

# POMPEIIANA

NEWSLETTER



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## BUTTERFLIES

By Daniel Long  
Translated into Latin by A. Melissa Hardy,  
Latin III student of Judith Grunewald,  
Valley H.S., Las Vegas Nevada

Erant papilionum  
Erant carla aestiva  
Et flores extrinseci,  
Quando omnia a Caesare iusta,  
Et omnes pyramides  
Factae erant pulvis.  
Quis dicit castra aestiva,  
Quis dicit papilionum  
Esse breves?



The buzzword this month is--are you ready for this?--"Trivium."

According to the New Merriam-Webster, "Trivium" refers to "the three liberal arts of grammar, rhetoric and logic in a medieval university."

When the term is used nowadays, however, folks are generally not discussing the curricula of medieval universities. They tend to be discussing the core of Classical Education much desired by parents who are sending their students by the carload to new public and parochial schools and academies that are springing up everywhere.

The founders of these new schools which offer the much desired return to Classical Education believe that the Trivium represents the three learning stages of a child's cognitive development.

The Grammar Stage emphasizes concrete thinking and memorization (yes, that once forbidden word has now been given a new "glow") of the fundamental rules of each subject.

The Logic Stage emphasizes analytical thinking and understanding the ordered relationships among subjects.

The Rhetoric Stage emphasizes abstract thinking and eloquent articulation of all subjects.

Medieval educators did not, of course, invent these divisions and approaches to study. They closely resemble the ancient Roman levels of study familiar to Latin students as the *Ludus Litterarius*, the *Ludus Grammaticus* and the *Ludus Rhetoricus*, this last usually located on a Greek isle.

Special thanks to the Delta Academy,  
2323 N. Park Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46255  
317/523-3542



## BELLUM RECENTISSIMUM IN TERRA ANTIQUISSIMA

In televisione omnes cotidie spectant bellum quod in Iraq geritur. Pauci, autem, cognoscunt huius terrae historiam antiquam.

Huius terrae pars septentrionalis a Romanis "Macedonia" appellabatur; ab Arabis "Al Jazirah" appellabatur. Huius terrae pars australis a Romanis "Babylonia," ab Arabis "Iraq Arabi" appellabatur.



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE HANGING GARDENS

In hac terra erant urbs antiqua Babylon, ille famosus Hortus Pensilis, ille Bab-ili Turris. Horum trium Bab-ili Turris antiquissima erat. Noe progenies hanc urbem construxit.

Urbis antiqua Babylon in cunabula cultus erat. Temporibus antiquissimis erat caput orbis terrarum. In hac urbe erant origines iudiciorum et iustitiae quae in Codicibus Hammurabi fundatae erant. Babylonis rex maximus erat Nebucadnezar qui anno DCV ante Christum rex factus est. Nebucadnezar XLIII annos regnavit. Quia uxor eius, Amyitis, desiderabat colles silvasque paternas, Nebucadnezar construxit illum famosum Hortum Pensilem qui erat unum Septem Miraculorum Mundi.

## POMPEIANA, INC. NOW PART OF HISTORY

It had a long run, almost thirty years from the summer of 1974 to the summer of 2003! The time has come, however, for the founder and Executive Director of Pompeiana, Inc., Dr. Bernard F. Barcio, to retire, and for Pompeiana, Inc., to cease its operations.

Pompeiana, Inc., was definitely a labor of love for Dr. and Mrs. Lillian Barcio who, in addition to raising a family and juggling several different careers, devoted their lives to the ten primary purposes spelled out in Pompeiana's Articles of Incorporation:

1. Aid in maintaining and expanding outstanding classical studies programs which are already functioning at the secondary school level.
2. Devise local, state and national media promotional tactics.
3. Act as a resource center for all material and programs related to classical studies for secondary schools.
4. Deliver enrichment programs to Latin, English and Ancient History classrooms.

5. Formulate and present programs on classical studies to secondary school assemblies and community groups.

6. Supply secondary school counselors and administrators with promotional materials for classical studies programs.

7. Sponsor and coordinate such nationwide Latin-oriented multi-discipline projects as the National Catapult Contest.

8. Conduct special interest programs in Classical studies for local and state area youth and adults.

9. Sponsor high-interest summer study/travel programs in Classical Studies.

10. Continually generate and sponsor the production of new materials, programs and approaches to accomplish the above-mentioned goals.

Dr. and Mrs. Lillian Barcio are proud that all of the above primary purposes were well-achieved, with the exception of #9, for which adequate funding could never be obtained.

Pompeiana, Inc., is proud to have in-

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)



Under the brow of Rome's Capitoline Hill, at the northwestern end of the Forum, rises one of the few buildings left over from the era of the Republic (509-30 B.C.). This is the old Hall of Records, the *Tabularium*, which dates to the year 675 A.V.C. (78 B.C.) according to an inscription found on an interior wall.

Built by the order of the consul Quintus Lutatius Catulus, the immense central depository for the state archives featured two stories supporting a loggia of the Doric order. This was capped with an attractive, statue-lined balustrade. The *Tabularium*, when completed, gave the Forum a handsome and impressive architectural backdrop.

The facility derived its name from the thousands of *tabulae* (bronze or wooden tablets) stored there. These finely engraved plates bore the laws of the land, important decrees of the Senate, terms of peace treat-

ties and the like.

Prior to the *Tabularium's* existence, such public documents were stored in various religious buildings throughout the city. In his sweeping history, Livy notes:

"A decree was passed by the Senate in 306 A.V.C. directing that all records be safeguarded in the Temple of Ceres, under the supervision of the *aediles*."

In another chapter, he writes:

"The censors went up to the Temple of Liberty where they sealed the books of the public records."

We know too that the Temple of Saturn was used to store the financial reports of the quaestors and, for some reason, all death-sentence verdicts as well.

Suetonius, the widely read biographer

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ANCIENT BABYLON

Iraq moderna non est omnis deserta, et non solum oleum terrigenum producit—quamquam haec est imago solita in televisione visa. Pars australis deserta est, sed in partibus septentrionalibus agricolae et armentarii laborare possunt. In aliis campis septentrionalibus multum pluit, in aliis irrigare necesse est. Quoque in partibus septentrionalibus sunt montes in quibus sunt multae arbores.

Illi qui studiis classicis et archaeologiae student sperant hoc bellum recentissimum has ruinas antiquissimas et populum qui in cunabula cultus hodie habet non destructum esse.

## AntiFact

By Dave Hand, Latin I student of Angela Letizia, Hollidaysburg Area Sr. H.S., Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania



Dr. Zeus, pictured above, was awarded his Ph.D. ca. 2000 B.C. for his invaluable research on food poisoning and its prevention. His major admonition, as recorded by later Latin authors read:

"Noli edere nec ova viridia nec pernam viridem!"

"Thou shalt not eat green eggs, nor shalt thou eat green ham."

## The Beautiful Violacae virflaruber

Based on a Modern Myth submitted by Laura Foust, Latin III student of Jennifer Stebel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

One day, Iris, the good sister of the Harpies, came to Jupiter. She asked him if he could create something that would brighten people's spirits after a rainstorm. She pointed out that rainstorms make humans depressed and that when they are depressed, they neglect their temples and shrines.

Jupiter was touched by Iris' sincerity. He was especially glad that one of the children of Thaumias and Electra was finally interested in something other than kidnapping maidens and tormenting blind soothsayers and Trojan survivors. So, after thinking a while, Jupiter decided to create something that would make the dark sky brighter as soon as a rainstorm was over. Colors!

He decided to fill the sky with a bow of colors after a rainstorm. If the storm took place during the day, the sun would help

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# POMPEIANA, INC. NOW PART OF HISTORY

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

roduced Latin teachers and students across the nation to The National Catapult Contest, National Chariathons for Latin, Latin Weekender Conferences, a Persona-Presenters Speakers Bureau, an annual Textbook Give-away Program, and the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER, the only national monthly publication in the world for secondary school students of Latin.

It is also proud to have produced and made available to Latin teachers a *Ferias Agamus* booklet, a set of Latin Cultural Drill Tapes and Accompanying Study Sheets, The Life and Training of a Roman Legionnaire Video, a set of Roman Emperor Posters and more. The copyrights on these items are available for purchase by interested publishers.

Article 15 of the Articles of Incorporation of Pompeiana, Inc., spells out how its dissolution is to be handled:

"Upon the dissolution of the corporation, the Board of Directors shall, after paying or making provision for the payment of all of the liabilities of the corporation, dispose of all of the assets of the corporation organized and operated exclusively for charitable and educational purposes as shall at the time qualify as an exempt organization under section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954 (or the corresponding provision of any future United States Internal Revenue Law), as the Board of Directors shall determine at the time of dissolution."

Dr. and Mrs. Lillian Barcio, along with the members of the Board of Directors, thank all those students, teachers, classicists, supporters and friends who have helped Pompeiana, Inc., promote Classical Studies during the past twenty-nine years.

Valete Omnes!

## Diamantine Poetry From Across the U.S.A.

Liberi  
Securi, Iocosi  
Ludent, Clamant, Rident.  
Sunt Hilares.  
Liberi

By Becky Weinstein, Latin III student of  
Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S.,  
Orchard Park, New York

Littera  
Charta, Longa  
Scribo, Mitto, Accipio  
Poeticus, Brevis  
Nota

By Brittany Moss, Latin II student of  
St. Margaret's, S.S.J.,  
Nazareth Academy, Bensalem, Pa.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Munera  
Pugnare, Clamare  
Fortia, Potentia, Crudelia  
Incitata, Superata  
Munera

By Robyn Dullani, Latin III student of  
Joan Esterling, Beaufort H.S.,  
Beaufort, South Carolina

Puella  
Pulchra, Benigna  
Dominatur, Superat, Conatur  
Volat cum vento  
Rober

By Tracy Rosenberg, Latin III student of  
Virginia Wilds, West Shore Jr/Sr H.S.,  
Melbourne, Florida

Stiria  
Glacialis, Perlucida  
Lucescens, Sublustris, Scintillans  
Rigidus, Rasilis  
Hiemalis

By Allison Jacobs and Katie Hendrian,  
Latin II students of  
St. Mary's, SC, Sevier H.S.,  
Chattanooga, Ohio

## The Beautiful Violacaevirflaruber

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

produce the colors, and if the storm took place at night, the light of the moon would do the job.

