

The **MONTEBELLO** Voice

an independent gazette

for Carole

November 20, 2020



voices on the 37

A bit of introspection (in my idle time under Covid)

By Bruce R. Shaw

I'm an octogenarian. Wow!
It's what the years do allow.
But looking at life,
I see that there's strife.
Thought I'd note what's happening now.

The Corona virus is here.
Been around for almost a year.
A problem so vast;
When will it pass?
It's bringing us all angst and fear.

We live with many restrictions
Such as six-foot distant positions.
We have to wear masks
As we do all our tasks
And accept unpleasant conditions.

Patience is what we need.
Pandemics are vicious indeed.
We just need to wait.
Some things are just fate.
Eventually we will succeed.

Now politics is all in upheaval.
Some say the source is so evil,
But let's not assume
That the voice in the room
Is coming from ideas medieval.

Views that come from the right,
And the left that also we cite,
Are often extreme,
Or so they may seem.
They make their opponents uptight.

So the very clear-minded among us,
Not those that create a big fuss,
Or foster the actions
By violent factions,
Condemn all those actions not just.

The environment's too a concern
Do we listen to facts and discern?
Is it natural warming,
Or is man forming
A change to the Earth that we spurn?

Now let's look at world immigration.
'Tis a topic of much conversation.
It's often unfettered,
The rules could be bettered.
This needs a lot more mediation.

Social issues and economics combine.
Where go your taxes and mine?
Should the state give
For people to live?
Or let man's initiative shine?

And what about minimum wages?
How much to pay those of all ages?
What number is best
To put to the test
The theories of financial sages?

So summing up all that I've said,
I feel that I'm really ahead.
I do what I can
And follow a plan,
But accept the unknown without dread.

Cover photos:

