

# Mayday Rick May and Mike DZ

By  
Jay L. Carlton

One Friday night not too long ago I was resting and relaxing at my good friend Tommy Arcobasso's ristorante. It's his new one on Highway 94 in the St. Charles/St. Peters area. I was doing some serious munching down on the most palatable plate of meatballs and spaghetti to be sure, not only on the west side of the Missouri River but also on the east side of the Missouri River. The Arcobasso's are very busy this night what with their establishment being the new IN place in the area for great Italian cuisine, beverages and fine socializing and all.

And even with wall to wall customers Tommy Arcobasso still finds time to drop by the table for a couple of small talks. He says hello and apologizes for putting me in the smoking section, for he did not know that I have been off the nails almost two years now. He also inquires about my game, even though I am semi-retired. But I thanked him for asking just the same. Conversation first goes this way and then that way, and one thing leads to another thing; bringing up events, names and such, when Tommy says something that reminds me of an incident that took place a few years ago when I had a Wednesday night team in the Busch League playing out of Cypress Lounge from the Baden area.

The story has to do with a league match Rick May was about to begin and the aftermath. It also includes Mike, who has a surname that is easy to pronounce but very hard to spell, unless you have done so before. You spell it, D-Z-I-E-N-C-I-O-L. If you were one who is into phonics it would be (jin-sel) or (gen-sol), more likely the latter. It has been said that it can better be pronounced after a double shot of Jack Daniels or whatever you might have handy at that particular time. Anyway, I believe it was Fat Bill who first dubbed him Mike DZ for short. The DZ referring of course to the first two letters of his last name and not the Demilitarized Zone from noted wars and conflicts; although it has been well documented that Mike DZ has been involved in a few wars and conflicts of his own over the years.

But this is a story where the personable Mike DZ plays a supporting roll giving way to Rick May who is the lead character, which by the way reminds me that if anyone wishes to really know the serious truth about Rick May's game of late (and some would say that they can see no difference between his game from the past and his game in the present, and would have a good argument on their hands indeed), they would no doubt laugh out loud and offer him odds of no less than 5 to 4 against. But keep that under your topper and allow me to make this announcement: This story happened in the days when Rick was a regular on the green felt and was referred to as 'Mayday' Rick May. But since he has become a respectable family man, and works steady and such, and his ever-loving wife, Karyn, has all but put a stop-gap in his playing time, it has been known for sometime that Rick is no longer considered to be Mayday Rick May as in the good old days.

On this particular Wednesday evening in question Rick is putting his cue stick together preparing to play the fifth and final match of the night. The other team offered up a skill level C-3 figuring that they had the nuts because their guy had to win only half as many games as

Rick to win the match, which was very smart thinking indeed, if the kid shot like today's '3's. But it was soon discovered (after only two trips to the table) that Grandma Moses, even in her ever-present condition, could destroy this kid.

It was fast recognized that this kid was to be a chump for Rick as he was a hopeless skill level '3', a very hopeless skill level '3', practically a blind man. Come to find out, upon further investigation, one month earlier the kid was a hopeless skill level H-2. It was his bad luck that the Busch League decided in their wisdom that there would be no more gentlemen '2's, which was a very good rule change, indeed. Did the fact that since he was raised to a skill level C-3 help his game or enhance his abilities? NOT!

One of the changes the Busch League made besides its name (to Bud Light) was to incorporate the 'short format', which up front does not sound like a bad idea except that now it allows the gees to play as '2's again. This does not set right with a lot of league players. The rule states one way but like some politicians does another. Playing a legitimate skill level '4' that gets to drop to a '2' is bad enough, but playing a '4' that should be a '5' or a '6' but now having to play him as a '2'-whooooaaaa!

Anyway, on this particular Wednesday night Rick is packing a skill level B-6, and someone was overheard to say that Rick May is packing too much weight. It would only be appropriate to let it be known far and wide that Rick May, back in his heyday, was sometimes honorably referred to as earlier stated 'Mayday' Rick May. When a very crucial match was needed in the clutch, Mayday was called upon to ensure the victory. However, as it is quite apparent, his opponent tonight is possibly the weakest skill level '3' anywhere in the surrounding six states. Rick does not even break a one-bead sweat. In fact, Rick could be overpacking as much as a double-figure '12' and still treat the kid as a redheaded stepchild.

The night moved along rather quickly. We were playing our matches on two tables, and when the fifth and final match began it was only around 9:30pm, give or take a couple of minutes. Rick is hammering the kid pretty good, 3-0. Now it's a race to three. Then all of a sudden, from out of left field, Rick decides that he is going to play 'one-pocket'. I am thinking that this is very strange indeed, because the Busch League rules state very clearly in blue and white that the league game is nothing other than 8-ball. But leave it to the brash Rick May to have the temerity to rewrite the APA Rule Book in the middle of a Wednesday night match in the middle of the session.

Rick's opponent is making his group of balls in any pocket he wishes, which is in accordance to the rules. Rick on the other hand has decided to make his group of balls, which were solids by the way, into the same corner pocket. And just in case you were interested, it was the far right corner on the head rail. Now, far be it to say that Rick May was not giving the kid a fighting chance, he certainly was. But, when Rick dropped the '8', the kid still had four balls on the table. At this point the score was 4-0.

Now Rick is in his cups and feeling good. For game five Rick is not only going to play the kid one-pocket, but now he has decided to play rotation one-pocket. This of course means starting with the lowest numbered ball first and working his way up, which is the correct way

to play rotation and not the way a certain gee was doing in a ring 9-ball game a few years back. But that's another story.

Again Rick wins. And now, for the coup de grace, Rick is not only going to continue at one-pocket, rotation style, he is going to take it one step further by banking all the balls into the lone corner pocket. You read it right. This certainly is no easy task. The kid, try as he might, cannot get any of his stripes out of Rick's way. It is quite possibly the only single game ever played where there were more than twenty safeties and nonperformance shots recorded, and twice as many of these as there were actual shot opportunities. Rick destroyed his incompetent opponent 6-0 in just a handful of legitimate innings.

Now we return to Mike DZ. This is when Mike Dzienciol came up with the novel way of describing Mayday Rick May and his rise to stardom in the pool leagues. It was after this match, which as mentioned Rick mercilessly beat up on this hopeless '3' (6-0), that Mike raised his cue stick high in the air emulating the great Lady of the Harbor, with her torch, and boldly announced: "Rick May is like the Statue of Liberty; bring me your hopeless 2's, your hapless 3's, and all your mediocre 4's". It brought the house down.

### MAYDAY RICK MAY

There is this ordinary player--Rick May  
With moderate to average ability some say  
He shoots as a '6'  
Getting his kicks  
By beating up weaker opponents all day

Sager: You got the '7', bad boy.

Rhonda: You got the '7' and the break.

MiSuk: You got the '7', the break and the matchbook.

Mary DeWeese: You got the '6', the break, the matchbook and the chair in the corner,

so you

can sit comfortably and watch me run

out.

(214 others say you got anything you think you need)

Have a nice day and say hello to the family.



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