I was caught in the middle. I was a token on a board game being played by the gods. When Juno couldn't drown Aeneas, she decided to have me fall in love with him to keep him in Carthage so he wouldn't found a city that could one day cause us a lot of grief. It might have worked, especially since it was also in Venus' best interests for me to fall in love with her precious son.

Then, just when things were getting real cozy, Venus had to go and remind Jupiter that her son was not destined to remain with me, but should really be on his way if he was going to start that great nation that Jupiter had promised him. There. Now that's exactly what caused my ruin. Because of her begging and crying and carrying on, Jupiter sent Mercury down to tell Aeneas to dump me and take off—no goodbyes or anything.

I guess the other side of the problem was the fact that I had been keeping King Iarbas at arm's length for a couple of years claiming that I was still in mourning for my murdered husband and had no interest in remarrying. That worked fine until he heard how friendly I was getting with Aeneas and about our time together in that cave when we

were caught in rainstorm while hunting. Once I realized that Aeneas was bailing, I saw no future for myself. I was doomed. I could only hope that if I built a large enough fire and made a big enough "ash" of myself, Aeneas would look back at Carthage one last time and realize what he had driven me to do. So I ordered a funeral pyre to be built, grabbed a coin from my purse and climbed up on top. When my sister Anna asked what I was doing, I convinced her to give me a light. With eyes shut tight and my coin held tightly in my left hand, I mumbled a curse that would forever lock Aeneas' people and mine in eternal conflict.

When next I opened my eyes, I saw Mercury holding out his hand to me. I extended my right hand and let him lead me to the shore of the River Styx, where I now sit pondering. As soon as my turn comes, I intend to pay my coin and cross the river to look for Acerbas. If only I am allowed one last embrace before I drink the water of forgetfulness.



By Jen Lettiza, Latin student of Angela Lettiza, Hollidaysburg Area H.S., Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

POMPEIIANA LATIN POETRY

BY LATIN III STUDENTS OF MARGARET CURRAN,
ORCHARD PARK H.S., ORCHARD PARK, NEW YORK

Alles Idem

Speculum
Pulchrum, amicum
Spectat, miratur, movet.
Semper vivit.
Est "ego."

By Marie Wolbert

Neglegens

Puer
Temerarius, crudelis
Clamat, cantat, concurrit.
Sextus est
Neglegens.

By Jean Lester

DIVE RIGHT IN

By Tiro Fender, Latin II student of
Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

If you always look to the stars
For the answers to the riddles of life,
Or if you consult some magic cards
For every single turn you should take,
You will never know the simple joys
There are behind taking a risk.
At least once in a while.
How about not dipping your foot in the water
And diving right into the pool?
Remember that when a chance comes along,
Live for the moment, *carpe diem*, just
Seize the day!

April Fool

Based on a story by Mark Saponowski, Latin I student of
A. Prentiss-Nitlen, St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

It was a warm spring day with little or no breeze. Jupiter was just lying low and trying to catch some rays and a few Z's. As god of the sky, there just didn't seem to be much chance to get any sun or rest! As Jupiter lay back and just began to doze off, he was startled by a sharp, piercing noise that lasted about five seconds. Jupiter raised his head, looked around, saw nothing and lay back down. Ten minutes later, Jupiter felt a chill and opened his eyes to see a huge flying object passing overhead, blocking his sunlight. So much for the "great open sky." This was followed by the same piercing noise he had heard before. Every time Jupiter would try to lie down and rest, the same sequence would repeat itself. It went on for more than three hours. In the end, he was forced to give up his plans for a tan and relaxation and resigned himself to his usual workday routine.

As Jupiter routinely reached over to grab one of his lightning bolts, however, he was agast! There had been a terrible meltdown of his entire supply of lightning bolts. No obvious explanation whatever! As Jupiter sat pondering the situation, his aged father, Saturn, strolled into the throne room, took a quick survey of what had happened and said, "Looks like your lightning got nuked."

Jupiter didn't get it. Then Juno, who had followed Saturn into the throne room, explained, "Naked" means that there was a nuclear explosion of some sort. It can do that to lightning bolts, you know."

Suddenly it all made sense to Jupiter: the strange noises, the huge flying objects, the meltdown. There was obviously an underground nuclear war being waged that had missed his notice. As he began to act on this assumption, Jupiter quickly learned that Neptune, Diana and Cupid could no longer use their weapons either.

He decided to leave Olympus immediately and investigate—hopefully to put an end to this nuclear disaster before all of earth would be destroyed.

After hours of searching, however, Jupiter could discover nothing. He even visited Dis who said that there had been no unusual underground activity going on that he was aware of. Vulcan gave the same report. Finally, Jupiter had no choice but to return to Olympus, completely puzzled.

As he entered his throne room, weary, hungry, thirsty and growing a little angry, he was met by Saturn, Juno, Neptune, Diana and Cupid. On the floor before them were arrayed all his lightning bolts, undamaged, and as bright and shiny as the day they had been crafted by Vulcan.

As he looked at them in amazement, they suddenly all shouted in unison, "April Fool!"

IV

NEWSLETTER

STRANGE ENCOUNTERS OF THE ODYSSEAN KIND

Based on a submission by Eric Rettig and a cartoon by Shannon Stormer, Latin I students of
Angela Letizia, Hollidaysburg Area Sr. H.S., Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

When a Greek is named Odysseus, one naturally has to expect that he is someone who is going to spend a lot of time on the road, or on the "odos," as the Greeks would say. Since *odos* means "road" or "journey" in Greek, Odysseus could rightfully be called a Traveling Man. (Never mind that other suggestion that Odysseus was named "the hater"—*odysseus*—by his grandfather who himself had relationship problems as an old man.) Of course, the book in which the journeys of this King of Ithaca are recorded was fittingly named *The Odyssey* by its author, Homer. The *Odyssey*, of course, simply means "the journey."

While the journeys—and adventures—of Odysseus are way too numerous to relate in such a short article as this, we shall focus on two or three of the stranger encounters that our Traveling Man experienced as he tried to return home after his involvement in the Trojan War.

First there was old "Circle Eye," the Cyclops. There were, of course, a whole tribe of these uncivilized and barbaric monocular giants. They lived on a three-cornered island called Thrinacia by Homer. It was an island on which a tribe of normal people, called the Siculi, also lived. The one giant with whom Odysseus had his strange encounter was named Polyphemus, Mr. Talkative (poly = many, phemis = word). Now, just because Odysseus dared to munch on a little bit of Polyphemus' cheese in his absence, the giant decided to eat all of Odysseus' men, saving Odysseus himself for dessert.

Being a good natured (and very tricky) fellow, Odysseus gave the impression that he would go along with the giant's meal plan and even offered to supply the wine to wash down the body parts. And, boy, did Odysseus supply the wine! Before too long, Polyphemus was out cold, having only finished off one or two of Odysseus' men.

Then it was on to Plan B. Find a big log, burn its tip and shape it into a point before driving it deep into the giant's one eyeball. Plan C, of course, involved telling the giant that his name was Nemo—No One. After all, what barbaric giant would come to the aid of another giant who was being injured by "No One"? Plan D? Simply wait for the giant to let his sheep out of the cave and hitch rides on their undersides. Odysseus, of course, was a bit of an overconfident braggart, and once he and his men had run back to their ships and set sail, nothing would do but that he had to have a final shouting match with Mr. Talkative, proving not only that he could be out-scheme the giant, but that he could also out-yell him.

The Greek word for a hawk is *Kirke*, which also happens to be the name of an enchanting woman with whom Odysseus had a very strange porcine adventure. Once again, it was their daily quest for food that got our hero and his men in trouble, this time on an island called Aea, or, in translation, OUCH! As usual, Odysseus gave his men permission to spread out and see what they could find and then report back to him. His men found a very enchanting young woman, named Circe, who offered them all the food they could eat and literally encouraged them to make pigs of themselves. When they were done, she simply used a little magic to finish the job.