Sevenish in the fog by Linda Brownlee

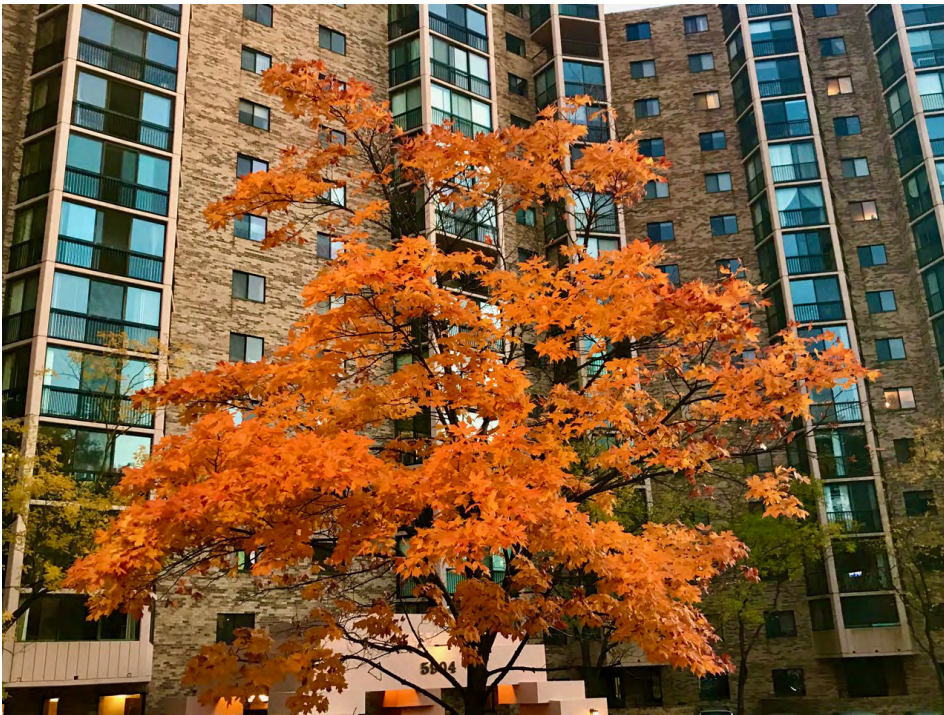


Photo by Dian McDonald

The **MONTEBELLO** **Voice**
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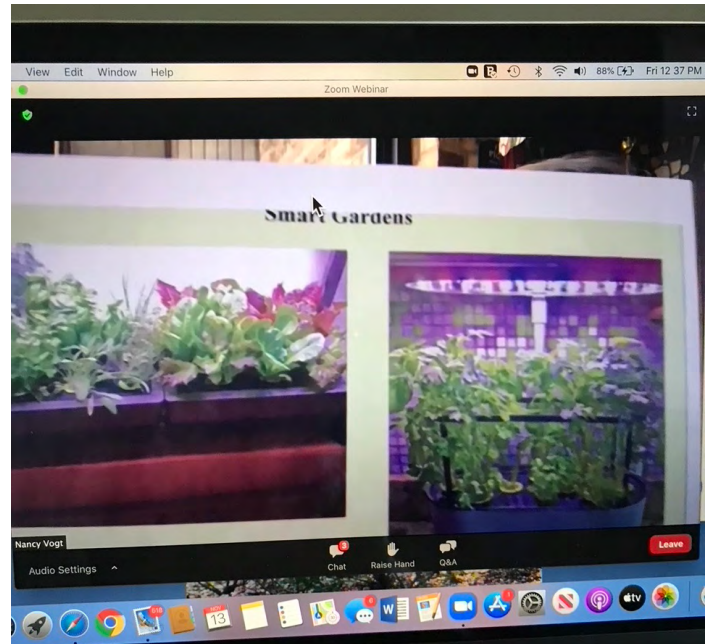
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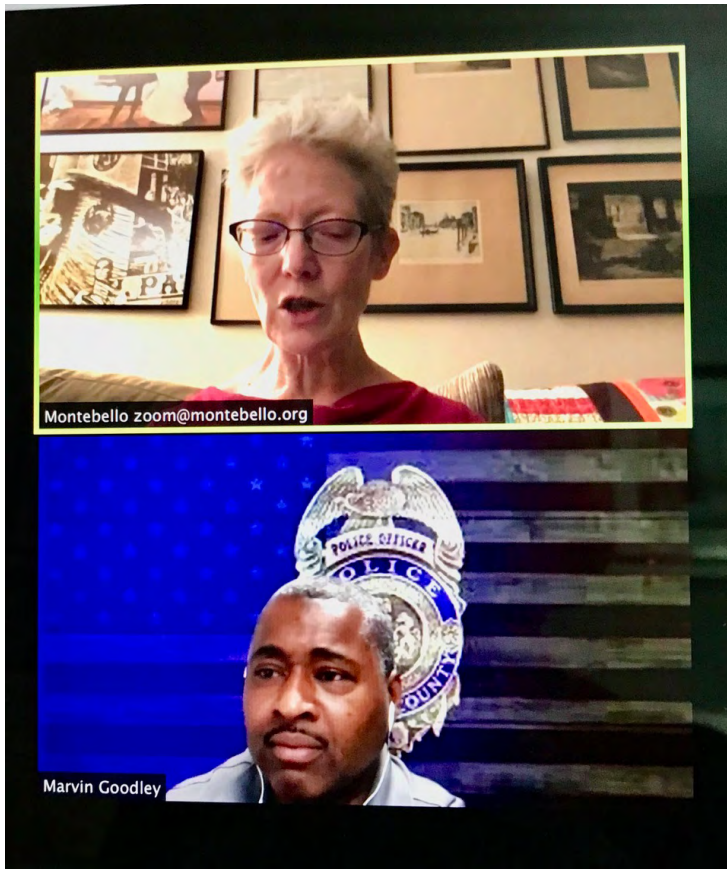
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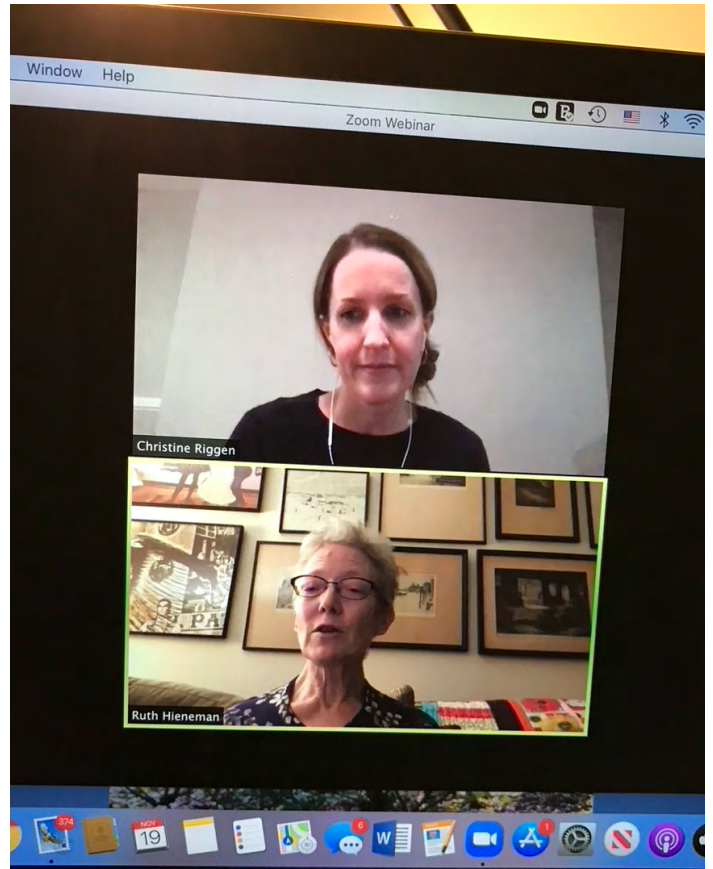
Photos by Dian McDonald



November 13 Women's Club luncheon and discussion about cultivating indoor gardens



November 16 Speaker Series presentation by Officer Marvin Goodley on avoiding senior scams



November 19 Speaker Series presentation with Christine Rikken talking about her work at the Smithsonian American Art Museum

Robert of Arabia, part I: a new adventure, where?

By Bob Shea

The telephone call did not surprise me. I had been back from Vietnam for almost 30 months; so I knew that I was again due to be assigned to a short tour. A short tour in the Army is being assigned to a duty station where families are not allowed.

What surprised me was that my assignment officer actually gave me a choice of short tours: Vietnam, Korea, or Saudi Arabia – somewhat akin to being asked if you wanted to be shot, stabbed, or hung. I had spent 12 long months in Vietnam and had been on temporary duty in Korea during a very cold Korean winter. To be honest, I was not even sure where Saudi Arabia was, except that it was “over there” someplace. So I told him that is where I would go. Why not? Onward to an unknown adventure!

To put this into context, this was 1971. It was 20 years before General Norman Schwarzkopf, Saddam Hussein, and Gulf War 1, and Crown Prince Mohammed bin Salman (MBS) had not even been born. Saudi Arabia was a place with tons of sand, lots of oil, and a closed society. Once I relocated my wife and 3 daughters from Fort Lewis, in the state of Washington, it would be my home for the next 12 months. I would be an advisor to the Royal Saudi Ordnance Corps, part of a military sales case called Saudi Arabian Mobility Program (SAMP). The Saudi

government hoped to develop a modern logistics system to replace a “by guess and by golly” process that had proved to be costly, subject to questionable procurement practices, and totally ineffective.

There were two U.S. military commands in Saudi Arabia at that time. The U.S. Military Training Mission, which provided advice at the highest levels in the Ministry of Defence and Aviation (MODA), the Saudi Pentagon, and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, which provided construction manage-



ment support to the Saudi military. Someone decided that our program, SAMP, working with units at the grass roots level, was a better fit with the Corps of Engineers. We were assigned to the local Engineer District in Riyadh with its headquarters at the Mediterranean Division at Camp Darby in Livorno, Italy. Oddly enough, the military members assigned to the Training Mission were sent to the Defense Language School for 12 months to learn Arabic even though most of the Saudi officers at MODA had attended some schooling in the USA or the UK and thus spoke English. We in the SAMP program did not have that luxury. We

were given interpreters. Go figure.

After being required to get about every immunization known to man, and with my family relocated, I set off for Livorno to drop off my personnel and finance records and to be briefed. While in Livorno, close to Pisa, I was given a tour of the famous Leaning Tower. In my exit briefing with the Division Chief, a very old and very crusty colonel, he asked if I had seen the Tower. In a failed attempt at humor, I asked if that had been the Corps of Engineers’ first project in Italy. He did not appreciate the comments of a young major and the interview ended.

