

## **“Give’em Hell”... Mary Stillwell**

By  
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### **Division # 9 Wednesday 10-Weeks 2007 Summer Session**

No surprises here. To say Classic’s #2 ran off from the rest of the field is like saying Albert Pujols will have another outstanding season... or... Britney Spears will have another run in with the “man”. It’s gonna happen. Classic’s #2 galloped past the post with a 10-0 perfect record, four-games ahead of runners-up Shenanigan’s and Clubhouse, 6-4.

That’s right, 4-games. That’s not fair. No team should win by 4-games. That’s not a contest, that’s a massacre. Man... that’s like Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse and Gall with the entire Sioux and Cheyenne Nations riding down on Custer and the 7th Calvary.

It was no contest from the start. Classic’s #2 is captained by Mary Stillwell. This no-nonsense type gal always leads by example. Mary finished top of the honor roll for Top Player with her dazzling 20-4 .833 shooting. That’s one tough Chiricahua mama. She beat out fellow teammate Uncle Pete Mocca whose own dazzling performance of 25-6 .806 was good, but only for second place. And what a combo!

Then there’s Bullet Bob Robbins (19-7 .731) and Kickin’ Kenny Martin (16-9 .640) who also made the sheet. Add on part-timers Julia Gabriel (15-2) and Marland Choy (12-2) who filled in when Mary was out of town and you can understand why a couple teams wish Mary was outta town more often.

**Flash:** Mary Stillwell doesn’t like to play pool on Saturdays. Well there’s something that’s on the top of your list you wanted to know, duh! She also doesn’t do the “Electric Slide” or know the words to “Walk like an Egyptian”.

What I mean is... she doesn’t like to play pool on Saturdays in the All-Star tournaments. Who can blame her? Saturdays can be grueling and at times exasperating. So she set her sights on winning the Top Player award. Easy to think... not so easy to do.

Mary would certainly have stiff competition. Not only from several top players around the division but the all star caliber players from her own team.

One thing is well known about her is – Mary’s got game! When the early returns were posted Mary Stillwell was in a tie for second place with an 8-1 record. The frontrunner happened to be a teammate of Mary’s, Julia Gabriel. Julia was cruising at 8-0. At this point Classic’s #2 was in a first place tie, 3-0.

And then they pulled away. Classic’s #2 changed gears kicking up dust making a get-away like Bo Duke outrunning Sheriff Rosco P. Coltrane across Hazzard County the rest of the division thinking... there’s they go? And all the while Mary just relaxes and takes things in stride. One thing you should know about her; Mary puts panic on hold. You may beat her but you better bring a cut lunch because you may be here awhile. Chances are you might get one chance per game. Two is almost out of the odds.

**Another Flash:** And this is a warning... don’t let your guard down... especially you guys. Mary’s smile is attractive as a sunrise on a summer morning. It’s the same smile she uses when she meets her opponent for the coin toss. The blue eyes twinkling through her glasses makes one take notice how nice and sweet and polite this girl is. (Sure got’em fooled, Mary)

And he’s thinking – what’s she smiling about? She knows something! Oh, crap! Is this the one they call Typhoid Mary? The one that brings death and destruction?

Mary breaks open the rack, runs five balls, and the guy is thinking he's bound for a vacation on the river Styx. As she finishes off the rack and offers her hand, the guy reluctantly offers a congratulatory smile and creeps back to his table where his partners offer grins and snickers. "Whoever named her Typhoid Mary sure knew what they were talking about," he says. "If I had a beer I'd cry in it."

So Mary bought him a beer.

Gotta give her credit for a great sense of humor; prevailing yet unique. Like when the team reached 8-0 and all members were listed on the All-Star sheet. Another one of her opponents said something about how they keep blowing other teams away. Mary offered up notarized documentation that not one of her players was on steroids. A little weed, maybe... 'roids, no way. "Steroids will keep you outta the Hall of Fame," she quipped.

See, that's what I'm talking about!

And this team with all its talent can overcome many obstacles.

Example: The 7th week Mary's Marauders spotted that night's opponents 10-games on the wire. The race went from 11 to 16. At the conclusion of the match the score was 16-11. Yep, you guessed it! They held them to only one win. Mary and Uncle Pete went 4-0 that night.

Somewhere in the middle of round three, after Mary's team won the first 12 games taking over the lead 12-10, the security camera caught one of the opponents going through his knapsack. It was suggested that maybe he was looking for the cyanide capsule.

After seven weeks Mary was still hanging on to second place. She was having a tremendous run. Her 17-3 was just a little behind Julia's 13-1. By this time Allen Lewis threw his stick on the table and entered the running. When Julia Gabriel gave up the team because of her work schedule, Allen moved into first place with a great 8 out of 10 run.

Week-9 showed Allen Lewis had taken over first place. His 22-4 was slightly ahead and looked to be the shoe-in for the award. But then, as it so often happens, fate entered into the picture. Allen's lead lasted about as long as Renee Zellweger's last wedding. For the 10th and final week of play Allen had a bad-bad night. He went 1-2 and suddenly his chances disappeared faster than Al Gore's odds of becoming president. He dropped from first to third place.

Mary now had the title that had eluded her so many times. And we at the Missouri 8 Ball office say "big ups" kid. Now you don't have to play on Saturday. Congratulations....

*Rusty, Dusty, Roger & Jay*