

POMPEIIANA

NEWSLETTER



POMPEI - CASA DEI VETTI



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Jefferson Touts Latin!

In the winter of 1800, Thomas Jefferson wrote to his friend Joseph Priestley:

"To read the Latin and Greek authors in their original is a sublime luxury. I thank on my knees him who directed my early education for having in my possession this rich source of delight."

Classical Studies Central to a Liberal Arts Education

In his book, *The Meaning of Things: Applying Philosophy to Life*, A.C. Grayling offers five good reasons for the enthusiastic promotion of classical studies:

1. The study of classical languages is an intellectual discipline that simultaneously provides an understanding of grammar, style and the roots of the English language.
2. Western culture is so deeply imbued with its classical origins that it can not be appreciated without knowing these origins.
3. Students must be alerted to the fact that the literature and philosophy of the classics shapes the American mentality in a million ways—but always to its benefit.
4. Classical culture at its best offers lessons and models of peculiarly high value.
5. Students must discover these things for themselves by reading classical literature—a moving experience that results in genuine understanding.

Spectavistine spectaculum televisivum cui intus est "Chico et Vir Ille"? In hoc spectaculo Fredericulus Prinzus, pater Fredericuli Prinzi, Junioris, egit personam praecipuum. Infeliciter, pater mortuus est quando Fredericulus Junior solum novem menses natus erat.

Nunc Fredericulus Junior ipse personas
praeicipuas agit et multi virgines amores eius
deperunt. Personas agit in his picturis moventibus:
Ea Est Omne Illud, Usque Ad Te, Pueri
Puellaeque, Scio Quid Aestate Proxima Feceris,
Etiam Nunc Scio Quid Aestate Proxima Feceris,
Per Caputque Pedesque. Recentissimo pernoctum
agit in pictura moventi cui titulus est Captus
Aestate.

Mox Fredericulus Junior spectabitur in nova
pictura moventi cui titulus erit Scooby-Doo. In
 hac pictura moventi Fredericulus Junior per-
 sonam vivam (non erit
 picturae admiratio)
 ager cum amica eius,
 Sura Michella Gelbar
 quae personam agit in
 spectaculo televisifico
 cui nomen est Buffea Quae Vespertilionis
 Nocat.

Fredericulus Junior XXV annos natus est.
Habet VI pedes et I unciam proceritate, et



artibus martialibus XX annos studuit. Fredericuli Juniori artium martialium magister est Robertus Hall, compater eius.

Fredericulus Junior autem non
semper fuit amabilis et popularis.
Post patris mortem, cum matre
habitavit sub montes in Nova
Mexicana. Legebat libros comicos,
spectabat picturarum adumbrationes
in televisione, in nive tabulis labeatur.
Apud scholam altam aliis studentibus
Fredericulus Junior non placebat. Eum
monstrum, "insoциabilem," "insoчитum"
arcebat.

De adolescentia Perdiculus Junior haec dicit: "Esse adolescentem erat vitae meae tempus durissimum. Mei animi motus fortissimi erant. Inasebar vel maerebam et me scececebam. Iter faciebam in montes et simulabam aliquid esse. Insolitus eram quia vivebam in urbe sine."

Nunc Fredericulus Junior vivit in mundo vauo et omnes cum artificem appellant!

The Basilica as Courthouse

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

To most people today the word "basilica" suggests a Christian church of great splendor, such as St. Peter's in the Vatican. To the ancient Greeks, however, the term meant "...a kingly and beautiful hall;" to their conquerors, the Romans, a courthouse. In the floor plan of such a building the latter saw an ideal setting for the administration of justice.

Customarily, the interior of a Greek basilica consisted of, among other features, a wide center aisle flanked with columns separating it from narrower side aisles, and in one of the end walls, a curved recess (apse) which housed the king's (Gk: *basileus* = king) throne. The Romans gave the center aisle (called the nave, from the Latin word *nauta*) higher walls and, consequently, a higher ceiling than the rest of the building. These high walls called the clerestory (sometimes spelled "clearstory" because of the light they provided) were usually veneered with marble and fitted with a line of windows that flooded the hall with light. A two-tiered portico served as the formal entrance to the building. All this, and more,

magnificent churches, they, too, settled on the basilican design, using the apse for the sanctuary and main altar. In turning these houses of worship, they retained the word *basilica* since its original significance—Hall of the King—could now again be taken as a reference to Christ as their King of Kings.

Returning to the 2nd century B.C., we know that this was a time when an intensive interest in monumental architecture studded the Roman world with aqueducts, bridges, arches, theaters, stadia and many public build-



ARTIST'S RECONSTRUCTION OF THE FORUM ROMANUM SHOWING THE BASILICA AEMILIA BEHIND A ROW OF COMMEMORATIVE COLUMNS AND TO THE RIGHT OF THE CURIA AUREA.

ings. It was during this time that the basilica began to be an integral part of the Eternal City's landscape.

In the year 184 B.C., the censor Marcus Porcius Cato undertook an extensive building program in the *Forum Romanum* that included the construction of a large public assembly hall to be used also for juridical affairs. The historian Livy reports that despite vehement opposition in the Senate to this extravagant project, the new facility was named in honor of its sponsor: "*Cato... basilicum ibi fecit quae Porcia appellata est.*" (Cato erected a basilica there, which was named the *Basilica Porcia*.)

Then, just five years later, the censor Marcus Aemilius Lepidus pushed through a bill that called for another courthouse of even greater grandeur, the *Basilica Aemilia*, 220 feet in length, nearly 60 feet in width. The century that followed exacted a heavy toll on the structure, motivating the censor's grandson and namesake to oversee its res-

(Continued in *Pavina Setta*)

Happy Halloween

Fig. A. Malheur Hardy, Little Blackfoot of
Jualith Gossman
Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

All Hallow's Eve again draws near,
Across the land is heard a spectral cheer;
Phantoms and spirits long since dead
Arise again and to this life are wed
For this one night out of the year
To wander the streets that once they held
dear.

In Rome the legions march again,
Singing softly like the pattering rain,
Telling tales of days gone by,
Watching this world with dead, dreary eye.
Knowing not why, they do obey
And come again on this most dolorous day
To whisper the secrets of Rome
Although none listen beneath the great
dome.

Proudly they tell of her great fame,
They tell of her beauty and of her shame.
Her rise to glory and her fall
Thus with their singing they disclose all.
In Rome the legions march tonight
To shake the land with their power and
might.

Then tolls the bell the morning hour,
And all the ghosts tremble at its power
Like one single shimmering shade
Into shadows of the morning they fade.

Circus Maximus

*Based on an article by Greg Finch,
Jake Knipp and Jerimia Blasko,
Latin I students of Nancy Mazur,
Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio*



Like the Daytona 500 and the Kentucky Derby of our time, the races in the *Circus Maximus* provided thrills for Roman spectators. Rome's largest racetrack was located
(Continued in *Paving the Way*)

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SECONDUM NUMEROS

Playing the Ponies

50 B.C. *2 year 6 month 2 year 6 month*
Romans could bet on their chariot races, awaiting the lead of White Team competing in 18 times Roman mile races per day.

A.D. 20 *2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year*
Romans could bet on eight chariot races competing in 18 times Roman mile races per day.

A.D. 40 *2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year*
Romans could bet on eight chariot races competing in 18 times Roman mile races per day.

A.D. 90 *2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year*
Romans could bet on twelve chariot races competing in 18 times Roman mile races per day.

A.D. 1900 *2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year*
Americans could bet on the same flat horses that would compete in two-mile races against each other four different times per day.

A.D. 2001 *2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year 2 year*
Americans can bet on two Olympic horses at a time competing in sixteen one-mile races per day.

Patched Stone Horses Association

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INSANIA by ABE HARTSMAN

MENU
PORK
MORE PORK
PORK PIE
PORK STEAK

At Circe's Cafe

Circus Maximus

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

between the Palatine and Aventine Hills in a valley that traditionally had been used for the games that Romulus sponsored when he and his band of lonely men kidnapped the Sabine women to be their wives. At first, spectators simply sat on the slopes of the two hills to watch races. Later, wooden bleachers were constructed that proved to be rather dangerous. On two different occasions they were destroyed either by fire or by structural failure. Finally, permanent stone seating was installed and the *Circus* was given the rectangular shape, round on one end, that is now associated with Rome's largest racetrack.

It is estimated that the entire structure must have been at least 2000 feet long and 600 feet wide, measuring to the outside of the seating area. The track itself was dirt, and a decorative stone wall (the *spina*) stood in the middle of the track, located closer to the oval end of the racing surface than it was to the square end where the starting gates (*carceres*) were located. The racers (*aurigae*) risked their lives rounding the two ends of the *spina* as they struggled to complete the usual seven laps of a complete race (*missus*). The laps (*curricula*) of the race were marked by moving large eggs (*ova*) into place on one end of the *spina* and large dolphins into place on the other end.

Teams (*factiones*), distinguished by their colors, lined up in the *carceres* as they awaited the signal to begin. Similar to the waving of a flag that signals the start of a modern automobile race, chariot races were started by a white cloth that was dropped by the event sponsor (the *dator ludorum*). During Republican Rome, a race generally featured four two-horse chariots (*bigeae*), representing the Blue and White *factiones*. Teams would compete in as many as ten seven-lap races per day. Over the years, four more *factiones* were created (Blue and Green by Augustus, Purple and Gold by Domitian) and as many as twelve chariots at a time would compete in more than 100 five-lap races per day. As game sponsors tried constantly to outdo each other and draw bigger crowds to the races, teams began to field chariots drawn by three horses (*trigae*), four horses (*quadrigae*), six horses (*sebigae*), seven horses (*septemigae*), all the way up to ten horses (*decemigae*). When a chariot was pulled by more than two horses, only the two in the middle were yoked, while the others were simply attached by traces (*funes*). Even today, such horses are called trace-horses.

Champion *aurigae* became very famous and wealthy (along with their prize horses) and, along with champion gladiators, represented the sports heroes of Ancient Rome.

Dido's Last Thoughts

Poem by Octavia Staun, Latin IV student of Chervon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio
Drawing by Joann Park, Latin IV student of Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania



My beloved Aeneas, how time does fly;
another day is done, with but a wink of the eye.
You came into Carthage with just a few of your men,
as the others had been lost, drowned or forsaken.
You told me the long story—
the trick horse, the blinding fury—
how poor Creusa was left behind, weak and weary.
You told of the despicable Harpies with their curses
and claws,
and of the treacherous storm that seemed to defy all laws.
You poured out your heart and soul to me,
and I gave you mine in return,
no matter what people said, and despite Iarbas' spurn.
We were wedded in a cave, brought together by the gods,
only to be separated and stricken by the odds.
I asked you to stay, to forget Italy;
only you wouldn't listen but chose to ignore me.
My pain is great, my despair even greater
for I have at last chosen a path
that many will remember later.
Queen of Carthage, widow of Sychaeus I am,
but now death leads me, as a shepherd leads a lamb.
As you chose to leave me, now I choose to leave
this place,
to let you forever ponder Dido's fall from grace.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, VERGIL!
THE IDES OF OCTOBER, 70 B.C.

