

Mascoma Valley Regional School District

Special Student Achievement Showcase Edition



Mascoma Advanced French Students Enjoyed The Louvre in Paris this March. Pictured from left: Katrina Bill, Kiah Laramie, Dakota Roberts, Marcus Lewis, Kristina Valley, Amanda Arnold, Chris Sanborn, Zach Williams, Madame Beaufays, Ashley Cate, Hunter Leveille.

Mascoma School District

Five Towns, Four Schools, One District

Mascoma Valley Regional High School Class of 2012



Welcome to the second annual “Student Showcase” edition of the Mascoma Valley Regional School Board newsletter. This newsletter is funded by a grant to rural and low income schools and is part of an effort to better communicate with our community about what goes on in our schools. Included here are some samples of student work and records of student achievement from the 2011-2012 school year. We are so proud of what our students have achieved and we would like to thank our community for its ongoing support of our schools. Enjoy!

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Cameron Wilson
at the pottery wheel

Upcoming Events

- 6/10 - Senior Award Night 6 PM
- 6/13 - Spring Fling
- 6/13 - Yearbook Distribution
- 6/14 - Underclassman Awards
- 6/14 - Senior Trip
- 6/15 - Graduation 6 PM



Ben Poitras Flower Canaan Elementary School

Current School Board Members

James Gerding, Chair, Enfield
Cookie Hebert, V. Chair, Dorchester
Wayne Morrison, Secretary, Canaan
Dave Barney, Canaan
Claudette Peck, Enfield
Charles Sova, Orange
Steve Darrow, Grafton
Contact us for meeting times & locations at
(603) 632-5563
Email us or check out our web site:
www.mascoma.k12.nh.us

Design and Layout: Christopher Morse
and Art Club President, Abbey Bailey

Butterfly by Kyra Martin Enfield Village School



Mascoma High School and Indian River School students enjoyed assemblies with Akwaaba Traditional African Drum and Dance Ensemble. The ensemble worked with IRS students all week and performed with them at the Student Showcase Festival May 19th.

Members of the Class of 2012 Have Been Accepted to the Following Colleges as of May 20, 2012

Brigham Young University
 University of New England
 University of Tampa
 University of Maine
 Plymouth State University (8)
 NHTI
 University of Southern Maine
 New England School of Hair Design
 West Virginia University
 River Valley Community College (8)
 Montana State University
 University of Northwestern Ohio
 University of Vermont
 University of Hartford Conn
 Colorado Mountain State
 Salter School of Nursing
 Webster State University
 UMass Lowell
 High Point University
 University of New Hampshire (4)
 Thomson School of Applied Science-UNH
 Johnson & Wales University
 River View School

James Madison University
 New England Culinary Institute
 Commercial Dive Academy
 Misericordia University
 Daniel Webster College
 Rensselaer Polytech Institute
 Elmira College
 Lincoln College
 Full Sail University
 Swan Mountain Guide School
 Brown Mackie College
 Colby Sawyer College
 Wyotech
 Franklin Pierce University
 Keene State College
 Nashua Community College
 University of Connecticut
 Universal Technical Institute
 Vermont Technical College
 Hesser College
 University of Phoenix
 St. Michaels College



Bold New Initiative!

Enrichment programming can be effective reinforcing material that testing has revealed as needing more attention. Experiencing the Arts is sponsoring a bold new initiative to support developing innovative enrichment addressing such areas in the curriculum. For example, testing revealed that many students had difficulty understanding idioms. Experiencing the Arts sponsored prizes for students to create original stories and artwork on the theme of idioms. The prize winners will be published in Art Club's Literary Arts Magazine. Indian River School's Rachael Pottie won first prize in the Idioms prompt and her piece "Don't Look a Gift Horse in the Mouth," (pictured here) will be featured on the cover of the magazine! The idiom prompt was inspired by our assessment of test results and takes action toward improving student understanding. Hopefully, it is also fun.

Experiencing the Arts hopes many teachers invent creative ways to improve student performance with hands-on programs and we look forward to sponsoring the efforts and sharing the innovative programs at our annual Student Showcase Festival.

2012 Student Showcase Festival

Experiencing the Arts is a multifaceted enrichment program having provided hundreds of programs to Mascoma School District for the past ten years. By far the biggest event it sponsors is the annual Student Showcase Festival. 2012 was the seventh year of the Student Showcase Festival. The Student Showcase Festival was the biggest and best quality student showcase yet. Below are statistics about the growth of the Student Showcase. In 2013, the hands-on week and festival will be May 13 – 18th.