When Odysseus finally went to search for his men who had never returned, he quickly figured out what had happened. Of course, he turned on his old Mediterranean charm and soon had Circe eating out of his hands. Not only did she agree to relieve his men of their porcine forms, but she even told him how to get in touch with the dead prophet, Tiresias, who would tell him how to get home. Of course, before leaving Ouch-Island, Odysseus managed to father a son with Circe, a boy he fittingly named Telegonus (One born far from home).

Then there was Calypso. No, Odysseus was not a time-traveler who crossed paths with Jacques Cousteau. Calypso (meaning "One who hid," perhaps because she wore a veil) was another nymph in human form. This young enticer lived on an island called Ogygia (an untranslatable Greek word). By the time Odysseus was washed up on the shores of Ogygia, however, he has lost all of his ships and all of his men. He is the sole survivor of his long journey—the original lonely Traveling Man. This time Odysseus is in no hurry to get back home to his lovely wife Penelope (her name could mean "Poor little woman") who has been fighting off suitors for some thirteen years already.

The Untold Cyclopean Story



He stays with Calypso for seven years, and has two sons—Nausithoides and Nausinoides—with her. These in addition to his legal son Telemachus (One who fights from a distance, i.e. an archer) that is waiting at home with Penelope, and his other illegal son, Telegonus. Obviously, being faithful to one's wife was not a highly prized Greek heroic trait. In the end, Odysseus turns down Calypso's offer to make him immortal if he stays with her forever, and decides it's time to go home to his poor little woman.

You ladies reading this story might be pleased to learn that Odysseus does finally "get his." He was accidentally killed by his illegal son Telegonus who had come to Ithaca on a "Do You Know Who Your Daddy Is?" quest. After landing on the island, rather than asking nicely for something to eat, Telegonus, as his father had done before him, simply began to steal whatever he wanted. Odysseus, as king, was quickly summoned to challenge the young invader. But before the two could recognize each other, Telegonus wounded Odysseus with his spear—tipped with a poisonous sting-ray tail given him by his mother, Circe. Once he realized what he had done, Telegonus was sorry. He apologized to his stepmother, Penelope—whom he later married—and took her and his half-brother Telemachus home to Aea with him, where Telemachus married Circe. No word on what happened to Odysseus' other two illegal sons.

Macho Man

By: Katelyn Kanger, Latin I student of
Judith Graham, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada



H ero
E xcellent
R esourceful
C ourageous
U nfailing
L arge
E xtraordinary
S trong

Mercia Jurnia, AD 1215

De Magna Charta

By Derek Dalton, Latin Honors Student of
Dr. Raffaele Di Zenzo, Naperville Central H.S., Naperville, Illinois

Sing of the Great Charter of men,
Muse, and enlighten us on times when
Those who were "common" did what was not
And He who was noble, that unjust king, was fraught
With the difficulty of a restless, demanding people.

Assembled, these Barons in their common *lex*
Addressed the question, "What, precisely, does vex
Us 'baser' men about this regime *regum*?"
Discussed they did and finally stated their quorum:
Pro bono publico the King's offenses must be quelled.

And so among them they penned their *magna charta*,
That which decreed all men deserve to barter
For their freedom in the courts of law, judged
By a jury of peers and without undue imprisonment; thrust
Upon Him, then, their demands did these Barons.

Confronted 'mongst the crops of Rennemede field,
The mighty King had but one choice before him: yield;
Thus did he. And so the Barons won their case
And were free to go about their business at merchants' pace.
Rather than idling on a royal whim.

Unwittingly, these brave men chose a path for all of Man;
That gave due rights to all, without restriction, rather than
Basing public claims on the fancy of the distempered Crown.
So if, perchance, circumstance begs a right's surrender,
resound:

"To honor Barons who lacked, my rights I will never hold
more dearly."

Liquid Poetry

By: Latin II students of St. Margaret Riley, S.S.J.,
Nazareth Academy, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Flumen
Altum, Potens
Clarum, Grave, Celere
Longa, Fortis
Aqua

By Gwendolyn Kurtz

Imber
Gravis, Potens
Decidit, Purgavit, egit
Clarum, Almus
Imber

By Molly Curran

ACRONYMIC MESSENGER

By JOHNATHAN ARNOLD, LATIN I STUDENT OF
NANCY TIGERT, NADEL MIDDLE SCHOOL, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Many step-brothers and step-sisters

Everyone's post officer

Reliable

Child of Jupiter

Underworld soul conductor

Runs fast

Youth's speed

Those Tactics Will "Gitcha" Every Time!

Suggested by an article by Robbie Robinson, Latin I student of Angela Leitner, Hollidaysburg Area Sr. H.S., Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

There can be no doubt that "the tricks of the trade" were what enabled the Roman Empire to boast of having the most powerful military force in the world—especially during the reign of the Emperor Trajan (A.D. 98-107) when the Empire reached its maximum size.

And, boy, did the Roman military have a bag of tricks from which to choose!

First of all, Roman centurions knew how to maximize the strength and stamina of the men in their units: Overdevelop their muscles by training with wooden swords (*rudes*) that weighed twice as much (4 lbs.) as the standard-issue two-pound *gladii* with which the soldiers would eventually fight. The same trick was used when training soldiers to wield their *scuta*. Centurions trained their men to optimize the protective features of the *loricae* they wore by using their *scuta* to block incoming blows and keeping their sword-arms down while thrusting forward. Anticipating that the battlefield would soon become littered with wounded and bleeding bodies of their opponents, centurions trained their units to take small steps backwards while in the thick of hand-to-hand combat, thereby forcing the enemy to step over and on the slippery human obstacles littering the battlefield. Centurions also trained their men to react instantly once their standard bearer (*signifer*) indicated a new battlefield maneuver.

Roman commanders knew that shouted orders would never be heard over the roar of battlefield conflict, so they devised a system of horn signals, most delivered by the round *bucinae* that are ubiquitous in ancient Roman military relief carvings. The cavalry (*equites*) had their own horn signals using *litui* and the legendary *tuba* always sounded the engagement decision at the beginning of a battle.

Roman commanders also knew that an army forced to face east at the beginning of a pre-dawn engagement would be at a tremendous disadvantage once the sun came up and blinded their foot soldiers for a good half hour.

Perhaps the best advantage the Roman legions had on the battlefield over most of their barbaric adversaries was the tremendous flexibility and mobility of the individual units of the legion.

Each legion, as most readers know, was divided into ten cohorts (*cohortes*). The number of men in a cohort (*cohortis*) differed over the centuries depending on how many *pedites* were billeted in each *contubernium*. When the legion was first conceived, each *contubernium* was shared by ten *pedites*, resulting in 600-men cohorts. Caius Julius Caesar assigned only six men per *contubernium*, allowing him to work with 360-men cohorts. During the first century A.D., the common assignment was eight men per *contubernium*, giving the legion 480-men cohorts.

These ten cohorts were generally arranged in what is known as the *acies triplex* formation: *Cohortes I, II, III* and *IV* were in the first row facing the enemy, *cohortes V, VI* and *VII* were in the second row and *VIII, IX* and *X* were in the third row.

Not only could the three rows of the *acies triplex* be maneuvered individually during a battle, but the individual cohorts could be moved around, each following the commands of its senior centurion, a *Centurio Pilus Prior*.

Very small assignments could even be given to the basic *contubernium* unit of eight men who were tent-mates.

Most of Rome's enemies deployed their troops on the battlefield in phalanx formation—something popularized by Alexander the Great who equipped his foot soldiers with eighteen-foot long lances. Even as it was intended to function under Alexander, the phalanx formation lacked mobility and was very ineffective when it came down to hand-to-hand fighting. As fielded by most barbarian tribes, the phalanx simply turned into a "mob," of which only the first row of fighters could engage their enemies at a time. The others simply had to stand behind them yelling and pushing and shoving trying to get into the action.

A well-disciplined phalanx would lock itself into a tight square and rush forward to try and crush its enemy. A Roman legion would let such an attacking phalanx approach *cohortes II* and *III*, and then, at the last minute have *cohortes II, III, VI* and *IX* pull back (*signa refer*). The phalanx would continue its forward charge only to find itself quickly surrounded as *cohortes I* and *IV* moved in behind it, and *cohortes V, VII, VIII* and *X* attacked its flanks. Pretty tricky move!

