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University of California
Berkeley, California

Western Mining in the Twentieth Century
Oral History Series

Helen R. Henshaw

RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE WITH PAUL HENSHAW: LATIN AMERICA, HOMESTAKE MINING COMPANY

With Introductions by
Katherine C. Bradley
and
Langan W. Swent

An Interview Conducted by
Eleanor Swent
in 1987

Since 1954 the Regional Oral History Office has been interviewing leading participants in or well-placed witnesses to major events in the development of Northern California, the West, and the nation. Oral history is a modern research technique involving an interviewee and an informed interviewer in spontaneous conversation. The taped record is transcribed, lightly edited for continuity and clarity, and reviewed by the interviewee. The resulting manuscript is typed in final form, indexed, bound with photographs and illustrative materials, and placed in The Bancroft Library at the University of California, Berkeley, and other research collections for scholarly use. Because it is primary material, oral history is not intended to present the final, verified, or complete narrative of events. It is a spoken account, offered by the interviewee in response to questioning, and as such it is reflective, partisan, deeply involved, and irreplaceable.

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It is recommended that this oral history be cited as follows:

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HELEN AND PAUL HENSHAW

January 1979, 100th anniversary of the Homestake Mine

Lead, South Dakota

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Special thanks are given to those who contributed to the Western Mining in the Twentieth Century Oral History Series in memory of Paul C. Henshaw.

Philip and Katherine Bradley
Mrs. Paul C. Henshaw
Virginia Bradley Sutherland
Langan and Eleanor Swent

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PREFACE

The oral history series on Western Mining in the Twentieth Century documents the lives of leaders in mining, metallurgy, geology, education in the earth and materials sciences, mining law, and the pertinent government bodies. The field includes metal, non-metal, and industrial minerals, but not petroleum.

Mining has changed greatly in this century: in the technology and technical education; in the organization of corporations; in the perception of the national strategic importance of minerals; in the labor movement; and in consideration of health and environmental effects of mining.

The idea of an oral history series to document these developments in twentieth century mining had been on the drawing board of the Regional Oral History Office for more than twenty years. The project finally got underway on January 25, 1986, when Mrs. Willa Baum, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bradley, Professor and Mrs. Douglas Fuerstenau, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Heimbucher, Mrs. Donald McLaughlin, and Mr. and Mrs. Langan Swent met at the Swent home to plan the project, and Professor Fuerstenau agreed to serve as Principal Investigator.

An advisory committee was selected which included representatives from the materials science and mineral engineering faculty and a professor of the history of science at the University of California at Berkeley; a professor emeritus of history from the California Institute of Technology; and executives of mining companies.

We note with much regret the death of two members of the original advisory committee, both of whom were very much interested in the project. Rodman Paul, Professor Emeritus of History, California Institute of Technology, sent a hand-written note of encouragement just a few weeks before his death from cancer. Charles Meyer, Professor Emeritus of Geology, University of California at Berkeley, was not only an advisor but was also on the list of people to be interviewed, because of the significance of his recognition of the importance of plate tectonics in the genesis of copper deposits. His death in 1987 ended both roles.

Thanks are due to other members of the advisory committee who have helped in selecting interviewees, suggesting research topics, and raising funds.

Unfortunately, by the time the project was organized several of the original list of interviewees were no longer available and others were in failing health; therefore, arrangements for interviews were begun even without established funding.

The project was presented to the San Francisco section of the American Institute of Mining, Metallurgical, and Petroleum Engineers [AIME] on "Old-timers Night," March 10, 1986, when Philip Read Bradley, Jr. was the speaker. This section and the Southern California section provided initial funding and organizational sponsorship.

The Northern and Southern California sections of the Woman's Auxiliary to the AIME [WAAIME], the California Mining Association, and the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America [MMSA] were early supporters. Several alumni of the University of California College of Engineering donated in response to a letter from Professor James Evans, the chairman of the Department of Materials Science and Mineral Engineering. Other individual and corporate donors are listed in the volumes. The project is ongoing, and funds continue to be sought.

Some members of AIME, WAAIME, and MMSA have been particularly helpful: Ray Beebe, Katherine Bradley, Henry Colen, Ward Downey, David Huggins, John Kiely, Noel Kirshenbaum, and Cole McFarland.

The first five interviewees were all born in 1904 or earlier. Horace Albright, mining lawyer and president of U.S. Borax and Chemical Corporation, was ninety-six years old when interviewed. Although brief, this interview will add another dimension to the many publications about a man known primarily as a conservationist.

James Boyd was director of the industry division of the military government of Germany after World War II, director of the U.S. Bureau of Mines, dean of the Colorado School of Mines, vice president of Kennecott Copper Corporation, president of Copper Range, and executive director of the National Commission on Materials Policy. He had reviewed the transcript of his lengthy oral history just before his death in November, 1987.

Philip Bradley, Jr., mining engineer, was a member of the California Mining Board for thirty-two years, most of them as chairman. He also founded the parent organization of the California Mining Association, as well as the Western Governors Mining Advisory Council.

Frank McQuiston, metallurgist, vice president of Newmont Mining Corporation, died before his oral history was complete; thirteen hours of taped interviews with him were supplemented by three hours with his friend and associate, Robert Shoemaker.

Gordon Oakeshott, geologist, was president of the National Association of Geology Teachers and chief of the California Division of Mines and Geology.

These oral histories establish the framework for the series; subsequent oral histories amplify the basic themes.

Future researchers will turn to these oral histories to learn how decisions were made which led to changes in mining engineering education, corporate structures, and technology, as well as public policy regarding minerals. In addition, the interviews stimulate the deposit, by interviewees and others, of a number of documents, photographs, memoirs, and other materials related to twentieth century mining in the West. This collection is being added to The Bancroft Library's extensive holdings.

The Regional Oral History Office is under the direction of Willa Baum, division head, and under the administrative direction of James D. Hart, director of The Bancroft Library.

Interviews were conducted by Malca Chall and Eleanor Swent.

Willa K. Baum, Division Head
Regional Oral History Office

Eleanor Swent, Project Director
Western Mining in the Twentieth
Century Series

May 1, 1988
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Western Mining in the Twentieth Century Oral History Series
Interviews Completed or In Process, July 1988

Philip Read Bradley, Jr., A Mining Engineer in Alaska, Canada, the Western United States, Latin America, and Southeast Asia, 1988.

Gordon B. Oakeshott, The California Division of Mines and Geology, 1948-74, 1988.