Jupiter summoned Iris to his throne room and announced his decision. He gave Iris the task of choosing the colors that would fill the sky. He said that he was placing her in charge of the bow of colors that would appear in the sky after a rainstorm. Iris was thrilled. Imagine her, the daughter of Thaumus and Electra being assigned a divine role by Jupiter. Wouldn't her Harpy sisters be jealous of her now after years of putting her down because she didn't share their ladybird shapes and their interest in tormenting people? At first, Iris thought she would have all the Olympic deities tell her their favorite colors so they could all be included in this wonderful bow of colors that would appear after each rainstorm. Then she realized that twelve colors might be too many to include—too gaudy. So she decided she would just offer the honor to five deities.

The first deity that Iris approached for a color suggestion was Bacchus, the god of wine and revelry. Bacchus chose the color *violaceus* because that was the color of wine. He said this would be a great color because humans drank a lot of wine during all their major celebrations.

Then Iris approached Mercury and asked him to suggest a color. But Mercury believed he was not worthy of such an honor, so he suggested that she ask Neptune, the god of the sea, instead. Iris thanked Mercury and went off to find Neptune. The more she thought about it, she realized that Neptune was a good choice since humans everywhere relied on the sea for food. Neptune suggested the color *caeruleus* since it was the color of his seas. Iris thought this was very fitting. *Caeruleus* was indeed a very relaxing color and would certainly help calm humans down after a bad rainstorm. She then went off to give another deity the honor of participating.

Before Iris could decide whom to approach next, Minerva approached her. She had heard about what was going on and she said that she wanted the honor of suggesting one of the colors to be used. Iris agreed to let Minerva suggest a color because she was, after all, one of the most important goddesses for the human race. Minerva chose the color *viridis* because the olive was green and she had created it. At first, Iris wasn't sure, but then she remembered how happy all humans get when the world turns green in the spring. The third color would be *viridis*.

Before Iris could choose another deity to approach, she was sharply summoned back to the throne room of Jupiter. Jupiter had heard that Iris was allowing select deities to suggest the colors she would include in her bow of color, and he felt he, above all the others, should be given the same honor. Iris apologized for not including him sooner and asked him what color he would like to suggest. Jupiter chose *flavus* because that was the color of his lightning bolts. He wanted everyone to remember his power even though a rainstorm might be over and they were beginning to feel safe and happy again. Iris thanked Jupiter and went off to select the fifth and final deity.

When Iris accidentally ran into Cupid, she decided to see what color he would suggest. Cupid, however, knew that Iris would be in big trouble if she allowed him to choose the final color without having offered the honor to his mother, Venus. So they went to find Venus. Because Venus was the goddess of love, she dealt primarily with matters of the heart. It was no surprise, therefore, that Venus said she would like to see the color *ruber* included in the bow. Iris agreed that this would be perfect since love is one of the most relaxing and reassuring emotions that a human can have.

Iris returned to Jupiter and announced that the five colors she had chosen to appear in the bows of color that would light up the sky after each rainstorm would be *violaceus*, *caeruleus*, *viridis*, *flavus* and *ruber*.

"That's fine," said Jupiter, "and we shall call this colorful bow a *Violacaevirflaruber*."

And so it was known by all for thousands of years. Finally, however, the word became too hard to pronounce, especially as nations developed their own languages and lost the ability to pronounce Latin trippingly on the tongue.

Since the *Violacaevirflaruber* always appeared after a rainstorm, people began to refer to it simply as a bow of color that appeared after a rain storm, or, as one person coined the word, a "rainbow."

Then, of course, as usually happens, people forgot the true origin of this wonderful gift and, instead of remaining eternally grateful to the goddess of their rainbow, Iris, they began to attribute this wonderful display of color to light that was being reflected off a pot of gold that some leprechaun had left lying in a field.

Go figure!

## Vesuvius in Waiting

Poem by Derek Dalton, Latin Honors Student of Dr. Rogers De la Cruz, Superior High School, Superior, Illinois.  
Drawing by Joanne Chan, Latin Honors III student of Kathy Trainor, Boston Latin School, Boston, Massachusetts



The menacing beast of nature oft rears  
Its ugly head, instilling the deepest fear  
In men both pure and reviled; in true  
Keeping with this trend, the foreboding hue  
Which covered the radius of Vesuvius differed none.

Warning to those who lived near for weeks; callous  
Men ignored these, too, and tempted the inevitable.  
By early dawn the mountain had cast the first stone to astral  
Height and held it there in angered clouds.

Yet still Man stayed and met his fate: doubtless arrogance  
Played a role in Jupiter's creation's immobile stance;  
Like all who challenge the strength of Nature, they soon  
Vanished into the obfuscating haze of that great earth-mound.  
Again, as always, Vesuvius now sits, waiting.

## Augustus Gets "Pumped Up"

Based on a submission by Daigo Kawasaki,  
Latin III student of Marianne Colakis,  
The Covenant School, Charlottesville, Virginia

It's impossible! I can't have gray hairs! I surely am not that old. I still enjoy the games as much as ever. I'm still active. Sure, I could work out a little more than I have time for, but I'm still as fit as ever.

The other day as I was on my way to the games, I casually mentioned the fact that I might be getting old to a Senator confidante of mine. He was quick to reply that I, the great Augustus Caesar, the bringer of peace to the Romans, looked as young and vigorous as ever. But I could see in his eyes that he was simply flattering me.

"Well," I thought to myself, "I'll just show him."

As we were coming up to the Imperial Box, I decided I would jump into my seat over the short wall in front of it—a little trick I had done many times to impress Livia when we were first married. Unfortunately, I didn't get my feet up high enough and would have fallen right onto the food table if Tiberius, who had arrived at the box earlier, hadn't been quick enough to catch me. What an indignity! No one laughed, but I knew what they were thinking.

It's because of that little indignity that I have made a commitment to get myself back into shape. I intend to exercise every day, work out with weights.

It's amazing how heavy my old *gladius* seemed when I picked it up the other day. When I was leading my *milites classici* at Actium, it weighed next to nothing—or at least I thought so at the time.

Maybe I should launch a program to encourage all those who hold public office to set an example by keeping themselves in shape. I can be their inspiration.

In fact, I really like this idea. I could have a *palaestra* built right here on the Palatine and invite a few Senators to work out with me on different days. I could call it the *Palaestra Augustana*. Might be a great opportunity to establish some close friendships and learn what most of them have on their minds these days.

Well, enough of that. Right now there's that *convivium* Livia has planned for this evening. As much as I love that woman, she just can't seem to understand that giving dinner parties for more than nine guests at a time is socially uncomfortable. But she does have her reasons. She feels that in large gatherings people let their real personalities shine through. And boy, does she keep the wine flowing. "In vino veritas!" That's her motto. She, of course, lets nothing slip her own gaze and the *ministri* that she keeps strategically situated around the large *triclinia* in which the *convivia* are presented report every overheard conversation or wayward remark to her afterwards.

Of course, once I get the *Palaestra Augustana* built and get myself back into shape, we won't have to worry so much about negative rumors about my ability to lead the Empire.



# Spring... When a Young Latin Student's Thoughts Turn to...

## CATULLUS

By Kelly DeLong,  
Latin V student of Suzanne Romano,  
Academy of Allied Health and Science,  
Neptune, New Jersey

Comical  
Aspiring  
Truly spectacular  
Unbelievably awesome  
Lively and fun  
Loving  
Unusually entertaining  
Soaring into dreamland

Inspiring  
Shining over the rest

Great poet  
Real life event  
Energetic  
All in one book  
Timeless

## Fun Catullus Translations

By Eugenio San Marco, Chicago, Illinois

### LXXXV

With all my heart  
I hate your guts.  
You wonder how I can?  
I don't know.  
I feel so low.  
I guess I'm just a man!

### LXX

My woman says she wants my ring—  
No god is half as nice.  
But what she says when having fun,  
I've learned to write on ice.

### XIII

If gods approve, my Fabulle,  
You'll dine with me within a day.  
Of course, you'll have to bring the food  
And bright skinned girls to set the mood,  
And wine and wit and gentle laughter.  
If you do, you'll dine hereafter.  
Your friend Catullus is quite broke.  
His purse is empty—that's no joke.  
But what you'll find when you arrive  
Will be a love for which gods strive.  
For such a smell comes from my girl  
It's guaranteed to make heads swirl.  
If you but smell this gentle rose,  
You'll wish to love you were all nose.

## Catullus 101

By Brendan D'Arcy, Latin 5 AP student of  
Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S.,  
Orchard Park, New York

Surpassing many people and rough seas  
O brother, for your funeral I came  
Carrying out your last rites  
Fruitlessly I tried to speak to you  
Fortune stole none other than you from me  
Taking you away without a care  
I carry out the ancient customs of my parents  
Accept my tears, O brother  
Goodbye forever

## Catullan Diamante

By Caitlin Williams, Latin III student of Joan Easterling,  
Beaufort H.S., Beaufort, South Carolina

Catullus  
Scribere, Sentire  
Unicus, Vegetus, Animosus  
Amavisse, Odisse  
Canthus

# Spring Return of PERSEPHONE Challenged

Emily Adams, a Latin II student attending Hollidaysburg Area Sr. H.S., in Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, recently suggested a completely different way to look at the change of seasons usually associated with the story of Demeter and Persephone. While retelling the myth in a paper submitted to her teacher of Latin, Magistra Angela Letizia, Emily wrote:

"Zeus arranged a compromise between Demeter and Hades. Persephone would spend two-thirds of each year with her mother and the remaining third with Hades."

Up to this point, Emily was offering the standard version of the myth. What she wrote next, however, seemed to mark a radical departure from standard versions.

"During the summer, while Persephone lived with Hades, the earth became dry and barren, reflecting Demeter's unhappiness. But during the winter, while Demeter and Persephone lived together, crops flourished."

Emily then offered an explanation for her radically different view of the standard growing seasons:

"In Greece, farmers grow crops during the country's mild, moist winters."

At first read, one is tempted to accept Emily's new suggestion and to wonder why everyone else has been misrepresenting the three months of Demeter's mourning as the winter months all these centuries instead of as the summer months, as Emily is proposing.

Further research into the whole Demeter/Persephone saga, however, and a careful study of the Eleusinian Mysteries which commemorated the saga suggests what may have led Emily to her unusual conclusion.

Those who wanted to be initiated into the secret Eleusinian mysteries held to honor both Demeter and her daughter Persephone had to take part in two separate events. The first was the celebration of the Lesser Mysteries which were held at Agrae in Greece during the spring. This celebration coincides with the return of vegetation just after the spring field work began.

