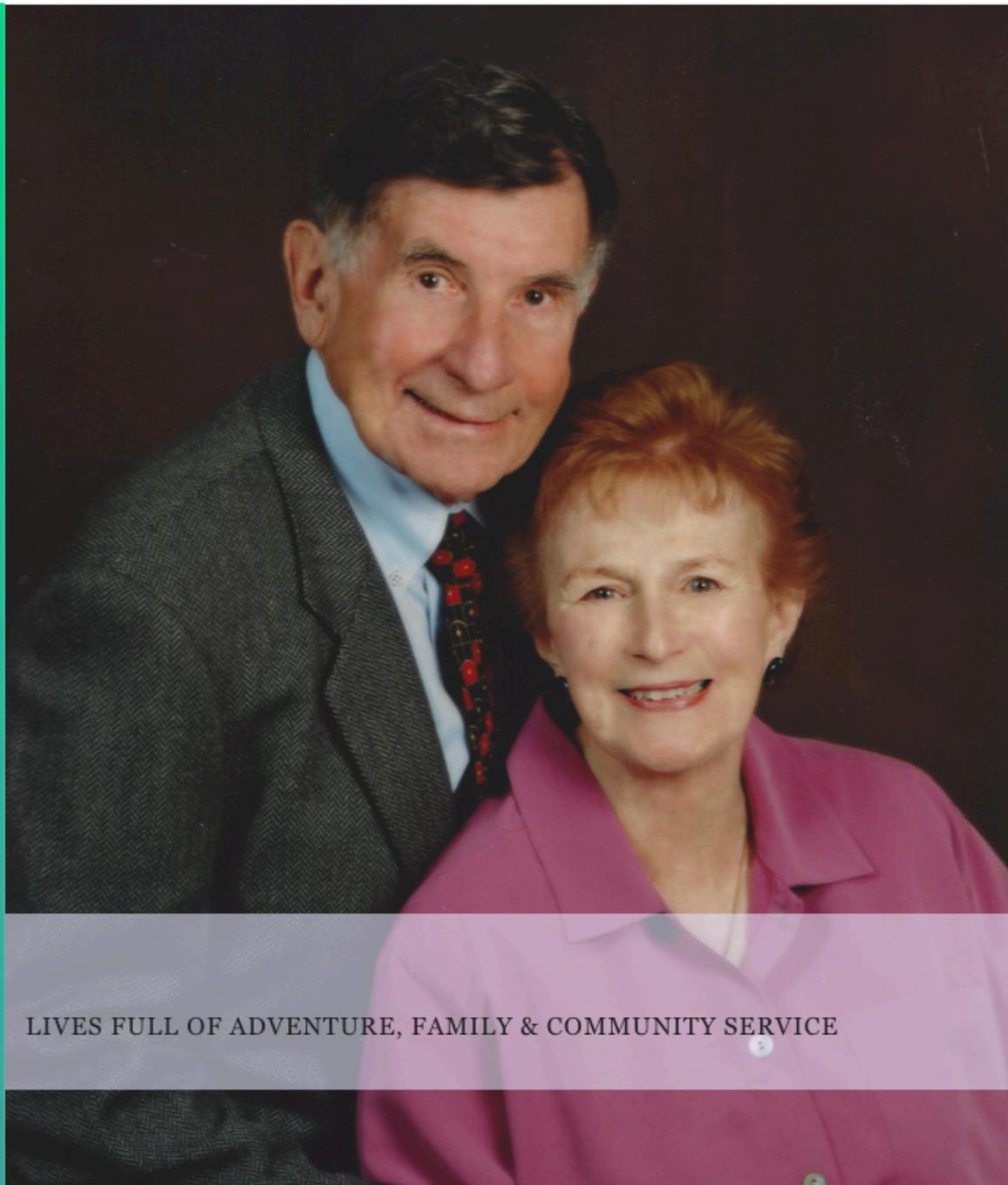


THE STORY OF

The Sandfords

BETTY & JULES



LIVES FULL OF ADVENTURE, FAMILY & COMMUNITY SERVICE

THE SANDFORDS - Betty & Jules

Interesting childhoods and an extraordinary life together.

The story of Betty's and Jules is one of romance, vibrant family life and incredibly productive professional lives.

They built a family that made them proud, shaped a community and were a force for good that will live on.

They believed in the responsibility and satisfaction of improving the lives of others and the joy of living life to the fullest.

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Written by Betty Sandford with assistance from
and graphics by Sandy Burud of **Oodles™**.

Betty's Childhood

These memories are written by Betty – of her childhood, her family life with Jules, and her professional life.

My earliest memory is of my Uncle Sam Zelkowitz (my dad's youngest brother) visiting us when we lived on Poinsettia Street. That house is also the first I remember of the several houses we rented in Monrovia while I was growing up. I presume, now, that we always rented because during the Depression money that might have purchased a house went into stocking and paying rent on the shoe store.

Jack's Quality Shoes - "We Fit Feet"

Before I was born, my parents founded a shoe store on the corner of Myrtle and Lemon Streets in Monrovia. They worked 6 days a week and, I seem to remember, one or two evenings, as well.



Jack's Quality Shoes

Jack's Quality Shoe store sponsored both a men's and a women's baseball team and, for a few years, a prizefighter. For many years, the store featured a foot x-ray machine which was enjoyed by all of the Monrovia kids – including Charlotte and me. Dad studied with Dr. Scholl and the store specialized in hard-to-fit feet.

A series of housekeepers lived in and took care of my sister, Charlotte, and me and the house.

Because of the lack of appropriate jobs, the women (all Caucasian) were comparatively well-educated women from middle-class families.



Our shoe store - Jack & Marion

As an infant I was pushed to my folk's shoe store in my baby buggy so that my mother could nurse me. That was followed by a nap under the trees in front of the old Carnegie library.

Our family was made up of mom (Marion), dad (Jack) and younger sister (Charlotte). Mom and dad were attractive, energetic, strong-minded, hardworking people — merchants who found time to serve their community.

Their generation of American-born Jewish young couples seem in retrospect to have been concerned with “fitting in.” While they went so far as to provide Christmas trees and holiday toys for their children, they only moved so far in, and were limited as to organizations they could join and offices they could hold.

Because both my parents were inclined to be bossy, their strong love for each other was strained on a daily basis. Dad, whose education ended with 8th grade, loved sports and horse racing. He read little beyond the sports pages and racing form and his grammar wasn't perfect. Mom, whose education went two years beyond dad's and who was a significant reader and lover of music and dance, considered him beneath her. They seemed always at odds and Charlotte and I were staunchly on Mom's side.

Something I do remember but just accepted at the time, was that black and brown children had their own elementary school and that segregation extended to the municipal plunge. Only Caucasian children could use the pool, except the one day each week before the water was reportedly changed.

Segregation and racial or religious prejudice were never a topic of discussion in our family. As a result, I just accepted them as facts of life – neither good nor bad. I had no understanding of an occurrence in middle school when some black girls turned on a white girl who had called them “niggers.” I had literally never heard the word before.

Betty’s parents, Jack and Marion Zelkowitz



Marion & Jack’s wedding

Dad (Jack Zelkowitz) was extremely handsome, feisty and active in the Kiwanis and the Elk’s Club. Born in the south side of Philadelphia, he was beaten up by Italian Catholic kids on the way to school on a daily basis, until he took up boxing lessons at the Y. He sold newspapers on the street until he began working in his cousin’s haberdashery in Norristown, PA. He met mom when he was playing semi-pro baseball.

My dad learned to box at the YMCA – to protect himself from being beaten up by the Italian Catholic kids who met me on his way to school in South Philadelphia.

Dad was the leader of the mostly Jewish family business community in downtown Monrovia, which in my early years was a/ the major business district of the San Gabriel Valley, with customers coming from as far as Los Angeles. Dad was responsible for the development of parking lots to serve downtown customers. He was a great bowler and in 1936 was the national champion Elks bowler, winning singles, doubles and team competitions.



Jack’s award for National Bowling Champion



After he was gone, I learned how many individual Monroviaans my dad had helped with both money and advice.

Both of my parents were good looking and dressed themselves and their children beautifully. Even though Charlotte and I generally wore hand-me-downs from our older cousins, on Sundays and holidays we were outfitted in handsome and matching outfits.



Marion

Mom was a strong-willed woman, feared by her own sisters and cousins — much to the delight of her children. Straight from the 10th grade, she won a job as secretary to the manager of the Long Beach, California Gas Company and remained in that position until (while visiting her Aunt in Brooklyn) she met a handsome ball player from Philadelphia. She played the piano and mandolin and was a great dancer. Even though the daughter of a rabbi, Mom was a 1920's jazz baby.

Mom kept the books and waited on customers in Jack's Quality Shoe Store. She was also active in local organizations and, as president of the Wildrose PTA, initiated the first free lunch program.

I ruined her homecoming every night with recitations of my transgressions.

Early Years

My favorite memories are of a wonderful life spent growing up in Monrovia. These memories include popular music (swing), which we heard on the radio, played on the victrola or danced to at ballroom dancing lessons at the Women's Club. I enjoyed all kinds of lessons provided by musicians, artists, dancers and a lady of the theatre. They all probably felt lucky to be able to earn a living— even if it meant teaching Charlotte and me and other middle-class children. My favorite of these memories is of the Gold Hill Players where a group of children, including Charlotte and me, studied and performed for full audiences because (I am now certain) Monroviaans couldn't afford to attend professional plays or other performances.

At age nine Betty had been in the Gold Hills Players Little Theater Group and in the Thespian Society in high school. Her favorite role was in *Our Town*. But because she was taller than most of her contemporaries, she was often cast as the 'father.'

My favorite event was the annual Monrovia Day celebration - with breakfast and entertainment at the Elk's Club, watching (or participating in) the parade and other activities, usually involving local organizations. For one or more years everyone (probably those most involved in the community) wore costumes.

Another highlight was attending the monthly Family Night Dinner and entertainment at the Elk's Club, where we knew most of the members and their children.

The other great event occurred every other Sunday which we spent at the home of my grandparents in Los Angeles, enjoying the company of my aunts and uncles and cousins and, often, more distant relatives. On alternate Sundays, our folks took Charlotte and me on a road trip to some local city (or even as far as Las Vegas). The day ended with dinner (3 courses for 50 cents apiece) at Pines Coffee Shop in Arcadia or, after I was 11, at the Derby (still in operations) where the much fancier dinner was 75 cents.

