

Gerardus Seinfeldus: Comoedus Mirus

Sunt multae res comicae in vitis nostris. Comoedus bonus has res comicas quas in vita sua videt aliis sic narrat ut rideant. Alii ridet quia possunt videre has easdem res comicas in vitis suis.

Seinfeldus est talis comoedus. Dum Seinfeldus erat adulescens, non erat comoedus iocularissimus in familia sua. Pater eius comoedus supremus domi erat. A patre suo Seinfeldus didicerat voluptatem ex rebus comicis capere. Propter patrem suum Seinfeldus comoedus fieri constituit.

Dum studens erat ad Collegium Reginale, Seinfeldus Guilielmi Cosbi ioca identidem audiebat ut res comicas ridiculissime narrare discat. Post diplomam ex Collegio Reginali A.D. MCMLXXVI accepit, Seinfeldus comoedus in cauponis comicis IV annos erat. Tunc A.D. MCMLXXX illos Angelos profectus est ut comoedus in cauponis comicis in illa urbe fiat. Quando videbatur ab uno procuratore ex Ligno Aquifolio,



Seinfeldus conducebatur ut ioca scriberet pro spectaculo televisioni cui nomen esset Bensonus. Merebat MMMM nummos per hebdomadem.

A.D. MCMLXXXI Seinfeldus visus est in spectaculo in televisione cum Iohanne Carstone. Quia visus erat cum Carstone, Seinfeldus factus est comoedus gratosus apud cauponas comicas et in campis collegialibus.

A.D. MCMLXXXVIII nominatus est Comoedus Delectabilissimus apud Praemia Americana pro Comoedia.

Nunc Seinfeldus habet suam comoediam in situ in televisione. Laborat cum Laurentio Davide qui olim scribebat pro spectaculo cui nomen est Saturni Diei Nox Viva. Seinfeldus ipse autem omnes res in suo spectaculo moderare mavult.

Quamquam habet multam pecuniam, Seinfeldus habitat in parvo condominio quod solum habet duo cubacula. Non habet multam suppelicem. Seinfeldus ait, "In casa modesta, mens sana est!" Tabaco non utitur. Neque vinum neque cerevisiam bibit. Studet Zeno et yogae, et salubriter edit. Seinfeldi soror negotia administrat. Ipse simpliciter vivit, sed non est comoedus simplex. Seinfeldus factus est comoedus intellegens qui rebus prosperis multos annos fruatur in scenis comicis.

New Latin Dictionary Will Bridge Cultural Gap



Pompeiana readers who enjoy the Latin lead-stories, or who look forward to "figuring out" the *Carmina Optima et Eorum Auctores*, have already realized that there are an awful lot of modern day expressions and items for which there are no handy classical Latin equivalents. Words can be coined and concepts can be described by talking around them, but the fact remains that we are talking about things in classical Latin that didn't exist when classical Latin was alive and receptive to change, word borrowings and word coining.

In the 20th Century the official "keeper" of such "vulgar" Latin is the Vatican. For years its official translators have been charged with expressing in universally understandable Latin all concepts which the Church has found it necessary to discuss. The scholars, whose job this is, operate on the premise that *omnia dici possunt Latine* — everything can be stated in Latin. Over the years these scholars have created acceptable words and phrases for thousands of modern day concepts, such as military weapons (*ignivoma manuballista*). These thousands of words and phrases will soon be available to all of us who enjoy discussing modern life in the ancient language via a new Latin dictionary — the first to come out of Vatican City in years.

There have been, of course, two "black market" and much popularized dictionaries published recently in the U.S.A. (*Latin For All Occasions, Vols. I & II*, by Henry Beard), but these lack the revered *imprimatur* of the Official Keepers of Latin.

Phaethon's Fall

By Susan Conarroe, Latin I Student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Apollo Shootafar
In his chariot bright
Burns a path through the sky,
Chasing away the night.
His mortal son, Phaethon,
Seeks throughout the earth
Looking for his father,
God of music and mirth.
His father promises
By the Styx so deadly,
Greedy young Phaethon
Knows his wish readily.
Phaethon's preference is
To guide the shining sun
Apollo wants it not,
Yet grants it to his son.
Out of the gleaming gates
Prances each lively horse,
And so Apollo's steeds
Step out onto their course.
But Phaethon won't live long!
In fear he's lost his reins.
The horses are not freed,
And his claim to life wanes.
Far above the planet
The sun car drops like lead.
Plummeting toward the earth;
The world caught fire, some said.
Then up again it soars,
This time too high, it seems
The people now must freeze,
Still dreaming smoky dreams.
Zeus spots the faulty lad
And reaches for his thunder.
Then strikes him from the sky;
People stare in wonder.

The Continuing Presence of "The Last of the Romans"

"The Last of the Romans" is a title freely given, it seems, to those poor souls who become so caught up in things Roman that they begin to live as Romans via the values they espouse, the homes they build, the political goals they set for themselves or, in some cases, even the clothes they wear, the food they eat and the visual world they create around themselves.

This is why revered Ph.D.'s are sometimes referred to as "The Last of the Romans." Likewise, seemingly immortal secondary school Latin teachers (who quite frequently live productive lives well into their 90's) are often given the coveted title.

Benito Mussolini is affectionately referred to by many Italians today as "The Last of the Romans" because of his proud demeanor, his aspirations for his homeland, and his personal dedication to the restoration of archaeological sites in Italy.

In the world of art, "The Last of the Romans" is thought to have died in 1912. His name was Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. To stand in front of any of his life-sized paintings of Roman scenes — scenes which he dared people to examine with magnifying glasses to appreciate the infinitesimal detail and realism of his work — is to be transported directly over the centuries back to ancient Rome.

Alma-Tadema became so familiar, and so fascinated, with the world of the Romans that he wanted to recreate it, full-sized, with all of its splendor and impressive beauty. He personally lived in a recreation of a Roman house. He frequently dressed in Roman garb and gave parties where all who attended had to don togas, stolas and sandals.

Alma-Tadema's personal fantasy was, no doubt, to be able to step into one of his life-sized paintings and become part of the world he so idealized; thus, every detail in a painting had to be perfect. Cloth had to look so much like cloth that one could almost feel its texture. Marble had to be so realistic that it would be expected to be cool to the touch. Roman children had to be huggable, women embraceable and men worthy of firm,

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

Pompeiana, Inc.
6026 Indianola Ave.
Indianapolis, IN 46220

Latin... Your Best Educational Investment

POMPEIANA NEWSLETTER I.S.S. #0892941

15,000 copies of the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER are printed monthly, September through May, for international distribution.

The Pompeiana NEWSLETTER is a membership benefit for Retired, Adult, Contributing and Student Membership holders. AUXILIA MAGISTRIS are shipped to all non-student memberships.

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.

Rates and policies for those desiring domestic or foreign memberships, as well as Advertising Policies and Guidelines for Submitting Material for Publication, should be requested from Editor.



"Last of the Romans"*(Continued a Pagina Prima)*

manly, arm grips. Flowers had to be so velvety that viewers would be tempted to lean forward and smell them.

Alma-Tadema's paintings became his personal time-travel machine back to the world he idealized. Fortunately, he created works that art lovers and classicists can still use today when they need a quick, very realistic, "fix" of the flavor of Roman life at its best. He painted Cleopatra in her barge, he painted a life-sized canvas of a spring procession in Rome that makes the viewer want to step out of the way of the advancing Roman girls who are scattering velvety flower petals as they walk. He painted a canvas entitled *Caracalla and Geta* which features 2,500 spectators, each painted with photographic detail. His portrayals of Roman men and women at the baths (*An Apodyterium, The Frigidarium, The Tepidarium*) were so realistic that they made bishops blush and resulted in these canvases being modestly stored out of site in museum basements.