I flew on El Italia’s domestic airline to Rome, Mideast Airlines to Beirut, and Saudair to Riyadh. My luggage arrived with me, an accomplishment in and of itself. I spent 3 days getting briefed on my assignment and local customs, and then flew on an ancient Saudair Martin 404 twin-engined plane to my new home at

Khamis Mushait, 550 miles southwest of Riyadh, 30 miles from both Yemen and the Red Sea. I would oversee 43 contractor personnel assisted by a U.S. Army master sergeant. We were located in the King Faisal Military Cantonment Area (Saudi-speak for an Army fort like Bragg or Belvoir).

A German construction company from Essen had just finished a brigade-sized installation that would eventually have upwards of 6,500 Saudi soldiers stationed there. It had begun in 1969 and cost the Saudi government almost \$90 million in 1971 dollars. It had 3,000 acres and over 300 buildings to include barracks, motor pools, fam-

call of duty

ily housing, a hospital, two mosques, headquarters, water and sewage systems, a suq (market place), a power grid, a movie theater even though movies were banned in the Kingdom, and a large industrial-type vehicle and weapons supply/maintenance facility (over 50,000 square feet) operated by the Saudi Royal Ordnance Corps. It was the first operational element in the cantonment area, and it was mine. During my first nine months, we were the only operating facility in the new fort.

The Saudis had constructed defensive military installations in three of the four corners of the Kingdom. The Rub Al Khali, the Empty Quarter, provided 230,000 square miles of tall, shifting sand dunes in the southeast corner. It was a more than adequate defense against invasion. SAMP had advisory teams at the installations in each of the three corners in addition to a site in Jeddah, an Ordnance school in Ta'if, and a depot in Al Kharj south of Riyadh. The headquarters was located in Riyadh.

The contractor personnel from a U.S. company provided hands-on supply and maintenance training to Saudi

soldiers. Most were retired U.S. Army personnel with a multinational support staff for daily living – meals, housing, medical, and the like. They all lived in a contractor compound while my NCO, Master Sergeant Raul Velez, and I plus the contractor chiefs of maintenance, supply, and armaments lived in a cinder-block building (BOQ) that had been built for key German construction supervisors during the 3 years of construction. It was also used to house visitors to our site. All were within 100 yards of the supply/maintenance facility, so we all lived in a close-knit world.

Located in the Asir Region of Saudi Arabia, Khamis Mushait (population in 1971-1972 about 6,000 people) is at about 6,500 feet above sea level (much like Colorado Springs) with escarpment mountains to the west rising to over 9,500 feet before dropping steeply down to the Red Sea plain. The climate was unlike the rest of the Arabian Peninsula with high temperatures that varied from about 80 degrees in the summer to about 70 degrees in the winter months. There was not a paved road connecting us to the rest of the world. We had internal telephones, but

no telephone connection beyond our compound. My only means of communication with my boss in Riyadh was by short-wave radio. Mail was flown in once a week (we hoped) on a contractor small two-engined plane. Food was shipped via refrigerated trucks once every two months, a 6-day trip over trails and dirt roads. Obviously we were years before the internet. We listened to BBC World News to keep up with world events. A letter to my family had a 30-day turn around.

In 1971, personal security was not an issue. I did not carry a weapon. The biggest danger to our lives were unlicensed Saudis in their new Toyota pickup trucks. The only suggestion of what might come in the years that followed was part of my orientation when I was told that it was the U.S. policy not to negotiate for hostages.

To say that we were isolated is an understatement. We literally lived in a Western bubble, creating a lifestyle that was insulated, unique, fascinating, and rewarding.

It turned out to be a great assignment. More in the next issue of the Voice

about the adventures of living in what was then a Third World country at the ends of the world, both the plus and the negative: how we lived, the responsibilities of being the senior American in the whole province, and adapting to a totally new culture. Stay tuned. 📺



Photo by Linda Brownlee

The 2020 Election by the numbers

By Paul Jameson



While votes are still being counted in a number of states, they are pretty much all counted in Virginia. Local election results were certified on November 10. The Virginia State Board of Elections will meet on November 16 for the final vote of certification. At that point, the numbers will be the numbers.

In Virginia, Joe Biden got almost exactly ten percentage points more votes than Donald Trump. Biden received 442,404 more votes than Trump.

Trump received 175,508 more votes in 2020 in Virginia than he got in 2016. Biden received 387,292 more votes than Clinton received in 2016. So, overall, voter turnout was significantly greater this year than in 2016. People were motivated to vote.

This year saw significantly more early voting, either by mail or in person, than any previous year, most likely due to the COVID-19 pandemic. In the Mount Vernon magisterial district (which includes Huntington precinct and Montebello), of the 84,814 active registered voters, 41,160 had already voted before election day, either by mail or in person. In Huntington precinct, of the 4,545 active registered voters, 2,254 had already voted. In Montebello, which accounts for about a quarter of Huntington precinct, 893 had already voted. (While the State Board of Elections keeps track of whether somebody has voted, it of course does not know who an individual voter has voted for, just the totals for the precinct.)

If you were one of the ones who voted early, you may have noted that the ballot does not ask you your address, or which precinct you live in. Otherwise,

it would not be the required “secret ballot.” As a result, there is no way to tie your absentee vote to Huntington you voted, and we know fairly quickly in Virginia the total votes for each candidate.

AB - Central Absentee Precinct (08)

precincts of reporting
For information on absentee returned statistics click here: [Absentee Return Statistics](#)

Candidate	Votes	Percent
Joseph R. Biden Democratic	97,652	80.23%
Donald J. Trump Republican	22,139	18.19%
Jo Jorgensen Libertarian	1,154	0.95%
Write In Write-In	775	0.64%

President and Vice President

2585 precincts of 2585 reporting
For information on absentee returned statistics click here: [Absentee Return Statistics](#)

Candidate	Votes	Percent
Joseph R. Biden Democratic	2,401,798	54.02%
Donald J. Trump Republican	1,959,394	44.07%
Jo Jorgensen Libertarian	65,374	1.47%
Write In Write-In	19,634	0.44%

precinct. Instead, your vote is counted within the 8th Congressional District Central Absentee Precinct, or CAP, for Fairfax County. The 8th Congressional District includes Arlington and Alexandria City, but this CAP only applies to the Fairfax County part.