I started kindergarten at 4 because I was tall for my age and Mom didn't want people to think I was lagging behind. For the first few years, I came home and taught everything I learned to my sister so that before she even entered school she could read and write and do math. She skipped twice and was always two years younger than her classmates.



Charlotte

I requested piano lessons at 6 and the teacher found it difficult to give me lessons because "the baby" (3 year old Charlotte) always came over and banged on the piano. My mother finally suggested that she be given a lesson to end the whole thing. It was not the end; it was the beginning of Charlotte's life as an extraordinary concert pianist.

In addition to being passionate about music and the piano, Charlotte was a tomboy and president of the Boys Club in our 1930's neighborhood. We were very close and spoke Pig Latin to each other to mystify our parents, who spoke Yiddish when they

wanted to hide something from us. Like most siblings, we sometimes fought and left lifetime scars on each others' faces and bodies. We slept in the same room, in twin beds on either side of the radio. At night, we listened together to 'One Man's Family', 'The Shadow' and 'The Lone Ranger.' Passover with grandparents and family was another favorite event.



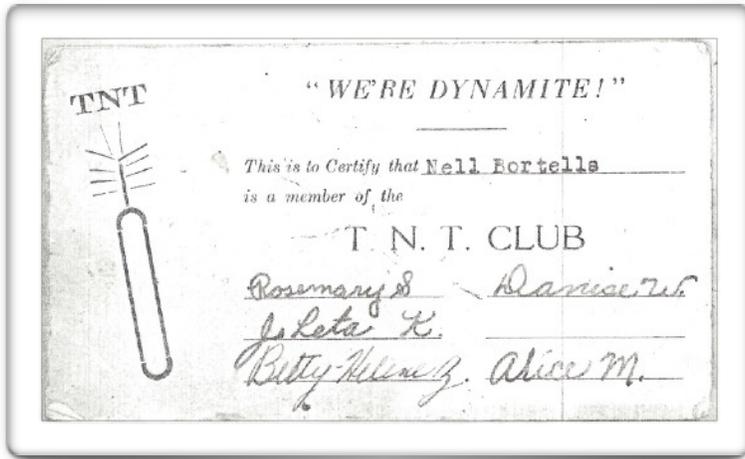
Charlotte & Betty

Charlotte and I played with the children in our neighborhood and because, when we lived on Oakdale in the 1930's, our next door neighbor was the editor of the *Monrovia News Post*, our youthful activities were sometimes recorded on the front page of the paper with pictures! While we were free to play on the block with the neighbor kids, our freedom was limited by the fact that mother (away at the store) worried about us and devised strict rules to prevent us from roaming any further.

I probably lived in 6 different Monrovia houses when I was growing up. As I remember, they were all built in the 1920's. All but one had only one bathroom and closets were much smaller than today's. It wasn't until I was school age that our family had a refrigerator, a washing machine or a vacuum cleaner. My favorite person was Ernie the Ice Man.

The first earthquake, I remember was the 1933 Long Beach quake. We were eating dinner and I remember Charlotte's high chair hopping around the room. Wildrose School was condemned and the whole student body moved into Mayflower's basement—where I finished second grade. While reconstruction was continuing, we moved into the Wildrose cafeteria, which had been divided up into classrooms. It was all fun!

Then we moved into my favorite childhood house — on Lincoln Place. It had two stories, in what I would call a pueblo style, and we entered Mayflower School. My sister and some of her friends had a clash with a teacher over a toy gun and stormed the teachers' lunch room, where Charlotte demanded the gun's return. Of course, they were all expelled. I was very proud of the incident but



our mother was not – and eventually convinced Charlotte to apologize.

The Monrovia we grew up in was a small city, with many vacant lots and orange trees. The surrounding areas (Arcadia and Duarte) were primarily ranches and groves. I liked to climb a tree and find a comfortable branch for reading. I listened to the radio before dinner and my favorite program was

about a pilot named Jimmy Allen. Flying became my passion and I badgered my parents to arrange for me to experience a flight. Dad was strongly opposed, but when he took the train east to visit his family, Mom hired a small plane and arranged a short flight over Los Angeles, for herself, Charlotte and me.

The next year, Mom, Charlotte and I left from the Monrovia Santa Fe Station to visit family in Philadelphia and New York. We girls probably bored our fellow travelers to death, bragging about our "19 pets", but we eventually arrived on the east coast and became acquainted with Dad's family in Philadelphia and Mom's in Brooklyn. Highlights were staying above my Zerkowitz grandpa's ice cream store in Philly and getting acquainted with new cousins in both Philadelphia and Brooklyn.

Charlotte and I were tomboys, but that didn't keep us from liking boys. The boys liked us, too, and four young men (two sets of brothers) we had met at the Gold Hill Players practically lived at our house. When I started Ivy Ave. Jr. High, I gave the first boy-girl party, inviting friends whom I'd known in both Wildrose and Mayflower elementary schools. This was the start of many such parties as I and the other girls, evolved from chubby tomboys to pretty teenagers and I, to my surprise, was trailed to Girl Scout meetings by a group of admiring boys.

My new appearance was seen as a threat by the parents of these boys. The pretty Jewish teenager was soon met with turned faces and the party invitations stopped. Fortunately, my girlfriends remained and I entered high school and the formation of the TNT

Club began. Although we were essentially a shy and well behaved group of girls, we fancied ourselves both torrid and notorious. I doubt anyone else did.

I attended Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte Union High School (MAD) for three years and was active in drama. We were the first young people referred to as “teenagers”. We girls dressed in “sloppy joe” sweaters, plaid skirts, bobby socks and saddle shoes and were known as “bobby-soxers”. My best friend, Jean Helfer, and I were “A” students but kept it quiet.

When I was 16, my parents moved us to Los Angeles and Charlotte and I attended Fairfax High. Our parents continued to travel to Monrovia to run the store, but they wanted their girls to have an opportunity to have a social life, to date and eventually marry. I did, Charlotte didn’t – but she went on to Juilliard and studied with Artur Schnabel. She eventually married an older man, a European writer and philosopher, who was our parent’s age. [More in a later section on her remarkable adult life.]



Betty's graduation day,
with her mother and sister.

Betty wrote recollections of her life in Monrovia for Monrovia's Centennial celebration, which were published in the May 14, 1986 issue of the Foothill Inter-city Newspapers.

Two personal views of early Monrovia

... from the '30s

By BETTY SANDFORD
Monrovia Centennial
Committee Chairperson

Growing up in Monrovia. I suppose it was good growing up in any American small town in the '30s — at least if your Dad had a job and there was food on the table.

My folks owned a small business, Jack's Quality Shoe Store — "We Fit Feet," and, although, they scheduled their bills and paid only a few each month, my sister and I didn't know. They never talked about the depression and we only heard about it from the other kids.

Charlotte and I were terribly proud of everything we were associated with. Our parent's store was the best in the San

Gabriel Valley. Myrtle Avenue was a glorious business street and we knew everyone who worked there — or, at least, we thought we did.

Monrovia was the loveliest town in the most beautiful state of the greatest country in the world. We never doubted any of it.

And there was fact behind our childish fiction. People came from as far as Los Angeles to find difficult shoe sizes and good fit at Jack's Shoe Store.

Myrtle Avenue was a bustling business street and Monrovia enjoyed clear skies, mountains you could actually see and acres of orange groves and vacant lots, full of poppies, mustard and lupine.

The only time things were ugly was when a cold spell triggered the firing of the smudge pots in the orange groves. We

complained — but even then a bit proudly — about the resulting black dust on houses, clothing and especially on white dogs.

Of course, there were some things that were really ugly, but we didn't understand them — or we took them for granted — or we were protected from them by our solicitous parents. In any case — they were not part of my early memories so I'll leave them for later.

Back to the idyll. We played all the usual games, like jacks and jump rope, but even better was curling up in a tree with one's favorite book or organizing all of the kids in the neighborhood to build a clubhouse or dig a cave or put on a circus. And living next to the News-Post editor, Charlie Davis, meant that our various projects received the attention of the press.

Because mother was a Rabbi's daughter who had to forgo her passion for dance, Charlotte and I were treated to every performing arts lesson our young hearts desired. And Monrovia of the '30s abounded in talent and dedicated teachers of music, dance and drama.

At the age of three, Charlotte had staked out her claim on the piano and by four was putting her older sister to shame on that instrument.

But we both danced, we both delighted in our involvement in Thelma Shultheis' Gold Hill Players and for years we entertained every organization in town with accordion duets. There wasn't a lot of entertainment available at that time, so the cavorting of small children on a stage was highly appreciated.

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Looking back:

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friends remained intact — even grew — and we established ourselves as the TNT Club. TNT stood for “we’re torrid, we’re notorious, we’re terrific” — or some such nonsense but our adventures, as chronicled in TNT member, Nell Bortells’, cartoon strip, were mild indeed. But then — how many teenagers had their own cartoon strip?

The bombing of Pearl Harbor occurred in our sophomore year. We were all shocked but it did certainly add drama to life. And — of course — we never doubted the U.S. and her allies would win the war. After all as boxer Joe Louis declared upon joining the Army, “God is on our side.”

And that being true, we didn’t question the fact that our Japanese classmates — fine students and as American as we — were suddenly placed behind locked gates at Santa Anita Racetrack and, then, with their families, forcibly moved out of the state.

We did have a special assembly and said our mass goodbye, with tears in our eyes. But, by the next day, most of us had begun to

think of other things.

My family moved from Monrovia when I was 16, although my parents continued to commute to the shoe store. When I returned to continue my “growing up in Monrovia,” I was a young married woman and my husband and my father were partners in a real estate business.

Shortly after our first child was born, Caroline Ingram convinced a still shy 25-year-old that her leadership was needed in the League of Women Voters of Monrovia.

Since Caroline only knew me as a telephone voice at that time and I knew nothing about the League of Women Voters or about leadership or about the United Nations — the study she insisted that I chair — this was a remarkable occurrence.

The League of Women Voters was, itself, a remarkable organization, at that time. Since most women, especially those with college degrees, weren’t employed, we had plenty of time for research, study and discussion of governmental issues and for learning — through experience — the various administrative and lobbying, public speaking and other skills needed for leadership.