Helen R. Henshaw, Recollections of Life with Paul Henshaw: Latin America, Homestake Mining Company, 1988.

Horace Albright, in process

James Boyd, in process

Catherine C. Campbell, in process

Lewis Huelsdonk, in process

Frank Woods McQuiston, Jr., in process

Plato Malozemoff, in process

Langan W. Swent, in process

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University of California, Berkeley

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Former Chairman, California State Mining and Geology Board

Professor Neville G. Cook
Department of Materials Science and Mineral Engineering
University of California, Berkeley

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Memorial to Paul Carrington Henshaw 1913–1986

JAMES A. ANDERSON
999 Green Street, #2302, San Francisco, California 94133

Paul C. Henshaw, former chairman of the board of Homestake Mining Company, died August 12, 1986, in Rossmoor, Walnut Creek, California, at the age of 72.

Paul was born in Rye, New York, on November 15, 1913, the son of Rev. Richard Townsend Henshaw and his wife, Clara Ambler Venable. Paul graduated with a B.A. degree in geology, first in his class and Phi Beta Kappa, from Harvard University in 1936. He went on to receive an M.S. degree in economics in 1938 and a Ph.D. degree in geology in 1940, both from the California Institute of Technology. He received an honorary Ph.D. in Business Administration from the South Dakota School of Mines in 1978. In 1939, Paul married Helen Elizabeth Runals; she survives him, along with one daughter, Sydney Parker (Mrs. Paul Nordt III), and two sons, Guy Runals and Paul C., Jr.

Paul served as a mining geologist throughout most of his career, first with Cerro Corporation at Morococha, Peru (1940–1943); followed by Consorcio Minero del Peru (1943–1945); Compania Peruana de Cemento Portland (1945); and Day Mines, Incorporated, Wallace, Idaho (1945–1946). He then returned to the academic environment as associate professor and acting head of the Department of Geology at the University of Idaho in Moscow, Idaho (1946–1947).

Paul's teaching career ended abruptly in 1947 when his former Harvard professor, Donald H. McLaughlin, asked him to return to mining as a geologist for the San Luis Mining Company at Tayoltita, Durango, Mexico. Paul liked to recall his life in that isolated mining camp; he referred to it as "living in paradise, a geologist's paradise." Again to quote Paul, "Our wanderings were not without their rewards. We were blessed with three children; a daughter Sydney, born in Lima, Peru; a son Guy, born in Moscow (Idaho, that is); and son Paul C., Jr., the first American ever born of American parents in Tayoltita."

In 1953, the Henshaws returned to the U.S., where Paul began working as an exploration geologist for Homestake Mining Company of San Francisco, under the aegis of Donald H. McLaughlin, Homestake's chairman. Within a few weeks after Paul joined Homestake, McLaughlin advised him that a young man named Charles Steen had made a remarkable discovery of rich uranium ore near Moab, Utah. Paul left the next day for Utah—a trip that involved him in the uranium boom for several years, acquiring uranium properties and directing exploration in Utah, New Mexico, and Colorado.

Under chief executive John K. Gustafson (after the uranium boom began to fade), Paul directed Homestake's search for lead and zinc in Missouri. That effort resulted in a 50/50 joint venture with AMAX on properties which were explored and subsequently developed into a mine, mill, and smelter complex at Buick, Missouri.

Another Homestake discovery was generated by Paul in response to a property submittal by William G. "Bill" Cox, a geologic consultant and mining entrepreneur. He brought Paul's attention to the Bulldog Property at Creede, Colorado. There, a silver vein which had been prospected but never seriously developed was further explored and developed into a profitable venture for Homestake.

George Tower, also a geologist and miner, asked Homestake to join with him and others in a syndicate to explore and develop mining properties in Peru. Paul's geological expertise led to the discovery, acquisition, and development of the Madrigal copper property, for which Homestake served as operator until 1983.

These non-gold metal resources contributed strongly to Homestake's income during a long "dry" period in which the price of gold remained very low. In the mid-1970s, after the price of gold began increasing, Paul refocused Homestake's efforts on gold, directing its acquisition of interests in the Mt. Charlotte and Fimiston gold properties at Kalgoorlie, Western Australia.

Paul was elected a vice president of Homestake in 1961, became president in 1970, chief executive officer in 1971, and chairman of the board in 1977. He retired from the chairmanship in 1982, but continued to serve as a director for two more years. He retired in 1983, following 30 years of distinguished service; during that time he earned the respect of the Wall Street investment bankers for guiding Homestake in what he felt to be the best interest of the shareholders. Exemplifying his faith in gold, one of Paul's favorite and most pointed stories was, "When I was a young man a one-ounce, twenty-dollar gold piece would buy a good suit of clothes. Today, one ounce of gold will still buy a good suit."

Active in professional affairs, he was a member of AIME (recipient of the Rand Medal in 1981). He was a former president and councilor of the Society of Economic Geology, a Fellow of the Geological Society of America, and a member of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, Mining and Metallurgical Society of America, Institute Societe de Geologic Applique, Phi Beta Kappa, and Sigma Xi. He was also a member of the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, the World Affairs Council of Northern California, the Harvard and Harvard Business School Clubs of San Francisco, the Pacific Union Club, and the World Trade Club. He also served as an advisory trustee for Alta Bates Hospital of Berkeley, California.

Paul Henshaw, the man: he was tall, noble, and expressed a wonderful dry wit. He was a scientist who took his scholarly bearing into the field of geology to work with teams of men devising new methods for seeking ore bodies and exploiting them economically. As a businessman, he applied himself to returning more than was required: to his superiors as a young man, and later to his shareholders as president and chairman of the board. An excellent administrator, he was always quick to tell his staff, "Never explain—never complain." He was an economist who was convinced of man's frailties and need for discipline. Forever a student, he was always reading and expanding his intellectual horizons. Paul was clearly a leader, and his outstanding career exemplifies this capacity. Throughout his life's work, he created for us a paradigm, one based upon his standards of decency, ethics, and hard work. He was a warm, compassionate individual, and whomever he was with always had his full attention. Paul was admired and respected by everyone with whom he came into contact. By quoting Paul so freely, letting his own words speak for him, we—his friends, family, and co-workers—give honor to his memory and his place in our lives.

