

# POMPEIIANA

NEWSLETTER



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## Are You Under Her Power?

By Laura Iniguez,  
Latin I student of Judith Granese,  
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Aphrodite is her name,  
"Love and beauty" is her game.  
She moves swifter than a wave,  
Using Cupid as her slave.

If born in April or in May,  
People would be heard to say,  
"You are under her beautiful power,  
And therefore you should never be sour."

So, worship her and be nice,  
And she just might roll some dice  
And make you beautiful—so very pretty  
That you would be the light of your city!

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## SECUNDUM NUMEROS

### Who's Uneducated?

According to Caesar's figures, 31% of the population of Republican Rome was so poor that they needed to be given free grain to survive. It is safe to assume that this same percentage had no access to Rome's educational system and were, therefore basically not formally educated.

The Encyclopædia Britannica points out that in the Early American Colonies, few children received more than 2 or 3 years of schooling. Adults with more than 12 years of schooling would have had to have received their education before immigrating to the colonies.

Note how the percentage of America's adult population with 0-4 years of schooling has been dropping over recent years.

% OF THE POPULATION WITH 0-4 YEARS OF SCHOOLING\*  
Rome, 45 B.C. = 31%  
American Colonies, Early 1700's = 70%  
USA 1940 = 8%  
USA 1980 = 4%  
USA 1990 = 2%  
USA 2000 = 7%

% OF THE POPULATION WITH 12+ YEARS OF SCHOOLING\*  
Rome, 45 B.C. = 2%  
American Colonies, Early 1700's = 1%  
USA, 1940 = 2%  
USA, 1980 = 4%  
USA, 1990 = 10%  
USA, 2000 = 16%

\*Source: Encyclopædia Britannica, Census Bureau, Statistical Abstract, Educational Statistics of the United States

Classics Online!  
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## INSANIA by NIC HERTMANN



# ARGUMENTUM CALIDUM

Adulentescentes animi attentionem brevissimam habent. Nova mercimonia cotidie cupiunt, praecipue novam musicam et nova mercimonia musica inspirata: novos vestitus, novos calceos, nova ornamenta adjuncta.

A.D. MCMLXXXIX tabernae novae conditae sunt quibus nomen est: **Argumentum Calidum: Omnia de Musica**. Hae tabernae solum inveniantur in foris negotiabilibus. Vendunt mercimonia novissima quibus potestas ab artibus musicis data est et mercimonia novissima musica inspirata.

Adulentescentes qui spectacula in Musica Televisione spectant dona et vestitus et ornamenta adjuncta in his tabernis emunt. Sunt CCCXXVIII harum tabernarum in XLVIII statibus in America. Adulentescentes quoque possunt emere mercimonia musica inspirata in linea: [www.hottopic.com](http://www.hottopic.com)

**Argumentum Calidum** vendit plus quam X milia rerum musica inspiratarum. Dimidia pars rerum quas vendit sunt eae quibus potestas ab artibus musicis data est: subculae, petusi, picturae viscosae, libelli in quibus sunt adumbrationes musicae.



Altera pars rerum quas vendit sunt res musica inspiratae: vestitus et ornamenta adjuncta quae a musicis geruntur.

**Argumentum Calidum** est prosperissimum quia habet telum secretum: affinitas adulentescentibus. **Argumentum**

**Calidum** tabernas suas non proscibit. Cotidie in tabernis **Argumentum Calidum** praebet adulentescentibus mercimonia novissima, et hi adulentescentes aliis adulentescentibus has res nuntiant. **Argumentum Calidum** quoque mittit adulentescentes ad spectacula musica ut videant quos vestitus novissimos et quae novissima ornamenta adjuncta spectatores gerant. **Argumentum Calidum** haec mercimonia novissima statim in tabernis vendit.

Mercimonia novum tabernis cotidie traditur. Quia adulentescentes animi attentionem brevissimam habent, eis placet mercimonia novissima cotidie videre. Adulentescentes quoque possunt mittere suggestiones de novo mercimonio ad **Argumentum Calidum** per epistulas electronicas.

**Argumentum Calidi** taberna recentissima est **Torridum**. **Torridum** vendit vestitus, calceos, ornamenta adjuncta illis feminis juvenibus quae corpulentae sunt. Corpulentae feminae juvenes quoque possunt emere has res in linea: [www.torrid.com](http://www.torrid.com).

## THE GOOD SISTERS OF YESTERYEAR

They did not teach school, nor staff hospitals, nor run soup kitchens for the homeless, as do the Roman Catholic nuns of modern times. No, the pagan "nuns" (from the Late Latin word *nonna*, meaning "a child's nurse") of ancient Rome had a most unusual calling. They were duty-bound to perpetuate, with all appropriate ritual and prayer, the fire of the community hearth.

These were the Vestal Virgins, priestesses of a cult said to have been introduced into Italy by Aeneas and formalized under Numa Pompilius, successor to Romulus, the first king of Rome, in the eighth century before Christ. The institution had deep roots in prehistoric times when it was customary in every village for a fire to be kept burning at the disposal and for the convenience of all the inhabitants. For in those primitive times, the precious element could be kindled only by the friction of two dry pieces of wood or by the rays of the sun.

Since the men and boys spent their days

hunting, fishing and farming while the women cared for their infants, made clothing, and prepared meals, the vital task of maintaining the public fire was entrusted to young girls. This last activity gradually evolved into a worship of fire, with the goddess named Vesta as its personification.

Legend relates that a maiden called Rhea Silvia was a Vestal Virgin who, miraculously without violating her pledge of perpetual virginity, bore twin sons, Romulus and Remus, the future founders of Rome.

At the beginning of his reign, King Numa erected in the Forum, under the brow of the Palatine Hill, a modest shrine to the Fire Goddess in the form of a circular thatched hut resembling the typical dwelling places of early Romans. Upon the altar blazed an eternal flame, thanks to the dedication of the priestesses who had been hand-

(Continued in Pagina Sexta)



POOL AND STATUES IN THE ATRIUM OF THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS

## Cerealia April 12-19

Based on a poem by Jennifer Tay,  
Latin II student of Judith Granese,  
Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

Ceres  
Est tritici dea.  
Tempore veris est beata.  
Frumentum crescit.

Est Proserpinae mater.  
Tempore Autumnali est contenta.  
Frumentum demissum est.

Ditis socrus est.  
Tempore hiemali est tristis.  
Nihil in terra crescit.

## Endowment Fund Needs Everyone's Help

If any Latin teachers have not yet mailed their \$100 Latin Class/Club donations to the Pompeiiana, Inc., Endowment Fund, or if any Adult Members have not yet mailed their \$200 donations, it is still not too late.

Donations received by April 30, 2002, will be acknowledged in the May, 2002, NEWSLETTER.

In order for Pompeiiana, Inc., to continue its operations into the 2003-2004 school year, it will need to have a \$500,000 Endowment Fund in place by the spring of 2003.

IT IS STILL NOT TOO LATE!

# O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?

Based on a story by Barrett Kenney, Latin II student of Marianthe Colakis, The Covenant School, Charlottesville, Virginia

Septimus sat behind the counter of his *thermopolium* and watched the anxious faces of the spectators who had lined up along the street. Many had spent the night waiting, hoping to be among the first thousand to enter the Colosseum that day and get the free food basket that had been promised lucky first-comers.

The scene hadn't changed for the past four months. He wondered when the *Romani* would get their fill of Emperor Trajan's *munera gladiatoria* celebrating the end of his campaign in Dacia.

At first, he thought that the *munera* would end after 5,000 gladiatorial matches had been presented in the arena. But the number just kept growing as *dies became nundinae*, and *nundinae* turned into *mensae*. Then he thought that surely 10,000 animals slaughtered during the *venationes* would have satisfied the bloodlust of the spectators. But, again, he was wrong. The number just kept growing.

"Another day of killing and bloodshed," Septimus muttered to himself. "And all for their amusement."

Septimus had a first-hand knowledge of the carnage of "arena games," as folks euphemistically referred to them. Like his brother, Maximus, he, too, had once been a gladiator—good enough that he was finally given his *rudis* and allowed to retire from his *familia gladiatorum*.

At first, he hadn't been sure about what he wanted to do with the rest of his life, so he accepted a job as an assistant to his former *lanista*. That, however, didn't last long as he no longer, in good conscience, could agree with the tactics of his former trainer.

So, he had taken his savings and decided to become a small business owner, a regular *tavernarius*. He even owned the three *conclavia* in which he lived directly above his *thermopolium*. One of these *conclavia* opened onto a very pleasant *maenianum* from which he could watch *triumphi* and various *feriae* celebrations. He secretly hoped that when his brother Maximus finally retired from the arena, he would move to Rome and stay with him. Sadly, however, although Septimus knew that his brother was fighting with a *familia gladiatoria* in *Gallia Transalpina*, he had not seen Maximus for ten years.

"Anyway, it's a good thing he's not here," thought Septimus. "At least not while Gladicus is still around!" Gladicus was a young, upcoming *retiaris* that Septimus had helped train while he was working as an assistant to his old *lanista*. Gladicus was the current heartthrob and arena superstar in Rome. He had already killed scores of opponents with his razor-sharp *tridentis*.

"Septime!" The sound of his name being called by a well-cultured voice brought Septimus back from his reverie.

"You're looking well, Septime," said another of the three Roman gentlemen who had approached the counter. All three wore large, gold signet rings, and were neatly draped in their *togae praetextae*. "Can we assume that retirement agrees with you?"

Septimus did not answer, but just looked at the three cautiously. In Rome, wealth spelled power, and power meant danger.

"We need to speak with you about a serious matter," the third gentleman added. "My name is Crissus. As you no doubt can see, we are all three Senators of Rome. We have come to request your help."

"Mine?" asked Septimus.

"Yes," Crissus answered. "As you know, we are now in the fourth month of these festivities. Since Emperor Trajan's popularity seems to grow stronger every day that these *munera gladiatoria* continue, he appears to have no intention of stopping them in the near future. The amount of gold coins from the Temple of Saturn that he has squandered on animals and gladiators is staggering! As large as the Empire is because of his conquests, the Senate feels that a financial crisis is looming. He cannot be allowed to continue spending *aurei* this way. We need your help to put an end to these festivities at once."

"Why is it that you think that I can help?" asked Septimus.

"Because we were told that you helped to train Gladicus," replied Crissus. "You surely know his weakness and a way that he could be defeated. We believe that if this one *retiaris* were killed, the arena games would surely come to an end since, of late, the crowds come mainly to see him. Don't you agree?"

"Yes," agreed Septimus. "That is the gist of what I hear from the spectators as they line up in the street each day."

"Good! Here is our proposition. If you will coach Gladicus' next Thracian opponent on how best to defeat this arena superstar, we shall purchase an early retirement for your brother Maximus."

