

FROM LITTLE LEAGUE TO IVY LEAGUE

Instructional aide recounts time spend at Harvard,
focuses on experiences made there, future plans

by **RAGA JUSTIN**
staff writer

Numbers whirl across the page and jump off into nothingness, while the steady hum of the classroom is dulled by a fantastical daydream. With a sharp ring, the telephone heralds a welcome distraction from statistical improbabilities and current birth rates. Brought back to reality by the calling of his name, he takes the phone, bemused and presses it to his ear. A hearty voice greets him, uttering the words that will change the course of his life.

"This is Tom Lo Ricco from Harvard Baseball. It's nice to meet you, son."

Instructional aide Carlton Bailey was a member of the 2009 graduating class, a dedicated student and baseball player. Growing up, his future seemed inscribed in stone.

"I grew up in Oklahoma City, and I always wanted to go to OU and play baseball," Bailey said. "And literally into senior year that was still my plan. Through high school, I really didn't stress about where I was headed like most of my classmates. It wasn't an issue."

Fate intervened in the form of a phone call in his statistics class, during which he spoke to a Harvard baseball coach and first learned of the university's interest in him.

"I was like 'What? Wait, why?'" Bailey said. "They hadn't even seen me play, hadn't heard of me. I didn't know what they were going for. He was like 'We've heard of you, and we're interested in you' and I said 'How?' You know, the obvious question, and he said 'From our former coaches, and we think you'd be a good fit.'"

Skeptical, Bailey kept in contact with the coach for weeks.

"I was still thinking it wasn't realistic," Bailey said. "I was thinking 'Yeah, this is a joke, it'll

fizzle out, and I'll go to OU.'

After a couple of months I was like OK, this guy keeps calling me every week, something's real."

The real test came when he was invited to a camp in Boston to play baseball with other prospective applicants.

"I went up to the camp and did really well," Bailey said. "And that very day after my last game, they told me to apply to Harvard, and I was like 'Woah, really?'"

Elated, Bailey decided to apply but worried about the steep tuition. His fears were soon assuaged. Harvard calculates tuition with an algorithm that takes both parents' incomes into account. If a family's total income is below \$60,000 a year, tuition is free.

"As long as you're accepted, Harvard doesn't want money to be an issue, and millions of people don't know that," Bailey said. "I say I've gone to Harvard, and they're like 'Wow you have money' and I laugh and say 'No, I don't.'"

After the dust settled, his application was accepted and his decision was made, Bailey left Texarkana for Boston, where he quickly settled into college life.

"It's a totally different dimension," Bailey said. "My first day on campus was awesome. I met my best friends, who I'm still extremely close with. I was walking around Harvard Yard, and I saw this group of kids next to the John Harvard statue. I walked up to them and said 'Hi, I'm Carlton,' I was wearing this neon yellow Fresh Prince of Bel-Air shirt that had Carlton Banks on it, and they looked at me and said 'Seriously?' I nodded and then we all laughed."

Bailey was aware of all the nose-in-the-air cultural stereotypes surrounding the Ivy League lifestyle but discovered most of them proved to be



ROLE MODEL Assisting students in English teacher Robin Welsh's class, Harvard graduate Carlton Bailey is able to share his experiences about attending an Ivy League university. *photo by k. brinkmeyer*

ON HARVARD

"There were people from all over, it's not just one ethnic group. I thought originally it would be this WASP-y type atmosphere, but there were people from Africa to New Zealand, all different classes. It was diversity everywhere, not just cultural. But it's crazy because even though everyone's so different, there's so much common ground. I absolutely loved that."

Carlton Bailey



unfounded. One of his closest friends was the son of the CEO of American Express, a fact he wasn't aware of until more than a year of friendship.

"He never flaunted it," Bailey said. "There were people like that all over. I went to school with princes. My senior year, there was a Kennedy. There were some powerful people, but I never felt intimidated or looked down on. That was the great thing about Harvard."

Culture shock was imminent, but Bailey adapted and enjoyed the bricolage of heritages and lifestyles found in Boston.

"There were people from all over, it's not just one ethnic group," Bailey said. "I thought originally it would be this WASP-y type atmosphere, but there were people from Africa to New Zealand, all different classes. It was diversity everywhere, not just cultural. But it's crazy because even though everyone's so different, there's so much common ground. I absolutely loved that."