If you are an aspiring "Last of the Romans" yourself, and you would like to enter the Roman world of Alma-Tadema, you now have a rare opportunity to do so by visiting a large collection of his works which will be touring museums in Baltimore, Cincinnati and Memphis during the coming months.

Latin teachers should descend *en masse* on these exhibits and buy up every poster and print that is available and suitable for classroom display.

Luxuriating in an Alma-Tadema painting is almost as direct a transport back to the glory of ancient Rome as a visit to the Getty Museum in Malibu. It makes you want to just sit down and visualize, visualize, visualize as you come face to face with the vivid setting in which you can imagine everything Roman happening which you have ever dreamed of seeing.

Some art critics say that Alma-Tadema's studio was a "dream factory," and they claim that he was simply anticipating elaborate Hollywood movie sets. Some even question whether his work is art, if so closely resembles reality.

However Alma-Tadema's work is judged, it is definitely a window that allows the viewer vividly and dramatically to enter the world of what truly may have been "The Last of the Romans."

Who's Laughing Now?

By Patty Jang, Latin I student of Mary J. Rudalavage, Upper Dublin H.S., Fort Washington, Penn.

Unknown to many modern mythologists, there was once a goddess of laughter, Ridibunda. She was a well-loved goddess who always adorned the world with her tinkling giggle and amiable personality. On one fateful day, Jupiter caught a glimpse of the beautiful Ridibunda and fell in love with her. When he heard her laugh, however, he fell even more deeply in love with her because laughter was a rare ability that not many enjoyed at that time. Since Jupiter's love for Ridibunda was not something he wanted Juno to learn of, he had to be very discreet in inviting her to a banquet.

When the banquet began and Ridibunda began to mingle with the crowd, many gods and goddesses began to enjoy her company. Unfortunately, the abundant wine made Cupid a little tipsy, and he began to work his magic on Ridibunda with severe consequences.

Ridibunda, the goddess of laughter, fell madly in love with Pluto, the god of the Underworld. For the rest of the party, Ridibunda avoided Jupiter and fell more deeply under Pluto's spell. She loved the aura of danger and mystery that surrounded the dark god. Finally, Ridibunda announced to Jupiter that if she could not become Pluto's wife, she wanted to be his mistress for eternity.

Jupiter was outraged. He exiled Ridibunda to a small, remote island in the Mediterranean while he contemplated her punishment. Finally he decided to strip her of her ability to laugh freely and to scatter little pieces of her special gift among all the people in the world so she would never be able to gather them up again. He even changed her name from Ridibunda to *Derisa* so that no one would ever want to be around her again. Finally, Jupiter banished the memory of the name Ridibunda from the minds of all gods and mortals. This is why no one has ever heard of the goddess of laughter although her gift is shared by people in every part of the world.

The Jewish Quarter of Old Rome*By Frank J. Korn*

A most fascinating place, this Jewish quarter called "the Ghetto"—and yet it manages to escape the attention of all but a handful of the tourists, even those of Jewish ancestry, who pour into Rome year after year. It is easy enough to find, extending from the ancient Theater of Marcellus to the *Via Arenula*, from just beyond the *Porticus Octavia*—that gallant monument by Augustus in honor of his sister—to the Tiber. From many points in the city, the neighborhood's landmark, the majestic square-domed Synagogue, can be seen and used as a beacon to lead the way to the Ghetto.

**Portico Octavia**

It is a district cluttered with little shops on the ground floors of Renaissance palazzos, on tiny streets that dart off in every direction. *Il Ghetto dei Giudei* also features spooky medieval buildings, dimly lit restaurants, a number of Christian churches, and a miniature piazza centered by the beloved Fountain of the Tortoises. Aged peddlers pushing decrepit pushcarts with all sorts of commodities and dark-skinned, dark-eyed *bambini* playing and shrieking gleefully among the ruins of the Theater of Marcellus and the Temple of Apollo add to the picturesque character of the neighborhood.

**Theater of Marcellus and a Corner of the Temple of Apollo**

Then there is the spooky facade of *Palazzo Cenci* presiding over the eerie atmosphere of the piazza by the same name. The Cenci family—notorious for its bizarre crimes of incest and rape, sadism and murder—

inhabited the place centuries ago and left an indelible stain on palace and square alike.

Historically, the ghetto ranks high among Rome's districts, for a Jewish community had been established in the very area even before the days of Julius Caesar. Unfortunately, most of the references to the community in Roman literature are less than kind. Cicero gripes in one letter written in 56 B.C. about certain privileges extended to "those Jews and Syrians, races themselves born to be slaves." Other early writings often allude to them as those *Judaei superstitioni*. The poet Horace, whenever he heard something incredible, would advise the teller, "*Credat Iudaeus Apella!*" (The Jew Apella might believe that one!) By Cicero's time, however, the Jews constituted a numerous and important ethnic group among the *plebs* in the city—perhaps as many as ten thousand—and the Senate had to reckon with them.

The Jews of Rome's ghetto were ridiculed for their worship and for their code of ethics, and for actually believing that their own religious stories were accurate accounts of what really happened while most educated Romans considered all religious stories, including their own, to be fascinating, beautiful, but irrelevant little stories and nothing more. Jewish observance of a Sabbath and the rite of circumcision also came under heavy fire. One of Horace's characters is reluctant "to offend the circumcised Jews on their Sabbath."

Under the administration of Julius Caesar, however, the Jewish community had begun to gain better living conditions. The dictator established absolute freedom of religion in Rome and made it a particular point to defend that freedom for the Jews, who, as a result of this and other humane measures, held him in esteem. At Caesar's death the whole Jewish community was understandably grief stricken.

Under Augustus, Caesar's heir, the Jews continued to make progress. Such sensitivity did the young emperor demonstrate that he even shifted the day for the grain distribution to the poor from the Jewish Sabbath to a different day of the week lest they be inconvenienced or offended. At this time the Jews were vigorously proselytizing, and the spread of Judaism in the Augustan city was rapid. We know of several synagogues that existed at that time, including the *Augustenses*, the *Voluntarienses*, and the *Aegyptioses*. Excavation of the old seaport at Ostia in 1961 uncovered still another synagogue from this period. Jewish catacombs or underground cemeteries were being dug during these times also, a large one on the *Via Appia*, another along the *Via Nomentana*.

*(Continued in Pagina Quinta)***A Duet of Instruments**

By Heather Murphy, Latin I Student of Betty Whittaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, Ind.

No matter how many times Pan practiced his flute, he felt something was missing from the music that he was to play in front of the Olympic Council. Pan asked his father Apollo how he could perfect the songs. They both agreed the music needed a new sound that no one had ever heard before. Apollo told Pan he would need time, at least a week, to create the new sound Pan's music needed.

On the eighth day Apollo appeared before Pan and presented a new god that could play a beautiful instrument called a saxophone. The new god was to be called Alto, named for the mellow, deep sound of the instrument.

Alto and Pan practiced and were ready to perform before the Council. The duet played enchanting music that intrigued the audience. Also learned from Pan musical theories and techniques that he applied to his playing. Although Alto could not play his instrument better than Pan could his own, he was as talented. This worried Apollo: he knew Pan would become jealous, so he called upon Athena for her wisdom. With her great insight, she made sure Pan would not become jealous, but between the two would be an understanding of much detail. They would learn from each, other always knowing what the other did, but never in competition.

