

A large group of students, mostly girls, are gathered together, many wearing costumes and cheering with their hands raised. Some are wearing hats, including one that looks like a panda head. They are in front of a brick wall. The overall mood is festive and energetic.

ISSUE III VOLUME XLII

FORUM FACTORUM

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Salvete MassJCL!

It's your neighborhood MassJCL Editor! This issue of the Forum Factorum has the latest and greatest news from all mourned the JCL. Here you can read about Kickoff, Classics Day, Yale Certamen, and the Second Annual MassJCL Praetoria. This Issue also previews some of our upcoming events and talks about the Circus Maximus's reopening to the public late last year. Most importantly I would like to dedicate this issue of the Forum Factorum to the late Mrs. Marjorie Keeley of Mt. Greylock Regional High School who passed away last month. Ma Keeley had a passion for not only the Classics but for teaching and bringing joy to those around her.

Gratias Tibi Ago,
Shreya Murthy
MassJCL Publications Editor
2016-2017



Hey MassJCL!

LETTER FROM THE 1ST VP

After months of planning and organizing, Classics Day finally arrived! With the theme of "Ancient Entertainment", students attended workshops led by professors and graduate students from various colleges and universities in Massachusetts. The workshops included topics like the gladiator games in Rome, chariot races, and Roman cuisine.

After attending workshop sessions, it was time for the most awaited and exciting part of Classics Day: the skits! All the performances were amazing, and congratulations to the Fowler School on their skit that placed first!

Thanks to all the MassJCL chairs and officers and Ms. Meghan Kelly and Professor Scully from the Boston University, the speakers who ran workshops, and finally to the schools that came! I can't wait to come to Classics Day next year as a freshman in college!

Maximas Gratias Tibi Ago,
Anusha Kulkarni
MassJCL First Vice President
2016-2017



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KICKOFF

BY JACOB HANE, MTG

When homecoming falls on the same day as Kickoff, you know it's going to be a good day. That's an irrefutable fact of mankind. In fact, when the two events collide, waking up with the sun isn't such a bad thing.

We at Mt. Greylock got ourselves up and ready to serve at 6:00 am and headed out to get our school dressed up for the JCL at about 7:00. Nota Bene, when your building is literally falling apart and half of it is gone due to construction, you might have a little trouble with the decor department. Oh, how lovely the crisp morning air is when the temperature is forty degrees and dropping, and your chapter gathers around a pile of wood hoping to make it into a catapult. I'll tell you what, it's great.

The best parts came after, though. Most chapters arrived at about ten, and we all shuffled down to the gymnasium for the Harry Potter Edition of the Berkshire Bowl. Activities ensued after that, such as another Harry Potter related workshop for lore lovers. Why the Harry Potter theme? Turns out at the top of Mount Greylock (the mountain, duh) is a wizarding school: Ilvermorny. Some of us ran off to paint pumpkins, others to attend officer workshops, and others still to shoot marshmallows out of catapults. Somewhere along the lines, people ate, which is good. Humans need sustenance.

Keep in mind, though, that the real gem of Mt. Greylock, besides our beautiful view of our Shire-esque valley, is our catapult competition. No, not the tiny Plebeian ones, but the real deal. JCL chapters competed for gold as they launched rice-balls out of their homemade trebuchets. Through the power of comradery, schools banded together as hail thundered from above, and winds whipped the faces of any and all.

So what, maybe it wasn't the nicest day for Kickoff? JCL isn't about the sunniest days, it's about the moments we share together. It's about making new friends, and keeping up with the old, and on that day, I watched students socialize like one big family reunion. Ain't no Kickoff like a Mass JCL Kickoff.

KICKOFF RESULTS

NAMES:

1st Place - The Troys Are Back in Town - BLS

2nd Place - The Dragon - BLA

CATAPULTAE:

1st Place - BLS - 267 feet

2nd Place - AKF - 233.8 feet

3rd Place - BLA - 141.6 feet

4th Place - MTG - 79.5 feet

BALLISTAE:

1st Place - BLA - 87.9 feet

2nd Place - BLS - 30 feet

3rd Place - AKF - 28.5 feet

MARSHMALLOW CATAPULTAE:

1st place - Taconic

2nd place - Fowler

3rd place - BLA



YALE CERTAMEN

BY MADDIE BEDARD, AMSA

This year, AMSA along with many other schools prepared for this event, from playing former Yale certamen rounds and making flashcards to studying. The pressure is on when schools all around the country come together to face one another. It is a little intimidating if you ask me. This year was my second year playing at Yale, and my first certamen competing as an Intermediate player.