While adjusting to life in a new world was easy, managing school and a sport proved to be much tougher.

"I loved my teachers here, they were great," Bailey said. "But there's really no way you can prepare for Ivy League rigor until you're there. Freshman year I struggled. There were nights I was

like 'What did I get myself into?' My social life was nonexistent. Playing a D1 sport in college is a job. It was definitely tough, but if I had to do it again, I would. I don't regret it."

Faced with multiple career choices- music production, corporate law, even sports marketing- Bailey is unclear about which one he'll end up opting for.

"The possibilities are endless, and the hardest thing to do is choose," Bailey said. "I don't want to end up stagnant with work. I like spice too much. Working should be interesting, where you're laughing and having a good time a lot."

But it's the question hovering on everyone's lips that has Bailey laughing right now.

"Kids always ask why I'm living here after Harvard," Bailey said. "Those four years were tough mentally, physically. I came back here to regroup and see what I have in front of me, what I've done, what I need to do to get where I want to be."

Life is good at the moment, and Bailey isn't in a rush to change it.

"People are like 'You're scared to leave now,' and I just laugh and tell them 'No, I'm just waiting,'" Bailey said. "I'm young, you know. You're not young forever. I'm just hanging out, trying to enjoy the time I have, and we'll just see where I go."

The Final Notes

Music teacher bows out after 25 years of teaching

by **ROBERT HOOVER**
co-editor-in-chief

Vickie Al-Dubais is retiring from being the choir director, vocal ensemble instructor and piano teacher. After 25 years in the district, she feels as though her time here is done.

"Honestly 25 just sounded like a good number," Al-Dubais said. "It seems like it's time to move on."

Twenty years ago, Al-Dubais joined the high school staff and hasn't looked back.

"I taught elementary school for five years, and the lady who was the choir director here was moving to another town, and so I just decided I wanted to give it a shot," Al-Dubais said. "For the most part, I've enjoyed my time here, some years more than others."

When she was moved to the new PAC building, the administration set up a piano lab and allowed Al-Dubais to teach her classes more effectively.

"They bought a bunch of pianos when we moved into the [PAC] building. However, when I first started we had just two regular acoustic pianos," Al-Dubais

said. "We would put two people at a piano and just take turns. If you were ADD, you were just out of luck."

Al-Dubais said she was overjoyed with this new set up and has taken advantage of the tools she has been given.

"I've enjoyed teaching the piano classes," Al-Dubais said. "I love giving kids an opportunity to learn how to play the piano that would normally not ever get that chance."

Leaving the school will be bittersweet for Al-Dubais. Even though she will be able to enjoy her downtime, she will undoubtedly miss her students.

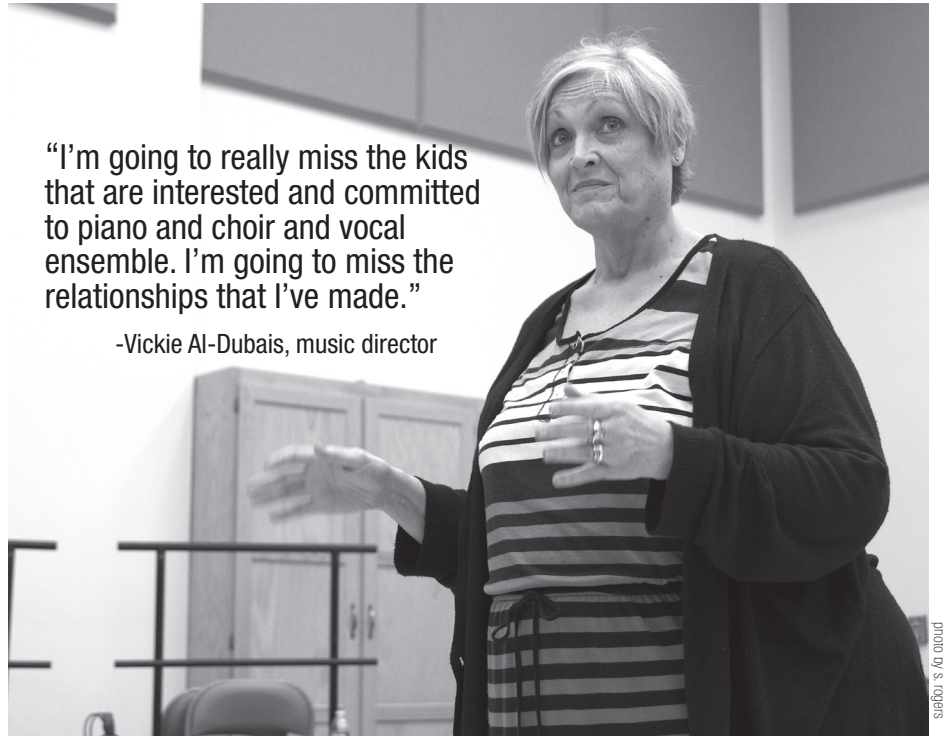
"I'm going to really miss the kids that are interested and committed to piano and choir and vocal ensemble. I'm going to miss the relationships that I've made," Al-Dubais said. "As a music teacher, it's a little different from like an English teacher because I get to have them all four years. We get to develop stronger relationships with a lot of those kids."