And so the two continued to play the music and entertain the Gods of Olympus, creating a new style of music called jazz.

Huntress in the Sky

By Hefertii Hamon, Sr. Latin student of Mrs. Phyllis Welsh, Western H.S., Baltimore, Maryland

Born to Zeus and Leto
Twin sister to Apollo
Known for my deadly silver arrows

Flashing through the forest—
I was one of Mt. Olympus' three maiden goddesses
Protector of chastity—I saved the lovely Daphne

A stern and vindictive deity, I had another side to me
Foolish Niobe—mother of fourteen—
Should not have insulted one dear to me

Patroness of the slave and lower class—
I love the wild animals and woods Rome has

Lady of the wild things—I'm the Huntress-in-Chief
Unusual for a mortal woman but not for me

Luna, Goddess of the Moon
Lucina, Bringer of Light
Nemorensis—of the grove

These three names were given to me
Protector of Maidens I'll always be

And never forget the other three me's
Selene in the sky
Hecate on high
and Artemis of the Earth
Forever my arrows will fly



Cara Matrona,

I hope you will not take offence at this letter as it is not from one of your usual correspondents. Until one month ago I was a *servus* on the island of Corsica. During *Saturnalia* my *dominus* invited me into the *triclinium*, and, before several of his friends, told me to recline in the third position in *lecto medio*. This came as a total surprise to me, but, needless to say, it made me the happiest *libertus* on the island.

Once my status as one of the *libertini* was confirmed before the local *tabularius publicus*, I decided to move to the mainland, and I have since taken a small one-room apartment at Pompeii.

My question to you concerns the baths. I know that using the *thermae* is a major part of being an acceptable citizen, but because we did not have *thermae* in my little village on Corsica, I am entirely unfamiliar with them. My master used only a private *balneum*, and I was never allowed to enter that part of the house.

I'm doubly embarrassed by my ignorance about the *thermae* because in Pompeii even some household slaves are allowed to use them during the early morning hours. I'm too proud to ask a *servus* about proper *thermae* procedures, and too embarrassed to ask any of my new friends because I don't want them to consider me some kind of *agrestis* who doesn't know the first thing about city life.

If you will answer my letter, I would appreciate hearing from you as soon as possible as I would like to begin using the *thermae* after *Idus Ianuarias*.

Lavatus Pompeiis.

Care Lavature,

Gratulationes tibi ago on your recent manumissio.

First of all, if you're going to use the *thermae* and pass for a respectable citizen, you're going to have to own a slave of your own. This may mean you will have to skip the baths for a few months until you come up with at least an *aureus* to buy a cheap one. Or did your *dominus* allow you to leave with sufficient *peculium* to enable you to buy a slave immediately?

At any rate, once you have a slave of your own, arrange to go to the *thermae* about *hora octava* as this is when most respectable citizens begin to arrive. Have your slave do some preliminary scouting of the *thermae* you plan to attend to find out which entrances are common-

Roga Me Aliquid

ly used and exactly what facilities are available to bathers. It can be most embarrassing to walk into a *thermae* with a slave and find yourself using the entrance that leads to the *ianitor's* room or the *balneator's* office. Also, some *thermae* have special entrances for *athletae*. You would take quite a ribbing if you accidentally entered their special *destriarium*. Use the main entrance because near it will be rooms in which a personal slave can wait and watch his master's belongings while his master exercises and bathes.

You should doff your *calceus*, *tunicam et subligaculum* in the *apodyterium* and leave them with your slave for safe-keeping. You will have to find out beforehand what the local usage is concerning *mantelia*. Sometimes *mantelia* are supplied free of charge or rented to the bathers, and sometimes the bathers bring their own.

You should then enter the *tepidarium* which you will find is comfortably warm. Chatting with fellow bathers in this room will give you a good opportunity to make some friends and become accepted into *thermae* society.

When you're ready, enter the *caldarium* which you will find to be very hot. Depending on the *thermae*, there may or may not be a separate dry-heat sweat room off to the side of the *caldarium* which many bathers also like to use. If you are looking for it, it will be called either a *laconicum* or *sudatorium*. When you use the *caldarium* itself, you will find a basin called a *labrum* in it. The *labrum* will be filled with cool water you can sprinkle on yourself as needed in order to stay in the *caldarium* long enough to sweat out most of the poisons from your body. As you sprinkle water from the *labrum* on yourself, you should strigil it off to completely cleanse your skin.

You then have a choice—and you may just want to follow the crowd on this until you feel that you are fairly well accepted—of going either into the *frigidarium*, where you will find a *baptisterium* filled with very chilly water, or into an outdoor *piscina* where the water will be warmed by the sun.

If you are pressed for time, it is considered acceptable to skip the *caldarium*, but never the *frigidarium* or the *piscina*.

When you have made some friends, you will be able to begin exercising in the *palaestra* before you bathe. The rules of the *palaestra*, however, are a whole different matter. Let me know how things go with the bath and I may have time to offer you some *palaestra* hints later.

Bonam Fortunam! I hope you enjoy your first visit to the *thermae*.

The Hair-raising Murder

By Alexis Saunders, Latin III Student of Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Prep. School, Tampa, Fla.

"Come in, Sabina," was the dreaded cry uttered from the bedroom of my mistress, Domina Calpurnia. She was my employer for whom I had worked as a hairdresser for nearly ten years. "You know I must make it to the chariot races by the sixth hour, and my hair looks just dreadful."

"Yes, Domina," I replied while scheming to let my shearing scissors "accidentally" slip from my grip while slitting the throat of Calpurnia. Sometimes she drove me to do almost that, but then I would picture my own execution and stop myself. Really, she wasn't that bad.

"Marcus! Come hither!" again the shrill voice screaming from behind the closed doors. "Marcus!" Marcus the poet came running. He was another one of Calpurnia's slaves. She called him in every morning while I styled her hair to read her poetry. I guess she did it just to insure her safety.

"I am on my way, Domina Calpurnia," replied Marcus quite out of breath.

"There you are. Where have you been?" Our lovely Calpurnia sat filing her own nails, surprisingly enough. "I am in quite a rush—only three hours to get ready!" Then in a more subdued voice: "Julius, that's Master Caesar to you, and I are going out today." Marcus and I both heaved a monstrous sigh.

Marcus began to recite, "And as the beautiful queen stepped . . ."

"Can't you work faster, Sabina?" my mistress demanded. "It really shouldn't take that long to wash and comb my hair!" Once again the thought of the slipping scissors flashed through my mind.

"Yes Domina, I will try to work a little faster," I replied as I pulled her hair a little tighter.

"Ouch! Sabina, I'll have you know that I can be rid of you anytime I choose, so you be more careful before I do so!" Calpurnia yelled into my face. "You hear?"

"Yes, Domina."

"Marcus! Keep reading or I'll do the same to you!"

"Yes, Domina!"

"Sabina, today I want something new, something different, something with a little bit of spice. Oh, I don't know..."

"The coiffure, Domina, it's the latest style," I replied.

"Yes! Yes, that's what I want—now hurry up. You're killing my precious time!"

"Oh, I'll do more than kill your time if you don't shut up,"—I thought to myself. As I washed her hair, I tried to restrain myself from drowning her in the little tub of water. I also tried to drown out her shrill voice while Marcus read his blissful poetry, but it was to no avail; the woman was driving me insane.