Septimus was stunned.

"How do you know of Maximus?" he asked.

"We know of him because we three are the silent owners of his *familia gladiatoria* that is currently performing in the arena at *Lutetia*."

"How do I know I can trust you?" asked Septimus.

"We," replied Crissus, "are men of character, and we shall honor our word."

Septimus was silent as the three senators calmly stared at him.

"I guess I'll find a way to help the Thrax," he finally replied.

The three Senators nodded and walked off.

The next day, Septimus didn't open his *thermopolium* as usual. Instead, he allowed the shutter to remain down and paid a visit to his old boss, the *lanista*. As he approached the entrance to the training *palaestra*, he was recognized and greeted by the *lanitores*. He went through the all-too-familiar maze of passages until he entered the *palaestra*. Those gladiators that remembered him nodded casually and acknowledged his presence. After watching the training exercises for a while, he asked the *lanista* if he would mind if he gave the Thrax a couple pointers.

"Just don't teach him too much," joked the *lanista*.

The Thrax was wearing his full armor, complete with the usual helmet equipped with a face-mask. Small holes were drilled through that portion of the mask that covered his eyes so that he could see.

"I understand that you're to be paired with Gladicus," Septimus said when he got close to the Thrax.

"Yeh, that's what I hear. What about it?" asked the Thrax.

"There are those in Rome who want you to win," Septimus confided, "and I've been sent to make sure that happens."

"Not an easy trick," replied the Thrax. "I understand he's strong, and he's quick."

"You should also understand that every gladiator has his weakness. As his former trainer, I intend to show you how to take advantage of that weakness. Now, just act as though I'm simply giving you a few good hints. Got it?"

"Go for it, man. I'm with you," replied the Thrax.

"Because of an old injury, Gladicus puts most of his weight on his right foot, maybe you've noticed."

"I've never seen him fight," said the Thrax. "I'm new to this *familia gladiatorum*."

"Well, he does. He'll expect you to be aiming for his chest and arms. Fake your blows at those areas until you get a clear shot at his right leg. If you can give him a serious enough wound in his thigh, knee or calf, you'll have him. Got it?"

"Got it, man. What do you get out of this?" asked the Thrax.

"I get to live a little longer, too, and maybe get a special favor from a couple of senators," replied Septimus. "And one more thing: remember he'll be twice as dangerous after he's wounded."

After wishing the Thrax "*bonam fortunam*," Septimus thanked the *lanista*, winked at a few of his old buddies and casually left the *palaestra*. The next day would determine whether or not the Thrax could profit from Septimus' hint, and whether or not Septimus would see his brother soon.

The next morning Septimus opened his shop as usual, and, as usual, watched the people of Rome line up in the street to get their free lunch baskets. Even after the gates had opened, and the crowd had filled into the Colosseum, Septimus stayed behind his counter, selling drinks to late-comers and other folks just going about their normal activities with no intention of attending the day's *munera gladiatoria*.

Just before *meridie*, Septimus casually got up, looked up and down the street, and, as if determining there weren't enough customers around to make it worth his while to stay open, he lowered the shutter and casually made his way toward one of the arched entrances of the Colosseum. Hoping to remain unnoticed, Septimus made his way up to the fourth *maenianum* and found a good spot where he could stand and watch the arena. Before long, the *tuba* sounded, and the morning fun and games were over. The crowd hushed

as they strained to see their superhero, Gladicus, enter the arena. As soon as he made his entrance, the place went wild—cheers, whistles, flowers being thrown down into the arena. But when his opponent, the Thrax with whom Septimus had met the day before, entered the arena, hoos and hisses filled the air.

Both gladiators approached the *Imperatoris Cubiculum*—occupied today not by the Emperor Trajan, but by the oldest sons of high officials. The oldest boy of the group had been designated *Dator Ludorum* for the day and had taken his spot in the *Editoris Tribunal*. After they had given their usual pledge, the two gladiators were led to the center of the arena where the *lanista* gave his usual command for the match to begin: "*Utinam optime vincat!*"

Feeling especially confident, and wanting to give the ladies of Rome their money's worth, Gladicus wore no protective armor at all. His long hair hung loose as he deftly twirled his *rete* and brandished his *tridentis*.

To the surprise of the crowd, the match really didn't last all that long. When Gladicus took his first threatening step forward to intimidate the Thrax, the Thrax drove the point of his sword deep into Gladicus' right thigh. Then, not wanting to risk having the young *Dator Ludorum* give in to what would surely be the wishes of the crowd—to wave his *mappa* and spare the life of Gladicus—the Thrax acted as though his own foot had accidentally become entangled in the *rete* that Gladicus had let fall to the sand, and he "tripped" forward, driving the wide blade of his *gladius* through the center of Gladicus' unprotected chest.

Septimus didn't need to see any more. He casually left his spot at the rail and made his way along the *praecinctio* until he came to the nearest *scalae*. As inconspicuously as he could, he returned to his *thermopolium*, raised the shutter and took his place behind the counter.

Before too long, a lone Senator came walking up the street. As he passed Septimus' counter without even interrupting his gate, he quietly said, "It won't be long before you see your brother."

The arena games continued for the rest of the afternoon—*munera gladiatoria* followed by the customary *venatio*. Today's victims were to be panthers specially-imported from Pamphylia in Asia Minor. Septimus noted that the enthusiasm of the crowd had definitely been dampened by the unexpected death of their arena-hero.

When the day's games finally ended, and the streets cleared, Septimus was lowering his shutter when he heard a familiar voice behind him.

"Whatever hints you gave that Thrax seem to have worked," said the *lanista*.

"That's what I hear," replied Septimus. "I guess he wasn't too popular afterwards, was he?"

"He was dead afterwards, that's what he was," said the *lanista*. "The young *dator ludorum* ordered the Praetorian Guard to execute him for not waiting for his signal. He had been instructed to spare Gladicus' life in case anything like this happened."

"Tough break," said Septimus.

"I need you to do me a little favor, Septime,"

"What do you have in mind?"

"This Thrax was new to our *familia*, and I don't think there's anyone to make sure he gets a decent burial. Nothing fancy. Wouldn't want the young *dator ludorum* to think we were mocking his decision. Can you take care of it?" asked the *lanista*.

"Sure, I guess I owe him that much," said Septimus.

"Good," said the *lanista*. "I want his body out of the *palaestra* tonight."

Septimus could have thought of a few other things he would rather be doing, but he figured he owed the *lanista* a final favor—at least he wasn't coming around bumming free drinks from him. He went down the street and located a couple of *vespillones* who would help him remove the corpse.

When they entered the *palaestra* and located the body, Septimus noticed that the *lanista* had not even had the Thrax's armor removed.

"Is that the stiff?" asked one of the *vespillones*.

"Must be. But let's get his armor off first before we move him," said Septimus.

Septimus knelt on one knee and unbuckled the *ocreae* from the Thrax's shins and laid them aside. Then, he had the *vespillones* lift the corpse into a sitting position so he could undo the massive metal *lorica*. Finally, he removed the helmet.

Septimus felt his heart explode. He lost his balance, and everything went black as he collapsed to the floor. It had been ten years since he had last seen him, but he knew as soon as he had removed the Thrax's helmet that it was the body of his brother Maximus that lay on the floor before him.

APRIL 21, 753 B.C.

## ROMA CONDITA EST

By Latin II & III students of Raffaele De Zenzio, Glenbrook North H.S., Northbrook, Illinois

Roma est amor

R oma

O ptima

M axima

A mor

A mor

M aximus

O ptimus

R oma

Amor est Roma



# Naughty Little Twins

A Modern Myth by Julia Downs and Stella Pepper,  
Latin I students of Cheravon Davidson,  
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

One day, in the shadow of Mt. Olympus, the young twins, Apollo and Diana, were testing out their new powers. All was running smoothly until...

"This is no fun! What good is practicing on a leaf when we're really going to be using this stuff on mortals?" Diana pouted.

"But Sis, you know that our father warned us against using our powers on mortals yet. If he finds out that we're disobeying him, he'll ground us to the Underworld for a whole *mundinae*!" said the more rational Apollo.

"O.K., so maybe we can't use our powers on mortals yet, but what about on our fellow deities? They weren't mentioned, were they?" asked the little goddess as mischief gleamed in her eyes.

Apollo broke out in a cold sweat.

"Diana," was all her brother had time to say before...ZAP!

A bolt similar to lightning sparked from Diana's hand and hit Apollo, resulting in a cloud of silvery smoke. When the smoke cleared, Diana saw that a small buck now stood where her brother had been only moments before. She gasped and called out her brother's name.

"Yes, Diana?" came the reply.

She was amazed to hear the words coming from the deer's mouth.

"Apollo, is that you?"

"Yes," replied the deer, "but I want you to change me back right away."

"Well, I, ah, I would! Really, I would! But I don't know how..." Diana trailed off.

"You don't know how? Well, you'd better figure it out and quick!" The deer's voice began to take on a note of panic. "I don't want to be a deer for the rest of my life—which happens to be forever, in case you've forgotten."

"Should I go get another deity to try and help?" asked Diana.

"Won't work," answered the deer. "Remember father told us that if we don't undo the things that we ourselves do, they remain permanent."

"Don't panic," said Diana.

"Don't panic? How can you say that?" asked the deer, clearly panicking. "You're not the one that might be stuck as a deer! You've got to do something!"

"O.K., give me a minute to think."

After a while, Diana was trying everything she could think of to change Apollo back. But nothing seemed to be working.

"O.K., let's try one more thing," said Diana. "Hold still while I do this."

Diana took a deep breath, raised her hand and pointed the index finger of her left hand at the deer. There was a bright flash of light that left spots before her eyes. When the spots cleared, Diana saw what she had done.

"Well, at least it kinda worked," grimaced Diana.

And that was true. Whatever Diana had done had "kinda" changed the deer back into Apollo. Apollo's head was back, but he still had the body of a deer.

"Diana, if you don't change the rest of me back right now, I'm going to kick you with both my back feet, hard!" said Apollo.

"O.K., O.K., I'll try again. Just give me another minute to think," said Diana, biting her lip hard.

"I'm not going to give you another minute! Do something now!" shouted Apollo as he strode toward his sister with purpose.

Diana, fearing the worst, took off running. Apollo gave chase, and his deer feet soon proved to be much faster.

When Diana noticed that her brother was quickly gaining on her, she twirled around, pointed both her index fingers in his general direction and uttered the same spell that had managed to turn his head back to normal.

There was another blinding flash of light.

When, once again, the cloud of silvery smoke cleared, and the spots had left her eyes, Diana was thrilled to see her brother Apollo standing upright before her, having been changed back to his original body.

Her joy was short-lived, however.