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INTRODUCTION by Katherine C. Bradley

Betty and her husband Paul Henshaw have demonstrated the value and almost necessity of a team approach to a career in mining. Elizabeth Runals was born in Ripon, Wisconsin and moved at an early age with her parents to southern California. She was an English major graduate from UCLA with a special interest in journalism. Instead of following a career in that field, she met and married Paul Henshaw, a geologist, and a very different life opened up for her.

Betty's boundless enthusiasm, inquiring mind, and her ability to respond to unfamiliar experiences stood her in good stead in her new role of mining wife. As a young couple they lived first in Peru where Betty interested herself in the culture and people of the country and became fluent in Spanish. Because of her artistic ability, she was especially attracted by the native crafts. From there it was to an academic environment in Idaho followed by an assignment to a remote mining camp in the Sierra Madre of northern Mexico. In this small community her third child was born, the first child of American parents born in that area. Here Betty again exhibited the ability to become a real part of the environment in which she found herself.

On returning to the United States the family settled in Berkeley where Betty found herself largely responsible for their school-age children, while Paul made frequent trips so typical in the mining industry. Betty energetically entered into the life of her community both as a member of her church and a very dedicated hospital volunteer. She also joined the Woman's Auxiliary of the American Institute of Mining, Metallurgical, and Petroleum Engineers, whose primary function is supporting scholarships for university students in mining related fields. Her leadership qualities and dependability were quickly appreciated. She was not only chosen chairman of the local group, but later became the first non-East Coast member of the National Board. She was also made an honorary member for her outstanding service.

In recent years Betty has continued to meet new situations with enthusiasm. She was a gracious hostess, traveling widely during the time her husband was President of Homestake Mining Company. With strength and indomitable spirit she accepted her husband's final illness and most especially her own failing health. Her very full life has been an example of courageous perseverance in responding to new challenges. Betty exemplifies to a high degree the adaptability and intelligent interest of so many wives in the mining industry.

Katherine C. Bradley
National honorary member and former section chairman, WAAIME;
Former co-chairman, American Mining Congress Women's Committee;
Former member, Alta Bates Hospital Board of Trustees

February 1988
Berkeley, California

INTRODUCTION by Langan W. Swent

I first met Paul Henshaw in early 1947 when he came to work as chief geologist for San Luis Mining Company in Tayoltita, Durango, Mexico. Our association lasted thirty-nine years until Paul's death. In Tayoltita my wife and I lived in a company house next door to that of the Henshaws for six years, from 1947 to 1953.

During that period we shared in various ways the multi-faceted social life of Americans working in Latin American mining camps. We also reared children together. One of the warm, human remarks Paul made to me which I still remember was when I announced that we were expecting our first child; he said he hoped that we would get as much pleasure from our children as they had from theirs.

During the Tayoltita years, as assistant manager I had occasion to work with Paul directly on several items, especially the annual calculations of ore reserves. He was an excellent geologist and thoroughly enjoyed the challenges presented by this old mining camp where silver and gold mining had begun in the mid-1700s by the Spanish. One amusing incident bears repeating here to show his powers of geological deduction.

After a great deal of study of the vein system and all the maps of areas that had been mined or developed in the past, Paul found a portion of a vein on the maps that showed no development on a particular level but which was in a very favorable location to be ore-bearing. Since the vein at this point was only about 100 feet in from the surface of the mountainside, Paul recommended that we drive a crosscut from the surface at the elevation that he thought would be most propitious. When the men who were assigned to do this located the spot on the surface where the crosscut was to be collared, it turned out to be on absolutely sheer vertical rock. The men had to be lowered to the spot on safety ropes, had to pin ladders to the wall and little by little to chip away a small horizontal platform out of the rock from which the crosscut could finally be started. The preparation work took weeks to finish, then there were more weeks of crosscut driving until at long last the vein was found--right where Paul predicted it would be. He then advised us to turn right and follow it into the mountain. As we followed the vein in, the gold and silver values began to increase rapidly and soon reached mineable ore grade. Then our working ran into an old unmapped (presumably Spanish) working. Paul's geology had been perfect, but someone had mined that particular orebody at least 100 years before!

For his last job for San Luis Mining Company, Paul undertook to write a report that amounted to a Ph.D. geological dissertation, entitled "Geology and Ore Deposits, San Dimas District, Sinaloa-Durango, Mexico." This job took nearly a year, and was a scholarly tome about two inches

thick, filled with text and carefully drawn maps, sketches, and diagrams. It became the bible for the geologists who followed him, up to the present day. Unfortunately this was still in the days of typewriters and carbon copies, so only a very few copies were produced.

In 1953 Paul left San Luis and went to Homestake Mining Company as head exploration geologist, based out of their corporate offices in San Francisco, California. In 1954 I went to work for Homestake Mining Company at their gold mine in Lead, South Dakota, and soon our careers became associated again.

In about 1952 the Homestake Mining Company board of directors had made a decision to diversify from being a one-mine company. In 1954 Paul was busy getting Homestake into its first uranium ventures. He made arrangements for Homestake to acquire interests in and to finance and develop several Utah uranium properties--the Little Beaver, La Sal, and North Alice mines--all in the Big Indian district some thirty miles south of Moab, Utah. These mines were too small to warrant the investment in a uranium plant, so the ores were treated in existing mills over the next fifteen to twenty years. These mines were all profitable and became Homestake's first significant income producers outside the South Dakota gold mine.

In 1955 and 1956 huge new discoveries of uranium ores were made in the Ambrosia Lake district of New Mexico. Paul was soon in the midst of that and in late 1956 and early 1957, with the help of Richard J. Stoehr, was successful in having Homestake acquire 25 percent interests in two major partnerships in the Ambrosia Lake area. Homestake-New Mexico Partners and Homestake-Sapin Partners were both large enough to justify building uranium ore processing mills, which processed crude ore into what is known as "yellowcake." The necessary contracts with the Atomic Energy Commission were obtained, the mills were built and placed into operation in 1958, and became high-profit operations. In 1962 the two mills were integrated and made into one larger mill,with considerable savings. This combined mill is still operating in a reduced capacity in 1988.

In 1957 I was sent by Homestake to take charge of development and operation of the two New Mexico partnerships, and again Paul's and my association continued.