THE AENEID, BOOK I: A ONE-ACT PLAY

BY GRACE SICA, LATIN III-IV STUDENT OF ADRIENNE NILSEN, ST. JOHN VIANEY H.S., HOLMDEL, NEW JERSEY

In an effort to re-set ancient history in modern circumstances, this *Aeneid*-like adventure takes place on the Titanic.

Scene One: *The curtains rise on an empty stage. ANTHONY THE NARRATOR, a young man in his mid-twenties, walks to center stage.*

ANTHONY THE NARRATOR: *Arma virumque cano, Troiae...* just kidding. But, as a matter of fact, I do know the first seven lines of the *Aeneid*. I learned them when I was a child in, ah, let's see, in 1912. That was the same year I sailed on the Titanic! Yeah, well anyway, I was living in South Hampton, England, in a rather affluent neighborhood where I had a private tutor. Her name? Nilsen. Mrs. Nilsen. Besides making me read all of the books of the *Aeneid*, she was a very truthful person, and she firmly believed that all people were basically good. So, I guess the point of mentioning her at all is that I'm hoping her spirit will be with me as I attempt to share my story with you folks this evening.

ANTHONY THE NARRATOR moves to stage left as his **AUNT JOSETTE** enters and moves to center stage where she stands perfectly still.

ANTHONY THE NARRATOR: This woman here is my great evil Aunt Josette. What a bitter person she is. She did, however, care deeply for her niece, Veronica—my mother. Aunt Josette loved Veronica more than she loved her own children. She helped raise her niece as a very cultured young woman. Aunt Josette also had a very long memory, and she would never forget anything bad or cruel that others did to Veronica even after Veronica herself had forgiven and forgotten. That's why Aunt Josette hates my dad, Andrew. You see, my dad used to mistreat my mother. He ran around a little even while they were courting. Now that my mother has passed away, Aunt Josette is trying to send my dad and his cute little boy (...me) away to America. She knows that if my dad sticks around South Hampton, he will eventually inherit part of my mother's family estate. Aunt Josette definitely does not want that to happen. So that's the situation. Let's, as they said in Rome, leave the rest to the Fates!

ANTHONY THE NARRATOR exits stage left. **AUNT JOSETTE** remains alone, lit by a spotlight.

AUNT JOSETTE: Ae-o-lus! Ae-o-lus! Uhhh, how I hate that name! Come here right now!

A second spotlight reveals **AEOLUS** entering stage right.

AEOLUS: Wha-at? What do you want at this hour?
AUNT JOSETTE: Come here. We need to talk. I need your help. We've got to convince your son-in-law, Andrew, to take his son Anthony to America and seek his fortune there.
AEOLUS: If that's what you think is best. You always seem to know what's best for the family.
AUNT JOSETTE: That's just what I wanted to hear. Let's talk to them tonight.

A third spotlight reveals a small table with a newspaper lying on it.

AUNT JOSETTE: Well, look at that. A ship named the Titanic is sailing to America tomorrow!

The stage goes dark. When the lights come up, **AUNT JOSETTE**, **ANDREW** and **ANTHONY** as a little boy are standing by a door that leads outdoors.

AUNT JOSETTE: So go, go! Don't waste any more time. Get on that ship and sail to America. That's where you'll find your fortune. There's nothing for you here in South Hampton any more.

ANDREW: But, Aunt Josette...

AUNT JOSETTE: Don't call me that. I stopped being your aunt when my beautiful niece passed away. You and your son are nothing to me now.

ANDREW: All right, Josette, you win. I can see you're the one behind this whole thing. Sure, we'll leave our dear South Hampton and go to America, but just remember. We'll be back. In fact, we'll be back later this year in the fall. So just you be ready to accept that fact.

Holding little **ANTHONY'S** hand, **ANDREW** leads the little boy out the door. Stage goes dark. When the spotlight comes back on, it reveals **ANTHONY THE NARRATOR** standing center stage.

ANTHONY THE NARRATOR: And, with that, we left our dear Aunt Josette almost hoping we would get lost at sea or something. So, on April 12, 1912, my dad and I boarded the Titanic. I remember thinking to myself, "It's so cold! What if we fall in the water?" Talk about a foreboding premonition! Ha! Anyway, there we were, heading for our new home. The weather was chilling. A brisk wind was coming

from the north, and, on the horizon, the ocean was speckled with small ice caps. We had been on board for about a day and a half when the tragedy struck. My dad and I were taking a late night walk on deck when we heard someone yell, "Ice-berg! Ice-berg!" The ship began to change course almost immediately, but the huge white iceberg soon came alongside. There wasn't much of a bump, just a scraping noise, and then it was gone. After a while, people stopped talking about it, and my dad and I started to make our way down to our inexpensive cabin on the lowest deck of the ship.

My dad thought it was odd that the carpet in the hall was wet. We were just getting ready for bed, when, all of a sudden, water began to flow into our cabin under the door. My dad just grabbed his small suitcase that had all his valuables in it and then took my hand and dragged me back into the hallway. Other people were starting to open their doors to look out and wonder what was happening. We ran up to the deck below the one where the lifeboats were. My dad went over the side and looked up. He saw a lifeboat had already been loaded and was starting to be lowered to the sea. He told me to be ready because we were going to jump in as it passed our deck. Of course, everyone in the boat yelled at us as we forced ourselves into whatever little space was left. Once the boat was in the water, we could see people swimming nearby who had simply jumped into the freezing water, not bothering to wait for a lifeboat. They kept trying to come alongside and climb in, but everyone kept pushing them away so they wouldn't capsize us.

The men with oars began rowing away from the ship, and when we were a safe distance away, we all just sat there in the dark watching the lights from the Titanic slowly disappear. Stuff was floating everywhere in the water, and screams and calls for help could be heard in the darkness. When another light finally appeared on the horizon, we began to row towards it. I could have sworn that the ship that later came into view was called the Neptune, but my dad insists that it was the Carpathia. After we had been rescued, we got to meet Captain Nathan, and then we were given dry quarters and eventually transported to America.

Scene 2. **ANDREW** stands on a dock holding **ANTHONY** by the hand.

ANDREW: So, I guess this is America. What shall we do with ourselves, Achates...oops, sorry about that. I've got to quit calling you Achates, Anthony. Of course, we must now be as brave and resourceful as Aeneas and Achates, my dearest boy. Let's go find ourselves some food, and then we'll worry about where we're going to sleep tonight.

The stage goes dark as a spotlight shows **ANDREW** and little **ANTHONY** wandering from place to place, back and forth across the stage, looking into the shadows. Finally little **ANTHONY** flops down on the floor, exhausted.

ANDREW: What's this? Are you tired already? Do you need some encouragement? All right then, I'll play Aeneas. Think of our lost home in South Hampton. Think of your dear, dead mother. Think of all we have already survived to get this far. Sure things are going to be a little tough for a while, but we can make it. I know we can. We can't give up now. Think about the future and the family joys that lie ahead.

The stage goes dark. Then **ANDREW THE NARRATOR** appears in the spotlight stage right.

ANTHONY THE NARRATOR: I never said my dad was a tremendous motivational speaker, but he did help us get over those initial rough times. Now, prepare yourselves. This is where the story takes a weird turn. Back in South Hampton, my grandmother was disturbed with the way we had been mistreated by Aunt Josette, so she paid a little visit to the Chairman of the county council. What's that? You're wondering how my grandmother suddenly got in the story? I warned you things would get weird. You see, my grandmother died before I was born, and I really don't think about mentioning her very often.

A second spotlight shines on stage left to reveal a small kitchen with a **WOMAN** seated at a table. The **CHAIRMAN** of the county council enters wearing a long nightgown.

CHAIRMAN: My dear, I had the strangest dream last night. A very insistent elderly woman appeared to me and insisted that her family was in danger and that I had to do something about it. She said that her daughter-in-law's sister, a woman named Josette, was cheating her son and grandson and had forced them to leave the country and abandon their rightful inheritance. She said if I didn't do something to fix the situation, she would visit me nightly and drive me insane.

(Continued in Pagina Decima)

Swimmers' Surprise

By Evan Keller, Latin II student of
Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Long ago, when the earth was still new, the lands were hard, and the seas were rough. The male gods, of course, had no problem with this. They ran about the earth hunting, fighting, terrifying humans and generally having a good time.

The female gods, however, did not like the earth and complained every time they visited. It was too cold, it was too hot. There was not a comfortable place to sit and relax. When asked why they bothered to visit at all, they responded, "We have to get off of Olympus sometime!"

To satisfy the goddesses, Jupiter and Neptune came up with a plan. For several days they pounded the sharp rocks of the shorelines with lightning and waves. When things finally calmed down again, most of the shorelines were covered with fine grains of sand.

The next time the goddesses visited the earth, they were pleasantly surprised to find soft, pleasant beaches. They now had a place to go each summer to rest and escape the stress of their heavenly duties.

When, however, the male gods decided to visit the beaches, they, too, were pleasantly surprised. It hadn't taken very long for the human women to discover the allure of the beaches—which, of course, gave rise to a whole new set of problems.

Beware of Falling Leaves... ...and Cadavers!

Leave it to **The Spelling Doctor** to remind everyone that the season of fall is closely tied to death and dying. Let's start with Halloween when cadaver-like ghosts and goblins appear to scare treats out of us. What does the word "cadaver" have to do with falling leaves? It's simply basic Latin: *cadere* = to fall.

And, of course, everyone knows that in the fall, leaves come tumbling down to clutter lawns. Leaves that need to be raked, repeatedly. Leaves, however, don't fall from coniferous (cone-bearing) trees, just from deciduous ones. Once again, it's Latin to the rescue: *de* = down, *cadere* = to fall. When the two Latin words are combined, the spelling changes slightly to produce the Latin word "*decidere*" = to fall off.

Every year, nature goes through this recidivism as it abandons the carefree joys of summer and moves to the gloom of death, dying and winter. What's "recidivism" you ask? It's just another English derivative from Latin *cadere* that means "to fall (re-) back" into old ways of acting.

Because we're surrounded by all this death and dying in the fall, we should, of course, leave nothing to chance. It would simply be too dangerous. "Chance." Now there's another neat word. And, as it happens, it, too, is derived from Latin *cadere*. *Cadere* gives us the neuter plural present participle form, *cadentia*, meaning "things that are falling." This evolved into the Old French word *cheance* (meaning a risk or chance) and thence into Middle English as *cheunce* and *chance* (meaning an unexpected event).

So good luck this fall. Or, as the French would say, *Bonne Chance!*

PLAY TIME

Based on an article
by Jonathan Moore,
Latin I student of Adrienne Nilsen,
St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

EGYPT

Children everywhere love to play. In ancient Egypt, the children of the well-to-do would have had plenty of time for play, and even the children of the lower classes and slaves managed to steal time away from their assigned tasks to have a little fun once in a while. Archaeologists have found their pull-horse toys, clay dolls and small animals carved from stone as well as remnants of such board games as Mancala and Senet. Of course, children would also have enjoyed swimming, playing tag, tug of war and leapfrog.

