WELCOME!

Salvete omnes, to our 72nd convention! This year we celebrate as Cascadia JCL in place of WABC JCL to honor the addition of chapters from Oregon. The name "Cascadia" comes from the Cascade Mountain Range, a beautiful pride of the Northwest. It unifies us as members of the Northwest, leaving room for other chapters that may wish to join us in the future.

The Theme:

Apēs nōn sunt sōlitāria nātūrā
Bees are not of a solitary nature
-Varro
Our Creed

We the members of the Junior Classical League, covenant to hand on the torch of classical civilization in the modern world.

We believe an acquaintance with the civilization of Greece and Rome will help us understand and appraise this world of today,

Which is indebted to the ancient civilization in its government and laws, literature, language and arts.

We affirm the JCL experience develops responsibility, fosters brotherhood, promotes enthusiasm, encourages competition, inspires dedication and enriches our total growth.

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Conversational Latin

Speak with an officer for a chance for more spirit points!

Hello! - **Salvē**!
What's your name? - **Quid est nōmen tibi?**
My name is - **Mihi nomen est**
How are you? - **Quid agis?**
What's new? - **Quid novī?**
Nice to meet you! - **Suāve tē cognōscere est**
Goodbye! - **Bene vales!**

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Our Song

Seeking the best, the highest our goal
Working for greatness through glories of old.
Searching the realms of the golden past,
We follow the classics' truths that last

In knowledge, truth, and fellowship, we're growing everyday
The friendly hand of J. C. L. aids in every way.
In Rome's proud steps we're marching on,
with every true colleague,
And for ever we'll hold to the Purple and Gold,
of the Junior Classical League.
The Underworld, otherwise known as the kingdom of the dead, was ruled by Hades and his Queen, Persephone. The kingdom is isolated from humans, and only a few entrances are accessible. Many poets have referred to them in deep caverns and lakes. Odysseus was said to have entered by crossing the edge of the world while traveling by sea. Once inside the underworld, there are two main divisions: Tartarus, the deepest land and prison of the Sons of Earth, and Erebus, where men first arrive when they die. There are few distinctions between the two, and the names are often used interchangeably to describe the lower terrain.

Down beneath is an abyss where nothing is as it seems. Nothing in this world is real. It’s a desolate wasteland where even the ghosts have been described as miserable. Although the underworld is meant to both praise the worthy and punish the despicable, the latter was portrayed more often. Poets had simply referred to the land as dead.

Running through the land is a collection of rivers. Acheron, the river of woe, pours into Cocytus, the river of lamentation, which leads Phlegethon, river of fire, at the Stygian Marsh. Other rivers of the underworld includes Lethe, river of forgetfulness, and Styx, the river by which gods swear unbreakable oaths. Phlegethon, Styx, and Lethe divide the land from the world above. Transportation between lands is carried out by the aged boatman Charon who ferries souls to the farthest bank. However, one would only be transported if they were correctly buried with a coin placed inside their mouth.

The ride arrives at the gate of Tartarus, where a three-headed, dragon-tailed dog named Cerberus stands. The guard dog permits entries but no returns. A fair few had found various ways of clever escape. Past Cerberus is the Plain of Judgment, where three judges, Rhadamanthus, Minos, and Aeacus, evaluate a person's life. If their character is wicked, eternal suffering is ahead. Those who are deemed virtuous are sent to the blessed land of the Elysian Fields. Ordinary souls are sent to the Asphodel fields.
When you see the dative of Cicero

Q. Why don’t Romans like algebra?
A. Because X is always 10

Q. What was the Roman Empire cut in half by?
A. A pair of Caesars.

Q. What does a Roman pirate say?
A. Sumus!

Tongue Twisters - (bonus if you can read and translate them!)

Malo malo malo malo
Sum summus mus
Cane decane, cane! Non de cane, cane decane cane; decano, cane decane cane.
O Tite tute Tati, tibi tanta tyranne tulisti!
Ave ave aves esse aves?
In mari meri miri mori muri placet
Persevera, per severa, per se vera