The second was the celebration of the Greater Mysteries held at Eleusis in Greece. This celebration began in the middle of what we now call September.

What Emily is suggesting is that the Lesser Mysteries actually commemorate the beginning of the period of mourning that Demeter entered after Persephone was kidnapped, i.e. the beginning of the "dry, barren period of the earth."

And Emily is not entirely wrong.

The solution to the confusion is found, however, when one learns that the whole cycle of celebrating these mysteries was a *trieteris* that eventually became shortened to a two-year celebration cycle. Anyone who wanted to be initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries had to go through a two-year program.

During the first celebration of the Lesser Mysteries at Agrae, the participants did, in fact, mourn for Demeter hav-



ing been kidnapped by Hades. And this is perhaps what led Emily to conclude that the mourning of Demeter corresponded with the following three months of summer.

The second celebration was of the Greater Mysteries at Eleusis during the autumn. This celebration continued the theme of mourning with Demeter for the loss of her daughter.

The third celebration was once again that of the Lesser Mysteries at Agrae. During this celebration Demeter's pregnancy with her son Iacchus was celebrated.

The fourth and final stage of the initiation involves another celebration of the Greater Mysteries at Eleusis in the autumn. This time the celebration commemorated the joy of Demeter as she was rejoined with both her daughter Demeter and her grandson.

In view of the various celebrations included in this two-year cycle, it is easy to see how one might conclude—erroneously—that Demeter's sadness during the first spring celebration would cause her to let the earth lie fallow during the following three months of summer.

It is also easy to see how one might conclude—erroneously—that since Demeter was happy during the second celebration of the Greater Mysteries at Eleusis, the following nine months would be fruitful.

# MERCURY

By Jason Harowitz, Latin II student of  
Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

Born to the loving parents, Jupiter and Maia,  
Like a bird, he is said to be a great "flyer."

As a kid, I'm sure he did not hang out with vandals.

He was too busy learning to fly with winged hat and sandals.

Not just a messenger, he was also a master thief.

When only a few days old, he stole cows from Apollo, causing much grief.

Mercury then made a lyre out of cow guts and a tortoise shell.

Apollo, however, soon ceased to rant and yell.

They agreed on a deal that would let the cows stay,

But Mercury had to give his precious lyre away.

But don't think of Mercury as all bad because of this tale,

For he is the genius who developed the mail.

His name comes from Latin *mercari* that means "to deal or trade."  
It was to accomplish such tasks that he used the sandals he made.

Moreover, he was also the god of business and science.

That soon led to Apollo and him creating an alliance.

At Rome he was celebrated for his works around 95 B.C.

When a temple was built near the Circus Maximus for everyone to see,

His annual festival is only a few days away.

It's celebrated on the 15<sup>th</sup> of May!

Hi! My name is Jimmy Livingsant. My mom says that when I was born, I came gift-wrapped from the Sun God. My first memories, however, are quite hazy. All I remember is a dark place with brown walls and a giant ant. I was placed in a plastic bubble because I had been born with no immunities. A single germ could kill me.

When I was just a larva, my mom took me to my own chamber, away from the rest of the colony at Aswan. Our anthill was enormous—like a castle—and having been given my own sealed chamber for the first time, I felt completely free. My chamber was like a big bubble, with my own bed, lots of toys and two pairs of retractable arms.

Other larvae always wanted me to invite them over to my chamber, but I preferred to hang out with my parents. After we had talked, studied and played all day, it would be time for supper. Supper time was the best! Nothing could beat mom's homemade, sugar-enriched, protein-based, germ-free, fat-free grubbies!

My life was perfect! I was so happy. I sincerely believed that I had everything that any ant could ever want until...until I met Chloe.

Chloe. The most beautiful ant I had ever seen. We started to spend time together. Something unusual was happening to me, but I wasn't quite sure what it was. We spent practically our whole high school time together. We became inseparable—except for the fact that I lived in a bubble room.

I guess I can't really blame her for what happened next. "Hey, Jimmy," Chloe said to me one day, "you know that guy Marco that took me to the prom?" "Yah, I know Marco. What about him?" "Well, he kind of asked me, well, I mean, he sort of suggested..."

"What? That you go leaf sailing?" "No, not that." "That you go sand surfing?" "No. He has something much more serious on his mind."

"He didn't propose or anything like that, did he?" "Well, yes," she said, looking at me with her bright eyes. "This is an important step for me. Since I consider you to be my best friend, I would like to know what you think."

I was totally dumbfounded. I didn't know what I thought. I just stood there like a dummy.

"Jimmy?" "I couldn't even look at her, let alone speak to her." "Jimmy, Marco wants us to be married three days from now at Karnak near Hatshepsut's obelisk." "I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I had always sort of assumed..."

"Jimmy, I hope you will be able to attend. It would mean a lot to me..."

Chloe's voice just sort of trailed off as she realized I wasn't going to give her any kind of a response. I tried to look unconcerned and distracted. Finally, she just left. Just like that.

I immediately realized that I should have said something. I loved Chloe. I thought she knew that. I always assumed she and I would be married as soon as we were ready. I had to stop this wedding—at all costs. Even if it meant leaving my chamber and my anthill, I would do it.

I immediately explained to my parents that I needed to have some sort of a suit that would let me walk around outside of my sealed chamber. And I absolutely had to have it in the next day or so.

My parents, of course, were completely dedicated to me, and would sacrifice anything to provide whatever I needed to be happy and healthy.

Sure enough, the next day, my father presented me with a portable, completely protective bubble suit that would let me go wherever I wanted.

Before I left the anthill, my mom warned me of the dangers of sandstorms, treacherous pink granite quarries, and the germs that could easily kill me if I let anything damage my protective suit. No matter, I was willing to brave anything for Chloe.

The journey to Karnak turned out to be much longer than I had thought it would be. In fact, I was just beginning to despair of being able to get there on time when I met a grasshopper.

"Eh! What are you doing in that bubble?" the tough-looking stranger asked.

"I'm a bubble ant," I replied. "Where you heading?" the grasshopper asked, assuming a more friendly tone.

"Karnak. The girl I love is getting married near the obelisk of Hatshepsut. I want to tell her I love her and ask her to marry me instead."

"I know what you mean," the grasshopper said. "I loved a woman once, and I let her get away too. Don't be like me. Don't live in regret."

"Will you help me get there on time?"



"Sure," the grasshopper said. "I'm Slim, by the way." "I'm Jimmy."

"Well," said Slim, "Hop up on my back. We're going to Karnak to stop a wedding."

Hatshepsut's obelisk was bigger than I had expected. It rose toward the sky, a huge pointer shooting up from the sand.

"Hurry, Slim. As soon as we enter the obelisk, we can ask Queen Hatshepsut to help us stop the wedding."

"You want to go into the obelisk?" Slim laughed. "Of course. Why not?"

"Why not? Because it's made of solid pink granite, that's why not!"

"But," I said confused, "Pink granite? Like from the quarries at Aswan?"

"That's exactly where it came from."

"How did it get here?"

"The Egyptians dragged it here, but nobody knows exactly how they did it," Slim said.

"But I thought the obelisk was like a giant anthill that was used for grand ceremonies."

Slim smiled. "No, it is an ancient structure built by the Egyptians to protect the temples of the sun god, Ra. The top pyramid is a petrified ray of sunlight. It dispels negative forces in their visible and invisible forms. It is plated in gold which Egyptians believed to be the flesh of the gods. There used to be a smaller version of Hatshepsut's obelisk standing next to it, but now it is gone."

"But where is Queen Hatshepsut?"

"Queen Hatshepsut?" Slim laughed. "She died a very long time ago. And even if she were still alive, you would not want to meet her. She would squash you flat."

I looked at him puzzled. All along I had thought that Queen Hatshepsut was a kind ant queen. Why would she want to squash me?

"But why?" I asked.

"Queen Hatshepsut was a human. She hated us ants."

"Queen Hatshepsut was a human. She hated us ants."

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"Queen Hatshepsut was a human. She hated us ants."

"You mean the obelisk is not a glorious anthill?" "No, Jimmy. Sorry to burst your bubble, so to speak."

"Now there's a thought. Maybe I should break this bubble after all. So where do you suppose Chloe's getting married if not in the obelisk?"

"Good question," Slim replied.

For a while, we both just stood there looking around, deep in thought. I felt betrayed and hopeless. All my traveling seemed so worthless.

"You know," Slim finally said, "there is an anthill near the obelisk. Some of the old ants from Aswan were carried here to Karnak years ago, and they made this their home. If your Chloe is anywhere, I'll bet she's at that anthill. Maybe she or her fiancé have relatives that live there."

"I'll bet you're right," I said.

Slim chuckled. "How is it that I know these things, and I'm not even an ant?"

"Well, don't forget that I've spent most of my life living in a very controlled environment. I'm not as worldly wise as you."

I climbed back on Slim's back and we headed for the anthill.

When we landed, Slim said, "Okay, little buddy. Do what you have to do."

I ran toward the anthill and immediately spotted the wedding party. Chloe was just about ready to be led down the aisle.

"Chloe, wait!" I called.

"She can't hear you," Slim said tapping on my bubble.

"Chloe," I yelled again, as I now fumbled to undo the seal and remove my protective bubble so she could hear me better.

"Chloe, Chloe, wait!" I shouted as soon as I had the bubble off.

Chloe turned and took a moment to realize what she was seeing.

"Jimmy! No! Don't do that. You'll get sick and die!" she shouted as she began to run toward me.

"Chloe," I said quietly as we stood face to face. "I would rather spend one moment holding you than the rest of my life knowing that I never could!"

A murmur went through the crowd as they watched the touching scene unfold before them.

"Chloe," I coughed as I suddenly found it very difficult to catch my breath. "Chloe, may I kiss the bride?"

As Chloe let me kiss her, I suddenly grew limp and slumped to the ground.

When I awoke, I looked up to Chloe and my father standing next to me.

"Am I dead?" I asked.

"No," my father replied. "You're not dead."

"Dad, how did you get here?"

"Jimmy, I was right behind you all the time. I wanted to be sure you didn't get hurt or get into any trouble, but I also wanted to let you solve your problem in your own way."

"But, didn't I kill myself when I took my bubble helmet off?"

"No, Jimmy, you didn't. In fact there's nothing wrong with you that your friend Chloe won't be able to cure."

"But," I said feebly, "mom always said I couldn't handle any exposure to germs. I figured that's why I passed out."

