

# State Of The Majors

January 3, 2023

“That’s a lot of money for a crapper.”

Authors and orators alike channel quotes from history for inspiration. As President of the Majors at the start of my second, but not lame duck, term, I find myself doing the same thing.

To be sure, the quote above is not likely be indexed or referenced in any history book or Bartlett’s Book of Quotations. It was overheard in the parking lot of Lowe’s on the eve of the Winter Summit, uttered by a man whose wisdom, judging by appearances alone, lagged his years.

Nevertheless, the simple poignancy of his comment provides a suitable backdrop for the State of The Majors.

2022 was, by virtually all accounts, a return to normalcy. Spring ushering itself forward in Utah (and Nevada), the Mondo opening the door to summer, the Dick’s Hatband in all it’s August and august glory, with a Hoo Hoo Shoot fall closure including a rotational return of the majestic, if not surgically enhanced, WeaverRidge. Like an aging starlet, she offered herself up to operating gurney in the hopes of recapturing the beauty of her youth. Early returns are positive, but don’t look too closely or turn the lights on completely...at least until morning when it’s time to go.

Rounds were played, putts were given, records may or may not have been broken, fun was had, beer was drank (or is it drunk...or am I drunk?), entries were confirmed and reversed and confirmed, substitutes were included, new players played, and on and on and on.

What a year it was.

2023 beckons once again, surely to be the best year of the majors yet. The unsteady labor market looms over the planning (“Doesn’t anyone want to work anymore?”), not unlike similar events of the past (“Is that ‘rona?”).

The Majors are strong and will survive; the State of the Majors is solid and will thrive.

A lot of money for a crapper, indeed!