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De Septuagensima Secunda et Trecentensima Legione

Praeses Faust, decani insignes, professores, necessarii, familiae carae, tandem collegae mei, salvete omnes! Mihi gaudium magnum est vos compellere lingua hac utilissima et quam plurimis grata. Atque nunc laetissimus prosperitatem nostram pronuntio; nos victores heroici, septuagensima secunda et trecentensima legio Harvardiana, huc ad calidum et nimis frequentem campum Victoriae advenimus! Fortasse Caesar erravit, ut qui legioni decimo equestri maxime confisus esset; *nos* nempe optima legio sumus, *nos* amplius quovis vexati sumus, venustiores quam milites Caesaris, *nos* culmini maximae gloriae adstamus!

Proinde mihi permittatis principium expedire: scientiae inveniendae causa, fortes permulti ex sedibus dulcibus egressi sumus; caelum calidius et cibum notum et “Frangentes Fratres Magni” nimis lusum reliquimus, ut operam maximam argumentis discendis daremus. O, quam saepe Quietes Cerebrosas turbavimus, lacrimantes cum cruciati essemus pensis mathematicis! Quantum sterculini fudimus in progymnasmata Doctrinae Generalis! Quam vastum mare cafeae bibimus! At illa hora taeterrima cessit; atque si quis ambigat, ei iam rogo: nonne superavimus? Nonne nostri quam plurimas botones in clarissimo “Libro Vultorum” posuerunt? Nonne annales ingentes de Colombianis fabulis libidinosi scripsimus? Nonne inflationem mundi repperimus?

Sed haec quota pars est omnium obstaculorum per quae irrupimus; nam etiam monstris informibus occurrimus! Yalenses scilicet memoro, qui, sub vexillo tremendi catuli sine coda, in campo ludi follis oblongi, quaterque nos devincere conati sunt. Sed frustra: ad fortes modos Symphoniae Academiae Harvadianae, quaterque repulsi sunt! Dein turpissima poemata Tygatis nos in dissidium iactaverunt, quos anno proximo carmina sirenae Janellae Monaetis salvatura

erant; tamen audivimus! Et denique, in campo ludi canistri, adversarios dignos inusitadosque pugnavimus; sed sicut Ajax et Diomedes et Achilles arserunt in bello, ita Rivardus et Caseus et Currius Cincinnatos illos straverunt! Mirabile visu!

Non autem satis est hostes describere; nam ornati sumus gratia deorum ipsorum! Quosdam numero: alta voce Dingmanus nos principio direxit fecitque ut, sicut alites, volaremus; nuperque dum difficiliore theses perficiebamus, magnificus Decanus Pfister nos hortamine electronico egit ut animae nostrae relaxarent. Portentis optimis datis, quis est qui dubitet quin fortuna nostra perpetuo remaneat?

Igitur, si quis vires Septuagensimae Secundae et Trecentensimae Legionis deneget, decedat! Ipsa legio, gaudeamus! Laeta signa pro me vobisque prospicio, carissimi socii. Honestissima manus Harvadiana crevimus. Dehinc iter adsequamur eadem cum pertinacia quacum profecti sumus. Victores socii mei, valete!

English Translation:

On the 372nd Legion

President Faust, distinguished deans, professors, relatives, dear families, and my fellow students, greetings to all! It is my honor to address you in this profoundly useful and applicable language, beloved by so, so many. And, it is with a joyous spirit that I announce our collective success; we conquering heroes, Harvard's 372nd legion, have arrived here, at the hot, overcrowded yard of victory! Indeed, perhaps Caesar was mistaken when he placed his highest confidence in the tenth equine legion; for, *we* are paramount, *we* have been tested beyond the

limits of all others, and, cleaner and more attractive than those men of Caesar, *we* proudly stand at the peak of greatest accomplishment!

Indeed, let me harken back to our beginnings. We brave thousands set forth from our sweet homes in our pursuit of knowledge; we left behind warmer weather, familiar cooking, and hours of “Super Smash Brothers,” in order to apply ourselves to the most onerous task of studying. Oh, how many brain-breaks did we fill, weeping at the torment of problem sets! How much BS did we pour forth into our gen-ed essays! What ocean of coffee did we drink! But those dark days are gone and, to any cynic, I now ask: are we not victorious? Have our cohorts not added countless buttons to the lofty Facebook? Have we not written tomes chronicling Colombian soap-operas? Have we not uncovered the inflation of the cosmos?

And yet, these trials were but a small measure of those obstacles through which we charged; for so, too, did we encounter hideous monsters! I speak, of course, of the Yalies, who, under the standard of the ghastly tail-less bulldog, sought four times to besiege us Harvardians upon the battlefield of football. All in vain: to the marching beat of our noble Harvard University Band, four times were they repulsed! The provocative lyrics of Tyga cast us into discord, men and women who would be reunited one year thence by the siren tones of Janelle Monae; but still we listened! And, at last, on the basketball court, we fought worthy foes, whom we had never encountered; but just as Ajax, Diomedes, and Achilles raged in battle, so too did Rivard, Casey, and Curry lay low those men of Cincinnati! What a sight to behold!

Moreover, to speak only of our enemy is insufficient, since we gained the favor of the very gods! I will mention some: the voice of Dean Dingman guided us from our start, impelled us to soar like eagles; and, as we struggled to turn in theses, the magnificent Dean Pfister spurred

us on with his electronic encouragement, brightening our hearts. With so many good omens, how could anyone doubt our fortune's longevity?

Thus, to anyone skeptical of the 372nd legion's force, away with you! And, to the legion itself, rejoice! It is with joy that I look to the future for myself and for you all, beloved comrades. We have grown into the most distinguished force in the history of Harvard. From here, let us continue our journey beyond with the same determination with which we began. My victorious companions, farewell!