

23rd Dick's Hatband – A Bizarro Baker's Dozen

It's DHB Week. The Serb is aware and The Serb is fashionably late (The Serb marches only to the beat of The Serb's drum). It's the 23rd DHB. It's The Simba edition for Pete's sake! The #23 Greatest GOAT of All-Time! And The Serb is busting.

In the past, perhaps The Serb has come across as more pointed and even negative towards developments in the DHB. Whether from its whack rules, its antiquated and misguided fairness doctrines, or its heavy exclusionary practices, many have suggested The Serb has been too critical of DHB Central Office and TD. Listen clearly as you read The Serb today: The Serb is the most positive force in favor of the DHB probably in the world. Go back and look at the transcriptions, if you doubt The Serb. It's all there. Whatever The Serb has done, whatever the methods, it has worked*. Consider this DHB in 2024. DOUBLE DIGIT growth for two years in a row now in this Major. No other Major has ever enjoyed that...ever. See the attached correspondence from the TD. To the TD, The Serb says: 1. Please "The Serb" and 2. You're Welcome.



*See the attached correspondence received by The Serb in the last week

Ah DHB Week. The Serb finds much of its pageantry engaging. The Champions Dinner is a delight. The Serb finds some of its tedium lending The Serb to think the TD has expanded beyond his slacks a morsel. Who is serious about a day devoted to pairings and scoreboard duty? Mostly, The Serb finds DHB Week very exhausting. Of course, The Serb is in such an advanced state of muscle atrophy that even saying exhausting to The Serb's team of transcribers is in itself exhausting. Nevertheless, The Serb also does find some of DHB Week to be downright amusing and cute. Like when these ten mofos think they know which of these eleven mofos are gonna win this mofo. Listen up, mofos! The only mofo that matters to Majors Nation is The Serb. The only thing that matters is what the The Serb has to say! All the rest of this Day 1 jibber jabber is just jibber jabber.

So here we are. A week of Fun and Festivities. Frivolity and Farfetchedness. Familiarity and Fantasy. Fantabulism and Funk. Freedom and Fubars. And, yes indeed, a whole lotta Feast and/or Famine.

Sure, there are plenty of hopefuls not here. Many said no. Most were unaware. Many SEs were left unrequested. Who cares about all of that? Some might. The Serb does not. Those that are here represent a unique and glorious field. Perhaps one unlike any other Major in the modern era. This time The Serb can make a real case for every one-um to win. And The Serb can also make a case for every one-um to lose.

The Weather will be a factor on Thursday (rain/wind) and maybe Friday (wind). Never been a 54-hole DHB. Never not been a V. The Venues are the same old MF, MHCC, PL, WR again. Same tee boxes. Same same same. The Classic Quirks endure - PIQ, TV Rule, S-Notice, Qualifornication – all wonderful beautiful traditions of the DHB. And the Field is made up of eleven stallions including six DHB champs accounting for thirteen (of 22) DHB wins and nine Majors champs with a total of 56 (of 90) Majors wins. The two non-winning chumps in the field are not chumps at all – only the TBLPTHNWAM and TBLPTHNWAM, they are (thanks be to The Soda). The only DHB rookie is the reigning HSS champ. The Serb stresses: ANY ONE-UM CAN WIN! Put \$20 on it. You can't lose.

Any question why the Serb is excited? When The Serb thinks of the task at hand, The Serb thinks of Kranz.

Why and why not...

CGO wins BTB if he simply plays well. Four rounds sub-80...he loses if he drowns in the strokes given.
STL wins if he gets off the tee and just plays...he loses if he thinks too much and misses a shorty or two.
ERN wins if he finishes Weaver like he starts MF...he loses if tracks are slow and the pressure mounts.
MSG wins if he is sneaky long and consistent tee to green...he loses if he is gets on the bogey train.
BT3 wins if he stays on the course and avoids the huge numbers...he loses if one measly thing goes south.
ICN wins if his iron play is solid (more clean than fat)...he loses if he feels it on Sunday playing the crusty vets.
LUF wins if he hits greens and makes putts...he loses if he scoops short right and has to get up and down all week.
TST wins if he ignores his glove and hits his irons full...he loses if he tinkers with half shots and innuendo.
DOED wins big if he starts well and turns it into a heater...he loses big if he chips poorly and avoids the heater
W wins again if he hits it enough for the short game to matter...he loses if he is getting up and down for bogey.
BDD wins if his long game is per yoosh and his irons suffice...he loses if the tee ball is too much of a challenge.

The Serb's Prediction:

Pretenders – TST, ICN, BDD

In the Mix – W, MSG, ERN, DOED

Contenders – BT3, CGO, STL, LUF

Dark horses to Win: W, BDD, ERN

23rd DHB Winner: BT3 (in a Feast)

From the Desk of the Tournament Director – Hatband

Dearest Serb –

Thank you so much for your continual positive thoughts, inspiration, and guidance in regards to our beloved Dick's Hatband tournament. We are again moving onward and upward and that is because of you.

It is only through the toughest love can we realize the errored paths we've taken and eventually find our way back and improve ourselves and grow. You are far more than an expert prognosticator. You are how we plan our day. How we nourish our families. You make us want to be better men here at Hatband.

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. And thanks also to POTM. A fierce duo.

Sincerely,

Tournament Director – The DHB

P.S. We will not be changing anything related to our rules, PIQs, or qualification process.
