

HUMOR

Like a midget at a urinal you should always be on your toes

Pop vs. soda: which one will come out on top

By Ben Raymond
humor editor

New York, simply stated that, "Pop is a sound, not a noun."

Other students have been working on their response to this debate in great detail.

"According to the Oxford English Dictionary, 'pop' is an effervescent or carbonated drink originally associated with ginger beer or champagne. Although it now refers to a 'non-alcoholic fizzy drink,' the colloquial term is considered an actual word in the English language. Therefore, if the Oxford English Dictionary deems it an actual word, who are we to claim that it isn't? Who are we to say that it should be 'soda?'"

Many people like to claim that soda is the correct way of labeling Pepsi, Dr. Pepper, Mountain Dew, etc. Well, unfortunately, you are wrong. Why are you wrong? Because the British say so. No one goes against the British in a lingual debate. England is home to Shakespeare, Lord Byron, Jane Austen, Margaret Thatcher, Winston Churchill and J. K. Rowling; all lyrical geniuses. The Brits refer to Pepsi as "pop" according to both the OED and personal experiences. Coincidentally, our founding fathers were British. Therefore, our founding fathers said pop. The history of the word soda does not directly relate to the soda that denotes Pepsi; it refers to chemical elements and different medicines. So, therefore, by calling your Dr. Pepper "soda", you are actually claiming that you use drugs...

The same student continues with, "As a result, I myself prefer to call my Dr. Pepper pop; not strictly to clarify that I'm not a druggie, but also to emulate our founding fathers and the British, because no one argues with the British."

While the OED contains an origin of the word, people do in fact argue with the British: it was the American Revolution. It guaranteed freedom of religion, government, and not using Cockney Slang. Webster's dictionary disputes the Oxford edition. So who is right?

One student from the Pittsburgh area felt that they had solution. "I like to call it pop because soda is too long. It is two syllables, you don't need that many to describe something you drink every day. Pop sounds more exciting, it is an example of Onomatopoeia and soda is not exciting. Soda sounds like the name of a flower. One that I would just want to forget about and not smell. I am completely against it. It's 'sodapopism'. There are other beverages out there such as Dr. Pepper, Cherry Pepsi... I like to keep it broad keep it realistic."

In this argument it seems that there is never any headway made. Some say pop is the name of a Rice Crispie, others just can not stand the word soda. As it turns out, there is a happy medium, and the dictionary excuse proves everyone wrong. Searching "soda pop" returns what the drink actually is. So no one is correct, just too lazy to say the whole word. As for those who call things Coke there really is no hope.

The truth is that this will be argued over for years to come, but arguing over what you want to call something is pointless. If people cannot even agree on something as simple as this, how could a serious issue ever get solved? Just take the politicians way out of the argument and make your drink selection by what it is actually called. In doing so, you ensure that your selection will be correct, the server will not be offended and contaminate your drink, and you won't lose any friends.

Fun with signing

In order to educate as well as entertain readers, to the right is a sentence in sign language. It's a fun phrase that you can sign to your friends, so try to figure it out on your own, or Google search the alphabet and uncover this hidden little gem. Enjoy



Review: The final broadcast comes to and end, or does it?

By Mike Sharkey III
photo editor

I was looking around on eBay for a special edition copy of a film I already own (which was rendered obsolete with the release of this new version... I hate it when they do that) when I stumbled upon a unique little gem that happened to come up in the search results. It was a VHS tape in "fair" condition, which was totally unremarkable in and of itself, with the exception of its title: *The Final Broadcast VII: The Beginning*.

Such a complicated title intrigued me, for it contradicts all forms of common sense I know of. Considering other classic films that spun off into countless sequels, I figured that this one must have quite an interesting history. Even the ever-popular "Revenge of the Nerds" series only ever made it up to *Nerds in Love*. This one had to be good.

Looking up *The Final Broadcast* on IMDB.com was a bust. For all the countless films of obscurity they have in the film database, this particular one was not listed. Now I really was intrigued. How could a movie that made it through six sequels not be listed? I was determined to find out more. After an hour or so of Google and Yahoo searches, I finally managed to dig up a copy of a review of the film itself, and some of its background. The site itself was not online; I had

to find a copy of it through Archive.org. The site had gone down shortly after publishing the copy of the review. Stranger still, the magazine that published the review back in 1978 also went out of business shortly after the issue was released.