For several years the League had a profound effect on Monrovia — and on the women who threw themselves, enthusiastically, into

this superb training experience. Among the “graduates” are, not only, Betty Sandford, but Jan Marugg and Mary Wilcox.

I continued to grow up in Monrovia. Most of us are aware of the miracle that good leadership and well-planned redevelopment has brought to a community that — a few short years ago — was undergoing economic and physical deterioration.

Many may not be aware of the hard work, dedication and leadership of Monrovia’s, of every religious and ethnic background who, together, halted racial disputes among our youth, integrated our schools and started us on the path to open opportunity for all.

That’s another story and there isn’t space for it in this remembrance. But looking back has reminded me that while much about growing up in Monrovia in the ‘30s was better than growing up anywhere today, children in my neighborhood, today, play with other children who are white and black and brown and amber.

And more importantly, no one thinks it remarkable.

While there is still much to accomplish, I believe our second century is off to a very good start and that we will continue “growing up in Monrovia” together.

duck race which, I believe, I won, with my fear-motivated duck dragging me across the Myrtle Avenue finish line.

Duck aside, adolescence was not the highlight of my years in Monrovia. A chubby Jewish tomboy had been a suitable playmate for the children of some of Monrovia’s “better families.” A pretty Jewish teenager was not.

And when some longtime buddies gave an Ivy Avenue (now Clifton) graduation party, they invited everyone in our gang of boys and girls — except me. As would any other 13-year-old, I assumed my own personality was somehow inadequate and three months later, I entered high school, a shy and awkward teenager.

Fortunately, my cadre of girl-

Continued from Page MC-6

For professional entertainment, we had the Lyric Theatre which was filled to overflowing on Saturdays. For 10 cents one could enjoy an "A" picture, a "B" picture, several cartoons and a serial and have the opportunity to win a set of dishes or even a bicycle.

But best of all was Sunday evening when every family in the country gathered around a radio to laugh at Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen and Jack Benny.

Terrible wars were brewing in Europe and Asia and a planned slaughter beyond imagination — but we knew nothing of this. We didn't even know that, here, in Monrovia our parents were barred from certain clubs and leadership positions.

And the fact that black children could only swim in the community plunge one day a week was simply an unquestioned fact of life.

Our social life centered on the Elks Club and the monthly Family Night Dinner was an event to look forward to — swiss steak and mashed potatoes, Ben and Irene Leff providing the entertainment, and a chance to giggle with Freddie Krinke and the Slater boys.

We didn't go to grown-up events like dinner dances. But seeing our mother clothe herself in an elegant formal gown was pleasure enough.

Mom had met Dad on the baseball field when he was playing semi-pro ball and his interest in baseball and all sports continued. He managed a boxer, he sponsored both men's and women's softball teams, a popular form of entertainment in those days, and I was terribly proud when, in 1936, he brought home a diamond medal designating him Elks National Champion Bowler in singles, doubles and team play.

We started school at Wildrose in the little kindergarten cottage and then moved into the big two-(three?) story building.

First grade was wonderful — not just because I learned to

read and write — but because my teacher married and invited the entire class to the wedding!

Mrs. Hunter was an enthusiastic young teacher who made a second, indelible, impression on my developing brain, with a butter-churning project. For hours, one day, we took turns manipulating a churn of cream as the class chanted, "Come butter come, come butter come." The butter never came, but I'll never forget the project — or Mrs. Hunter.

My second grade career at Wildrose was ended dramatically. One night at dinner, my sister's high chair danced madly around the room as our "nurse" tried to feed her. And mother came home from work with a story about walking across Myrtle with the store windows appearing to bulge out at her.

Wildrose, as many schools throughout California, was condemned for not being earthquake proof. The entire student body found itself going to school in Mayflower's basement. This never seemed a hardship nor did our eventual return to the Wildrose cafeteria, which had been divided into small classrooms.

I enjoyed school and believe most of my classmates did as well. We considered teachers to be very special persons and responded to all with respect, to a few with fear. They taught us to spell and to compute. They introduced us to the exotica of such far-away nations as China and Japan.

They also provided practical guidance for safe and healthy living — "Don't lean out of car windows," "Don't share your bath towel with other members of your family," and "Always brush down on your top teeth — up on your bottom teeth." We passed this vital information on to our parents who gave it the same serious respect we did.

Teachers did receive respect, even though they didn't always receive teaching jobs. Among the series of live-in housekeepers who cooked, and cared for Charlotte and me, during our

parents' long days in the store, were recent graduates of teaching colleges.

Other aspects of the depression were the "tramps" who knocked at the back door asking for food (almost everyone responded positively) and our mother's rallying of the Wildrose PTA to provide free lunches to children who would otherwise have gone hungry.

Other memories include Ernie the Iceman — one of my favorite adults in pre-school days. When his truck arrived with the big square of ice for our box, he always had a bunch of loose chips to fill my eager hands and mouth.

A not-to-be forgotten incident was Charlotte's expulsion from Mayflower School, after we'd moved within its boundaries.

My tomboy younger sister and a few of her classmates were playing with a toy gun another child had brought into the classroom, when Miss Cromwell, the most austere and terrifying of teachers, confiscated the weapon. In response to this unfair action, my Shirley Temple-coifed sister (at seven, two years younger than her classmates) led a brigade of youngsters into the teacher's lunchroom to demand that the gun be given back "at once."

Imagine the teachers' reaction! Imagine my parents' embarrassment! Imagine my silent pride!

And — of course — Monrovia Day was the highlight of the year. All of the merchants and almost everyone in town dressed in costume. The hearty breakfast at the Masonic Lodge was wonderful and was always accompanied by entertainment.

We watched the parade from the sloping lawn of the Elks Club and thrilled to every float, band, equestrian entry and clown. One year Charlotte and I were featured on a hand-drawn float advertising the shoe store — I as Cinderella, she as Prince Charming, fitting the "glass" slipper to my bobbysocked foot.

Other years we entertained at the breakfast. And one year — to my adolescent embarrassment — Dad entered me in a

World War II

By late 1941, Pearl Harbor and World War II were the major influences on every American life.

Japanese families, many of whom were citizens, were removed from their homes and businesses and sent to camps. Japanese children were removed from our high school. Rationing of sugar, gasoline and many other things became the norm.

My folks were ready to walk away from the business – a business that they had struggled to develop through the Depression. Instead, as shoes became hard to get, as young men went off to war and women began finding jobs in defense industries, newly affluent families began to purchase shoes. Charlotte and I became unpaid employees every six months, when the opportunity to use the current shoe stamp ran out and those who had not already used their shoe stamp stood in line so as to not miss the last chance.

I could hardly wait until I was old enough to join the WACS or WAVES —the only opportunity for a woman to join the military. A young man I knew – my mother's first cousin - died in the war.

Jules, my future husband, was another who couldn't wait to join the war effort. His buddies, a year older, had already joined up and left him with their co-owned car. He graduated high school at 17 and immediately joined the navy. To his great disappointment, the war ended while he was in boot camp but he still served for 13 months as a signal man and sailed to ports in Japan, China and the Philippines.



Jules' Childhood



Jules and his parents -
Sol & Ev Rosenthal

Life for Jules, had also been centered on family. Although he was an only child, born in Brooklyn but moved to College Point at the age of 7, his many cousins were as close as siblings. He was a bright young man, who started high school in a special school for gifted children attached to CCNY. The school was closed down (perhaps because of the war) and Jules graduated from Flushing High before joining the Navy.

As a young teen-ager, he delivered hats to department stores by foot. When he learned to drive, he was responsible for delivering orders for the President's Dairy run by his Dad and an uncle.



Sol & Harry Rosenthal's Presidents's Dairy

Jules & Betty

After completing his year in the Navy, Jules started college in New York but he liked California (and a girl who had moved there), so he transferred to USC on the GI Bill, and moved in with an uncle, aunt and cousin in Santa Monica.



Jules in the Navy

A few months later Jules joined and moved into a fraternity house. When the USC Jewish fraternity invited a USC Jewish sorority to an exchange, the brand new sorority invited their UCLA sorority mates to join them. I was reluctantly dragged along by my “little sister” in the sorority. Shortly after we arrived at the fraternity house a young man (Jules) walked up and said, “You look bored; I’m bored, too. Let’s dance”. Ten months later, we were married.

Meanwhile, I began university at UCLA and transferred to NYU when Mom, Charlotte and I moved to New York to further Charlotte’s career. After a year I longed to return to

California and UCLA and moved back west to live with my Aunt Bunnie and later to live in my sorority house. I began as a drama major but graduated with a degree in psychology. At the beginning of my senior year I met Jules and soon forgot other boys.

Jules began courting me immediately. He took me home from the fraternity party and was soon escorting me to popular supper clubs, fraternity parties and the home of his cousin and her new husband. I invited him to a sorority ball.

Actually, I’d gone to the beach with another fellow the same weekend that I met Jules. He was probably taller and handsomer, but it was

Jules that gave me the rush — and I responded. I even believed him when he told me that he was a month older than I.

When, during a visit with his cousins, and the conversation moved to registering to vote, cousin, Barbara, exclaimed, “But you can’t vote, Jules; you’re not old enough !!” That was how I learned that my mature young man was only 19 – a year younger than I thought!



Jules and I (right) on an early date with the sorority sister (left front) who brought me to the dance where we met.

It was too late — I was hooked. And when — a few weeks later — he murmured, “It’s really too bad we can’t get married,” I responded, “We can! I’ve figured it out. The GI Bill will pay you more money if we get married. We can both get jobs — and —if that’s not enough, we can ask our folks for help”. He responded, “Don’t tell anybody that we’re engaged!” Of course, I told everybody.

I should have known better but I’m glad I didn’t. Jules finished his USC exams a week before I took my UCLA finals and borrowed my flight money, intended for my trip to New York, for our wedding. When he returned from Las Vegas empty-handed, we took the train — sitting up in coach.

All of our friends were in California, but my mother, Charlotte and Jules’ parents were in New York. Jules’ parents insisted that we have a real wedding so their family could attend. And when I received a copy of the Monrovia Daily News Post announcing that I would be married on August 22, Mom and I knew that that was the date my Dad would be in New York.