The bottom line is that, especially this year, the local precinct vote totals, which only count those who voted in person at the precinct on election day, do not give an accurate picture of how the voters in that precinct actually voted, and we will never know that level of detail. We know immediately whether

Thus, in 2016 in our Huntington precinct, 976 people voted early while 2,391 came to the Fair Haven Community Center to vote on Election Day. We’ll never know who those 976 early voters chose, but of the ones voting on Election Day, 1,717 voted for Clinton and 488 voted for Trump (and 164 voted for someone else). This year by comparison, of the only 909 Huntington residents who waited until Election Day to vote, 538 voted for Biden and 337 voted for Trump (and 34 for someone else). As is well known, Democrats were much more likely to vote early than Re-

vote matters

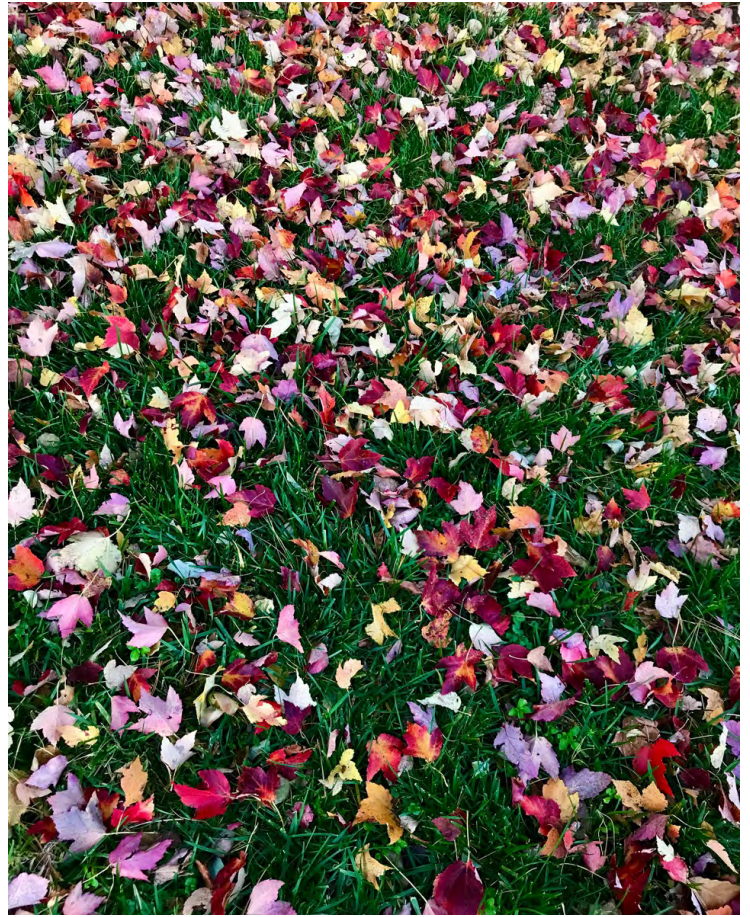


Photo by Dian McDonald

publicans, which is why the Election Day results seem to show that Trump did much better against Biden in 2020 than he did against Clinton in 2016. In CAP 08, where all who live in Huntington would have their early votes aggregated, the results were fairly lopsided:

It is at the county level that we can combine early voting and voting on election day to get totals that cover everyone. In Fairfax County, in 2020, Biden received 419,943 votes while Trump received 168,401 votes, or 70 percent versus 28 percent. By contrast, in 2016, Clinton received 355,133 votes in Fairfax County while Trump received 157,710 votes. Thus, Trump got 10,691 more votes in 2020 than he got in 2016, while Biden got 64,665 more votes than Clinton got in Fairfax County. This is reflected in the entire United States, which shows similar trends, and explains why Biden won this time while Clinton did not in 2016. It is not so

much that people changed their minds who to vote for in four years, it is that many people who did not vote in 2016 decided to vote this year, and more of those new voters chose the Democratic candidates.

It is this extremely disaggregated voting system that in fact can give one confidence that the vote was accurately counted. There are 2,585 precincts in Virginia. We know the names of everyone who voted at the precinct level, while we don't know who an individual voted for. The number of named people who voted matches up exactly with the number of ballots put into the voting machines. The votes are tabulated at the precinct level before being sent up the chain to the county and state (and national) levels. The vote totals are double-checked at canvassing, which has been completed in Virginia at the local level. If the county-wide or state-wide vote totals did not equal the ag-

gregate of vote totals in the precincts, it would be noted quickly. Recounts pretty much never result in any significant change in the vote totals, because they were counted correctly the first time.

The vote totals can give heart to Republicans, and trepidation to Democrats, because next year Virginia elects its governor, lieutenant governor, and attorney general, and the entire House of Delegates is up for election. In 2008, with the election of Barack Obama, the presidency swung from Republican to Democratic. In 2009 in Virginia, turnout among Republicans fell less precipitously than it did for Democrats, and the next governor, lieutenant governor, and attorney general were all Republicans, and Republicans increased their majority in the House of Delegates from 54 to 59.

It's all a matter of who comes out to vote. 🗳️

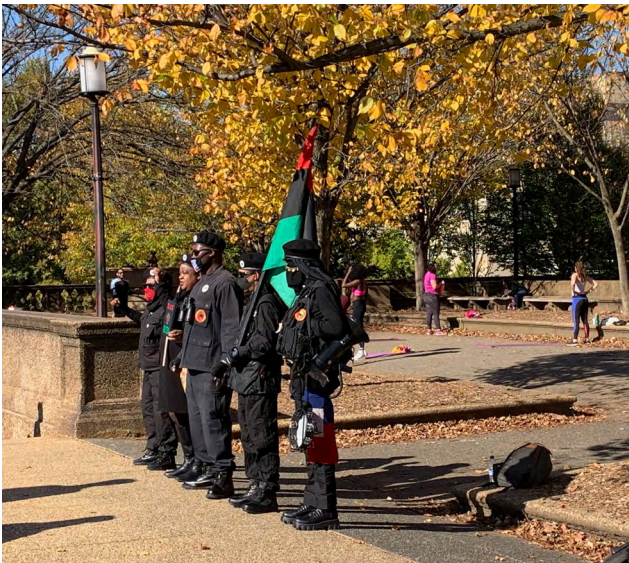
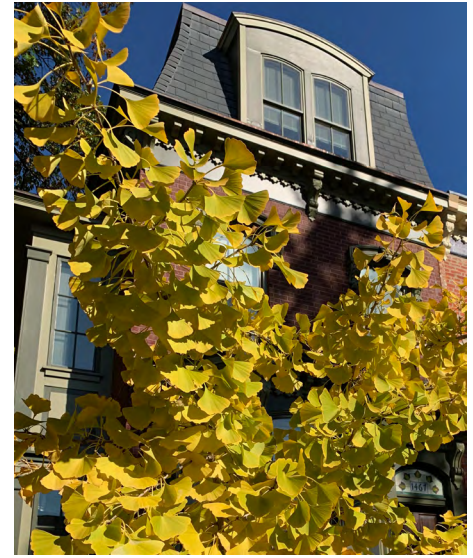
A perfect day in D.C.

