



DUMB, DOPE, DUMBER, DUMB DOPERS AND IDIOTIC

By Kerry Schmidt July 30, 2006

YEA!!! Football is upon us. Real football, not the World Cup Crap, so we are saved. From boredom, but not from dumbness.

Before we get to the football dumbness, a few quick notes on World Wide DUMB.

We all remember the exciting end of the WCC, wherein Frenchy (Butt Head) Zidane, a 6'4," 220 pounder, head-butted a Dago and got red carded.

Just to show that the little people – an Englishman here – can stand up to the dumb French standards, I give you English jockey Paul O'Neill, all 5'2," all 111 pounds of him. After his horse, City Affair, got unruly in the parade ring and threw O'Neill off, the Zidane wanna-be grabbed the horses reins, pulled the horse to him and promptly head-butted the horse with his helmet.

Let's see. Does a 111 pound man head butting a 1200 pound animal classify as DUMB? I vote yes.

More from England. Wimbledon Tennis showcases very talented and very rich players. So how do they help themselves get so rich? They steal towels.

The All England Club reported that players absconded with \$111,000 worth of towels during this year's tournament.

Dumb and Desperate! Some sick SOB sold a picture on eBay for \$40. OK, you say?

Well, the pix was of Former Sabres' goalie Clint Malarchuk on his knees in the goal over a pool of blood as his jugger vein had been slashed by a skate. Great.

Now we all know and have heard of way to many stories on college athletes who "misbehave" in various manners, and, quite often, especially if said athlete is good, the powers that be look the other way.

Well down in Miami, that renowned altruistic academia of knowledge, Hurricanes' Coach Larry Cocker set some real tough rules for his boy, yes sireeeee!

He stated he plans to discourage players from owning handguns.

"I don't really want our players to have firearms. I'd rather they would dial 911 to come and handle those type of problems," he said.

And where was this monumental announcement made? At the ACC Media Kickoff Day. Imagine the mass of media all set with their questions about the starting QB, bowl games, a national championship, and coach tells them he wants to disarm his players. Send him to the Middle East.

On the other side of Dumb, diligence.

At many colleges, a starting player needs to virtually kill someone or rape a few sorority girls to get suspended.

Check out a real academic school, Duke University.

Their starting QB, a Freshman All-American last season, Zack Asack (A sack) is a bad name for a QB), was suspended for the season and kicked out of school. Wow! He must have raped AND pillaged.

Wrong. He committed plagiarism of a paper he wrote. True.



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The school announced he would be eligible for readmission next year. In the interim, he can do Capital One commercials.

Think that may have happened at Texas, Oklahoma, USC, LSU, Florida (plagiarism, OK, gun, no) or any of the other some 100 colleges where football runs the show?

Now I am really pissed off at the French.

I was praying that they would wait until after I wrote this column before they accused American Floyd Landis of doping. I mean, I knew they would do all they could to get an American if he won THEIR race.

It was announced Thursday that he had failed an initial drug test – he had a higher than normal level of testosterone/epitestosterone in his system.

He has been suspended. A second urine sample will be tested to see if it also shows higher level of testosterone. If it does, barring appeals, he could be stripped of his title. Now I have no idea what he did/did not do. If, in fact, he did get himself injected with testosterone, he is one of the DUMBEST DOPER individuals on the face of the earth, given the huge anti-Lance witch hunts that the Frenchies have been conducting.

Dr. Gary Wadler, a member of the World Anti-Doping Agency said of the failed test, “Something’s missing here; it doesn’t add up.”

His rationale for making that statement was that if Landis was a user, it would have shown up in his earlier tests. He added that a one-time use of steroids could result in an abnormal test, but it would make no sense for a rider to use just one, since the single dosage would be of no help whatsoever.

“And since nothing showed up in all his earlier tests, it just doesn’t make sense.”

Landis has, with permission, been taking injections of cortisone, a medically used steroid drug to treat pain in his arthritic left hip (he will have replacement surgery later this year). Wadler stated that the second, or “B” sample will be subjected to a much higher test, something called a carbon isotope test.

We’ll just have to wait and see. As I said, if he is found guilty, he will win the DOPE of the year award. If found innocent, the French will spend the next few years trying to overturn that verdict.

OK, now we get to the top of the food chain among DUMBNESS.

The NFL.