Jules and I had a small wedding — maybe 50 family members — in the oldest synagogue in Manhattan. I didn’t wear a wedding gown; my sister (maid of honor) cried during the ceremony and one of my cousin Bernie’s friends, tried to trip me up while I walked down the aisle. We were surprised by the attendance of a couple who were among the monied and political leaders of the Los Angeles area Jewish community. When Jules’ friend Tony Antista was forbidden by his priest to be Jules’ best man, another friend, Cornelius Devine, didn’t even ask his priest.



On our wedding day

Of course, we stopped in Las Vegas on the way back to California and Jules lost all of the money we'd been given as wedding gifts. Fortunately, a call to his dad, in New York proved there was enough money left to get us to California.

Jules and I were 20 and 21 when we got married. That seems very young today, but for 1948 I was almost an old maid. Many high school buddies were long married and with children by the time I became a married woman.

We lived in an apartment in L.A., and while Jules was finishing school we both worked. We attended every USC football game – either in L.A. or up north. Once a year when USC played UCLA, I dressed up in blue and gold and Jules refused to open the apartment door until I changed clothes. Sometimes, he closed me up in the murphy bed.

We thought we were grown ups but I guess we were still kids.

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My father had sold the shoe store and one day he and Mom came in and asked Jules and me to move to Monrovia so that Jules could join Dad in the real estate business. We agreed, moved into a Monrovia apartment and then bought a brand new 2-bedroom plus den house in Duarte for \$10,000 (\$100 down) on the GI Bill. I took the Red Car from Duarte to Monrovia every day to serve as office manager in the real estate office. I retired in 1951-2 to bear our first child, Randy Ellen.

We built a house in Monrovia and had another daughter, Leslie Michele. Jules started law school

while continuing to be active in the Real Estate business and graduated just before our son, Kevin David, was born. Jules joined Emmett Patten in the practice of law and soon added Bill Faith and others to the partnership.

Jules found the practice of law both stimulating and satisfying. He became de facto managing partner of the firm while remaining active in the community. He was an excellent husband and – as our family expanded to include sons-in-law and grandchildren – an increasingly devoted father. Jules became a respected adviser to clients, friends and



Jules' Graduation from Law School

community leaders but remained a rascally, teasing boy at heart. He would never have retired from the practice of law but died, leaving Patten, Faith and Sandford leaderless, at 79.

My own life had been full –with marriage and parenting, community and foreign policy activism and leadership and lots of travel.



Jules' Painting of a Norway scene

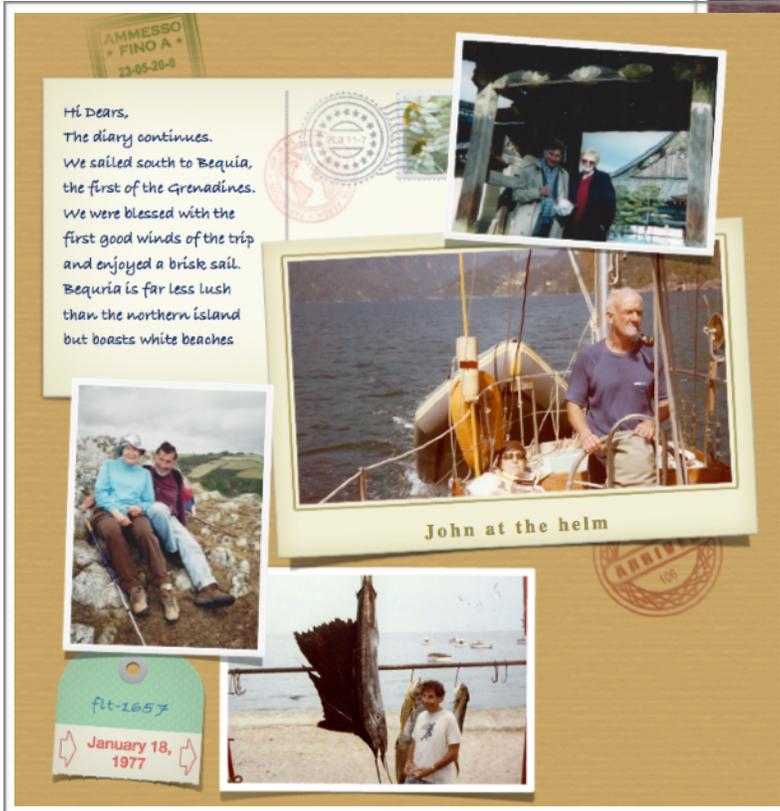
Our town – Monrovia

Jules & Betty



Socializing - left with Hal Roach and the widow of Conrad Hilton, above with friends Jim and Diane Hudson.

Travels



Jules and I were lucky to visit much of the world before most popular sites became crowded with tourists. We were fortunate to have the opportunity to join a friend on his small sail boat on many overseas adventures and to enjoy several motor home adventures in the US and Canada. With our children and grandchildren we shared small castles, canal boats, motorhome caravans and other visits in Canada, France, Great Britain, Italy and Alaska.

Because my maternal grandparents were born and raised in Palestine during the time of the Ottoman Empire, we visited some of my Israeli relatives.

Our several visits to China began with a tour in 1981, and resulted in lifelong Chinese friends, a business partnership and ownership of some outstanding Chinese art.



We visited my sister and her writer-philosopher husband in Vienna, where Charlotte taught piano to the members of the Vienna Boys Choir and from which she toured Europe, performing with an outstanding small orchestra. We traveled to Seattle to visit close friends and - with zero knowledge of motor boats - left our baby with them on one occasion, to take two small girls on a week-long (and dangerous) trip through the San Juan Islands. We visited family and motor-homed through New Zealand.

I traveled without Jules to visit UNICEF projects in Mali, Mauritania, Algeria, Senegal, Israel, Guatemala, to UNA and US Committee for UNICEF meetings in New York and to the UN Conference on Environment and Development in Rio. Randy and I had an unforgettable trip to China on behalf of her education project, and I learned much on a trip to Cuba with Leslie.

After Jules died, I took a few Road Scholar trips, suffered a concussion and food poisoning on a visit with my kids and their spouses in Argentina (but enjoyed the trip, nevertheless), had a great time in Istanbul with my daughters and loved several road trips with Randy, David and Liz.

We're talking about another road trip, with Randy and David, but it will probably be my last. I enjoy spending my time in the beautiful home that Jules and I built in the Monrovia foothills.

What Else?

What did I leave out ----- that Jules and I were daily 10k runners for years; that our only vacations during the first 10 years of our marriage were to Las Vegas; that I was the scary ride parent because Jules suffered from motion sickness; that we were so close to our next door neighbors when our kids were growing up that Norm built a cement walk between the two houses to make it easier for Betty and me; that during the first 10 or 15 years of our marriage we wouldn't have been allowed to buy a home in the Bradbury; that we parented a teen-aged Italian exchange student for a year and that her now-adult daughters call me 'Nona'; that Jules had three surgeries due to prostate cancer before he died of pancreatic cancer and that my father attempted suicide after he was harassed by Monrovia leaders because one of his real estate employees sold a home "in a white neighborhood" to a couple who had "negro blood".

And Now

In my late 80's, I am more inclined to express my activism through financial donations to organizations and loaning my house for events. When I do get more involved, co-workers are often antagonized by my high expectations and I by their lack of same. I am happy to see that new people with a sense of responsibility and leadership ability, are moving forward. It gives me hope.

BETTY'S CAREER

First, it was not just “my” career — what ever I did, it was Jules and I. I believe that was how the community saw it, and I certainly see it that way, now. We were both Jewish and understood bigotry. We were both “small town kids”. Our parents (Jules’ dad and both of my parents) were merchants and community activists. We were both part of Tom Brokaw's “Greatest Generation.”



Betty & Jules with Joe Biden

I don't think either of us ever thought of ourselves as leaders or change agents. People pushed us or opportunities opened up and we took advantage of them. That's what one did in that time.

Growing up during the Depression and World War II, we were innocents and believers. We believed that our community, our state and nation were the best, and everything that our leaders did was perfect. As we grew into adulthood, we realized that people in our city, our state or nation were not perfect — slavery and segregation, sending Japanese-Americans away, attacking small non-western countries. All we wanted to do was fix these mistakes and make everything perfect again.

It helped that the economy allowed one salary to support a family, that life was still simple and we didn't need a lot of things, and that

the culture dictated that women stay home and raise large families. Some women – myself included – got bored.

Four months after my first child was born, I received a telephone call from a complete stranger telling me that the Board of Directors of the League of Women of Monrovia wanted me to join their Board as Foreign Policy Chair to direct a new study on the United Nations. I was



quick to tell the League President that I was a very young person (24 years old), I was busy with a new baby, I knew nothing about foreign policy, the United Nations or conducting studies and I wasn't even a member of the League. Nevertheless, I was called every week for the next few months, and eventually found myself Foreign Policy Chair of the League of Women Voters of Monrovia.

As luck would have it, I became involved in the League at a time when the organization was consciously training its members for leadership. I learned how to gather information before I acted, to offer information in an interesting and compelling way, to lead and record a discussion and reach a decision, to reach out to followers, to raise funds and to influence decision-makers.

So, with Jules encouraging me to be my own person, my background encouraging me to do my best, the League training me for leadership, and people becoming aware of problems—it happened! I became involved in issues and causes. I became a leader.



The organizational and cause aspect of my life covered well over 60 years and is still dwindling out. In my eighties, it is mostly devoted to donations of funds to organizations and institutions and loan of my home for their fundraising events.

I'm mentally as able as ever, but the environment I have to work in is far more technological and staff-oriented and people generally seem far less able and responsible. Even the word "volunteer" seems to mean something different now. As a result, any personal involvement, other than donating, results in misunderstanding and disappointment.

I do understand that the economic and cultural aspects of today's world no longer allows for or encourages volunteer leadership. On the other hand, I am finding new generations of young people devoting their staff responsibilities or their retirement to the kind of dedicated responsibility and leadership that my generation exhibited in the last century. Fortunately, these have not, as yet, become cynical and discouraged and I am happy to support them.

Betty: “Life is not what you accumulate, but what you give away.”

There are other things that I would like to clarify. I was lucky to to have enough mental and physical energy to combine strong wife and motherhood with extensive volunteer leadership activities. Second, my organizational and cause-related life was divided into community and foreign policy activity. And, finally, although some refer to this as my “professional life”, most of it was unpaid.

