This is the last Cornerstone for the semester!!

First off, I would like to congratulate the seniors on their hard work this year! I will be sad to see the seniors leave (but I’m sure they are more than ecstatic to graduate).

It’s been a rather crazy semester. Michigan basketball just went to the championship game, electees are [hopefully] finished/finishing their requirements for initiation, and it’s finally more than 32 degrees outside!

I am excited to serve as Historian next semester! Thank you for the opportunity. And thank you to everyone who contributed to the Cornerstone this semester. I truly appreciate the time you took to write. Since I cannot beg for anymore articles, I will wish everyone the best summer. See everyone next year!

Sincerely,

(one of) your Publicity Chairs,

Gina Calco
Welcome to the New Officers: Fall ’12

President: Ryan Chen
Vice President: Michael Angileri
Secretary: Ariel Rose
Treasurer: Joe Menzia
External Vice Presidents: Mike Boyd and Natalie Eyke
Website Chair: To be selected (application process)
Service Chair: Marc Biondo
Corporate Chair: Cam McBride
Activities Chair: Jacob Texel
Graduate Student Coordinator: Ethan Stark
New Initiatives Chair: Shannon Liu
K-12 Outreach Chair: Laura Kruger and Alex Waselewski
Campus Outreach Chair: Josh Kempfer
Intersociety Chair: Leo Devota
Membership Chair: Kelsey Hockstad
Operations Chair: Ruiqi Chen
Publicity Chair: Ki-Joo Sung
Historian: Gina Calco

Chief advisor: Paul Kominsky
Alumnus advisor: Pritpaul Mahal
Graduate student advisors: Mike Hand, Sarang Supekar (reelected for 1.5 years), Andy Boucher, Elson Liu, Nathan Rowley (elected for 0.5 years), and Kyle Lady (elected for 3 years)

*Shoutout to Kelsey Hockstad's winning prediction of elections ending at 10:04pm
A Senior Moment

Ryan Chen

Full disclaimer: this is probably mostly me venting. I don’t know that there’s necessarily a strong takeaway message, but maybe there is. In any case, I want to talk a little about a “senior moment” that I had yesterday after yesterday’s game that made me reflect quite a bit about what it means to be a student at the University of Michigan and a part of this community. Despite being from Orlando, FL, I was raised a Michigan fan by my parents, who both earned degrees here. For me, yesterday’s game was one of the most heartbreaking losses I’ve experienced as a Michigan fan – worse than the 2006 Ohio State game, worse than the 2005 Rose Bowl against Texas, worse than any of the close losses our basketball team has suffered over the past few years (2011 vs. Duke, 2011 vs. Wisconsin, 2012 vs. Indiana, the list goes on).

Now, I’m not a true senior in the sense that I’m graduating, but I watched the game with many of my senior classmates and could feel their pain that last night would be their last time watching Michigan basketball in Ann Arbor, surrounded by their friends and classmates. Thus, after the game ended, we decided to move to the Diag to sing The Victors and The Yellow and Blue and to kiss the block M as a salute to our beloved university and all it has given us. We’re musicians and artists, after all, and we felt the symbolism would be a fitting end to the night. After we arrived, we sang and felt each other’s embraces – those that would ease the pain of a crushing loss. However, upon approaching the block M, we found that someone had vomited on it.

Let me pause there for a second – someone vomited on the M. The additional effort that it would have taken to divert that vomit elsewhere was apparently too much to spare a symbol of our university that indignity. Well, we weren’t discouraged, so a friend of mine ran to the UGLi to retrieve a roll of paper towels and cups of water. Then, our group proceeded to clean the M on our hands and knees. For 10 minutes, we scrubbed the M of someone else’s vomit. Upon returning from throwing away all of the soiled paper towels, we found multiple students wanting to step on the M, because, well, they were entitled to since they had already taken their first Blue Book exam. We tried to explain to these students why we would appreciate them refraining from doing so. We were trying to be reverent to our university, we had just spent quite some effort in cleaning vomit off of it, and, in the aftermath of a loss, we should be united in upholding what is great about our university, including its symbols. Of course, they belligerently refused and proceeded to threaten with violence for their inalienable right to step on the M. Thankfully, cooler heads prevailed and no fights erupted, but boy, we were screaming at each other for quite some time.

