

The Cornerstone

Volume 36, Issue 8

March 31st, 2026



Tau Beta Pi
The Engineering Honor Society

Letter From the Historian

Hello Tau Beta Pi actives and electees! I hope you are having a great week and that your second midterm, for those who have them, went well or is going to go well!

Welcome to the Fourth General! In this meeting, we will be having a lot of Kahoot quizzes! Let's see who knows the most about TBP, Michigan, and general trivia! We hope you enjoy the quizzes we have curated for you.

Next week is the Election meeting! This is a very important meeting for people interested in running for officer positions, and even if you are not interested, please come. Your voice matters, and you will have a say on who is going to be on your board next year.

Good luck to everyone, and I hope you have a great time today. As always, if you have any questions, especially about what each officer position does, 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

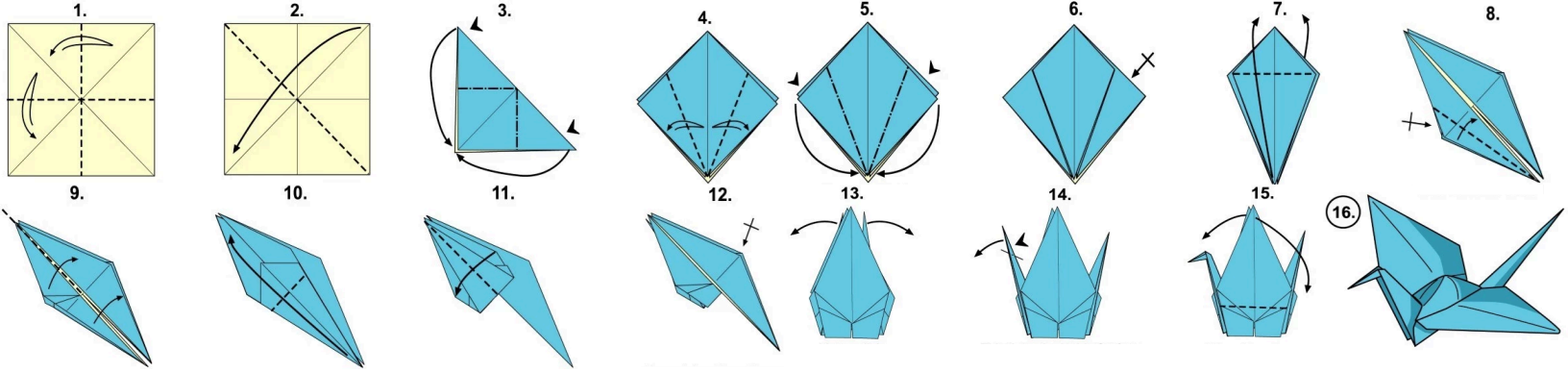
- Letter from the Historian
- Fourth General
- Upcoming Events
- TBPuzzles
- The Back-Page issue

Meeting Agenda

- Chapter Announcements
+ Electee Reminders
- Officer Updates
- Upcoming events/dates
- Electee Spotlights
- Elections
- Kahoot!

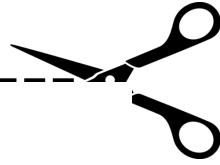
Upcoming Events

- Blind Presentation Night:
4/2, 5:00 - 6:30 PM
- 3D Printing & CAD -
NEST Engineering Skills
Series: 4/2, 6:30 - 8:30
PM
- Ice Cream Social I: 4/3,
4:30 - 6:00 PM
- Cantina Night II: 4/3,
6:00 - 8:00 PM
- Escape Room Social: 4/4,
1:00 - 3:00 PM



Repeat the Steps 8. to 11. for the other side

Tear below off!

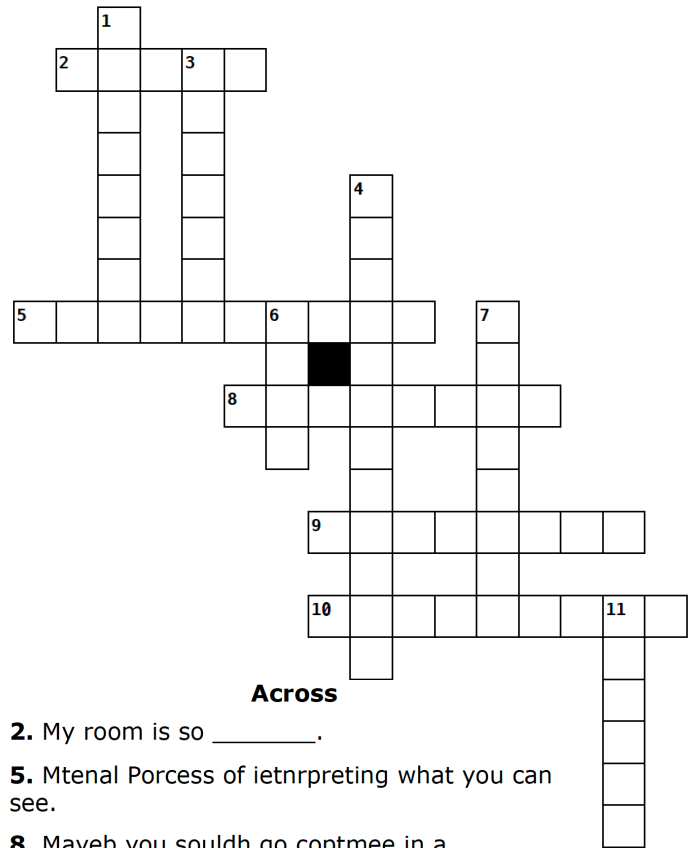


Raed It If You Can

The Best Puzzles

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

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



Across

2. My room is so _____.
5. Mtenal Porcess of ietnrpreting what you can see.
8. Mayeb you souldh go coptmee in a _____ bee.
9. This croswsord is deefintly very _____.
10. Nnoesnse text with no celar mnaeing.

Down

1. Fgiure out the mnaeing of soemhting ucnelar.
3. Reaarrgne radnmoly.
4. The cigoitnve phneonemon alownilg you to raed this.
6. Ttxeing msiatke.
7. Ssytem of wrods and cmmunication.
11. Lteter or chrataecr with mnaeing.

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!