

LEE SPARKS

REPRESENTING

JESS LANNING

3030 MISSION STREET

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SAN FRANCISCO

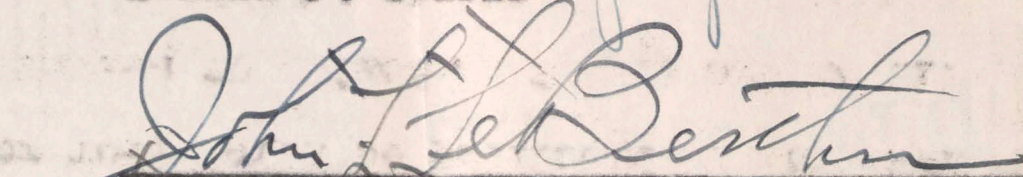


121

October 14, 1940.

BY THESE PRESENTS it is mutually understood and agreed by and between the Wasp-News Letter Publishing Co. of San Francisco and Leland J. Sparks of 129 Central Ave. that the article by Leland J. Sparks, titled "A Letter From Tony" will be published in the NEWS LETTER & Wasp without remuneration to Leland J. Sparks but he will be given a by-line of his own name.


Leland J. Sparks -


Wasp-News Letter Publishing Co.

Parthos

To the big black panther there was no such thing as fear. Not of man or beast. In fact, of all his kills - man shared the least resistance (except fowls, rabbits & other small animals) he pulled for food, with one crush of his giant paw. Once he had killed an Indian, even the terrified screams of the Indian meant less than nothing to him. He was used to terrified screams. They were the proof of his conquering.

Game on the Simprash mountains was plentiful and the Indians wanted to keep it so. They had used rifles, but experience had taught them the most of game frightened game away & they returned to the use of the quiet & deadly accuracy of the bow & arrow.

The Indian had been on the hunt all day & was returning to camp at dusk. All but two of his arrows were gone, but he carried a fine young mountain goat on his back. A victim of his deadly aim.

Through the dusk he caught sight of the huge panther. Instantly he flung the goat to the ground, took an arrow, drew & sped it at the animal. It flew from his bow, and down & the quickness of his draw - unpaired his aim. The arrow struck, but barely ruffled the fur on the back of the panther.

With a snarl, rage the big black disappeared into the bushes where he had ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~been~~ ^{been} had brought the

hated man smell to his secret nest. With the cunning of his tribe the Indian followed the trail for a short distance. Then he decided to attack it. Knowing the cunning of the panther he knew the beast would try to catch him & come up from behind.

THIS AGREEMENT made and entered into this 26th day of August, 1940, by and between ADDISON N. CLARK, Agent, J. Le BERTHON and LELAND J. SPARKS.

ADDISON N. CLARK, Agent, will hereinafter be referred to as Party of First Part, J. LeBERTHON, Publisher, and LELAND J. SPARKS, Author, will hereinafter be referred to as parties of the Second and Third part respectively.

Said LELAND J. SPARKS, Author, Party of the Third Part, hereby agrees that he will submit all writings to said ADDISON N. CLARK, Agent, and ADDISON N. CLARK will agree herein to submit all writings of said LELAND J. SPARKS, Author, to J. LeBERTHON for publication, for the next Sixty days from the above mentioned date, namely August 26th, 1940.

IT IS HEREBY UNDERSTOOD AND AGREED BY all parties to this Agreement that the financial consideration to be paid to the said LELAND J. SPARKS, Author, Party of Third Part shall and will be in accordance with the usual Publishers rates. The said LELAND J. SPARKS, Author, Party of Third part hereby acknowledges receipt of _____ Dollars paid to him by the said ADDISON N. CLARK, Agent, and J. LeBERTHON parties of the Second and Third part respectively this 26th day of August 1940, as a binder for the faithful performance of this Agreement by the said LELAND J. SPARKS, Party of the First Part.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the parties to the foregoing Agreement have signed their names this 26th day of August, 1940.

WITNESS:

LELAND J. SPARKS, Author,
Party First Part.

ADDISON N. CLARK, Party of
Second Part.

J. LeBERTHON, Party of
Third Part.

JEAN C. WITTER
45 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

November 12, 1940

Mr. L. J. Sparks,
129 Central Avenue,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Mr. Sparks:

I have given your poem, "A Letter from Tony," to Mr. Kelly, publicity director for the San Francisco Community Chest, who is most grateful for your contribution. I do not know just how it is to be used, but you may hear your own words coming back to you over the radio or see them in the newspapers. May I personally add my thanks for your thoughtfulness and generosity?

It was a pleasure to meet you and I hope that you will drop in again when you are on Montgomery Street.