Sometimes, legionnaires would never even have to engage the enemy to defeat them. When the enemy began its charge from a quarter mile away or so, the *litui* would sound *signa infer* and a 250-horse *equitatus* would go charging across the field to attack with their *spathae* and have their horses deliver deadly kicks in all directions.

If the enemy still didn't get the message, the *tuba* would be blown—a horrifyingly chilling sound designed to be put the fear of the gods into barbarians—and a *bucina* signal would be given to Rome's hired auxiliary troops to let loose a barrage of arrows into the enemy.

Enemies still foolish enough to continue their charge would be "flushed" by scores of *nudi* signaled by another *bucina* blast to run forward when the enemy charge had come within the 150-yard range. These Olympic runners would loose a cloud of rocks into the faces of the enemy as they stood amazed by the streakers running towards them.

When the enemy was within 100 yards of the *acies triplex*, another *bucina* blast would signal the release of 192 *veruta* (hurling spears), led by initial throw of the commander of *Cohors I*, the *Primus Pilus*.

Finally, a *bucina* signal would instruct the *pedites* to draw their *gladii* and raise their *scuta*. Now was the time for one final trick designed to strike terror into the hearts of whatever enemy might still be advancing toward his doom. All 4,800 *pedites*, having drawn their *gladii* on command, would begin rapidly striking the flanks of their blades against the bronze trim on the right sides of their *scuta*. The affect of this unexpected and unnerving death rattle was often devastating. Barbarians who were already doubting the ultimate success of their attack would turn and retreat—despite the fact that they would be embarrassing themselves before their families and relatives who had followed along in wagons to watch the promised slaughter.

Readers who find all this fascinating are encouraged to obtain a copy of Frontinus (be sure to get his *Stratagemas*, not his book on *Roman Aqueducts*—which, of course, is also fascinating, but in a different way) to learn even more tricks that were developed by the Romans for use when besieging a town. *Testudines*, *arrietes*, *vineae*, *ballistae*, *catapultae*, *cuniculi*, *falces murales* are just a few of the terms to be studied.

MAN IS NOT THE ANSWER

Based on a poem by Ryan Carroll, Latin I student of Kelley Ryan, Quigley Catholic H.S., Baden, Pennsylvania

Within the winter's darkest hour
The North Wind blew with all its power,
And Hercules climbed up the snowy crag.
While with one hand he had to drag
An urn to capture Boreas.

The North Wind was a ferocious beast
Who'd never surrender in the least.
He blew with an icy, frigid breath—
The sight of him scared men to death.
Yet he intended to capture Boreas.

At the summit's highest peak
He found a cave both dark and bleak.
He lit a torch with sword and stone,
But the flame from it was quickly blown,
Blown by the breath of Boreas.

He made his way on paths dark and dank
But before he knew it down he sank
Into a pit of flowing sand.
He quickly stretched out his hand
And in the dark grabbed the arm of Boreas.

Boreas stared into the demigod's eyes
And said, "To you I'll tell no lies,
As North Wind I can see all time
And know the words of Reason and Rhyme."
These words had come from the lips of Boreas.

"I know you've come to capture me—
Why should I leave here where I am always free?
But I would go into that urn
If you could answer my riddle in turn."
And this was the riddle of Boreas:

"What can be alone in dark or light
And still exist with awesome might?
Who is not limited by time or space
And has never been seen face to face?"
Hercules considered the words of Boreas.

Then Hercules replied with confident certainty,
"The answer to your riddle is 'a god,' most definitely."
While answering, Boreas from smiling could not restrain,
"Hercules, I see you have both brawn and a brain!"
And that is how Hercules captured Boreas.



Cara Matrona,

I am the eldest of my *pater's* *quinque filii*, so my *fratres* have asked me to write to you. Along with our *pater*, we are the official *Illicitum Putatores* on the *insula* of *Capreae*. As I am sure you know, the *Ilex* is considered to be a sacred tree here on *Capreae* since it was an *Ilex* that burst into bloom when the *Imperator Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus Augustus* first set foot on our *insula*. It was *Imperator Tiberius Claudius Drusus Nero Germanicus* who first appointed an official *Illicitum Putator* on *Capreae*, and that first appointee was our *avus*.

Matrona, there are so many *fabulae* about *aedificia*, *porticus*, *horti*, *scalae* and *antra* on *Capreae* that my *fratres* and I know that we have to take most of them *cum grano salis*. There is one *fabula*, however, that we hope you will be able to confirm or deny.

There is a very large *xystris* in one part of the *insula* that is surrounded by a thick *Illicitum*. We spend a lot of

time each year caring for the holm oaks in this grove. Whenever we find ourselves working in this *Illicitum*, our *pater* will remind us that this *xystris* was once a favorite walking area of *Imperator Augustus*. He will then point to some very simple buildings in the area near where *scalae* lead down to a small *portus* and say that this was once the villa of *Imperator Augustus*.

Matrona, while we *fratres* mean our *pater* no disrespect, we find it hard to believe that a person as wealthy as *Imperator Augustus* would have lived in such a modest dwelling so close to the water. Do you have any information that would shed light on our *pater's* *fabula*?

Putatoris Principis Illicitum
Filius Senior
Capreus

Care Fili Senior,

It is indeed an honor to hear from the official *Illicitum Putatores* on the *insula* of *Capreae*. Since I once had an opportunity to visit *Capreae* when I was enjoying the healthful aquae at *Balae*, I believe I can help shed some light on your *pater's* *fabula*.

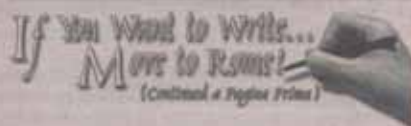
While you and your *fratres* are wise to take most *fabulae* you hear *cum grano salis*, your *pater's* *fabula* about the *Villa Augustina* is absolutely correct. I know exactly the *xystris* and *Illicitum* to which you refer. The *xystris* is very large indeed. As I recall, it is crossed by many *semitae*, some sunny but more of them shady, which formed the *ambulatio* of *Imperator Augustus*. You see, *Imperator Augustus* could not endure the sun even in winter and never walked about without a *petasus*. This is why he liked most of the *semitae* in his *ambulatio* to be shady. You and your *fratres* should not be deceived by the simple buildings that make up the *Villa Augustina*. Even though

Imperator Augustus was very wealthy, and powerful, he did not take kindly to residences that were too large and luxurious. Although his residences, including the *Villa Augustina* on *Capreae* were modest, he always made sure they were embellished with paths and groves of shade trees rather than with statues and pictures. Since *Augustus* was the *imperator*, he insisted that his villa on *Capreae* be quickly accessible to the sea, which is why it was constructed so close to the small *portus* to which you refer. This need for quick accessibility to the sea is the reason why the small *portus* of *Imperator Augustus* was connected to the main *portus Romanus* for the *insula* that is located nearby.

And there is yet another reason why *Imperator Augustus* chose this location for his villa rather than a more remote, less accessible location such as those chosen by his stepson, and successor, *Tiberius Claudius Nero Caesar*. *Imperator Augustus* wanted to maintain as close a contact as possible with the local population of *Capreae*, most of whom still used their original Greek language and maintained their Greek manners and customs. For, you see, a sincere personal desire of *Imperator Augustus* to fuse Greek and Roman manners and customs was an essential aspect of his policies for the entire *Imperium Romanum*.

What an honor you and your *fratres* have to be able to work with the sacred *Illices* on *Capreae*. You should also feel very lucky that you can work near the *Villa Augustina* where our first *imperator* loved to relax and walk on those few occasions when he could get away from the pressures of running the *Imperium*.

And, as I have said so many times before, always trust and believe your *pater*. As the *paterfamilias* of your familia, he really does know best!



(Continued a Pagina Prima)

displays a bust of Cicero. In its town square, *Venosa* features a bronze likeness of Horace. One of *Coma's* principal thoroughfares is the *Via Plinius*.