By *Mikhailina Karina*

Last November 7 I laced up my new Ryka Devotion 2 walking shoes and set off for an urban hike in the District. Almost every weekend, Jerome and I vaguely plot out a DC neighborhood to explore on foot – we vary commercial and residential areas where we can see storefronts and people going about their lives. We like to people-watch in Georgetown, meander around the historic Capitol Hill, visit our fantastic museums, and admire the quaint neighborhoods in Woodley

Park. Our children tease us about “living our best lives” as newly hatched empty-nesters.

On this particular Saturday, November 7, I wanted to finally see the Meridian Hill Park. I was embarrassed that after all these years in the area, I hadn’t visited this old urban oasis overlooking the city. We parked in a residential area around 15th and S streets, where I immediately took photos of a golden ginkgo tree glowing in the sunlight in front of an older home. As soon as we climbed the imposing stairs into the park, I felt that I’d entered a Nora Ephron film of a perfect New York



City Saturday. Fit women in colorful exercise clothes were doing a bootcamp workout with bands and yoga mats. Nearby, Guardian Angels (yes, they’re still around!) stood in somber formation with Black Lives Matter signs. An unexpected statue of Jeanne d’Arc and an even more surprising statue of Dante wearing a laurel crown seemed oddly at home among alcoves, fountains, and century-old pathways. Because it was such a glorious sunny day, families and friends spread out for picnics, a woman was rocking out with her karaoke machine, area residents took leisurely strolls with their canines, a profession-

al photographer posed a family with young children, and a bunch of young men played football. We sat on a bench and took it all in – such joy to be outside with people and feel normal during a decidedly abnormal time. I had found a new happy place and had trouble detaching myself from this idyll. But we had neighborhoods to see and miles to rack up.

Meridian Hill is a short distance away from Adams Morgan, which has lost much of its funkiness and became gentrified with yoga studios and vegan cafes. But it’s still the destination for clubs and restaurants and all things night life. The Obamas live nearby in Kalorama,

being there



but I don't think this street is open to random pedestrians hoping to get a glimpse. As we were approaching the main drag, I felt my pulse pulsate. It was my neighbor Samantha calling me to share the news that Biden had won the election. Almost immediately, people began cheering and hollering on the street and rooftops, cars were honking, and one restaurant was blasting We Are the Champions. As people checked their phones, more whoops and cheers pierced the neighborhood. Two women were chugging bottles of champagne. The city had become an enormous street party. As we turned onto U Street, the former site of 1968 riots, hundreds of people had spilled out onto the sidewalks with Biden-Harris signs and

cheered to the passing honking cars. It felt as if a cloud that had hung over the city was finally dissipating and we could feel the warmth of the sun and the joy of looking forward toward a better future. The Dark Lord who had occupied our White House and leeched himself to our souls was defeated by 75 million people who wielded the ultimate power, the power to vote.

Walking down the busy 16th Street filled with boutiques (many of them boarded up in anticipation of riots) and restaurants, the noise and the honking intensified. We also noted that throngs of people were marching and biking downtown. Most were carrying Biden signs and wearing Biden swag. I pre-

sumed everyone was walking toward the Black Lives Matter Plaza in front of the fortified White House. Police began closing off streets to accommodate the jubilant masses filling up roadways and sidewalks. For once, Jerome and I were at the right time in the right place. We were going to witness this historic day with tens of thousands of men and women who were celebrating our freedom. The noise of honking cars and cheering crowds had become nearly deafening and the joy felt like a contact high that made me feel as if I were floating. (I was also getting real contact high via mouthfuls of weed smoke inside my mask). I FaceTimed with our boys to show them the crowds; they were impressed and surprised to find us in the thick of history. Jerome sent photos to his parents in France, who were watching the celebra-

tions live on their evening news.

More and more people, including families with children in strollers and atop shoulders, were coming toward the Black Lives Matter Plaza and smaller crowds were gathering nearby. The thumping sounds of go-go music drew us toward McPherson Square, where people were dancing and taking photos with a grotesque blow-up of the occupant. Around 2, we were getting peckish and hankered for a rejuvenating bowl of poke. We walked back to the car along 16th Street, against the flow of more people walking downtown and giddy diners in outdoor cafés.

November 7 (coincidentally also the anniversary of the 1917 Russian Revolution) turned out to be a most perfect day. 📸

A side for all seasons

Green bean casserole turns 65

By Raymond Houck

Back in 1955, Dorcas Reilly was a supervisor in the test kitchen at Campbell Soup Company when the Associated Press called with a recipe challenge: create easy, quick-to-make dishes out of ingredients commonly found in most American kitchens. In the mid-1950s it was more than likely those ingredients included a can of Cream of Mushroom soup and green beans.

Among the many dishes her team came up with was a simple casserole

always leave room at Thanksgiving dinner for the Green Bean Casserole. Culinary historian Laura Shapiro told *The New York Times* in 2018, “people think fondly of green bean salad as a food of their past and they cherish the memories.”

Here are some fun facts about the humble green bean casserole to commemorate its 65th anniversary:

6 – The number of ingredients in the first test recipe: mushroom soup, green beans, celery salt, soy sauce, French-fried onions, and water. After tastings, testers used pepper instead of celery salt and milk replaced the water.



Reilly called Green Bean Bake. Reilly could not have predicted it then, but her side dish was destined to outlive any other recipe she devised in her long career at Campbell's and earn her a place in the National Inventors Hall of Fame.

Many Americans do not consider Thanksgiving complete without Green Bean Casserole on the table next to the turkey. Over the years home cooks have tweaked the recipe to make it their own – adding bacon, corn, or ham, for instance – but the original is as likely to be the side dish this November in any variation.