I was anxious the whole week leading up to November 12th, 2016, about how well I would perform, and if my team was prepared for the ambitious teams we would be going against. However, the only bad part of the whole thing was getting up at five in the morning, so it is safe to assume I drank lots of coffee throughout the day. The morning bus ride was not too bad, even though it was about two hours long. We all sat with our groups on the bus and did some last minute studying. When AMSA JCL was 30 minutes away from New Haven, Connecticut, the intermediate teams started playing some older certamen rounds, just to take some of the pressure off. I got to “moderate” even though we really were just shouting out answers. I think it really got us into the right mindset, ready to focus on difficult questions we would soon need to answer.

Once we got to the Ivy League campus, we signed in and listened to the professors speak. Then it was time to get our pitings, which is always fun because by looking at who you will be going against, you can tell how exciting the round will be. In my many times of playing certamen, I find that certain schools who have more ambition and passion towards Latin are better to compete against, and it is easier to make friends with them at the end of the round. This Yale trip my friends and I got to meet up with kids from Florida, whom we met last year. Yale certamen and other university meets allow friendships from all over the United States to be made, and to be based on the same love we have for the classics. Each round we played, we had amazing moderators who were super nice and laughed along with us when we would get pop culture related questions.

Even though my team did not make it that

far, we all still had so much fun and that's all that really matters: that you have a good time doing what you love. Certamen is a passion that many people have, as you can tell during any competition, and Yale certamen gives everyone a chance to bond over a similar interest no matter where you live,



MASSJCL PRAETORIA

BY WILLIAM BURNETT, BLS

On a sunny day in November of last year, a group of eager and enthusiastic MassJCLers from all around the state came together at College of the Holy Cross in Worcester, MA for a newer MassJCL event called Praetoria. Created by '15 - '16 President and 1st VP Linda Qin and Allyson Ping, the event had a very successful second year. Wearing color coordinated t-shirts with the MassJCL Praetoria Logo dutifully ironed on by yours truly, the MassJCLers in attendance were treated to a day full of information, games, and some delicious catering. The day began with an introduction to MassJCL and all the officer positions, moving slowly into event planning and social media. Bombarded with information and presentations, MassJCLers then split up for an exciting game of “Wa!” before heading off to lunch. After sitting down to a beautiful lunch featuring a whole squash, tomato soup, roast beef, and more, MassJCLers sat down for an interactive Q & A and some breakout sessions with officers. As a Senior JCLer, I can say it was truly a pleasure to speak with those who signed up to come to Praetoria. I saw a lot of new faces, future state office candidates (who gave some impressive mock speeches in our Praetoria Mock Election!), and some genuinely incredible people who reminded me of why I joined JCL in the first place.

CLASSICS DAY

BY TING WEI LI, BLS

A staple in the JCL tradition of bringing classical knowledge to the forefront, taking place in the spacious George Sherman Union Hall at Boston University every year in early December, Classics Day serves to intrigue and enlighten both students and sponsors. This year, the day opened with an introduction from a well-respected professor of the Classics at Boston University and a welcome from Anusha Kulkarni, the First Vice President, who ran the events of Classics Day.

Nothing distinguishes Classics Day more than the educational workshops. Students and sponsors alike are allowed to choose workshops that interest them. Those leading the workshops ranges from college students to professors to teachers. My first workshop was "Wine and Dine in Roman Times." The lecturer was Hanna Seariac, former NJCL 2nd Vice President, who provided an analogy that college drinking and drinking games were inferior to the strength of alcohol that the Romans have consumed while engaging in their own drinking games. My second workshop explored the significance of Islam during the Umayyad and Abbasid caliphate, which provided a perspective of how much Islam contributed

AMSAJCLers present their Dating Game Skit.

the world with their love of knowledge and the preservation acts those caliphates took during the European Dark Ages. Not only are the workshops about the Classics, they are about the history and the traditions that the JCL embraces.

