

# The Cornerstone

Volume 36, Issue 7

March 24th, 2026



## Letter From the Historian

Hello Tau Beta Pi actives! I hope you guys are doing well.

Welcome to the third actives! In this very important meeting, we will be voting on the eligibility of the current candidates. As this is an important meeting, please make sure that you are signed in at [tbpmig.org/signin](http://tbpmig.org/signin). We need to ensure that we maintain a quorum before any votes can be cast to make sure that your voice in the chapter is heard!

Additionally, since we are coming up on Elections, we will be going over some officer roles available. If you are interested in running for any position and have any additional questions, feel free to reach out to any of us!

Good luck to everyone who is trying to run, and I hope you have a great time today. As always, if you have any questions, please feel free to reach out to any of the officers over Slack, by email, or in person.

Forever and always, Go Blue!

- Chayut (Peak) Shinawatra

### In This Issue

- Letter from the Historian
- Third General
- Upcoming Events
- TBPuzzles
- The Back-Page issue

### Meeting Agenda

- Chapter Announcements
- Officer Updates
- Electee Team Game

### Upcoming Events

- Grad Game Night II:  
3/25, 6:00 - 8:00 PM
- Sequoia Place  
Volunteering IV: 3/26,  
4:00 - 5:00 PM
- TBP Euchre Tournament:  
3/26, 6:00 - 8:00 PM
- Share Tea Boba Social:  
3/27, 2:30 - 3:30 PM
- Leaders and Honors  
Ceremony: 3/27, 4:45 -  
6:45 PM
- Sequoia Place  
Volunteering V: 3/30,  
4:00 - 6:30 PM

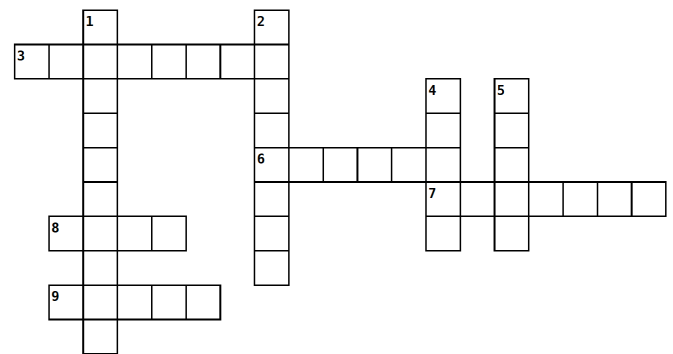
## One Minute Reads

St. Patrick's day, a quintessential Irish tradition. Now, for the quick fun fact of the day: what if I were to tell you that it is neither Irish nor even green? Back in the age of the Roman Empire, St. Patrick was born in Roman Britain and kidnapped at age sixteen to Ireland as a slave. He later escaped and returned years later, not for revenge, but as a missionary to help spread Christianity in Ireland. Ironically, the color that was associated with the saint was blue, not green. Overtime, with the growth of nationalism in Ireland, the color shifted to green to match the island's lush landscape. And now you know, perhaps the Chicago River didn't need to be painted green after all.

## The Best Puzzles

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

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



### Across

3. What goes in a falafel?
6. All beans are \_\_\_\_\_, but not all \_\_\_\_\_ are beans.
7. Goes great with Japanese beer.
8. They are like \_\_\_ in a pod.
9. And then there were eight.

### Down

1. Would be a surprise if they win.
2. The longest bean
4. The round of sixteen is quite...?
5. Four remains...

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 4: The Story the Body Told**

After turning the room of the incident over, I made my way down to the storage room on the lower decks that had been hastily repurposed as a makeshift morgue. The air there was still, undisturbed, carrying with it the faint scent of oil and damp wood. In the center of the cleared space stood a metal cart, its surface cold and bare. Atop it lay the lifeless body of Mr. Finchley. This would be the first time since the discovery that the body would be examined in any deliberate manner.

Even before I drew close, the violence was immediately apparent.

His torso bore the brunt of it; numerous stab wounds covered his chest. I counted thirteen in total. The punctures were narrow, clean-edged, and consistent with a slim, rigid blade. They had been delivered at close range and appeared to have been in quick succession.

And yet, despite their number, there was a consistency among the wounds. Beyond the torso, there were no defensive injuries to speak of, no cuts upon the hands, no bruising along the forearms, no tearing of the nails. His limbs rested as they had been found, without the disturbance one might expect of a man who had struggled for his life. If he did resist, it would not have been for long.

At a glance, Mr. Finchley's body had long since turned cold, and the onset of rigor mortis was well established. This, in itself, would not have been remarkable given the conditions of the night. The cabin had been exposed to the arctic air through the open porthole window for at least five hours, judging by the hour fixed by the stopped watch and the time of discovery of the body.

His lips bore a faint discoloration, not striking, but enough to draw the eye upon closer inspection. There was no frothing, no visible residue, nothing that might immediately suggest the presence of a foreign substance. And yet, there was a certain unnatural calm about his expression, an overly peaceful expression for a man who had been stabbed this many times.

From the pockets of his tailcoat were his wallet, several small personal items, and a handful of trivial possessions, all accounted for. There was no indication of theft, nor any sign that his belongings had been rifled through.

One item, however, stood apart.

Folded with care and kept within the inner breast pocket of his coat was a newspaper clipping, its edges worn with age. The paper was dated 1874, the print slightly faded but still legible.

“Liverpool Magnate, Charles Finchley, acquitted! In a private settlement, Charles Finchley goes free after the terrible Liverpool port incident claimed the lives of...”

The remainder of the column had been torn away. A faint stain of dried blood marked one corner of the clipping, though whether it had been transferred during the attack or long before, I could not say.

Carefully removing his tailcoat revealed the well-made white shirt beneath, now stained red around the numerous wounds. What was curious was that, given the numerous wounds, the shirt should have turned entirely crimson, yet the blood pooled thick, dark, and settled, with minimal seepage around each wound.

For all the violence, the body conveyed a curious absence of struggle.

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