When the Atomic Energy Commission began to reduce the U.S. domestic uranium ore buying program, Paul looked for more fruitful fields, and diversified Homestake into a number of other ventures. He arranged a partnership in Australia for the mining of the first iron ore body discovered in Western Australia, with shipments of ore going to Japan. He acquired a substantial land position in the new Missouri lead belt that eventually led to a fifty-fifty partnership with Amax, and the development of a world-class lead and zinc mine at Buick, Missouri, the construction of a lead and zinc mill, and of a lead smelter a few miles away at Boss. He pushed the formation of an exploration venture in

Australia with Union Oil, Hanna Mining Company, and Homestake which eventually found an open-pittable nickel deposit, near South Windaara, Western Australia. In addition he acquired the Bulldog Mountain silver mine in Creede, Colorado. A flotation and cyanide plant were eventually built on this very high-grade silver mine.

He supported Homestake participation in an exploration project in the Andes Mountains, mostly in Peru, which eventually developed the reserves of the Madrigal Mine, in a lonely Andean area north of Arequipa. Eventually a flotation mill was built on this property and copper, lead and zinc concentrations were produced and shipped to Japan and other smelting countries.

At one time, while Paul was still in charge of exploration for Homestake, he had a number of his ventures operating simultaneously--the New Mexico uranium ventures, the Buick lead and zinc mine, the Boss lead smelter, the Koolanooka iron ore mine in Western Australia, the North Alice and La Sal uranium mines in Utah, and the Bulldog Mountain silver mine in Creede, Colorado.

Paul had little mine operating experience. When he became president of Homestake he chose to rely heavily on his managers and selected me as vice president of operations, thus conserving his time to work on finance, stockholder and public relations, marketing and new acquisitions. Probably the best and most beneficial acquisition made during his presidency was the acquisition of a 48 percent interest in Kalgoorlie Mining Associates (KMA), an Australian gold mining venture owned by Western Mining Corporation and Poseidon, Ltd. The venture had come upon bad times financially because of the long period of low-priced gold, and Homestake had vision enough to buy into this venture just before gold profits made a remarkable comeback at the property. Most of the negotiation on this venture was done by Orville E. Anderson and Henry R. Colen, working under Paul, but Paul allowed them to do whatever had to be done to keep talks going until an agreement was reached which was satisfactory to Paul and the Homestake board of directors.

Some five years after he became president of Homestake, Paul decided to enlarge the exploration efforts and team. He hired an experienced and successful exploration geologist in James A. Anderson, whom he put in charge of a newly formed exploration division, assigned to explore for gold, silver, and base metals in the United States. Later, after Paul became chairman of the board, searching for medium-to-large-sized gold properties in the United States became its principal assignment. Paul saw to it that the initial exploration effort was supported with a financial budget sufficiently generous to permit it to function competently. Paul's successor as president and chief executive officer, Harry M. Conger, continued this policy. The effort was rewarded in 1979, while Paul was serving as chairman of the board of Homestake, by the discovery of a large gold deposit in Napa and Yolo counties in California which could be mined as open pit. The discovery was quickly recognized to be a major mine and was for this reason promptly named the McLaughlin project, after Donald H.

McLaughlin, who was then ending his outstanding career with Homestake Mining Company as chairman emeritus of the board. In September, 1985, over two years after Paul's retirement as director and chairman of the board, he and Betty attended the formal dedication of the McLaughlin mine and mill project, which had been operating on a start-up basis for several months.

Paul was a very meticulous, scholarly and ethical person--and a skeptical one in geological and business matters. When a decision had to be made he marshalled the facts carefully, reduced all concepts to fundamentals, and made his decision on how he saw the fundamentals, sometimes going against the opinions of his advisors and geologists. One of the most dramatic cases was his decision in the case of a proposed acquisition of National Zinc Company through merger. The project had been studied by the staff for several weeks and finally came up for a full-scale review to develop a recommendation to the board of directors. Paul chaired a meeting of some fifteen to twenty staff persons and advisors, all of whom had been involved in the study and most of whom had a vested interest in seeing that it went through as it meant increased responsibility for almost every one present, including Paul. He opened the meeting by announcing that he would not recommend the proposed venture to the board; then he carefully went through his review of the fundamentals that had led him to this conclusion.

His forte was finding new geological situations before too many people had entered a newly discovered mineralized area. His modus operandi (and that of Homestake Mining Company) was to spread exploration risks with a number of co-venturers, and, when possible, to let others do the extremely risky "grass roots" exploration and drilling, and to use Homestake's large cash reserves and financial capabilities to acquire interests in properties discovered by less well-to-do prospectors. The McLaughlin project was an outstanding and successful exception to this policy.

Paul's great contribution to Homestake Mining Company was the gradual implementation of the 1952 decision by the board of directors to diversify. He did this in his typical quiet and unassuming manner, without exposing the company to any large catastrophic risks in case any one of the new properties failed. Although many other capable people participated in these new projects to make them successful and gradually to build up the scope of Homestake's operations, it was Paul Henshaw who made this growth possible through his geological knowledge, favorable acquisitions and keen sense of ethics and fair play.

Langan W. Swent
Vice President (Retired)
Homestake Mining Company

May 1988

INTERVIEW HISTORY

Paul Henshaw and his wife Helen ("Betty") were among the first proposed by the project's advisory committe as participants in the oral history series on Western Mining in the Twentieth Century. Paul Henshaw had retired as chairman of the board of Homestake Mining Company after a wide-ranging career which included university teaching as well as doing field and exploration geology for mining companies in Latin America and the United States. His scholarly bearing and speaking skills led him in his later years to be a spokesman for the constancy of gold as a store of value.

When he was invited to participate in the oral history series in 1985, he replied by telephone that although he would like to record his oral history, he realized that his memory was already too much impaired for it to be successful. He died in August, 1986.

Committee members then suggested that Betty be interviewed; she had been closely associated with her husband's career as she accompanied him in his travels and accommodated her talents to living in remote mining camps, at university campuses, and serving as hostess as Paul Henshaw rose in the corporate hierarchy. Classified in "Who's Who in the West" as a civic worker, she worked diligently for the Woman's Auxiliary to the American Institute of Mining, Metallurgical, and Petroleum Engineers (WAAIME) as well as for other organizations and causes.

Her enthusiasm for the project was evident from the first; when the oral history project was introduced to the Northern California section of WAAIME in the spring of 1986, Betty Henshaw was the first to sign her name on the list of those interested in helping.

The letter inviting Mrs. Henshaw to participate in the oral history project was sent on December 16, 1986. A planning meeting followed on April 29, 1987, in the living room of her home at Rossmoor, Walnut Creek, California.