The board game Mancala was played on a board that had a small scoring pit at each end, called a Kalaha, and a double row of six playing pits lined up in the middle. To start the game, each player placed three seeds in each of the playing pits in his row. The players then took turns moving one seed at a time from playing pit to playing pit. As soon as a player moved all of his seeds into his own Kalaha, he won.

Senet was a slightly more complicated board game, but still a lot of fun to play. The game board was marked

The DAWNING of the Age of Aquarius

Article by Mike Fisher, Jyl Paynter and Brandi Wallis, Latin I students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio
Drawing by Joann Park, Latin IV student of Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

According to astrological experts, the earth has been traveling through many different ages, each defined by the way the earth's axis (which changes approximately every 2000 years) tilts it in view of a certain constellation. Before going into detail about the predictions for the Age of Aquarius which we have supposedly just entered, it will be interesting to consider the views provided by astrologers of the previous ages the earth has experienced.

The Age of Leo (10,000—8,000 B.C.)
An age of energy and creation, this age marked the creation of man, as well as the progressive evolution of man's intellect into limited agriculture, as opposed to hunting and gathering.

The Age of Cancer (8,001—6,000 B.C.)
This age marked the progress of man from caves to above ground housing (astrologically, Cancer influences the urge to build a home). The moon, Cancer's ruling body, was also prolific during this age.

The Age of Gemini (6,001—4,000 B.C.)
Writing developed during this age (Gemini is the symbol of communication), and mankind continued to evolve both spiritually and intellectually, leading to attempts to record its accomplishments.

The Age of Taurus (4,001—2,000 B.C.)
The Egyptian civilization appeared during this age, bringing with it new technology and the knowledge to cultivate the land, architectural skill that produced the pyramids, as well as the aggressive nature that led to war and subjugation. This aggression also gave birth to artistic expression.

The Age of Aries (2,001—1 B.C.)
This era, also known as the iron age, saw mankind fashioning crude weapons from iron (Aries rules the metal iron). Feelings of war are more pronounced, and mankind seeks to expand its influence on the world. Rome was founded during this age, quickly becoming the greatest nation in the world.

The Age of Pisces (A.D. 1—A.D. 2000)
Since Pisces is the symbol for spiritual growth, Christianity sprang up and spread during this age. A transition was made from the old multi-god religions to modern monotheism.

The Age of Aquarius A.D. 2,001—4,000 A.D.)
What things lie in store for the earth during the next 2,000 years? Astrologers predict that this age will unite mankind in a state of spiritual and bodily harmony, in which separate nations shall blend into one united mankind. As yet unimagined technological inventions can be expected, but more importantly, the exploration of space will be given new importance. Space arks will be built that will transport settlers from earth to the far reaches of our galaxy.

[Editor's note: Readers should realize that while the science of astronomy is generally respected by all scholars and religious leaders, the study of astrology is often looked down upon as a pseudo-science, generally scorned by scholars and shunned by traditional religious leaders.]

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

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

To help realize this goal, all adult members and Latin Clubs are invited to add their names to the Honor Roll before the end of the 2001-2002 school year by mailing their tax-deductible contributions payable to the "Pompeiana Endowment Fund."

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

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- Brownburg H.S. Latin Club, Brownburg, Indiana
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Mors

By Matt Wager, Latin III student of Margaret Curran,
Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York

Mors

Gravis, ultima

Terminat, contristat, relinquit.

Finis est.

Mors.

ME, MYSELF AND BRENUM

BASED ON A STORY BY STEVE MCALPINE, LATIN II STUDENT OF CARRIE SHULER, THE COVENANT SCHOOL, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

The sign on my booth reads *STERTINI TABERNA VINARIA*. It is in one of the better locations, and I once enjoyed the income it produced after I had received my *rudis* and retired from the arena.

Of course that has all changed. Now I just feel trapped, and I live every day in fear. My troubles started innocently enough. I had no idea how my life would be changed.

It was the Ides of October, and I had just sent my *servus*, Carolus, to run an errand. I was manning the *taberna* myself when three men wearing *togae praetextae* came over. I could only guess that they were magistrates.

I asked, "Would you gentlemen like some wine?"

They shook their heads and motioned for me to follow them. I lowered the awning to close my *taberna* and obediently followed them. When we had entered a private changing room in a nearby *balneum*, they explained the special task they had in mind for me, one that could make me a wealthy man.

As it happened, since my wine booth was very near the Colosseum, many of the professional gladiators were among my regular customers. They were especially interested in my dealings with one of Rome's mega-stars, Brenus Malicus. It seems that these three magistrates had decided that Brenus was nothing but bad news. He was crass and boastful and seemed to be going out of his way to corrupt Rome's *mores maiorum*. With my help, they intended to put an end to Brenus and his negative influence. I was going to be their hit-man.

Because I didn't dare say "No" to three magistrates, I agreed. I knew in my heart, however, that I could never go through with it. I was a retired gladiator myself and had too much respect for Brenus, despite his negative influence of Rome's *mores maiorum*. I decided to take my *servus*, Carolus, into my confidence and let him know what I had gotten myself into. I told him that my first inclination was to warn Brenus that a hit was being put out on him.

Carolus didn't think that this would be such a good idea. "Domine, not only will you lose out on the 5,000 *denarii* they are willing to pay you, but you'll be putting your own life in danger. Besides, if you don't do the hit, they'll probably just find someone else to handle it, and Brenus will be dead anyway. How much time do you have?"

"They want him dead before the next *Kalendae*."

"I don't think you have a choice anymore, domine. If you like, I would be willing to help make some arrangements."

I thanked Carolus for his advice and his offer, and swore him to secrecy. I said I would think about it some more. But, in fact, I had already made up my mind. I had to warn Brenus. Despite what most people think, there is honor among gladiators, and I owed him this favor.

The next time Brenus stopped by the *STERTINI TABERNA VINARIA*, I told him I had a special *amphora* of wine that I had just imported from *Hispania*. I invited him to come to the back of the *taberna* to taste some. Once we were by ourselves, I explained the whole plot that was brewing against his life. I asked him what he thought we could do to protect both of our lives.

"We've got some time," he said. "Today is only *a.d. XV Kalendas Novembres*. Let's wait a little before we do anything. I've got some fights coming up in a few days, and

our advantage.

The next few days seemed to drag on forever. I began to have second thoughts. Maybe the magistrates were right. How could I be sure that his story about their bribe attempt was true? Maybe Brenus was a totally negative influence. After all, he had managed to involve me and Carolus in a plan to kill Roman magistrates.

After a few days, Carolus reported that the three magistrates go to a *caupona* across the Tiber late every night to gamble. They disguise themselves as freedmen and have no *servi* with them for protection. This was, of course, what we had been waiting for. Since they would be in disguise, we could do them in and make it look like a simple murder/robbery. This sort of thing happened almost nightly in Rome. The *vigiles* would have to conclude that whoever killed and robbed them had no idea they were magistrates.

Brenus insisted that all three of us take part in the murders so that we would be able to trust each other afterwards, since we would all be equally guilty. As soon as it started getting dark, we moved into position in an alley just on the other side of the *Pons Sublicius*. We each carried a *sica* so it would look like it was the work of common thieves. Suddenly, there they were, coming across the bridge together and trying to act low class. They were being loud, and teasing and pushing each other. I'll never forget the look on their faces when we stepped out of the alley and each grabbed our victim. I quickly got behind my man so I wouldn't have to see his eyes when I did him in. We took their money and divided it equally between us. Then Brenus said that we should never be seen together again. He also warned us about flashing the money around lest anyone get suspicious and tie us to the robbery. He also said that none of us should leave town any time soon because that would also make the *vigiles* wonder.

The sign on my booth still reads *STERTINI TABERNA VINARIA*. It is still in one of the better locations, but I no longer enjoy my work here. I feel trapped. I should have just closed up shop and left town by myself as soon as the magistrates had approached me. Carolus was smart. He took off. Just another runaway slave. Of course, I didn't bother to report him. If he were caught, they would just torture him and he would talk. So now I live my life in fear—just me, myself...and Brenus.

He inspired my old arena bloodlust and I decided to go along with his plan.

we'll see if they've got anyone else on their payroll."

A few days later, one of the magistrates casually stopped by the *STERTINI TABERNA VINARIA*, and while he casually drank the wine he ordered, he called me close to him and asked me what I was waiting for. I told him not to worry. Everything was in place, and would be taken care of before the *Kalendae Novembres*.

The next time I met secretly with Brenus, I suggested that we simply both leave town together. We could move somewhere where no one recognized us and go into some business together. Brenus, however, preferred a more aggressive approach. He thought there might be a way for us to eliminate the three magistrates. He inspired my old arena bloodlust, and I decided to go along with his plan.

During the next *munera gladiatoria*, Brenus was at his best. The crowd was going wild. No opponent could stand up to him. Heads rolled and the sand was turning bright crimson. It was glorious. Brenus had arranged for me to have a seat near the *pulvinar*. He told me to look for the three magistrates, who, we were sure, would be in attendance, and sit right in front of them so he could see who they were. Brenus continually looked in my direction as he flaunted the instructions of the *dator ludorum* whenever he waved his *mappa* to spare a fallen opponent. He would then do the fallen gladiator in with even more gusto. Finally, Brenus stood alone in the arena. No challengers remained. To keep the crowd from getting out of hand, the *dator ludorum* decided to go down into the arena and offer his personal congratulations to Brenus.

When the *dator ludorum* had taken his bows along with Brenus in the arena, Brenus approached the *pulvinar* where I was seated and stared long and hard at the three magistrates seated behind me.

Later that night, I returned to the gladiatorial barracks where Brenus stayed, and we finalized our plans. Brenus told me that he recognized the magistrates. They had come to him privately several months earlier and tried to bribe him to take a fall so they could bet against him and make a small fortune. We finally decided that the best thing to do would be to have Carolus tail the magistrates for a few days and see if they had any sort of a routine that we could use to

TRIDENTIFER

By William Barber, Latin I student of
Judith Gramese, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

N is for Neptune, god of the sea,
E is for his excellent fish that are free.
P is for all of the people who sail,
T is for his part in the famous Trojan tale.
U is for what he did to Ulysses.
N is for the never-ending ocean breeze,
E is for *equus* that he created with such ease.

CATVLLVS: The rest of the story

By Zachary Bencan, Latin III Student of Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

Catullus Carmen XIII

"Fabullus, you'll dine well with me,

The gods approving, if you say

You'll bring the cats, ...

... and I propose

You'll wish you were just one enormous nose."

From a translation by
Rene Myers and Robert J. Ormsby

In this poem, Catullus invites his friend, Fabullus, to a dinner with a "twist." Catullus tells his friend to bring all the food and entertainment because his own money bag is full of...cobwebs. If you think this sounds like a lame story, you're right! So, let me tell you the true story behind the invitation of Fabullus to this strange dinner party.

Catullus, like many Roman authors, did not make a stunning amount of money, but he did love to gamble. At every opportunity he would rush down to the Colosseum to bet on the *munera gladiatoria*. For a brief time, in fact, he was even enjoying a bit of a winning streak. That was when his gambling buddies decided to find out how Catullus had suddenly gotten so lucky. When one of those gambling buddies was selected to tail Catullus, he learned about Fabullus.

