

"FRESNO ASSEMBLY CENTER" b

"A TIME BEYOND YESTERDAY"

CHAPTER TWO

The room smelled like a combination of fresh cut lumber and fragrant cigar smoke and looked like the inside of a newly built barn or storage building. There were no finished or surfaced walls, only uncovered two-by-four studs, and no ceiling, just an occasional two-by-six beam holding the sides of the building apart, and the underside construction of a peaked roof was visible overhead. The floor was a single layer of one-by-six pine boards nailed to the floor joists with an occasional knothole and all of the nail-heads showing. It was evidently the office of the manager for the Fresno Assembly Center and I had entered at the "come on in" invitation of someone's voice, that responded to my knock on the door frame of an open door, only a moment before. x

"My name is Walter Pollock and I have a letter requesting me to report here this morning. If I am in the right spot?" I said turning toward a pleasant faced gentleman seated behind a desk, three steps into the room, to the right of the door.

He removed an ample sized cigar from his mouth with a motion of his right arm and holding it close to his right ear he said. "Hello Pollock, this is Ernie Dunn" followed by a nod of his head toward a sandy haired man seated behind another desk next to him on his right. "We have been expecting you. Pull up one of those chairs, over there. I'm Pulliam, the manager."

I picked up a chair, selecting one from several near the doorway, and placed it in front of his desk, and sat down. The room had three desks in it. A young lady sat behind one, on the other side of the room across from the manager, and now in back of me. Her desk, I had observed, was well covered with an assortment of neatly stacked piles of printed or typed material which she was arranging in some specific order.

"Did you just come into Fresno this morning? You live in Bakersfield, is that right?" was the first thing the manager asked me and I replied that I had been in town since yesterday. "Where are you living, here in Fresno?" he asked. I told him that I was staying at the Fresno Hotel now but my home was in Bakersfield. He had a gruff manor of speaking and his