Litter Louts

Part of golf's great attraction in addition to the competition, the striving for personal improvement and unique fellowship among fellow golfers is the pleasure one can enjoy amid the tranquility of nature's living environment.

Greenkeepers have moulded, sculptured and nurtured their individual domain to a place of beauty as well as an arena for sport. Why, we ask, is such a desirable piece of countryside subjected to acts of wilful desecration by none other than golfers?

Walk almost any course, both public and private, and one is faced with an accumulation of discarded drink cans, either dropped where the contents were emptied, thrown into bushes, stuffed down rabbit holes, hung in the branches of trees, floated down streams and even buried in the bunkers.

The mentality of these litter louts, who squeeze a tin into an obscene shape to enhance their fantasy of a Rambo image, before casting it to the four winds is beyond all comprehension. Do they think the greens, staff have nothing better to do than act as refuse scavengers?

The trend of soft drink consumption, no doubt stimulated by expensive TV advertising, has spread from the home to the streets and now to the golf course. The time of the year appears to make little difference. The need for a drink on a hot summer's day in understandable, but some golfers now regard a couple of cans of Coke as a necessary part of the golf equipment.

The can is often opened somewhere on the fairway, the metal ring dropped just where the gang mower will run over it. Before reaching the next tee where there is invariably a convenient litter bin, the can is thrown into the undergrowth.

How much damage is caused by these rings is difficult to estimate, perhaps greenkeepers would like to look through last year's maintenance accounts and see for themselves.

The excuse is — It is not the members, but must be golfers from visiting parties. Although there may be an element of truth in this suggestion, on the grounds that the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, said "Man does not foul own doorstep" nevertheless, most golfers playing away are members of one club or another and if they do not foul their own nest there is no excuse to foul another.

Such behaviour is not confined to the course. In one well-known club, considered to be fairly up-market, a member was seen cleaning his shoes in the locker rooms with one of the shower towels. When challenged his reply was "They all go into the wash, don't they?"

Until clubs insist on a more civilised standard of behaviour by making an example of those culprits caught in the act, the problem is likely to grow.

One club, or more precisely the professional, incensed by the litter on his course, organised the caddies to gather all the tins they could find. He piled them into a container outside the Pro's Shop, put up a large notice informing all concerned where this unsightly rubbish had lain and offered a bottle of whisky for guessing the number collected.

Thereby he achieved two objectives. The course was cleared of rubbish and the caddies split the sweep money.

Food for thought, for similar fund-raising schemes for Junior club members.