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Where's My Johnnie Cochran?

IT'S HARD FINDING A COACHING JOB WITH A NAME LIKE THIS.

column by | TIM PALUCH

The NFL just doesn't hire them to be coaches. Jon Gruden isn't one. Well, obviously. Mike Martz isn't one. Yeah, we know that already. Dick Jauron. Dick LeBeau. Bill Cowher. Bill Callahan. OK, we get it. Jim Haslett. Dave McGinnis. Mike Tice. Mike Holmgren. Enough, you've made your point. There aren't enough black coaches in the NFL.

BLACK coaches? Who said anything about black coaches? Those guys have one thing in common, but it's not the color of their skin. Not one of them is me. In fact — I've looked — there has never been a Paluch head coach in the history of the National Football League. Where's Johnnie Cochran? I smell a lawsuit. What? Busy?

Already planning on suing the NFL? Not enough BLACK coaches?

Cochran sent a report, compiled by the Washington Law Firm Mehri and Skalet, addressing the league's hiring and firing of minority coaches. There are currently two black head coaches in the NFL. There are 30 white coaches. Cochran — rightfully so — sees a problem with that. His solution is to threaten teams. According to the report, “diverse racial groups” are necessary when interviewing coaches. Owners can opt out of that requirement, but would lose a draft pick.

I guess — if a candidate's not black, you lose a running back.

Cochran's plan doesn't go nearly far enough. A team could interview a white guy, two blacks, three Puerto Ricans and Yao Ming for the head coaching job, give the job to the white guy, and still keep all its draft picks.

Under my plan, at least one Paluch must be a candidate for the head coaching position. All other candidates must be named Angelina Jolie. And, while we wait in the lobby to be interviewed, all other candidates can wear nothing but their resumes. If no Paluchs are interviewed, or if Angelina's resume is longer than one page, teams lose a draft pick, must change their uniform colors to burgundy and teal and have to start each post-game press conference with the phrase, “God had nothing to do with our win. He doesn't even like football.”

I've mastered this coaching thing already. I've coached the Texans to a Super Bowl title. 16-0 regular season. Beat the Rams 56-7 in the Super Bowl (we always go for two). Madden 2003 taught me all it takes to coach is heart, soul and dedication. Oh, and you should probably turn the penalties off and trade draft picks for Brett Favre and Terrell Owens. And it wouldn't hurt to create a running back named "Hugh Jorgan" — 6 foot 11, 450 pounds, runs the 40 in 3.85.

If me and my Hugh Jorgan could win it all, I could coach any team. I could coach the Rams. Give the damn ball to Marshall Faulk. I could coach the Cowboys. Stop giving it to Emmitt Smith. I could coach the Bears. We forfeit.

And I can sure as heck coach the Vikings. Randy, you'll get your dime bag back when you run a decent route.

Quote me on this — in less than five years, me, my brother, Uncle Stew and Grandma will all be head coaches in the NFL.

But I need an attorney, a good one. Cochran's taken. Anyone know Winona's lawyer?