"Come here, you little twerp," yelled Apollo as he lunged for his sister. "Just wait 'till I get my hands on you."

But this time, Apollo didn't have the help of deer feet, and his sister easily outran him to make it home safely before he could exact his revenge.

# The Great Adventures of Publius and Furianus

By Greg Van Lear, Latin III student of  
Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Salvete, omnes. Hodie vobis narabo fabulam de Publio et Furiano.

Publius et Furianus amici optimi erant. Publius Rufi filius erat; Furianus filius adoptivus erat Marci Caecilii, Rufi fratris. Publius et Furianus multum conluebant et multa loca visitabant. Quia in via eorum erant ei qui gemmas vendebant, hi pueri multa de claris feminis Romanis audiebant. Apud templum Apollonis multos poetas carmina legentes videbant. Publius Ovidium optimum esse putabat, sed Furianus cogitationes similes non habebat.

Uno die, Publius et Furianus Forum Romanum visitaverunt. Ibi multas res de legibus Romanis didicerunt. Curiam Iuliam visitaverunt, et audierunt multos senatores Romanos loquentes.

Publius et Furianus multas ferias concelebraverunt, multa de superstitionibus didicerunt, quam maximos gladiatores optimos spectaverunt.

Publius et Furianus multa incepta perfecerunt, multa pericula superaverunt, multa itinera fecerunt. Amici optimi erant!

# ROME

By Steven Groh, Latin I student of Judy Hanna,  
Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Rome, the center of the world

Beautiful is the city with flags unfurled

Traveling on the Appian Way

To Rome where all roads lead, they say

On our journeys we are soon to depart

To this wonderful place we may never re-embark

This is where grandeur and red carpets unfold

Everything here is new, but yet it's so old

Rome is great, and yet it is terrible

Rome is meek, but not unbearable

Home to times past and now

A nation built it with the sweat of its brow

# Melted Ice

By Monika Ostrowski, Latin III student of  
Regina Cuzzo, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York

Glares  
Gelida, gurgles  
Fluit, haurit, nitet  
Fluvius, locus  
Aqua

# Triumph Over The Monster

By Kristen Dmytryk, Latin III student of  
Larry Steele, Norman H.S., Norman Oklahoma

The thirty of us, on a trip to Italy and Greece, got up early, left our hotel in Sorrento, Italy, and headed off on our charter bus to go climb a Monster—a mountain whose eruption was the cause of much death and destruction thousands of years ago—Vesuvius!

Our bus slowly climbed up the narrow and winding road that was getting steadily steeper. After a number of close calls, our faithful driver, Marino, got us safely to our destination—the place where we would begin our climb, on foot, up to the rim of the crater.

As we scrambled out of the bus, gazing out at the towns below us, we all took deep breaths and began to climb the path that consisted of volcanic *lapilli*—deep fine gravel and sand. The higher we climbed, the colder the air became and the stronger the wind. We had to fight to keep our balance in the strong gusts. We often paused to catch our breath.

After many words of mutual encouragement, Kodak moments, and stops to get stones out of our shoes, we were finally there. We had reached the top!

Once our whole group had gathered, our guide told us about the geology and history of Mt. Vesuvius. We were surprised at, and a little nervous about, the steam that was coming up out of the crater.

After a few more breathtaking glances at the sparkling blue sea in the distance—and after a few more pictures, we began our walk back down the path.

The descent was easier, but we still had to be careful not to slip. We piled back into our trusty bus, exhausted but with a sense of accomplishment. We all had memories and dirty shoes to prove our Triumph over the Monster.

# 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."

## Giving Categories

Student Supporters (\$25).

Latin Class/Club Supporters (\$100).

Adult Supporters (\$200-\$400).

Friends of the Classics (\$500-\$900).

Contributors (\$1000-\$4000).

Benefactors (\$5000-\$10,000).

Patrons (\$20,000-\$90,000) and Angels (\$100,000+).

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

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James J. Aubuchon, Great Neck, New York

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## Are You Listed Above?

Contributions received before the end of April will be printed in the May NEWSLETTER.

# DARRYL STRAWBERRY'S HERCULEAN LABORS

By Jackie Adelfio, Latin III student of A. Proteroti-Nilsen, St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

"Do you think I'm in trouble?" Darryl asked his close friend Ray Negron. "What do you think will happen next?"

Darryl had already experienced so much suffering during his life that he really didn't want to hear the answers to these questions. He wasn't even sure he could endure the pain of this hour-long ride to Yankee Stadium.

Darryl Strawberry was one of those baseball players that had so much natural talent that it seemed as if he had been born to play. His great defense in right field was surpassed only by his ability to hit the ball out of the park with a swing that seemed effortless. Recruited straight out of high school, he first became a member of the New York Mets. Later, he joined the greatest franchise, the New York Yankees.

The fame that came his way early in his career hadn't really done Darryl any good, however. He was young and made some wrong choices, caught a few tough breaks, and quickly turned his star-lit life into a mess. Darryl's Nemesis Hydra turned out to be alcohol and drugs. He could not overcome either challenge and soon found himself in a race with his own Arcadian Stag. The Law. Darryl met his Erymanthian boar when he was diagnosed with colon cancer. This time, Darryl got help and was on his way to recovery in a cancer treatment center, when the Hydra returned to raise another of its heads—a four-day crack binge.

It was because of this latest encounter that Darryl found himself riding with Ray Negron on his way to Yankee Stadium to meet with George Steinbrenner.

Once they reached the stadium, Darryl and Ray walked in silence up to Steinbrenner's office. They were let in and then just sat as they waited for Steinbrenner to speak.

"Well, Darryl," said Steinbrenner after sitting and staring at his desk for a long while, "everyone realizes you've had a tough couple of years. But you've got real talent, and we would all really hate to see you fired from the club."

"It's not what I want either, sir," said Darryl. "I know I can shape up if I'm given another chance." "And that's exactly what we're going to do. In fact, we've decided to give you three more chances to prove yourself," said Steinbrenner.

"That's more than generous," replied Darryl. "Have you heard of Hercules?" asked Steinbrenner. "Yah, I think I saw some cartoons about him when I was a kid," answered Darryl.

"Hercules was an ancient Greek hero who also got himself into a lot of trouble early in his career. To make him prove that he was really sorry and had the stuff to be a true hero, Hercules was given ten labors to perform. Of course, having the usual human weaknesses, he cheated on a couple, and ended up being given two more—twelve in all, I believe," said Steinbrenner.

"Yah, twelve. That's what I heard too," said Darryl. "Darryl, the club has decided to give you three opportunities, labors, if you will, to prove yourself worthy of being a New York Yankee. If you cheat, like Hercules did, you won't be given any other chances."

"I know I can prove myself, Mr. Steinbrenner. What are the three labors?" asked Darryl.

"Not so fast, Darryl. We're just going to take them one at a time. When you finish one successfully, you'll report back here and be assigned your next challenge. Agreed?" "Agreed," replied Darryl.

"The first challenge may be the easiest of the three. We have to be sure you haven't lost your strength and hand-eye coordination. We want you to hit a home run in every American League team ballpark. And you have to accomplish this task in only three days," challenged Steinbrenner.

Darryl thanked Steinbrenner for the opportunity to prove his worthiness to be a New York Yankee, and left immediately to start his first task. Steinbrenner was right. This task was not incredibly hard, but it would not be easy, either. Darryl hadn't swung a bat in quite some time, and there were fourteen teams in the American League, from east to west coast. Travel alone would use up half of his time, leaving him approximately 48 hours to hit home runs. His first stop was Yankee Stadium, the closest of the four-

teen. Three pitches later he had hit his first home run.

Ray Negron arranged for a private helicopter that Darryl could use, and he immediately climbed in as they headed first to Boston and then to Baltimore. Two more home runs and five hours later, they were on a private jet heading south to Tampa. By using helicopters to get from airports to stadiums, Darryl and Ray quickly made their way from Tampa to Texas, back north to Kansas City, Chicago, Cleveland, Michigan and Minnesota. Darryl had to struggle a little in Michigan. The weather and wind gave him a hard time.

Fifty hours later, Darryl had successfully hit home runs in ten of the fourteen stadiums. Making their way to the stadium in Toronto cost them more time than they had planned—they were left with only eighteen hours remaining. Customs had turned out to be a real hassle. Re-entering the United States was less complicated, however, and Darryl was able to hit home runs in Seattle, Oakland and Anaheim and return to New York with two hours to spare.

Steinbrenner was impressed, but he had suspected all along that Darryl's problem was not a lack of athletic prowess. It was his behavior off the field that was destroying his career.

"For your next labor, we want you to spend three days of community service—counseling young athletes. We want you to be honest and up front with them. None of your usual macho stuff. Let them know what drugs have already done to you, and how they could easily still destroy your career." On the surface, this second task didn't appear to be as difficult as the first, but it was, in fact, even harder. It forced Darryl to remind himself of how drug use had already affected his career. Sharing his weakness with kids that admired him was difficult and emotionally draining. But it provided Darryl with a personal motivation to remain drug-free—as Steinbrenner had planned that it would.

"Your third challenge," Steinbrenner was explaining as Darryl got his final labor, "will be both physically and mentally challenging. You'll need both brawn and brain. If you complete this labor, you will be cleansed of your past mistakes, just as Hercules was. You will have proven that you are truly dedicated to the team, and that you will be returning stronger than ever."

"I'm up for it, sir," replied Darryl. "For years now, the New York Yankees and the Boston Red Sox have been rivals. There have been some small practical jokes that we have played on them, and they, in turn, have had their fun with us. This year we want to make them remember the New York Yankees."

"Whatever you want me to do, Mr. Steinbrenner." "I want you to take down every Red Sox flag from the outfield fence of Fenway Park and replace them all with Yankee flags. You can't allow yourself to get caught by security, and you can't hurt yourself while you're doing it. If either of those things happen, you will have failed your final labor," threatened Steinbrenner.

As they left the stadium together, Darryl said, "Ray, do you think we could locate a stealth helicopter?"

"I think so," said Ray. "What's your plan?" "Rather than risk scaling the walls, falling or being spotted by security, I think I'll just drop down from the sky. We'll go in about four a.m. on game day so they won't be able to replace them all without a delay-of-game penalty."

When the day arrived, Darryl was illegally skimming the housetops with no helicopter flying lights visible. At exactly 4 a.m. they were in position over the walls of Fenway Park. Before long, all of the flags had been replaced.

Darryl's final task turned out to be the greatest prank ever pulled in major league baseball.

The New York Yankees happily accepted Darryl Strawberry back on the team, and he had an amazing year. He hit .325 with 112 RBI's and 54 homeruns. More importantly, Darryl steered clear of his drunken Nemean Lion, all the drug lures of his Lernaean Hydra, his Arcadian Stag (The Law), and his cancerous Erymanthian boar.