Even though the sad thoughts have begun to hit her, she remains optimistic. Al-Dubais has already started planning her future.

"I just finished making out my bucket list of things I'd like to do," Al-Dubais said. "I've always wanted to learn how to speak Italian, which I've started. Also, I've

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-Vickie Al-Dubais, music director



TILL THE END Vickie Al-Dubais conducts one of her last music classes like it is second nature. She soaks in every last moment of her career before moving on to a new chapter in her life.

always wanted to learn how to play the clarinet, I don't know why. I think I'm going to go buy a cheap clarinet at the pawn shop and drive my daughter and my pets crazy."

As graduation approaches, so does the end of Al-Dubais' long career.

"The song that we are singing at graduation is called 'Letting Go' from the musical Jekyll and Hyde," Al-Dubais said. "The words are really meaningful for this

being my last graduation."

Al-Dubais has prepared this piece as a tribute to the school and as her small way of saying goodbye to her last class of students.

"These words are just perfect, I think," Al-Dubais said. "Letting go when my day comes that I must say goodbye to you, it's the last thing in life I'll ever want to do, I know it has to be but it's hard for me, letting go."

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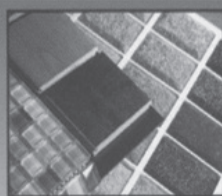
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Straight Outta Texarkana

Local artist finds passion, voice in music

by **JESSICA EMERSON**
online editor-in-chief

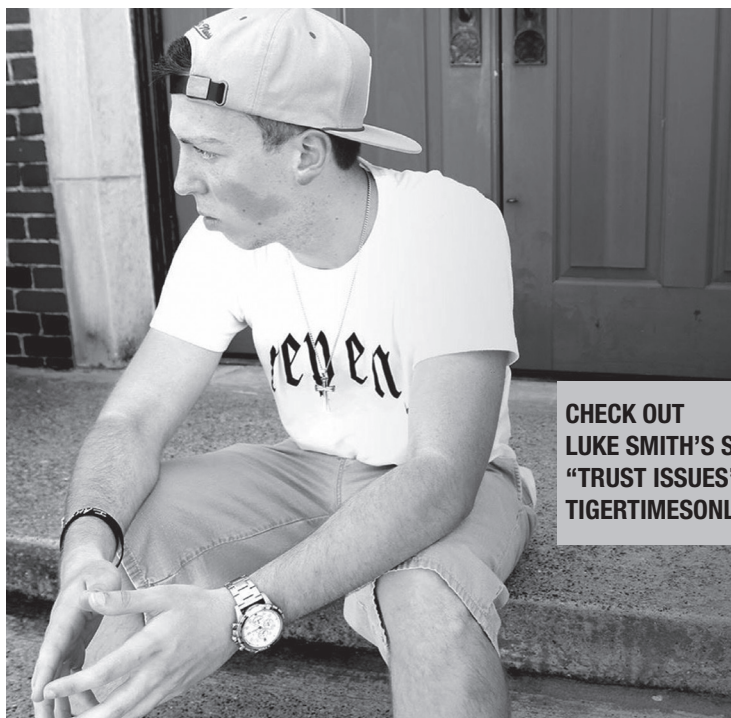
Nine years old. Like every Sunday morning, senior Luke Smith trudges into church, clad in khaki pants and a polo button down. Groggy eyed and slightly distracted, he sits leisurely in the pew, unexpectant.