The migration of writers to the city on the Tiber began as early as the third century before Christ. Somewhere around 230 B.C., a young man named Titus Maccius Plautus left his boyhood home in *Sarsina*, *Umbria*, to make a name for himself creating stage comedies in Rome. The theater-going crowd there at once loved Plautus' guffaw-evoking, slapstick farces. The *Umbrian's* biggest hit was the *Menaechmi*, literally a comedy of errors. His works remain today among the most widely read of the Latin classics.

That same era saw the success of another playwright, Quintus Ennius, from the town of *Rudiae*, not far from *Horace's* *Venusia*. In addition to his tragedies, comedies and satires, Ennius also published the *Annales*, an epic poem on the history of Rome. In some quarters he was considered "The Father of Latin Poetry."

A contemporary and friend, Marcus Porcius Cato from *Tusculum* in the *Alban Hills*, also gained renown as a writer. The war hero and statesman published prolifically. His *De Agri Cultura* sang the praises of the pure and simple farm life in *Tusculum*, of the work ethic of its old time landowners, "men of the Soil." The hawkish patriot, who was convinced that Rome's survival hinged on the elimination of *Carthage* as a rival world power ("Carthago delenda est!") also wrote history, essays and speeches in a style influenced largely by Greek scribes.

Out of *Africa*, in the second century B.C., came the playwright Terence. To ensure that his homeland would bank in any glory he achieved, the *Carthage-born* writer assumed a cognomen so his full name would be Publius Terentius Afer.

From *Reato* (*Rieti*) in the *Sabine* country, late in the same century, Marcus Terentius Varro relocated to Rome to help his budding literary career. Among his hundreds of publications were an encyclopedia, *Antiquitates Rerum Humanarum*, and a three-volume treatise on agriculture, *Rerum Rusticarum Libri*. In the latter, hardly a page goes by without a nostalgic mention of *Reato* and its people.

Cicero, in his correspondence, often names or alludes to his beloved ancestral *Arpinum*. Writing to *Brutus* in 46 B.C., for example, he boasts:

"...quam diligenter soleam movere municeps, Arpinates, tuum."
...How conscientiously I always support my fellow townsmen, the *Arpinians*.

One of history's first practitioners of biography, *Cornelius Nepos* moved to Rome from somewhere in *North* Italy. His *De Viris Illustribus* was long a favorite text

for beginning Latin students. *Lucretius*, Rome's chief exponent of *Epicurean* philosophy, came from *Campania*, near *Pompeii*. *De Rerum Natura* earned him rave reviews. *Romeo and Juliet's* *Verona* was the birthplace of love poet *Gaius Valerius Catullus*. In his mid-twenties he traded the tranquility of that region for the nightlife and dinner parties of the capital. With his pen he immortalized his illicit lover, *Clodia Metelli*, and titillated Roman society:

"Vivamus, mea *Lesbia*, and amenus..."

The historian *Sallust* joined the writing ranks of Rome from *Amienum*, also in the *Sabine* territory. His *Bellum Catilinarium* and *Bellum Jugurthinum* afforded his townsmen bragging rights.

Publius Vergilius Maro spent his first two decades in *Andes*, a district in *Mantua* in the *Po Valley*. Born in 70 B.C., a year to which later generations would point as the beginning of the Golden Age of Latin Literature, *Vergil* exalted country living in his *Eclogues*, ten books of poetry on pastoral themes. With deep attachment to his roots, the Roman laureate captured in verse the music of a summer night back home: the bird choir, the insect choruses, the chanting of cicadas, and so on. From nearby *Patavium* (*Padua*), Rome imported her finest historian, *Livy*.

Propertius, the splendid elegist, came out of *Assisi*. In Rome he forged a close friendship with *Publius Ovidius Naso*, or *Ovid*, if you will. Resolved to make his town of *Sulmo* (*Sulmona*) in the *Paelignian* (*Abruzzi*) mountains proud of him, he wrote: "I can see some visitor to *Sulmo*, taking in its tiny scale, the streams, the walls, and exclaiming, 'Any township, however small, that could breed so fine a poet, I consider great.'"



BUST OF REGIONAL AUTHOR VERGIL ON DISPLAY IN MANTUA, ITALY

RELIEF CARVING OF ROMAN TOWN AUTHOR HORACE ON DISPLAY IN VENUSIA, ITALY

His *Amores* and *Metamorphoses* readily achieved that goal. *Seneca* with his dissertations on philosophy and other subjects brought credit to *Corduba* (*Cordoba*) in the first century of our era. Another Spaniard, *Quintilian*, later earned acclaim for a comprehensive textbook on public speaking, *De Institutione Oratoria*. And yet another product of Spain, *Martial*, from the town of *Bibbilia*, made a splash on the literary scene in Rome with his witty, pithy epigrams.

Around this time, *Flavius Josephus*, a Jewish scholar from *Jerusalem*, was in Rome working on his history of the Jewish War, *Bellum Judaicum*.

Another historian, *Tacitus*, reached Rome by way of *Narbonensis* in *Transalpine Gaul* (near modern *Narbonne*, France). *Suetonius*, the biographer of the *Caesars*, was North African by birth. So, too, was *Apuleius*, sometimes called the novelist. Their era [A.D. 14–138] was what scholars call the Silver Age of Latin Literature.

Pliny the Younger belonged to this crop of Roman writers. Though he made it big as an essayist, he never forgot his ties to *Coma*, on the beautiful lake of the same name. His correspondence reveals donations of large sums of money to his hometown for the establishment of good schools and a first rate public library.

The satirist *Juvenal* so loved his native village of *Aquinum* that he used it as a metonymy for everyone's place of birth:

"Et quotiens te tuo reddet Aquino..."

And whenever you return to Your Aquinum...

These are but some of the authors, poets, scholars and playwrights who followed one of the roads that lead to Rome to contribute to its rich literary tradition.

The poet *Martial* put it this way:

Verona docet sillybos amat vatis,
Mantua felix Mantua est,
Censetur Aponi Livio suo tellus
Stellaeque nec Flacco minor;
Apollodoro plaudat imbriger Nilus,
Naosque Paeligni sonant,
Duaeque Senecae unicumque Lucanum
Facunda loquatur Corduba;
Gaudent incoas Canto suo Gades,
Emerita Deciano meo;
Te, Licinianae, gloriabitur nostra
Nec me sacebit Bibbilia.

Verona loves the work of its learned poet,
Mantua is proud of her Maro,
Padua is noted for its Livy
And no less for Stella and Flaccus;
The rain-swollen Nile applauds Apollodorus,
The Paeligni resound with Ovid,
The two Senecas and the one and only Lucan
Give Corduba eloquence;
Merry Gades rejoices in her Canius,
Emerita in my Decianus;
Of you, Licinianus, shall our Bibbilia crow
And not be silent about me.



THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH OF SANTO ZENO MAGGIORE GRACES VERONA, ITALY; HOME TO SHAKESPEARE'S *ROMEO AND JULIET* AS WELL AS THE ROMAN AUTHOR CATULLUS

An Easy Read

Roma Moderna et Antiqua

By Venita Fox

Initio Romani oppidum parvum habebant. Tunc Roma facta est oppidum maximum et Imperi Romani capitolium. Etiam nunc magna et splendida est Roma; magnae et latae sunt oppidi viae. In viarum angulis rosae sunt; per vias sunt multa templa et monumenta.

Olum in Foro Romano multa templa splendida erant. Cotidie viri feminaeque in Foro ambulabant. Virorum togae erant albae, sed feminarum stolae et pallae erant rubrae, caeruleae, crocae. Arae quoque in Foro erant. In aris Romani multas victimas deis inactabant.

Non iam antiqua templa sunt in columbia in Foro Romano. Non iam Romani mactant victimas in aris antiquis.



Sed etiam nunc Forum Romanum pulchrum est. Multae sunt ruinae; multae rosae inter ruinas sunt. Inter ruinas et rosas purvae laceratae properunt. Pulchrae et iucundae sunt laceratae. Cicadae quoque undique cantant. Forum laceris, cicadis, modernis civibus, peregrinatoribus gratum est.