# A Man Named Nero

By Drew Fink, Latin II student of Jonathan Rockey and Dr. Sharon Traver, The American Academy, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

Erat vir olim nomine Nero

Qui, "Quae," dixit, "carmina cano!"

Matrem suam necavit.

Sed cum moreretur,

"Musicae," inquit, "quam damnum dabo!"

# Minotaur Defeated!

Based on a story by Chris Howard, Latin I student of A. Proteroti-Nilsen, St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

Crete—The day that many have been expecting has finally come. The monster that is called the Minotaur has finally been killed. Many could not believe what they were seeing yesterday as Theseus, the one responsible for killing the Minotaur, emerged from the Labyrinth alive. More amazing yet, he was not alone! Not only had he managed to save his own life, but he had also saved the lives of many others who that had been wandering in the maze for years.

The first question asked of Theseus was how he had killed the terrible beast.

"On about the third day," he replied, "I stumbled across the beast while he was sleeping. I grabbed the nearest thing I could find—which happened to be a club—and attacked the beast. He never saw it coming."

When asked about the rumor that he had killed the monster with a sword that had been given him by the king's daughter, Ariadne, he denied that any princess had supplied him with any weapon.

Theseus, however, did say he received help from a young girl, who turned out to be the princess Ariadne, when he was asked how he managed to find his way back out of the maze when no one else had ever managed the feat.

"It was easy. Before I entered the maze, a young girl gave me a large ball of string and told me to unroll it as I went along to mark my path."

When it was finally determined that the young girl had, in fact, been the Princess Ariadne, she was asked why she had helped this man who had been condemned to death by her father. She answered that she had fallen in love with him at first sight, and that she could not bear to see him die. As it turns out, Theseus is himself of royal blood, being the son of King Aegeus of Athens. He had been sent to Crete as one of the group of seven young men and seven maidens that are sent every seven years from Athens to be sacrificed to the Minotaur. This arrangement was part of an old peace treaty worked out with Athens years ago after a young prince of Crete had been killed while visiting that city.

There is much speculation about whether Princess Ariadne will accompany Theseus when he leaves the island and whether or not the death of the Minotaur will lead to renewed hostilities between Crete and Athens.

# LADY OF THE BEACH

By Katie Garra, Latin III student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York

## DOMINA LITORIS

Saepe ambulat ad

She often walks by

aqueae marginem.

the edge of the water.

Crinis flatur

Her hair blows

vento.

in the wind.

Idem pavor semper

Always the same dread

in facie.

on her face.

Tristitia sua elucet

Her sadness shines

per lunae lumen.

through the moonlight.

Domina vanescit modo

The lady disappears, only

ut redeat proxima

to return the next

nocte,

night,

nihilo mutato.

with nothing having been changed.



## BEING UNFAITHFUL IS ABUSE!

By Anie Lee, Latin II student of Judith Greene, Valley R.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

To tell the truth, I honestly don't understand why people put Juno down for being an evil or jealous goddess. In my opinion, Juno has the right to be as evil or as jealous as she wants to be.

Take her husband, the mighty Jupiter, for example. He certainly isn't very good about controlling his emotions when a pretty girl crosses his path. If any husband had a wandering eye for every woman—mortal or immortal—that he met, wouldn't his wife have a right to react just like Juno?

Sure, there are those who say things like, "Well, haven't you heard that Juno turned Callisto into a bear and persecuted poor Io with a gadfly after Jupiter had to turn her into a cow to protect her from his wife?"

There's no denying that Juno did those things—no one's going to argue with that. But wasn't Juno actually doing these women a favor by allowing them to live? After all, she could have killed them. And what did she get for not killing them? Io eventually regained her original shape, and bore Jupiter an illegitimate son named Epaphus. Some thanks!

Juno, I have to admit, does have a quick temper, but who could blame her? Not only was she forced to marry her own brother, but he turned out to be a real jerk of a husband. If any wife saw her husband strutting around with his arm around another woman, wouldn't she get at least a little angry?

"But what about Ixion?" some people ask. "Wasn't Juno tempted to be unfaithful with him one time?"

My only answer to that is, "Ixion, Smixion!" Sure Juno was a little attracted to him, but she knew down deep that he was someone who would definitely "kiss and tell." That's why, on their one and only date together, Ixion actually went out with a cloud that had been made to look like Juno. And, of course, when Ixion started telling everyone that he had gone out with Juno, Mercury tied him to a wheel of torture on which he could spin for eternity thinking about what a big mouth he has.

As far as I'm concerned, the only fault I can find with Juno is that she forgives her cheating husband way too easily. Instead of keeping him away from her, or leaving Mt. Olympus herself for a while to let him think their relationship over, Juno just calmly forgives him after every one of his little flings.

Don't get me wrong. I know that Jupiter is the great, so-called omnipotent god, but he should be setting an example for other men. As it is, following Jupiter's example, men feel perfectly justified in saying things like, "Sorry honey, I know that what I did was wrong, but if Jupiter can cheat on his wife, so can I!"

I really don't understand why Jupiter would even think about cheating on Juno. After all, Juno is considered to be the queen of the gods, and she's so kind that all married women turn to her for help. And just think about it: wouldn't the king of the gods have chosen the most beautiful and the best of all the goddesses for his wife in the first place?

All of the other deities respect her and are well aware that she can be quite a formidable opponent. I think it's about time she starts getting a little respect from her own husband! If Jupiter were to act like he had at least some brains, perhaps the image that others have of his charming wife would change. The bottom line is that Juno is just another victim of male stupidity. She deserves to be honored for the pain she is forced to endure rather than being accused of being mean, spiteful and vindictive. Surely the queen of the gods has rights, too!

## Diana

By Nikki Gibson, Latin III student of Larry Steele, Norman H.S., Norman, Oklahoma

She sits, waiting  
For Moon to rise,  
Waiting for the sly light  
Of slender beams  
To be shed,  
"Lady fingers, dipped in moonlight"  
To be licked like precious nectar—  
The hunt is on,  
And there is no stopping it.

She spreads her arms upward, needing  
The light of Moon,  
Needing the solitary companionship  
Of the night guard  
To appear.  
"Travel northward across the morning sky"  
To the safe haven of the dark—  
The sun is here,  
And there is no stopping it.

## Slippery Little NERO

By Frank Torris, Indianapolis, Indiana

Imperator Nero Claudius Caesar Drusus Germanicus was a problem right from the very beginning. In the first place, that wasn't even his real name. On his *dies lustricus* he had been named *Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus*, but after his mother's incestuous marriage to her Uncle Claudius, they all decided to change her son's name.

Now, when almost any other Roman Emperor is studied in a standard reference book, fairly precise dates (day, month and year) are given not only for that emperor's birth and death, but also for the time of his reign. Not so with slippery little Nero. All that's reported about Nero is that he was born sometime in A.D. 37, became emperor sometime in A.D. 54 and died sometime in A.D. 68. No specific days, no specific months.

The information, however, does seem to be available for these specific dates to be figured out. It just seems that either no one has bothered to do it, or that no one wants to take the risk of being wrong without having actually been there.

### Here's the information that one has to work with:

Suetonius records that Nero was born at Antium, in Latium, nine months after the death of Tiberius. Since it is known that Tiberius died on March 16, A.D. 37, nine months later would suggest that Nero was born in mid-December, A.D. 37.

Suetonius also records that the Emperor Claudius died on October 13, A.D. 54, and also states that Nero presented himself on the steps of the palace that same day to be proclaimed Emperor.

As far as the date of Nero's death, all Suetonius offers is that Nero was thirty-one years old when he died on the anniversary of the murder of his wife, Octavia. Unfortunately, there seems to be no exact record of when that murder was committed.

It is possible, however, to determine the month and year of Nero's death by counting backwards from Jan. 15, A.D. 69, the date on which Otho officially became the Emperor



of Rome. It is recorded that Otho's predecessor, Galba, had ruled for seven and a half months (late June, A.D. 68—Jan. 14, A.D. 69).

Based on all this information, it does seem that one could reliably state that Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus had been born in the middle of December in A.D. 37, that he was proclaimed Emperor on October 13, A.D. 54, and that, as Emperor Nero, he died in June, A.D. 68.

Now that wasn't so hard, was it?

## Five Former Olympic Greats

By Caitlin Leblon, Latin I student of A. Preteroti-Nilsen, St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

When victorious athletes return home, fresh from their Olympic triumphs, they are clad in purple and carried through their hometowns on a chariot pulled by four white horses. Accompanied by their cheering fellow-citizens, they ceremoniously place their victory wreaths in the temples of their highest local deities. Although no prize money is awarded at Olympia, many athletes are presented with large gifts of money when they return home. They are frequently given places of honor at all public games held in their towns and invited to all events at which official visitors and ambassadors to their towns are entertained.

Because many folks lose track of former Olympic Greats, we have decided to publish an update on five athletes that once commanded the attention of the judges at Olympia and their own hometowns.

### Milo Of Kroton

Milo was one of the most famous wrestlers of all time. He was a six-time Olympic champion, having won the Boys' Wrestling Wreath in the 60<sup>th</sup> Olympiad and the Men's Wrestling Wreath six consecutive times in the 62<sup>nd</sup> through the 66<sup>th</sup> Olympiads. He continued to compete even after he was forty years old. Milo had incredible strength—so much so that he could break a cord tied round his forehead by simply bulging the veins in his head. When called to serve in time of war, Milo entered the battlefield wearing one of his Olympic wreaths and a lion's skin. Neither was Milo all brawn. He also studied with the philosopher, Parmenides of Elea, whose life he once saved by holding up a collapsing roof until Parmenides and his other followers could escape.

### Theagenes of Thasos

Theagenes was an Olympic boxer, pankratiast and runner. As a youth, Theagenes had almost been put to death for having stolen a statuette of Zeus. He had returned the statue and shown so much remorse, however, that his life was spared and his crime officially forgiven. Theagenes won the Olympic Boxing Wreath in the 75<sup>th</sup> Olympiad. At this Olympiad, he also competed in the Pankration, but he was so wearied by his boxing victory that he could not stand up to his Pankration opponent. He did, however, win the Pankration Wreath in the 76<sup>th</sup> Olympiad, and went on to win many more prizes in subsequent years. Pausanias said of Theagenes, "His ambition was, I think, to rival Achilles by winning a prize for running in the fatherland of the swiftest heroes. The total number of wreaths and awards that he won was one thousand, four hundred."

### Diagoras of Rhodes

Diagoras was a boxing champion in the 79<sup>th</sup> Olympiad and was victorious in many other Greek athletic festivals. His good sportsmanship made him legendary as the "Fair-fighter." Not just a talented athlete, Diagoras was also a virtuous man from a good family. Some have claimed that he was descended from Hermes because no mere human could possibly perform such athletic feats as he accomplished. His two sons, Damagetos and Akousilaos, followed in their father's footsteps and won Olympic wreaths in the 83<sup>rd</sup> Olympiad.