The article offered a history of the *Final Broadcast* series. The original film was not, in fact, created in the United States. The original *Final Broadcast* was created by a Belgian filmmaker named Frederic Olcott Jr., who ironically died shortly after making the film. Apparently, when screening it for the first time, the projector bulb mysteriously heated up more than it normally would, and shot out of the projector booth, landing straight in the back of the head of Olcott, melting part of his brain, killing him instantly. The matter was hushed up, and the film was released in the Belgia III (three not being the number of screens, but rather the number of employees working there at the time). The film was a minor success, and brought the attention of American entrepreneur Phil Wallace IV. Wallace who "Americanized" the film, adding in more gore, cheesy special effects, and cut out around four major plot elements to keep the American audience's attention. The film was a success, and Wallace was commissioned for a sequel, which he quickly produced at half the cost, with twice the budget. The sequel, *The Final Broadcast II: Lex Returns*, took all the audience's favorite moments from the first film,

and exploded them into the entire second film. Brief nudity was included as an added bonus, to make up for the uninspired ending to the film. The third through fifth films basically kept up the same formula (with the exception of *The Final Broadcast 4*, which disregarded the roman numeral trend and involved absolutely none of the original characters), with the addition of full frontal nudity, a midget sidekick named Bobo, and some questionable uses of warm ketchup. By the sixth film, *The Final Broadcast VI: Lex's Legacy*, Wallace had become so rich he decided to have the main character die in the film to successfully bring the series to a close. The public forgot about the series entirely, until 1977, when filmmaker Henry King VIII was inspired to revive the story line and create another sequel. This movie, *The Final Broadcast VII: The Beginning* takes place in the events preceding the first film, and has none of the original characters (not even the actor Bruce Cartell as "Lex," who remained the only consistent character throughout the series, sans fourth).

Harold Spiltz was brought in to play a youthful "Lex" whose parents are killed by a group of Storm Troopers (which later inspired George Lucas when he went on to produce *Star Wars*). Lex then trains in the use of Tai Quan Do Jo Mo Fo to one day grow and battle the evil forces of...

You know what, now that I think of it, this movie sucked.

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RIDAY APRIL 20TH

Everyone needs a high five now and then, especially you, so enjoy.

By Brad Kovalick
staff writer

The Alumni Conspiracy

http://www.alumni.psu.edu/about_us/plan/

THREATS

1. An increasingly larger non-University Park student and alumni body resulting in a lack of common Penn State experiences.

By Jerry Pohl
assistant humor editor

Page of *The Behrend Beacon* instead of for Penn State's humor magazine, *Phroth*, I am only adding to the crisis.

There are few things more important to me than my friends - pornography and comedy to name a few, but the last thing I'd want to do is put my friends in danger. Since several of my friends have graduated, and are now considered alumni, I decided to take a look at Penn State's alumni website. While browsing, I came across the Penn State Alumni Council's Strategic Plan at www.alumni.psu.edu/about_us/plan/

I was worried when I found that on the top of their list of the top seven threats to alumni was me. And not just me, everyone at Behrend, and the other branch campuses too. The site says that by being students at Behrend, instead of University Park, our existence is resulting in a lack of common Penn State experiences. By attending Behrend and not getting the Penn State experience, I was putting my alumni friends in danger.

Having a uniform experience is the most important part of college life. How will I conform to the real world if my college experience pollutes me with rich individual experiences? I need to do and see the same things as everyone else to get the most out of my education. Why, by even writing this article for the Humor

What will happen when I tell people I graduated from Penn State, and they ask me something about the good times in the HUB, or that big *Daily Collegian* article, or that feline themed footballing team? What am I supposed to say? "I went to Behrend?" They won't know what that is because they had the correct experience, which does not include Behrend.

No one successful has ever had an experience which deviated from their peer group. Individual experiences are what keeps us apart and causes prejudice and war. If we all had the same experiences we'd be hard pressed to find reasons to hate each other; we'd manage though. Unlike primitive cavemen, we can do better than individuality. We have the glorious plethora of mass media to give us pre-approved, focus-group-researched input; full length commercials for a profitable life, marketing each other with the comforting predictability of a tray of sweets made by the greatest invention of man, the cookie cutter.

The clear threat I pose to my Alumni brethren...er...step-brethren, is that I am apart from them, instead of a part of them. I vow to no longer be a part of the problem. I proudly proclaim: THEY ARE...PENN STATE.

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