A capacity crowd was in attendance for the Spring Music Concert at the Student Showcase Festival, May 19th at Mascoma High School.

2011 Total Student Assessments: 567
 2011 47 students performed
 2011 111 IRS student works
 2011 66 CES and EVS student works
 2011 390 student works from MVRHS

2012 Total Student Assessments: 1228
 2012 134 students performed
 2012 179 IRS student works
 2012 338 student works - 112 CES, 226 EVS
 2012 577 student works from MVRHS

Experiencing the Arts has been funded by more than a hundred thousand dollars of grants from The Byrne Foundation, NH State Council on the Arts, NH Charitable Foundation's Walker Fund and Welborn Trust, Mascoma Foundation and funds from Mascoma High School's "Assemblies and Special Events" and "Artists in Residence." On average, Experiencing the Arts annually sponsors a dozen faculty requested field trips, four assembly programs, Art Club events and contests and dozens of programs surrounding the Student Showcase. For a list of Experiencing the Arts programs go to <http://web.valley.net/files/oculus/0211PerformanceHistory.pdf>

Mascoma Athletic Achievement

Numerous Mascoma athletes were recognized for outstanding performances over the course of the year. Spring athletes have not been selected at this time but here is a list of fall and winter athletes who enjoyed post-season recognition. In the fall, Chris Kondi (soccer), Justin Marsh (football), Kori Kosiorek and Emily Seamans (field hockey) were chosen to the Division III 1st team all-state. Amy Brock (field hockey) and Kyle Kosiorek (football) were chosen to the 2nd team and Riley Green received honorable mention in soccer. Chris Kondi was also selected to the Twin State Lions Cup Team which will take on Vermont in the early summer.

Winter athletes who were honored included Ethan Dickinson who was elected to the Division III 1st team and Amy Brock and Nikki Debalsi who received honorable mention status. Basketball coaches also select an all-academic team and Mascoma athletes selected were Riley Green, Ethan Dickinson, Nikki Debalsi, Jenny Gilmore and Kori Kosiorek.



5 Todd Buckwold
 24 Cameron Braley



A Highlight of the Annual Portfolio Show, Zoe Freese and her ceramics, June 5th 6:30 – 8 PM Canaan Town Meeting House With the IRS art show.

Including: Jake Routhier, Desirae Lurvey, Nick Colaiacomo, Luke Hersey, Aleah Judd, Sarah Levesque, Victoria Makalinaw, Katie Moulton, Ike Thibodeau, Kalyn O'Connell, Norberto Ramos, Zach Stalker.

CHIPPING AWAY THE PAST

By Paige Doody

When you worked as a cashier in a pharmacy nothing ever happened. At least that was what Amy thought until a girl with short brunette hair walked through the door. She was wearing super hero pajamas and a purple sweater with the letters “D” and “I” in large white print. Amy hid a laugh. She was sometimes amused by the things customers wore, but most of the time customers were awful. Waiting for the eighty-year-old lady to walk up the aisle, hearing every screaming baby being dragged up and down the aisles by their too-tired mothers. Amy found her job tedious.

The brunette walked off to the west side of the store. Amy went back to her daydreams. Where had she been? Oh yes, thinking about how she should have done better in high school. She should have gone to college so her parents would be paying her tuition until she acquired a better occupation. This awful little store would be as good as she could get now. She remembered seeing commercials about going to college no matter who you were. Maybe she could do that, though she doubted that her parents would give her any more money. They had kicked her out just last month for being too lazy. She thought they were just being ridiculous.

The brunette girl with the super hero pajamas came back around the corner. She was holding a one-liter bottle of Coke Zero. She disappeared again. Amy hadn't seen the girl come in with anyone, so she assumed the girl was alone. Amy wondered if the girl even had any money.

Amy looked at her chipped nails. They were the same pink color that she had painted them for prom. That was the night she broke up with her boyfriend. He had gone to college like everyone else, leaving Amy behind.

The brunette girl came back into Amy's line of sight. She was holding a roll of candy in her hand and the soda under her arm. She walked up to the check out and dropped her two items on the conveyor belt. Amy frowned at the items. It was a strange purchase to make at a pharmacy. The brunette caught her looking.

“Do you have a problem with what I'm buying?”

