***Addendum to the October 2, 2014 Report***

Please read the reports listed below. They are examples of the variety of careers we have enjoyed over the past 50 years!

**Raymond Albanese – Scarsdale, NY**

During my time at EHS I was never allowed to take regents courses, only general studies but thank God I made the best of my education even though EHS didn't consider me to be college worthy. I went to New York City Community College taking business courses at night them more courses at Westchester Community College. Right out of high school I went to work with my family in our restaurant business first in Eastchester (Waverly Square) than to NYC at a restaurant we bought called Damons in the Garment Center. My Dad and I then bought a local hang out named Ski's Bar and Grill on the corner of Post Road and Brook Street. I went out to Arizona for a quick vacation and low and behold got married out there to my wife Patsy. We have had the pleasure of having 2 wonderful children. Andrew who is 41, married to Susan and they gave us the most incredible granddaughter imaginable, Adriana who is now 2. Andrew is a career Firefighter in town and an electrician. Alaina is now 32, graduated from Concordia College in Bronxville and is hard at work and has a great boyfriend. In 1999 we decided to close our restaurant (Albanese's Restaurant) and I went to work for Westchester County working in the Office of Emergency Management where I have been for the last 17 years. If everything works out for me I hope to retire from the County next year (2015). I was an elected Fire Commissioner for 31 years but am still a Volunteer Firefighter. I love my family and Thank God for the many blessings he has given me. I am looking forward to seeing all of you at our 50th year reunion.

**Hank Fanelli – Denver, CO**

Gees Dom this already feels like a homework assignment. Ok here goes; graduated PACE Pleasantville in 68 with Dom. First grad class from that campus. With Dom, started Alpha Gamma Pi, the first campus fraternity mostly dedicated to drinking beer.

Majored in marketing because it sounded easier than accounting. Minored in psych and still don't know to this day who or what I am. Married first time after basic training to a girl I met at Pace.

Joined The USAF on graduation to avoid the draft and spent time in Nebraska at Offutt AB (coldest whether I ever experienced). Then on to Thailand to support the war in VN when we were not supposed to be bombing. The base I was on had 18 squads of F4 fighter bombers that never came back to base with any ordinance but left fully loaded. From there to Vandenberg AB in Ca. (big secret it had underground missiles that could hit any spot in the world).

Discharged there called a cousin who worked for Blue Cross which had a contract to process Medicare Claims for the Gov. Got a job there processing Medicare claims. Funny now someone else is processing mine. From there to Alta Bates Hospital in Berkeley then spirited away to Peat Marwick in their health care consulting practice. All this specializing in hospital finance billing and collections. (Already I am going on too long) Then hired away to be the finance officer for Highland General Hospital, Oakland Ca. County hospital and wound up doing The CEO job after he was fired. Got a call from a contractor I hired to sue health insurance companies for non-payment of hospital claims who hired me to manage their Southern Ca. ops. Got divorced and met my second wife while carousing the bars. Was offered a job as CEO of a nephrology practice and dialysis center in Denver and accepted. My girlfriend at the time said she wouldn't go with me as my girlfriend so I asked her to marry me and we were married on the beach in Maui. (maybe if I make the type smaller this won't seem so long)

Built up the biz for the docs and sold the dialysis units for millions which sold myself out of a job. (they didn't need me anymore) Was then offered and accepted a CEO position in So Cal of a venture backed healthcare startup company that used mobile MDs to make house calls. Built up that biz (Pace education was having an effect finally). (Dom I didn't realize how much Peter Drucker knew until I tried his principles we learned at Pace)

Was looking for the second round of investment to spread the co across the US when Sept 11th stopped that type of investment in its tracks. Tried to raise money for a year and was unsuccessful. Got offered another job directing an Organ Transplant Program in Denver again and accepted. (getting the impression I have some miles on me?) ( timing was great as I retired from healthcare before it got to where it is today)

Lost my second wife to Ovarian Cancer when she was 51 and was devastated. Joined a bereavement group to cope and met the much younger lady I am with today who some of you will meet at the re-union. I believe we were truly destined to be together and I'll tell you why when we are together. She taught kindergarten and second grade her entire career before retiring. (makes her imminently qualified to be with me since I still act like I'm in second grade)

Speaking of second grade I have kept in intermittent contact with Bachrach, Oser and Travers all these years. Too bad Bachrach and Traverse won't make the reunion.....or will they?

