

ean Travel; Focus on Vienna

ice field, aqua-emerald-aqua color running through the infamous salt mines under one of the mountains, and courses down through the town of Salzburg dividing it into the new city and the old city.

A few miles from Berchtesgaten is a dusky jeweled lake, dotted with hemlocked islets and surrounded by mountains. It is Koenigs Lake (Kings Lake), and except for the fact that it is one of the main tourist attractions, it is one of the most gorgeous places I have ever been. The guide told us that on a summer day they could expect 4000 tourists. There was a good hiking path beside the lake, and with 4000 people marching breast to breast in the heat it must have been oppressive.

Since the Sound of Music was made in this area, (all the guides point out proudly where every scene was shot) I have been looking for eideweiss, but now it is only available in plastic reproduction. I think if they showed the Sound of Music every night in this town, there would still be enough people come to see it. This is a storybook country. It is impossible not to like it, even though you feel you might make a moral statement about it just because it appealed to an evil man like Hitler.

Vienna dances, Vienna glows.

Baroque palaces are pretty girls reflected in the Donau. Acres of manicured gardens form moats around castles. Vienna sings to the music of Brukner, Vienna waltzes to Strauss. The opera soars while Gilso putto point to a dome bedecked with an ascension mural. Ancient city walls have become foundations. Gilded mirrors reveal a beautiful face.

Scarring the face are giant bulldozers and diggers excavating a subway. Beneath the city, 30 or 40 feet are ruins of another Wien, Roman bricked, columned, arched and frescoed. Bulldozers rip relentlessly. You stand on a wooden platform next to the Graben and speculate on the city being uncovered. Everything is built on the shoulders of something else.

Klimpt surpassed Beardsly. Hunderwasser built Klimpt. All knew the power of an icon. All felt at some point their painting was being produced by a supernatural being.

Vienna is vision. Vision is fleeting. Time is fleeting. Vienna is time. Time wears a veil. Veils conceal visions. Visions become dances. Dances glow. Palaces are pretty. Girls are reflected. Reflections are fleeting. Vienne, Wien, fabulous Vienna.

Davis disproves doubters

By Les Bowen

UNCC senior Greg Davis has spent most of his life doing things people told him he could not do.

Davis was born in Harlem, New York 24 years ago. This, in itself, is not unusual. Greg, however, was born with "terminal vision" - a detached retina in his left eye and a cataract in his right.

Most of his life has been spent overcoming barriers - his blindness, the death of his parents, the school official who told him he "wasn't college material." Davis says, however, he has "a driving force within me...to prove that just because I'm blind I'm not a burden to society."

Davis said his parents told him he was going blind when he was ten or 11 years old. "I decided I wasn't going to let that get me down," he said. "I was going to do what I wanted to do anyway."

Greg came to North Carolina 14 years ago. He was able to prepare for his blindness by attending the North Carolina State School for the Blind. Officials at the school thought his career ambitions were too high though and tried to discourage him from thinking about a career in politics or even a college education.

Davis left the school in disgust and came to live with his grandmother and uncle in Charlotte. He finished his high school education at Central Piedmont Community College (CPCC) and began college there.

A friend at CPCC approached him one day about taking a seat in the Student Legislature. Greg was considering the idea when his friend asked him to run for the vice presidency instead. He ran and won. The next year he ran for student body president. It was a rough campaign, but Davis won. "My opponent said not to vote for me because I was blind," he said. "I think he turned a lot of people off by saying that, though, and it may have helped me get elected."

Davis said politics at CPCC were virtually ignored by the student body when he took office.

"I made Student Government visible," he said, "everyone knew Greg Davis. I never hesitated to get involved in controversy." Davis served two terms as student body president.

Davis transferred to UNCC last spring. He received CPCC's Hagemeyer award for service to the school last fall.

Davis, a senior religion major who wants to become a minister and then possibly enter politics, will attend Duke Divinity School next year on a Rockefeller Grant. "I see religion and politics as being intermixed," he explained, "especially in the black community. I'm not really exactly sure what I want to do, other than that religion and politics will enter into it. I like Reverend Jesse Jackson's style...I would like to teach a little."

Davis says he enjoys singing and listening to music. He is a member of the UNCC Black Student Union Choir and is vice president of the Salem Baptist Church choir. He says his tastes run to jazz and progressive rock. "Stevie Wonder is my main man," he said, "for obvious reasons."

Greg lists his major accomplishments with little self-consciousness or false humility. They include a Phi Beta Kappa award in junior college; listing among Who's Who in American Junior Colleges, chairmanship of the UNCC Student Legislature's Executive Committee, membership in the Baptist Student Union and the Black Student Union, participation in the North Carolina Student Legislature, the National Bicentennial Commission...the list is endless. It is recited with a quiet pride - not a pride born of conceit but rather the pride of one who all his life has been told "you can't" and is busy proving to the world that he can.