### Polydamas of Skotoussa

Polydamas won the Pankration Wreath in the 93<sup>rd</sup> Olympiad. Because he was so muscular and tall, Polydamas was frequently compared to Herakles. As a young man he had even once killed a lion with his bare hands near Mount Olympus. Polydamas retained his strength and his reputation in his older years when, as a man in his fifties, he saved the lives of many spectators by stopping a runaway chariot and preventing it from crashing into a crowd.

### Melankomas of Caria

Melankomas was known for his athleticism and admired for his good looks. He won the wreath for Olympic Boxing in the 207<sup>th</sup> Olympiad. Since, however, his opponent died shortly after the match because of the strength of Melankomas' winning blow, Melankomas vowed never to hit another person again. Which is not to say that he gave up his sport. Melankomas continued boxing for years afterward, remaining undefeated until his voluntary retirement in his old age. Melankomas won all his subsequent matches by sheer physical endurance. He was so agile that none of his opponents could ever land a punch, and he kept his opponents moving constantly as they avoided powerfully thrown punches of his own—carefully aimed to keep his opponent off-balance without ever striking them. In the end, his opponents would simply collapse from sheer exhaustion. The Roman philosopher, Lucius Annaeus Seneca, has said of Melankomas, "Now since he had beauty of body, amazing strength, a stout heart, and amazing self-control, he was blessed with the good fortune of never having been defeated. What man could be happier than he?" Throughout his life, Melankomas continued to engage in physical training more rigorous than that practiced by the average Olympic athlete.





### Cura Matrona,

I hope that you also enjoy *ludi scaenici* and that you won't put me down when I tell you what I dream about doing once I assume the *toga virilis* and begin to make my mark on the world.

Matrona, I have been going to see performances in *theatris* for years. Every time there is a play that my *pater* says I may see, I hurry to the *theatrum* with my *paedagogus* so that we can get the best seats in the *prae-textati* section.

I've thought about becoming a *histrion*, but my *paedagogus* assures me that my *pater* would never allow it since most *histriones* are either slaves, freedmen or plebeians, and it would be beneath my dignity to appear on the stage. My *paedagogus* also says it would be beneath my dignity to become a *dominus gregis* and manage my own troupe of *histriones*. So I've set my heart on being able to sponsor *ludi scaenici*.

Matrona, my *pater* is not a patrician. He does own a very successful bakery and is a respected member of equestrian society here in Pompeii. Can you suggest things I should start doing now so I'll be able to achieve my dream when I get older?

Modestus filius  
Pompeii

### Cura Fili,

I do enjoy *ludi scaenici*, although I've never wanted to devote my life to this form of entertainment. It sounds as though your *pater* has provided you with a very wise *paedagogus* who is offering you sound advice as you grow up.

I won't say that you have an impossible dream, being the son of an *eques*, but you certainly have some challenges ahead of you if you hope to sponsor *ludi scaenici* when you get older.

If you take over your *pater's* *pintrina*, and are very, very successful in operating it, you may be able to become wealthy enough to sponsor a play or two each year as a *civis Pompeianus*. But surely, you do realize that most of the *ludi scaenici* in almost any town with a *theatrum* are sponsored by *magistratus* in charge of *feriae* entertainment. If it will be possible for you to become a *magistratus* in Pompeii without being a *patricius*, you might be able to realize your goal fairly easily. While most *magistratus* personally pay for the various *ludi* that they provide for their communities to gain political favor with voters, you may be able to apply for *lucra* from your local treasury to help with the expenses of sponsoring *ludi scaenici*. Most local treasuries do set aside these special funds, called *lucra* because originally they represented fees collected from users and offenders of sacred *luci*, that are intended to be paid to *histriones*.

If, however, it is customary for only *patricii* to hold *magistratus* in Pompeii, you will have a little harder time achieving your goal. You see, you will have to enter Pompeian politics as a *novus homo*, since you will be the first person in your family to cross over. I'm not saying this is impossible, it's just very difficult to do.

So, I would say that the first thing you should do is begin discussing your goal with your *pater* because you will definitely need his help. If you are going to try to enter Pompeian politics as a *novus homo*, he is going to have to be sure you are properly educated with a good local *grammaticus* and then sent away to study with a respected *rhitor*. Then, of course, he will have to become a *client* of the most influential *patronus* in Pompeii who will be willing to help him achieve his hopes for your future.

Don't let all this discourage you, however. You have a worthwhile goal. Remember, *Melius est alius petere et non attingere quam inferius petere et attingere*.

### Mr. Sun

By Liz Stender, Latin III student of Margaret Curran,  
Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York

Sol  
Aurea, bellus,  
Splendens, flagrans, caleticiens  
Illustrat terram  
Sol

## THE GOOD SISTERS OF YESTERYEAR

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

picked by the king in his capacity as *Pontifex Maximus*.

In time, the shrine would be replaced by a small but strikingly beautiful marble rounda, and the priestesses organized into a strictly regimented, highly elite religious order.

By the time of the Roman Republic in the sixth century B.C., the number of Vestals had been set at six and their term of service at thirty years. A Vestal would spend her first ten years in a kind of novitiate, studying the theology and sacred mysteries of Vesta, the second decade as a priestess conducting the temple ceremonies, and the third instructing the latest novices. This cycle insured the continuity of the cult. After this, she was free to return to secular life and even to marry. This option was seldom exercised, however, for a number of reasons. For one, the cloistered life having been the only one she had ever really known, the Vestal was understandably apprehensive about leaving it. For another, she was now past the normal child-bearing age. For a third, the prerogatives and privileges of a Vestal far exceeded those of the most affluent lay-woman.

It was thought to be a supreme honor for a family to have a daughter summoned to serve at the altar of the Fire Goddess. Indeed, it was no small achievement for a girl merely to be considered a candidate. Her calling, her vocation if you will, came not from the divinity on high, but from the *Pontifex Maximus*.



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE ORIGINAL TEMPLE OF VESTA IN THE FORUM ROMANUM



REMAINS OF THE ROUND TEMPLE OF VESTA IN THE FORUM ROMANUM

in a solemn ceremony during which her hair was cut off and draped as an offering upon a lotus tree, said to be sacred, in the garden of the Vestal's convent. The girl was then clothed in an ankle-length white garment, crowned with a white veil and asked to recite vows of chastity, purity and obedience to the *Vestalis Maxima*, the mother superior. Throughout her novitiate she would no longer be addressed by name but by the honorary title of *Amata*, Beloved.

Just behind the temple was the *Atrium Vestae*, the residence (convent) of these holy women. By the beginning of the imperial age, it was a grand two-story house built around a colonnaded cloister two hundred and twenty feet long by seventy-six feet wide. About the House of the Vestals the scholar Lanciani said:

"We find in the plan of this residence and its grounds a prototype of all the convents and nunneries in the world."

In the peristyle were three large rectangular ponds which served not only as an aesthetic touch but also as cisterns; for the Vestals in their liturgies and blessings could not use water which had been rendered "impure" by passing through the clay pipes of an aqueduct. They were permitted to use

only spring, river or the rain water collected in these cisterns.

In addition to the daily rituals and chores of maintaining the eternal flame, the Vestals also safeguarded Rome's most precious relics, including the remaining Sybilline Books along with the *Palladium*. The *Palladium* was a statue of Pallas, a wooden image of a maiden supposed to have fallen from the heavens to the Trojans as a promise of safety for Troy, so long as it should be enshrined and preserved within the city. In Roman lore, Aeneas rescued the effigy from burning Troy and took it with him to Italy.

The priestesses also took part in public ceremonies, both civil and religious. When, for example, Vespasian laid the first stone for his new temple to Jupiter, the Vestals led the procession and blessed the foundation, sprinkling it with pure water. They also played prominent roles in rituals honoring other deities and in festivals related to primitive Italian agriculture such as the harvest and vintage celebrations.

While the Vestal Virgins were in the world, they were not *af* it, in the eyes of the Roman people. Whenever they ventured throughout the city, they were looked upon with awe, even by the most cynical agnostics and atheists. At the sight of one approaching, citizens would respectfully cross over to the opposite sidewalk to clear the way. At spectacles in the circus, theater or amphitheater, they were assigned the most honorable places.

During triumphal parades along the nearby *Via Sacra*, the priestesses would watch from the steps of their residence and receive reverent glances and nods from the conquering general and his soldiers as they passed.

One of the most remarkable testimonials to their status was the fact that if a Vestal interceded on behalf of a condemned man, he was at once granted his freedom. In fact, the young Julius Caesar owed the sparing of his life from Sulla's proscriptions to the intervention of the Vestals.

In civil wars and other emergencies of state, they were empowered to act as mediators of peace. For such efforts some Vestals were honored with life-sized statues in their garden. On the pedestal inscriptions can be read such names as Flavia Publicia, Coelia Claudiana and Numisia Maxima. In 209 B.C. Quintus Lutatius the consul paid tribute to a Vestal Maxima named Terentia Flavia.

While their privileges were extraordinary, so too was their punishment for the slightest transgression. For violating her vow of chastity, a Vestal would be sentenced to entombment alive. Livy informs us that the Vestal Minucia was convicted of this offense and "buried alive near the Colline Gate, to the right of the paved road." (*...viva sub terram ad Portam Collinam dextra viam stratum.*)

If the fire in the temple went out, this would cause general pandemonium for it presaged an awful calamity, the Romans believed. While chronicling the events of the A.U.C. 548 (206 B.C.), Livy relates such an incident:

*Plus omnibus prodigiis territi animos hominum ignis in aede Vestae extinctus, caesaque flagro est Vestalis cuius custodia eius noctis fuerat iussu P. Licini pontificis.*

"More than all the other bad omens, the fire going out in the sanctuary of Vesta really terrified the populace. The Vestal on duty that night was scourged by order of Publius Licinius, the pontiff."

The Edict of Milan in A.D. 313

signaled the end of the Christian persecutions and sounded the death knell for the worship of Vesta and the myriad of other pagan cults. The worship of Vesta and many other pagan deities did manage to hang on feebly throughout the rest of the century until the Emperor Theodosius in A.D. 394 ordered the closing of all pagan temples and the confiscation of their property and revenues. He also abolished all pagan priesthoods, including the order of the Vestals.

Before evacuating their convent, the saddened sisters, with great solemnity, extinguished forever the fire that they and their forebears had nourished for more than eleven hundred years. How and where they disposed of the sacred objects they had safeguarded remains a mystery.