Amy looked up, startled. The girl's tone of voice reminded her of a girl she had known in high school named Sammy. She was always mean to Amy. Unfortunately, Amy never stood up to Sammy which was why she had such an awful social life in high school. After high school, Sammy still thought she was so much better than Amy because she had gone to an Ivy League school. Amy wished she could go back in time and tell

Sammy to stop being so mean. Amy looked at the brunette.

“I do not,” she said through gritted teeth. A rude comment would have come from her mouth if it had not been for her manager stressing the importance of the employee manual.

The brunette smiled and laughed like she was in on some joke. “I know, I just wanted to freak you out. Sorry.”

Amy's face was blank. “Uh, okay,” she said slowly.

“I like to mess with people,” the girl explained. “You seem like a fun person to mess with.”

Amy didn't say anything. She checked out the two items and tried not to think too much about what the girl said too much. The girl's voice implied that she was perfectly nice and she was only trying to joke with Amy but her words implied that she thought Amy was stupid.

“You have a gullible face, you know?”

Amy looked up sharply. “Do you think I'm stupid?”

“Well, you look like you're about twenty. There are no college breaks at this time of year and no colleges anywhere near here. It is the middle of the day, so I am guessing you dropped out of high school. So yes, I do think you're stupid. Do you not think so?” the girl asked.

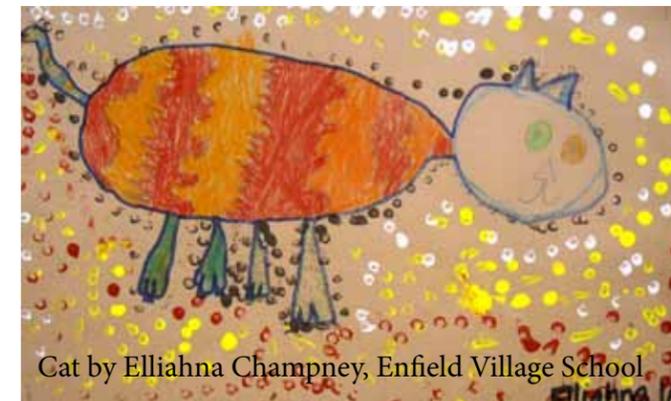
Amy's mouth hung open. She didn't know what to say. Was this girl deranged? Amy wanted to start yelling at her but it wasn't just the fact that she would be fired that kept her from doing it. “Yes,” Amy admitted.

The brunette smiled. “That's what I thought, but don't worry. I believe there are always second chances.”

“You think there is a second chance for me?” Amy asked skeptically. Who was this girl to say something like that?

“Yes, I do,” the girl said as she shuffled through her wallet for some money to buy her candy and soda. She placed the money on the counter. “There is no point carrying that chip on your shoulder. You should just focus on all the things you can do and move on with that.”

Amy frowned. “Why are you telling me all



Cat by Elliahna Champney, Enfield Village School

this? I don't even know you.”

“No, but everyone needs advice from time to time” the brunette said. She smiled at Amy as she opened the bottle of coke. Amy watched as she opened the roll of hard candy, took out a couple pieces of the white round candy and jammed them through the opening of the bottle. Amy didn't really have time to ask what the girl was doing because a second later the bottle exploded into a mass of light brown fizz. Amy jumped back as it sprayed all over everything; the cash register, the aisles, her clothes—everything was covered by the time the bottle was empty.

When Amy looked the girl was gone. The money was still on the counter next to the empty coke bottle. Amy couldn't help the confusion she felt. There was anger because she would be forced to clean up the mess, but there was also a hope that she couldn't put her finger on. As she cleaned up the spilled soda she set her sights on something better than cleaning floors at a pharmacy. She decided on something her friends had done years ago—she decided to go to college.



Winning Dragon by Amy Labrecque



Hannah O'Connell's International Foods Final

Family Trip

By: Taylor Averine

My family and I have only taken two major trips together, and both of them were for my cousin's weddings.

His first marriage was in Norway. My brothers, my dad and I all flew over from New Hampshire. I was only six and had never flown before. As we came in for the landing I remember grabbing hold of my brother Zack's hand.

"Stop squeezing so hard, you're going to stop my blood flow."

As soon as we landed and got off of the plane, I knew it was a completely different place. It was really cold, but the air was fresh and crisp.

"Velkommen til Norge..."