Sincerely yours,

Jean C. Witter

Addison N. Clark

CONSULTING MINING ENGINEER
AND GEOLOGIST
SYNDICATE BUILDING
1440 BROADWAY
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

Election Day in
The Evenin'---Wet!!

Dear Leland:

Your bitta da poetry in the October 18 issue of The News Letter is good.

I'll bet it loosened some purse-strings, too. (And by the way . . . have you seen about the Old Town an more effective, appealing loosener of purse-strings, more catching-at-the-heart, than that picture of the little girl looking up with those sweet, sympathetic eyes asking: "Did we give enough, Daddy?"

I simply can not get past that picture, anywhere I see it, without stopping in my tracks . . . with a catch in my heart and my throat, and the feeling of tears behind my eyes. Whoever took that picture caught a priceless expression.

Suppose you spotted my own poem in the same issue with yours---two pages following it---on my old feathered friends the swallows of lovely old Mission San Juan Capistrano. I had a perfectly lovely letter from Rev. Father Arthur Hutchinson, Pastor of the old Church, after he had read my poem. I may give John Le Berthon a transcript of it to publish. And ---this year, of all years (when I burst into verse over 'em and told that they'd kept the schedule for 162 years, I learned from Mother Clark that the little beggars left two weeks AHEAD OF TIME this year---or so she heard. I will write Father Hutchinson and check up.

That reminds me to ask you to present my very sincere compliments to the little widow of a gallant Gobernador del Estado de Nevada, and my highest regards. I wish that I might see her---but I am always, it seems, under such constant pressure that I so seldom do get 'round to seeing my friends on that far-side of the Bay.

Did you see my sea-gull paragraphs in "The Big Bridge" in the issue with your pome? Page 13?

You ought to write more. The more you write, the better (and the more) you will write.

Regards .

ANC

I SAW

him 'whistling in the rain'. He was on his way to school and I judged him to about nine or ten.

All the other children wore coats or carried umbrellas. Not as much as a sweater did he have on and the rain was fast wetting his little blue shirt with elbow sleeves.

The thought of him sitting through the morning ^{with damp clothing} concerned me, but him--- not at all!

His "beanie" was perched far on the back of his head, his chin held high, and he was whistling as a kid never whistled before.

There was a spontaneous impulse to give him a hail. He acknowledged it with a wave, the lips un-puckered, and he flashed me a smile!

Man, woman and child, WHAT a smile. WHAT a lift. WHAT a way to start off one's day. A smile from a ten year old boy "whistling in the rain!"

I WONDER

why I always feel as if I could walk right up and make friends with a person who steps out of a crowd and takes 'a man with a white cane' gently by the arm and helps him across the street?

John Leland.

The only prize I ever won was one of those "Name the meanest man I Know" contests, conducted by a newspaper.

Mine was, "The meanest man I know is one who would cover up the knot-hole through which a kid was watching a big base ball game; bases full, two strikes and two out."

The judges awarded me third prize, and down at the bottom of the letter was a note from the Editor that said "Personal experiences are always better than fiction. Congratulations."

The more I thought about it, the more it sounded like a dirty remark. I'd of sent his old prize back to him but it was a ³⁰ ninety day free subscription to his paper and my "pitcher" was gonna be in it. Gee whilikens.

I KNOW

a man, past forty who has never learned to swim.

Nothing so very unusual about that perhaps, except in his case he has always been something of an athlete.

It is an uncontrollable fear of water. He has never had a terrifying experience that would cause it, and his mother says there was nothing pre-natal. He cannot overcome it. He admits it is foolish: in fact he jokes about it. Says he even leaves the bath room door open when he goes in to take a bath.

I Saw

a bird caught by one leg in some string that was wrapped around an electric light wire. It would struggle and flap its wings in an attempt to free itself, then, exhausted, drop its wings and hang at the mercy of the wind. A crew of line-men were working nearby and saw it. The wire led from one pole, across a deep chasm to another.

The men got a long ladder from their truck and leaned it out against the wire, but the wind was so strong it was hard to hold it in place. Finally a level place was made on the ground on which to stand the ladder and one of the crew climbed out across the chasm and reached the bird. He broke the string, unbuttoned his shirt and put the bird inside. Then he started to back down over a sheer drop of some sixty feet.

Midway he was seen to twist and turn his body, and the men below shouted the warning that he was making it hard for them to keep the ladder in place.

Finally he reached the ground and the bird was removed from his shirt. Several pair of big, calloused, useful-looking hands eagerly untangled the string and with a joyous toss sent the bird into the air.

Chided by the rest of the crew and asked why he "wriggled and squirmed" in so dangerous a position, the man laughed and said, "I aint got on no undershirt, and the darn bird inside was tickling me".