"No," my father said, "You're perfectly able to handle a few germs. You just got very excited and very emotional. You passed out because you hyperventilated when Chloe kissed you."

"Chloe, did you get married?"

"Not yet," Chloe answered. "I'm waiting for you to ask me."

"You mean you would be willing to live in a bubble with me?"

"Jimmy," my dad interrupted. "You don't need to live in your bubble room anymore. In fact, you developed a complete set of immunities quite a while ago. Your mother didn't want to tell you because she was afraid she would lose you to the world with all of its distractions and evil influences."

I slowly stood up, not knowing exactly how to react. Then I hugged my father. When I turned to look at Chloe, she looked as pretty as ever.

"I love you, Jimmy," she said. "I've always loved you. I just didn't think..."

"No, I'm the one who just didn't think, Chloe. I should have spoken up a long time ago."

"Well?" Chloe asked.

"Well, what?" I replied.

"Are you going to ask me or not? All my friends are still waiting for a wedding to take place."

And so, I learned a little about Egyptian history, and I made a great friend named Slim, to whom I'll always be grateful for suggesting that I burst my bubble. Because of him I finally got to realize the dream of my life.

## May Day! May Day!

Based on a poem by Tiberius Morton, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

I will not waste my life away  
Because I may not have another day.  
Think I'll go outside and be free.  
Maybe I'll just sit under a tree.  
I might lie back on a rock in a daze  
And let my mind fly off with blue jays.  
For it is in this glorious month of May  
That I shall celebrate my birthday.  
And if you're smart, you won't condemn,  
For you, too, should *Carepe Diem!*



SPLIT DAYS  
WORK DAYS HALF DAYS  
FREE DAYS

## The Romans Had Them All

Based on an article by Bobby Mesner, Latin II student of Judith Grimes, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

Who doesn't appreciate the thrill of hearing the principal announce, "This Friday will be a 'half day'?"

Better yet, who doesn't love "free days"? Of course, the joy of these special days depends entirely upon one's usual involvement in a routine schedule of "workdays."

The Romans, too, had special labels for their days that provided the same thrills for young and old alike.

Besides workdays—the 38-45 *dies fasti* each year which were regular workdays and days on which praetors could render judgments, and 188-194 *dies comitiales* on which popular assemblies and the Senate could meet—Romans enjoyed many free days: 48-50 *dies nefasti* on which courts could not be in session and the *Comitia* could not assemble, 53-59 *dies religiosi* on which special religious *feriae* were celebrated.

And then there were religious half days! Each year eight days were labeled as *dies intercalari*. These were days on which no work or legal activity was permitted during the morning so that folks would be free to attend special religious sacrifices. Once these were over, the workday would resume.

The Romans even had three split days that were labeled *dies fissi*. These were regular workdays that were interrupted for a brief time (sort of like when school is interrupted for a moment of silence at 11:00 a.m. on November 11 or at noon on September 11) while a brief religious activity—such as sweeping out the Temple of Vesta on June 15—was performed.

In order to obtain even more enjoyment out of their free days, half days and split days, Romans *always* had a countdown going—such as we do when we are counting down the number of days left in the school year! Instead of looking backwards—as we do by keeping track of how many days have passed since the 1<sup>st</sup> of the month—Romans always said how many days were left until the next major monthly event, i.e., the *Nones* (nine days before the Ides), the *Ides* (when bills usually fell due) and the *Kalends* (the first day of the next month). This is why dates such as May 13, May 14 and May 15 were called, on a Roman calendar, *a.d. III Idus Maias*, *Pridie Idus Maias* and *Idus Maias*. May 16, of course, was called *a.d. XVII Kalendas Iunias*.

The abbreviation "a.d." stood for *ante diem* which was an idiomatic phrase that took the accusative. The Latin word *pridie* was considered to be an adverb.

So, how many days are left in your school year before you'll get to enjoy a couple of months of free days?

## PANDORA'S DEFEAT

By Mary T. Voter, Latin IV student of Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

"The mortals grew bold, given fire:  
The yield of Prometheus' deceit.  
Zeus—fearing this novel audacity—  
Sent forth a woman of lethal conceit."

Sent by Hephaestus, I stepped in with the mortals,  
Epimetheus' unexpected wife,  
A reluctant husband he made—he'd been warned  
That gifts from Zeus would cause him strife.

An elusive dowry Zeus had included:  
A simple box, locked, and its key.  
I'd been warned not to touch, but somehow a  
spark  
Did ignite my curiosity.

I was certain the box contained luxury gifts.  
I could not resist the temptation.  
I tore open the lid and, much to my dismay,  
Unleashed the horrors of Zeus' creation.

I panicked—such demons! Temptation be cursed.  
I watched the world darken around me.  
Humanity's atrocities crept into each home—  
The victims of my foolishness slept soundly.

But quietly last, hope twinkled its way:  
A glimmer, a light, through the sorrow.  
Pandora's my name. Though a hero I'm not,  
I'm the promise of every tomorrow.

## ARIADNE, After the Minotaur

By Lucilia Ariadne Fische, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

A warm Mediterranean breeze drifted through the swaying palms on Naxos. Waves roared onto the shore leaving a trail of salt encrusted sand. Further up on the shore, a young girl slept in the shade of a palm tree. Unfortunately for her, the entire bird population of Naxos also decided to enjoy the palm tree that day.

"Splat!" The sleeping Ariadne woke with a start. Rolling over in the sand, she stared quizzically at the rolling waves. "What the...?" Only minutes ago, it seemed, she had been sailing across the sea with her own Greek hero.

Now she stood alone on Naxos with bird droppings drying on her forehead. The Athenian ship had gone, taking Theseus away from her. How could he have abandoned her?

Ariadne waded into the surf, washing her face in the salty water. Salty tears fell into the waves as Ariadne sank down into the shallow water and began to sob. Here, in the midst of all this beauty, she was alone. Her only love had gone, abandoning her to her fate. She had helped him when he had needed her, and now he was gone.

She sat on the beach and let the waves wash over her. What did anything matter now? Theseus had arrived on Crete like a dream, breaking into Ariadne's dull, royal life like a brilliant, gleaming Greek god. She had instantly fallen in love with him, and had helped him in his mission to kill the Minotaur. Without her help, he would never have succeeded.

He had fled Crete victorious, taking Ariadne along as his companion. They were almost to Greece when Theseus stopped the ship at the island of Naxos so they could all spend the night sleeping on shore. In the morning, she awoke alone, and abandoned.

Ariadne stood and looked across the horizon. All seemed lost, hopeless. Sitting on a rock, she stared blankly at the sea as it grayed in the setting sun. The wind began to blow. Ariadne, wet from the waves, shivered. She moved behind a large rock and huddled down out of the wind. She drifted off to sleep.

Ariadne awoke with a start. A light was reflected on the surface of the water, just off shore. Ariadne arose and moved to the cover of a cluster of palm trees. As the light drew closer, she recognized the figure of a man draped in purple robes, a crown of grape vines around his head. Ariadne caught her breath, her heart racing. Could it be? Dionysus here? She trembled as she shut her eyes tightly and tried to disappear behind the largest tree.

When she opened her eyes again, Dionysus himself stood before her, laughing quietly, bathed in light.

"Ariadne, all is not lost. Theseus must fulfill his own destiny, and you must complete yours," he said. "And it is your destiny to accompany me to Olympus."

Ariadne was shocked, but felt strangely consoled by the words of this immortal. Her options being limited, she agreed to go to Olympus. Dionysus proved to be more kind and gentle than Theseus, and twice as devoted. On their wedding day, Dionysus lifted to Ariadne's head a golden crown encrusted with gems.

The two lived happily until Ariadne's death, for she had not been given the gift of immortality. Looking upon his lost love, Dionysus was overcome by deep sadness. He knelt and lifted the crown from her head, placing it in the sky where it became a constellation which radiates Ariadne's image to this day.

## Ceyx &amp; Halcyone

Based on a poem by Zach Carr, Eighth Grade Latin student of Betty Whitaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, Indiana

Ceyx and Halcyone were happy together,  
Until Ceyx's brother died in very bad weather.  
Ceyx sailed away to visit the dead,  
But before he was drowned, to Neptune he said,  
"Carry my body back to my wife  
So she may know of the end of my life."  
When Ceyx did not return, Halcyone prayed to  
Hera.  
And Hera ordered Hypnos the news to share.  
Hypnos sent Morpheus who told in a dream  
Ceyx has drowned, in her sleep Halcyone did scream.  
The next day while walking along a cliff  
Halcyone saw Ceyx's body floating—dead and stiff.  
In her grief she jumped down into the sea.  
But Poseidon changed them into birds who both now fly  
free.

## DAEDALUS

By Ben Starobin, Latin II student of Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

I once was a man who had talented hands.  
I was seen with respect throughout ancient lands.  
Out of jealousy and rage my nephew Talos I did kill.  
I was able to lure him to fall off a hill.

My son and I were thrown out of the city.  
Not one person at all had any pity.  
I fled to Crete in the Mediterranean Sea.  
The king needed a builder so he kept me with glee.

Minos had me build a maze of walls.  
This is where the Minotaur would live and fight all his  
brawls.  
When I finished the job and wanted to put out to sea,  
King Minos informed me he could not agree.

Being Athenian, I devised a way to get out.  
That my son and I could fly, I had no doubt.  
So I built large wings made of feathers and wax.  
My son, Icarus, however, flew up to the max.

Flying too close to the sun, he plunged from the sky.  
I kept on flying to a small island nearby.  
King Cocalus welcomed me warmly with open arm.  
When Minos' men tried to get me, he did them great harm.

There is no shame to say my name—  
I'm Daedalus of mythic fame.  
My name means "one who is cunningly wrought."  
No one was more clever—that's what people thought.

Pompeii:  
Pompeii

By Marcus Hampton and Aeolus Connor, Latin IV students of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Pompeii, we do you wrong.  
Your once-inhabitants turn in their ashy graves  
At our many stumbling attempts at tribute.  
Nails-on-chalkboard fanfares,  
Intermixed with kazoo orchestra virtuosity,  
Rail against the mountain like the yowling cat  
Against the hand throwing the shoe.

We lament for your people,  
Their terror, their agony inadvertently mocked  
By our clumsiness—  
Their last gasps of ashen air martyred for  
Rhyme and Grade.

Forgive us, the drunken chorus,  
For trespassing on your graves  
With staggering feet and muddled minds,  
For tripping, for stumbling, for falling.