Like a jolt of electricity, Smith sits erect, listening intently as the sound of rhythmic beats and rhymes begin to churn out of the muffled church speakers. From that point on, Smith has had a deep passion for rap music.

"I've always liked music," Smith said. "I heard my first rap song in church, it was called 'Joyful Noise,' by Flame, when I was 9 years old. Once I heard that, I was hooked."

Thirteen years old. Smith blasts Lil Wayne into his headphones, attempting to rap along to the steady hum and rhythm.

"When I got older, I would listen to guys like Eminem and



**CHECK OUT
LUKE SMITH'S SINGLE
"TRUST ISSUES" ON
TIGERTIMESONLINE.COM**

DEEP THOUGHT Senior Luke Smith contemplates the verses for his next songs. Smith plans to make a church tour and release more songs in the future.

Lil Wayne, and I'd try to imitate their styles," Smith said. "They were my two favorites at the time, and then it expanded to guys like Ace Hood, Rich Homie Quan and Chief Keef."

Slowly, Smith started to lose the desire he had. He couldn't find the missing variable that would foster his passion. As he

found Christ, Smith's love for rap began to grow and shape into a potential career.

"Once Christ came into my life, I thought I'd have to give up rap," Smith said, "until I heard guys like Lecrae and Flame. Later, me and my best friend were like, 'let's start rapping,' so we did."

His fervor grew, and he

released his debut single on Sept. 2 after an intense and strenuous recording process.

"The recording process was really cool," Smith said. "What I originally wanted to do was try to build my own beat, but since that would take a lot of time and money that I didn't have, the guy at S.M.A.R.T. Productions recommended that I find a beat

online that fit the song. Once I found one, we put it in the computer and we started recording the verses. We made some adjustments like adding certain noises,

getting a friend of mine to come in and record his voice as the hype guy, and we put it on a CD."

"Trust Issues" highlights his personal struggles in his faith and what he aspires to become.

"It's about trusting in God no matter what the circumstances are," Smith said. "In the song, I talk about how I'd like to become a big name rapper, but I have to trust in God to take me as far as he wants me to."

Although his first single has just been released, Smith already has future projects and a potential tour in the works. On Sept. 3, Smith went back into the

studio to record an EP, "This Is A Test." While juggling new tracks, performing at Tiger's Got Talent is also on the new artist's agenda.

"We plan to release it [This Is A Test] around Christmas break," Smith said. "The EP will feature Collin Runnels on one of the tracks and also a friend of mine named Zierre Spencer who used to go to Texas High. I would also like if I was given the opportunity to perform at different churches in Texarkana and like a church tour, where I perform at a different youth group each Wednesday. Whether I win [Tiger's Got Talent] or not wouldn't matter; I just love performing."

Success doesn't matter to Smith. He's after self expression and diving deeper into his faith.

"Music lets me feel like I can express myself better than I can any other way," Smith said. "I've always liked writing, but a song is like poetry to music; just like how in poetry they try to send a message through their work, music allows me to do the same thing. Honestly, sometimes when I pray I even rap the prayer because I'm talking to God anyway. I'm just doing it using one of the gifts I feel He gave me."

Out of the JUNGLE

Veteran shares WWII experience of being stranded for 94 days

by **ALEX O'GORMAN**
viewpoint editor

He can feel the muggy air around him, clogging up his throat and like rocks on his chest. His feet and lungs burn—they've been on fire for weeks. His torn clothing is molded to his exhausted body, and he only gets the chance to unstuck them in the river under the cover of the night. This

life, he thinks, is much different than the one he left behind in that small farming town in Arkansas.

It's been two months since the plane crash, and he is still walking. Constantly walking. Constantly trying to find a way out of the expanse of Indian jungle that he and 15 other servicemen have been trapped in for 63 days and counting.

The forest that serves as a sanctuary for so many animals has become his prison, and possibly his future grave.