Fabullus was a "gofer" in the gladiatorial barracks who had developed an eye for telling which gladiators were mentally and physically primed to win. He would tip Catullus who shared his winnings with Fabullus later on.

After Catullus's secret arrangement with Fabullus had been reported, the group of disgruntled gamblers concocted

a strange and devious plan to punish the pair.

The whole group of Catullus's gambling buddies showed up at his home the next night and forced him to write *Carmen XIII*. The scheme hinged on the fact that Fabullus would have to bring everything himself so he would be distracted and incapacitated as he arrived at Catullus' home.

On the night of the dinner, the disgruntled gamblers waited for Fabullus in a nearby alley. While he was fumbling with the door knocker, the group attacked him. Catullus, of course, didn't wait around to see what was going to happen next. He took off through his postern gate, quit gambling and concentrated on writing the rest of his *carmina* that can still be enjoyed to this day.

Like Paul Harvey, "Now you know the rest of the story!"

LACRIMANS

By Brittany Schell, Latin I student of
Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

A bolt of despair pierces my spirit,
Shattering all happiness into jagged shards.
Burning sorrow blackens my *laetitia*,
Turning to ashes all I had enjoyed.
My *caput* throbs with the weight of pent-up emotions,
And anxiety expands, pushing all else out of its path.
A clamor claws viciously in the pit of my *stomachus*,
Then howls wildly and bursts from my *fauces*.
An explosion of emotion fills the air,
Releasing the anguish held captive in my soul.
Tears stream from my bloodshot *oculi*,
Coursing down my pallid cheeks.

The misery begins to fade as my trembling *corpus* quiets.
I am freed from the tormenting chains of sorrow
That have constrained my *cor* for so long.

Aemilia: A Two-Act Play by Laura Smethurst, Latin II student of Dr. Marianthe Colakis, The Covenant School, Charlottesville, Virginia

Dramatis Personae:

Tiberius Saccurus	Aemilia's father
Papiria	Aemilia's mother
Marcus	Aemilia's nineteen-year-old brother
Aemilia	Fifteen-year-old Pompeian girl
Claudia	Aemilia's nine-year-old sister
Julia	Friend of Aemilia
Mavia	The family cook
Mavius Augustus	Lanista in the <i>Ludus Gladiatorius</i>
Cirius Davius	Pompeian magistrate

ACT I

Scene 1: The triclinium in the home of TIBERIUS SACCURUS in Pompeii. TIBERIUS is reclining at dinner with his wife PAPIRIA and his children AEMILIA, CLAUDIA and MARCUS.

TIBERIUS: As you know, we have special seats reserved for us at the *munera gladiatoria* tomorrow. We shall all attend the morning's entertainment, but before the *tuba* blows at *meridie*, we shall leave to return home for *prandium*. So, Papiria, be sure that Mavia has lunch ready for us when we get here. Only Marcus and I shall return to the amphitheater for the afternoon matches and the *venatio*.

MARCUS: Great!

PAPIRIA: Very well.

CLAUDIA: Does that mean I have to stay home, too, in the afternoon?

MARCUS: Little girls should be seen but not heard.

AEMILIA: Pater, can't I please go back with you and Marcus after lunch? I love to see the gladiators.

TIBERIUS: Be quiet, Aemilia. You should be glad you're even allowed to come with us in the morning. A young girl like you should not be watching gruesome gladiator matches.

PAPIRIA: Your pater's right, Aemilia. We'll have no more begging. Have you finished your wool work?

AEMILIA: Oh, mater.

PAPIRIA: I didn't think so. You just can't seem to get anything right, can you? Why do you have to be so unreliable and useless?

AEMILIA: I'm not unreliable and useless. I can do anything I put my mind to. I just need a chance, that's all.

Scene 2: CLAUDIA and AEMILIA are preparing for bed in their shared cubiculum.

CLAUDIA: Aemilia, do you like mater and pater?

AEMILIA: Of course, I do, Claudia. It's just that they don't believe in me, that's all. I think I just need to do something to earn their respect. Do you have any ideas?

CLAUDIA: Maybe you could create a beautiful piece of embroidery or spin some really fine wool. That would catch mater's attention, and pater's as well.

AEMILIA: I suppose that would be the proper daughter thing to do. But I need something more spectacular. Try to think of something spectacular that I could do as a girl, Claudia. Claudia? Oh, sure, just like you to fall asleep and leave me struggling all by myself. Oh, well, maybe I'll think of something tomorrow in the amphitheater. Wait! That's it. If pater won't let me watch the *munera gladiatoria*, I'll just have to become part of them. If I can disguise myself to look like a young man, I'll bet I could get my training right here in Pompeii.

Scene 3: TIBERIUS, PAPIRIA, AEMILIA, CLAUDIA and MARCUS are maneuvering through the crowd to get to their seats in the amphitheater. JULIA, the daughter of a freedman, is standing in a doorway watching the crowd.

TIBERIUS: Stay together everyone. Try not to get separated.

PAPIRIA: Aemilia, be sure to hold Claudia's arm. We don't want her to get lost.

AEMILIA: Here, Claudia, hang on to Marcus' arm. I have to do something. I'll catch up with you later.

AEMILIA breaks away and quickly starts to run back down the street, staying close to the buildings to avoid the crowd in the road.

JULIA: Hey, girl, what's your hurry? You almost knocked me down.

AEMILIA: I'm sorry. Say, could you help me?

JULIA: If I can. What do you need?

AEMILIA: Can you show me how to get into the *ludus gladiatorius*?

JULIA: Sure. The entrance is near our house. Come on, I'll show you. By the way, my name is Julia. What's yours?

AEMILIA: Aemilia. Thanks, I appreciate this. Sorry if I make you miss the entertainment.

JULIA: Oh, I won't miss anything. I only go in during the *venatio*. I love to see the animals.

AEMILIA: That's great. Can we hurry? I think someone might be coming after me pretty soon.

JULIA: Sure, just follow me.

AEMILIA and JULIA walk through the streets until they near the entrance to the *ludus gladiatorius*.

JULIA: There's the main entrance, right up ahead. Is there anything else I can do for you?

AEMILIA: Yes, as a matter of fact there is. Would you be willing to help me disguise myself as a young man?

JULIA: I think so. Let's go across the street to my house. We can borrow some of my frater's things.

AEMILIA: And one more thing, would you be able to cut my hair so I look like a young man?

Scene 4: Inside the *ludus gladiatorius*, AEMILIA, disguised as a young man, is talking with MAVIUS AUGUSTUS, the lanista.

MAVIUS: Come on, kid. You don't look like you have what it takes to fight in the arena.

AEMILIA: Don't let my looks deceive you. I'll train hard, and I learn fast.

MAVIUS: How are you at taking orders? I'm the lanista here, and you'll have to do what I say.

AEMILIA: I can handle that.

MAVIUS: All right, then. Stow your gear in the second camera on the right. You'll be sharing the room with three other guys. Then report to the equipment room. I'll meet you there.

AEMILIA goes over to the second camera on the right and looks around. She has brought nothing with her so she has nothing to store. Then she heads for the equipment room.

AEMILIA: If it's all right with you, I do have some other things I have to do during the day and I have somewhere else I need to stay during the night. But I'll be here for practice on time.

MAVIUS: Let me think about that. That's not the usual way I like to do things. Here, this is a helmet. Try it on, and make sure the visor doesn't cut into your nose or mouth. Then adjust the straps on this *lorica* and cinch it on good and tight. When you're done with that, strap these shin-guards on. I'll meet you outside.

AEMILIA gets dressed in her gear and then heads outside to the post where MAVIUS stands holding a wooden *rudis* in his hands. As she draws near, he tosses the *rudis* to her.

MAVIUS: Heads up!

AEMILIA: Nice toss.

MAVIUS: You catch like a girl. You'll have to work on that. You got any family?

AEMILIA: Sure, everybody's got a mother. I wasn't just hatched, you know.

MAVIUS: I mean living. You got family that cares about you?

AEMILIA: My mother's not interested in what I think or do. You don't want to know who she is, so don't bother.

MAVIUS: All I care about is your courage. Train well, and you can be an orphan for all I care.

ACT II

Scene 1: AEMILIA is five years older and very muscular. She's dressed in her gladiator armor. She is talking with JULIA who has been admitted into the gladiators' quarters to keep her favorite gladiator company.

JULIA: Are you all tensed up?

AEMILIA: No way. Well, so what if I am? Hey, I'm justified. This is my first match in the amphitheater. I can't believe my dream is coming true. Mavius is the best. "Anticipate," he says. "Make your move before your opponent knows what hit him." But, hey, why should I worry? All I have to do is win and not get myself killed.

Julia, I'm going to prove that if women can go through the pain of childbirth, we can be just as strong as men in the arena.

JULIA: You show 'em, Aemilia. You can do it. I know you can. Just remember your training and keep repeating Mavius' final instructions.

The *tuba* blows and the door of AEMILIA's camera is swung open. AEMILIA walks out speaking aloud to herself.

AEMILIA: Keep your head high. Walk with confidence. Don't let anyone underestimate you. I'm not unreliable and useless. I can do anything I put my mind to. I just need a chance, that's all.

Scene 2: AEMILIA and her OPPONENT move to the

center of the arena before the *pulvinar* and give their salute to the *dator ludorum*.

AEMILIA and OPPONENT: *Morituri te salutamus!*

As they move back into fighting position, the two gladiators exchange verbal taunts.

OPPONENT: You're gonna die, dog.

AEMILIA: You don't even have a clue, sucker. You're just fighting as a grunt gladiator. I've got a bigger cause.

You, my friend, are in a very unfortunate spot right now!

OPPONENT: Think so, hey? Try this on for size!

As the OPPONENT lunges forward with his sword, AEMILIA brushes it aside with her shield and butts him in the face with the top of her helmet. His face guard bends in and presses painfully against his nose which starts to bleed profusely. Quickly, AEMILIA moves behind her OPPONENT, pulls his head back and holds the cutting edge of her sword to his throat. The crowd goes wild. CIRIUS DAVIUS, the *dator ludorum* gives the *pollice verso* signal, and AEMILIA finishes off her OPPONENT. CIRIUS then signals for AEMILIA to approach the *pulvinar*.

CIRIUS: Gladiator, that is the finest move I've ever seen in the arena. What is your name?

AEMILIA pulls off her helmet to reveal her hair that she has secretly allowed to grow long again.

AEMILIA: My name is Aemilia. Today I fought not only to win my match but also to prove that Pompeian women can be equal to men in all things. I want to thank my friend Julia who has stood by me during my years of training and my lanista, Mavius, who has been like a father to me. I would also like to ask my real pater, Tiberius Saccurus, to stand. That's right! I'm Aemilia, the filia of Tiberius Saccurus. Pater, as you can see, I am not unreliable and useless, and I can do much more than spin wool and make pretty embroidery. At this moment your daughter is the best gladiator in the arena. You should be proud!