If asked the formula for success, I can only offer this: be responsible, hone your skills, use your experience, take advantage of opportunities, keep your goals high, plan well but don't forget the details, work hard, always do your best, And most of all, don't just talk about it –do it!

BETTY'S HONORS & ACCOMPLISHMENTS

This next section is written about Betty, not by her. It is up to others to give the full story of what she has done. As one said, “What hasn't she done?”

In 1952 Betty begin a career of leadership in non-profit organizations and in working to solve local, regional, and global problems.

Betty was twice president of the League of Women Voters of Monrovia, served on the League's State Board and chaired the

LWV of Pasadena's Study on Dropout Prevention. She was Newsletter Editor for Alliance for a Better Community and participated in its successful efforts to strengthen both the Monrovia School District and the City of Monrovia. She was active in Monrovia's first Human Relations Committee, the development of the city's first Head Start program; supporting the integration of Monrovia schools and, later, a successful biracial effort to prevent anticipated violence on the high school campus.

Betty served on the Boards of Santa Anita



Family Service, the Monrovia Chamber of Commerce. Monrovia League, Foothill Unity Center, Arcadia Branch of AAUW and the Pasadena Conservatory of Music and as president of HOY (Help Our Youth), Social Model Recovery Systems, the Monrovia Community Services Commission, the UNA-USA Pasadena Chapter and the UNA's Committee of Chapter & Division Presidents, and served on UNA's National Board. Betty has conducted research on local and international relations issues, chaired discussions on the information gathered and lobbied state and national legislators to further the goals developed. She trained delegates to the UN Conference on Environment & Development and led the UNA delegation. Betty chaired the first global education conference in California and was a coordinator of the Bilateral Nuclear Freeze Campaign.

In the 1970's, Betty served as UNICEF's volunteer leader for the state of California and was hired as Director for the seven western states. She coordinated UNICEF's float in the Rose Parade and toured and wrote about her visits to UNICEF projects in Mali, Mauritania, Algeria, Senegal, Israel, Guatemala and Mexico.

Her favorite responsibilities were chairing the Monrovia Centennial and directing Bob Bartlett's several successful campaigns for Mayor of Monrovia. She participated in the Child Care Consortium and the Volunteer Center, both initiated by the Centennial. Betty served the Monrovia Unified School District as board member and President, focusing on health, preschool and parent education. She was a founder of Monrovia Reads.

During her active years, Betty recruited Shirley Temple, Carroll O'Connor and Richard Feynman to various causes and had the opportunity to know and work with LA Mayor, Tom Bradley, Canadian PM, Lester Pearson, Ted Turner and two Secretaries-General of the United Nations.

Awards

- United Nations Arnold Goodman Award for Leadership
- AAUW's Woman of Achievement
- Monrovia Junior chamber of Commerce Distinguished Women Award



Shirley Temple Black accepted Betty's invitation to be Honorary Chair of the UN25 Celebration.

Words of introduction: "Webster defines "Humanitarian" as: a philanthropist; one who has regard for the interests of humankind; one who is benevolent. There is no better candidate for the Cathy Hotchkin Humanitarian Award than Betty Sandford."

- Cathy Hotchkin Humanitarian Award
- 1974 Second Century Award from the Pasadena-Foothill area YWCA 1975
- Monrovia Chamber of Commerce Distinguished Woman Award 1986
- Monrovia Chamber of Commerce Dick Lord Award
- 2000 Monrovia Chamber of Commerce Iris Award (awarded to the citizen of the year)
- West San Gabriel Valley School Administrators' Golden Apple Ward
- California Legislative Senate District 21, Certificate of Recognition for Untiring Community Involvement - Founding Member of Monrovia Child-Care Consortium
- Monrovia Arts Festival Association Renaissance Award - for outstanding contributions to youth and arts programs.

Foreign Policy Work



Betty with UNICEF Executive Director Henry Labouisse, 1975

Betty was the first and longtime chair and member of the League of Women Voters (LWV) of Monrovia Foreign Policy Committee—focusing on international relations (the United Nations), international development (Aid and Trade) and US–China relations. In the late 1960's she devoted two years to foreign policy work in the LWV of California -- training and supporting local foreign policy committees statewide, representing the League at the Los Angeles Trade Association, and coordinating the UN 25th Anniversary programs of the League, AAUW, UNA-USA and the Foreign Policy Association for which she recruited Shirley Temple Black as State Chair. Twenty-five years later she served as the California Working Chair of the UN's 50th Anniversary and again recruited the involvement of Shirley Temple. Betty also served as Foreign Policy Chair for Arcadia Branch of AAUW and

chaired a UN Year of the Child program sponsored by several AAUW branches.

In order to focus her attention on the United Nations and international cooperation, Betty devoted many years to the United Nations Association of the USA -- serving as President of the Pasadena Chapter, VP of the Southern California Division, Chair of the Committee of Chapter and Divisions presidents and as a member of UNA's National Board and its Executive Committee. During these years Betty conducted research on international issues (including a major study of World Hunger in cooperation with the Pasadena Star News), conducted discussions on the information gathered, and lobbied legislators to further the positions developed. Betty chaired the first global education conference in California; she trained UNA chapter delegates and led the UNA delegation to the UN Conference on Environment and Development in Rio. She was credited by many with increasing the role of UNA Chapters and Divisions in their national organizations.



Betty with Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley

Betty served as US Committee for UNICEF's volunteer leader for California and was hired as the organization's director for the seven western states. She coordinated UNICEF's float in the 1974 Rose Parade and toured, wrote about and personally reported to both UNICEF and the US Committee on her visits to UNICEF projects in Algeria, Mali, Mauritania, Senegal, Israel, Guatemala and Mexico. She played the key role in winning back Jewish-American support for UNICEF during a difficult period and recruited Nancy and Carroll (television's 'Archie Bunker') O'Connor as US Committee UNICEF Day Chairs.

Betty was a coordinator of the Bilateral Nuclear Freeze Campaign and served on its Southern California and Freeze Voter boards, participated in a Freeze lobbying event in Washington, DC and recruited Richard Feynman as a speaker. The highlight of her years in foreign policy activity was representing the League of Women Voters of California at a remarkable conference at Wingspread in Wisconsin, where she had the opportunity to meet and work with two prominent men on the world stage -- global development expert and Canadian Prime Minister, Lester Pearson and Earth Policy Institute President, Lester Brown.

BETTY'S RECOLLECTIONS

Jules and I – mostly Jules – were involved in two major international projects that involved friendship, business, adventure, and travel. One focused on a lumber mill in Liberia, the other on what came to be a very successful US-China business.

The first grew out of my involvement with Monrovia's first Human Relations Committee. After I recruited our friend, Dave Jackson, to Committee involvement, a project was started to raise money in Monrovia, California for a new library being built in Monrovia, Liberia. Jackson followed our Mayor, Roger Ferguson to Liberia with the goal of starting a business and decided that lumber was the key. Liberia, rich in lumber, was importing wood for building --- especially, for a Swedish -constructed railroad. Jules began raising funds from a limited group of people – the Sandfords, the Fergusons and his parents but could not fight off a telephone operator who listened to our calls with his parents and insisted upon being involved.

The Jackson family - Dave, Helene and their two children -- moved to Liberia to direct the project - a catastrophe described in a year of letters between Jules and Dave. Jules and his law partner, Emmett Patten, eventually flew to the rescue, but too late to get the Jacksons out as a civil war had started. Later Dave and his family did escape and - improbably – Dave became the Liberian consulate in Los Angeles.

While this adventure took place in the 1950's and 1960's, the next one began in 1981 when Jules and I traveled to China, with a LA County Art Museum tour. We became fond of the national guide, assigned to the tour by the Chinese government and Tsi Wan and I exchanged phone numbers when we parted.

Although I never expected to hear from her again, three months later the phone rang and it was Tsi Wan – who had just joined her husband in the US, and was attending Pepperdine University. While Zig Wou studied for his doctorate and Tsi Wan for her Bachelor's degree, we continued our friendship and sold them Leslie's car in which Jules taught Zig Wou to drive. Because their son was still in China - having been born when Zig and Zee (as we now called them) were working in coal mines up near the

Manchurian border during the cultural revolution – Zig made several trips to the country as tour guide for Pepperdine faculty.

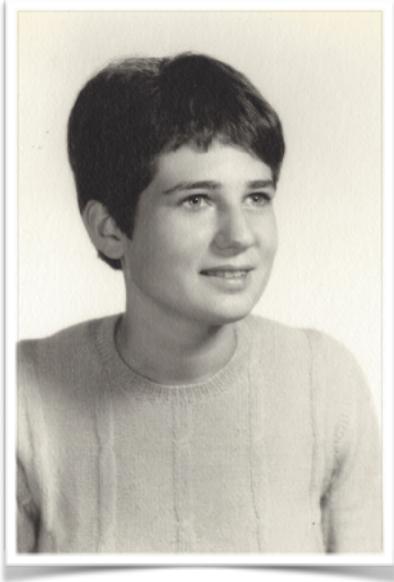
Eventually, Jules found a job for Zee (giving the couple a green card). The US finally allowed their son Chris to enter our country. Zig got his doctorate and Jules and Zig formed a US-China business — Orioxi. Several trips to China followed – including two with our tenant, Walt Olson who owned a tile business, a couple for our son Kevin, who studied Chinese, traveled the country on his own and eventually joined Orioxi, and several more for Jules and Betty – including one with friends representing Home Depot. Our first customer was Trader Joe's.

While Jules and Zig were involved in more practical endeavors, for Orioxi I was assigned to find appropriate Chinese food products for Trader Joe's and to recruit a number of prospective clients who had no desire to be involved in China. I was also assigned to work with Walt Olson in an attempt attempt to turn his tile business into a successful component of Orioxi and to work with UNA to develop a series of tours to China.

While all of my projects were failures, Zig (assisted by Zee on the computer) flew back and forth between the US and China and eventually developed a major clothing business, specializing in sports team-related gear. Meanwhile, Kevin had left the business; Chris had become involved and Jules, and I (because of the lack of interest by our own children) asked Zig to buy us out.

The families have remained friends. Zig has retired and closed Orioxi. Chris, now married to a famous Chinese movie star, lives in Shanghai, where they have started a related business and are raising their two children. Alicia visited them a couple of years ago.