On Dec. 10, 1943, 20-year-old James Brown shipped out from an Army base in Virginia to begin his time of service in World War II. Upon his arrival in India, Brown was immediately stationed at a base in the city of Kharagpur, where he readily assumed his duties of transporting supplies from India to China.

"There was no supply squadron in China, so everything that went to China had to be flown over there," Brown said. "No telling how many times I flew the [Himalayas] back and forth from supply depot to supply depot."

On one of these trips crossing the Himalayas, or the Hump, as it was called by Allied pilots, an event occurred that would change the course of Brown's life.

"On one trip coming back, and I

wasn't even on the crew of this B-29. I was... I call it hitching a ride back. There was only 16 aboard that plane," Brown said. "These B-29s was the first B-29s that was out [and] the engines would be malfunctioning and other things would be malfunctioning."

When two of the plane's four engines began to malfunction, a state of panic swept over the crew members. Almost everyone on board grappled desperately for parachutes and supply kits. The pilot saw an opportunity to land the aircraft, and slowly started his descent towards the sandbar of a nearby river.

"All of [the crew] jumped out except for me, the pilot, and the co-pilot," Brown said. "[Once they landed on the sandbar] all three of us started running away from [the plane]. And by that time it caught fire, so it was just gone."

In a stroke of good luck—the last one they would have for a while—every one of the 16 passengers survived the crash. Once they regrouped, the group was divided into two groups, with eight in each. The group that Brown was not in entered the jungle, leaving behind their crewmates which they would never see again.

"There were eight of us [in my group] and the pilot, he decided to take part of the crew and he let me take the other part, which was four people," Brown said. "I wanted to go west and he wanted to go south-east."

Immediately after beginning their trek through the sprawling terrain, Brown and his three companions realized that the territory was not unoccupied. Headhunters, tribes of hostile, cannibalistic people, were scattered throughout the jungle.

"At night, we slipped down into the river, 'cause [Headhunters] was in the area," Brown said. "One of us decided he would go during the day, and he got captured. We don't know what happened to him."

The imposing threat of the hostile tribes drove Brown and the other men into extreme caution when navigating the forest. They were only able to travel by the faint moonlight that broke through the gaps in the trees above them—the trees

that were also the only place to settle down without the risk of being attacked.

"We'd climbed up in those trees and we had little ropes and things that we'd tie ourselves with," Brown said. "Then, if you started falling out, then you'd be hanging there."

Every night, after determining that it was safe enough to continue, the men surged forward. Alone, aside from the constant buzz of the mosquitoes ringing in their ears, they stumbled across the abandoned camps of the other groups but never encountered them.

"We just picked up and tried to figure out where we were and how we were going to get out, and we just started walking," Brown said. "Two or three times, we found [a camp site] where they had been."

If Headhunters weren't a big enough problem by themselves, there was also the ever present issue of the sparsity of food and water. The first few days, the men were able to rely on the supplies they had taken from the plane.

"All the people on the plane crash had jungle kits, which gave you food, and we all had to put them on when we started to land," Brown said. "Now, this jungle kit would last about 10 days."

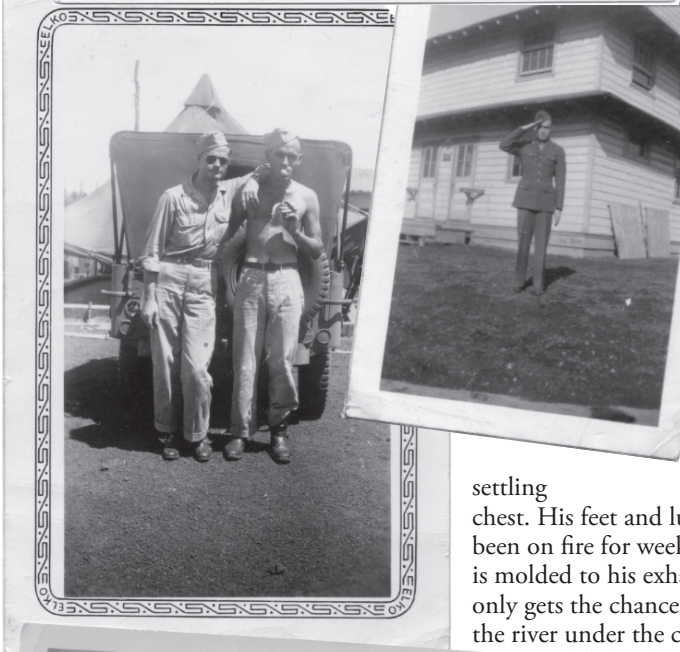
Once the 10 days of rations had run out, however, Brown and his group were forced to resort to other ways of obtaining sustenance.