Our songs fall headfirst downward, wordless,  
As though stifled by the ash—as the city.

## Black Pearl Hooves

By Carolyn Jordan, Latin I student of Jonathan Rocky with the collaboration of her English teacher, Dr. Sharon Traver, The American Academy, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

In my shield I glance and pray,  
"Zeus, allow my sword full sway!"  
To look upon Medusa's face  
Would petrify me in this place.  
Vipers frame the Gorgon's head;  
They snap at me and wish me dead.  
I, Perseus, sought to end her soul,  
But from her blood emerged a foal.  
A radiant light from its heart does glow;  
The perfect colt begins to grow.  
From his frame graceful wings unfold;  
In his silvery mane lie threads of gold.  
Black pearl hooves shine with glory;  
Each step he takes, water fills a quarry.  
This majestic creature Pegasus is named;  
For wisdom and daring he will be famed.  
Out of the depths of evil and pain  
Something beautiful will remain.  
On Mount Olympus he will dwell;  
Just see the stars—the truth they tell.



Cura Matrona,

I am hoping that you will be able to offer me advice that will help me lead a rewarding and enjoyable life instead of the one that my *pater* has all planned out for me.

For years now, I have been engaged to Loreia, the *filia* of Marcus Loreius Tiburtinus. Although my *pater*, Iulius Polybius, is a comfortably wealthy man, he has always had a lot of respect for Tiburtinus and decided, when I was ten years old, that it would be an advantage to our *familia* if our two *familiae* were linked by my leading Loreia in *matrimonium*. My *pater* inherited his marble-import business from my *avus*, and it is his intention that I should take over the business in the future.

Matrona, while I mean no disrespect to my *pater*, I really have no interest in leading anyone in *matrimonium* at this time or in running our *avus'* marble import business. I'm a fun-loving guy who enjoys dancing artistically. Ever since I saw a *fabula saltica* performed in our *theatrum*, I have wanted to be a *pantomimus*. Ac-

cording to my friends whom I frequently entertain with my dancing abilities, I have a natural talent at interpreting a *canticum* to the accompaniment of a *tibicen*. Every town that I know of in Campania has a *theatrum* and, given the popularity of *fabulae salticae*, I know that I could quickly be on my way to a wonderful career on stage.

I know that my *pater* will be very disappointed when I tell him of my plans, but I also know that he would be very proud to have a son who becomes a popular *pantomimus*, as I fully intend to do.

Matrona, how can I tell my *pater* of my aspirations in a way that will not drive him into a *paterfamilias* rage? I certainly wouldn't want him to disown me, or worse yet, kill me or sell me into slavery, as I know is his right.

Iulii Polybi Filius  
Pompeii

Cura Fili,

I have always been a firm believer that a *filius* should honor his *pater* by following the trade or occupation that his *pater* intends for him to follow and *ducere* in *matrimonium* the *sponsa* arranged for him by his *pater*. You are wise to acknowledge that, as *paterfamilias*, your *pater* would be entirely within his rights to vent the full force of his anger on you if you refuse to follow his guidance.

There is advice I can offer you, and I shall start with your *sponsa*. In this regard, you have absolutely no option but to *ducere* in *matrimonium* the *filia* of Marcus Loreius Tiburtinus. Not to do so would not only create a hostile relationship between your two *familiae*, but it would also destroy Loreia's life. Any girl who is rejected by her *sponsus* or whose *sponsus* dies before she was led in *matrimonium* is generally marked for life as a "*puella ingrata*" or "*puella infelix*."

Concerning your desire not to follow in your *avus'* foot-

steps as a marble importer, you may have a couple options. You didn't mention it in your letter, but if you have a younger brother who is equally as intelligent as you, you might have a chance of persuading your *pater* to pass the business on to him instead. If you are the only son of your *pater*, you will have to obey his wishes and learn to run the family business. Once you do take over the business, and are no longer under the *manus* of your *pater*, you may be in a position to turn the everyday management of the business over to hirelings and devote your time to following your dream of becoming a *pantomimus*. Or, you might even be in a position to sell the business and use the money to support your *familia* as you pursue your new career in *scaena*.

I must tell you, however, that, as a wealthy businessman, you would have more of a chance of sponsoring *fabulae salticae* than you would of breaking into that world as a *pantomimus*. Since it is true that *fabulae salticae* have indeed become a respected art form since Pylades and Bathyllus first introduced them to Roman audiences 100 years ago under *Imperator* Augustus, they do appeal primarily to the cultivated tastes of the upper classes. Not only would you face a great deal of competition trying to break into that world as a *pantomimus*, but there would be a very limited demand for your skills. You would have an easier time taking your talents to the *scaena* as a *mimus*. And you would probably have a lot more fun, too. While not all *theatra* in Campania can attract the high-class audiences that fully appreciate the subtleties of *fabulae salticae*, none of them have any trouble filling the seats with an audience eager to be entertained by a cheerful and clever *planipes* decked out in a colorful *centunculus*. You would still be following your boyhood dream, after a fashion, but you would just be performing mimes written by *Pubilius Syrus* instead of *fabulae salticae* written by *Marcus Annuus Lucanus*.



of the Caesars, relates that a fire devastated the *Tabularium* in A.D. 68, destroying more than three thousand cherished tablets, a collection he venerated as "*Instrumentum Imperii pulcherrimum ac vetustissimum*," a most beautiful and very old instrument of the State. "Vespasian," he goes on to tell, "undertook

the restoration of the three thousand bronze plates, searching everywhere for duplicates of the ancient records on which were inscribed the proceedings of the Senate

almost from the founding of our city, as well as the 'Acts' of the people relating to alliances, pacts, plebiscites and privileges granted to individual citizens."

The *Tabularium* also comprised a vast substructure, an underground level which was at times pressed into service as a community jail.

From A.D. 79 onward, the building was accessed from the Capitoline by means of a graceful staircase of sixty-seven steps. The main entrance off the Forum was in that year blocked by the grand memorial temple raised to Vespasian after his

death and apotheosis. A half-century earlier, the Senate had restored the old Temple of Concord which also abutted the ground floor of the *Tabularium*. Three columns supporting a fragment of the entablature are left standing from Vespasian's temple. Very fragmentary rubble is all that survives in situ of the Temple of Concord. Portions of both buildings, however, can be admired in some of the halls of the *Tabularium* which serve now as a museum of antiquities.

With the fall of Rome in A.D. 476 came the abandonment and neglect of such government complexes. From lack of maintenance the upper reaches of the *Tabularium* col-



1949 PHOTO SHOWS THE TABULARIUM LOWER WALLS ON WHICH ROME'S CITY HALL WAS BUILT.

lapsed by time. And thus things remained until 1389, when Boniface IX commissioned the Palazzo Senatorio as an official residence of the city's secular chief executive, a single senator appointed by the pope.

The papal architects let the walls of the new palace rest on the ancient walls of the lower stories of the *Tabularium* which were still intact. Then, in the early 1500's, Michelangelo, at the request of Paul III, transformed this rather grim medieval stronghold into a strikingly beautiful Renaissance palazzo. Today it houses the of-



ROME'S CITY HALL (WITH CLOCK TOWER) WAS BUILT ON THE REMAINING LOWER TABULARIUM WALLS AND OCCUPIES THE CENTER OF THE CAPITOLINE HILL TODAY.

fices of Rome's mayor and city council.

Its unburned ochre front, facing in the opposite direction from the *Tabularium's* original orientation, anchors one of the loveliest piazzas in Europe, at once majestic and delicate. The whole place is stamped with the genial sense of proportion and harmony of its moody Florentine architect.

In bearing today's City Hall on its robust shoulders, the *Tabularium* continues its long and glorious tenure of service to municipal affairs. It remains a most evocative experience to wander the ancient corridors and peer

out through airy arches at the fabled Forum—a veritable archaeological park of shattered temples, basilicas and monuments of all sorts, and one of the cradles of representative government.



THREE LARGE ARCHED DOORWAYS IN THE ORIGINAL LOWER WALL OF THE TABULARIUM MAY HAVE BEEN THE ORIGINAL ENTRANCES FROM THE FORUM BEFORE THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLES OF VESPASIAN AND CONCORD.

THREE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF VESPASIAN STILL STANDING NEAR THE TABULARIUM





# MAKING LATIN LIVE

Since 1974, Pompeiana, Inc., did its best to bring Latin to life for secondary school students across the country. Not only did Pompeiana, Inc., help promote the study of Latin by publishing the only monthly NEWSLETTER available in the world for secondary school students of Latin—a NEWSLETTER that enabled Latin students at all levels of study to see their creative work in print and offered paid contract positions to student cartoonists—and by creating a set of posters that enables students to visualize the entire cast of Roman Emperors from Augustus thru Justinian, but it also did its best to coordinate physical activities that would get students involved and excited about studying Latin.

Beginning with the National Catapult Contest, students were encouraged to try their hands and ingenuity at rediscovering the lost art of *ballista*, *catapulta* and trebuchet construction. In 1966, when then *Magister* Barcio set out with his Latin II class to build a *catapulta* that could hurl a 100 lb projectile 100 yards, he had no idea that the challenge would catch on. He and his students made NBC nightly news that first year, and continued improving their *catapulta* each year as they progressed toward their goal. Eventually,

the challenge was shared with other Latin classes in Indiana, with on-going national coverage.

In 1972, the challenge was issued nationally. As more and more Latin classes across the nation became involved,

*Magister* Barcio's school administration decided they could no longer accept the liability of sponsoring such a challenging event, especially in view of the Latin adage, "*De catapulis semper dubitandum est!*" This provided the incentive for *Magister* Barcio to incorporate Pompeiana as an 501(c)(3) national center for the promotion of classical studies at the secondary school level during the summer of 1974. It was a main interest of Pompeiana, Inc., to continue sponsoring the National Catapult Contest until the initial goal had been met. Eventually, in 1982, Mary Hyde, a Latin student at North Central H.S. in Indianapolis, perfected a huge trebuchet named Zephyrus. It was she who brought the contest to a successful conclusion by hurling a 100 lb projectile nearly 200 yards! Of course, all the national media attention the contest attracted to the study of Latin was clearly needed.

As the contest continued over those years, Pompeiana, Inc., began the tradition of hosting authentic Roman Banquets for the participants. These banquets eventually developed into large citywide affairs held at dinner theaters and ballrooms throughout Indianapolis. They commemorated everything from the Birthday of Rome to local professional performances of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*.