Tastes may well have shifted since convenience cooking was the hallmark of mid-century kitchens, but people

20 million – The estimated number of households that serve green bean casserole on Thanksgiving according to Campbell's.

1960 – The year Campbell's put the recipe for Green Bean Casserole on a can of Cream of Mushroom soup.

40 – The approximate annual percentage of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom that is used for making Green Bean Casserole.

10,000 – The average number of requests to Campbell's each year for Green Bean Casserole recipe.

Ingredients

cost per recipe: \$5.74

1 can (10-1/2 ounces) Campbell's® Condensed Cream of Mushroom Soup or 98% Fat Free Cream of Mushroom Soup

1/2 cup milk

1 teaspoon soy sauce

1 dash black pepper

4 cups cooked cut green beans

1-1/3 cups French's® French Fried Onions

Tips

For the cooked green beans: use 2 cans (14.5 ounces each) green beans, drained, about 1-1/2 pounds fresh green beans, or 16 to 20 ounces frozen green beans, thawed, for this recipe.

Step 1

Stir the soup, milk, soy sauce, black pepper, beans and 2/3 cup onions in a 1-1/2 quart casserole.

Step 2

Bake at 350°F for 25 minutes or until the bean mixture is hot and bubbling. Stir the bean mixture. Sprinkle with the remaining onions and return to oven.

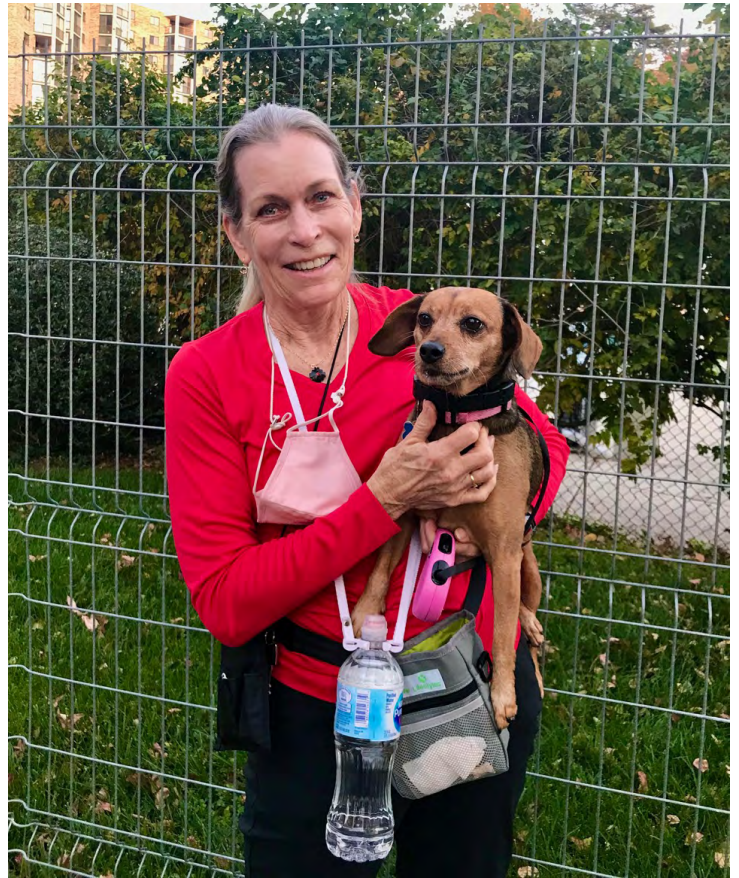
Step 3

Bake for an additional 5 minutes, or until the onions are golden brown. 🍽️

dog walk



dog walk



Carole Sylvia Appel

January 23, 1937 – November 14, 2020



Carole S. Appel passed away in her sleep on November 14, 2020, in her home in Alexandria, Virginia. Carole was born in Philadelphia on January 23, 1937, the daughter of Charlotte and Joseph Stein. She attended Temple University for a bachelor's degree in English and the University of Michigan for a master's in journalism. While at Michigan she met Kenneth I. Appel, who was finishing his PhD in mathematics. They married in 1959 and moved to Princeton, New Jersey, where they lived for two years before settling in Urbana, Illinois where they raised their three children.

In the 1960s Carole taught English as a Second Language, and in the 1970s and 1980s she was an editor at the University of Illinois Press – publishing books, managing academic journals, and developing the Women's Studies program for the Press. For the last 60 years of her life she was active in Democratic politics and an organizer and community leader. In 1993 she and Kenneth retired from their University of Illinois jobs and moved to Dover, New Hampshire, where Carole became the Chair of the Strafford County

Democrats, helping recruit and support candidates for state and local office and the U.S. Congress, and becoming actively involved in the campaigns of several Democratic candidates for President, including Bill Clinton and Barack Obama. She was also active in the National Organization for Women and the NAACP. She moved to Alexandria, Virginia in 2013, continued to be active in political work, and made many new friends.

She was predeceased by her husband Kenneth Appel and her daughter Laurel Appel. She is survived by her sons Andrew and Peter and their wives Maia Ginsburg and Barbara Zamora-Appel, by her son-in-law Michael Weir, her brother Howard Stein and his wife Lea, by six grandchildren, one great-grandchild, and many nieces, nephews, and cousins.

A small funeral service will be held in Alexandria, and she will be buried in Dover, New Hampshire. An online memorial service will be held on Saturday, November 21, 2020 at 4:00pm Eastern – those interested in joining can email CaroleAppelMemorial@gmail.com. Donations in Carole's honor may be made to the University of Illinois foundation, <https://uif.uillinois.edu/give/> directed specifically to the "Kenneth and Carole Appel Legacy Scholarship Fund."