Strange, sometimes, where and how the grip of human interest is found. Here, a big "two-fisted" line-man who doesnt wear undershirts, actually risking his life to rescue a little bird, and laughing because the darn thing tickled him.

I Wonder

why it is, just after I have gotten off a boot-black stand, about the first half block, I either stub my toe, step in a puddle, or some stray pooch comes up and licks my shoes?

I Wonder

Why I can eat sour pickels at home and they never bother me, but if I look at them through a delicatessen window I start to drool, and the glands in my neck hurt just as if I ^{had} have the mumps?

if the the paper will ~~print~~ this stuff? And if they do I'll wonder why. So'll you. Probably they'll wonder themselves. Instead of being so full of wonder, wouldnt it be a nice change if this could be wonderFUL. Oh, oh; another one like that and about the only thing of mine they will want to print will be my FINGER PRINTS. There I go again, but now I promise you I'm through. When I see the Editor, (that is if he LETS me see him) he'll probably promise me the same thing.

x x ^

who did it? In the back, or "mens room" of a tavern in town is a big poster that theoretically puts its place above "mens a joint." It's a colored picture of Santa Claus with a broad smile on his face, holding a bottle of a well known soft-drink. A little child in pajamas is reading for it. Thanks for the underneath is the caption - "The Pause and the paper." Someone had scratched out the word "pause" or "minutes" the word "memory" ^{thanks for the memory that checks} Wonder who he was? Wonda if he wasn't some fellow who had been raised in a jail atmosphere. Wonda what way had ~~been~~ brought him to this "joint" & what his thoughts for a moment were, that caused him to write

what he did? I wish? If he had that
much sentiment left in him maybe -
well maybe just that little act of
drinking emotion may have pleased
him back - or rather joyed - 25
I can't say you know!

meeting the little bit of Grant and
a gentleman(?) with too much to drink entered
a ~~shop~~ Japanese shop on Grant Ave.
The ~~shop~~ was waiting in a lady customer at the
moment, but that meant nothing to the gentleman
who looked up and said "I want a bon voyage
package! There some people say a bon voyage
you know - ^{want} ~~not~~ package!"
The ~~shop~~ ^{gentleman} looked low - ~~sucked~~ in his breath and said
"A lady you have nice package - and now

bon voyage to your walk please. Thank you?
Then ~~looking~~ turning to the lady customer - "So
sorry - Excuse please! Continue please."

I had never seen a more deft handling of a
~~at~~ situation - and the erstwhile gentleman
still had enough left to eat of flesh &
get to good walk.

COMMUNITY CHEST OF SAN FRANCISCO

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Executive Director, LEROY KITTS



GA. 8600
45 SECOND STREET

December 31, 1940

Mr. Leland J. Sparks
129 Central Avenue
San Francisco

Dear Mr. Sparks:

We are pleased at last to be able to send you a copy of "A Letter From Tony" as it appeared in two neighborhood publications. November 19th it appeared in both the "Sunset Star" and "West of Twin Peaks Advance."

Your poem is a novel presentation of the Chest cause, which we are confident impressed its readers not only with the need for sharing community responsibility, but also with the personal satisfaction in doing so. Thank you very much for permitting us to use this as part of our campaign publicity.

Very sincerely yours,

Patrick Kelley
Public Relations Director

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San Francisco Chronicle
5TH & MISSION STS.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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5/17/37

Mr Sparks: Regret it
is impossible to consider
any new feature at this
time.

I will be easy terms
to suit you afford

Carroll - your
reply ship
your

Handwritten signature
The hand was
may -
the
back

712 - Johnson
Henry G. Swabey
Russell
Bothford Carleton
ad. regem
Wassleace
Mrs Johnson

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Burlington Advance - 1841
Wm Veilhaus Editor
312 Lotm av -

1841-1850

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NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.



A RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA SERVICE



111 SUTTER STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

May 11 1937

Mr Leland J Sparks
625 Ashbury Street
San Francisco
California

Dear Mr Sparks:

Enclosed is the material you left
with me last week. I have been unable to find a
possible application to radio of your newspaper
column.

In the event of future developments,
I will be pleased to contact you.

Yours very truly

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads 'Frank N Cope'. The signature is written in a cursive style with a long horizontal flourish at the end.

Frank N Cope
Production Manager

I SAW

her coming out of a pawn-shop on Third Street. She approached a man waiting at the curb and laid her hand on his arm. He looked at her inquiringly.

"We have enough now", she said.

"For the little white one?"

"Yes, for the white. So glad I am. I could not stand to think of the black."

"Me too", he said.

I know now I saw peace and sweet content shine through sadness for just a moment.

"Come Mario", she continued, "we must hurry. You know we promise the man the answer before two hour. Come. It shall be the little WHITE coffin for little Gloria".