The Cornerstone

Volume 36, Issue 4 **February 10th, 2026**

Tau Beta Pi
The Engineering Honor Society

Letter From the Historian

Hello Tau Beta Pi actives and electees! To the actives, welcome back to another meeting. To the electees, welcome to your Second General! We are glad that you have decided to continue with the electing process.

Today's meeting is a fun one. This is the meeting where you will meet your electee team for the semester! In this meeting, you will work together on your first team activity: coming up with your team name.

We are looking forward to seeing your creative name submissions. I can personally say that when I first joined an electee team was when I truly felt a sense of belonging in Tau Beta Pi, and my teammates are still my friends to this day. I hope you, too, will have this same experience.

Additionally, there will be a fun competition between the electee teams throughout the semester to earn points. The team with the most points by initiation will receive the glorious chance to sign their name on the Electee Team Trophy!

In any case, we are excited to assist you with the electing process, so please reach out to us if you have any questions, concerns, or feedback. Again, I hope you have a wonderful week, and we look forward to interviewing you all. Forever and always, Go Blue!

- Chayut (Peak) Shinawatra

In This Issue

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- Upcoming Events
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Meeting Agenda

- Welcome/Gen Meeting Info
- Meet your Electee Team!
- Next Action Items and Events

Upcoming Events

- Electee Interviews: 2/11-2/13, 9:00 AM - 9:00 PM
- Game Night II: 2/12, 5:30 - 8:00 PM
- Lunar New Year Social: 2/16, 6:30 - 8:30 PM
- Cantina Night I: 2/20, 6:00 - 8:00 PM

One Minute Reads

In the spirit of Valentine's Day this year, let's look into the famous quote, "The world is so small." At first, this may sound ridiculous, considering there are over 8 billion people on Earth. If everyone only knew their neighbors, as in the 50 closest people around them, it would take an average of 4 million introductions to reach a random person across the globe. However, in reality, the world is a lot more connected than this; some people have relationships with others across the globe, and this may be you and your international friends. These connections act as "short cuts," and with enough of them, the rigid world of 4 million connections narrows to 6 degrees of separation between anyone on Earth. So when you are finding your partner for life, know that they are only 6 connections away.

The Best Puzzles

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

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

Across

1. Matchmaker with questionable aim.

4. You could say high school ____.

8. Musical performance for a loved one.

Down

1. The classic gift for the right person.

2. Yay or nay?

3. The person you would like to receive text from.

5. Hopelessly in love.

6. By a certain country's law, it must contain at least 25% chocolate.

7. Running away to get married.

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 steadying 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!