

The Cornerstone

Volume 36, Issue 3

February 1st, 2026



Letter From the Historian

Hello Tau Beta Pi actives! I hope you are faring well this winter season so far.

This upcoming meeting will be an important one, as it will involve proposed constitution and bylaws changes following our visit to the National Convention last year.

As an update from last week, we welcomed new electees to the chapter. As always, we would greatly appreciate your help in the interview process, and we hope that you will sign up for the interview slots available on the website. We would also like to recommend you to be an electee team lead! As an electee team lead myself for the past two semesters, it has been a very fulfilling experience meeting new and wonderful people and introducing them to our great chapter. I sincerely cannot recommend this position enough and hope you, too, have a marvelous time with this position if you choose to apply.

In other news, there are a large number of socials happening next week and a lot of opportunities for volunteering. You can find out more about the events on the website, but a brief list has been curated for your convenience in the side column of this issue.

In any case, please reach out to us if you have any questions, concerns, or feedback. I hope you stay warm out there in this weather and enjoy the Super Bowl game this coming weekend. Forever and always, Go Blue!

- Chayut (Peak) Shinawatra

In This Issue

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Meeting Agenda

- Officer Updates
- Leadership Spotlights
- Electee Interviews - Best Practices
- Review of Voting Procedure
- Ratification of Amendments from Convention

Upcoming Events

- Small Coffee Social: 2/4, 11:00 AM - 12:00 PM
- BWW I: 2/5, 6:00 - 8:00 PM
- Knitwits I: 2/6, 5:30 - 7:00 PM
- Tim Miller, A Body in the O: 2/6, 8:00 - 10:00 PM
- Galentines Social: 2/11, 6:30 - 8:00 PM

One Minute Reads

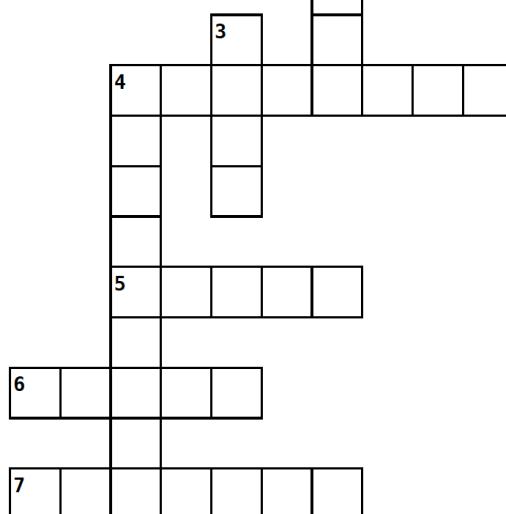
Since the winter storm hasn't really let up, I will be talking about another cold fact today. Now, when you think about a desert, the first thing that comes to mind would usually be the endless sand dunes of the Sahara. However, our definition of a desert is more of a meteorological term than a geographic one. A desert is an area that receives little to no precipitation, and so, by that definition, the largest desert on Earth isn't sandy at all, but the icy continent of Antarctica. So when you really think about it, the quintessential animal in a desert shouldn't be a camel. It should be the humble penguin.

The Best Puzzles

	1	2			8
	5	6	9		7
7		4	1		9
2	7		5		
	3		6		8
			1	7	6
	1	3	7		4
9		5	8	1	
8			6	3	

4	1		7	2		
3		5	6	9		2
				9		
	9			2	1	
5		7			2	8
	2	9			7	
	1					
2		8	7	4		6
		3	4		2	9

1				2			



Across

1. An animal that also survives the winter term.
4. Surveying equipment from back in the days. (Also in our chant)
5. Warm drink for a cold day
6. A color, another name for corn.
7. Where you can find the officers

Down

2. Our new members!
3. A plant. Also, the name of the winter storm we are living in right now.
4. Makes the actual temperature feel like a lie.

Please contribute to the Cornerstone, scan the QR code! Send us puzzles (or suggestions), topics you are interested to read about, events/organizations you want to promote, or even your own section.



The Back-Page issue:

ISSUE 2: Those Aboard the Arcadia (Author: Chayut Shinawatra | Editor: Sabrina Chun Yan Wong)

By the time the sun fully rose, the Arcadia no longer felt like a ship at sea, but like a corridor with no exits. At Captain Rotherham's request, I was given authority to investigate. The other passengers and essential crew were asked to be available for questioning. I spent the afternoon speaking to each of them in turn.

The Steward was the first I spoke to. As the last person to see Mr. Finchley, attention naturally fell upon him. He was visibly shaken from the morning's discovery and by any mention of Finchley. He confirmed that he had indeed brought tea for Mr. Finchley after supper and that the exchange was ordinary. Later in the evening, before the storm worsened, he claimed to have returned to retrieve the cup, only to be met with a closed door and lamps unlit. He knocked and called, receiving no reply. Taking the silence for rest, he did not enter and left for his break before tending the salon once the storm had set in.

His distress was evident. If it was an act, it was a convincing one.

Captain Rotherham received me next. A ceremonial rapier was left secured in its scabbard by the door. He spoke matter-of-factly about the storm and the decisions made last night. He claimed to have stayed on the bridge throughout the storm, directing efforts to address the failing engine. Regarding Mr. Finchley's death, he called it a tragedy, though with little sympathy, almost with relief.

Authority carries weight, and with it, suspicion. From the crew's accounts, the only person on the bridge last night was the captain himself.

Mr. Hafford was an industrial investor traveling north on business. He made no effort to hide his disdain for the deceased. Finchley, he described, had built his success by courting risk and shedding responsibility when it suited him. During the storm, he claimed to have been enjoying himself at the salon. As he spoke, his hand rested on his walking cane, a cane that seemed to have a handle more for wielding than for aiding balance.

He had argued loudly with Finchley the previous evening. It seemed old scars had been brought to the surface.

Mrs. Caldwell was someone who came on board with Mr. Finchley, though they occupied separate cabins. She met me at the salon, dressed in mourning. She acknowledged that Finchley supported her travel but denied any recent disagreement; however, her tone was shaky and wavering. She claimed to have slept through the night once her room inspection was complete. As we talked, she habitually adjusted a silver letter opener, seemingly steadyng herself.

They had arrived together, yet kept their distance. It suggested something deeper than convenience.

The Chief Engineer was found where he had remained since the ship lost power: the engine room. He spoke with a distinctive Scouse accent, discussing cold metal, lost pressure, and frustration with unfamiliar machinery. He had little to say about Finchley, remarking on his death with indifference. He claimed to have worked continuously from the moment the storm intensified, attempting to restore power. In his hand were tools of the trade: screwdrivers and gauges, meant to diagnose the failing engine.

His movements were also logged by his surrounding crew members, who were trying to diagnose the issue with the machine. He was diligent, certainly, but diligence does not always equal skill.

By nightfall, I had heard every account the Arcadia had to offer. Each carried its own object, its own grievance, its own silence. The storm had passed, but its confusion lingered. Mr. Finchley had faced his end, but the investigation into the circumstances had only begun.

If you read this, I hope you enjoyed it, and please send me a Slack message!