Our Exchange Student Daughter



Claudia

In the late 1960's we applied for an exchange student daughter to finish high school with Randy. When Claudia arrived, we loved her immediately, but soon learned that she didn't speak English. Much energy was spent in rectifying this problem, and she eventually returned to Italy to become a high school English teacher until she retired. Since Claudia never really learned proper English, I often wonder about the generations of Italian young people who studied with her.

I also learned that parenting an exchange student was not a cultural experience, it was just raising another child. Nevertheless, we all enjoyed our year with Claudia as a member of our family, although I had to quit law school when I realized that I was leaving four children (including three teenage girls) to fend for themselves. Claudia and her husband and children are still members of the Sandford clan. Her first husband -- whom we loved and whose wedding to Claudia we attended -- had faked his attendance at medical school and his subsequent internship, which resulted in their separation and divorce. Claudia, like my son-in-law David and others among our family and friends, is an artist whose paintings hang on my walls



More Memories

My years on the LWVC state Board were not only memorable, but had a significant influence on the direction of my life.

I had foreign policy responsibilities. I remember attending meetings of the Los Angeles World Trade Council and being treated as the representative of a significant legislative ally. I remember recruiting Shirley Temple Black as Honorary Chair of the Statewide UN25 celebration I'd initiated and co-chaired along with representatives of the United Nations Association, Foreign Policy Association and AAUW. I remember Shirley and I sharing conversations that ranged from how to stop smoking to how to convince Governor Ronald Reagan to make her appointment official. All four co-chairs will surely remember when we walked

into a San Francisco hotel lobby to pose for a publicity photo, and Shirley jumped out from behind a chair and shouted, "Boo!"

Probably my outstanding memory was of joining other LWV State Foreign Policy Chairs from throughout the nation at the beautiful wingspread Conference Center in Wisconsin. We were the first group former Canadian Prime Minister Lester Pearson addressed after he had completed a UN-sponsored study on "Third World" development. The Conference was superb - a model for everyone I've been involved in since, but the unforgettable thrill was the opportunity to have a one-on-one chat with the Prime Minister.

The other memory is of working with local Foreign Policy chairs throughout California. And the significant outcome of all this is that twenty years later I am still very much involved in issues of peace, development, trade and all of the new aspects of international cooperation.

JULES' CAREER

An Advocate By Profession



After serving in the Navy, Jules had attended USC and earned a Bachelor's degree, while joining his father-in-law Jack Zerkowitz's real estate business. The firm became Sandford & Zerkowitz.

For a time, he branched out and established his own real estate firm, but then rejoined Jack Zerkowitz.

Then he began law school at Loyola — attending school in the morning and selling real estate in the afternoons. Jules was a smart man. He passed the Bar in 1960.

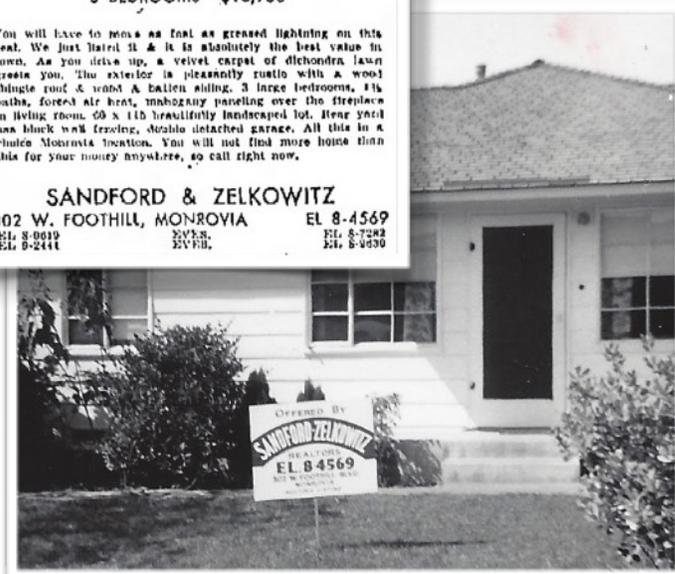
The relationships he built with Monrovia residents and leaders selling real estate — and the knowledge of real estate law and property rights — were the genesis of the law practice he would establish when joining Emmett Patten.

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Patten, Faith & Sandford

Emmett Patten, an already established Monrovia attorney, invited Jules to join his firm at partner level — an extraordinary invitation for someone fresh out of law school. In 1961 Jules and Emmett E. Patten announced their association. A third partner — William E. Faith — would join the firm in 1967. Soon Patten, Faith and Sandford became the most prestigious firm in Monrovia — an accolade modest Jules would have resisted.

Patten, Faith & Sandford would receive an AV rating from Martindale-Hubbell, a national directory of lawyers and law firms. It is “The highest rating possible “a significant rating accomplishment - a testament to the fact that a lawyer's peers rank him or her at the highest level of professional excellence.”

Others eventually joined the firm — William Faith's son Eric (1970), Patrick J. Hegarty (1973), who left to serve as a Municipal Court judge and a Superior Court judge), Kevin Welch (1976), Lorraine Grindstaff (1983) and Thomas O. Hoffman (1993).

While Patten, Faith & Sandford did all types of legal work, it counted many of Monrovia's car dealerships and other major business owners among its clients. Jules became the de facto managing partner. While they did work in Monrovia, Jules was also sought after for work in West Los Angeles and other regions, where what he called being a ‘little country lawyer’ added prestige and panache to a case.

Open New Law Offices

Emmett E. Patten and Jules Sandford, both of Monrovia, have announced their association for the general practice of law, at 202 W. Colorado Blvd., Monrovia.

Patten has practiced law for 21 years, is a veteran of World War II, U. S. Marine Corps and the Asiatic Theater, returning to practice in Monrovia in 1946, and since then has been president of the Monrovia Optimist Club, commander of Post 44 of the American Legion, officer in Monrovia Elks, president of Monrovia Democratic Club and member of the County Central Committee.

Sandford has been in the real estate business in Monrovia for the past 12 years and is presently a partner with the firm of Sandford and Zelkowitz, at 302 W. Foothill Blvd., Monrovia, and will continue with the firm in an executive capacity.

A Community Guardian

Jules was regarded as a friend and counselor of Monrovia's community leaders. Because of his deep ties in Monrovia, he took on a long list of community service roles, often in partnership with his wife Betty's work.

Jules always found time for organizational leadership. His values are apparent in the types of organizations he devoted time to — non-profits devoted to helping the dis-advantaged, educational organizations, business organizations and politics. All were deeply focused on the community in which he lived and worked.

Monrovia Community Chest/United Way

One of Jules' early activities in support of the less fortunate in the community was serving on the Board of Directors of this non-profit in 1963. The Community Chest eventually became part of the United Way, in which Jules also was active. Both organizations raise funds from local businesses and employees to support community projects. The first Community Chest had been founded in 1913 in Cleveland, Ohio, after the example of the Jewish Federation in Cleveland, which served as an exemplary model for "federated giving".

The Foothill Unity Center

As President and Member of the Board of Directors of The Foothill Unity Center, Jules helped the Center carry out its mission as a food bank. Begun in a church closet to help feed the needy, it would grow in strength so that by 2014 it was serving families living at 150% below the poverty line across seven communities. Jules served on the Board for ten years and as its President in 2001.

“His kind offers of opportunities for us to participate always had the quiet but undeniable forcefulness of a moral imperative.”

His powerful contribution and ability to leverage his relationships with others toward community service efforts was recognized by Peter C. Hoffman, President of Sierra

family of automotive dealerships. When Peter was given the Humanitarian Award, he pointed to Jules, and said, “I must also credit (late Center Board Member and Past President) Jules Sandford, whose kind offers of opportunities for us to participate always had the quiet but undeniable forcefulness of a moral imperative.”

The Monrovia School Board

Jules was part of the process by which Betty was elected to the School Board. Jules went to Charlotte Schamadan and asked if she thought Betty could get elected. Charlotte said, “Yes” and agreed to run Betty’s campaign. The tradeoff of having Betty on the School Board was that she then wouldn’t have as much time at home learning to play the (noisy) jazz drums.

Earlier Jules had headed the curriculum subcommittee of a Citizens’ Advisory Committee of the Monrovia School District, which in 1962 evaluated the curriculum and the financial needs of the district. The 100-member committee had many subcommittees to cover the wide range of issues to be considered.

Santa Anita Family Service

Jules served on the Board of the Santa Anita Family Service and as second Vice President in 1971. Faith & Sandford had also contributed pro-bono legal services for many years.

Santa Anita Family Service had been formed in 1951 when 50 organizations came together to offer welfare aid, food, and clothing to families in need. Initially Monrovia Family Service, it was created "to restore disadvantaged families or individuals to normal living by offering trained counsel and all of the social resources of our community." As times changed and other resources were offered by the federal government, the organization evolved. The name was changed to the Santa Anita Family Services and a new focus emerged, with professional counseling services added and an expanded goal of fostering healthier families. Dignity and self-assistance remained the hallmark.

Foothill Jewish Temple Center

Jules served as a member of the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors in 1976.



Junior Chamber of Commerce

Jules served as President and on the Board in the early 1950's, when the Junior Chamber was the most influential organization in the community.

Monrovia Day Association

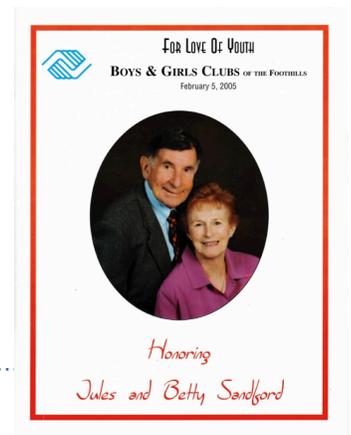
Jules served on the Board of the Association.

United Nations Association of Pasadena

Jules served as a Board member of the United Nations.

Boys & Girls Club of the Foothills

Betty and Jules were recognized in 2005 for their contributions to the Boys & Girl Club.



A Recognized Community Leader

Monrovia Politics

Jules and Betty had a powerful effect on Monrovia city politics and its leadership.