The interview dates were determined by her schedule of chemotherapy treatments, with their debilitating aftermath, for bone marrow cancer. In early June, she traveled to Arizona to visit an old friend, and to celebrate the wedding anniversary of her daughter-in-law's parents, evidence that she continued to use her energy in keeping contacts with friends and family, always important to her. Despite her battle for health, her outlook was positive and forthright.

The living room where the interviews took place gave a visual life history: antique wing chairs from the Henshaw family; a nearby love seat from the Runals family; many beautiful Peruvian and Mexican decorations; fine paintings of Utah, Colorado, and California. Numerous family photos were displayed in other rooms. The colors were predominantly sunny yellows, and the mood was cheerful.

To prepare for the interview, we reviewed many of Paul Henshaw's papers, photos, letters of tribute, and copies of speeches delivered to august organizations in many cities. We looked at some of the numerous certificates and plaques given in honor of a lifetime of accomplishment. While this surely was painful at times for her, she systematically and thoroughly located documents.

Others helped also in my research on Paul and Betty Henshaw. Mr. Henshaw's former secretary, Dorothy Talbot (Mrs. Stanley Bjonerud), and William Langston, General Counsel for Homestake Mining Company, provided information. Richard Stoehr, Homestake's Senior Consultant, and Dr. Catherine Campbell (Mrs. Ian Campbell) were helpful in telling about periods with which I was not already familiar.

It was a special pleasure for me to interview Betty because we shared many memories of good times together. I first met the Henshaws in Tayoltita, Durango, Mexico, in August, 1947. For six years, we were neighbors in a very close little community of English-speaking employees of San Luis Mining Company. There was much good social intercourse with Mexicans as well.

An unfortunate consequence of our closeness in Tayoltita was that as we discussed that period on tape, there were some events both of us knew so well that we neglected to mention them. Thus we omitted the New Year's eve parties, with amateur theatricals for which Betty was set designer and director, and the weekly "costura" or sewing circle, where the American women valiantly struggled to embroider to the Mexican standard for well bred ladies. Not enough was said about the visits of Paul's mother, Clara Henshaw. An example of what Paul called Henshavian wit: when Paul's visiting nephew, Jack Henshaw, described losing his passport as "an adventure," his grandmother said, "No one who is intelligent ever has an adventure."

The Henshaws left Tayoltita in 1953 when Paul became exploration geologist for Homestake Mining Company. During the next thirteen years, our two families maintained contact through Christmas notes and business meetings of the men. In 1966 we lived again in the same area, and saw each other somewhat more frequently. Weddings, christenings, and holiday open houses were occasions for renewing friendship.

Betty Henshaw's oral history will be significant to students of women's roles because she speaks in part as a wife who was tacitly employed along with the husband. She contributed, for example, her skills as a hostess and home instructor of their children. She accompanied her husband on travels throughout the world; it is ironic that his gravest accident occurred, not in one of the many remote areas which they visited, but in Paris, France. She believed that a fall there and resultant sutures led to his contracting hepatitis.

Betty Henshaw's life comprises many different arenas: UCLA beauty queen; embassy worker in Lima, Peru; geologist's wife in the Peruvian desert; professor's wife at the University of Idaho; home manager in a Mexican mining camp; civic worker and executive's helpmate in Berkeley, California. She has met a variety of circumstances with wry good humor and courage. Her verbal gifts, flair for the dramatic, and eye for pictorial detail enliven her narration and offer background for the times and places she describes. She tells one woman's very personal views of those times and places, and also something of a distinguished man's career.

The transcript of Mrs. Henshaw's interview was lightly edited and sent to her for review. She made minor changes to clarify her meaning and corrected some misspelled names. In particular, she knew the correct (and elusive) spelling of Akjoujt, Mauretania. She copied by hand several pages from her journal, which are included in the oral history. The tapes of her interview are deposited in The Bancroft Library.

Eleanor Swent, Project Director
Western Mining in the Twentieth
Century Series

28 April 1988
Regional Oral History Office
486 The Bancroft Library
University of California at Berkeley

BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

(Please print or write clearly)

Your full name HELEN ELIZABETH RUNALS HENSHAW

Date of birth Feb 12, 1916 Place of birth RIPON, WISCONSIN

Father's full name GUY WARNER RUNALS

Birthplace GREEN LAKE, WISCONSIN

Occupation ORANGE GROWER

Mother's full name LAURA CUNNINGHAM RUNALS

Birthplace BERLIN, WISCONSIN

Occupation TEACHER

Where did you grow up ? Claremont, CA

Present community WALNUT CREEK, CA. (ROSSMOOR)

Education

Occupation(s)

Special interests or activities

Regional Oral History Office
Room 486 The Bancroft Library

University of California
Berkeley, California 94720

BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

(Please print or write clearly)

Your full name PAUL CARRINGTON HENSHAW

Date of birth NOV. 15, 1913 Place of birth RYE, NEW YORK

Father's full name RICHARD TOWNSEND HENSHAW

Birthplace NEW YORK CITY, N.Y

Occupation EPISCOPAL MINISTER

Mother's full name CLARA AMBLER VENABLE HENSHAW

Birthplace CENTER HILL, FLORIDA

Occupation

Where did you grow up ? RYE, NEW YORK

Present community WALNUT CREEK, CA. (ROSSMOOR)

Education

Occupation(s)

Special interests or activities

I FAMILY BACKGROUND AND EARLY YEARS

[Interview 1: May 15, 1987]##

Growing up in Claremont, California

Henshaw: I was born in Ripon, Wisconsin, the birth place of the Republican party, in 1916. I was the only child, the only grandchild, and the only niece. I was the end of the Runals family. Kind of sad to be the end, but I was it, and everybody told me how to live my life.

When I was about eleven months old, my family moved to California. My father was not well, and the Wisconsin winters were very difficult for him. He had severe bronchitis attacks at least twice each winter. The family got him a small orange grove in Claremont, California. My father was blissful; my mother was not. My mother used to say, "I married a banker." She ended up with an orange grower. [laughs]

I grew up in Claremont, kindergarten through high school. My mother wanted me to go to Scripps [College] which was then about three years old. There was Scripps, and Pomona [College], and Claremont Men's [College] in Claremont. Mother was determined that I would go to Scripps, but the Depression was at its height, and I didn't feel that the orange business warranted my going to Scripps. Furthermore, I had gone from kindergarten through high school in the same school. My professors were fathers of my friends, and I wanted to get away. So I went to Scripps for one year, which was a very good year.

Swent: What year was this?

##This symbol indicates that a tape or a segment of a tape has begun or ended. For a guide to the tapes see page 126.