"Well, you could watch birds," Brown said. "If they eat a berry, or something like that... Of course, we didn't eat any worms, but if the bird ate something we knew it was safe to eat."

While the food was a struggle, water was nearly impossible to locate. Due to the possibility of contracting an illness from the river water unable to be purified without fire, Brown relied solely on the showers that the jungle produced. In the tropical environment, the rain came often, but not often enough.

"We didn't have fire. We didn't light no fire ever," Brown said. "Sometimes the rain would rain on you, and we'd get leaves and things like that, and licked [the water] off of them."

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I'M COMIN' HOME

Family learns to cope with brother's absence

by **LAUREN POTTER**
design editor

Sitting at the gate waiting to hear his flight number over the intercom, getting as many laughs in as they can before waving goodbye, junior Piper Spaulding knows the routine. With her big brother Sawyer, Piper counts down the minutes until he boards his flight, taking advantage of every second they have left.

Piper's brother, Sawyer, began basic military training (BMT) in August 2013 and is currently stationed in Aviano, Italy, at a joint military base.

"Sawyer and I are extremely close. We have never really argued much because we are different genders and there's three and a half years between us," Spaulding said. "The first few months that he was away at BMT were really hard on me."

Life without Sawyer at home was different for Piper, for he was her go-to for any question she could think to ask.

"I was so use to coming home and making jokes with him and talking about school. He was like my personal Google. It sounds weird, but honestly, I asked him everything," Piper said. "He always answered my questions like about which classes to take, is high school scary, is the driving permit test hard. Everything I had to do, he had already done."

Although Piper has a sister, sophomore Hartley Spaulding, she considers herself closer to Sawyer.

"I'm definitely closer to Sawyer than I am to Hartley," Spaulding said. "When Sawyer was stationed in Italy, it was like ripping of my security blanket. I could no longer bust through his bedroom door and ask him anything I wanted so I wouldn't worry about it. He had always done everything first, and then told me what to do when it came to my turn. When he left, I had to do everything on my own."

When Sawyer left for Italy, Piper felt their connection wane.

"It almost felt like we weren't really connected anymore. I rarely could talk to him while he was getting settled in. I think we even drifted apart a little," Piper said. "It's hard to keep up with each other when you're separated by an ocean."

Despite drifting apart, Piper did her best to stay in touch.

"Sawyer being stationed in Italy wasn't near as bad as when he was deployed to Afghanistan. He wasn't safe on a military base anymore; he was out in the field working," Piper said. "That's when we started to talk a lot more and get closer again. I wanted to check on him every single day to make sure he was still okay."

In December, Sawyer and his parents planned a surprise homecoming for Piper



photo by M. Parish

HOMECOMING Junior Piper Spaulding embraces her brother Sawyer after he surprised her at school. Sawyer is currently stationed in Aviano, Italy.

and her sister.

"There are no words to describe how it feels when Sawyer gets to come home. The whole family worries about him while he's gone. We don't really talk about it, but we all know," Piper said. "When he gets home, it's like a split second where everything is right in the world. All the Spauldings in one room, safe."

Piper makes sure to cherish every moment she has with her brother at home.

"It sounds silly, but probably the best thing ever is getting to tell the waitress you need a table for five, not four, because we are all back together," Piper said. "I

can see it in my mom and dad. They're so much more relaxed when Sawyer is home."

Even though separating with Sawyer is difficult for Piper, she knows what he's doing is for the best and respects all that he has done.

"When he does have to leave, it's sad, but not like you would think. Like this past month when he left, I didn't cry like I have in the past. I've gotten to the point where I know he has to go, and I don't want to make it any harder than it has to be," Piper said. "I'm so proud of him. Sawyer is the bravest and most selfless person I know, and I love him more than everything."