She had been cranky for some time. Rumor had it that my mistress had been having nightmares of her husband's death. It all sounded a little spooky, but anything's possible. Anyway, she took it out on me.

I took out my comb and separated seven strands of hair, turned them each into a roll and pulled them back into a fillet, perfecting the coiffure—the newest hairstyle for Roman women.

"Sabina! Are you finished yet? I simply cannot spare much more time!"

(Continued in Pagina Quarta)

The Death of Pan

By Lori Bradford, Latin student of Ken Turnbull, Barrie North Collegiate, Barrie, Ontario

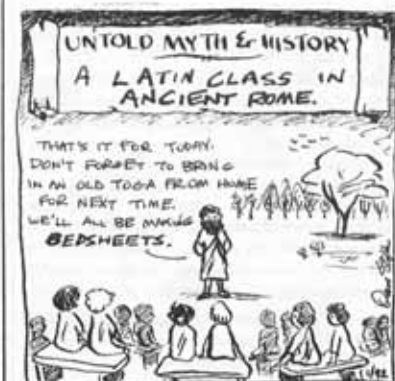
This story happened after many things,
Like Phaethon's death in fire,
And while Dionysus spread his word,
And Perseus called a liar.
Now one smart girl, Athena was her name,
Liked to travel all over,
And with her always came her sword,
Magically made with love and clover.
Her magic sword fought evil,
And in the end evil failed,



For the truth was overwhelming;
Truth always prevailed.
One day she did come upon
An old and frail man,
Who asked to touch the sword,
He was secretly Pan.
So Athena being unaware,
Gave to Pan the blade,
And Pan turned it on her,
A sharp blow was made.



But that sharp blow did not hit Athena but Pan himself,
and where Blood was shed has suffered a great fate.
For where Pan's blood was shed is now Kuwait.



Hospitium Hic LocaturTriclinium Cum Tribus Lectis

Cena Specials At The Hospitium Pompeianum Located Near The Thermae Stabianae

GUSTATIO

Panis Hostili et Vinum (vel succus)

Melca

Mix 1 cup of ricotta cheese with 2 tbs. honey, 1/2 tsp. black pepper and 2 sardines mashed in a little olive oil and 1 tbs. vinegar. To this add 1 tsp. coriander. Mix and chill. Cut some very thin slices of *panis Phoenicis* and completely dry them until they are hard and crispy. Spread the chilled cheese mixture over small broken off pieces of this dry bread and serve.

PRIMA MENSA

Collum Ovillum

Over low heat cook a 4 lb. neck of mutton in water in a covered pan for 1/2 hour. Save the water for use later in this recipe and to make the *Pisa Porraque* which will accompany this dish.

Place the mutton neck in a roasting pan.

Bruise together 1/2 tsp. black pepper, 2 tps. thyme, 1 tsp. oregano, 1 tbs. honey and 2 cups of the water saved from cooking the mutton neck. Pour this mixture over the mutton neck in the roasting pan and bake for 2 hours at 350°. Every 20 minutes or so, scoop some of the



basting liquid from the bottom of the roasting pan and pour it over the mutton neck again.

Pisa Porraque

Boil 1 lb. of freshly shelled peas in a pan for a few minutes until they are tender. Remove from the heat but leave the peas in the water. Add 2 finely chopped leek heads, 1/2 tsp. coriander, 1/4 tsp. cumin, 1/2 tsp. black pepper, 1/2 tsp. celery seed, 1/4 tsp. basil and a little caraway and anise seed. Pour in 1/2 cup of the liquid saved from cooking the mutton neck and 1/4 cup white wine. Simmer gently for 25 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve as a side dish with the mutton neck.

SECUNDA MENSA

Tyropatina

Into a small pan pour 2 cups milk and 1/4 cup honey. Bring to a quick boil while stirring constantly. Remove from the heat. In a separate dish beat 3 egg yolks well and stir them into the milk in the pan. Pour into individual baking cups and bake at 325° for about an hour (watch to see when the mixture firms up and gets a nice brown crust on the top. Sprinkle with cinnamon and chill before serving.

Patria Potestas

By Jessica Libove, Latin II student of Mary Jane Rudalavage, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Penn.

Pater puerum opera facere iubebat,

Sed puer patrem non audiebat.

In agris puer amat laxare; non vult laborare.

Pater brevi tempore adveniet;

Puer ignavus poenas dabit.

"Patriam potestatem" habet; segnitium non indulget.

Filius a patre interficietur,

Quod pater a filio non audietur.

Murder (Continued a Pagina Tertia)

Angry words escaped from my mouth: "You'll be lucky if that's all you have to spare!"

"What did you say? How dare you speak to me in such a tone! Don't let me hear another word out of you!" I yanked her hair a little harder. "Ouch! Enough of that! Put on my makeup and enhance my looks!"

My temper almost unleashed itself when I felt an understanding hand on my shoulder. "Don't worry, Sabina," whispered Marcus. "When we save enough money to buy our freedom, we'll leave here at once!" I managed to calm down as I watched Marcus leave the room.

I had just began to apply Calpurnia's lip coloring when she sneezed. Suddenly, the color was all over her cheeks and on her nose.

"Eccc! What have you done, Sabina?" With that she leaped out of her chair and struck me in the temple. I rebelled with a punch to her stomach. When I saw her reaching for a marble vase, I picked up my cutting shears and plunged them into her back once, then again, and a third time. She didn't even scream. With a last breath, she plummeted to the ground - DEAD.

The first thing I thought was, "Well, she'll have no more sleepless nights." Then reality struck me, and I started to panic. I had killed my mistress, what was I to do? Everybody would know I had killed her. Suddenly there was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" I casually asked.

"Sabina, it's your master, Caesar. Open the door."

"Just one moment please." There was nothing I could do. I had committed the murder of my Domina Calpurnia. I opened the door.

"Ahhh! Sabina, what have you done?!" I stood speechless. "You've killed my wife, you wretch!" "You shall pay with crucifixion!"

I didn't know what to say. Caesar didn't seem concerned about Calpurnia lying in a bloody heap on the floor. He seemed more preoccupied with thinking about my execution.

"I'm going to supervise your execution myself," shrieked Caesar. "And don't think you'll be forgiven at the last minute. I'll see to it that you're hung by your neck in the crotch of a tree and left there to rot just to set an example for any other slaves with big ideas. In fact, I may even have all the household slaves executed. You were probably all in this together anyway."

Right now I'm in a chamber guarded by a large man. I expect I will be crucified, as Caesar promised. Some say I'm insane, others - fellow hairdressers - say Calpurnia deserved her fate. I say it was worth it.

Hercules Sighted in New York

Julie Ovetlik, Mark Saddler, Latin Students of Mrs. Bo Lawrence, St. Joseph High School, Victoria, Texas

A creature believed to resemble the mythical Hercules was recently sighted in New York City. Several witnesses reported that they were amazed at the great strength of the creature they saw. One witness, a zookeeper, claimed that it was terrorizing the animals.

"He just walked right in there and strangled that lion. I don't know how he did it! Then he ran away with our wild boar and one of our antelope."

A shaken up subway conductor related how the creature shut down the subway system. "I couldn't believe it. One minute I was pulling into the station, and the next thing I knew, something big had stopped the train on its tracks."

When it had finished terrorizing the city, the creature was next seen on the farm of Jed Robinson. According to Jed, it first cleaned out his stables which hadn't been cleaned in 30 years, and then it captured the meanest bull with its bare hands. "That thing should be in the rodeo," observed Jed.