Henshaw: I graduated from high school in 1933, so it was '33-'34. I probably should have stayed at Scripps, because I was the white-haired girl; I did very well scholastically, I wrote Spring Fete, I was in all the theater, and I had a wonderful time. But I wanted to get away in the big world. So my family wisely allowed me to make my choice, and I went clear over to UCLA [University of California at Los Angeles].

Swent: What was it like growing up in Claremont in the twenties?

Henshaw: Well, Claremont was a very quiet little village, orange country all around. We were not in what my aunt described as the "resort atmosphere" of the Southwest.

Swent: Were there a lot of midwesterners moving in at that time?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. There were a great many people from Nebraska, Wisconsin, and Iowa; and they had big picnics every year. Everybody went that came from whatever state. They were big events, and you kept in contact with these people, something that nobody does anymore.

We went to the Wisconsin picnic which was in Sycamore Grove, outside of Los Angeles. We had a lovely time, or at least I had a lovely time. I was a little kid, and I thought it was just great.

Swent: You did have aunts and uncles who lived near you?

Henshaw: My father had one sister and her husband, Marvin and Lou Fox, who lived about a mile and a half from us. It was hard for my mother to come out to California. My mother was not a pioneering type. The house had been built by my grandfather who came out every winter to Pasadena with my grandmother, who was frail. So he knew that California, southern, was cold in the wintertime and that they needed a furnace. He brought his architect out from Ripon and we were the first house to have a furnace in the area.

So we had a furnace in our house, but we had no car to begin with. Father and Uncle Marvin shared a pair of mules to furrow out the grove and whatnot, and it was pretty lonely for Mother, I think. Father had the grove, and he was thrilled with that, and I was a little brat. Mother gradually got so that she got in with the Ebell Club, and she got in with the church. Episcopal churches were rare and far between in those days in southern California, and the only Episcopal church anywhere near was in Pomona, which is about six miles away, St. Paul's. She ran the Sunday school for several years.

Swent: Had she been an English teacher before she was married?

Henshaw: Yes. One and a half years, and then she got married.

Swent: She didn't take very kindly to the move.

Henshaw: No. She was perfectly happy where she was, perfectly happy.

Swent: Did you remember this when you started moving around?

Henshaw: No, because I was a mover. I was perfectly happy to move. Like father, I was perfectly happy to go somewhere else and see what it was like. When Paul described the geology and where we'd have to live and everything, oh, I thought that would be great. So I was a different type.

Swent: Your Girl Scouting too, we want to mention.

Henshaw: Oh, yes. We had had at Claremont High School nothing but Campfire Girls. Our group was very vigorous, and I think as a group they were more like my tomboy granddaughter Alison Nordt than any of the others. We decided we did not want to be Campfire Girls. Absolutely not. So we moved all the world, various people worked with us, and we got the Girl Scouts installed. We were the first Girl Scout troop in the area. I was not wild about it because I was not wild about women in the aggregate and never have been, and probably never will be. I wasn't wild about games, and I just didn't particularly care about it. But everybody was a Scout and you did not get out because you didn't like it, not in those days.

There was a woman in the group named Irene Mahoney, and she was the society and events editor of the Claremont Courier which was our weekly paper in Claremont. Mrs. Mahoney was a very wise and wonderful lady, and she saw that little Betty was not very inspired with this sort of thing, the razzle-dazzle that went on. So she asked me if I would like to write up the Girl Scout meetings every week. I thought that was lovely, so I did. That eventually started me on what journalistic career I had. That was my Girl Scout experience.

I went on, and I was a senior Scout, but I was not a golden eaglette. My attitude was not that good, but I did enjoy writing up about the people. So that was fun.

Swent: And you continued writing.

Henshaw: Yes. Then I continued writing. The Claremont Courier was owned by a wonderful man named Tobias Larson (Toby), the type that does not exist anymore. He was the kind of person that said, "If you can't write the truth, don't write anything." So you can see that's why I'm not a great journalist today, because I only said that which was true.

Toby had me doing all sorts of things. For the end of my senior year in high school, I helped to edit the paper in the summer, and I did it for several other summers. The editor would go on location, and Toby and I would do the paper. It was great experience.

I remember one of my earliest experiences with him was that he wanted me to read the copy and correct the copy. I might add that it's a terrible pain to read the [San Francisco] Chronicle and the Examiner nowadays because I want to correct the copy. But this was a small office with a big desk, and Toby's desk was on one side, and the editor's desk was on the other of this big room. People would come in and out, they'd be soliciting for something, or they'd be wanting this or that, or they'd be running for office. There was a great deal of commotion going on, and I said, "But, Mr. Larson, I just can't think with all this going on." He said, "Your job is to edit that sheet of paper. Nobody else or nothing else is in this room except that sheet of paper, as far as you're concerned." He taught me to concentrate. To this day I can concentrate due to Toby's saying, "Just remember, this is what you're doing."

Swent: Were there any teachers in either high school or at Scripps that were particularly influential?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. We had an English teacher of whom I was very fond. Her name was Cornelia Kelly Hull. She was a large woman with flashing black eyes. She and I liked each other very much, although she realized Betty was apt to talk in class a good bit. So Betty sat up in front so Mrs. Hull could watch and see that she didn't do too much talking.

Swent: Mrs. Hull. That's interesting. Most teachers then were maiden ladies.

Henshaw: No, she was not a maiden lady. Her husband had been killed in the war. Then we had Ellis Spackman, a marvelous history teacher. He was an actor, just a natural actor. He made everything come alive, and he had a terrific sense of humor. It was just a privilege to go into his classes. The rest of the teachers were, oh, adequate, with the exception of--do not bring me to the algebra teacher, no.

Scripps College and the University of California at Los Angeles, 1933-37

Swent: You studied art later. Did you start being artistic as a young girl?

Henshaw: Yes, but I started mainly when I studied with Millard Sheets.

Swent: At UCLA?

Henshaw: No. At Scripps. Millard was about ten years older than I. He was very young, and he was very filled with enthusiasm. I had quite a bit of talent, but I was not adventurous beyond the ability of getting a likeness of people's faces, and I was afraid to venture forth. You see, one of the problems of an only child is that you must be perfect. If you have brothers and sisters they can make up for it. But as an only child, an only niece, and an only grandchild, you had to be perfect. I was not adventuresome in anything else, which distressed Millard. That was really the end of my art after my work at Scripps. I didn't go on with it from then on. I did it when I was in the mining camps, but that was later.