STATUE OF A VESTAL VIRGIN IN ATRIUM OF THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS



# OLYMPIA and the OLYMPIC GAMES

Based on an article by Rufus Carter, Yvonne Higgins and Christine Jancovitz, Latin I students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele R.S., Ashland, Ohio

The Olympic games were so important to the ancient Greeks that their historians used the four-year intervals between them, known as Olympiads, to indicate the years during which historical events occurred. The Olympic games officially began in 776 B.C., the year that Coroebus of Elis was selected as the first Olympic champion. Funeral games in honor of Pelops may have been regularly held at the site for hundreds of years before this.



COVERED WALKWAY THROUGH WHICH ATHLETES ENTERED THE STADIUM AT OLYMPIA

The Olympic games were held between August 6 and September 19 and were intended to honor Zeus. A nation-wide truce was announced throughout Greece that went into effect before the games started, continued through the games, and lasted long enough after their conclusion so that the athletes and spectators could return home safely. Not only were wars interrupted and armies forbidden to interfere with the games, but there was also a temporary stay on all executions throughout the country.

The athletes who participated in the games were free men who competed as individuals representing their sponsoring city-states or regions. Trumpets and heralds announced the beginning of the games. Heralds also announced the name of each competitor, his home, and the name of his opponent that had been selected by lot. Flutes were played to provide background music for the matches. Winners of individual matches continued to be paired off until one athlete emerged as the overall victor of his event. At this point, the winner would be presented with a palm-branch. Official Olympic prizes were not awarded the athletes until the final day of the festival.

In the beginning, Olympic prizes were either money or objects of some worth, but, at the command of the Delphic Oracle, later athletes received only wreaths made from leaves of the wild-olive, said to have been planted by Heracles. The leaves used to make these victory wreaths were cut with a golden knife by a boy of



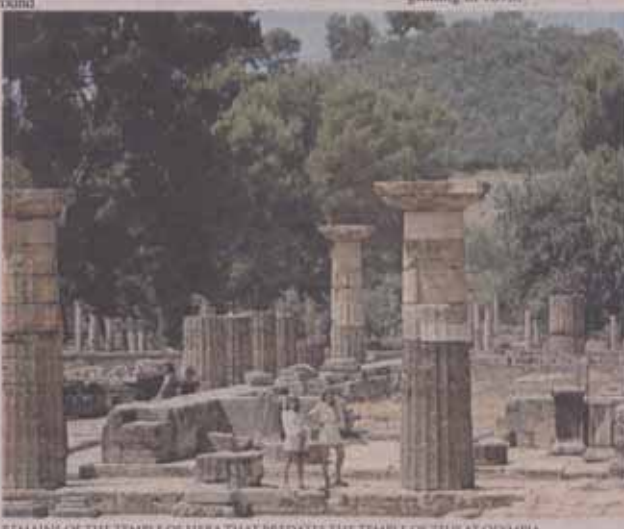
COLUMNS SURROUNDING THE PALAESTRA AT OLYMPIA



BRONZE HEAD FROM A STATUE OF ZEUS FOUND AT OLYMPIA



BRONZE HEAD OF A BOXER FROM A COMMEMORATIVE STATUE SET UP AT OLYMPIA, 335-330 B.C.



REMAINS OF THE TEMPLE OF HERA THAT PREDATES THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA

noble birth with both parents still living. After 540 B.C., Olympic victors were allowed to have commemorative statues of themselves erected in the Altis at Olympia.

When winners returned home, they not only were treated as the guests of honor at huge public banquets but would also be presented monetary awards and such honorary awards as bronze tripods, shields or slave girls. Later

winners were given pensions that they could choose either to keep or sell.

The Olympic Games continued to be held every four years for 1,170 years, until A.D. 393 when the Roman Emperor Theodosius abolished them. Theodosius may have been motivated by what he thought was the desecration of the original high ideals of the athletes and their crass desire for profit. The fact that Greece was, by then, being plagued by a crumbling economy, barbarian assaults, earthquakes and floods may also have led him to his decision. In A.D. 426 Theodosius II ordered the destruction of the temples at Olympia. Whatever survived later visits by Alaric and the Visigoths was further destroyed by the earthquakes that hit the region during the sixth century. Luckily, the nearby Alpheus River finally flooded the sanctuary at Olympia, protectively burying everything that was left until it could be rediscovered and excavated, beginning in 1875.



## Panes ex Farina Avenacea Oatmeal Rolls

By Dee and Heather,  
Latin I students of Judy Hanna,  
Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Each year the Latin students from all three Findlay, Ohio, schools join together to enjoy a Roman Banquet. In addition to the great food, students play games and compete in Latin contests to try to win a silver bowl.

This is our recipe for the Roman Oatmeal Rolls that were enjoyed by all!

### Res Commiscendae:

One cup Minute-Oats  
1 1/8 cups boiling water  
1/3 cup olive oil  
1/2 cup warmed honey  
1 Tbsp. salt  
1 package of dry yeast dissolved in 1/2 cup lukewarm water  
2 large eggs  
2 cups white flour

### Modus Preparandi:

♦ Mix the Minute-Oats with 1 cup of boiling water, the honey, olive oil and salt, and let stand until the mixture becomes lukewarm.

.....

♦ Then beat in the eggs, stir in the yeast, using the 1/8 cup of boiling water to rinse all of the yeast into the mixture. Stir in the white flour.



0 .....



♦ Turn the dough ball onto a floured mixing board and knead until there are no sticky spots, dusting occasionally with a little extra flour. A soft dough is desirable.

♦ Place the kneaded dough into a bowl that has been rubbed with olive oil, turning the dough ball over so all sides are covered with oil.

♦ Cover loosely with plastic wrap and drape with a dish towel. Put in the refrigerator overnight.

♦ The next day,

shape the dough ball into 36-40 small rolls, using a flower-petal arrangement to place nine small rolls each in pie tins that have been rubbed with olive oil.



♦ Cover the pie tins with a dish towel and place in a warm spot to rise for an hour.

♦ Pre-heat the oven and bake the rolls at 400° for 15-20 minutes.



♦ Turn out and allow to cool on cookie racks.

.....





## BRITNEY SPEARS SONGS

By Zach Calvert, Latin IV student of  
Angela Lettizia, Hollidaysburg Area Schools,  
Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

I. FORTIOR

II. FELIX

III. ME A MENTE ALIENAS

IV. INTERDUM

V. PUPA, PLUS QUAM SEMEL

VI. PER ACCIDENS, ITERUM ID FECI

VII. CARUM DIARIUM

VIII. NUNC UBI ES?

IX. SATISFACTIO

X. NOLI PULSARE IANUAM MEAM!



## Looking For Summer Work

By Octavia Horn and Julia Grogan, Latin I students of  
Nancy Tigert, Nagel Middle School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Unscramble each English job and then match it with its Latin translation.

- |                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. ___ pistor       | A. okoc          |
| 2. ___ nauta        | B. ebraminct     |
| 3. ___ agricola     | C. thesal rokewr |
| 4. ___ stercorarius | D. lerbiud       |
| 5. ___ agitator     | E. earkb         |
| 6. ___ stabularius  | F. rechtae       |
| 7. ___ figulus      | G. gervin        |
| 8. ___ cantatrix    | H. ordmon        |
| 9. ___ fabricator   | I. geabrag ann   |
| 10. ___ custos      | J. retriw        |
| 11. ___ saltator    | K. hisanferm     |
| 12. ___ pastor      | L. ephidre       |
| 13. ___ coquus      | M. dargnere      |
| 14. ___ hortulanus  | N. toetp         |
| 15. ___ scriptor    | O. amrfer        |
| 16. ___ mercator    | P. rescemsg      |
| 17. ___ magister    | Q. reirdv        |
| 18. ___ nuntius     | R. urgda         |
| 19. ___ ianitor     | S. alosir        |
| 20. ___ piscator    | T. candre        |



## Quam Bene HISTORIAM Scitis?

By Paul Leonard, Latin IV student of Susan Miller,  
East Grand Rapids H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan  
Using the correct forms, complete each statement with a  
Latin word or a proper name.

- Roma in colle \_\_\_\_\_ condita est.
- Caesari Augusti nomen pristinum erat \_\_\_\_\_.
- Imperator \_\_\_\_\_ placebat habitare Capreis.
- Nomen Imperatoris \_\_\_\_\_ significat "calceus militaris."
- Romae solus dictator legitimus erat \_\_\_\_\_.
- Mucius Scaevola manum \_\_\_\_\_ suam combussit.
- Romae rex tertius erat \_\_\_\_\_.
- \_\_\_\_\_ classem Graecam Troiam duxit.
- Achilles erat \_\_\_\_\_ et \_\_\_\_\_ filius.
- In Gallia Iuli Caesaris legatus optimus erat \_\_\_\_\_.



## SCRAMBLED SPORTS

110.

### For Breakfast, Anyone?

By Sara Howell, Latin II student of  
Jennifer Stebel, Troy H.S., Troy, Ohio

Unscramble each English name of a sport and match it with its Latin translation.

- \_\_\_ Pilae Volaticae Ludus
- \_\_\_ Pilae Reticulique Ludus
- \_\_\_ Luctari
- \_\_\_ Ars Sagittandi
- \_\_\_ Pilae Corbisque Ludus
- \_\_\_ Pilae Pedibus Pulsandae Ludus
- \_\_\_ Pilae Trans Rete Remittendae Ludus
- \_\_\_ Piscatus
- \_\_\_ Natatio
- \_\_\_ Basium Pilaeque Ludus

- |               |       |
|---------------|-------|
| A. ksalabel   | _____ |
| B. lalbeolliy | _____ |
| C. mgniwms    | _____ |
| D. lbaofod    | _____ |
| E. nisetn     | _____ |
| F. ektalbrca  | _____ |
| G. beallsha   | _____ |
| H. lngsrewti  | _____ |
| I. ghfnii     | _____ |
| J. yrcheat    | _____ |



## ENDING

111.

By Hana Nassoul, Latin I student of Judy Hanna,  
Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Fill in the missing Latin nouns with their correct endings.

- Feles \_\_\_\_\_ ascendit.  
(The cat climbs the tree.)
- Flavia amicum ex \_\_\_\_\_ educit.  
(Flavia is leading her friend out of the garden.)
- \_\_\_\_\_ territa a lupo currit.  
(The frightened girl runs away from the wolf.)
- Pueri irati \_\_\_\_\_ aquam non dant.  
(The angry boys do not give the slaves water.)
- \_\_\_\_\_ et \_\_\_\_\_ parentes Romam redire parant.  
(The parents of the boys and girls are preparing to return to Rome.)
- Frater prope \_\_\_\_\_ sedet et subridet.  
(The brother sits near the dogs and smiles.)
- Mater, pater, soror in \_\_\_\_\_ ambulabant.  
(The mother, father and sister will walk into the bedroom.)
- Heri liberi prope \_\_\_\_\_ currebant.  
(Yesterday the children were running near the roads.)
- Multi servi et \_\_\_\_\_ in illa villa laboraverunt.  
(Many slaves and animals have worked on that villa.)
- Vilicus \_\_\_\_\_ suo nuntia septimo quoque die nuntiat.  
(The foreman gives weekly reports to his master.)