Mary Hughes, an authority on Roman mythology, believes that the creature may be a reincarnation of the mythological Hercules, based on the accounts of the sightings. "It's very easy to explain why this creature must be Hercules," she said. "It is clear that he is trying to accomplish the twelve labors Eurystheus gave him, but in a modern day method. The episode at the zoo relates to when Hercules killed the Nemean lion, and when he captured Erymanthian boar and the fleet-footed stag. At the farm, Hercules was obviously trying to clean the Augean Stables and capture the Cretan bull. And when he shut down the subway system, he must have been reliving his childhood days when he stopped the huge serpents in their tracks. There is no reason why this thing could not be Hercules."

"Hercules" has not been positively identified anywhere else since he left the Robinson farm, but there have been reports of an employee at Smith's Wrecking Service who demolishes buildings with his bare hands.

If Hughes is right, this creature should not be angered, for in the myths it is said that Hercules frequently lost his temper and killed those who annoyed him.

The Life and Times of Nero

By Lisa Morrow, Grade 12 Latin student at Crescent Heights H.S., Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

In 37 A.D. Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus was born,
With a name like that who thought that he would be
king?

Yet that wasn't enough,
He had to be known as Nero Claudius Caesar
Augustus Germanicus.

With a stately name like that,
You would think that he was royal from birth;
However, this wasn't the case.

His mother, Agrippina, held the ace.

After his father died in 40 A.D.,

When Nero was only three,

Mommy dearest married her uncle Claudius.
Now Claudius, being emperor and all, was sure to
have an heir.

He did, and Britannicus was his name,
But thanks to mother his throne did Nero gain!
Again mommy came to his aid,
When he wished to marry the fair maid, Octavia,
daughter to Claudius.

Until 59 A.D. he was a friend to all -
Freeing slaves, forgiving those who would plot
against him and

Did not hold trials behind closed "walls."
He staged contests in poetry, theatre and sports,
As a counter to gladiatorial cohorts!

As early as 56 A.D. his riots in the streets
Caused many to blow some steam!

Then came the crucial blow,
In 59 he decided that mother *had to go!*
Then in 62 he gave Octavia the final blow,
And in her place he married Poppaea Sabina,
The wife of Senator Otho.

But in 65 she died,

And he placed Statilia Messalina by his side.

Nero was a man of many supposed talents and
interests.

Next on his list

Were the joys of architecture.

So, in order to fulfill his dream,
Rome was erased from the scene!

While this fair city burned,
Many a stomach he did churn,
By playing, not very well, mind you, his lyre
In his villa some 35 miles away.

The latter part of his life,

Was filled with nothing but strife.

In Britain, in 60 A.D., or there about,
Queen Boudi gave the Romans a little rout!
Yet in 65 he saw the extent of his dislike
When 41 senators, officers, knights and the like,
Conspired to take his life;
But thanks to his slaves
Nero's life was saved.

In 66, he took a little trip.

This little trip, mind you,
Was nowhere short of 15 months.

Off to Greece he went,
Leaving a freedman in charge of the Consulate.

Of himself he did think so high,
That even the Senate thought that he should die.

His guard abandoned him,

And Galba the Senate made "king,"

Thus Nero was condemned to death,

Upon a cross, beneath the whip!

Fortunate for him, I suppose, he fled

Only to end his life

By cutting his throat with a knife.

(Many believe that this is false,
For he had the courage of a grouse!)

As in Nero's time

This poem has little rhythm and less rhyme;

And it finishes with a line

(As did Nero), but one short of "69!"

The Most Significant Roman Battles: A.D. 323 – 353

Legionnaire Score Board

Romans in power: IV – Challengers and Barbarians: III



Famous last quote at Nisibis: "I say we go with the low bid. After all, we're building city walls, not a dam!"

Hellespont, War of the Two Empires

A. D. 323

Constantine the Great had stationed a fleet of 200 galleys under the leadership of Crispus to blockade the Hellespont. Licinius sent a fleet of 350 ships under the command of Amandus to force a passage through the straight which they succeeded in doing after two days of hard fighting.

Hadrianople, War of the Two Empires

July 3, A. D. 323

Leading 120,000 troops, Constantine (Emperor of the West) tricked the Emperor of the East, Licinius, to lead his 165,000 newly recruited troops out of their well-defended camp and onto an open plain where they were quickly defeated by the more experienced army of the West. When the battle was over, 34,000 dead lay on the battle field.

Byzantium, War of the Two Empires

A. D. 323

The forces of Constantine the Great besieged Byzantium that was being defended by the troops of Licinius. When Licinius tried to raise an army in Asia to come to the relief of Byzantium, he was defeated, and Byzantium surrendered in 324 A.D. Constantine was proclaimed Emperor of both the East and the West. He made Byzantium the new capitol of the united empires and changed its name to Constantinople.

Singara, Persian Wars

A. D. 348

Sapor II posted the bulk of his army on the heights overlooking Singara and then sent a small light-armed force to engage the Roman legions of Constantius. The

Romans easily beat the Persian troops back and chased them to the bottom of the heights where the Romans, weary from the chase, camped for night. When night fell, Sapor II sent his entire army down from the heights and slaughtered the Romans in their camp.

Nisibis, Persian Wars

A. D. 350

A Roman garrison under Lucilianus was defending the city from a siege by the Persian troops of Sapor II. Since Sapor II had failed to take the city during a 60 day siege in A. D. 338, and during an 80 day siege in A. D. 346, he decided to construct a huge moat around the city, raise the water level to the height of the city walls and launch a fleet of ships in the moat. When the city wall broke under pressure of the water, the Persians tried to make a quick assault. When Sapor realized he had lost 20,000 men in the failed effort, he raised the siege and left Nisibis.

Mursa, Revolt of Magnentius

September 28, A. D. 351

80,000 troops led by the Emperor Constantine attacked the 100,000 troops of the usurper Magnentius. Although Constantine lost 30,000 men in the process, his army was able to kill 20,000 of the enemy and drive them from the field to win the battle.

Mount Seleucus, The Revolt of Magnentius

August 10, A. D. 353

Imperial legions led by Constantine crossed the Cottian Alps and defeated the rebel troops of Magnentius. Because of this battle Gaul and Italy were brought back under the control of Constantine.

Athleticus

By Ben Wince, Latin I Student of Betty Whittaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, Ind.

Athletic activities play a major role in the lives of most people. From basketball to running and to golf, there seems to be at least one sport that plays a part in every person's agenda each week. Sports is also one of the greatest generators of money every year. From people such as Michael Jordan advertising shoes, to the price of the tickets, to the events themselves, sports play a big part of the economies of the United States.

Not many people know this, but there was actually a Roman god from whom the concept of sports was developed. The name of this god is Athleticus. There are many derivatives from the name of this god such as the words athletes and athletics. This god who began competing with his own brother for fun originated the basic ideas which became the basis for many sports. Athleticus was very intelligent. He used his great understanding of people to find a better way to excel in his sporting competitions. He developed strategies for many sports which are still used today.

The myth of Athleticus started when he was born with an identical twin brother named Jacchus. Everything their father, Mercury (who was himself noted for his superior speed), gave them was exactly identical. When the two boys were old enough, Mercury began to teach them how to play. By the time the two boys had reached the age of early manhood, they were competing with each other and making up sporting events. The only problem was that in each race or event in which they competed, the twins would end in a tie. This was annoying to them because each felt that he was better.

After the boys had grown up, their father became ill. Mercury felt that his responsibilities should be divided equally among the two boys, but that just one boy should have the final say in major issues. Both boys begged to be chosen for this honor. Mercury could not choose, but

he agreed to let them compete for the position. In fact, there were to be several small competitions and a final great competition to decide the winner.