After some nice workshops, great sandwiches were given for lunch while the officers introduced their charities for coin wars. Coin wars are a fun competition that punishes your favorite loser with your favorite winner while collecting money for charity. After eating lunch, we continued the spectacles with school skits that were two minutes in length from each MassJCL chapter. Many of them performed various parodies relating the Classics and pop-culture. Our officers also performed their own skit to finish off the event.

In summary, Classics Day is a day for one to explore the Classics through a unique, yet traditional method of learning, in classes taught by both students and professionals. This event truly never disappoints the JCLers who return every year and I can attest for that claim each year as I return to the George Sherman Union.

SKIT AWARDS!

1ST - THE FOWLER SCHOOL

2ND - BARNSTABLE

3RD - BLS



The 1st Place Fowler Team!

REMEMBERING MRS. KETLEY





She always kept
HER INNER CHILD ALIVE
IT
KEPT HER HONEST
IT ALLOWED HER TO BE
ADVENTUROUS
SPONTANEOUS
AND SPIRITED

— NAJLA NASSAR, MTG —

THE LIFE TEACHER

BY JACOB HANE, MTG

When I first came to Greylock, I had left all of my old friends behind. It wasn't really a new school, as I was returning to the high school my elementary school fed into, but it felt new. I barely knew anyone again. These were kids I had left behind. Two schools in two years.

My first Latin class, I sat in a room with new and old faces, even though I could name half the kids, I didn't know a single thing about them. And the teacher was wild. I stayed after class to talk to her about Pine Cobble's Latin program and what I had learned there. She smiled and told me about all of her experiences with Mr. McCormick and how much of a wildcard and funny guy he was.

People told me stories about Mrs. Keeley. I never really knew her until I met her, though. Beyond the humor, beyond the Latin lessons and all things Roman - words can't describe her. They can't. You can say she's kind, compassionate, caring, easy going, but even just writing these right now, these words carry no weight. They mean nothing. You had to know her to know her. You'd hear stories and go "wow, she sounds like a fun teacher!" but even that statement isn't entirely true. She wasn't just a fun teacher. She was a fun human. She was a human. Every aspect of her was real. She never separated her "teacher" self from "herself." It's not like she was two different people, one you would meet out of school, and the other in school. She was one completely real human. And that's something I think we overlook every single day of our lives.

You really don't appreciate someone until they're gone. Last Friday, I had a conversation with Mrs. Keeley and Jack LeBlanc. She cracked a couple jokes and then told us how she was going to go into her attic this weekend, clean it out. Maybe uncover some of her deceased husband's stuff. I hate the word deceased, though. It's too formal. It just feels, like it doesn't fit.

We spent our whole break that day talking with her. Most days we do. Honors Latin ends, we get up, and we just chat. We chat about Latin, Roman History, JCL, but most days it's just life. Or at least, was life.

The thing about Keeley is she just was. I'll reiterate it again, you had to know her. It's not like she was one of your staple high school teachers, you know the fun one, the boring one, the artsy/crazy one, the one who everyone thinks smokes weed, the one actually does, the one who tries to be funny but is just awkward, the religious one, the hippy one, the young one, the old one. You can't put Keeley into any of those boxes, and if you did, you'd have to put her into each one.

And let me tell you something, I've had teachers. No, not just teachers. Like real teacher teachers. The ones you read about in fiction and go "damn, they can't be real," because that's wrong. They are. I've had a math teacher who had a swearing problem and a singing problem. I've had science teachers who decide they don't want to talk about

chemistry and spend the whole class teaching us about Hurricanes through Ted-Talks and other videos. I've had jolly old teachers who find random internet videos and play them, not even related to the subject at hand. But Keeley, she takes the cake.

Mama Keels, or Keels, or Keeley. She didn't just teach her students about school, but life. You had a bad day? Keeley was always down to talk. Teacher being an asshole? Trust me, she'd join in complaining with you. My best and worst moments have been in her class. She was a friend, a third parent, a teacher, a leader, an advisor, a mentor, and most importantly, she was herself. She stands out. She didn't have a school self and a home self. She was just herself. She was loud, but also a listener.

