

The Cornerstone

Volume 36, Issue 2

January 27th, 2026



Tau Beta Pi
The Engineering Honor Society

Letter From the Historian

Hello Tau Beta Pi electees! Welcome to your very first Tau Beta Pi meeting. Congratulations on your excellent academic track record and hard work that have earned you eligibility to join our organization. We hope you will accept our invitation.

My name is Chayut (Peak) Shinawatra, and I will be your Historian for the Winter 2026 semester. This means that I will be in charge of writing The Cornerstone you are reading right now, as well as the Alumni Newsletter, which will be released later in the semester. In this Cornerstone issue, there will be a letter from me, the meeting agenda, information on upcoming events, quick one-minute reads, the famous puzzle section, and a new The Back Page issue section at the end. Going forward, except for this meeting, The Cornerstone will be exclusively available digitally on the Tau Beta Pi website under Publications. Only the one-minute reads, puzzle section, and The Back Page issue will be handed out for the rest of the semester.

Joining this community will require hard work and dedication. However, the chance to give back to the community, meet other great engineers, develop professionally, and enjoy our complimentary meals is more than worth it.

If you have any questions or concerns, please feel free to reach out to the officer core. We are all looking forward to getting to know and serving you this semester. Again, welcome to Tau Beta Pi, and forever, Go Blue!

- Chayut (Peak) Shinawatra

In This Issue

- Letter from the Historian
- First General
- Upcoming Events
- TB Puzzles
- The Back-Page issue

Meeting Agenda

- What is Tau Beta Pi?
- Meet the Officers
- Initiation Requirements
- Discussion and Dinner

Upcoming Events

- Movie Theatre Matinee: 1/31, 12:45 - 4:00 PM
- Gallup Park Adopt-a-Park Workday: 1/31, 1:30 - 3:30 PM
- Karaoke Night: 1/31, 6:00 - 8:00 PM
- BWW (BDubs Night): 2/5, 6:00 - 8:00 PM
- Tim Miller, A Body in the O: 2/5, 8:00 - 10:00 PM

One Minute Reads

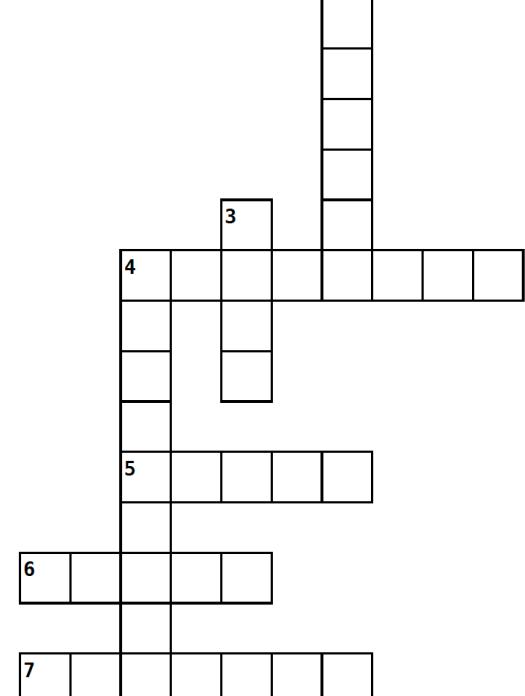
When you look at snow, your first thought normally wouldn't be, "Hey, I can build a house to keep me warm with that." Yet, we've all heard about igloos at some point in our lives. So why do people build igloos with snow? Well, snow is actually an amazing insulator. It traps a large amount of air within it (hence why it is so fluffy), and it works similarly to your puffer jacket! This makes it possible to create a house made out of snow that keeps you warmer than the outside weather. So at the end of the day, sometimes the best insulation doesn't look warm at all.

The Best Puzzles

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

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

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 1: The Maiden Voyage of S/S Arcadia

The S/S Arcadia departed from Copenhagen on the morning of December 7th, 1891. In her inaugural passage north, she carried only a small, select company of passengers. I was among them, invited without explanation. The Arcadia's owner, the Royal Star Line, had high hopes for her to herald a new era. I disagreed. Formalities rarely included detectives.

Little did I, or the other passengers, know at the time: before the voyage ended, one of us would be dead.

The journey was pleasant until midafternoon, when the snow began falling. Normally, the light snow would be enjoyed as a novelty, but the dark clouds on the horizon suggested otherwise. I noticed the change first in the people, not the sky. The crew's footsteps were more subdued and alert, while the conversation in the salon thinned as passengers looked at the brackets and pipes warily.

Around six, Captain Rotherham appeared to reassure us.

“A blizzard front is advancing. We may reduce speed or anchor by nightfall. Rest assured, there is no cause for alarm.”

Most seemed satisfied. Finchley was not. He looked more guarded than others and continued watching the windows long after the captain was gone.

Spirits were low but lightened by the supper served at eight. As we ate, Finchley drew my attention again. He ate little, spoke less, and paused only to ask whether the lamps were tested for cold weather. Receiving assurance, he excused himself early for the night, remarking as he went that precautions were always demanded after the fact, never before. The steward mentioned bringing the gentleman tea before leaving with a steaming pot.

By nine, as I settled down for the evening, a soft knock came from my cabin door. A member of the crew appeared behind the door, already speaking as he entered.

“Evenin’, sir. The captain’s having us check the cabins before the temperature drops any further.”

He stepped into my cabin only long enough to test the catch on the lamp bracket and trim the wick, then moved on without another word. Along the corridor, I could hear similar greetings, different voices offering the same explanation. It was simply a routine procedure in winter sailing.

By ten, the storm finally hit. The blizzard battered against the windows in billows of white, and not long after, the Arcadia came to a halt. From what I could tell, the new engines were not prepared for such cold.

Sometime after midnight, a dull thud was heard in the midship cabins. At the time, it was taken for nothing more than the wind.

By morning, the roaring storm had passed, leaving behind an uneasy silence. As the steward made his routine rounds, Cabin 4 gave no response. Concerned, he unlocked the door only to pause in terror.

Mr. Charles Finchley lay on the floor beside his desk, bloodied, dead. Next to him, his pocket watch was shattered; its hands stopped at 1:14 AM.

Thus began the mystery of the Arcadia’s maiden voyage.

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