CIRIUS: Fellow citizens of Pompeii, hear me. Please be quiet for a moment. We have just witnessed something very unusual, and I will ask you whether or not you think Aemilia deserves the honors reserved for a winning gladiator.

The crowd stands and begins to chant, "Aemilia, Aemilia, Aemilia!" as they wave their white napkins symbolizing their approval.

CIRIUS: *Gladiatrix* Aemilia, daughter of Tiberius Saccurus, you have made your point. Come forward and accept your prize. Then I would strongly advise you to return to your pater and your familia. Although you have shocked them and all the citizens of Pompeii today, I'm sure they love you very much, and, in time, will come to respect your achievement.

Coriolanus and His Family

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



Coriolanus, oh, evil was he!

He refused to give grain to the plebeians, you see.

The people were angry, so they put him on trial.

But mad at this treatment, he left Rome for a while.

He went to the Volsci, enemies of Rome,

Where he plotted the downfall of his old home.

He invaded the city until two women ran

Into the field to stop this wild man.

The family of Coriolanus was sad,

But his mother and wife were especially mad.

His wife and his mother gave him "what for,"

Then watched Coriolanus walk out his door.

"Goodbye, Coriolanus" was all they could say

As beloved son and husband went on his way.

He was hated so much because of his cruelty to all,

But because of his wife and his mother, Rome did not fall.



Cara Matrona,

I am a client of Marcus Loreius Tiburtinus who owns the house in which I rent a *taberna* and a small apartment for my family in Pompeii. As my *patronus*, Tiburtinus has always been most generous, both with his time and his *pecunia*. His advice on personal and legal matters is always thoughtful and wise. In return, I am always eager to share any news that comes my way with him and to be at his service whether he wants me to testify in his behalf in the *basilica*, be an *umbra* at a *convivium* or join the parade of mourners at a family funeral.

Because of our wonderful relationship, I am almost reluctant to discuss this matter with you, but I feel I must get it off my chest. I hope I can trust you to keep my confidence and offer advice that will both resolve the conflict I am feeling and preserve the relationship I have with my *patronus*.

Just a few days ago, *n.d. III Non. Oct.*, to be exact, my *socer* paid a surprise visit to me and my wife Vituria whom I led in *matrimonium* when she was eleven. We had not seen my wife's father since our marriage fifteen years ago, though I had written him every time Vituria had a child. Four *pupae* and one *pupus* died before they reached their *dies lustrici*. Finally, three years ago, Vituria had a *pupus* that survived and whom I was able to place on my knees to claim and name on his *dies lustricus*. On that day my

patronus was present and I gave my *filius* the name Titus after my own *praenomen*. Naturally, my *socer* was very pleased to hear that he had a *nepos*. And after three years, he was finally able to pay us a visit to meet his grandson.

Unfortunately, my *socer* was traveling on a *navis oneraria* that was making only a one day stop in the harbor at Neapolis before proceeding north to Ostia.

After we greeted and welcomed my *socer*, we presented little Titus to him. He was thrilled at how much the child resembled him. Then he said that he had decided to leave his small farm in Sicily to little Titus, and wanted to write his will while he was with us so that we could keep it safe until the day of his death.

Naturally, Vituria and I were very excited at the prospect of our son inheriting his *avus'* farm in Sicily, so I immediately went next door to ask my *patronus* to join us and witness my *socer's* will, as was the proper and respectful thing to do.

Matrona, even though I explained to Tiburtinus that my *socer* could only be with us this one day, and that this will was very important to the future prosperity of our family, he absolutely refused to witness the will. He said, "Don't you know today is *n.d. III Non. Oct.*, and that it is a *dies religiosus*? The *lapis manalis* was removed from the *mundus* in the triangular forum this morning. There will be no will-witnessing today."

Matrona, we were crushed. Without Tiburtinus present, we didn't dare go ahead with my *socer's* will, and my *socer* left angry and disappointed. We're not sure whether we shall ever see him alive again. Vituria has been in tears every day since he left because Titus lost such a wonderful opportunity to be included in his *avus'* will.

Matrona, Vituria has had such a hard life already, and I can't bear to see her so depressed. Still, I don't feel that I could have done anything else without insulting my *patronus* and losing the wonderful apartment and *taberna* we rent from him.

Any advice you can offer will be appreciated.

Titus Julius Fortunatus
Pompeii

The Basilica as Courthouse

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

toration. In a rambling letter to his friend and confidant, Atticus, Cicero writes this about M. Aemilius Lepidus:

"In medio Foro basilicam iam poene texerat isdem antiquis columnis..."

(He has by now just about roofed his basilica in the middle of the Forum, using the same ancient pillars.)

He also comments on the splendor of the renovated interior and the sums of money lavished on it. A century and a half later, Pliny the Younger maintained that the Aemilian Courthouse, with its statue-bedecked arcades, still ranked among the finest edifices in the empire.

The year 169 B.C. saw yet another court building rise in the *Forum Romanum*, the *Basilica Sempronia*, named for Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus. And in 121 B.C., with the society of Rome becoming increasingly litigious, up went the *Basilica Opimia* to help ease the backlog of cases to be adjudicated. While no trace of this basilica remains, it is thought to have stood near the Temple of Concord at the northern end of the Forum.

The four courthouses in the *Forum Romanum* soon became a prominent part of daily life in the City, not only for the legal crowd but also for the general population. Open from sun-up to sundown, these spacious halls—much cooler with their marble walls and pavements—served as air-conditioned retreats for the "hot polloi" on sultry days and as shelters on stormy ones. The lower classes could also combat the enmity of their underprivileged existence by attending the trials of the rich and famous. Tribunes, elected representatives of the plebeians, often used the basilicas to hold meetings of their restless constituency at which they reported on the latest goings-on in the Senate. Businessmen preferred to transact their deals in the airy ambience of the basilicas, while the money changers set up shop in the shady confines of the porticoed entrances.

During the ambitious dictatorship of Gaius Julius

Caesar in the following century, the Sempronian Basilica was plowed under to make way for the grandiose *Basilica Julia*. With its gleaming marble exterior and its two-storied arcaded entrance, the Julian Basilica quickly took over as the high court of appeals and the architectural focal point of the great public square. Suetonius relates how, one day, the batty Emperor Caligula—seeking to draw attention to his "magnanimity," stood on the roof



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE COMPLETED BASILICA MAXENTIA

hours, tossed money down on his "lucky" subjects.

No new courthouse was erected in Rome until the

reign of Trajan

(*Marcus Ulpius*

Trajanus) A.D.

98-117. This great

city planner gave

his imperial capital

a state-of-the-art

civic center. This

included a sprawling

shopping mall, two

well-stocked public

libraries—one

Greek and one

Latin—and a

spanning new, first-rate

court complex, the *Basilica*

Ulpia, the largest of them all, with four side aisles and

two apses.

Two full centuries would elapse before yet another basilica graced the *Forum Romanum*, the basilica begun by Maxentius but completed by his conqueror and successor, Constantine.

Unfortunately for modern lovers of things classical,

Care Fortune,

I, too, am sorry that your *filius* lost the opportunity to inherit his *avus'* small farm in Sicily. But you were absolutely right in not proceeding against the wishes of your *patronus* and in defiance of the restrictions that govern a *dies religiosus*.

Remember that, as a *cliens*, you must rely on the wisdom of your *patronus* to help you make decisions that are proper and legal. Also remember that it is the *Fata Scribunda* that govern the future of little Titus. If he had been destined to inherit his *avus'* farm, your *socer's* visit would not have fallen on a *dies religiosus*.

As I am sure you know, *n.d. III Non. Oct.* is one of only three days each year when the *lapis manalis*, your local gate to the Underworld, is removed from the *mundus* so that the *Manes* can rise to the Upper World. To undertake any serious matter on one of these three days would be the worst possible thing you or your *patronus* could have done. You should have been aware of this and, instead of encouraging your *socer* to go ahead with his discussion of his will, you should have invited him to join you and your *patronus* in making sacrifices to the *Manes* that had been released.

Who knows, if you and your *socer* had joined the family of your *patronus* for a graveside meal in honor of beloved *Manes*, you may have discovered that your *socer's* boat may have been mysteriously delayed in the port for an extra day, and that he would have been able to complete his will in a proper manner on the following day.

But there is no sense in crying over milk and honey that wasn't spilled. As it was, you respected the advice of your *patronus*, and that will eventually work out in your favor. You must convince Vituria that her persistent crying will only antagonize both your *patronus* and the gods. She must accept your will just as you accept the advice and guidance of your *patronus*. Assert yourself as *paterfamilias* of your own household, and things should work out for the best.

all these stately courthouses have either vanished without a trace or lie in extremely fragmented ruins.

Of the *Basilica Porcia* and *Opimia*, not a single identifiable stone remains. The *Basilica Aemilia* has left us just a portion of its front wall, and mere stumps of its once proud columns. A large portion of its marble floor survives, however, though scarred by hundreds of round raised green stains, each measuring a half-inch or so in diameter. Archaeologists suggest that these stains are the re-



NAVE AND APSE OF THE BASILICA OF ST. PAUL OUTSIDE THE WALLS

of the *Basilica*

Julia and, for

results of bronze coins (dropped by hastily exiting money

changers) fused into the floor by the heat of the fire set

by the Gods in December, A.D. 546.

The skeletal remains of the Julian Court are out-

lined against the slopes of the

Palatine and shadowed by the

pillars of the Temple of Saturn.

Trajan's *Basilica Ulpia* offers

even skimpier relics at the en-

trance to his time-gutted shopping

mart. As for the stupendous edifice

that was begun by Maxentius in

A.D. 306 and dedicated by

Constantine in A.D. 313, there

stand only the coffered vaults of

the right aisle, soaring to a height

of eighty feet.

Despite such devastation,

there are still two effective ways

for us to derive a clear mental picture of the architec-

tural majesty of the Roman basilicas of old. One way is

to purchase one of those "Then and Now" pictorial books

so ubiquitous in the shops and stalls of Rome. The sec-

ond way is to visit the venerable shrine of St. Paul's

Outside the Walls, a structure which scholars say per-

fectly replicates the plan of the typical ancient court-

house.



REMAINS OF THE BASILICA MAXENTIA



Honey, I Shrunk the Monuments of Rome!

By Frank Tuttle, Indianapolis, Indiana

Driving past the exit for Culman, Alabama, most travelers have no idea of the opportunity they are passing up to visit the magnum opus of Brother Joseph Zoetel, O.S.B., that can be visited near the city: The Ave Maria Grotto.

Brother Joseph had been born in 1878 in Landsbut, Bavaria. He was only fourteen years old when he came to Culman, Alabama, to join the newly founded St. Bernard Abbey.

Since his vocation was to become a religious brother who would dedicate himself to the maintenance and operation of the Abbey, Brother Joseph spent his working hours shoveling coal and maintaining the furnaces in the Abbey power plant. During those hours that members of monasteries have free for recreation, he began to construct miniature replicas of the famous monuments of Rome, of religious sites in Jerusalem and of other monasteries located throughout Europe.