## CHARACTERS IN THE ILIAD

112.

Based on a game by Caitlin Randall, Erin Murphy and Rachel Young, Latin I students of Jodie Gill, Hawken School, Gates Mills, Ohio  
In the wordsearch, circle the answer to each clue.

- Who was Achilles' father?
- Who was Achilles' mother?
- Who threw the golden apple?
- Who killed Achilles?
- From whom was Helen kidnapped?
- Who was the leader of the Greek expedition?
- Whose armor did Patroclus borrow?
- Who was dragged around Troy by Achilles?
- With whom did Achilles kneel on the ground?
- Whom did Hector kill that made Achilles so angry?
- Who led the troops from Ithaca?
- Who was Hector's mother?
- Who was Hector's son?
- Who was the old teacher of Achilles who tried to talk sense into him?
- Who was the chief of the Dardanians?
- Who was the chief surgeon of the Greeks?

ERISSULCORTAPAE  
MINPZGMGRDHF  
PHOENIXEUWTUYN  
QRURNTSPNCYNRE  
JMKGHEKFBEMYBA  
FDLESYACHILLESK  
CNTSIPTFPHDAAT  
RIYRRQOCWLESUYA  
SLFDAXHPLCVCLSI  
UNXQPHWFHWMEUM  
AGAMEMNONGT PUB  
SUELEPASTYANAXA  
YROTCEHOQALOA



## Sto Tui Ad Astra

113.

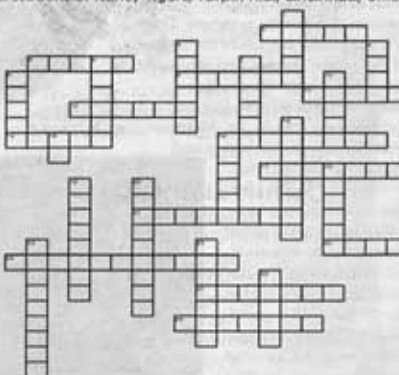
Based on a game by Telemachus Seligmann, Latin II student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

### ACROSS

- This constellation represents a fair maiden.
- This planet abducted Persephone.
- This planet is a Roman god of the harvest.
- This satellite of Saturn represents one of the Gigantes.
- This satellite of Saturn was the mother of Leto.
- This constellation represents the ram whose golden fleece was found by Jason.
- This moon of Jupiter replaced Hebe as cupbearer.
- This planet is the messenger son of Jupiter and Maia.
- This moon of Jupiter was once a bear.
- This satellite of Saturn was the wife of Cronos.
- This constellation represents a centaur.
- This satellite of Saturn was the father of Atlas.
- The planet is the Roman god of earthquakes.

### DOWN

- This satellite of Saturn represents the twelve sons and daughters of Uranus and Gaia.
- This constellation represents Aphrodite and Heros who, trying to escape from Typhon, turned themselves into fish with entwined tails.
- This Greek goddess represents the planet earth.
- This satellite of Saturn was the wife of Oceanus.
- This moon of Jupiter was a maiden whom Jupiter lured to Crete.
- This constellation is associated with Themis, the goddess of justice.
- This satellite of Saturn represents the mother of Aphrodite.
- This satellite of Saturn was the father of Helios, Selene and Ios.



- This moon of Jupiter was once a maiden turned into a heifer.
- This constellation contains Castor and Pollux.
- This constellation was sent to distract Heracles while he fought the Hydra.
- This constellation pours the "waters of life" down from the heavens.
- This satellite of Saturn was a hundred-armed giant whom Zeus buried under Mt. Aetna.
- This mutated constellation represents Pan who accidentally turned himself into a half-goat and half-fish creature.
- This planet is the Roman king of the gods.
- This planet is the mother of Aeneas.



# Dei Deaeque Romani

By Adam Taft and Tucker Stone, Latin II students of Cheravon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

After unscrambling each deity's name, match a descriptive phrase with it.

1. ISD
2. PAOLOL
3. USNVE
4. EPTNUNE
5. RETPIUJ
6. OJNU
7. CANVUL
8. CURMYRE
9. IAIVCOTR
10. RMAS
11. CACHSUB
12. RARSIPENOP
13. EERSC
14. ETSVA
15. ANDAI

- A. Her son was Aeneas.
- B. Minerva popped out of his head.
- C. This deity owns a shoe company in Greece.
- D. Hercules was hated by this deity.
- E. This deity made Jupiter's lightning rods.
- F. Horses are associated with this deity.
- G. Paul Schaeffer was this deity's voice in **Hercules**.
- H. This god is big on the topic of war.
- I. Cerberus is this god's dog.
- J. This god mistakenly allowed his son to drive his chariot.
- K. This goddess does love her she-bear.
- L. This goddess is queen down-under.
- M. A little daily wine keeps this god happy.
- N. For whom the home fires burn.
- O. This deity loves to carry a sheaf of wheat around.

Beginning level  Advanced level

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## MYSTERY BEST SELLERS

- I. OCCASIO SECUNDA, Iacobus Patterides
- II. READUNATIO IN MORTE, J.D. Robbis, Nora Roberti
- III. HOMINES PRAEDIVITES, Bradleus Meltzer
- IV. ULTIMUS VIR STANS, Davidus Baldaccus
- V. FELES QUAE RIVO ADVERSO SUBVECTA EST, Liliana Iacobides Braun
- VI. SANGUINIS ILLECERA, Nevada Barr
- VII. CASA ATRA, Stephanus Rex
- VIII. ILLE QUI AUREUS EST, Elisabetha Petri
- IX. VIDUAE AMBULATIO, Robertus B. Parker
- X. SANGUIS AURUMQUE, Anna Oryza

# OLYMPIC CHALLENGE

By Velta Simpson, Christina Jacobitz and Ruth Kasper, Latin I students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

In each blank, copy the unscrambled word that would best complete each Olympic statement.

1. A \_\_\_\_\_ was a 192-meter footrace.
2. Women, except for the priestess of \_\_\_\_\_, could not attend.
3. An \_\_\_\_\_ was the 4-year interval between Olympic games.
4. The official language spoken at the Olympics was \_\_\_\_\_.
5. The games were held in honor of \_\_\_\_\_.
6. The \_\_\_\_\_ was a combination of boxing and wrestling.
7. The Olympics were held in \_\_\_\_\_.
8. The object of \_\_\_\_\_ was to flip or pin an opponent.
9. There were no weight classes in \_\_\_\_\_.
10. A \_\_\_\_\_ could be made of stone, iron, bronze or lead.
11. \_\_\_\_\_ could be long or short distances.
12. A man-high piece of wood was used for the \_\_\_\_\_.
13. Jockeys wore no stirrups when \_\_\_\_\_.
14. In the \_\_\_\_\_ athletes used weights to extend their distances.
15. Mules, as well as horses, were used for \_\_\_\_\_.

- |             |                  |             |
|-------------|------------------|-------------|
| A. gnrmion  | F. lhtaro rcanig | K. mloypai  |
| B. nrteuwig | G. grdiin        | L. ergek    |
| C. ignbxo   | H. kartoipann    | M. laiopmyd |
| D. ssdcui   | I. ngol upmj     | N. veerdtn  |
| E. alijven  | J. usze          | O. etdsa    |



## Best Sports Movies

By Antonius Lett, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

- I. CONSILIMUM
- II. FACTIONIS PRINCIPALIS DOLORES
- III. QUAEQUE SOLIS DIES
- IV. PARVI GIGANTES
- V. AQUATOR PUERILIS
- VI. MENSURA IN TRES PEDES LONGISSIMA
- VII. FERITAS HAUD NECESSARIA
- VIII. FELES FERAE
- IX. OMNES MOTUS CORRECTI
- X. ANGELI IN ZONA FINALI

# Responde Anglice!

Based on a game by Jessica Machado, Latin I student of Judith Granese, Valley H.S., Las Vegas, Nevada

In the wordsearch, circle the English response to each clue.

1. Quot sunt decem minus novem?
2. Quot sunt duo plus unus?
3. How many vigilae were observed during the night?
4. Rome is called the City of \_\_\_\_\_ Hills.
5. Quot sunt octoginta minus septuaginta?
6. Bonus malus: Good \_\_\_\_\_.
7. In arena gladiator est in \_\_\_\_\_.
8. Iuppiter erat \_\_\_\_\_ maximus.
9. To become a Vestal Virgin a girl had to be very \_\_\_\_\_.
10. In uno \_\_\_\_\_ sunt duodecim menses.
11. Each year \_\_\_\_\_ consuls were elected in Rome.
12. Rome is traditionally said to have had \_\_\_\_\_ Good Emperors.
13. On her wedding day, a Roman bride wore \_\_\_\_\_ braids in her hair.
14. The optimal number of Vestal Virgins plus tres = \_\_\_\_\_.
15. Nonaginta minus octoginta duo sunt: \_\_\_\_\_.
16. Besides meaning "poor," miser can also mean "\_\_\_\_\_."
17. "Verus \_\_\_\_\_ est alter idem."
18. Spartacus led a \_\_\_\_\_ revolt.
19. In English, the adverb form of bonus means \_\_\_\_\_.
20. The Trojans thought the horse was a \_\_\_\_\_ for Athena.

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

# The Salad Toss

By Alma Nelson and Valeria Hopkins, Latin II students of Cheravon Davidson, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

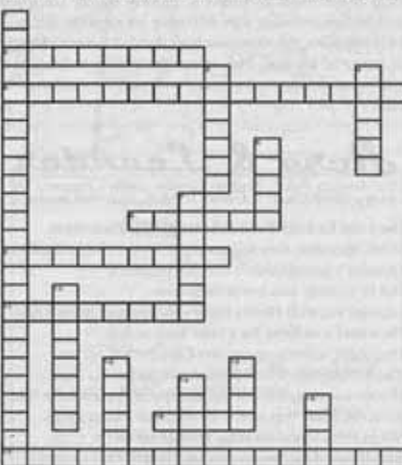
Answer with Latin words.

## ACROSS

2. You might find a "spare" one growing wild, but they are expensive to buy.
5. Do the Mashed \_\_\_\_\_! Now do the Twist!
8. "\_\_\_\_\_ Fields Forever"
9. If an elephant sat on you, you would turn into this vegetable.
11. \_\_\_\_\_ Patch Kids
16. Turn the "\_\_\_\_\_" around.
17. Olive Oyl's boyfriend eats this.