I didn't know when I signed on for Latin, and later JCL, that I would ever, ever be gifted with a teacher and a friend like Mrs. Keeley was.

Memory is a weird thing. I can't recall to you every moment with her, all those hours in class or at convention or on a bus or in a meeting. We forget the little things. We take them for granted. I've tried to recall every interaction with her, every day, and hold onto those moments I had with her where we would just connect. Some conversations felt like they carried the weight of world. We could cover topics from

life to death, ancient history to these stories that we are unfolding here and now. And some were as tiny as those little moments I've forgotten. A passing comment in the hall: "You excited for States?"

"Yeah." But I can tell you how I felt. It's surreal.

And hard. And right now, as I write this, there is a wall preventing me from any emotions I should be feeling, or emotions I want to feel.

In all actuality, I cannot grieve. And while I am surrounded by crying peers, I myself cannot.

And that hurts more. And as much as I want to break down this glass wall, to tear down my very own Kerkopoorta, I can only channel this relapse of the entirety of my experiences with Keeley through writing. And so I write.

I tell our stories. I'm Mount Greylock JCL's Publications Editor. I create the newsletters, I assign the articles, and I edit. And then I publish it. I tell our stories. And over the course of my time in JCL, Mrs. Keeley's are the ones I won't ever forget. She's an inspiration. She was not only a Latin teacher, but a life teacher. And through her experiences, her stories, she taught us. As someone whose responsibility it is to continue the legacy of this JCL, she is and always will be an inspiration to me.

Her stories weren't plain or simple. They weren't just black and white photographs. And they most certainly weren't the expectable stories found in the Cambridge Latin Course books. They were creations beyond belief, beyond life itself. They were as wild and bright as Mrs. Keeley's personality. They captured not only moments, but legends, hopes, dreams, morals, messages, and the very nature of life, which, for the life of me, I couldn't tell you. But she could. With the entirety of my heart, mind, body, and soul, I say to the world,

Rest In Peace, Mrs. Keeley.

You already are and always will be greatly missed

**SHE
DIDN'T
JUST TEACH
HER STUDENTS
ABOUT
SCHOOL, BUT
LIFE.**

UNAPOLOGETICALLY KEELEY

BY NAJLA NASSAR, MTG

My name is Najla Nassar and I am the president of the JCL here at Mount Greylock. I met Mrs. Keeley on my first day here in seventh grade, and over the years she had become not only my teacher but also my mom and one of my best friends.

Like you, I am trying to make sense of this loss, to delay the reality of it, to cling to some hope that it isn't real. After each lesson in class Mrs. Keeley used to say "Give me five if you know what to do; give me one if you don't have a clue." Well, Keeley, I think it's safe to say we are all holding up ones right now.

It took me awhile to write this introduction because I am at a loss for words. After scrolling through the many tributes on her facebook page from former students, life-long friends, and family, I realized everyone who was touched by Keeley has a lot to say, but does not think any words can do her justice. *Facta non verba*, Keeley would have said. Actions, not words.

One of the great things about Mrs. Keeley was that she taught us more than just Latin. It wasn't Latin class five days a week; it was a Latin class two days a week and a class about life the other three. She taught us that grades were a distraction from learning. She taught us that life was messy and we shouldn't try to plan it out. She told us to go to sleep and to take care of ourselves. She told us to never forget our inner child and to never give up. Mrs. Keeley convinced me to start flossing my teeth; my dentist never could. She taught me that failure is the best way to learn. She taught all of us to just go with the flow.

She called herself "Ma Keeley" and called her students her "kids." Ma Keeley always made herself available to her students, whether it was after school or at 3:00 in the morning. She detested rules. She didn't care if she wasn't supposed to befriend her students on social media. She didn't care that we weren't supposed to leave campus during the national JCL conventions. I think she knew life was too short to follow the rules.