The Alliance for a Better Community (ABC) was originally formed to fight a John Birch Society takeover of the schools. With that success, the group believed it was important for the health of the city to make a change on the city council. Recognizing that it would take a majority to change things in 1974, ABC helped form a 3-person slate for the City Council comprised of Pat

Ostreye, Eric Faith, Bob Bartlett. The slate won and influenced Monrovia for many years. Eric Faith continued to serve for ten years and then on the Planning Commission for 28 years beginning in 1984. He was also Mayor from 1974-1976.

Later, when Bob Bartlett ran for mayor, he asked Betty to run his campaign, which she did successfully for many elections. According to friend Charlotte Schamadan, Betty was in the foreground; Jules was often in the background – always there with the financial support and the advice. Bob sought out Jules often for advice. Bob was one of the many influential people in Monrovia who went to Jules professionally. When something needed to be accomplished, Jules could often call on these bonds to be heard and to influence people.

Monrovia Board of Realtors

Jules served a President of Monrovia's Board of Realtors.

LA County Board of Supervisors Recognition

Jules' influence was felt beyond Monrovia. When he passed away, the **LA County Board of Supervisors** took a moment at their Oct. 16, 2007 meeting to note his passing and his life of service.

Supervisor Antonovich made a motion to recognize and honor Jules and Supervisor Knabe joined in.

Sup. Antonovich: *“I have one adjournment motion. Jules Sandford, who passed away this week at the age of 79. He and his partners established the Monrovia law firm, Patten, Faith, and Sandford. Served in the unite states navy during World War II. Graduated from USC, Loyola Law sSchool. And his service included the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the Foothill Unity Center, the Monrovia Board of Realtors, and Board member of the Monrovia Days Association. He and his wife, Betty, were the recipients of the Boys and Girls Club for the Love of Youth Award. And they were scheduled to be the Grand Marshals for this year's Christmas parade in Monrovia. He's survived by his wife Betty and their children and four grandchildren. “*

Jules' Personal Style



When Jules took up painting late in life, this was his first painting.

Jules was physically fit; he played golf and jogged for exercise. Charlotte Schamadan — long-time friend who served on many Boards with him — said, “He ran the trail behind my house and I could always spot him because he always wore black socks with his athletic shoes. I would tell him, ‘You’re so New York. Would you please put on white socks!’ He’d just give me his ‘Oh, Charlotte’ look.”

Charlotte recalled, “He listened, paid attention and was very kind. I never heard anything mean out of him. If he didn’t like something or somebody, he’d just give you the facts of why he didn’t approve. It was never a personal name-calling. He might say instead, “He doesn’t have a full understanding of the situation.” He had a kind of scowl but he never was mean. He was highly respected for the fact that if you wanted an honest answer, you go talk to Jules. Jules will give it to you straight. He didn’t mind being teased. He didn’t laugh at it but he didn’t get upset about it.”

Charlotte recounted a time when Jules paid her a great compliment. Jules never paid compliments just to be polite, so it

had special meaning. She was to be the featured speaker on the day when bosses brought their staff to the Quota luncheon. She was nervous speaking in front of Jules and others from his office. She saw him as “a big hot shot attorney and very influential in town.” She said, “As I spoke, I saw him laughing, which was rare. He usually had a calm demeanor but this day he was out and out laughing.” Her topic was how to pay attention and really listen.” He sent me an email afterword that said, “You’re the best speaker I’ve ever heard. I’ve never been so entertained and so educated at the same time.”

Being Jewish

Jules’ Jewish heritage — something he was naturally proud of — could present challenges in the almost entirely non-Jewish community of the San Gabriel Valley.

When he went into the real estate business Jules decided to take his middle name and change the family name from Rosenthal to Sandford. He believed that having a “less Jewish-sounding name” would help the business. He told Betty that the firm of *Zelkowitz and Rosenthal* “sounded too much like a delicatessen.”

Later, as a lawyer, a Jewish surname could be a positive thing in court — but only if you were in west Los Angeles, not the San Gabriel Valley. Jules said to Charlotte, “Jewish isn’t big in Monrovia.” He said it wouldn’t benefit their business to have a Jewish-sounding name. Charlotte teased him about changing his last name, saying, “Why did you bother to change your name? You look Jewish.” His response was, “No, I look Catholic. I look Italian.” Charlotte said, “The more observant people will still know you’re Jewish. You’re not going to fool anybody.” He said, “I’m not trying to fool anybody.” Theirs was a warm and good-humored relationship.

BETTY'S SISTER CHARLOTTE



Charlotte

Charlotte Lois Zelkowitz (known professionally as 'Zelka') (April 3, 1930 - October 6, 2001) was a concert pianist and founder of the Pasadena Music Ensemble.

She began playing the piano at age three. At sixteen, her mother took her to New York to study at the Juilliard School of Music and with Artur Schnabel, one of the 20th century's leading pianists. In her twenties she moved to Europe to tour and live on the continent for two decades. She made several recordings for Vox during the 1950s. Her repertoire included Ernst Krenek's 5th piano sonata, which she commissioned. She married a remarkable philosopher and journalist — Günther Anders — and lived with him in Vienna. While in Vienna she taught at the Vienna Boys Choir, performed with Der Reihe and translated her husband's works into English. She left Günther in 1972 to return to Monrovia, but they never divorced and kept in touch.

Charlotte was always known by her professional name, Charlotte Zelka. Albert R. Rice (a musician with whom she worked) wrote about her musical career:

"Charlotte studied at Juilliard with Artur Schnabel and his son, Hans-Ulrich, at the age of 16. In the early 1950s she moved to Rome and then to Vienna. In Vienna, she performed with the new music "Die Reihe" working with the composer and conductor Friedrich Cerba, teaching piano at a girls' school, and at the Vienna Boy's Choir School. I first met Charlotte in 1977 after she returned from living in Vienna for 22 years. We founded a trio (I play clarinet, the other member was a violinist) that played together until 1980. After our violinist left for a teaching and playing career in the Netherlands we formed a new group with Tom Flaberty, now professor of composition at Pomona College, his wife the violist Cynthia Fogg, and within a couple of years, violinist David Stenske, forming a quintet called the Almont Ensemble. For several years we performed at many southern California venues and as far afield as San Francisco, Seattle, and Winnipeg. Charlotte commissioned a number

of works for the Almont Ensemble from various composers in the U.S. and performed works by Cerba, Krenek many others who visited southern California. The Almont Ensemble recorded a number of chamber works on LPs and CDs. In the 1950s, Charlotte also recorded several works by Berg (Chamber Concerto), Stravinsky (Capriccio), and Mozart (Concerto K488) with noted musicians, such as Arthur Brendel. Charlotte also accompanied the tenor, Michael Ingham on at least one European tour.

Charlotte & Günther



Concerning Anders' work. I remember during the late 1980s that Charlotte was working on an English translation of 'Die Antiquiertheit

des Menschen'. I rather doubt that this manuscript exists any longer and it doesn't appear that it was accepted for publication. Charlotte complained to me that the translation of this book was full of problems because of the complex German syntax and meaning. But apparently Gunter was convinced that she could complete a translation that was a good reflection of his original meaning. By the way, Charlotte never divorced Gunter because she told me that she 'didn't want to hurt him any further.' Apparently, Anders was an extremely dominating personality and Charlotte had to be on her own away from him."

According to UCSB Professor Marcuse, Charlotte's name in German was "Carlotta" and this is how she was known by her Austrian friends and by Günther. Marcuse

wrote, "During 1978, I travelled to Germany, meeting Charlotte in Vienna .The music group that Charlotte played and toured with in Vienna — "Die Reihe" — was a very important group in promoting new music, and music produced the Schoenberg school of composers."

Charlotte's husband Günther Anders (1902-1992), whom she married in 1957, was an extraordinary man – called one of the famous freethinkers, he was a philosopher and social reformer. He came from a family of enormously influential



Charlotte & Günther

intellectuals and reformers. He was the son of child psychology pioneers Clara and William Stern (William had also invented the concept of the IQ and was President of the German Psychological Society!) and the great-grandson of the German-Jewish reform philosopher Sigismund Stern (1812-1867) who led the Berlin Reform movement.

Before Charlotte, Günther had been married to Hannah Arendt, who was internationally known for her writing on the Eichmann war trials. He was also (1945-1955) married to Austrian writer Elizabeth Freundlich.

Günther's extraordinary work was described by a Professor of History at UC Santa Barbara, whose grandfather (Herbert Marcuse) had been Anders' colleague:

Anders, born Günther Stern, attained notoriety since the early 1960s as an activist and philosopher of the antinuclear movement.

*A Jewish journalist and intellectual who fled Nazi Germany with his wife Hannah Arendt in 1933, Anders returned to Europe in 1950 to become one of the founders of the anti-nuclear movement there. In 1956 he published his magnum opus *The Outdatedness of Humankind* (my translation, *Die Antiquiertheit des Menschen*) has not yet been translated into English), more than half of which is devoted to "The Bomb and the Roots of Our Blindness toward the Apocalypse." After participating in the "Fourth International Congress against A- and H-Bombs and for Disarmament" in Tokyo in 1958, Anders published his philosophically oriented personal journal as *The Man on the Bridge: A Diary from Hiroshima and Nagasaki* in 1959. Anders published his correspondence with Claude Eatherly, the US pilot who gave the drop command on the Hiroshima mission, in 1961 as *Burning Conscience: The Case of the Hiroshima Pilot Claude Eatherly*, told in his *Letters to Günther Anders*. It has been republished several times and translated into 18 languages. After that Anders' published several books of reflections on morality in the atomic age. There has been some criticism of Anders because he openly*

advocated violence to combat regimes that flagrantly disregard human rights.

*An assimilated German Jew, he studied under Martin Heidegger... and became a cultural critic. When a Berlin editor with too many writers named Stern on his staff suggested he name himself "something different," he responded "then call me 'different'" ("anders"). The name is characteristic of Anders' unsparing bluntness. He emigrated to Paris in 1933 and the United States in 1936, divorcing Hannah Arendt, who found his pessimism "hard to bear," as he later put it. Arendt's 1951 book *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, and her coining of the phrase "the banality of evil" in her 1962 *New Yorker* reports on the Eichmann trial catapulted her to lasting name recognition.*

Anders won numerous awards and honors for his work from 1936 (Novella Prize of the Emigration, for "The Hunger March") to 1978 (Literature Prize of the Bavarian Academy of Fine Arts), to 1979 (Austrian State Prize for Cultural Writing) to 1983 (Adorno Prize of the City of Frankfurt) to 1992 (Sigmund-Freud-Prize); others he rejected for political reasons.