I know now that means welcome to Norway, but back then it sounded really weird. Everybody spoke in a strange language that we had no clue how to understand. Fortunately, some people spoke English. I learned how to say a few things in Norwegian, and I was good at smiling.

We slept at my Cousin Greg's house. Our room was under the slant of the roof, and I remember looking through the windows. There was snow everywhere. It also got dark really early, and quicker than I remember at home.

Greg had one of his beloved VW buses there and he took us around to see the sights. I can remember riding around in his yellow bus and going to a huge church. There were great big stairs going up and up and up! Each section ended at a landing that was surrounded by a railing with posts. As I went up to a landing, this great big, giant Viking-like guy yelled.

"Jump down to me...I will catch you."

I was a pretty crazy kid and loved to do wild things. So it didn't take much convincing from my brothers. I slipped through the posts and launched

myself out into the air, knowing this huge Norwegian would catch me. He had to; he was as big as a brick wall!

The other big memory I have seems kind of funny, but in Norway we ate an unfamiliar Cheerio-like cereal. It was glazed over with honey coating. It was super sweet and I must have liked it to remember it that much.

That all happened ten years ago...just this past summer we got to go to another wedding of Greg's. This time my dad and I flew down to the Virgin Islands.

The two trips couldn't have been more different. The only thing similar was the really long plane ride. I was not afraid of flying anymore, so I didn't have to worry about that.

This time the people that greeted us at the airport spoke English but everybody had a really thick island accent. They were all very black. The girls had fully braided hair with weaves, and the guys had monster dreads. It looked like they had been growing them forever.

We stayed in Blue Beard's castle, a modern resort actually built around the historic castle. A big old rock watchtower looking out over the marina was the center piece. Iguanas, some bigger than my arm with big ol' beards wandered all over the place—this place was cool. Our room had a balcony, and we got to see some huge cruise ships come into port while we were there.

For this wedding, the weather was definitely not cold and snowy. We went to the beach almost every day. At one particular beach, on Meagan's Bay, we had a couple of firsts.

"Dad, look at that pelican." A pelican circled and came bombing out of the sky, dove into the water, and disappeared. A while later it popped up and flew back up to do it again. While we were hanging out, this really old guy who smelled as bad as the donkey he was leading around came up to us with a huge smile—half his teeth were gone, but he looked happy.

"Do you want a picture riding on Penelope?"

"Let's do it dad."

"You go ahead..."

This time I actually remember Greg getting married. Everything was totally spectacular. The view behind them as they stood to marry was breath taking. It was crazy how movie-like it was. Everybody there was beautiful, and I couldn't imagine it any better.

A couple of days later, my Uncle Herm managed to make my trip. He asked me what I wanted to take home with me.

"A tattoo..." I replied.

I got back on the plane, happy to be going home but hoping all my future trips could be this good.

Road to Insanity

Story by Gabrielle Forshee

People who believe a family trip could go smoothly are more than naïve; they were born yesterday. When it comes to family trips, anything that can go wrong will go wrong. This is exactly the case for me. Though I don't have the cliché annoying younger siblings, I do have a Labrador retriever that weighs as much as me. Add two incompetent parents to the mix and I've got a headache before anything has started. This is the trip that never ends.

The day begins just like any other except for the fact that by the time I wake up, my house looks like it was pillaged in my sleep. Clothes hanging out of drawers, bathroom sinks running, and a minefield of suitcases makes my inner neat-freak cringe. I traverse the suitcase minefield without injury and manage to grab one of my own. Of course they would leave me the one with the broken zipper!, I remark to myself.

Hap-hazardly, I drag the suitcase up the stairs like a dead body. Methodically, I put everything I need inside. I triple check by counting on my fingers how many days I will be gone versus how many clothes I've packed. Satisfied, I zip the suitcase with the one working zipper and drag the ever-heavier suitcase downstairs.

"Did you remember your pajamas?" My mother asks innocently.

"Of-course I-" Then I realize that I hadn't. I race back upstairs and grab the first thing I see. The crumpled pajamas are unceremoniously shoved into my suitcase. All done, now to wait.



Waiting is a concept I've had to learn to accept, no matter how irritating. My dad is the sloth of all sloths and hates family trips more than a cat hates winter. Everything, and I mean everything, is done at the last minute. While packing takes me twenty minutes. For my dad it's an all-day event. Four hours later, my dad has remembered more things than he has forgotten, so I am finally able to get in the truck. My dad locks the doors and puts on the alarm. Just as we pull out of the driveway, he has forgotten something else. So as my headache rages further and my dog, clueless, shakes a flurry of fur on me, we wait once again.