All of the re-creations are constructed from dis-

carded building materials and cement—cement which shows remarkable little deterioration after years in the Alabama weather. Brother Joseph got his ideas from extensive reading of history and the Bible and from careful study of any photos and pictures he could locate.



SECTION OF THE AVE MARIA GROTTA DEDICATED TO THE MONUMENTS OF ROME.



A LITTLE JERUSALEM VISITORS ADMIRE THE MODELS OF SCORES OF BUILDINGS AND WALLS THAT CAN BE SEEN IN JERUSALEM.



els of the monuments of Rome, Brother Joseph went on to spend hundreds of hours carefully reproducing many of the monuments left by the ancient Romans.

The model of the Colosseum occupies a choice location in the center of the Roman monuments.

High on the left side of the Roman group of models can be seen a re-creation of the Pantheon.



If the visitor takes the time to study each model in the Roman group, he will eventually locate not only the Mausoleum of Caecilia Metella, but also the pyramidal tomb of Gaius Cestius and one of the gates



of ancient Rome, along with aqueducts and catacombs nestled in among the scores of miniature churches.

During his entire life as a Brother, Joseph spent all of his free time working on his 125 cement models. He passed away in 1961 and is buried in the Abbey Cemetery located very near the Ave Marie Grotto that is truly his magnum opus.



Gallina In Vino Albo Cocta (Chicken Baked in White Wine)

By Maria Erickson and Quinta Rasfeld,
Latin II students of Cheravon Davidson,
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Res Commiscendamus

1 two-pound fresh chicken, cleaned
¾ cup olive oil
¾ cup white wine
juice from one can of sardines
2 tsp. salt
1 leek
12 small carrots
Dill, coriander, pepper to taste



Modus Preparandi:

Preheat oven to 425°.
Add the olive oil to a cooking pot and brown the chicken on all sides.
Add the wine, sardine juice, salt, leek and spices and continue browning until the leek and carrots are slightly browned.
Place the browned chicken and all other ingredients into a roasting pan, placing the chicken on a small wire grate in the pan.
Roast for about one hour, or until the chicken is thoroughly cooked through.
Serve on lettuce leaves and garnish with red grapes.

Convivamus!

Anyone who has ever enjoyed an authentic Roman meal served on *triclinia* will confirm that it can be the highlight of a course of Latin study.

Visit Pompeiana.com and click on the [Roman Recipes](#) link to print out more than 100 authentic recipes. Then plan an event that will be talked about at your school for years to come! And don't forget to submit your recipes and photos to be published here for Latin students around the world to enjoy!



THE GRAEAE Dino, Enyo and Pephredo

By Laura Meister, Latin I student of Margaret Curran,
Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York

The Graeae were three sisters
Who were gray-haired from birth,
But to the gods, their power
Was certainly of great worth.

One, named the eldest of the Graeae,
Medusa the monster whom all fear;
For Medusa was the daughter of Poseidon
That turned men into stone.

Then Perseus, son of Zeus,
Out on an impossible quest,
He went to slay Medusa;
Bring her head and leave the rest.

The Graeae were the ones
That helped him on his way;
They had one eye and one tooth
That they shared from day to day.

Perseus took these from them
Until they helped his quest,
So they helped him up bravely
To complete his deed.

Medusa had been kind
When she enabled him to fly;
She gave him the head of Medusa
To slay his terrible foe.

The last thing he needed was the snake
To slay Medusa;
With all these creatures
Medusa was slain.

When the help of the Graeae
Perseus would have died;
Medusa would have killed more men
Who were without a place to hide.





EMINEM Songs

By Valentin Carrique, Dan Mihalinec and Ameet Kotak,
Latin I students of Brother Lawrence Shine,
Hudson Catholic H.S., Jersey City, New Jersey

- I. NOMEN MIHI EST
- II. QUOMODO SUM
- III. PERSONA IMITANDA
- IV. SCELESTUS
- V. GRACILLIMUS UMBROSUS
- VI. STANISLAUS
- VII. CONSCIENTIA MALA
- VIII. OBLIVISCERE DREI
- IX. QUID REFERT?
- X. FUNDUS SAXEUS

PLANETARY RULERS

By Mike Fisher, Jyl Paynter and Brandi Walls,
Latin I students of Nancy Mazur,
Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

With each sign of the zodiac, match a deity whose heavenly body is associated with that sign.

- | | |
|----------------|------------|
| 1. Gemini | A. Apollo |
| 2. Taurus | B. Saturn |
| 3. Pisces | C. Mercury |
| 4. Scorpio | D. Jupiter |
| 5. Capricorn | E. Mars |
| 6. Sagittarius | F. Neptune |
| 7. Libra | G. Venus |
| 8. Aquarius | H. Diana |
| 9. Virgo | I. Pluto |
| 10. Leo | J. Uranus |
| 11. Cancer | |
| 12. Aries | |



By Maximus, Scipio and Aliquando, Latin II students of Cherayon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Unscramble each Latin word for a body-part. Then, with each, match its English meaning.

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. resna | A. thumb |
| 2. nsuam | B. ankle |
| 3. spe | C. eyebrows |
| 4. cuilsumub | D. nostrils |
| 5. roc | E. neck |
| 6. niguus | F. chest |
| 7. uegn | G. hand |
| 8. rsiaa | H. skin |
| 9. enttasin | I. face |
| 10. scui | J. belly button |
| 11. cutsep | K. head |
| 12. lexipo | L. foot |
| 13. urepsliac | M. stomach |
| 14. cesfai | N. fingernail |
| 15. mruuhs | O. ear |
| 16. ntseed | P. knee |
| 17. ptuac | Q. heart |
| 18. molclu | R. shoulder |
| 19. bmdoaen | S. teeth |
| 20. etlau | T. intestines |

Compute This

By Brendan Surma, Latin I student of
Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Translate the Latinized names of these computer games back into English.

1. Vita Dimidiata
2. Certamen Pictum
3. Opus Est Celeritatis: Insectatio
4. Miles Mercenarius
5. Terrae Motus III Arena
6. Nemo In Aeternum Vivit
7. Raedarius
8. Curricula in Circis Terrenis
9. Pluvius Arcus Sex
10. Impera et Supera: Rubrum Signum Monitorium

Homeric Scramble

By Akacia Hall, Latin IV student of
Jennifer Stebel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

With no clues as indicators, unscramble the names of these characters from Homer's Odyssey.

1. sdseyosu
2. eelpeno
3. cmehatlesu
4. clhueuroys
5. slotu teraes
6. oclypso
7. icerc
8. srine
9. bdcyhrisa
10. lycias
11. pcysoal
12. spediono
13. uzse

A MIXED UP FAMILY

Based on a game by Katy Sparke, Latin II student of Jennifer Stebel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

Unscramble each Latin term for a family relationship, then place its English meaning next to it. (M=on mother's side; P=on father's side)

Latin	English
1. rossio isiftu	
2. asrfirt aifli	
3. sauv	
4. vaai	
5. remta	
6. alifi	
7. tarep	
8. rosor	
9. vncuasalu	(M)
10. arfert	
11. lsiuif	
12. atmereat	(M)
13. ursuapt	(P)
14. givnairp	
15. ucisivrt	
16. onevcra	
17. sungivirp	
18. icirviti sulif	(P)
19. eacrnveo sliifu	(M)
20. maati	(P)

Beginning level Advanced level

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What's for CENA?

Based on a game submitted by Kelli Jones, Latin I student of Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Circle the Latin for each Roman food item.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------------|
| 1. Apple Pie | 11. Pork |
| 2. Bread | 12. Chicken |
| 3. Cheese | 13. Sausage |
| 4. Salad | 14. Cookies |
| 5. Beef | 15. Noodle Soup |
| 6. Pear | 16. Fish |
| 7. Peas | 17. Leeks |
| 8. Beans | 18. Dormouse |
| 9. Olives | 19. Flamingo Tongues |
| 10. Lettuce | 20. Rabbit |

MKVAMFKMEMEVZPHMCLQONOMG
UOZGARAZLADCMTOACQASOIKWP
FBTSLRAWPXOUZHLJNKBLADHXT
MOCFCLVSRGCGXKAPWGIIUDFPEK
YCOIJEAIIQSIIDBMKVSNBRYAZ
CVMKPKZFORPGNPUBNAVTHLUOIT
ZEIRMPDYQFCQCIIEQZKJLLRG
NEFZHFCTRRBNNSJBOWWFHAY
NOKQELPXUBLAUCTUGAETPXNTJ
EYSIONYSNNABSQMNIIBOSINNEK
HOMCSFTXHZINCUGPLSVIBRTGS
TLBAHOEUGRQCIELDRYILKOUAV
PUQHCHNNNFMYUCTLPWUGJTMML
JREORDCWVGXKTLRDUVGZUJTRO
MNCMPVWHRRZRECUOBPNWKKJGU
STOWHYDRXUSNSYLSPYURVRMVN
AOYVWKUDCAEUSPORRALNMAPH
MURORETPOCINEOHPEAUGHLPC
GBVEABAFBFCJHIKPHUTGHVPT
EFJSHMVTVPLBQTYJUOVJLEFU
LBZALUTSURCJJGFGYJOVOTPLP

Circus Maximus

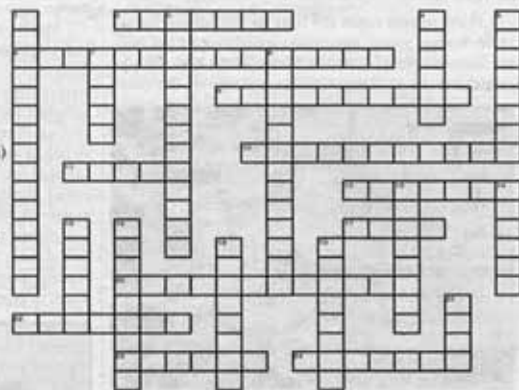
Based on a game by Greg Finch, Jake Knipp and Jeremia Blasko,
Latin I students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

ACROSS

2. Seat cushions (Latin)
6. Items used to mark laps at the ends of the center wall
9. One lap (Latin)
10. First two racing team colors
11. Curved ends of the center wall decorated with large stone cones (Latin)
12. Term for the elaborate boxes above the starting gates
17. Chalk finish line (Latin)
20. Racing team colors added by Augustus
22. The Red was famous for winning 2000 races with a two-horse chariot
23. Charioteer (Latin)
24. Chariots pulled by six horses (Latin)

DOWN

1. Length of the center wall
3. Latin term for chariot races
4. A chariot race track (Latin)
5. The Circus Maximus was located between the _____ and the Aventine Hills.
7. Center wall on the track (Latin)
8. Racing team colors added by Domitian
13. The Imperial Box (Latin)



14. Term for a seven-lap race (Latin)
15. A racing company (Latin)
16. Foot stools (Latin)
18. A four-horse chariot (Latin)
19. Starting gates (Latin)
21. Libelli were race cards used to place _____

ILIADIC JEOPARDY

By Bryana Menejee and Phil Hogan,
Latin I students of Jodi Gill,
Hawken School, Gates Mills, Ohio

25.

