

The Cornerstone

Volume 36, Issue 6

March 10th, 2026



Letter From the Historian

Hello Tau Beta Pi actives and electees! I hope you have had a very restful spring break.

Welcome to the third general! In this meeting, we will be having a new and exciting event: the scavenger hunt. Participation in the event will give you a chance to earn points for your electee team. As a reminder, the team with the most points by initiation will win the eternal glory of signing their name on the electee team trophy and a small cash prize! If you are curious about team standings, you can check the current table by heading to the website, hovering over the “For Members” tab, and clicking “Electee Resources.”

Good luck to everyone, 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

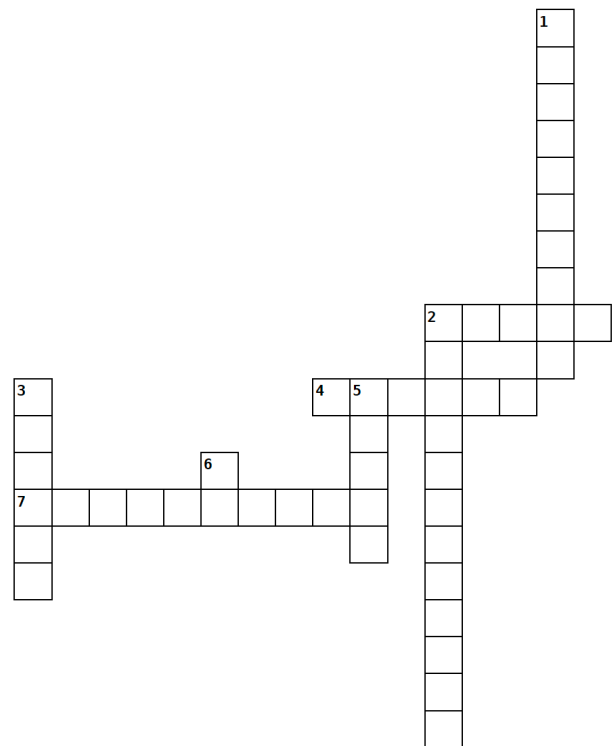
- Shamrock Shake Social:
3/10, 1:30 - 3:00 PM
- Minecraft Speedrunning
Social: 3/11, 6:00 - 8:00
PM
- BWW II: 2/6, 6:00 - 8:00
PM
- Classroom Movie Night:
3/13, 6:00 - 8:00 PM
- TBPoker Night: 3/13,
7:00 - 9:00 PM
- Inter-Chapter Pi Day:
3/14, 2:00 - 5:30 PM

One Minute Reads

As one of the first mathematical constants we learn about, π , 3.14159..., the humble ratio of the diameter to the circumference of its circle appears in many different formulas in the physical world. However, how did we even determine this value in the first place? Back in 250 BCE, Archimedes came up with the bright idea of enveloping a circle with two polygons. Imagine drawing a circle, then placing a regular polygon inside it and another around it. The inner polygon's perimeter must be smaller than the circle's circumference, while the outer polygon's perimeter must be larger, trapping the true value of π between them. By increasing the number of sides of the enveloping polygons, the polygons begin resembling more and more of a circle, and thus increasing the known digits of π . And from this simple geometric trick, began humanity's long pursuit of the infinite digits of π .

The Best Puzzles

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



Across

- The engineering equivalent of close enough...
- A more pi-ish way to measure an angle.
- The type of number n is.

Down

- First mathematician to theoretically discover π .
- Class where n shows up in every other equation.
- Waves with a period of $2n$.
- As american as _____ pie.
- The star of March 14th.

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 3: What the Cabin Walls Retained

During the night after the incident, I returned alone to Mr. Finchley's cabin. It had been left undisturbed since the body was removed, as I had instructed. The room was frigid, the porthole window left ajar, the cold wind of the North Sea buffeting the curtains inward. In my investigations, I have often found that rooms retain something of the moment of the incident within them. This one retained silence amid wrecked furniture and a blood-stained carpet.

The chalk outline marked where Finchley had lain beside his writing desk. The blood beneath that position had pooled darkly into the carpet, thick and concentrated, though not entirely confined. A smear crossed the lower edge of the desk, as though a hand had slid against it. One sheet of correspondence lay half-crumpled beneath the blotter, marked by a partial print in dried red.

There were no signs of a prolonged struggle, no overturned tables, no shattered glass beyond the watch, and yet the room felt disordered in smaller ways. One drawer had been drawn sharply from its track, the wooden runner cracked near the joint. The ink bottle had tipped and dried in a crooked trail across several documents. The chair beside the desk lay broken, one leg snapped unevenly; splinters showered the floorboards.

The desk drawers contained what one might expect of a man accustomed to contracts and leverage. Among the scattered papers was a draft letter addressed to the Royal Star Line. The language was severe.

“...demonstrable laxity in cold-weather preparation...”

“...assurances given personally by Captain Rotherham...”

“...liability should crew negligence endanger passengers...”

The lines were underlined with sharp pressure. It was not difficult to imagine the conversation that might have preceded such a document.

On the bedside stand, the teacup delivered by the steward rested upright. It was empty, too empty. The porcelain bore no dried tea ring along its inner wall. The saucer beneath it, however, showed faint discoloration where liquid had once pooled. The teapot rested beside it, also empty. Its interior was damp but otherwise unremarkable. There was no scent of bitter almond, nor any visible film upon the porcelain.

Near the porthole, the wood of the sill was stiff to the touch. Brown streaking had dried along the grain beneath the latch. Several droplets of a similarly colored liquid clung to the brass rim of the open window, as though something had been knocked or cast in that direction.

The watch lay beside the body's former outline, the chain still attached, resting neatly nearby. Its crystal had fractured, though the casing itself bore surprisingly little distortion. The hands were stopped at 1:14 AM. Whether the fall had jarred the mechanism or whether some earlier blow had done so, I could not determine.

The violence itself had been close. There were no bruises upon the knuckles, no torn nails, no clear indication that Finchley had grappled long with his attacker. If he had resisted, it would have been an overwhelmingly one-sided affair.

The lamp bracket remained secured and properly trimmed. No sign of tampering presented itself there.

Nothing suggested forced entry. Nothing suggested robbery. And yet what lingered in the cabin was not the mark of intrusion, but the remnant of something personal.

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