Preparing for this trip took longer than the drive there. Eight hours, eight hours of allergen-packed dog hair. Eight hours of our non-lumbar supporting truck seats. Eight hours of country radio and me, blocking it out with my iPod at max-volume. These are fun times.

We arrive at our destination with only a medium level of irritation and fatigue. It's two in the morning, and I'm ready to pass out right where I stand. Then I realize I have to unload the truck with what seems to be our house on wheels. Is this vacation over yet?

Loons Out There

There are loons out there, I can feel them, waking up in their beds like me.
Their feathers taking a dip in the water, steering with their tails while I
steer my toy boat in the bathtub.

There are loons out there splashing in the water pecking other loons,
telling them it's their territory.

There are loons out there sitting in the grassy fields
at the same time I am chasing a butterfly.

I always let it go then I hear ha-ha-ha-ha-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho noises.

There are loons out there walking to their nests
while I walk to my house, keeping warm.

When I get home I sit at the table eating my bread as they eat their weeds.

The day is over, I am almost asleep.

The loons ho-ho-ho-ho-ha-ha-ha noises lullaby me to sleep.

In my dreams I say, "No matter what happens,
I will always be glad there are loons out there."

By Lillian Bennett Canaan Elementary School

A Cold Trip

My dad and I were going on a snowmobiling trip, the same one we go on every year. We were all packed up and ready to head out. We told mom our trip route, left a map on the table and left for the best trip ever.

We had been riding for sometime and the snow was coming down harder and harder. Stuck in the middle of a really bad now storm, dad was having trouble seeing the trail. Before I knew it we were off track and had no idea where we were going. All I knew was I was cold and hungry.

"Dad, what happens if we don't make it to the cabin?"

"We will, don't worry. I think I know where we are."

We had been riding for hours when we went straight down into a creek. I could hear my dad screaming in pain, nothing else, just screaming. I felt like I wanted to cry but then something hit me; I had to be strong. I crawled through the heavy drifts over to my dad and saw what was wrong. The snowmobile was

on his leg. It was at a weird angle and there was blood all around. At least, everywhere I could see.

"Dad, what do I do?"

"You're going to have to move this off of me."

"I'm scared dad. What if I can't do it?"

"You can do it. I know you can."

As soon as I started to press on the sled my dad began to scream but I just kept pushing until I rolled it off his leg. What I saw was not good; he was badly hurt. His lips were turning blue, and he was shaking wildly.

It felt like hours had gone by with just the sound of the wind and my dad's moaning. I had been trying to keep him warm by lying down next to him but he wouldn't stop shaking.

"This is not good, dad. What should I do? Go look for help?"

He didn't say anything and I knew that I had to find somebody to help soon. There was nothing else I could do. I got up and started to walk back along our trail.

I was really scared, and all I could hear was howling from some animals. I felt all alone. Then, I saw a light, and I began to run toward it. I came to a wide-open area. I was on a lake. I saw a house on the other side, so I began to walk toward it. When I made it to the other side, I still had to climb up a hill. I felt this love and wonderful feeling come over me; I was going to find help, and my dad was going to make it. I made it up to the house and stared to yell. No one answered—just the wind. I screamed and yelled but still got no answer.

There was nothing to do but walk back. I felt so close to being saved, to feeling like it

was the end. This is how I'm going to die.

When I got back to my dad, I laid beside him. He was still breathing and I could hear his heartbeat. Laying there in the cold, thinking there was no hope, I heard a sound getting louder and louder.

"Snowmobiles!"

I climbed up out of the creek bank, and waved my arms screaming, "Over here, help us!"

They were coming my way, and that felt so good.

They stopped, and I told them what had happened. We had to get my dad to the nearest hospital as fast as we could. I helped them get my dad on a sled, and we were ready to go. "Dad we're going...we're going home, dad."

By Skye Redmond

SALAMANDERS OUT THERE

There are salamander out there I can feel them.

One morning salamanders were eating worms for breakfast,
just like I eat eggs when I wake up.

While the salamanders stretch, I stretch in the morning.

At lunch time the salamanders feast on their beetles
while I eat my macaroni and cheese.

In the afternoon, the salamanders lay their eggs in the pond.