All these years have rarely been without a camera in my hand and now pursue this passion extensively as a retired old fart. Published several books (one with Chuck Bachrach which you will see and can bid on at the auction). Been in a few photographic art shows and published in photo mags a couple of times.

Looking forward to seeing all who attend and listening to the endless exaggerations like the one you just read.

PS: If there are significant spelling, vocabulary, or grammar errors in this document remember where I went to school.

***Editor’s note…Hank, I did the best I could to fix your report, although spell check went viral when I opened it!!***

**Joyce (Thalman) Garrison – West Hartford, CT**

My husband Dick and I have been married for 44 years and have two children and four grandchildren. Our son, daughter-in-law and two grandsons live in a suburb of Chicago. Our daughter, son-in-law and two granddaughters live in Maryland, outside of D.C. They are all further away than we’d like, but close enough that we can’t complain too much.

Although my college degree was in Home Economics, I ended up working as a programmer for Cigna for over 30 years. I took early retirement in 2001 and then went back to work part-time for a few years. These days I keep busy gardening, reading, quilting, doing genealogy research and volunteering for Girl Scouts. Dick and I enjoy traveling – to visit family and friends and to experience new places – we figure we have to keep doing it as long as we can.

Last October, we attended Dick’s 50th Ossining High School reunion. Before nametags were distributed, I was “remembered” by three people – much to my surprise. (Do we all start to resemble each other as we age?) Now I’m looking forward to a reunion where I really may know some of those people who remember me.

**Michael Rice - San Francisco, CA**

I am sure I share many classmate’s reaction to this reunion year, “But that was just a short while ago!”

1964: The summer after graduation, I got my first salaried job as an ‘office boy’ for Israel Bonds, in Manhattan near Union Square. It was the US organization marketing Israeli government bonds in the Jewish communities across NY and the country. Everything was paper, of course. Twice a day, one of us ‘office boys’ would hand-carry a satchel of bonds for deposit to Chase Manhattan on Wall Street, or to Bank Leumi on 42nd Street. The mailroom boss would hand me two 15-cent subway tokens and send me on the way. Every bond I carried needed my initials for the transfer. Hand cramps. The job took me around the city on other business errands. I loved learning my way around the subways; I would figure out one route out, and a different transfer on the way back. (I ended up going to graduate school in urban planning). I looked at the floor of the NY Stock Exchange. I found the still-cobblestone streets on the Lower Manhattan waterfront. I walked into the lobby of the Bache & Co. building to see a large model of the soon-to-be-built World Trade Center.

There were the buddies also working in Manhattan. I could drop by when they were near one my stops: John Isaacs at a publishing or music business near Times Square; Andy Leinoff interning on Wall Street (still doing bonds, Andy); John Gersh, at the actuary, Martin E. Segal Co.; Mitchell Zuckerman, that summer or perhaps later, in a lab at Roosevelt Hospital near Columbus Circle.

Before I went into urban planning, I was chemistry major for most of Bowdoin College, but did go to University of Michigan after for the urban planning degree. John Isaacs was at Bowdoin as well, doing great theater work.

By 1972, I had settled in San Francisco, and a career in urban planning consulting.

2014 is not only 50 years since EHS, but 40 years since I met my wife, Jane. A few weeks after a mutual friend connected us in June 1974, I brought a poster to the framing shop she worked in part-time, After the framing order was all set, just before closing time, I asked her out for a beer down the block. We’ve been married 37 years. Our two sons, Joel, 36, a writer and his wife, Morgan, a painter, live in Franklin, TN. Our son, Nathan, a counselor, and his wife Blanca, a teacher, live in Portland, OR, with our wonderful granddaughter Alina and lively grandson Arvo. Blanca and Nathan were in SF but there is truth to the stories of families pulling out of San Francisco to live in attractive but less expensive cities like Portland. We miss the grandkids, but we know the plane schedule to PDX by heart.

Jane and I are both retired. Jane has taken up paper-cut art that is exhibiting and selling well. Well, I did retire in 2012, but was asked to do part-time consulting in the heated land-use battles in San Francisco. I set my own hours, mingle with bright, hard-working younger colleagues, and still have a 401(k).

Thanks, Dom, for organizing the reunion, making sure we stay in touch, share our happy moments, and also hear about sadder events and extend sympathies.