

## The Ultimate Survey

Back when I was a younger man I lived in suburban Chicago. The internet was not yet to be. As a result I chose to get most of my news from the Chicago Tribune. On page three sat Mike Royko's daily column. I read it religiously, most times forgoing the gloom and doom of the front page headlines. Royko was a classic. No topic was out of bounds. He wrote about everything Chicago and then some – the futility of the Cubs, crooked politics, insane traffic, doughnut eating cops, or other tongue-in-cheek topics.

The other day I was sorting through some boxes and came across one of his more notable efforts. In a response to an Ann Landers (remember her?) column questioning whether women preferred sex to cuddling, Royko conducted his "Sex vs Bowling" survey. The following are some of the responses he received:

"Although they are a minority, a sizeable number of men have said they prefer recreational sports or pastimes to sex with their wives or sweethearts.

Of these men, golfers appear the most willing to forgo pleasures of the flesh for the joys of their favorite sport.

And of all the sportsman, they tend to become the most poetic when describing its pleasures and rewards.

### SOME EXAMPLES

-- You must be jesting to even ask. Five hours on 150 acres of manicured beauty, breathing fresh air, experiencing the excitement of pars and birdies with my best friends, compared to five minutes of subpar lovemaking with 150 pounds of not-so-manicured woman who constantly complains about my income and lack of understanding? It is no contest. I'll take birdies over the old bat any day. Sign me, Two handicap in Naperville.

-- And from R.R.R. in Villa Park:

For me golf is more fulfilling. It provides four hours of uninterrupted pleasure in contrast to what? You get to set your own pace without nagging for speed or performance. A golfer is guaranteed 18 opportunities for success in one round. While playing your partners give you encouragement and praise when you aren't doing well. I don't ever remember that happening in my bedroom.

-- M.K. who wrote on stationery of the Forest City (Ark) Country Club said: I salute your sensitivity and insight. At least when my buddies on the links are amused by my inadequacies, inabilities and ineptness, they are laughing with me – not at me.

-- Pat of St. Louis:

In responding to your survey, I mentioned to my wife that I had to put down whether I preferred having sex with her or sinking a 40-foot birdie putt. She told me the odds of either happening in the near future were about the same.

-- A dissenting view on golf or sex is found in a tiny poem from an elderly fellow who signs himself "Old 88 in Cleveland."

When I was young and in my prime  
I'd rather swing my golf club any time  
But now that I'm old and gray  
I'd rather have sex twice a day

P.S. If you print this and get deluged with fan mail, please refer my phone number to females 70 and over.

-- A couple of bowlers weighed in:

Shaky Jake of Cleveland said: Any time my wife gives me the nod, I'll drop my bowling bag and stay home. I can always go bowling when I finish.

A similar view was expressed by Jim of Hoffman Estates: I would like to say that given a choice I would rather be having sex with my girlfriend and go bowling with my wife.

Leaving sports, another trend is being predicted by a sociologist, who wrote from the Washington D.C. area. He said the trend will be a result of Ann Lander's survey of women in which 72 percent of them said that they prefer cuddling with their husbands to going all the way. That survey, of course, inspired my survey.

The sociologist said that if cuddling does indeed become the most popular of sexual activities, it could lead to a dramatic change in American street language."

I'll let you fill in the blanks with that thought.

During his career Mike Royko wrote over 7500 daily columns for three Chicago newspapers. In 1972 he received the Pulitzer Prize for his work at the Chicago Daily News. He also compiled an unofficial biography of Richard J. Daley, long time Chicago mayor, Boss, a best seller. I recall reading the book as part of a high school current events class. He covered all the bases as his commentary reflected on some of the lighter sides of life. Mike passed away in 1997 at the age of 64.

As time moves forward, things get left behind. Today newspapers struggle to maintain readers. The internet has in effect diminished their importance. At times it's hard for me to get comfortable with this new technology. Guys like Mike Royko are gone. For some reason I felt like I knew the man from reading his columns every day. He was in touch with his audience because he wasn't above us, rather he was one of us.

These days we could us a little bit more Royko, a few more laughs and less of the gloom and doomers. Geez, I miss those days.