Torcumata Romana Cooking Up Roman Beliefs

By B. F. Barcio, L.H.D.

As was the case in the March, 2003, issue, this month's "recipe" is not for a food item, but for a project that can be enjoyed by both teachers and students. Detailed and specific instructions are provided to help teachers easily implement the project in their Latin classrooms.

For a great cultural craft project, teachers are encouraged to consider having their Latin students create their own classical design terra cotta relief plaques. Not only will such a project introduce students to a medium widely used by the Romans, but it will also give them a life-long acquaintance with at least one Roman relief design.



HAND-CRAFTED TERRA COTTA RELIEF PLAQUES COPYING GRECO-ROMAN DESIGNS

The project can be introduced and completed in three to four fifty-minute work sessions. Then, after the completed terra cotta reliefs have air-dried thoroughly, they can be fired in cooperation with the school's art department if the art department has kilns.

Res Commiscendae

After discussing the project with the school art department, with its help order moist terra cotta for the project. Moist terra cotta generally comes in 25 lb. plastic bags. At least one pound per student should be ordered. (It's good to



UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DR. B.F. BARCIO, CARMEL H.S. STUDENTS, CARMEL, INDIANA, USED TERRA COTTA TO RECREATE ALL THE INSULAE EXCAVATED AT POMPEII TO PRODUCE THIS 8-FT. X 16-FT. MODEL OF THE CITY.

order a little extra, in case some students complete more than one project in the time allotted.)

Modus Preparandi

1. Each student will need a twelve-inch square piece of plywood (smooth on one side) on which to work. These can be prepared by the school's shop classes or brought in by student volunteers.
2. Locate as many books as possible that have photos and

(Continued in Pagina Decima)

Pomona and Vertumnus

By Kevin Gannon, Latin II student of Angela Lucetta Holskyburg, New St. H. Holskyburg, Pennsylvania

A mountain of seeds lies hidden in the magical hand of the beautiful Pomona

Absorbing the love sought after by so many heroes

Showered with the purest dew, nurtured by the brightest sunshine

Baby fruit trees stretch flowing branches into the moonlit sky

This nurturing nymph is the one desire of Vertumnus

Whose motives are pure, but whose means are deceiving

He is many shapes to catch her eye

In deep despair, his trickery failed

He pleads with her in his true form

Like her fruit trees, he shows only what he really is

A mountain of seeds still lies in a magical hand

But clasped in the other,

The hand of Vertumnus

Tending saplings

Together in their garden



Catullus LXIII A Prologue

By Caiti Meacham, Kym Clement and Lindsey Singlet, Latin IV-V students of Suzanne Romano, Academy of Allied Health and Science, Niagara, New Jersey

On the way to my love's house I was met by her slave—a meeting that would change my life forever.

"Attis, I come from my lady with devastating news!"

"What could be so terrible since my lady and I are so deeply in love?"

"That is the trouble, Attis. Her parents have decided that she must honor the engagement that was made for her when she was a very young child. She is to marry the son of a very wealthy man."

"What? There must be some way to break the engagement!"

"No, Attis, there isn't. I have been sent to tell you that you must never see my lady again nor even enter the house of my master!"

I returned home in agony, distraught with grief at the loss of my only affection.

"Oh, Venus, you wretched being! You tear my heart into soft petals to be strewn across the cursed path on which you glide!"

That night, in secret, I gathered my belongings, blinded by anger and despair. I could not bear to see the other half of my heart eternally joined in happiness with another man. I would leave to find some place far away where I could live out my wretched life.

As I walked along the dark streets with my pack on my back I struggled with my decision.

"I need to be away from her, from the secret garden where we met late at night—the garden where we shared lovers' words and a million kisses. But do I really want to leave my

family, my friends, the excitement of the market place?"

After many hours of aimless wandering, I found myself at a small *balneum* where a few men boiled in the early morning steam. I entered and sat on a ledge, absentmindedly listening to the muted conversation of the bathers.

"They meet in the Phrygian woodlands—a fraternity of lost souls."

"A fraternity of lost souls," I

buried in. "Now that's what I need.

Can anyone join?"

The men eyed me suspiciously, hesitant to answer. I continued.

"I will not share the answers you give me with anyone. I only wish to find some new meaning for my pointless life, someone with whom I can share my desolate existence."

"Anyone can join," one of

the bathers finally replied. "Any-

one who is lost or stolen or abandoned by Venus. Go if you seek be-

longing, new companionship—but go

only if you are sure of your decision. It

will be irreversible!"

I thanked the early morning bathers and

asked directions to the Phrygian woodlands where

I was told I would be boarding a boat to travel to a special island. As I started on my way to the woodlands, I checked my decision and considered my resolution. I would be sacrificing a great deal. But my life was now worthless. If an alliance with this group would ease my pain and offer new meaning, I determined it would be worth it.

"If I cannot love the woman of my dreams," I said aloud, "I shall never love anyone again!"





Metallica Songs

By Luke Slough, Latin IV student of
Angela Letizia, Hollidaysburg H.S.,
Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

90.

- I. QUATTUOR EQUITES
- II. PALLESCERE AD ATRUM
- III. FULMINE VEHERE
- IV. PUPPARUM DOMINUS
- V. UNUS
- VI. LUCTUS MESSOR
- VII. INTRA, HARENARUM VIR
- VIII. NIHIL ALIUD REFERT
- IX. NON IGNOTUS
- X. DUM ID DORMIT
- XI. HEROS DIURNUS
- XII. REX NIHIL
- XIII. MATERIA
- XIV. MEMORIA MANET
- XV. TRIFOLIUM FOLIIS NUDATUM
- XVI. EVANESCO
- XVII. MAMMA INQUIT
- XVIII. ET IUSTITIA OMNIBUS
- XIX. AUTOCINETORUM RECEPTACULUM, CON.
- XX. MORERE, MORERE, DELICIAE MEAE

Scrambled English

Based on a game by Brent Kuiper, Latin I student of
Daniel Haskins, Cazenovia Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

91.

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

1. caccus
2. clam
3. mane
4. vix
5. deditio
6. collis
7. peritus
8. prex
9. vesper
10. levis

- A. rycaelse
- B. dsekil
- C. gtlhi
- D. ngvceen
- E. eysrtlere
- F. yrepar
- G. dbnil
- H. oirgamm
- I. lihl
- J. uernrsder

MODERN HISTORY Ancient Dates

Based on a game by Christopher Flores, Steven Ruzek,
Edward Garcia, Max Yavartone and Thomas Gill,
Latin I students of Brother Lawrence Shrine,
Hudson Catholic H.S., Jersey City, New Jersey

92.

Match each event on the right with the year in which it occurred *Ab Urbe Condita*.

1. MMDCCXXII A.V.C.
2. MMDCLXV A.V.C.
3. MMCCXLV A.V.C.
4. MMDCCXIV A.V.C.
5. MMDCCXVIII A.V.C.
6. MMDCCXII A.V.C.
7. MMDXXIX A.V.C.
8. MMDCCLI A.V.C.
9. MMDCLXVII A.V.C.
10. MMDCCXVI A.V.C.
11. MMDCCXVIII A.V.C.
12. MMDCCXVII A.V.C.

- A. Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo
- B. Columbus sailed the ocean blue
- C. World War II begins
- D. Titanic sunk
- E. Mark McGuire broke the homerun record
- F. D-Day ends World War II
- G. John F. Kennedy assassinated
- H. World War I begins
- I. Attack on Pearl Harbor
- J. Neil Armstrong lands on the moon
- K. Declaration of Independence signed
- L. Abraham Lincoln assassinated

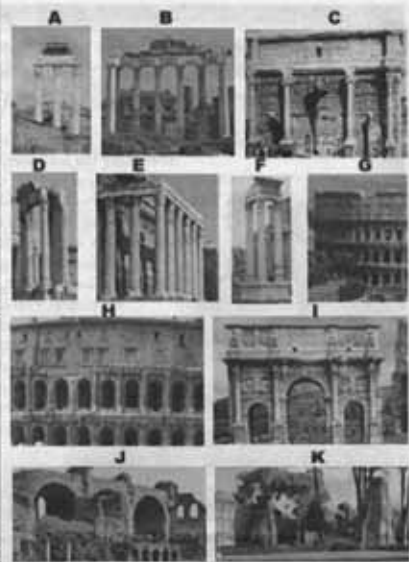
Know Your Landmarks?