Swent: What about dramatics?

Henshaw: Oh, my yes, I was in all the plays and all that sort of thing in high school.

Swent: What were some of the plays that you were in?

Henshaw: Oh, I can't remember. I remember one play that I was in during summer school at Pomona College. This was the summer of my junior, maybe it was my senior year. I can't remember which. Mary and Fred Harris, who later came to Cal as professors in drama, were then the professors at Pomona College. We gave a play that year by A.E. Thomas called Her Friend the King, and I played Miss Bidgerton. Miss Bidgerton was the governess. Miss Bidgerton was the oldest member of the cast, and I was really the youngest member. It was a wonderful part. It was a character part, and I really prefer character parts. I enjoyed that very much.

Then when I went to UCLA they wanted me to be in a musical comedy. I knew the fellow who had written it and the musician who had done the music, and they wanted me to be in it. Well, as a singer I'm well related to a crow. I try hard, but my range is about three notes. I said, "I can't possibly do it. I'd love to do it, but I can't." So, they wrote the part without any singing.

Swent: One part in the musical.

Henshaw: One part in the musical that had no singing. I was supposed to be the glamour girl, and I remember my uncle had sent me a lovely gold satin dress for the occasion. I had a figure in those days, being young. My parents came to see the play, and when I came on the stage, the audience whistled. My father was delighted; my mother was mortified.

There was a man in the show named Arthur Dublin who had a beautiful singing voice, but he loathed me. He particularly loathed the fact that I had one of the principal parts without doing any singing. So he thought, "Well, we will fix her wagon." So at one point I was supposed to be on the stage alone, and they were supposed to be serenading me outside. Dublin kept them from serenading.

This fellow didn't realize that as an only child, I talked to myself. So, I knew how to run the thing. I filled it in by carrying on. The audience didn't know anything was going on. The director found out, and he just raised all kinds of noise, and they began to sing. So, the revenge of Mr. Dublin didn't go on for long.

Swent: Coolness under fire.

Henshaw: Yes.

Swent: When did you join the sorority? Was that at Scripps?

Henshaw: No, that was at UCLA. I was a sophomore, and I joined Gamma Phi Beta when I first got there. I enjoyed it very much. I am pro sorority. There are many people who are anti, but I feel, particularly for people like me who came from a small community, the sorority stood behind you. You knew somebody. Somebody cared whether you lived or died. It was an excellent group of girls, and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Swent: Did you live in the sorority house the whole time?

Henshaw: The first semester you lived in the dorms, and the second smester I moved in the house. I lived in the house the rest of the time.

Swent: Where did you live at Scripps? In a dorm?

Henshaw: In a dorm.

Swent: You weren't commuting from home?

Henshaw: Oh, no. At Scripps everybody had to live at Scripps. Regardless of whether you lived in Claremont or not, you lived at Scripps; and I think you still do.

Swent: What was the social life like in those days?

Henshaw: Much as it is today. No, it wasn't. It was much calmer because there was no dope. There was very little alcohol, at least at Scripps in the group that I knew. There was some, but very little. But there was no dope at all. There were the usual dances and that sort of thing. But it was a much calmer existence in those days than now.

Swent: Scripps is a women's college. Where did the boys come from, the young men that you were dating then?

Henshaw: The boys came from what is now called McKenna and was then called Claremont Men's [College], and Pomona, and Cal Tech [California Institute of Technology]. One boy that I thought was particularly lovely came from Riverside. So they came from all over.

Swent: Was there a University of California at Riverside at that time?

Henshaw: Oh, no. There was just Cal [University of California] Berkeley and UCLA.

Swent: So, by Riverside, you mean--

Henshaw: The boy lived in Riverside, yes.

Swent: And dancing was the thing?

Henshaw: Yes, people danced then. They "touch danced," is what they call it nowadays. My granddaughters call it "touch dancing."

Swent: And football games?

Henshaw: Well, yes. Pomona played Cal Tech and things like that, but we got very excited about it. UCLA had a very good team at that point. Paul always said that that was when they started their commercialism. Ted Key was brought in, and Ted, I think, was about thirty-two or -three years old. However, UCLA had some very good years while I was there. It was fun.

I was a beauty queen. We had a contest for the homecoming. They always had a contest. There was a beauty queen, and she had three attendants. A very good friend of mine named Maurie Grossman

Henshaw: was a very good friend of--who was the head of casting at MGM [Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer]? Somehow Maurie persuaded this fellow to come and pick out these girls for the parade for homecoming.

The governor was coming down. The governor at that point was Mr. Merriam. So, we all went out and paraded. Each house selected somebody, and the various "nonorgs" selected people. (The "nonorgs" didn't belong to an organization--fraternities or sororities.) Of course it was an understood thing that Douglas Fairbanks's niece, Lucille, who was a Kappa [Kappa Kappa Gamma], would be the queen. Now, Lucille was a very nice gal, despite the fact that she had all these connections and so on. Everybody liked her very much. Nobody resented the fact that she was the queen without any competition at all. Then they had three other girls, and I was chosen as the intellectual beauty. I said, "Gee, you had to stretch for that one, Maurie."

They had one of these stretch limousines open, we sat with the governor, and we went down the parade route, everybody howling. Then there was a dance afterwards. It was very exciting. The next day we had a special box right at the fifty-yard line at the game. So, it was a lot of fun.

Swent: This was your junior year?

Henshaw: No, this must have been my senior year.

Swent: Had you already met Paul by then?

Henshaw: Oh, no. This was pre-Paul. I didn't meet Paul until I had been out of college a year, on May 12, 1938.

I graduated in 1937. I majored in English history. Should I tell you the sad story of why I didn't graduate in English? I started out in English. I took a course under a man named Simonson, and I had nothing but A's and one A plus. It was a composition course. At the end of the semester he gave me a D. I went to see him, and I said, "Sir, what happened?" He said, "You're too smarty." Well, I certainly wasn't smarty at all in that class. I was very meek. I however had written one composition which he read to the class.

He said, "This is an example of an excellent paper." It was called "Santa Claus is a Man." Then he gave me a D.

Henshaw: I don't know what you could do now. In those days if some professor gives you a D they cannot change it, and you cannot have a D in your major. So, I went to the dean of letters and science; I did everything I could but there was nothing I could do. The dean said, "Why don't you take English history? You have enough credits." So, I took English history instead.