Every event came out in a tie, until Athleticus became hobbled by an injury. Every event after this was won by Jacchus. Then, after three years had passed, the final competition was to take place. Athleticus accepted the challenge from Jacchus to a race, and the prize was total control of what had been their father's responsibilities. Jacchus was confident of his prowess because he knew that Athleticus was still limping.

The race, set up by Athleticus, was to be from the river across four fields and valleys to the fourth laurel bush on the north. The race covered a relatively large area, and the two counted on at least a two day race.

The race began in the morning, and Jacchus was in total control even though he had not trained. The next morning Athleticus revealed that he was not hobbled by injury, and that he had been pretending that he was injured. Athleticus quickly caught up to Jacchus who had been taking his time. Athleticus then passed Jacchus very quickly. To the spectators it seemed as if some miracle had occurred, but Athleticus knew that he had trained secretly while Jacchus had relied on being able to beat a disabled competitor. When Athleticus reached the laurel bush, he made himself a wreath out of it, and this laurel crown became his symbol. Subsequently, he also won his father's respect. His competitive accomplishments were the result of his thinking ability and his training.

Athleticus achieved fame. He became the inspiration for all young Roman children, and his legacy still lives. To this day, those athletes continue to win who have the most intelligence, and who train themselves most carefully for their games or events.

Jewish Quarter (Continued a Pagina Secunda)

Then Tiberius, following the lead of his predecessor, worked energetically to restore the ancient rituals and put the now all-but-abandoned pagan religion back on its feet. The government had hoped to use religion to keep the restless rabble in check by implying that any act of disobedience or any defiance of the authorities would incur the wrath of the gods. The growth of Judaism was an obstruction to this plan, for as Juvenal complained, "They despise the laws of Rome and revere only the law of the Jews." Alarmed by this state of affairs, Old Tiberius sent four thousand male Jews off to fight in Sardinia and ordered the rest to renounce their "eccentric and dangerous" rituals, embrace paganism, or leave Italy by a certain deadline.

Things began to deteriorate more under the next ruler, the obnoxious paranoiac, Caligula. He insisted on being deified and had effigies of himself set up in public buildings, temples and shrines throughout the world of Rome. While most provinces smiled at the emperor's eccentricity, the Jews in Jerusalem revolted when Caligula's statue was set up in their temple. To avoid another massacre abroad, Caligula's advisors convinced him to ignore the incident as just another sign of Jewish fanaticism.

The Emperor Claudius again targeted the Jewish community in Rome when he blamed its residents for unrest in the city. Claudius' order evicting Jews from Rome is referred to in the New Testament (Acts XVIII,2) when a reference is made to Paul meeting Jews in Corinth who had been directed to depart from Rome. Claudius eventually rescinded his order, however, and the Jewish community was allowed to return to its ghetto.

When the Romans began to use the Christians (whom they considered to be a sect of Judaism) as their scapegoats, the Jewish community began to emphasize the distinctions between the two groups. Jewish residents of Rome began behaving more like their pagan neighbors in dress, in speech and in outlook in order to get into the mainstream of the city's life. Many began to refer to Rome as their *Patria*, or Fatherland. The Jewish community, however, was destined to continue suffering abuse under Vespasian, Domitian and Caracalla. When, however, Rome fell to barbarian control in A. D. 476, it was the Jewish ghetto that hung on while the general population of Rome dwindled to a few thousand.

So dedicated was the ghetto community to its adopted *Patria* that the community has survived without interruption to this day, surviving the plagues and dangers of the Dark Ages and the Middle Ages, the revitalization of the Renaissance, the Re-unification of Italy and two World Wars. Rome today truly belongs to the people of this ghetto as much as to anyone.

Major Latin Gods

By Jon VanOverloop, Latin Student of D. Huiskens, Covenant Christian School, Venison, Minn.

God of sun, poetry
Apollo
Goddess of hunting
Diana
God of underworld
Pluto
Goddess of wisdom
Minerva

CLASSIC CACHINNATIO



Shooting Hoops, Roman Style

In case you were wondering, keeping in shape is not an idea invented in the 20th Century. The ancient Romans made a social art of exercise and tied it in quite healthily with a leisurely visit to the baths. In fact, just as some modern business people use the golf course to bond with clients and close business deals, Roman *equites* frequently used the relaxed atmosphere of the *palaestra* to firm up business deals.

Some people played *trigon* or three-corner catch. If they wanted a faster-moving and more aggressive game, they would join a group playing *harpastum*. This could be a little rough. There was a lot of pushing and shoving as players tried to snatch the ball from each other. The *harpastum* was stuffed with sand and could be quite painful if they were hit with it. A little safer game, with just as much running, was played with a *pugonica*, a leather ball stuffed with feathers.

If there was a hoop mounted on the *palaestra* wall, Romans could play a game of hoop-ball where the players competed to throw an air-filled *follos* through the hoop. This game was a little more refined, and there was not a lot of body-contact allowed.

Romans skilled at rolling a *trochus*, could generally get up a game with several others. Some people, of course, preferred to work out alone, and they would go off to one side of the *palaestra* to punch a *corycus* or lift *halteres*.

After exercising and breaking a healthy sweat, they would either have their slaves strigil them down or they would pay a *quadrans* and have a professional do it in the *destrictarium*.

Nothing But Ancient History

By Brian Rubenstein, Latin IV student of Mary Jane Rudalavage, Upper Dublin H.S., Fort Washington, Penn.

Vergil sang of arms and men,

In a time that was way back when.

There was a banquet of food, and drink and more;

This was where Aeneas told about the Trojan War.

The war went on for ten long years;

In this time there was much blood and tears.

Morale was down, and all wanted an end,

So the Greeks took the war into a final bend.

What would work, but a trick, of course,

And the Greeks built a giant wooden horse.

In the horse were soldiers – not one, but a band;

The Trojans welcomed it into their homeland.

Some Trojans thought the gift was a trick,

And that maybe they reacted a little too quick.

Little did they know it was not a regular horse

That would eventually lead to the end of their course.

To the Trojans, the inside was just a mystery,

And the rest is nothing but ancient history.

Twelve \$1,000 Scholarships Available

(Each of which is renewable annually for four years)

APPLICATION

Valparaiso University Foreign Language Scholarships

(Deadline: January 10, 1992)

The Dept. of For. Languages and Literatures at Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana, is pleased to announce the establishment of twelve \$1,000 scholarships to be awarded to freshmen planning to major in French, German, Latin or Spanish beginning with the 1992/1993 school year. The awards will be given on the basis of merit rather than on financial need, and will be renewable for four years as long as the foreign language major maintains at least a B average.

Finalists selected on the basis of this form will then be asked to take a foreign language test to be administered on campus on Saturday, January 18, 1992. Finalists unable to travel to Valparaiso will be mailed a test to be administered by their current foreign language teacher. (The format of this test resembles the National Latin Exam.)

Name: _____ Language: _____

Address: _____ Telephone: _____

SAT scores: Verbal: _____ Mathematics: _____ ACT composite score: _____

Number of years enrolled in language courses: _____

Experience Abroad: _____

Have you taken a second or third foreign language? Which one(s) and for how long? _____

Overall grade average: _____ AP course in your language? Yes No When? _____

Academic Awards: _____

Have you applied for admission to Valparaiso University? Yes No

To be eligible to receive a scholarship you must have applied to VU by Feb. 1, 1992.