As soon as it was founded in 1974, Pompeiana, Inc., also began to co-sponsor special Latin Days for Indiana Latin students in cooperation with the Indiana Classical Conference. The final Latin Day that Pompeiana, Inc., co-sponsored in October, 2002, was one of the largest ever. Nearly 800 high school students of Latin from all over the State of Indiana enjoyed the once-in-a-Latin lifetime experience of witnessing live *Ludi Circenses* featuring Roman and Ben Hur style chariots pulled by both two- and four-horse teams.

During the 1970's Pompeiana, Inc., also turned its efforts toward sponsoring National Chariathons for Latin. These were structured as fundraising events to help support the activities of Pompeiana, Inc. Annually, Latin students from Midwestern states would gather in Indianapolis to pull their custom-made chariots for fun and funds. The first Chariathon was held on a public parking deck to attract attention to Latin. Then, the Chariathon was moved downtown Indianapolis to Monument Square where students pulled their chariots around a huge obelisk memorial. As interest increased, the event was moved to the Indianapolis Motor Speedway and even to Crawfordsville, Indiana, where students raced around the block where the Ben Hur Museum is located.



Eventually, Pompeiana, Inc., decided to provide the ultimate experience for teachers and students of Latin: total immersion Latin Weekender Conferences. Mr. Barcio personally created full sets of authentic Roman plates and



## An Easy Read

### Latrones in Casa.

By Marjorie J. Fay

Paucis ante diebus Iulia, Caroli et Mariae mater, epistulam accepit. Iuliae amica quae in urbe habitare cum videre maxime vult. Itaque Iulia laeta est quod sua amicum non vidit. Quarequam via est longa et paucos dies abest, Iulia iter facere constituit.

Tandem omnia sunt parata, et Iulia a casa discedit et ad urbem procedit. Nunc nemo in casa est. Pater in navigio est. Per noctes filius Carolus cum amico Cassio, filia Maria cum amico Helena manet. Itaque nocte nemo domi est.

Tandem "Valete," Iulia et amica eius dicunt, et Iulia domum procedit. Magna cum laetitia filius filiaque matrem in oppido accipiunt. Ubi omnes casae appropinquant, Maria "Vir ante laqueum nostrum stat!" inquit.

"Vicinus sum," inquit vir. "Hec nocte latrones a casa vestra expulsi. Hic remansit quia laeta claudi non potest."

Iulia vicino gratias agit et ille a casa discedit. Pecunia quae erat in mensa reperiri non potest. Latrones hanc habent, sed parva est et iterum non est macta. Iterum omnes sunt laeti quod domi sunt.

cups from terra cotta and fabricated stainless steel replicas of Roman spoons.

Participants learned how Roman craftsmen worked in terra cotta, made jewelry, cast metal, wrote on wax tablets, designed and decorated clothing and dined. And, boy, did participants dine. A special chef was hired who faithfully prepared authentic Roman food for *lenticulum*, *prandium* and *cena* each day. *Cena* entertainment included eastern dancers, wrestlers, poets and persona re-enactors. (All of the items crafted for use during the Weekender Conferences were eventually made available to teachers of Latin across the nation.)

As an outgrowth of the Latin Weekender Conferences, Pompeiana, Inc., introduced a whole cast of ancient *Personae* via its *Persona Presenters Speakers Bureau*. To enable teachers to experience his performance of *Fabius the Tribune* who could not afford to present him to their students, Barcio, now Dr. Barcio, donated his time and talent to produce an educational video and accompanying teaching materials (*Life and Training of a Roman Legionnaire*) which could be marketed by Pompeiana, Inc.

As retiring Latin teachers began to wonder what to do with their treasures of texts and teaching materials lovingly created and collected over their careers, Pompeiana, Inc., initiated its *Textbook Giveaway Program*, enabling clas-

(Continued in Pagina Decima)





## Songs by the Dave Mathews Band

By Jake Smith, Latin III student of  
Jennifer Siebel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

103.

- I. DUO PASSUS \_\_\_\_\_
- II. CONFLIGE IN ME \_\_\_\_\_
- III. FORMICAE ITER FACIENTES \_\_\_\_\_
- IV. SATELLES \_\_\_\_\_
- V. CONTUSUM \_\_\_\_\_
- VI. RAPUNZELA \_\_\_\_\_
- VII. MANE (TEMPUS TERERE) \_\_\_\_\_
- VIII. IACE IN SEPULCRIS NOSTRIS \_\_\_\_\_
- IX. AMATOR, IACE \_\_\_\_\_
- X. OPTIMUM EX ILLO QUOD CIRCUMSIT \_\_\_\_\_

## Animated Cartoons

By Ricardo Flores, Muhammed Khan,  
Chetan Patel, Dan Predescu and Tim Tugade,  
Honors Latin I students of  
Brother Larry Shine, Hudson Catholic H.S.,  
Jersey City, New Jersey



104.

Unscramble the English for each cartoon title and then match its Latin translation with it.

1. \_\_\_\_\_ SEPDE CERRA \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_ SNARTOPREMS \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_ CHITW RETHUN \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_ AORISL MONO \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_ NOGARD LABL \_\_\_\_\_

- A. Nautarum Luna
- B. Draconis Pila
- C. Commutatores
- D. Qui pedibus cum celertitate certat
- E. Strigarum Venator

## Talk to the Animals



Based on a game by Denis Chao, Latin II student  
of Chorus Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

105.

Using the letter blanks provided, spell the Latin name for the animal that would make each sound. Then, unscramble the bracketed letters to learn (in Latin) where a Roman might easily have been able to hear all of these sounds. Use the nominative singular form unless otherwise instructed.

1. Moo [ ] \_ \_ \_ \_ \_
2. Quack [ ] \_ [ ] \_
3. Ribbit [ ] \_ \_ \_ \_ \_
4. Oink [ ] \_ [ ] \_ \_
5. Meow (gen. sing.) [ ] \_ \_ [ ] \_
6. Woof [ ] \_ \_ [ ] \_
7. Roar [ ] \_ [ ] \_
8. Hee Haw [ ] \_ \_ \_ \_ \_
9. Chirp [ ] \_ [ ] \_ \_
10. Baaa [ ] \_ \_ \_ \_
11. Buzz [ ] \_ [ ] \_
12. Cluck [ ] \_ \_ \_ [ ] \_
13. Honk [ ] \_ [ ] \_ \_
14. Squeak [ ] \_ \_ \_ [ ] \_
15. Howl (abl. sing.) [ ] \_ \_ \_ [ ] \_

A Roman might easily have been able to hear all these sounds

## Who Would Agree?



By Shannon Edwards, Latin I student of  
Juliah Gracena, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

106.

Match each deity with the translated Latin quip that best characterizes the deity.

1. \_\_\_\_\_ He preferred being a good "man" to looking like one.
2. \_\_\_\_\_ There's no point in seeking a remedy for a thunderbolt.
3. \_\_\_\_\_ Good sense, not age, brings wisdom.
4. \_\_\_\_\_ Going to the Underworld is easy; it's coming back that's hard!
5. \_\_\_\_\_ Lust wants whatever it can't have.
6. \_\_\_\_\_ Water drinkers don't write good verse.
7. \_\_\_\_\_ What a pleasant stain comes from an enemy's blood.
8. \_\_\_\_\_ In love, beauty counts for more than good advice.
9. \_\_\_\_\_ Take care that you never declare war on Cupid.
10. \_\_\_\_\_ Trust your ship to the winds, not your heart to the girls; waves are safer than women.

- |               |             |
|---------------|-------------|
| A. Venus      | F. Jupiter  |
| B. Mars       | G. Vulcanus |
| C. Bacchus    | H. Juno     |
| D. Proserpina | I. Neptunus |
| E. Minerva    | J. Cupido   |

## PROFESSIONAL ICONS



By Grant Dauber and Hollie Page, Latin I students  
of Dr. Laura Abrahamson, Lakewood H.S., Lakewood, Ohio

108.

Unscramble the English name of each person well-known in the profession listed in Latin.

- |               |                   |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. PUGIL:     | KIME SONTY        |
| 2. PICTOR:    | TOEMN             |
| 3. ACTRIX:    | LIUJA BORTERS     |
| 4. SENATOR:   | LARHLYI TINCLON   |
| 5. ATHLETA:   | GITER SWDOO       |
| 6. ACTOR:     | CRUBE SLILIW      |
| 7. ADVOCATUS: | HNOYNI NAHRCOC    |
| 8. MEDICUS:   | AMS HEPRDPSA      |
| 9. SCULPTOR:  | DORLEONA AD INCIV |
| 10. IUDEX:    | UEGDJ DYUJ        |

## Way Cool American Phrases



By Sara Laks and Natalie Stokes, Latin I  
students of Jodi Gill, Hawken School, Gates Mills, Ohio

109.

Match each English phrase with its Latin equivalent.

1. \_\_\_\_\_ Quicquid.
  2. \_\_\_\_\_ Monstra mihi pecuniam.
  3. \_\_\_\_\_ Quid est Sursum?
  4. \_\_\_\_\_ Hodie omnia fausta tibi sint.
  5. \_\_\_\_\_ Ita vero, recte.
  6. \_\_\_\_\_ Gallicacos frictosne cupis habere cum illo?
  7. \_\_\_\_\_ Dulce.
  8. \_\_\_\_\_ Malum mesum.
  9. \_\_\_\_\_ Id est simile, scis.
  10. \_\_\_\_\_ Pinguis.
  11. \_\_\_\_\_ Strictum.
  12. \_\_\_\_\_ Colloquere cum manu.
- A. Have a nice day.
  - B. Sweet.
  - C. It's like, you know.
  - D. Show me the money.
  - E. Tight.
  - F. Phat.
  - G. What's up?
  - H. Talk to the hand.
  - I. My bad.
  - J. Whatever.
  - K. Yeah, right.
  - L. You want fries with that?