Everly-Wheatley Funerals and Cremation
<https://www.everlywheatley.com/tributes/Carole-Appel>

A celebration of life from Montebello friends

I will miss Carole, my friend and neighbor. We had wonderful times working on projects together. She was young at heart and a doting grandmother. Her enthusiasm for all things was inspiring. – *Leslee Levy*

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Carole was my partner in political and community activities. She was generous with her time and energy for good causes. She was an all around team player. I will miss her very much. – *Mitchell Levy*

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Carole wanted to attend the first Women's March, but wanted company. So I joined her, thinking it might be too much for her. But we bundled up and she grabbed her cane, and off we went, and marched! Well, some sitting and watching as well. Always a sense of adventure that I hope to emulate. [Another time] I don't recall what celestial event it was, but she had figured out the time and direction and realized that she couldn't see it from her condo. Got several of us together (below) around midnight to go out the front of building 1 to see it "live." Another adventure! She even provided hot chocolate! – *Leslie Rodriguez*

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Carole Appel was my first boss. When I was 17 years old, my first true work experience was filing papers for her on a regular basis as well as helping her with



odd jobs around the house. She had just moved to Montebello after the passing of her husband, but it seemed like she had already been around for years. While I spent the occasional Friday afternoon filing papers that she accumulated for me, she would tell me about her various daily activities around her new neighborhood. She was so inspired by all the

clubs and possibilities available at Montebello. My fondest memories of her, though, is the stories about her and her husband's very eventful life. As many know, her husband was a famous mathematician, who was the first to prove a major theorem using a computer. Thinking back and connecting the dots, it's not a surprise that my brief time with her further inspired me to follow a career in land development engineering and surveying, especially given the stories Carole would tell of her husband spending hours with various maps trying to prove this theorem. She was very proud of her family and all their accomplishments. I remember one day





Very saddened to hear this news. I met Carole at an Environment Club meeting when I moved here a little over two years ago. She was determined to have the club working on a compost program pilot, which unfortunately was not adopted by management. She was a wonderful storyteller, too. – *Amy Garcia*

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I always enjoyed seeing Carole; she brightened my day. I will miss her very much. – *Turo Dexter*

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So sorry to hear this. I loved the conversations I had with her each time we met and was looking forward to seeing her post-pandemic. Although we know that death is real, one does not anticipate it. It did not occur to me that I would not get a chance to talk, or more important to listen, to Carole again. She had so many interesting stories. At the last Bldg. 1 party she shared how her father ended up supporting her journalism major in college for all the wrong reasons. It was fascinating to hear first-hand what women have had to overcome. Now I wish I had just picked up the phone and called her. – *Swatee Naik*

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He had me at “toasters.” Paul mentioned that he met a woman in the pool who collected antique toasters. I had to meet her. What unfolded was a friendship with Carole, punctuated with holiday celebrations, stimulating conversation with argument, and shared enjoyment of films, music, political discussion and food. But most precious to me are memories of sharing a vegetable patch with her on Quander Road. Three years ago Carole invited me to share a small patch on the lawn of a house her son owns. After the initial planting for the season, she and I would rendez-vous at the garden. Sometimes she would set up a lawn chair for herself, she would lounge and we would schmooze while I weeded (she did insist on pulling a few weeds saying, “this is the exercise I need... to bend over and to see I can still get up!”) This past summer was rough for the tomatoes, but her cucumbers did terrifically well. When I delivered the last of this recent harvest, we agreed that next year we’d pay more attention to developing better quality of the soil; and as I turned to go, she said to me, once again, “I’ve had a good life, and I love living in Montebello.” – *Marsha Weiner*

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she had me hang up what must have been a hundred picture frames depicting her family, children and beloved grandchildren on a single wall. When we were done, she had a look in her eye of love and pride that I can only hope one day to experience. Carole was a kind, lively, interesting and loving woman that I was very lucky to call a neighbor and friend. She will be greatly missed, but I know she will live on in my memories for many years to come. – *Lucas Colón*

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We have lost a valued neighbor and friend. God bless you, Carole. You made the world a better place. – *Joanne Conte*

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Elaine and I are saddened by the passing of Carole Appel. She will be missed at every Montebello meeting, lecture, concert and show, and at many, many Democrat political events in a 25-mile radius. She regularly held court at the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday coffee “roundtables” at the Community Center and had already read the Post and Times editorials before she arrived. She worked so very hard on so many Democrat campaigns; we are sorry that 2020 was her last, but I am happy for her that her last was a WIN. – *Joel Miller*

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I first encountered Carole (force of nature) Appel in 2015, at the side of the outside pool, where I was engaged in an energetic conversation loud enough for her to overhear. True to her nature, she chimed in. Over the years I became ever more admiring of her forthrightness as she “lived life full,” initiating and contributing to so many worthwhile activities positively impacting so many, including the Montebello community. – *Paul Foldes*

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My memories and thoughts about Carole are always pleasant and of admiration. Her memories of events and anecdotes were often interesting and made a point. She had a knack to meet and greet new people, plus started the morning coffee sessions in the community center. She was always thinking of how to make things better – for the condo, the country and the world. Once she asked me if I thought there was something that could be done with all the clothes dryer lint if everyone saved it from the trash and then made something worthwhile. I happened to be walking in front of Building 2 the afternoon before her passing. She drove by and stopped, lowered the window, and we talked for ten minutes. When she was leaving I told her that she was looking great. She just smiled and drove off. Carole was a good example of one of the few people that could carry out the Biblical commandment of *tikkun olam*, to repair the world and be responsible for the welfare of society at large. – *Erwin Jacobs*

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I appreciated neighbor Carole’s genuine neighborliness from periodic newspaper collection, Christmas orange cranberry cakes, friendly chit chat, and passionate political interests. Covid-19, of course, took a lot of that from us. Life is so fragile. After months of not seeing one another, I had a nice conversation Thursday and left thinking that all was well. Then her sudden passing. I will miss her special niceness. – *David Bathrick*

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I met Carole shortly after she moved to Montebello. We shared memories and stories as well as plans for the here and now. Both of us had been involved in community activities and expressed our desires to continue doing so. It did not take long for her to pay a visit to every club, committee, small gathering and great pleasure in being a part of Montebello and

often said it was one of the best decisions she made. Living here provided her with not only being engaged but also being near family. It gave her great pleasure to live near her son and his family and have family visitors. Carole was a “people person” and will be sadly missed by many. – *Harriet Duval*

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We became Neighbor-to-Neighbor phone buddies in April. Carole strengthened my understanding of the value of listening. We spoke a minimum of five times a week. I mainly listened because she spoke in story form. She would start to talk and as I’ve been reflecting, what fascinated me, our conversations were always for one hour. Her stories were segmented into her growing up years, her parents, her life at the University of Illinois and in New Hampshire, and Montebello. “And that’s my story for today,” she would end. Through these stories, I feel like I know



her family, have a glimpse into her marriage, and growing up in Philadelphia. She spoke highly of Montebello, the woodlands, and the friendly people. It was a consistent catalog of stories that were repeated, but I learned something new each time and never got tired of listening. After about eight weeks I could finish most of them. I now realize what a rich relationship we had developed over the phone. We met in person several times, when she gave me tomatoes from her garden, loaned some books, and witnessed my ballot. – *Robert Gundling*