Günther's father (back row 5th from left) with Sigmund Freud & Carl Jung (front row) at 1909 Psychology Conference

OUR CHILDREN



I always wanted kids. Jules never wanted kids. I planned to have four. Jules was concerned that I wouldn't have enough time for him. I cried. We had two girls.

Jules was content with daughters, but noticed that Norm next door played ball with his sons -- and decided that we should have one, too. It took 5 years after our second daughter Leslie was born, but we did have a boy. I don't think Jules ever played ball with him.

Randy, our oldest was precocious, ornery and looked just like her dad. Leslie was my blue-eyed blond, tough (just ask the neighborhood boys), and slower out of the starting gate, but ultimately our scholar. Kevin, a very large baby and child, who as an infant looked like a bald-headed Irish bartender, was my sweetest child and grew up to be tall, handsome and witty. We loved them all but didn't dote on them - nor did we develop any goals or theories of childrearing.

We were lucky to raise our kids on Granite Street. Granite was great because it was one block long with a dead end. We all built homes within a few years of each other and for several years only on one side of the street. We all had kids. None of the moms were employed. By the time a "rug rat" (Betty Alpi's words) was two, he or she joined the

street gang and mom could devote herself to cooking, housework, or running community organizations or activities. The Sandfords and Alpis (next door neighbors) were so close that it was almost like one family with two sets of parents and eight kids.

Even though we socialized with Betty and Norm, I never realized that he was an alcoholic until Betty met me in the driveway that divided our properties one Sunday to consult with me about leaving him. Having the significant experience of seeing the play "Come Back Little Sheba", the night before, I advised Betty to contact AA instead. She did. Norm joined and became one of their top speakers - internationally!! And I became the famous neighbor who advised his wife. We had other alcoholics among our friends and family. Some of them joined AA and others didn't. I devoted 25 years to the Board of Directors of Social Model Recovery Systems, which was based on the AA model.

While we were lucky to bring up our family on Granite Street, I didn't feel lucky to bring up children (especially teen-aged girls) in the 1960's and early 1970's. Whatever child rearing philosophy I adhered to (or was at least comfortable with) was suddenly challenged by new behavioral norms. My daughters seemed always on the attack — with me as their victim. I was glad when they reached adulthood. Boys are easier - or at least ours was. While I was aware of his patience in putting up with two, slightly befuddled adults, Kevin was never in my face, nor flaunted activities that I wouldn't approve of. I usually found out about these later.

I remember celebrating events with the Alpi family (Betty-Betty spaghetti in Canyon Park) and taking our kids out to dinner and on trips. Jules and I confined family vacations to visiting the Indian country, or Baja California or enjoying a houseboat



Randy & Jack at his real estate



on Lake Shasta or Mead. Somehow these trips always turned into adventures -- mostly because it never occurred to Jules or me to avoid something that might turn dangerous.

Because ordinary people didn't travel abroad during the depression or WWII, Jules and I began our travels in the 1960's. And because my various foreign policy studies emphasized international cooperation and third world development, I was eager for my children to have experiences that hadn't been open to me. Fortunately, they agreed. Randy attended Callison College -- one of three cluster colleges developed at University of the Pacific, and spent her sophomore year in India learning to eat great vegetable dishes and to enjoy Indian dancing, as well as traveling lower class on trains. She was given a personal project working with and living with a "sweeper" class girl on a Japanese Peace Corp project. Randy eventually learned not to be continually depressed by Indian poverty, but had returned home before she recovered from physical illnesses she had picked up. And it took some of the boys in her class a long time to feel like men again, after they had been unable to stop a mass attack by well-dressed Indian men on some of their female classmates.



Leslie

At 17, Leslie spent a summer typing for the YWCA in Bogota, Colombia, working with children and their mothers in a poor barrio and socializing with "gamini" children, who had left their poverty-ridden families who didn't have the money to raise them. We sent Kevin at 15 to work on a farm in France and improve his French. The farm family was happy to acquire free labor and Kevin was eventually happy to leave for Paris, where he moved in with the members of a pot-smoking Algerian jazz band.

Nevertheless, they all grew into happy, healthy human beings who married and had their own children. At least the girls did. Kevin, only now at 54, has finally found the right girl and loves and is loved by her three children. Jules eventually decided that he loved parenting and grand parenting, and we spent many wonderful trips through Europe, Canada and Alaska with the whole gang.

Our kids were and are all different -- each with a distinct personality and way of operating. Nevertheless their general political and philosophical outlooks have remained close to those of Jules and mine--and that can be said of their own children as well. So, despite our lack of a philosophy of childrearing and our inclination to respond positively, and unthinkingly to anything that was suggested to us in life, I think we did a good job. Our progeny are good people -- more concerned with what benefits humankind than their own welfare. They enjoy life and are good to others. What more would one want?

But they are very different from each other. Randy was precocious, difficult to live with, and still enjoys being the boss. As an adult, she loves her family and her friends intensely, and will always go way out of her way for those she cares about.

Leslie was very competitive and also more politically focused. She still feels it important to always do her best -- an 'A' student from first grade through her Master's degree.

Kevin was easier than the girls to live with but was an odd little boy who (to my delight) called me "Betty, dear." He was always more concerned with doing what he wanted than talking about it -- probably a gender difference. Eager - I believe - to get away from three mothers, he loved the rigorous life (and the stern old-fashioned discipline) of Rod Jameson and Jameson's Ranch, which became a focus of his life from the age of eight.

Randy was my first child -- so I remember her early years most. As an infant, she screamed--all of the time. At four





Randy

months old, she would dial the phone when I was in the middle of a call and hide packages of cigarettes under chairs so that she could crawl over to chew them, when I wasn't looking. As a toddler, local merchants had cookies ready to deter her from destroying their stores and fellow organization members criticized me for allowing her to damage their homes. When Jules left for work in the morning, she rushed out the door and disappeared. I almost went crazy until my astute pediatrician told the closest pre-school director that she had to admit a two-year old. School leaders told me that Randy was too young and would cry to go home. The first day she was admitted, she tried to take over the class and tell the other children - and the teacher - what to do. She faked illnesses, when it was to her advantage, and - after an appendectomy at 8 - threatened that her (not yet lawyer) father would sue the nurses who tried to give her an inoculation.

Leslie bit everyone who turned their back on her and I found myself embarrassed one day when two boys twice her age (she was 5) came to the door to complain that she was beating them up. In high school, she campaigned against the Principal's class scheduling plan and for the District's first black school board member, met her future husband and immediately started going steady with his best friend.



Leslie

Kevin was inclined to run down the street with a dishtowel pinned to his back, emulating 'Under Dog' (The neighborhood kids called him 'Under Wear') He horrified other seven year olds who stayed over night by preparing breakfast for them in the morning.

Each child gave the next youngest a difficult time and Kevin, when Leslie finally left for college, claimed to be relieved to learn that his name wasn't really 'Prick'. The girls were overly motherly when Kevin was a baby and

toddler, but later seemed to forget him if something else seemed more important. As a result he was left in his crib when they faced an imagined danger, left in a gas station bathroom on a trip and in a car (which he decided to back down the driveway) when they were supposed to bring him into the house. "Next time," he explained when I found my car across the street and wrapped around a tree, "I'll let Daddy drive."

A few years later, Kevin began to raise snakes in his bedroom, started a business of acquiring and selling African clawfoot frogs and was always up for babysitting a rare and dangerous reptile when its owner went on vacation. Jules refused to step into the kid's end of the house. Many of our friends wouldn't even step in our front door and Randy and Leslie always arrived home from college yelling, "Mom, there's a boa constrictor (alligator or whatever) in my bathtub!!!"

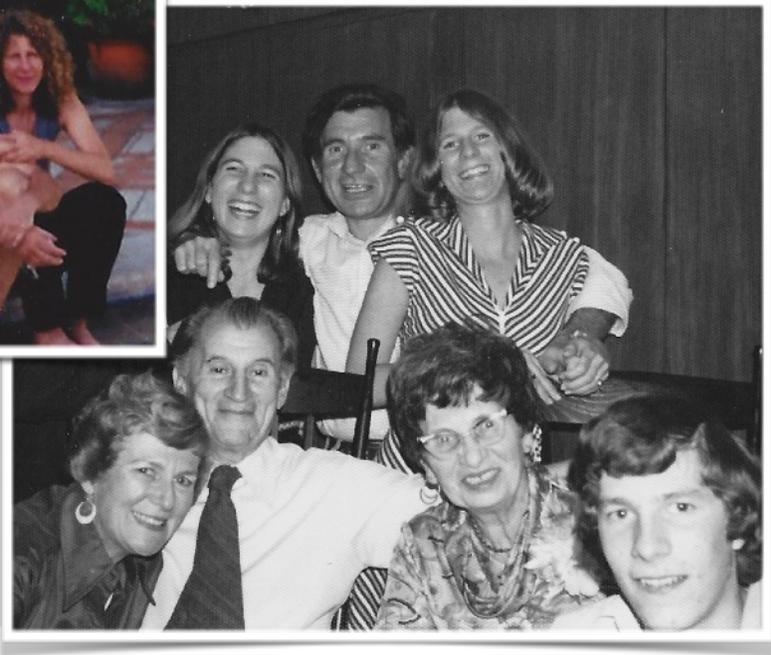


Kevin & his 2 grandfathers, Sol & Jack

Betty: "When I think back, it was like Mickey saying to Judy, 'Why don't we put on a show?' Every time anyone suggested any weird thing to Jules and me, we said, 'Of course!'"



Our family – Jules' & Betty,
Randy, Kevin & Leslie



Sandford Family with Grandparents Sol & Ev Rosenthal



Jules, Randy, Kevin, Leslie, and Betty Sandford

In France with Jules



Missing Jules, on Randy's 60th birthday – Rebecca, Ben, friends Liz and Karen, Betty, Cisco, Leslie, John, Alicia, John, Mia, Randy, Zoe, Jason, Sarah, Jules, Kevin, & David.



The next generation – Rebecca, Ben, John, Alicia, John, Mia, Sarah, Jason.



The newest additions, Kevin's ready-made family – Molly, Claudia, Merren, Mason & Kevin.