The salamanders rest at their hole among the tree roots,
while I play football outside with my brother.

It's time for dinner so the salamanders consume their snail
while I am devouring spaghetti and meat balls.

When the salamanders are done,

they come out of their log to take a walk while I get tucked in.
I'm glad there are salamanders out there.

By Austin Churchill Canaan Elementary School

Watercolor by Katelyn Yoder



SAU 62 Standardized Testing Information

During the 2011-2012 School Year, Mascoma students again participated in three standardized testing programs.

1. Students in grades 3 through 8, and grade 11 took the New England Common Assessment (NECAP). This traditional test is taken by students in New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, and Rhode Island in October. The NECAP contains 3 reading sections: decoding, vocabulary and comprehension and 4 math sections: numbers & operations, functions & algebra, geometry & measurement, and data, statistics & probability. The results of the tests are returned to school districts in February.

NECAP Results- October 2011

Grade	NH Math	SAU 62 Math		Grade	NH Reading	SAU 62 Reading	
		CES	EVS			CES	EVS
3	347	347	351	3	349	349	351
4	448	457	449	4	448	453	449
5	547	544	544	5	548	547	546
6	647	643		6	649	649	
7	745	739		7	745	739	
8	844	841		8	851	851	
11	1136	1134		11	1148	1145	



Superintendent, Barbara Tremblay and Assistant Interim Superintendent Patrick Andrew enjoy the seventh annual Student Showcase Festival with their families.

In April, districts receive Adequate Yearly Progress designations, also known as AYP. The results are based on the NECAP scores. The designations for Mascoma schools are shown below. Please note that even if the whole school made adequate yearly progress, but the special education or the low socio-economic status group did not make adequate yearly progress, then the entire school is considered a failure. This in turn causes district failure.

AYP Chart for October 2011 NECAP Administration

	Reading Whole School	Reading Sp Ed	Reading Low SES	Math Whole School	Math Sp Ed	Math Low SES
MVRHS	Yes	Yes (SH)	Yes (CI)	No	Yes (SH)	Yes (SH)
IRS	Yes (CI)	Yes (SH)	Yes (SH)	No	No	No
EVS	Yes	Yes (CI)	Yes	Yes	Yes (CI)	Yes
CES	Yes	No	Yes (CI)	Yes	No	Yes (CI)

(CI)- Below, but close to require score

(SH)- Showed a 10+ point gain

Standardized Testing Information (continued)

2. Some Mascoma students take the National Assessment of Educational Progress or NAEP. Several groups of students were selected from Canaan Elementary and Indian River School to complete the assessment in January of 2012. We do not receive school, grade or individual results from this test. However, the results are released by regions and show that New England schools outperform those in other areas of the country.

3. Mascoma students are tested twice each year with the NWEA, the North West Educational Associates test. This test is an individualized, computer-based exam. The results give district officials a good idea of how our students compare to others nationally. In addition, the NWEA provides a growth measure so teachers can see how much an individual student or an entire class has grown over the course of a school year. The NWEA is also used by the guidance department to help determine student placement each spring, and for needs-based grouping by classroom teachers.



The Science Department created an outstanding display of student assessments at the Student Showcase Festival. This part of the display featured projects about genetics and included models as well as posters and reports.

NWEA Results- Spring 2011

Grade	National Reading	SAU 62 Reading		Grade	National Math	SAU 62 Math	
		CES	EVS			CES	EVS
2	175	185	177	2	178	177	180
3	189	190	197	3	192	197	198
4	199	208	205	4	203	205	208
5	207	212		5	212	216	
6	212	216		6	219	219	
7	216	218		7	225	222	
8	219	221		8	230	228	
9	221	228		9	233	236	
10	223	230		10	235	242	
11	224	232		11	236	245	

4. Many seniors take the Scholastic Aptitude Test for college entrance. The College Board Information Service provides each district with a composite score for each area tested. The table below shows that Mascoma Senior Test Takers scored above the National Average in all three categories:

	Percent of Class Taking SAT	Reading	Math	Writing
U.S.A.	Not available	497	514	489
MASCOMA	70%	499	519	497

District staff is currently examining test scores, attendance information, demographic data, resources and material to develop a better understanding of what is happening in our schools. The staff is using that information to determine how we can improve instruction for all students.

If you have testing questions, please contact your child's teacher, or Nancie Murphy at the SAU office.