Please have your high school foreign language teacher write a letter of recommendation on your behalf.

Teacher Name: _____ Telephone: _____

High School Name/Address: _____

Also attach a 100 word description of your academic and career goals. Explain how you became interested in foreign languages and what you would like to do with your foreign language skills in the future. Please type or print clearly.

RETURN A PHOTO COPY OF THIS APPLICATION ALONG WITH THE REQUIRED LETTERS TO
Professor Randa Duvick, 112 Meier Hall, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, IN 46383
by January 10, 1992.

(If you wish to FAX your application forms, the number is (219) 464-5381)

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(Classified Ads)

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We have flat bottomed *sportae* in a variety of colors and sizes.

Replenish your supply of *sportellae*. If the *sportellae* you're currently using to pass food around during *cena* are tattered or dirty, give them to the slaves and get new ones from us.

Load up on *sportulas salutarioras* to use to present your clients with those little gifts they're so used to receiving during *salutatio*.

You can't miss us. Just look for the mountain of baskets near the *Pons Probi*. Remember, we're here to deal. "If we can't sell 'em, we will give 'em away!" Open daily, *ab hora prima ad horam sextam*. Fratelli Vitilles.

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Noli Ambulare in Pluvio Sine Gallicis

The rainy season is here. Why ruin your *calcei* in the ubiquitous puddles and streams of running water that flood our streets. The latest in rain gear for your feet are *gallicae*. These low shoes are designed for wet weather. They are water-proof, and are made with double soles. Laceable, open fronts or closed-front slip-ons are available. If the weather calls for a *lacerna*, don't go out without a pair of *gallicae*. We have over *D* pairs in stock, priced from *I* to *V* *denarii*. *Mercator Peregrinus, prope Stationem Annanac, Romae.*



ORIGEN AND HIS SPECIES



LATIN LEARNING



Carmina
Optima



Et Eorum Auctores

32. I. ATER ALBUSVE, Michael Iacobides
II. OSCULA IACERE IN VENTO, Paula Abdula
III. OMNIA PROPTER AMOREM, Colora Me Malum
IV. ILLUD EST CUI AMOR PRODEST Amy Grant
V. NON POSSUM DIMITTERE, Maria Curiosa
VI. NON POSSUMUS INTERMITTERE QUOD INCEPIMUS, Brianus Adamas
VII. SOMNIORUM VIA, Nia Populi
VIII. DE SEXU LOQUAMUR, Sal Piperque
IX. TOLLE CRUS, Iohannes C. Mellencastra
X. PERGE REVENIRE, Ricardus Marci

33.

You are a

Submitted by Jennifer Olmstead, Latin II student of Sr. Marita Gill, Seton Catholic High School, Pittston, Penn.

When you put the letter-answer in each circle, you will discover the rest of the title.

| Roman name | Authority | Greek Name |
|------------|-----------|------------|
| Vulcan | — | ○ |
| Jupiter | — | ○ |
| Cupid | ○ | — |
| Pax | — | ○ |
| Mercury | — | ○ |
| Diana | ○ | — |
| Venus | ○ | — |
| Ceres | ○ | — |
| Bacchus | — | ○ |
| Aurora | ○ | — |

34.

How Well Did You Read?

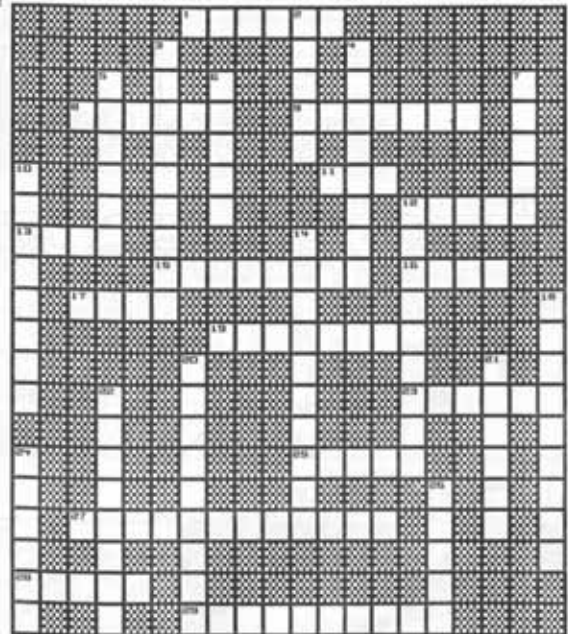
- What kind of game did Romans play with a ball called a *foliis*?
- What did Sabina do to Calpurnia?
- What popular Roman name for Artemis was not used in the poem "Huntress in the Sky"?
- According to Lisa Morrow, in what year did Nero die?
- In what year did Jerry Seinfeld receive his diploma from Queens College?
- According to Ben Wince, who was Athleticus' brother?
- What is the modern Italian name for the old Jewish ghetto in Rome?
- What is the deadline for applying for a Valparaiso University scholarship?
- In what part of a Roman bath would you have found the *baptisterium*?
- How did Sapor II trick the Romans at Singara?

Trojan War Crossword

Submitted by Michael J. Gravino, Latin Teacher, Three Village School District, Setauket, L.I., N.Y.

Across Clues:

- Trojan who escaped Troy's destruction; his descendants founded Rome
- noblest of the Trojans, killed by 10 down
- Trojan priest killed with his two sons by sea serpents
- number of years spent in the Trojan War
- island where Iphigenia was sacrificed
- one of the goddesses spurned by Paris
- wiliest of the Greek leaders, husband of Penelope and father of Telemachus
- strongest of the Greeks, contested with Odysseus for the arms of Achilles
- goddess who threw the golden "fruit" which was inscribed "to the fairest"
- the "faithful" wife of the king of Ithaca
- wise and aged Greek leader at Troy
- the face that launched a thousand ships
- faithless wife of 12 down; mother of 20 down
- another name for Troy
- wife of 8 across



Down Clues:

- "golden" fruit alluded to in 17 across
- beloved friend of 10 down, killed by Hector
- Greek leader who helped Odysseus steal the royal white horses
- queen of Troy and wife of 6 down
- king of Troy
- "abductor of Helen"; also known by the name "Alexander"
- leader of the Myrmidons, vulnerable only in the heel

- leader of the Greek forces and brother of 22 down
- son of 19 across
- winning deity of the "Judgment of Paris"
- sacrificed by 12 down at 12 across
- protectress of Odysseus
- cuckolded Spartan leader
- sea-goddess mother of Achilles; wife of Peleus
- "wooden" animal which spelled Troy's doom

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| A god of love | K Demeter |
| B god of wine | L Dionysus |
| C goddess of the hunt | M Zeus |
| D goddess of the dawn | N Eros |
| E god of fire | O Artemis |
| F goddess of peace | P Eos |
| G king of the gods | Q Aphrodite |
| H goddess of beauty | R Irene |
| I goddess of grain | S Hephaestus |
| J messenger of the gods | T Hermes |

36.

Quis sum?

Submitted by the Latin I students of Hilary Sikes, Indianola Junior H.S., Indianola, Miss.

- I am Mr. Ed with side extensions.
- Like Michael Jordan, I am a man and a "Bull," Chicago Bull, that is.
- I'm related to Big Bird on Sesame Street. I'm so fat I don't care what I eat. I have an unusual head, that of a woman. If you don't eat your food quickly, I'm comin'!
- I am a creature of many habits. I can roar in a jungle; I can climb a rocky ridge; I can slither through the grass.
- I'm too timorous to ask for a date because I'm not man enough. But I do like to "horse" around.
- Leon got his last name from the pronunciation of my last name, but he is male, and I am female.
- I went to the tailor and gave him three dollars. He gave me a shirt which had three collars.
- I went to the doctor and cried, "I am blind!" He gave me one lens and said I was fine.