- The Trojan War was fought between these two groups.
Who were the _____ and the _____?
- He wrote *The Iliad*.
Who was _____?
- Whom Agamemnon took from Achilles that made him refuse to fight.
Who was _____?
- Her face launched a thousand ships.
Who was _____?
- This deity was the mother of Achilles.
Who was _____?
- Hector's father.
Who was _____?
- This deity offered Paris intellectual superiority.
Who was _____?
- Forefather of the Romans who makes a cameo appearance in *The Iliad*.
Who was _____?
- Helen's Spartan husband.
Who was _____?
- Helen was offered to Paris by this deity.
Who was _____?
- He dragged Hector's body around the walls of Troy.
Who was _____?
- Deity who protected Hector's dead body.
Who was _____?
- Message written on the gift of Eris.
What was _____?
- Gate of Troy near which Achilles was killed.
What was _____?
- Number of books in *The Iliad*.
What is _____?

Why LUCIUS Refuses MARCUS' Dinner Invitations

By Jade Maun, Latin I student of Susan Miller,
East Grand Rapids H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

26.

- Via ad Marci domum nonnullum strata est.
- Marci coquus numquam manus lavat.
- Duo verba: Cruditas Inevitabilis!
- Non vult invitare Marcum ad domum suam.
- Non Lucio placet ambulare per cibi frusta in pavimento.



Classic Mysteries and Thrillers

27.

- SOMNUM MAGNUM, Raymond Chandler
- FUROR IN HARLEMO, Cestria B. Himes
- MAGISTER RIPLEUS INGENIOSUS, Patricia Faberaltus
- VIM BREVICULO INFERT, Elmorus Leonardus
- FALCO MELITIENSIS, Dashiellus Hammettus
- INNOCENS CONIECTUS, Scoticus Turous
- CROCODILUS IN RIPA HARENOSA, Elisabeth Petri
- ABEST, PUPA, ABEST, Denys Lehanus
- CAUSA GALTONIENSIS, Rossus Donaldides
- APIARI TIRO, Laura R. Rex

CATILINE'S AUDACITY

By Jon Slezak, Latin III student of
Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S.,
Fr. Washington, Pennsylvania

28.

Fill in the letters for each Latin word; then copy the numbered letters on the Message lines at the end.

- Expression, face _____
- Boldness _____
- Fear _____
- I don't know _____
- Conspiracy _____
- Madness _____
- Slaughter _____
- I am eager _____
- Patience _____
- Night watch _____
- The world _____

Message:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15 16

As The ROMANS said

By Jackie Maus, Latin IV student of
Jennifer Stebel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

29.

In the wordsearch, circle the Latin for the following:

- In memory (of)
- Let the buyer beware
- Fortune is blind
- (There is) danger in delay
- My fault
- Justice for all
- The final (decree)
- To the stars through difficulties
- Willy nilly
- Written afterwards
- In place
- Times are changing
- Elsewhere
- Always prepared
- Wonderful to say
- Always faithful
- Before noon
- Thus passes the glory of the world
- Afternoon
- From nothing nothing comes

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



THESEUS

Based on a game by Paul Hoekstra, Latin III student of Darrel Huisken,
Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

32.

ACROSS

- According to legend, Theseus made Athens the capitol of a single _____
- Girl Theseus abandoned on the island of Naxos.
- Color of the sail Theseus neglected to hoist as he returned to Athens
- Home town of Theseus
- King of Crete
- Father of Theseus
- Deity sometimes said to be the father of Theseus
- Temple in Athens in which the bones of Theseus were kept

DOWN

- Man who killed Theseus
- Son of Theseus by his Amazonian queen
- Monster Theseus killed on Crete
- City in which Theseus was raised after having been separated from his father
- Two gifts that enabled Theseus to kill the monster in Crete
- Girl Theseus married after the death of his Amazonian queen



Scary Movies

30.

By Lyndon Llanes, Brian Guzman and Benedict Razon,
Latin I students of Brother Larry Shine, Hudson Catholic
H.S., Jersey City, New Jersey

- EXORCISTA
- ULULATUS
- VENERIS DIES, XIII
- SOMNIUM TUMULTUOSUM IN VIA ULMORUM
- AGNORUM SILENTIUM
- INFANTIS LUDUS
- SCIO QUID EGERIS AESTATE PROXIMA
- LUCIDUM
- VESPER SANCTUS
- FABULA URBANA
- FAUCES
- ARANEARUM TIMOR
- DOMUS IN COLLE A LARVIS FREQUENTATO



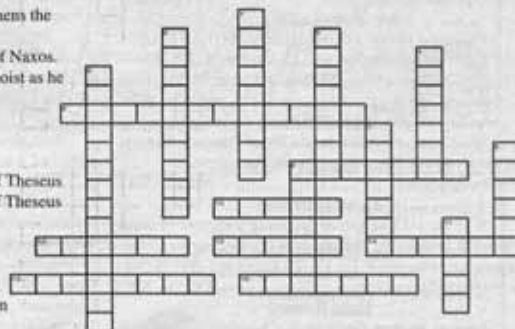
Romans

By Tiberius Dahlem, Latin I student
of Nancy Tigert, Nagel Middle
School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Match each description or title with a Roman author.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Livius Andronicus | A. Biographer |
| 2. Naevius | B. Invented Historical Drama |
| 3. Plautus | C. The Aeneid |
| 4. Ennius | D. Lyric poet |
| 5. Cato | E. Father of Roman satire |
| 6. Lucilius | F. De Rerum Natura |
| 7. Varro | G. Philosopher and tragedian |
| 8. Cicero | H. Elegiac poet born 51 B.C. |
| 9. Nepos | I. Historia Naturalis |
| 10. Caesar | J. Earliest Roman poet |
| 11. Lucretius | K. Orator and Philosopher |
| 12. Sallust | with most writings extant |
| 13. Catullus | L. De Agricultura |
| 14. Vergil | M. Historian |
| 15. Horace | N. Meditations |
| 16. Propertius | O. Metamorphoses |
| 17. Ovid | P. Father of Roman poetry |
| 18. Seneca | Q. De Bello Gallico |
| 19. Pliny the Elder | R. De Re Rustica |
| 20. Marcus Aurelius | S. Satirist |
| | T. Comic Playwright |

31.



- Place in which Theseus was killed
- Amazonian queen Theseus kidnapped
- Number of young men sent annually to Crete to be fed to the monster

THE AENEID, BOOK I: A ONE-ACT PLAY

(Continued a Pagina Secunda)

WOMAN: So what do you plan to do?

CHAIRMAN: I guess I'll get dressed and go over to South Hampton for starts.

Scene 3: America. ANTHONY THE NARRATOR stands in the spotlight center stage.

ANTHONY THE NARRATOR: Quite a woman, my grandmother, wasn't she? Always looking out for her family, even from her grave. Well, to make a weird story short, the Chairman found out that Aunt Josette had bundled us off to America so she could keep us from inheriting our fair portion of my dead mother's estate. He immediately wrote to a friend of his that worked in the immigration office in New York City and told him to locate us as soon as possible. That's how we met Danielle.

The stage goes dark, and when the spotlight comes back on, ANDREW and little ANTHONY are still trading through the dark. A YOUNG BOY enters holding a photograph in his hand. He approaches ANDREW and little ANTHONY, looks at the photograph and then at them.

YOUNG BOY: Excuse me sir, but, by any chance, is your name Andrew and is this young boy named Anthony?

ANDREW: Why yes, I am Andrew, and this is my son Anthony. How do you know us?

YOUNG BOY: I have been hired by the head of the immi-

gration office to look for you and bring you to him. He says it is very important.

The YOUNG BOY leads ANDREW and ANTHONY to a doorway of the Immigration Office. They enter the office and see a FRIENDLY-LOOKING MAN seated at a desk talking with DANIELLE, a very attractive young lady.

DANIELLE: Father, New York City is so large! Do you think any of the boys we hired will ever find them? FRIENDLY-LOOKING MAN: We have to hope for the best, dear. It's the least I can do to help my friend on the county council in England.

DANIELLE: Look, father, here's one of our boys now.

Stage goes dark. When the spotlight comes back on, it shines on ANTHONY THE NARRATOR standing stage right.

ANTHONY THE NARRATOR: So, the friendly-looking man and his daughter took us home with them that night and gave us a place to wash up and change our clothes. Then we were treated to a wonderful dinner. After dinner, we were invited into the living room where my father was offered coffee, and I was given another glass of milk with cookies. Danielle served the coffee to my dad, and, I swear, there were literally sparks between them.

Stage left lights up showing THE FRIENDLY-LOOKING MAN, DANIELLE, ANDREW and little ANTHONY all seated in a living room.

FRIENDLY-LOOKING MAN: You know, Andrew, I knew I would have to do everything I could to find you when I received the letter from my friend in England. I was especially touched by the fact that you lost your wife. Danielle's mother also died several years ago, so we know sadness. DANIELLE: Now father, let's not make our guests relive their own sadness. Andrew, I love your accent. What part of England did you come from?

ANDREW: From South Hampton. Although my own family was poor, and my mother, too, died before little Anthony was born, my wife was from a very wealthy family. Of course, they objected to our marriage and claimed that I was only after her money. My wife's sister, Josette, did all she could to make my life miserable after my wife died.

DANIELLE moves close to THE FRIENDLY-LOOKING MAN and whispers into his ear.

DANIELLE: Father, don't you think there is something very special about Andrew? Is it my imagination, or is there actually a soft glow of light surrounding him? When he speaks, my heart literally jumps inside me.

FRIENDLY-LOOKING MAN: Just go sit down and don't be impolite. They'll think you don't like them.

DANIELLE sheepishly takes a seat and stares lovingly at ANDREW, obviously heart-struck.

FRIENDLY-LOOKING MAN: Please excuse Danielle. She's just so excited that we have found the two of you. DANIELLE: You're right, father. I thank God that they're both all right. Could we please ask Andrew to tell us the whole story of his adventure since he left England. I would be fascinated to hear every detail.

Stage left goes dark and the spotlight reveals ANTHONY THE NARRATOR stage right.

ANTHONY THE NARRATOR: Of course, my dad was equally attracted to Danielle, and he would have liked nothing better than to stay in New York City and marry her. We, however, were destined for greater things. He explained to me that our fortune lay elsewhere and that, just like Aeneas and his son Ascanius, we would have to leave Danielle behind and continue our journey to fulfill our true destiny.

POMPEII

By Amberia From, Eighth Grade Latin student of Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

There once was a city with the name of Pompeii— It was experiencing a regular day.

No one expected the disaster that would come— People were out; important men were in the forum.

Suddenly a black cloud appeared in the sky— The people didn't realize it would cause them to die.

Lapilli and ash rained down through the gloom— People were running to find protection from doom.

It happened too fast, the people ran away too late— This eruption was to be their mysterious fate.

The little city was literally buried alive— Many people were killed, maybe 1,995.

Now the city rests. Visitors come to explore— It's a fascinating place, how it was before.

How Well Did You Read?

33.