Any fan knows that the annual NFL draft is held every April.

Thus, all teams know who they drafted three months ago, and as training camps open this weekend, and at press time, No. 1 overall pick, Mario Williams of Houston, who signed the day BEFORE the draft! Also, Thursday, Vince Young (No. 3 overall) signed with Tennessee.

As of last Tuesday, only 16% of all draft picks have agreed to terms.

And, this nonsense happens every damn year. WHY!!!!!!!!!!

Every team knows what the salary cap is, they all know what past values have been for the players and can guess within a couple thousand as to where each player will sign.

And this year they cannot use the standard excuse that they want to see how much the overall No. 1 pick gets, and then all the other amounts fall into place after that. That’s because Williams signed three months ago.



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Thus every team had their marking sticks.

Thus, ever since the players started making the big bucks some 20-25 years ago, the teams and the players' agents have all known what the approximate amounts will be and how they will be structured.

But what happens? Come training camp most of the top draftees and many others are no shows, with the agents blaming the team and the teams blaming the other side. The teams also scream how much it is hurting each draft choice by missing the ever so important practices.

Now, the teams don't want their good fresh meat to miss that valuable time, and the fresh meats don't want to miss it either. They know it is important.

So, would someone please explain to me why in the hell does this happen every single year. I mean, there's a better chance that it will only be 75 degrees at noon here in New Orleans in July than that the players will meet the camp's opening bell.

DUMB, DUMBER and DUMBEST. Not to mention the iDIOTIC.

Onward. Since I live here in New Orleans, a bit on the Saints' No. 1 pick, Heisman Trophy winner Reggie Bush.

While the signed Saints sweat it out in Jackson, MS, Bush lounges on the beach in Los Angeles.

The Saints lucked into getting Bush when Houston surprised everyone by taking Williams. We all know what a phenomenal player Bush was in college. Yes, the pros are very different, but I believe Bush is destined to be, perhaps, the next Barry Sanders, if he stays healthy.

He has as much God given talent and speed as any player to ever play the game. Only time will tell.

But he can't start to showcase that talent from the beach in L.A.

I promise you that when he finally does sign, it will be within a few hundred thousand bucks as the other top 1-4.

Hey, here's a thought. Since the Nos. 1 and 3 have signed, and Bush was No. 2, split the difference. Naw!, that makes to much sense.

I'm for the players, because the average NFL life span is only 3.6 years. The only comment Bush and his agent made that po's me is that he wants (No. 1 pick \$) He Reg. you should, woulda, coulda been, (Hello, Jim Mora), but you were not. You were No. 2. Get over it.

Or, hey, check out this option. Bush has already signed endorsement deals with Pepsi (through 2011), Subway Restaurants, General Motors (for Hummers – he has two, both all pimped out), Adidas, video game maker Electronic Arts and GT Sports Marketing. Guesstimates on the total value of these deals is around \$65 million.

So, why even play. Why risk injury. Just do the commercials and stay on the beach.

OK., I know, not a viable option, but sounds cool.

I will close with a flash back to the good old days.

Art Donovan, a Hall-of-Fame defensive end on the Baltimore Colts in the 50's.

I think his top salary was around \$13,000 one year (most players back then had second jobs) and signing bonuses were unheard of. Until the Colts gave one the same year Donovan's contract was up.



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As soon as he heard that the Colts had given a \$250 sign on to some undrafted punk kid named Johnny Unitas, he marched into Coach Weeb Eubanks' office to negotiate his contract. No agents at all back then and the coaches did the contract work.

Now Donovan was a bit of a character, to say the least, and his language was certainly not heard in church. And, he loved Balantine Beer.

Thus, they agreed that Eubanks would buy 2 cases of Balantines, but Eubanks insisted that Donovan had to split it with him.

Art goes to the store and buys the two cases and comes back to Eubanks' office and puts both cases down on the little table away from Eubanks' desk. When he asked for his share, Donovan cursed and said, "Wait a damn minute," and he then, according to legend, proceeded to drink one whole case in less than 15 minutes.

Eubanks just stood there in amazement. After can No. 24 bit the dust, Donovan walked over to Eubanks' desk, leaned over and upchucked all over it.

Looking up at his coach with a half-assed grin, he growled, "There's your damn half, a..h...!!

True story.

Boy, how times have changed!