37.

Searching for the Gods

Submitted by Keith Szeliga, Latin I student of Br. Lawrence Shine, Calvert Hall College Highschool, Towson, Maryland

First, fill in the missing letters to complete the statement. Then, find the word in the word search.

- J _ _ _ T _ _ is the ruler of the gods.
N _ P _ _ NE is the god of the sea.
_ L _ _ O is the god of the underworld.
S _ M _ _ S is the god of sleep.
_ _ R _ _ R Y is the messenger of the gods.
V _ N _ _ is the goddess of love.
_ _ P _ D is the god of love.
A P _ _ L _ is the god of light, medicine, and poetry.
_ A _ S is the god of war.
S _ _ U _ N is the god of agriculture.



AUXILIA MAGISTRIS

(These solutions and translations are mailed with each Bulk Classroom Order sent in care of a teacher member. Copies are also sent to all Adult and Contributing members. Nocopies are sent to student members.)

32. CARMINA OPTIMA

- I. BLACK OR WHITE, Michael Jackson
- II. BLOWING KISSES IN THE WIND, Paula Abdul
- III. ALL FOR LOVE, Color Me Badd
- IV. THAT'S WHAT LOVE IS FOR, Amy Grant
- V. CAN'T LET GO, Mariah Carey
- VI. CAN'T STOP THIS THING WE STARTED, Bryan Adams
- VII. STREET OF DREAMS, Mia Peeples
- VIII. LET'S TALK ABOUT SEX, Salt-N-Pepa
- IX. GET A LEG UP, John C. Mellencamp
- X. KEEP COMING BACK, Richard Marx

33. You are a SMART CHILD

Submitted by Jennifer Olmstead, Latin II student of Sr. Marita Gill, Seton Catholic High School, Pittston, Penn. When you put the letter-answer in each circle, you will discover the rest of the title.

| Roman name | Authority | Greek Name |
|------------|-----------|------------|
| Vulcan | <u>E</u> | <u>S</u> |
| Jupiter | <u>G</u> | <u>M</u> |
| Cupid | <u>A</u> | <u>N</u> |
| Pax | <u>F</u> | <u>R</u> |
| Mercury | <u>J</u> | <u>T</u> |
| Diana | <u>C</u> | <u>O</u> |
| Venus | <u>H</u> | <u>Q</u> |
| Ceres | <u>I</u> | <u>K</u> |
| Bacchus | <u>B</u> | <u>L</u> |
| Aurora | <u>D</u> | <u>P</u> |

34. How Well Did You Read?

- 1. Basketball
- 2. Killed her
- 3. Diana
- 4. 68 A.D.
- 5. 1976
- 6. Jacchus
- 7. Il Ghetto dei Giudei
- 8. Jan. 10, 1992
- 9. In the frigidarium
- 10. He let them think they had won, then he slaughtered them in a night attack.

35. TROJAN WAR

AENEAS
 P P D
 H A P P I P
 HECTOR LAOCOON A
 C R I E M R
 A U O A T E N I
 C B C M D AULIS
 HERA L T E G
 I ODYSSEUS AJAX
 L ERIS L M A
 L PENELOPE P
 E I M M A H
 S M P A NESTOR
 E H C O H O
 T N I HELEN ED
 H E G U H N I
 E CLYTEMNESTRA O A T
 T A N R E
 ILIUM I S
 S S ANDROMACHE

36. Quis sum?

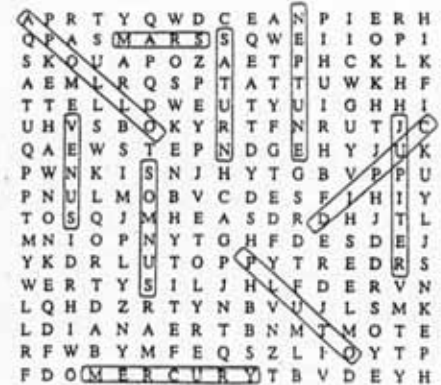
- Submitted by the Latin I students of Hilary Sikes, Indianola Junior H.S., Indianola, Miss.
- 1. I am Mr. Ed with side extensions.
PEGASUS
 - 2. Like Michael Jordan, I am a man and a "Bull;" Chicago Bull, that is.
MINOTAUR
 - 3. I'm related to Big Bird on Sesame Street. I'm so fat I don't care what I eat. I have an unusual head, that of a woman. If you don't eat your food quickly, I'm comin'!
HARPY
 - 4. I am a creature of many habits. I can roar in a jungle; I can climb a rocky ridge; I can slither through the grass.
CHIMERA
 - 5. I'm too timorous to ask for a date because I'm not man enough, but I do like to "horse" around.
CENTAUR
 - 6. Leon got his last name from the pronunciation of my last name, but he is male, and I am female.
SPHINX
 - 7. I went to the tailor and gave him three dollars. He gave me a shirt which had three collars.
GERYON
 - 8. I went to the doctor and cried, "I am blind!" He gave me one lens and said I was fine.
CYCLOPS

37. Searching for the Gods

Submitted by Keith Seallig, Latin I student of Br. Lawrence Shine, Calvert Hall College Highschool, Towson, Maryland

First, fill in the missing letters to complete the statement. Then, find the word in the word search.

JUPITER is the ruler of the gods.
 NEPTUNE is the god of the sea.
 PLUTO is the god of the underworld.
 SOMNUS is the god of sleep.
 MERCURY is the messenger of the gods.
 VENUS is the goddess of love.
 CUPID is the god of love.
 APOLLO is the god of light, medicine, and poetry.
 MARS is the god of war.
 SATURN is the god of agriculture.



Jerry Seinfeld: Comic Extraordinaire

Many funny things happen in our lives. A good comic relates these comic events which he sees in his own life to others in a way that makes them laugh. Others laugh because they can relate to these same comic situations in their own lives.

Seinfeld is just such a comedian. When he was young, he wasn't the comic star of his own family. His father claimed that life at home. From his father Seinfeld learned that one could have fun being funny. Because of his father, he decided to become a comedian.

While he was student at Queens College, Seinfeld used to listen repeatedly to Bill Cosby records so that he could learn to deliver punch lines as cleverly as possible. After he graduated from Queens College in 1976, Seinfeld performed in comedy clubs for four years. Then in 1980 he went to Los Angeles to perform in that city's comedy clubs. When he was seen by a Hollywood agent, Seinfeld was hired as a joke writer for Benson. He was earning \$4,000 per week.

In 1981 Seinfeld appeared on television on the Johnny Carson Show. Because of this appearance with Carson, Seinfeld became much in demand at comedy clubs and on college campuses.

In 1988 he was named Funniest Male Standup Comic at the American Comedy Awards.

Now Seinfeld has his own television sitcom. He works with Larry David who used to write for Saturday Night Live. Seinfeld, however, prefers to control everything himself on his own show.

Although he is wealthy, Seinfeld lives in a small two-bedroom condo. He doesn't have a lot of furniture. He says, "It keeps the mind uncluttered." He doesn't smoke. He avoids alcohol. He studies Zen and practices yoga, and eats only health foods. Seinfeld's sister is his business manager. He himself lives simply, but he's not a simple comedian. Seinfeld has become a cerebral comic who should enjoy many years of prosperity on the comic stage.