Based on a game by Chad Lubin and Matt W. Brown, Latin I students of
Cheriton Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

93.

Match the letter of each photo of a famous landmark in Rome with its correct identification.

1. Arch of Constantine
2. Arch of Septimius Severus
3. Basilica of Maxentius
4. Baths of Caracalla
5. Colosseum
6. Temple of Antoninus and Faustina
7. Temple of Castor and Pollux
8. Temple of Saturn
9. Temple of Vespasian
10. Temple of Vesta
11. Theater of Marcellus



Aeneas

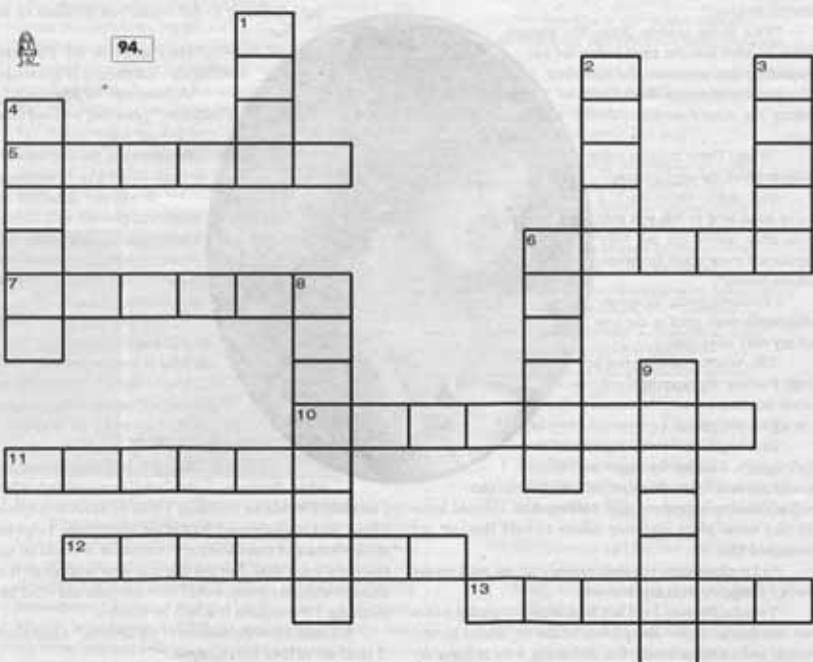
By Pat Hughes and Jim Wolff, Latin II students of
Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

ACROSS

5. Brother-in-law of Aeneas and Commander of the Trojan troops
6. Mother of Aeneas
7. Wife of Aeneas who died at Troy
10. Father of Aeneas
11. Ferried Aeneas across the river in the Underworld
12. Sent to Carthage to remind Aeneas of his mission
13. Killed by Aeneas in a war over Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus

DOWN

1. Queen of Carthage who committed suicide after Aeneas left her
2. Place where Aeneas was told to visit the Underworld
3. Paternal grandfather of Aeneas
4. The first place to which Aeneas and his followers sailed after leaving Mt. Ida
6. Wrote the *Aeneid*
8. Son of Aeneas by his first wife
9. Saved Aeneas in battle from Achilles





By Kevin Phillips, Latin II student of
Kevin Gushman, Yorktown H.S.,
Arlington, Virginia

95.

Unscramble each Latin word to spell a Latin phrase commonly used in English. Then copy the numbered letters to the blanks at the end to discover the _____.

1. RAACP MEID _____ 7
2. ED TOAFC _____ 2
3. EPR CIATPA _____ 3
4. SOTP MOTMER _____ 10 9
5. TIDMUC _____ 4
6. ASSLPV NGALUEI _____ 1
7. IEVC REAVS _____ 6 5



1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 10

Beginning level  Advanced level

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SCIENCE FICTION

By Anson Isaacs and Chris Sails, Latin III students of
Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

96.

Translate each title back into English and then match its author with it.

- I. COLLIS ARENOSUS _____
- II. PLANETAE MARTIAE ANNALES _____
- III. A.D. MMI: ODYSSEA IN SPATIO _____
- IV. ITER AD MEDIAM TERRAM _____
- V. ALIENUS IN TERRA ALIENA _____
- VI. TEMPORIS ROTA _____
- VII. HOBBITUS _____
- VIII. LUDUS EIUS QUI TERMINAT _____
- IX. IEDORUM REDITUS _____
- X. TEMPORIS MACHINA _____

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| A. H.G. Wells | F. Frank Herbert |
| B. Ray Bradbury | G. Robert Jordan |
| C. Robert Heinlein | H. J.R.R. Tolkien |
| D. Arthur C. Clark | I. George Lucas |
| E. Jules Verne | J. Orson Scott Card |

DECODING HISTORY



By Alma Pitchford, Latin II student of
By Dr. Laura Abramson, Lakewood H.S., Lakewood, Ohio

97.

Hint: V = R, Z = F

J C B

Z G V T J

J V G P L W G V X J B

B D E B E

IN 53 B.C.

NAME THAT CAR



By Tiana Andrews and Livian Kramer, Latin I students of
Cherover Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

98.

Translate each Latinized name of a car model back into English. Then transfer the numbered letters to spell out a Latin proverb at the end of the game and its English translation.

1. Fabula [4] _____
2. Crahro [11] [8] _____ [5] _____
3. Pilum [3] _____
4. Alauda [14] _____
5. Libido [1] [7] _____
6. Legatus [6] [2] _____
7. Ultor [9] _____
8. Umbra [15] _____
9. Aura [12] _____
10. Legatum [10] _____
11. Lincamentum [13] _____

Latin Proverb:

1 2 3 4 2 5 4 6 7 5 8 9

English Translation:

10 4 5 5 11 4 12 13 14 4 9

12 4 15 2 9 4

ON THE ROAD AGAIN



Based on a game by Brett Havranek, Latin III student of
Kim Ryan, Quigley Catholic H.S., Baden, Pennsylvania

101.

In the wordsearch, circle the Latin word(s) for each English travel clue.

1. Hooded traveler's cloak
2. To journey
3. Chariot
4. Two-wheeled merchandise cart
5. Four-wheeled travel carriage
6. Rectangular two-wheeled enclosed carriage of honor
7. Inn
8. Milestone
9. Main road between Rome and Brundisium
10. Branch road that made the complete circuit of the Bay of Naples area
11. Road between Capua and Cumae
12. Inland road between Rome and Brundisium
13. Great coastal road between Rome and Gaul
14. Great northern road between Rome and the Adriatic
15. Great Po Valley road between the Adriatic and Gaul
16. Two-wheeled gig adapted for two passengers and a driver and pulled by one or two horses
17. Lady's litter carried on the backs of two horses
18. Litter carried by slaves
19. Two-wheeled gig driven by the rider and always pulled by two horses
20. Four-wheeled carriage equipped with multiple passenger benches and storage room for luggage.

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



Best Movies of the 80's

By Octavia Ellis,
Latin I student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

99.

- I. IENTACULI SODALITAS _____
- II. SALTARE IMPROBUM _____
- III. BELLA IN VESTITU PUNICEO _____
- IV. LARVARUM DELETORES _____
- V. FEMINA BELLA _____
- VI. CRINI ASPERGO _____
- VII. FERRIS BUELLERI DIES NEFASTUS _____
- VIII. SUMMUM SCLOPETUM _____
- IX. XVI CANDELAE _____
- X. AEGRE MORERE _____



By Esteban Cruz, Latin I student of
Judith Gracie, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

100.

Unscramble the names of the Roman deities below. Then use the bracketed letters to spell out the Latin spelling of the Greek god of the art of medicine.

