

Excerpts from a taped interview with **Montgomery Green (98yoo)**, resident, Hellbend, Nevada, date unknown

Interviewer: **Clifford Potter (58)**

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Montgomery Greene: We talkin' about Hunt again?

Clifford Potter: Yeah Monty, if that's okay?

MG: Sure, why the hell not? He said people would talk about him someday.

CP: Did he?

MG: Sure. Said he was going to change the face of the earth with what he was working on down there at the plant.

CP: [Unintelligible]

MG: You know what?

CP: [Sounds of microphone adjustment][Unintelligible response]

MG: I believed him.

CP: Did you ever see what went on below the plant?

MG: Nope, I never did. He [Hunt] never really went down there either. He just stayed in his office, the Bathysphere we called it -- it was all decked out strange. I heard it cost a hundred grand to put together. It was hermetically sealed, with big rubber-lipped cast iron doors like a damn battleship.

CP: Yeah?

MG: Yeah. It was all lit by those klieg light jobbies; you know the ones? It COOKED in there, 110°, sometimes 120° degrees easy. He liked it. Hell, he LOVED it. He just sat at this weird desk and drew his plans and cooked. No one but me and him could stand it (I was in Bolivia and Honduras for a chunk of time, you understand). Even I found it uncomfortable after awhile.

CP: What was he working on?

MG: I don't really know; except he said it would change the world. The man worked freehand, from memory, just drawing out things that looked like blueprints from scratch -- I mean with a damn chalk pencil and some paper and that's it. He just sat there and rattled it off like he was doing the crosswords.

CP: What did the look like?

MG: They're hard to explain. Oh, he wrote in this weird code. It looked like math; like symbols. Then he'd redo the whole thing in English when it was ready to be built.

[Continues]

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CP: So you don't think English was his main language?

MG: I don't know. He looked white. He looked like he was from Europe or something. He seemed normal, but once or twice I heard him talk in this language...

CP: Can you describe it?

MG: Well...it sounded like some sort of South Seas lingo. Like something from New Guinea or something. I heard some in the Corps, you understand.

CP: Did he know you overheard him?

MG: Once.

CP: Did he ever say anything to you about it?

MG: Yeah, he said to forget it, he said he could speak twelve languages, that it was a gift. He could write in them too.

CP: So, his personal habits, they were strange?

MG: Well, if he HAD any personal habits. He never slept. I only caught him dozing once. The guy ate only vegetables. Only specially prepared stuff. It was flown in every morning by courier from Los Angeles. He'd only eat it if I washed it by hand. He KNEW when I didn't do this. I don't know how.

CP: So he was odd?

MG: Odd ain't the word. But he was a good boss. Then again, I was used to the Corps. Anything seems good after the Corps.

CP: So he was a good boss?

MG: Oh yeah.

CP: Do you think you could go into that a bit more?

MG: Sure. Don't get me wrong, he *hated* everyone. All the guys who worked for him. He never once said a kind word to anyone. Conversations with him were always about three sentences. He's ask you a question, you understand, you'd answer, and then he'd berate you. But he was always right, and he rewarded loyalty, and consistency. I had that stuff down from training. I did everything he asked, down to the letter; by that time, it was second nature.

CP: So you think he liked you?

MG: Nah, he TOLERATED me, you understand?

[Continues]

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CP: Did he ever go outside?

MG: Once or twice I seen. He wore these old goggles. Bakelite goggles with black-out glass when he went.

CP: Yeah?

MG: Yeah, he could see just fine in the dark. He walked around after hours sometimes in the rooms surrounding his office, in the dark.

CP: So, he wore them whenever he was in sunlight?

MG: Yeah, he liked heat, he liked the lamps, but something about the sun bugged him. Not his skin, just his eyes.

CP: So he didn't like blood? You said something about that...earlier?

MG: Yes. I cut myself once while preparing his lunch, and when I walked in the tub [Hunt's office] he got up and started screaming at me. He was really, really mad. Really PO'd. He stood away from me like it was catching.

CP: What was he yelling?

MG: [Laughs] For me to get out. To come back later. That he wasn't hungry. That my blood made him sick.

CP: So you bled a lot?

MG: That's the thing, I didn't bleed hardly at all, and just on a finger. The finger was wrapWped in gauze.

CP: So he saw the bandage.

MG: Nah, I had my other hand with the cut on the door, he couldn't see it.

CP: So how did he know?

MG: [Laughs] I think he SMELT it.

[END]