GOOD OL' DAYS

Samuel E. Spear

Female athletes have certainly done well for themselves in recent years, particularly in non-team sports. Once considered side shows at best, competitions among women athletes now draw large (if not spectacular) crowds and feature six figure purses most male athletes would have thought to be fantastic only a dozen years ago. Considering the mushrooming growth of distaff sporting events, your humble servant finds it curious (and not a little unfair) that the lady who first proved the potential of female athletic prowess has become little more than a hazy memory to all but the true aficionados of sport. The lady, of course, is none other than the great Mildred (Babe) Didrikson Zaharias.

Born Mildred Mildred Ella Didrikson in Port Arthur, Texas on June 26, 1914, the wonder woman of 50's sport first came to prominence by winning the baseball and javelin throwing events of the Women's National A.A.U. championships in 1930 and 1931. She performed equally well in qualifying to represent the U.S. in the Olympic Games of 1932, where she won the javelin throwing gold medal with a toss of over 143 feet, in addition to setting a new world's record of 11.7 seconds in the 80 meter hurdles. Sports writer Grantland Rice took notice of the 18 year old and invited her to play golf with himself and several of his colleagues. She eagerly accepted, despite not caring much for the game (she considered it too slow). After a quick lesson from Olin Dutra ('32 PGA champion and pro at the Brentwood course where they played), she went out and hit several 260 yard drives, this at a time when a 240 yard tee shot was considered a hell of a knock. Mr. Rice (a very adept judge of athletic talent) wrote that she had greater natural ability for golf than for any other sport and by 1935 she was playing the game regularly and well. Just five years later, in 1940, she won the Women's Western Open and the Texas Open.

Though golf was to become her primary claim to fame, it was not her only area of expertise. She became a good enough tennis player to hold her own against Alice Marble in friendly matches and carried a 178 average in a bowling league, once rolling a 700 series. In a pre-game exhibition at Yankee Stadium, she managed to strike out Joe DiMaggio and get light hits off the pitching of Spec Shea. This versatility combined with her fleetness of foot prompted golf writer Charles Price to pen a statement along the lines of, "...if asked, I don't doubt she would have entered the Kentucky Derby!." (During the Depression, she almost did agree to a carnival stunt consisting of running a foot race against a horse). She played numerous exhibitions of many sports throughout her career and could be genuinely outrageous (albeit always good copy) with such quips as "Hildegard, it's not just enough to swing at the ball. You've got to loosen your girdle and really and let the ball have it!" She married wrestler George Zaharias in 1938 and he proved the perfect comedy foil for her antics, as well as a sharp business manager for the purses she was beginning to realize.

Her fame became worldwide in 1947 when she became the first American to win the British Women's Amateur. Subsequently, the United States Golf Association (one of the strictest ruling bodies in sports) hinted that the kind of money she was receiving for exhibitions did not go along with her amateur status (which had already been relinquished once) and despite the limited opportunities available to her, she turned professional for the second time. But the Babe, Mr. Zaharias, and sports promoter Fred Corcoran met with a dew interested parties in '46 to found what would one day become the Ladies' Professional Golfers' Association. There were several 1948 tournaments which offered cash prizes to female pro golfers, but the Babe's primary headlines that year came from another run-in with the U.S.G.A. Having conquered all the worlds available in women's competition, she decided to go on to other trials and sent in an entry for the U.S. Open of '48. The Association's officials were dumbfounded and weren't sure what to do, as the premier championship's rules simple stated that it was open to all professionals (no sex clause) and low-handicap amateurs. The U.S.G.A. recovered quickly, though, and within 24 hours changed the tournament's name to the U. S. Men's Open, simultaneously releasing a statement saying that "As the championship has always intended to be for men, the eligibility rules have been changes to confirm that condition. Thus, the U.S.G.A. has declined an informal entry submitted on behalf of Mrs. George Zaharias." She did win the U.S. Women's Open that year, in addition to the distaff division of the "World" Championship at Tam O'Shanter, finishing the year as the leading women's money winner with \$3,400. She continued her run of success into 1949 to



be voted Greatest Female Athlete of the half-century by the Associated Press and in 1952 appeared with Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn (an excellent golfer herself) in the movie "Pat and Mike".

Constant fatigue in late '52 and early '53 led to the frightening diagnosis that the Babe was suffering from cancer. A colostomy was performed and doctors said she would probably be able to play golf again, albeit not tournament golf. So correct was their diagnosis that in the Women's Open of 1954, she only managed to shoot 291 and win the game's most prestigious female title by twelve strokes. She was 1954's second leading money-winner with over \$14,000 despite only being able to play in half of the events. But back trouble developed in 1955, followed by a return of the cancer everyone thought she was rid of for good. She never quit trying or making her outrageous jokes up until the date of her death on September 29, 1956. The world's greatest sportswriters did not go in for lavish eulogies, referring to her simply as "The greatest woman athlete this century will see."