

San Francisco Examiner
Monarch of the Dailies

MARKET AND THIRD STREETS

SAN FRANCISCO, 19, CALIF.

TELEPHONE SUTTER 2424

April 19, 1947

Dear Click:

Your applicant is correct when he says the job situation in S.F. is tight.

The Chronicle is overstaffed, ditto the Oakland Tribune. We won't even talk to applicants here anymore. The News isn't hiring anybody, ditto the Call. Only exceptions are for somebody "very special" or with pull.

Am indeed looking forward to seeing you down here around May 1. Be sure to let me know when and we'll whip up some festivities.

Until then, best regards to both
you and Lorraine,



Burney Breckenfeld

Mr. Click Relander
Vogue Cabins, Route
Yakima, Washington.

GURNEY BRECKENFELD
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

(Written From)

City Room,

S.F. Examiner,

Sept. 1, 1947

Dear Click:

Thanks for the copy of the Yakima Sunday "erald, which arrived yesterday. Although I cannot find any specific story in it in which I suppose you thought I would be interested, it is very interesting to see how you've re-made the layout. I especially noted the Sunday society section, which appears to be modeled after the Hearst format.

I am on night rewrite, which I may not have been when you and Lorraine were down here. "his xhqd?)%\$#!" shift keeps me working from 6p to 2:30a Sun thru Thurs, with Friday and Saturday off. However, I get to handle the top late-breaking stories regularly, so it has its compensations. "he night rewrite is a one man assignment. From 11p on there are only the nite city editor, me, and a cub legman on duty--on the city side, that is.

I discovered a funny one last night: on Sundays and holidays nobody in SF officialdom will collect dogs or other animals run over and killed on the streets. A young girl phoned to the cops to kick about the poor little brown setter in front of her house. They graciously responded by telling her it was none of her business and that "look lady, you can take it to the reduction works yourself if you want to. They're closed till Tuesday." Indignantly, the gal called police headquarters to complain about how Northern Station had treated her. That brought action. Hq called northern. About an hour later, a squad car drove up. Two of SF's finest emerged. Gently, they lifted the dead dog off the street. Tenderly, they deposited it on the curb, got back in the car, and drove off... Maybe the same gag would work in Yakima. I dunno...

At any rate, I thought this was a fine demonstration of the rules of irony.

My best to Lorraine, and to you Click. Hope to see you before too much time goes by.

Gurney