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We were close friends. We shared confidences, movies, books, news, politics, food, opera, concerts and a couple of trips. She was the most “up” person I know and rarely complained. She was also a source for me of local resources. I think her mind was always working, searching new adventures, enjoying new people, adoring her family. We will all miss her. – *Caryl Curry*

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Dear friends, neighbors and family of Carole Appel:

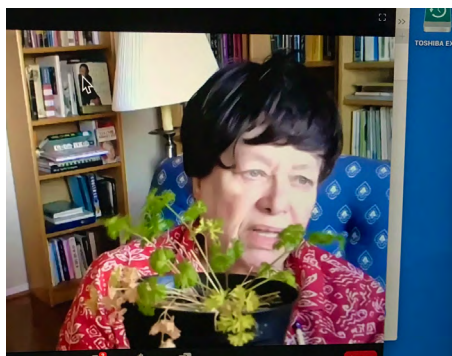
I was so sorry and upset to hear of Carole’s recent passing. I never met her in person, but I feel that I got to know her fairly well all the same. You see, I’m Tom Feyer, the letters editor of *The New York Times*, and Carole and I started a long correspondence years ago – I don’t know many. I think it started when she would address something she noticed in the paper, and I would send her a personal reply.

One of her obsessions, if I can call it that, had to do with the legibility of the paper. She would complain that the type was too small, or white on black, or something on that order that made it hard to read for someone of her advanced age. And I would tell her that I’m not so young myself – I’m 67 but my vision has improved to the point where I no longer need glasses to read or to work at my computer – but that I’d bring it to the attention of the editors in the news department (I work in Opinion, which is separate from News).

But Carole wrote about (literally) bigger things as well: her youth, her jobs, her views about politics, about President Trump (spoiler alert: not favorable), and the isolation she felt this year because of the pandemic. But she told me about how she always read *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* and how they gave her windows on the world outside her apartment. I hoped that when the pandemic ended perhaps one day we would meet in person. Now that will never be.

Carole was a force of nature – a caring, humane person – and she gave much of herself to the world. I will miss her. – *Tom Feyer, Letters Editor, The New York Times*

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Carole was on the Zoom call (above) about Smart Gardens, sponsored by the Women’s Club, last Friday, November 13, at noon. Carole was not a planned speaker, but as was typical of Carole, she had interesting facts to share. She not only spoke of her gardening adventures, she showed us the herbs she grows on her balcony in pots. Because it was a webinar, most participants were not on the screen, but as fate would have it, there was Carole. – *Nancy Vogt*

An activist and an editor

I last spoke with Carole on October 31 at 1:11 p.m. She often called me to share something amusing or infuriating. Our final conversation started with Jeffrey Toobin's unfortunate event caught on camera, but it was really about his mother, the venerable TV journalist Marlene Sanders. In her usual long-winded and detailed story-telling fashion, Carole told me about the experience of editing Marlene Sander's book, *Waiting for Prime Time: The Women of Television News*, while working at the University of Illinois Press. Carole was planning to ask Jeffrey Toobin to autograph her copy, but then he... well, the rest is tawdry. As soon as Carole mentioned this book, I told her that I'd read it in my women in journalism class at the University of Missouri. Six degrees of inter-connectedness.

I also remember my first conversation with Carole. She had just moved to Montebello in 2013 and we were at an event in the Community Center. Someone directed her toward me for intel on resident teenagers. Carole asked to recommend a competent teenager to help her unpack and set up her extensive library. The first and the best name that immediately popped into my head was Lucas Colón. As luck would have it, Lucas' mother was walking by and a memorable connection was created on the spot. A few years later, Lucas' younger brother and my sons helped her move from building 3 to 1.

Carole *love*d Montebello. She often told the story of how she found this place after touring other communities. She embodied Montebello's social life. I can't recall any events – pot lucks, concerts, art openings, movies, lectures, townhalls, or clubs where Carole was not present. Her varied interests and passions took her to our book club, knitting club, exercise classes, and committee meetings. She had an opinion on every subject and a story for every occasion. Carole did not suffer fools and never shied from expressing her strong views, standing her ground, and persisting until she prevailed.

I had the pleasure of interviewing Carole for a Times profile https://drive.google.com/file/d/1xm-BU-dL8gMVfTSL2fFRZogzbF80yV8_/view. Our interview lasted three hours and I didn't know how I was going to compress her interesting life and many

accomplishments into a single page: her childhood in Philadelphia, her first job at a newspaper, her studies at Temple University and the University of Michigan, how she met Ken Appel in a hiking club, working at a university press while raising three children, contributing to Democrat causes, and the famous vintage toaster collection.

Since I've been publishing the Voice for nearly five years, Carole was one of my biggest cheerleaders and supporters. She used to proofread (on paper) every issue and gave me a complex about which way my apostrophe faced in abbreviations. One of her biggest pet-peeves was the term "politically correct." She contributed at least two dozen articles on a variety of topics: Ken Appel's Four-Color Theory, remodeling of the Community Center, and her love for the comics. A prolific letters-to-the-editor writer, I was CC'd on her weekly correspondence with the Washington Post and the New York Times. She was tickled when they replied, such as when her complaint about legibility of a comic resulted in an autographed strip from the artist.

Carole loved being a Democrat and supported local and national candidates by attending innumerable events and writing countless postcards. She proudly sported her progressive swag and hosted get-togethers in her home. She really enjoyed having people over, where her dining room table was overflowing with appetizers and drinks.

I will miss Carole's indefatigable joie de vivre and grass-roots community building. She lobbied the management for coffee hours on weekday afternoons, which resulted in the thrice-weekly MPerk get-togethers in the community lounge. She had the management install directional signs on garage levels to orient residents toward the exit. And after months and months of suggesting that the association promote Montebello by sending out old-fashioned press releases to local newspapers, she was vindicated when such an article appeared in Mt. Vernon Gazette.

Carole Appel was an unforgettable woman of intelligence, passion, curiosity, tenacity, grit, humor, stories, wisdom, love, and generosity. She left Montebello better than she found it. – *Mikbailina Karina*

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final glance



Photo by Dian McDonald