## BATH TIME

Based on a game by Chris Potts, Latin III student  
of Larry Steele, Norman H.S., Norman, Oklahoma

ACROSS

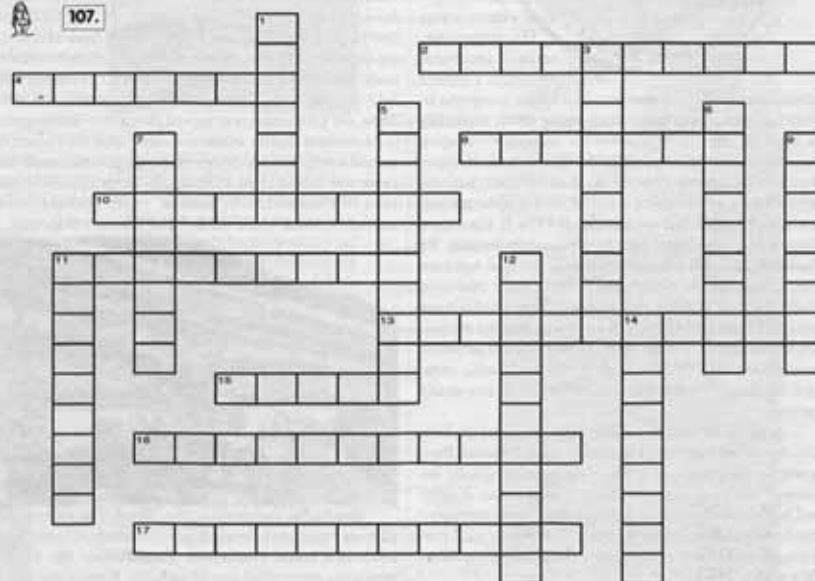
2. A luke-warm room
4. Low class snack bars
8. A swimming pool
10. Bath-keeper
11. The most extensive remains of a Roman bath in Rome today once were the Baths of \_\_\_\_\_
13. Bath floors suspended over the under-floor heating system
15. A sword-thrust practice pole
16. Changing room
17. A cold plunge pool

DOWN

1. Large, luxurious, public Roman baths
3. The Baths of \_\_\_\_\_ on the Quirinal Hill accommodated 3,200 bathers
5. The furnace that heated a Roman bath
6. An open-air exercise area
7. From the time of Cicero on, this coin was paid for a public bath.
9. Slaves who anointed bathers
11. A very hot room
12. Under-floor heating system
14. Used to scrape sweat from the body



107.





## ROMAN TALK



Based on a game by Brel Powner, Latin II student of Kim Ryan, Guilkey Catholic H.S., Baden, Pennsylvania

110.

Match each Latin term with its correct definition.

1. — A title once awarded to victorious generals but later associated with the ruler of the Roman Empire
2. — Originally simply referred to a leading citizen, this title was the one preferred by Augustus.
3. — The authority to execute a condemned criminal
4. — The head of the state religion in Rome
5. — "Father of the Country"
6. — Bronze coin used by the Romans
7. — The Roman virtue that encouraged loyalty to family authority and to the gods of Rome
8. — Silver coin that equaled four sesterces
9. — "Best of Emperors"
10. — Market Day
11. — Month later renamed after Gaius Julius Caesar
12. — A phrase that indicated a complete meal
13. — Term for a newborn baby not yet nine days old
14. — Month later renamed after Octavian
15. — The pedestal of a row of columns
16. — Term for a single lap around the *spina*
17. — Masks worn by actors
18. — Festival during which young men were traditionally enrolled as citizens
19. — The repetition of a word at the beginning of several sentences
20. — Elected only every five years in Rome

- |                                |                            |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| A. <i>Ab ovo usque ad mala</i> | K. <i>Optimus Princeps</i> |
| B. <i>Anaphora</i>             | L. <i>Pater Patriae</i>    |
| C. <i>Censor</i>               | M. <i>Pietas</i>           |
| D. <i>Curriculum</i>           | N. <i>Pontifex Maximus</i> |
| E. <i>Denarius</i>             | O. <i>Princeps</i>         |
| F. <i>Dramatis Personae</i>    | P. <i>Pupus/pupa</i>       |
| G. <i>Imperator</i>            | Q. <i>Quintilis</i>        |
| H. <i>Imperium</i>             | R. <i>Sesterius</i>        |
| I. <i>Liberalia</i>            | S. <i>Sextilis</i>         |
| J. <i>Nundinae</i>             | T. <i>Syltobates</i>       |

Beginning level Advanced level

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## REALITY SHOWS/NETWORKS

Translate each Latinized title of a Reality Show back into English and then match with each the network on which it is seen.

111.

- I. — TIMORIS VIS
- II. — AB AMERICA IN MATRIMONIUM DUCTI
- III. — CURSUS MIRUS III
- IV. — TALPA
- V. — IDOLUM AMERICANUM
- VI. — FRATER MAIOR III
- VII. — PUGNAE MISSIONES
- VIII. — CASA IN LIMITIBUS
- IX. — SUPERSTES VI: AMAZON
- X. — ORBIS TERRARUM VERUS/VIAE REGULAE: SEXUUM PROELIUM

- |        |                |
|--------|----------------|
| A. ABC | E. NBC         |
| B. CBS | F. PBS         |
| C. FOX | G. USA Network |
| D. MTV |                |

## A RIDDLE



Based on a game by Jona Zverovich, Latin I student of David Mischon, Carmel Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

112.

What is a permanent resident of Rome but doesn't stay there, has a mouth, but doesn't eat, a bank with no money, a bed, but doesn't sleep, and waves but has no hands?

Unscramble the Latin translations of the words underlined in the riddle (being careful to end up with the requested form of each). Then unscramble the bracketed letters to discover the Latin Answer to the riddle.

1. Resident (Acc. Sing.): NOMICAL  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]
2. Rome (Loc. Sing.): BOARM  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]
3. Mouth (Gen. Sing.): RSIO  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]
4. Bank (Acc. Sing.): RARTGNIAEMA  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]
5. Money (Dat. Sing.): CENIEPUA  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]
6. Bed (Abl. Plu.): TELSIC  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]
7. (It) waves (verb): LCTTUFAU  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]
8. Hands (Dat. Pl.): ASUMNBI  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

Latin Answer:

## Come and Get It!



By Emily Heddies and Loryn Wenden Borg, Latin II students of David Mischon, Carmel Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

114.

Match each English item with its correct Latin phrase.

- |                           |                                                           |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. — AB OVO USQUE AD MALA | A. Dessert                                                |
| 2. — GUSTATIO             | B. A late night drinking party                            |
| 3. — PRIMA MENSA          | C. A dining room usually containing three couches         |
| 4. — SECUNDA MENSA        | D. Phrase indicating a complete meal                      |
| 5. — IENTACULUM           | E. Dinner                                                 |
| 6. — PRANDIUM             | F. Couch for the guest of honor                           |
| 7. — CENA                 | G. Breakfast                                              |
| 8. — TRICLINIUM           | H. Main course                                            |
| 9. — TRICLINIARCES        | I. A formal prayer and toast to the gods before dessert   |
| 10. — LECTUS SUMMUS       | J. Couch for the host and last-minute <i>umbræ</i>        |
| 11. — LECTUS MEDIUS       | K. A napkin which a guest could also use as a "doggy bag" |
| 12. — LECTUS IMUS         | L. Mid-day lunch                                          |
| 13. — INVOCATIO           | M. Head steward in charge of the dining room              |
| 14. — MAPPA               | N. Couch for other special invitees                       |
| 15. — CONVIVIA/SYMPOSIA   | O. Appetizers                                             |
| 16. — ADIPATA             | P. A man's formal, one-piece "party" garment              |
| 17. — MERENDA/ANTECENIUM  | Q. Fried bread dough as fast-food breakfast               |
| 18. — DEMERE SOLEAS       | R. The signal that one is ready to recline                |
| 19. — SYNTHESIS           | S. A personal dinner servant                              |
| 20. — PUER A PEDIBUS      | T. Lunch when it is eaten after mid-day                   |

## Tricky Translations



By Aimee Boore, Latin III student of Angela Letizia, Hollidaysburg Area Sr. H.S., Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

115.

In the wordsearch, circle the English translation of each Latin phrase given.

1. Multa milia passuum
2. Tribus diebus
3. Neuter Consul
4. Memoria teneo
5. Consilium capere
6. Iter facere
7. Multo die
8. Multa nocte
9. Res novae
10. Postero die
11. Vale
12. Solis occasus
13. Ferro et igne
14. Orbis Terrarum
15. Bona fide
16. Festina lente

LUCNLMYZDPHMYRSJWQXR  
RCBTWELRDCNMRYBYEGHSH  
SNDLMHXFROLCAMYNI ZNDH  
YADTXENAITLDANBRGAONT  
IXNEUTMTABENIPESLQRAI  
LWCTOOUXHEYFSUWPDOLA  
JYPBTLJRGMGUUAUZWFF  
UYFVOXEHIZJUOMNYANSOD  
MXCVJFTLCCCKWROASQND EO  
ZREBMNCTGSOEWEDYEVNLO  
SROCSKBRDFIEEGBITACG  
BKTHJPEHAOVLOMRUYSERN  
ZYTQDLLATEATNIGHTERII  
QIWBLRYMDIREMEMBERICE  
WYADEHTNIETALLIOUWFOZ  
NEITHERCONSULALLOQYEP  
MAKEHASTESLOWLYYWCBI





sicists from across the nation to obtain any of these donated materials they felt they could use for the simple cost of postage and handling. In this way thousands of items have been redistributed to help promote the study and teaching of Latin.

Dr. Barcio pioneered the art of creating Latin slide shows with accompanying cassette tapes during the early 70's when there were very few quality audio-visual programs designed specifically for secondary school Latin classrooms. Not only did he generate more than 20 such programs, but he also taught other Latin teachers how they, too, could create their own programs. Many of these programs were later converted to film-strip-cassette formats and were circulated—again for the cost of S/H—to teachers across the nation for use in their classrooms. All of these audio-visual programs have since been given away to teachers as part of Pompeiana, Inc.'s Textbook Giveaway Program.

Dr. Barcio also professionally prepared a complete set of Drill Tapes and Accompanying Study Sheets which

he had perfected in his own secondary school classroom and donated the finished product to Pompeiana, Inc., to market. Dr. Barcio also researched and created a **Roman Games** publication that explains a variety of games actually played by the Romans and preserves a number of classroom games that Latin teachers have generated over the years in their classrooms. This he also donated to Pompeiana, Inc., to market.

When Dr. Barcio taught at the secondary school and university levels, his students were introduced to the excitement and fun of authentically commemorating Roman

festivals throughout the school year. These materials were also professionally packaged (*Ferias Agamus: Let's Celebrate a Roman Festival*) and donated to Pompeiana, Inc., to be marketed.

It is the hope of the Board of Directors that Pompeiana, Inc., has made a positive contribution toward the promotion of the study of Latin at the secondary school level over the past twenty-nine years. It regrets that it was not able to raise a sufficient endowment that would have enabled Pompeiana, Inc., to continue its contributions beyond the retirement of its founder, Dr. B.F. Barcio.