1. AIEMRNV _____
2. ENPEUNT _____
3. USRTAN _____
4. UACSBCH _____
5. SUNUAR _____
6. LOAOPL _____
7. ATESV _____
8. EPRTUJ _____
9. AIDNA _____
10. YERMCRU _____
11. UOSNMS _____

Greek god of the art of medicine:

Toreumata Romana

(Continued on Pagina Septima)

- illustrations of Roman/Greek coins and relief artwork. Often, there are many such photos in the students' Latin textbooks. Arrange with the school library to check as many of these books as possible out for classroom loan during the days of the project.
- Have each student bring in a large gallon-size zip lock bag with the student's name written on the outside of it.
 - If possible, arrange to borrow a small clay tool for each student from the art department, although these specialized tools aren't really necessary. A simple wooden pencil works just as well.
 - Locate two large buckets to be used for cleanup water during the project. (One will be filled with clear warm water and the second with warm, soapy water.)
 - Obtain a large quantity of low-cost paper towels.
 - Arrange to have two five-foot tables put in your room during the project.
 - If there are no available storage shelves in the classroom, arrange to have enough portable shelving brought in to hold as many of the one-foot square project boards as will be used.
 - Arrange with the school library to have the finished projects displayed in a display case for a week or so at the conclusion of the project. If you like, you may even arrange for the student body at large to vote on the projects on display and offer prizes to the 1st, 2nd and 3rd place winners.

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Order both of the above books from:

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www.BOLCHAZY.COM 847/826-4344

- Decide on a policy that will be followed if students are absent during project workdays.

DAY ONE:

- Introduce the project to the students, explaining how they will be expected to stay focused on their project work during each day assigned to it, and what is expected of them should they happen to be absent during one or more days of the project.
- Give the students time to look through the books provided and choose the Greco-Roman reliefs they wish to copy. (It works best if each student chooses a relief from a separate book. If two students wish to use photos in the same book, the photos should be photocopied.)
- Caution students that if they get terra cotta on their good clothing, **THEY SHOULD NOT ATTEMPT TO WASH IT OFF OR RUB IT OFF WHILE IT IS STILL MOIST.** After it dries, it can be safely brushed off leaving no mark on the clothing. Students who are concerned about ruining their clothing while working on the project should be encouraged to bring in smocks that they can wear.
- Have each student take a plywood board and issue each student one pound of terra cotta.
- Have the students "throw" their lumps of terra cotta down onto their boards forcefully several times to drive out any air bubbles that may be in the clay.
- Instruct them to shape their clay into the basic shape (square, circle, rectangle, etc.) and make it flat and smooth, leaving it an inch to an inch and a half thick.
- Have each student take a single paper towel, wet it and lay it over the clay on its board. The tools being used should also be stored on the board. Then, have each student seal the board with its clay in the large zip lock bag that has his/her name written on it. These should then be stored individually on the shelving provided along with the book or photocopied photo from which each is working. (Be sure students don't stack one on top of another!)
- Instruct the students on how they are to wash their hands at the end of work each day. They should be told to remove the terra cotta from their hands in the first bucket of non-soapy warm water, and then wash their hands in the soapy water and dry with the paper towels provided **BEFORE** going to a restroom to give their hands a final washing. (Both these buckets should be emptied outside into the dirt after each class day. If they are poured into a sink or bathroom stool, the terra cotta residue will clog the drainage pipes.)

DAYS TWO THROUGH FOUR:

- After retrieving his/her project from the shelving, the student should first lightly sketch the chosen design onto the top of the clay.
- Then, using fingers, a clay tool or a wooden pencil, the clay should be shaped so that it resembles the relief being copied.
- Encourage students to experiment with a clay until they discover the best way to work with it. A design can be re-worked indefinitely until it is exactly as desired.
- Don't let students get away with shoddy work that is finished in five minutes. If necessary work with individual students to help them make their projects as beautiful and perfect as possible.

- At the end of each workday, remind students how they are to store their projects and clean their hands.
- If a few talented students do manage to finish beautifully completed projects early, they can be offered extra credit to undertake a second or third project so that all students remain on task during the entire length of the project.

DRYING AND FIRING:

- After the projects are done, they should be left on their plywood work boards and left out of their zip lock bags as they are placed on the shelves to dry for at least two weeks.
- When the projects are dry, they should be carefully transported to the kiln for firing.
- After the projects are fired, they can be put on display and judged, if this is what has been arranged.

SILVER MIRROR-BACK DECORATED WITH THE HEAD OF A YOUNG WOMAN IN RELIEF FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF MENANDER IN POMPEII WOULD MAKE AN EXCELLENT PROJECT MODEL



How Well Did You Read?

102.

- Quas res Dominus McGregorius in horto suspendit ut merulus terreret?*
- What is Greece asking the British Museum to return?
- What high school's Latin students have built an 8ft. by 16 ft. terra cotta model of the excavations at Pompeii?
- With which bird does the sorceress Circe share her name?
- Which deity was the victim of a nasty April Fool's joke?
- In which of his books did Frontinus describe the many tricks used by military commanders?
- According to "The Buzz," what caused the death of Homer?
- Who is "The Mysterious Lady of Eleusis"?
- How has *Arpino*, Italy, commemorated its native son, Cicero?
- Which emperor always wore a *petasus* outdoors, summer or winter?

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

The Board of Directors of Pompeiana, Inc., had set a goal of having a \$500,000.00 Endowment in place by the beginning of 2003 which would have enabled Pompeiana, Inc., to continue as a National Center for the Promotion of Latin in the Twenty-First Century.

The most recent contribution of \$100 to this fund has come from the **Barrington H. S. Latin Club, Barrington, Illinois**. Unfortunately, despite the generous support of Barrington H.S. and scores of Latin classes and Latin clubs across America, along with individual student and adult supporters, as of March 11, 2003, only \$9,100.00 has been contributed to the fund.

Unless an **Angel Contributor** were to decide to donate \$490,900.00 to the fund in the immediate future, the Board of Directors has no choice but to instruct its current Executive Director, Dr. B. F. Barcio, to discontinue the operations of Pompeiana, Inc., at the conclusion of the 2002-2003 school year.

Quam Plurimi Libri Quam Minimi Venditi

Teachers and all Adult Members of Pompeiana, Inc., are encouraged to look over the list of **TEXTBOOK GIVEAWAY ITEMS** that is being mailed with this issue.

We had to reduce the size of the print to save on reproduction costs, but members who find it difficult to read should feel free to enlarge the print using any standard photocopier.

Since Pompeiana, Inc., will be discontinuing the **TEXTBOOK GIVEAWAY PROGRAM** at the end of this school year, it is important that all those who think they could use any of the vertical files, texts or audio-visual materials still available submit their requests ASAP.

For those who are not familiar with this program, Pompeiana, Inc., accepts materials donated by classicists across the U.S.A., organizes them, and sends them to any Adult Members simply for the cost of *Library Rate* (if shipped to a school) or *Media Mail* (if shipped to a home) postage and a \$2.00 handling charge per order to help cover the cost of shipping materials and delivery to the post office.

Since the list of items available changes daily as items are requested and shipped out, orders should be placed either by phone (317/255-0589 with credit card handy) or via the **To Order Items** link at www.Pompeiana.com.

Only school purchase orders can be invoiced.

FREDERIC CLARK
LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

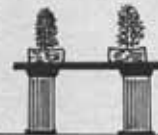


Now an ex-consul disgraced
by the recent
"Villagate" Scandal, Consul
Flavius employs his ample literary
talents and writes a tell-
all political memoir...

And next on "SPQR-SPAN Bookshelf" we'll interview former Consul
Flavius, who has recently published the shocking exposé
"What I Knew and
When I Knew It."