She understood her kids because she was a kid herself. One of her former students' facebook tributes described her perfectly. He said Mrs. Keeley had "the mouth of a sailor, the mind of a teenager, and the heart of a saint." And it's true. She always kept her inner child alive. It kept her honest. It allowed her to be adventurous, spontaneous, and spirited. It was why she lit up every room she walked into. She was unapologetically herself.

I've learned when someone dies you seem to think of nothing but death. When that person has been a constant in your life for so long, you start to wonder where she has gone.

I've found myself looking up at the sky during the past few sunrises and sunsets, absorbing the smudged purple clouds, feeling the warmth of the golden sun rising up from behind the valley. And I've come to realize I'm looking for her. I'm wondering if she's tucked somewhere in the rays. And if she is, I hope she's drinking a margarita. I hope she's laughing with Tom. I hope she's on her way to Italy or Spain or Morocco or wherever her next adventure will be.

VERBA NON FACTA: A CLASSICAL WORD SEARCH

E	K	T	C	O	W	L	J	A	I	L	N	K	T	V
L	C	W	Y	S	J	I	E	S	R	A	W	A	Q	E
P	L	I	Z	I	H	G	I	N	P	E	R	F	M	S
M	E	Q	F	R	E	S	R	S	L	U	H	E	E	T
E	C	S	J	I	E	Y	W	E	G	I	S	K	F	A
T	W	R	L	S	R	O	C	G	E	O	L	E	I	L
D	I	E	N	E	A	C	I	N	P	C	X	Q	L	V
A	U	P	E	T	Y	Z	A	O	X	D	E	G	R	I
B	U	A	P	G	Z	I	T	S	R	U	X	N	E	R
N	Y	Y	P	F	A	A	K	N	K	A	R	U	T	G
O	G	C	J	P	M	R	R	E	L	R	T	M	F	I
E	P	Y	O	I	G	B	O	O	K	G	E	H	A	N
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|-------------|-----------|-----------|----------------|
| Mesopotamia | Egypt | Rome | Greece |
| Isis | Osiris | Horus | Jupiter |
| Zeus | Hera | Apollo | Aeneid |
| Gilgamesh | Enlil | Ishtar | Ziggurat |
| Temple | Sacrifice | Afterlife | Vestal Virgins |

WHAT'S NEW IN THE CLASSICS

BROUGHT TO YOU BY YOUR MASSJCL EDITOR

Everyone knows that the Circus Maximus was one of the centers of Roman Entertainment. This is one of the most impressive and culturally significant monuments that still stands in Rome today. On November 16, 2016, Rome re-opened the Circus Maximus to the public after it underwent a seven year restoration. The Circus Maximus was home to famed Chariot races and naval competitions. It still stands tall almost 2,800 years after its construction in the monarchy period of Rome. For more on the restoration efforts visit The Telegraph.



CERTAMEN CORNER

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE TO KEEP YOUR CERTAMEN WITS SHARP.

Take the first letter of each answer.
Rearrange the letters to spell a well-known
Classical lady.

1. The group that murdered Caligula
2. The sea nymph that Ino became after jumping into the Sea
3. Fourth Emperor of Rome
4. lover of Selene; she bore him 50 children
5. Mother of Demeter
6. Brother of Medea; She killed him to escape Colchis with Jason
7. Titan of the Sea
8. The birth name of Heracles
9. Lover of Eos that was turned into a grass-hopper



CHECK OUT THE MASSJCL WEBSITE AND MASSJCL SOCIAL MEDIA PLATFORMS FOR THE LATEST UPDATES ABOUT CONTESTS AND STATE CONVENTION!

UPCOMING EVENTS

MARCH 20: SUBMISSION DEADLINE FOR PUBLICITY BINDERS, DIGITAL SCRAPBOOKS, GRIFFIN METTO SCHOLARSHIP AND WEBSITE CONTEST.

APRIL 7-9: STATE CONVENTION @ STURBRIDGE CONVENTION CENTER

JULY 24-29: NATIONAL CONVENTION



JCLers can't learn enough!



Teachers vs. Students Berkshire Bowl....

MEMORIES

Lunch Time!



Post-Praetoria Celebration!



GRATIAS MAXIMAS

UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED, PHOTO CREDITS: WILLIAM BURNETT, MASSJCL HISTORIAN
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