## DOWN

1. This crunchy white "flower" without the nice aroma
3. A pickle before it's been pickled.
4. Alice ate one to become smaller, then bigger.
6. Raisin ants climb on this "log."
7. A salad's not a salad without this!
10. An edible red, round root.
12. A homonym for a diamond's weight.
13. Skinny as a \_\_\_\_\_.
14. Dice one and you'll cry over it.
15. Like \_\_\_\_\_ in a pod.





## ATHENIANS DEFEAT PERSIANS AT MARATHON

By Matthew Seward, Latin I student of A. Preterot-Nilsen St. John Vianney H.S., Holmdel, New Jersey

Marathon, a coastal plain in Greece, was the site of a recent battle between the Athenian and Persian armies. The invading army, whose ultimate destination was Athens, was sent by King Darius I to punish the two western states that had joined the Ionian revolt against him almost a decade ago. At the time of the revolt, King Darius had vowed to take revenge upon the Athenians by conquering and burning Athens.

Accompanying the Persian army and its fleet of 200 ships were Darius' nephew, Artaphernes and General Datis. Before reaching Marathon, the Persians destroyed the city of Eretria. Here they burned and plundered temples and enslaved adults and children.

The Persians then sailed for Marathon where the Athenian general, Miltiades, had positioned his 10,000 troops on the raised inland edge of the plain. 100,000 Persians occupied the seaward edge. Both armies waited several days. It was later discovered that the Persians were waiting for a signal from Athenian dissenters who were supposed to weaken Athens by starting a revolt in the city. Meanwhile, the Athenian army was itself awaiting help from Sparta. Miltiades was disappointed when he finally learned that only one of Athens' neighbors, Plataea, had sent 1,000 soldiers to help fight the Persians at Marathon.

After waiting a few more days, the Persian leaders, hoping that the revolt had broken out in Athens, loaded part of their forces on ships and prepared to launch an attack on the city from the sea. Miltiades, seizing the opportunity, led his army against the Persian troops that had been left behind, surrounded, and thoroughly defeated them, killing more than 6,400 Persians. Miltiades buried the 192 Greek soldiers that were killed in battle beneath a huge mound of dirt and then immediately marched his army back to Athens and was in place ready to defend the city before the Persian fleet arrived.



BURIAL MOUND AND COMMEMORATIVE MARKER AT MARATHON

When the Persian fleet sailed into the harbor at Piraeus, and King Darius learned that not only had the hoped-for revolt never taken place, but that Miltiades had already returned to Athens with his forces, the Persian fleet returned to Persia, abandoning the expedition.

The hero of this war has to be a young runner named Phidippides. This is the same runner who had recently been sent to run from Athens to Sparta to request their help in the fight against the Persians. Phidippides arrived in Sparta the second day after leaving Athens. So, as soon as Miltiades had defeated the Persian troops that had been left behind at Marathon, he chose Phidippides once again, this time to run to Athens as quickly as possible and announce the Greek victory. Phidippides ran either 22 8/10ths miles or 26 miles (depending on which road he actually took) from the battlefield at Marathon to Athens so quickly that he collapsed and died immediately after delivering his message. Because of Phidippides, the Athenians have decided to erect a temple in honor of the god, Pan, where the victory at Marathon will be commemorated annually with sacrifices and a torch race.

## Hero & Leander

By Anesh Patel, Eighth Grade Latin I student of Betty Whitaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, Indiana

Hero and Leander lived almost opposite each other. When they met, they fell deeply in love with one another. Leander's parents didn't like this priestess, but he secretly saw her nevertheless. Leander swam to Hero's house—his parents never knew. He would stay there for a brief hour or two. One night, a storm arose after Leander had set out. The treacherous waves pushed him far off his route. In vain he struggled, but the storm was too much for him. Soon the battle was over—he could no longer swim. When Hero found his body washed up on the shore, She drowned herself too, and the lovers were no more.

## Oh, What a Year It Was!

By Frank Turris, Indianapolis, Indiana



AULUS VITELLIUS, EMPEROR IN ROME. JANUARY 2–DECEMBER 22, A.D. 69

Latin students who have prepared themselves for J.C.L. Certamen competitions have already heard of the Year of the Three Emperors, A.D. 69. That was the year following the death of Nero. It was a seventy-one year old Roman general named Servius Sulpicius Galba, stationed in Spain, that first intended to succeed the last of the Julio-Claudian leaders of Rome. Galba had arranged for a lieutenant named Gaius Iulius Vindex (no joke, that was really his name!) to stage a little military uprising in *Gallia Transalpina* which Galba would quickly put down with the aid of his trustworthy troops. Unfortunately, another Roman commander in the region, Verginius Rufus, unaware that the uprising was a sham, rose to the occasion and quelled it before Galba could arrive on the scene.

Even though he had been cheated out of his inaugural victory, in June of A.D. 68 Galba still had his troops proclaim him the new Emperor, and he traveled to Rome to occupy the Imperial Palace.

On January 15, A.D. 69, however, Lucius Roscius Otho got the Praetorian Guard of Rome to proclaim him Emperor. The Guard agreed, and Galba was literally dumped from his imperial litter and stabbed to death.

By then, taking over the emperorship was a trend that was becoming popular, so the legions serving with Aulus Vitellius in Vindonissa near the German border had already proclaimed their general as the new Emperor of Rome on January 2, A.D. 69. Vitellius gladly accepted and prepared

his troops to travel to Rome where he began to live the good life—he loved gourmet food! He arrived in Rome on April 16, A.D. 69. One of the first things he did—after making sure that Otho had received a proper burial and that everyone who attended his funeral had committed suicide—was to abolish the Praetorian Guard. Unfortunately, however, not even Vitellius could hold on to the Imperial Palace very long. Just a few months later, on July 1, A.D. 69, the troops with General Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus in Alexandria proclaimed him to be the Emperor of Rome, and Vitellius, too, was soon to be out of a job. And it wasn't a pretty sight. On Dec. 22, A.D. 69, Vitellius, a rather corpulent man, was forcibly removed from the palace, dragged through the streets of Rome and executed at the *Genonae Scaulae*. His head was paraded through the streets of Rome, and his body was tossed into the Tiber River.

While some folks say that A.D. 69 actually saw four Emperors in Rome, it took a while for Vespasian himself to finish his military campaign in the East, and he didn't actually arrive in Rome to assume his duties until the following year.

And there was even another year when Rome had four different Emperors, three of whom managed to live in the Imperial Palace in Rome: A.D. 193.

This was the year that followed the assassination of Commodus—of the movie *Gladiator* fame. Poor Commodus ended his reign on New Year's Eve, A.D. 192. Not only did his wife, Marcia, poison him during his last New Year's Eve party, but she also arranged to have him suffocated in case the poison didn't work fast enough.

On New Year's Day, A.D. 193, the Praetorian Guard once again proclaimed a new Emperor. This time it was the Mayor (City Prefect) of Rome, Publius Helvius Pertinax.

Just three months later, on March 28, the Praetorian Guard changed its mind and assassinated Pertinax after they had been offered 25,000 *aerces* each to make Didius Julianus the new Emperor. In April of A.D. 193, the legions in Syria proclaimed their lieutenant, Caius Pescennius Niger as Emperor, although he did not travel immediately to Rome to claim the Imperial Palace.

So, the next month, May of A.D. 193, the legions in Pannonia proclaimed their lieutenant, Publius Septimius Severus as the new Emperor. Severus was smart enough to realize that if he wanted to be Emperor, he would have to go to Rome immediately. Having written ahead that he was coming with his troops to claim the Roman Empire for himself, the Senate, wanting, of course, to save their own lives, immediately took a vote ratifying Severus as the new Emperor.

On June 2, A.D. 193, the Senate sent soldiers to execute Julianus.

By the time Septimius Severus arrived in Rome at the head of his troops on June 10, A.D. 193, all of Julianus' things had been removed from the Imperial Palace, and Severus was able to move right in.

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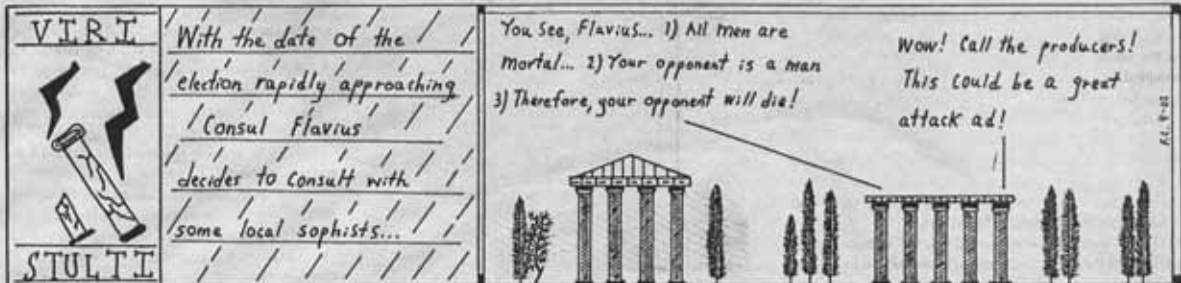
1. How many ancient Greek soldiers are buried under the mound at Marathon?
2. When did Septimus see his brother for the last time?
3. When did Nero die according to Frank Turris?
4. In 45 B.C., what percentage of Romans had 12+ years of schooling?
5. What was Darryl Strawberry's "Nemean Lion"?
6. According to Caitlin Leblon, which Olympic athlete saved lives by stopping a runaway chariot?
7. Who brought the *Palladium* to Rome?
8. When they were playing, what did Diana turn Apollo into?
9. What monster did Kristen climb?
10. During which two years did three different emperors rule in Rome?



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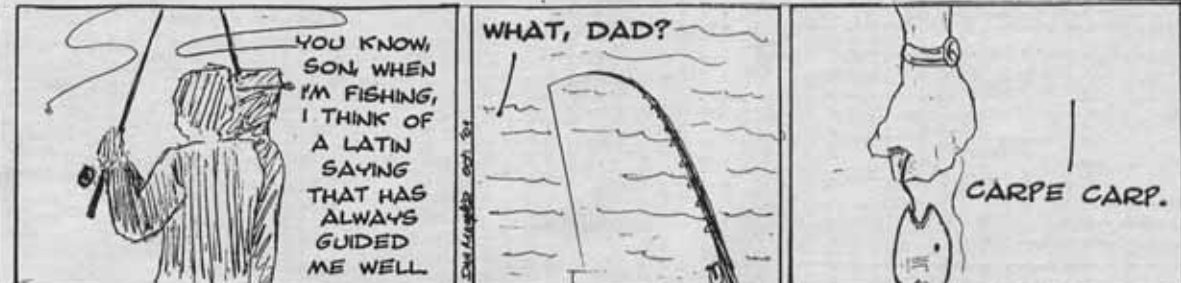
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