"QUID SCIVI-
ET UBI ID
SCIVI"
A Political
Tragedy in
Dactylic Hexameter

SPQR-SPAN



PG. 1-03

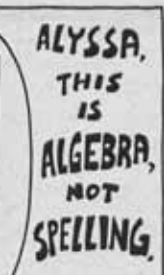
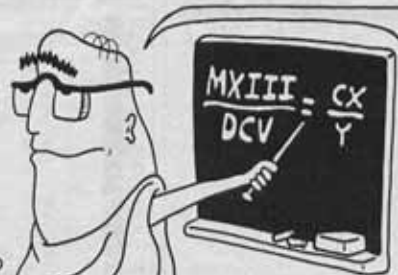
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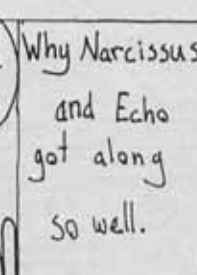
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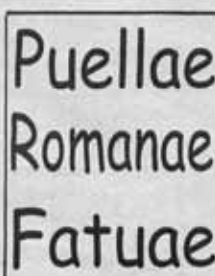
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6. Cleverly written essays (300-400 words) about anything Roman. These may be serious or tongue-in-cheek parodies. Pompeiana, Inc., attempts to publish as much spontaneously submitted work as possible, but it cannot guarantee publication.

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

90.

Carmina Optima

- I. The Four Horsemen
- II. Fade to Black
- III. Ride the Lightning
- IV. Master of Puppets
- V. One
- VI. Harvester of Sorrow
- VII. Finer Sandman
- VIII. Nothing Else Matters
- IX. Unforgiven
- X. Until It Sleeps
- XI. Hero of the Day
- XII. King Nothing
- XIII. Fuel
- XIV. The Memory Remains
- XV. No Leaf Clover
- XVI. I Disappear
- XVII. Mama Said
- XVIII. And Justice For All
- XIX. Garage, Inc.
- XX. Die, Die, My Darling

91.

Scrambled English

1. G, blind
2. E, secretly
3. H, morning
4. A, scarcely
5. J, surrender
6. L, hall
7. B, skilled
8. F, prayer
9. D, evening
10. C, light

92.

Modern History Ancient Dates

1. J (A.D. 1669)
2. D (A.D. 1912)
3. B (A.D. 1492)
4. I (A.D. 1941)
5. L (A.D. 1865)
6. C (A.D. 1939)
7. K (A.D. 1776)
8. E (A.D. 1998)
9. H (A.D. 1914)
10. G (A.D. 1963)
11. A (A.D. 1815)
12. F (A.D. 1944)

93.

Know Your Landmarks

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

95.

Truism

1. Carpe Diem
2. De Facto
3. Per Capita
4. Post Mortem
5. Diction
6. Lapsus Linguae
7. Vice Versa

LATIN LIVES

96.

Libri Optimi

- I. F. Dune
- II. B. The Martian Chronicles
- III. D. 2001: A Space Odyssey
- IV. E. Journey to the Center of the Earth
- V. C. Stranger in a Strange Land
- VI. G. The Wheel of Time
- VII. H. The Hobbit
- VIII. J. Ender's Game
- IX. I. Return of the Jedi
- X. A. The Time Machine

97.

Decoding History

THE
FIRST
TRUMVIRATE
ENDED
IN 53 B.C.

101.

On The Road Again

1. Pansola
2. Iter facere
3. Currus
4. Carrus
5. Carruca
6. Carpentum
7. Cauponis
8. Millaria
9. Via Appia
10. Via Domitiana
11. Via Campana
12. Via Latina
13. Via Aurelia
14. Via Flaminia
15. Via Aemilia
16. Clisum
17. Baustina
18. Lectica
19. Eisedum
20. Rueda

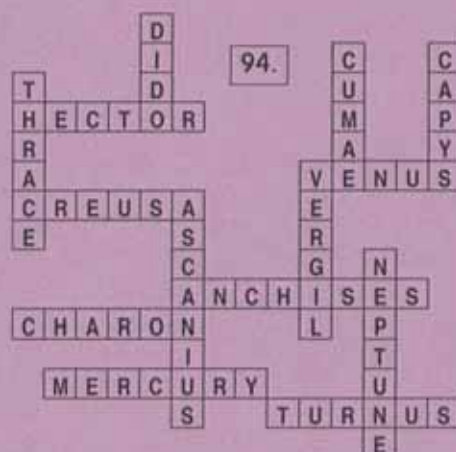
98.

Name That Car

1. LEGEND
2. HORNET
3. JAVELIN
4. SKYLARK
5. CAPRICE
6. AMBASSADOR
7. AVENGER
8. SHADOW
9. BREEZE
10. LEGACY
11. CONTOUR

CAVEAT EMPTOR

LET THE BUYER BEWARE



94.

99.

Picturae Moventes

- I. The Breakfast Club
- II. Dirty Dancing
- III. Pretty in Pink
- IV. Ghost Busters
- V. Pretty Woman
- VI. Hairpray
- VII. Ferris Bueller's Day Off
- VIII. Top Gun
- IX. 16 Candles
- X. Die Hard

102.

How Well Did You Read?

1. *Petri vestem et calceas*
2. Their collection of Elgin Marbles
3. Carmel H.S., Carmel, Indiana
4. The hawk
5. Zeus
6. Strategems
7. A riddle he could not solve
8. Demeter
9. It has displayed his bust on the facade of its high school.
10. Augustus

Magistri et Magistrae!

Don't miss out on the wonderful items still available through the Textbook Giveaway! Be sure to look over the enclosed reduced-print list (current as of the 2nd week of March, 2003) of the teaching files, books and audio-visual material still available. Since this is the final year for this program, all items must go.

Please do not send any more new items as they will not be able to be distributed by Pompeiana, Inc., in the future.

100.

Scrambling up Mount Olympus

1. Minerva
2. Neptune
3. Saturn
4. Bacchus
5. Uranus
6. Apollo
7. Vesta
8. Jupiter
9. Diana
10. Mercury
11. Somnus

AESCLAPIUS

Peter Rabbit

Once upon a time there were four rabbits whose names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-Tail and Peter. They lived with their mother in the woods beneath a root of a very large fir tree.

One day at dawn, the mother said, "Now, my dears, you can go into the fields and along the path, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden. Your father was captured there. Now run along and don't get into mischief. I am going to buy bread."

Then the mother took her basket and umbrella and went through the woods to the baker. Meanwhile, Flopsy, Mopsy and Cotton-Tail, who were good girl rabbits, were picking blackberries along the path. But Peter, who was very bad, immediately ran to Mr. McGregor's garden and pushed himself under the gate. First he ate lettuce and beans, then he ate several radishes. And then, feeling sick in fact, he went to look for parsley. But suddenly—a terrible thing to witness—Peter immediately ran into Mr. McGregor himself!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees and was planting young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran toward Peter shaking his hoe and shouting, "Stop, thief!" Peter was very frightened; he rushed headfirst through the whole garden, for he had forgotten where the gate was. First Peter lost his shoes, then, running on all four feet, he ran into a net and was caught by his jacket. Peter lost all hope and cried large tears.

When, however, Mr. McGregor arrived with a wicker basket to catch Peter, Peter twisted himself loose, leaving his jacket behind. Peter ran into the tool shed and hid in a watering can, in which—it is horrible to say—was much water. Mr. McGregor saw Peter running into the tool shed and immediately began to look for him in the tool shed, but in vain.

Soon, however, As Mr. McGregor approached the watering can, Peter leapt out of the watering can and jumped through the open window. Luckily, the window was too small, and Mr. McGregor could not chase him. Besides, Mr. McGregor was now tired of running after Peter. Therefore, he returned to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and was trembling, and he had no idea where he should go. But after a little while Peter began to wander through the garden—going carefully and looking around. Looking around the whole garden, Peter saw Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned toward Peter, and the gate was just beyond him!

Very quietly, Peter ran as fast as possible to the gate. Mr. McGregor suddenly saw him, but it didn't matter to Peter. He fled under the gate and was safe at last.

Mr. McGregor hung Peter's jacket and shoes in the garden as a scarecrow.

And Peter did not quit running, nor did he look back until he got home to the big fir tree.

We are sorry to say that Peter did not feel very well during the evening. His mother put him to bed and made chamomile tea for him to drink. But Flopsy, Mopsy and Cotton-Tail dined on bread and milk and blackberries.