1. Why did Tiburtinus refuse to witness the will of Titus Iulius Fortunatus' *socer*?
2. Give the Latin term for a 10-horse chariot.
3. According to Brenus, why did the magistrates want him dead?
4. In quo spectaculo televisifico Fredericuli Junioris pater spectabatur?
5. Where was Brother Joseph Zottel, O.S.B., born?
6. Give the date on which Andrew and Anthony boarded their ship for America.
7. Who was the daughter of Tiberius Saccurus?
8. Who re-used ancient pillars when having his basilica built in the Forum Romanum?
9. Which Egyptian board game evolved into the Roman *Duodecim Scripta*?
10. What do cadavers and deciduous trees have in common?

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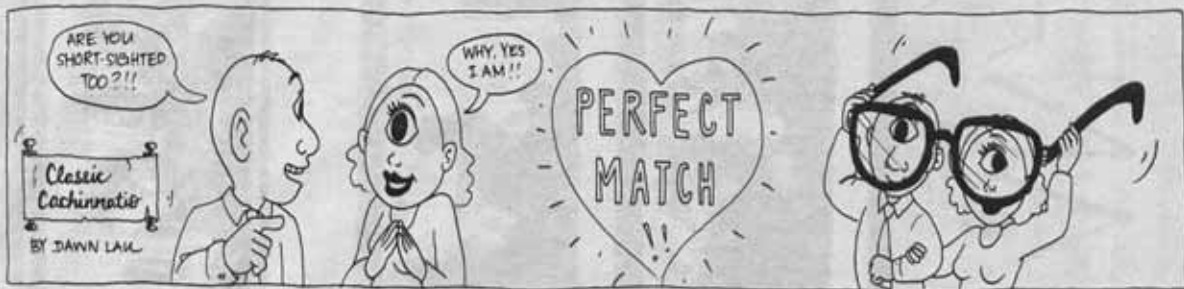
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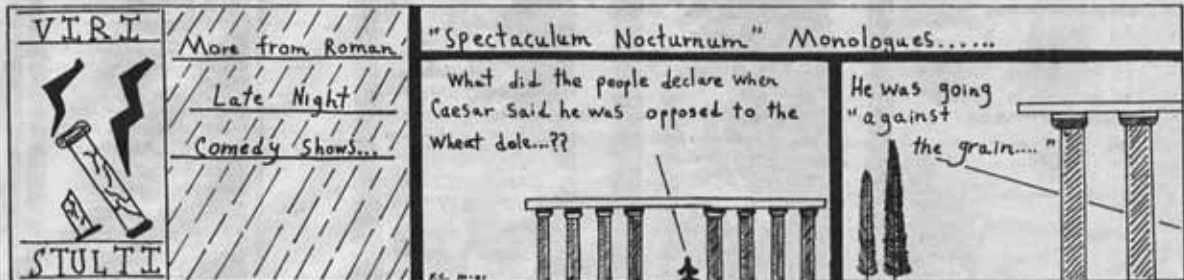
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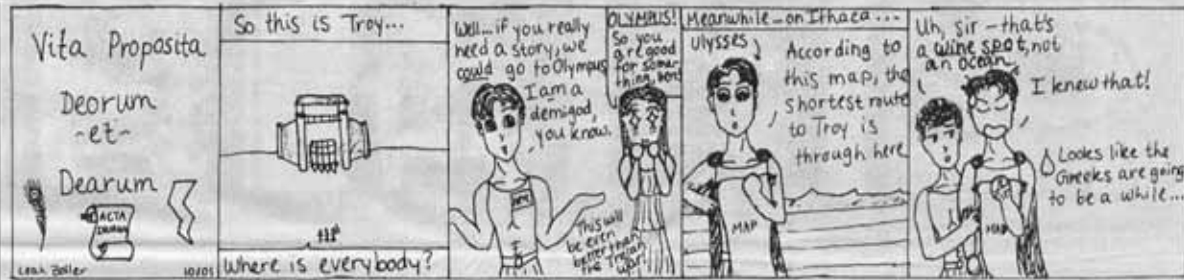
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1. Original poems/articles in English or in teacher-corrected Latin with accompanying English translations.
2. Special interest photos or news reports of Latin activities.
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5. Challenging learning games and puzzles for different levels of Latin study, complete with solutions.
6. Cleverly written essays (300-400 words) about anything Roman. These may be serious or tongue-in-cheek parodies. Pompeiana, Inc., attempts to publish as much spontaneously submitted work as possible, but it cannot guarantee publication.

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17. Carmina Optima

- My Name Is
- The Way I Am
- Role Model
- Criminal
- Real Slim Shady
- Sean
- Guiltily Conscience
- Forget About Dre
- What's the Difference?
- Rock Bottom

18. Planetary Rulers

- C
- G
- F
- LE
- B
- D
- G
- J
- C
- A
- H
- E

20. Compute This!

- Half-Life
- Unreal Tournament
- Need For Speed: Hot Pursuit
- Soldier of Fortune
- Quake 3 Arena
- No One Lives Forever
- Driver
- Dirt Track Racing
- Rainbow Six
- Command and Conquer: Red Alert

19. Body Scrambles

- D, natus
- G, manus
- L, pes
- J, umbilicus
- Q, cor
- N, inguis
- P, gine
- O, auris
- T, intestina
- H, cotis
- F, pectus
- A, pollex
- C, supercilii
- I, facies
- R, humerus
- S, dentis
- K, caput
- E, collum
- M, abdomen
- B, talus

24. What's for Cena?

- MALA IN CRUSTO
- COCTA
- PANIS
- CASEUS
- ACETARIA
- BIBULA
- PRUM
- PISA
- FABAE
- OLIVAE
- LACTUCA
- PORCINA
- PULLUS
- PARCUMEN
- CRUSTULA
- JUS COLLYRICUM
- PISCIS
- PORRA
- GLIS
- LINGUAE
- PHOENICOPTERORUM
- CUNICULUS

21. Homeric Clueless Scramble

- Odyseus
- Penelope
- Telemachus
- Eurylochus
- Lotus Eaters
- Cyclops
- Circe
- Sirens
- Charybdis
- Scylla
- Calypso
- Poseidon
- Zeus

22. A Mixed Up Familia

- sonus filius, nephew
- fratris filia, niece
- avus, grandfather
- avis, grandmother
- mater, mother
- filia, daughter
- pater, father
- soror, sister
- avunculus, uncle (M)
- frater, brother
- filius, son
- materna, aunt (M)
- patrus, uncle (P)
- prigina, stepdaughter
- viricus, stepfather
- noverca, stepmother
- prigivus, stepson
- virici filius, stepbrother (P)
- novercae filius, stepbrother (M)
- amita, aunt (P)

23. Catiline's Audacity

- vultus
- audacia
- timor
- ignis
- conlatio
- fure
- caedes
- stades
- patentia
- vigilia
- orbis terrarum

25. Iliadic Jeopardy

- Trojans, Greeks
- Homer
- Briseis
- Heien
- Paris
- Priam
- Athena
- Aeneas
- Menelaus
- Aphrodite
- Achilles
- Apollo
- "For the Fairer"
- the Scaean Gate
- Twenty-four

26. Why Lucius Refuses Marcus' Dinner Invitations

- The road to Marcus' house is still not paved.
- Marcus' cook never washes his hands.
- Two words: Inescapable Indigestion!
- He doesn't want to invite Marcus in his house.
- Lucius doesn't enjoy walking through food scraps on the floor.

27. Libri Optimi

- THE BIG SLEEP, Raymond Chandler
- A RAGE IN HARLEM, Chester B. Himes
- THE TALENTED MR. RIPLEY, Patricia Highsmith
- GET SHORTY, Elmore Leonard
- THE MALTESE FALCON, Dashiell Hammett
- PRESUMED INNOCENT, Scott Turow
- CROCODILE ON THE SANDBANK, Elizabeth Peters
- GOOSE, BABY, GOOSE, Dennis Lehane
- THE GALTON CASE, Ross McDonald
- THE BEEKEEPER'S APPRENTICE, Laurie R. King

28. Catiline's Audacity

- vultus
- audacia
- timor
- ignis
- conlatio
- fure
- caedes
- stades
- patentia
- vigilia
- orbis terrarum

29. As the Romans Said

- IN MEMORIAM
- CAVEAT EMPTOR
- FORTUNA CAECA EST
- PERICULUM IN MORA
- MEA CULPA
- IUSTITIA OMNIBUS
- ULTIMATUM
- AD ASTRA PER ASPERA
- NOLINS VOLENS
- POST SCRIPTUM
- IN SITU
- TEMPORA MUTANTUR
- ALIBI
- SEMPER PARATUS
- MIRABILE DICTU
- SEMPER FIDELIS
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- SEMPER FIDELIS
- ANTE MERIDIEM
- SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI
- POST MERIDIEM
- EX NIHIL NIHI FIT

30. Picturae Moventes

- The Iliad
- Scraper
- Friday the 13th
- Nightmare on Elm Street
- Silence of the Lambs
- Child's Play
- I Know What You Did Last Summer
- The Shining
- Halloween
- Urban Legend
- Jaws
- Asynchrophobia
- House on Haunted Hill

31. How Well Did You Read?

- The Lepus Mandus had been removed from the Mandus and it was a Dies Religiosa
- Deveningus
- He had refused their bribe to take a fall.
- Cico et Virile (Chico and The Man)
- Landshut, Bavaria
- April 12, 1912
- Amelia
- M. Amulius Lepidus
- Senes
- Cadaver and Deciduous are both derived from the Latin word CADERE

32. Freddie Prinze, Jr.

Have you seen the T.V. show "Chico and The Man"? In this show Freddie Prinze, the father of Freddie Prinze, Jr., played the lead character. Unfortunately, his father died when Freddie, Jr., was only nine months old.

Now Freddie, Jr., plays lead roles himself and many young people are quite taken with him. He has played roles in these motion pictures: *She's All That*, *Down To You*, *Boys and Girls*, *I Know What You Did Last Summer*, *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer* and *Head Over Heels*. Most recently he had a role in the movie *Summer Catch*.

Soon Freddie, Jr., will be seen in a new motion picture to be called *Scooby-Doo*. In this movie, Freddie, Jr., will portray a live character (he won't be a cartoon) with his girlfriend, Sarah Michelle Gellar, who appears in the T.V. show *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*.

Freddie, Jr., is twenty-five years old. He stands six feet, one inch tall, and he has studied martial arts for twenty years. Freddie, Jr.'s, martial arts teacher is Robert Hall, his godfather.

Freddie, Jr., however, has not always been loved and popular. After the death of his father, he lived with his mother at the foot of the mountains in New Mexico. He read comic books, watched cartoons on T.V. and went snow-boarding. In high school, Freddie, Jr., was not accepted by other students. They used to call him a freak, a nerd and a weirdo.

About his teen years Freddie, Jr., has this to say: "Being a teenager was the roughest time of my life. My emotions were going 90 mph. I'd get mad, or sad and I'd isolate myself. I used to go up into the mountains and pretend I was someone who didn't fit in with society. I was a weirdo because I lived in a fantasy world."

Now Freddie, Jr., lives in a fantasy world and everyone calls him artistic!

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