Pompeiana, Inc. makes its debut before the Indianapolis community at the Penrod Art Fair in 1974

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### How Well Did You Read?

116

1. Who rescued Ariadne after she had been abandoned by Theseus?
2. What does the word "Trivium" represent to those who are founding new schools that focus on Classical Education?
3. What color did Jupiter choose for the rainbow?
4. *Quis erat Babylonis rex maximus?*
5. Originally, how many years long was the complete cycle of the worship of Persephone?
6. What was Jimmy Livingsant's life-long dream?
7. How many *Dies Fissi* were built into the Roman calendar?
8. What Pompeian business did Julius Polybius supposedly inherit from his father?
9. In what year was the first challenge for a **National Catapult Contest** issued?
10. Before the *Tabularium* was built, where were public documents stored in ancient Rome?

## OCCASIO • ULTIMA • HAS • RES • EMENDI

Since the following items will only be available from Pompeiana, Inc., through the month of June, 2003, orders should be phoned in (317/255-0589), FAXed (317/254-0728) or ordered online ([www.Pompeiana.com](http://www.Pompeiana.com)) immediately.

### Boxes of 2002-2003 BACK ISSUES

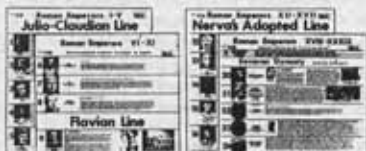
The 2002-2003 issues of the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER can continue to be valuable classroom supplements in the years to come. Please see the information on how these issues are being offered and use the Order Form on the back cover of this issue to order as many boxes as you think you can possibly use in the future! \$25.00 per box

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FREDERIC CLARK  
LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA



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What Patrons Are  
Saying...



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### The Epicureans Say...

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### The Stoics Say...

"Avoid this café at all costs! Save yourself from the temptations of the world and instead focus on enduring hardships... We advise strict fasting, while sitting on the floor in the coldest section of your house and reading Meditations by Marcus Aurelius." P.C. 5-03

LEAH ZOLLER  
CINCINNATI, OHIO

### VITA PROPOSITA

DEORUM  
ET  
DEARUM



Leah Zoller

5-03

Nine years later, the Trojan War ended, and Terentia had to write the final installment for the *Latium Acta Diurna* before she returned - but she couldn't think of anything to write...

I'm Clio, the Muse of History! I've come to help you write.



Good. Everything I know is changing and I can't think of anything to write.



Life is change. Sometimes the only thing you can say is good-bye.



Hey, she's cute! And some things never change.



Vale, Pompeiana! We will miss you more than words can say.



Vale, Pompeiana! We will miss you more than words can say.



Vale, Pompeiana! We will miss you more than words can say.

MICHAEL PEREZ  
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

### THE ODE-YESSEY/ GODS OF OLYMPIA

Back (L to R): Telemachus, Perseus, Poseidon, Zeus, Hades, Odysseus, Poseidon, Zeus, Hades, Darius, Hephaestus, Ares, Apollo, Hermes.  
Front: Calypso, Helen, Penelope, Athena, Hera, Demeter, Persephone, Cupid, Aphrodite, Artemis, Ma...

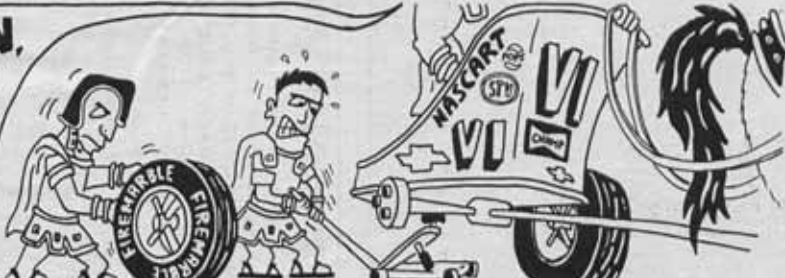


POMPEIANA -  
"SEMPER  
GLORIA ET  
FAMA TUA  
MANEBUNT!"  
"Your glory and fame will always last!"  
Vale!  
Michael Perez

CHRIS MOBERLY  
WATERFORD, MICHIGAN

### WHEN ROME...

COME-ON, GUYS!  
WE'RE LOSING VALUABLE TIME HERE!!



THE  
PIT  
CREW  
AT THE  
ROMAN  
CHARIOT  
500

MICHAEL CHIEFFI & CHRIS WILSON  
DREHES, PENNSYLVANIA

YOUR MISSION, SHOULD YOU CHOOSE  
TO BLAH BLAH... DO AND  
RETRIEVE THE GOLD!



BOOM!!

OOPS! IT SELF-DESTRUCTED EARLY!!

THE MYTHOLOGICAL GOD SQUAD!



MEANWHILE AT MT. OLYMPUS

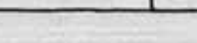


KELLY BARRETT  
FINDLAY, OHIO

Hey, I wonder what this place is?



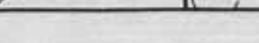
EXIT



Why is everyone shouting?



Why is everyone shouting?



HEY! WHERE'S MY GODFISH?





### Pompeiana, Inc.

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

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

Administrative Assistant to the Editor: Donna H. Wright

Production Assistants: William Gilmartin and Betty Whittaker

Graphic Designer: Phillip Barcio

E-mail: [BFBarcio@Pompeiana.com](mailto:BFBarcio@Pompeiana.com)

VOX: 317/255-0589

FAX: 317/254-0728

### The Pompeiana NEWSLETTER

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

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# AUXILIA MAGISTRIS

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 mailed 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.

103.

## Carmina Optima

- I. Two Step
- II. Crash Into Me
- III. Auto Marching
- IV. Satellite
- V. Crush
- VI. Rapunzel
- VII. Stay (Waiting Time)
- VIII. Lie In Our Graves
- IX. Lover Lay Down
- X. The Best Of What's Around

104.

## Animated Cartoons

- I. D. Speed Racer
- II. C. Transformers
- III. E. Witch Hunter
- IV. A. Sailor Moon
- V. B. Dragon Ball

105.

## Talk to the Animals

1. vacca
2. anas
3. rana
4. porcus
5. felis
6. canis
7. leo
8. asinus
9. avis
10. ovis
11. apes
12. gallus
13. asinus
14. rana
15. lupus

IN VIVARIO ROMANO

106.

## Who Would Agree?

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

## Professional Icons

1. (Boxer) Mike Tyson
2. (Painter) Monet
3. (Actress) Julia Roberts
4. (Senator) Hillary Clinton
5. (Athlete) Tiger Woods
6. (Actor) Bruce Willis
7. (Attorney) Johnny Cochran
8. (Doctor) Saint Sheppard
9. (Sculptor) Leonardo da Vinci
10. (Judge) Judge Judy

109.

## Way Cool American Phrases

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

115.

## Tricky Translations

1. Many miles
2. Within three days
3. Neither consul
4. I remember
5. To form a plan
6. To march
7. Late in the day
8. Late at night
9. Revolution
10. Next day
11. Goodbye
12. Sunset
13. By fire and sword
14. Circle of lands
15. In good faith
16. Make haste slowly

107.



111.

## Spectacula Televisifica

- I. E. Fear Factor
- II. C. Married by America
- III. B. Amazing Race 3
- IV. A. Mole
- V. C. American Idol
- VI. B. Big Brother 3
- VII. G. Combat Missions
- VIII. F. Frontier House
- IX. B. Survivor 6: The Amazon
- X. D. Real World/Road Rules: Battle of the Sexes

113.

## Picturae Optimae

- I. Goldfinger
- II. You Only Live Twice
- III. Live and Let Die
- IV. Dr. No
- V. The Man with the Golden Gun
- VI. Thunderball
- VII. Tomorrow Never Dies
- VIII. License to Kill
- IX. Goldeneye
- X. For Your Eyes Only

114.

## Come and Get It! Supper's On!

1. D
2. O
3. H
4. A
5. G
6. L
7. E
8. C
9. M
10. F
11. N
12. J
13. I
14. K
15. B
16. Q
17. T
18. R
19. P
20. S

116.

## How Well Did You Read?

1. Dionysus
2. The three learning stages of a child's cognitive development
3. Flavus (yellow)
4. Nebucadnezzar
5. Three years (it was a trieteris)
6. To marry Chloe
7. Three
8. A marble-import business
9. 1972
10. In various religious buildings throughout the city

110.

## Roman Talk

1. G
2. O
3. H
4. N
5. L
6. R
7. M
8. E
9. K
10. J
11. Q
12. A
13. P
14. S
15. T
16. D
17. F
18. I
19. B
20. C

112.

## A Riddle

1. incolan
  2. Romae
  3. oris
  4. argentarium
  5. pecuniae
  6. lectis
  7. fluctuat
  8. nauibus
- FLUMEN  
TIBERINUM



## The Most Recent War in a Very Ancient Land

Daily on television everyone is watching the war being waged in Iraq. Few, however, know the ancient history of this land.

The northern part of this land was called "Macedonia" by the Romans; by the Arabs it was called "Al Jazirah." The southern part of this land was called "Babylonia" by the Romans, by the Arabs it was called "Iraq-Arabi."

In this land were the ancient city of Babylon, those famous Hanging Gardens and the Tower of Babel.

Of these three, the Tower of Babel is the most ancient. The descendants of Noah began the construction of this tower in order to escape a second flood. No one knows for sure where the ruins of this tower are. Perhaps they are in Borsippa, a suburb of Babylon, where the Temple of the Seven Lights is; perhaps they are in the city of Babylon where there is a huge mound called "Bab-il."

The ancient city Babylon was in the cradle of civilization. In very ancient times it was the capital of the world. In this city were the origins of the courts and the system of justice that was based on the Code of Hammurabi.

The greatest king of Babylon was Nebucadnezzar who became king in 605 B.C. Nebucadnezzar ruled for 43 years. Because his wife, Amyitis, missed the hills and forests of her native land, Nebucadnezzar built those famous Hanging Gardens which were one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

Modern Iraq is not all desert and doesn't only produce crude oil—although this is the only image seen on television. The southern part is desert, but farmers and herdsmen can work in the northern parts. In some northern plains it rains a lot, in others irrigation is needed. Also in the northern parts there are mountains on which there are many trees.

Those who are interested in classical studies and archaeology hope that this most recent war will not destroy these very ancient ruins and the descendants who live in the cradle of civilization today.