Now, you might say, “Why does it matter? The M on the Diag is just a piece of metal in the ground.” I’m completely with you; I don’t believe any of the superstition surrounding it. However, the fact remains that it is one of the more recognizable symbols of our university, especially to students and alumni. And, if a group of students chooses to be reverent to this symbol, why purposely obstruct their ability to do so?

In the meantime, a separate congregation of about 50 students had assembled by one of the stone benches on the Diag, chanting such inanities as “Fuck Louisville!” I hope I don’t have to explain to you why this behavior is ridiculous. They aren’t our rival and they were victorious in a game in which both teams played great basketball. The game was an opportunity to behold what is great about our university independent of the re-
Continued from page 3...

sult. Instead, it seems we were cognitively limited to childish and petty chants.

This reflection leads me to a larger point about what it means to be a Michigan Wolverine. We’d like to think that it means something to say that you attend or graduated from the University of Michigan, that there is a reason that we call ourselves “the leaders and best.” Call it arrogance, but we’d like to think that students at Michigan are superior to most – in intellect, in character, in action – and that we have appreciation and respect for the finer and subtler things in life. I don’t know that saying all of this to you is particularly useful in the sense that I don’t think any of you would act the way those dimwits on the Diag did. However, I think I feel strongly enough about it because I think I might be able to impart some sense of how much importance some people place on their ties to our school. With this commonality, we all represent each other as fellow Wolverines. Do we have no appreciation for our university? And, if not, do we have no respect for others’ appreciation? All we wanted was a moment of beauty and poeticism in a time of sadness. Seeing my graduating senior friends disappointed and enraged by the behavior of their fellow students was both maddening and heartbreaking.

Ultimately, we didn’t fight on the Diag because I reminded my friends about how ugly it looks when a fan base fights itself (think RichRod era). There were reporters and photographers all around and that image certainly wasn’t how we wanted to present ourselves, not to mention that there were police around and one of my friends had to go teach high school band this morning.

In any case, I think I wanted this article to have some kind of message about respect, class, and loving Michigan. Instead, I think I’m just even more depressed about what happened yesterday. Maybe it’s an overreaction, but what the hell, the pain is still fresh. I hope my venting wasn’t too intolerable to y’all.
I’ve learned a lot of interesting things this semester, none of which were learned in school. Allow me to share:

- When “Papa” John Schnatter started his pizza business, he would dig through Domino’s dumpsters for customer contact sheets to find customers.
- Omaha, Nebraska has the highest per-capita of millionaires of any city in the U.S., and is also the birthplace of the Reuben sandwich.
- Jay-Z actually only owns less than 1/15th of a percent of the Brooklyn Nets; 80% of the franchise is owned by Russian billionaire Mikhail Prokhorov.
- During the American Civil War, the King of Thailand offered Abraham Lincoln a battalion of war elephants, but Lincoln politely declined, forever dooming Civil War re-enactments to be infinitely less awesome.
- If you had invested in $1.00 worth of bitcoins in 2010, it would be worth over $300,000 today.
- There are mites living on your eyelashes AND THEY LOOK LIKE THIS.
10 Ways to Cure Your National Championship Blues

Nick Cobane

1. Watch GIFs of Rick Pitino dodging imaginary bullets
   http://sprtshumor.lockerdome.com/media/107156277

2. Go to the firing range and shoot real bullets. Hang your brackets and/or midterms as targets for bonus feel-good points
   www.firearmexchange.com

3. Watch the Game of Thrones episode you missed because you were cramming in homework / driving to Atlanta.
   find it yourself

4. Pretend you feel better about doing homework than going to Atlanta.

5. Listen to The 20/20 Experience on repeat until you’ve danced yourself to blissful exhaustion
   www.ifyoudontalreadyhavethisalbumwerenotfriends.com

6. Play Nick Cobane in basketball and realize that you could be worse

7. Annihilate fellow engineers with foam projectiles at the Nerf gun war on 4/13
   http://spider.eecs.umich.edu/~tbp/

8. Drown your sorrows in pork buns and dumplings at the Undergrad Happy Hour on Friday 4/12
   http://spider.eecs.umich.edu/~tbp/

9. Desperately scramble for DA status for glory and awesome TBP swag

10. Realize that you’re an engineering student and you didn’t have time for this basketball nonsense anyway
    https://ctools.umich.edu

Things not to do:

- Look at pictures of foul calls
- Watch any ESPN
- Buy ‘Michigan NCAA Champions 2013’ shirts at a steep discount
- Set objects on fire
Sudoku Puzzles

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

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