The world lost a "marvelous, marvelous" writer. They said that they were terribly sorry, but the man had tenure. This was the third year that he had picked one of his prize students and flunked them, or given them a D. They said, "We cannot have this go on, so at the end of the year we are firing him." But that didn't do me any good. So that was how I became an English history major.

Swenr: Were you bitter about it?

Henshaw: I was stunned. Absolutely stunned. I mean if it had been a science course, or something, I wouldn't have argued, because possibly he would have been right. But I took the papers to him, and I had one A plus and the rest A's. He had no argument except, "You're smarty." I was not smarty. I was smarty at times, but not with him. So that was my tragedy.

I graduated in 1937. I went back to Wisconsin for the summer and had a wonderful time; and I went to Chicago and tried out for radio. Then my father became very ill, so I came home again.

I taught literature and drama in night school at Pomona High School in Pomona, and I went back to the Claremont Courier with the hope that I could return. But dear Toby had died, and his monster son was now running the paper. His monster son had never cared for me; and his monster son said, "I have no opening." So that was the end of that.

Meeting Paul Henshaw, 1938

Henshaw: One of my sorority sisters was enamored with Paul's roommate at Cal Tech. His name was John R. Schultz. Schultz was a fine man, but he was probably one of the most boring individuals that I ever encountered. Mary Kay Williams, my sorority sister, thought he was just wonderful. Why, I'll never know, but we don't understand these things. She had met Paul, and she thought I'd love to meet Paul. I thought, "If he's anything like Schultz, it's a wasted evening."

Henshaw: Paul did not like Mary Kay either, because Mary Kay was prone to chase Schultz, like phoning him and things of that sort. He did not want to meet anybody that was a friend of Mary Kay. So we both debated going to this party. Paul had gone deep-sea fishing, I think for the first time and last in his life; and he arrived late with a cigar between his teeth, which I never saw him do again. He arrived late; and he stood in the door, very Harvard, extremely Harvard. He told me within the first half hour that he was in the Social Register. I thought, "This guy needs taking down." So that was the beginning of our friendship.

That night we went over to the city to hear Bruz Fletcher who was one of the local pianists and humorists. Then Paul came out to my home in Claremont, and he wanted me to go and see Noel Coward in "Tonight at Eight Thirty" at the Pasadena Playhouse. I was thrilled.

My parents were enchanted with Paul, absolutely enchanted. He had a marvelous voice; he had lovely manners. When he came, he went out and talked to my father while I was getting dressed. When I came down, he said to my father, "Good night, sir." The next morning father came down to breakfast, and he said, "There's the boy I hope you have enough sense to get." Mother, of course, was enchanted by him, his manners and his voice, and everything. So I had no battles to fight with my parents.

Swent: And you soon got over--

Henshaw: Oh, having taken him down, I soon got over that. [laughter]

Swent: Let's have a little physical description. You were a beauty queen, and--

Henshaw: I really wasn't that beautiful. I was lively.

Swent: You were photogenic?

Henshaw: I was not. That was my problem. I was not photogenic. Oh, no. At one point some friends of mine wanted me to try out for a part in movies. I even dyed my hair. Everybody has to dye their hair once in their life, I guess. So I had my hair dyed. In those days they did it with ammonia and something else, and they put a swatch of your regular hair on a chart in case you wanted to dye your hair back to normal. This was at MGM.

Henshaw: My hair came out a vivid, shining pink. It was the weirdest looking stuff you ever saw. People couldn't believe that it was real. I went home for the weekend, and my father handled it exactly right. He said, "My God. Have you looked at yourself in the mirror?" So I went back, and I said [wailing], "My daddy doesn't like my hair. I want it dyed back."

In the meantime they had taken pictures, and I am not photogenic. I die in front of a camera. So that was the end of my movie career.

Swent: What did Paul look like in those days?

Henshaw: He was tall, very tall and thin. He had a little hair then. He had marvelous eyes. A beautiful voice. Big, capable hands. Always dressed well. He wore his clothes well. Of course, some of his clothes were the pipe-stem things they wore at Harvard, you know. Instead of the pants that were apt to be a little looser in the West, they were pipe-stem in the East. Also, it was the first time I had ever seen patches on the elbows on a jacket, and I said, "Can't you afford another jacket?" not knowing that that was the style.

Swent: What kind of shoes did people wear in those days?

Henshaw: Just shoes.

Swent: Not sneakers or anything like that, I guess?

Henshaw: Not as much. They were much more formal in those days.

Swent: What did you wear to school?

Henshaw: What did I wear to school?

Swent: When you were at college then, at UCLA.

Henshaw: Sweater and skirt. You wore white buck shoes, regardless of what else you wore, and you had bobby socks. There was about two inches of flesh between the bobby socks and the skirt. Very attractive. [sarcastically] But everybody did it. There was much more dressing up. Long dresses for dances. I don't remember that the boys wore tux [tuxedos] always, but I know the girls always wore long dresses.

Swent: Flowers?

Henshaw: And flowers. Oh, yes. Gardenias. I remember I had one friend who had an acquaintance who owned a couple of flower shops. This boy had also gone to Cal Tech, and he was invited to this dance with me.

Henshaw: He sent me this perfectly gorgeous lei of gardenias laid flat all around. Well, I unfortunately am allergic to gardenias, and I spent the evening sneezing. [laughter] I couldn't remove the gardenias.

##

Swent: You met Paul at a party. What sort of parties did they have in those days?

Henshaw: It was a farewell party for Mr. Schultz. Mr. Schultz was going to Saudi Arabia. Many years later we went to Saudi Arabia, and we stopped to see where Aramco was. Thank the lord we didn't go to work there. We later had a slight opportunity to go there. I then understood many years later why Mr. Schultz sent us a postcard that said, "I have arrived. How are things in Pasadena?" We were all waiting to hear what it was like in Saudi Arabia, but I could see why he didn't describe it.

Swent: He and Paul didn't keep up the friendship, I guess?

Henshaw: No. He had gone to Saudi Arabia, and we never saw John R. Schultz again.

Swent: So Paul at that point was two years away from his doctorate?

Henshaw: No, he was one year away, because we were married in 1939. Absolutely amazing that we wanted to get married. Nobody got married in those days unless they had a steady job and everything was perfect. You see, this was just past the depression.

Swent: Were you working?

Henshaw: No, no. Well, yes. I did work. I gave programs for women's clubs, and taught in night school, and things like that.

Swent: What sorts of programs did you have?

Henshaw: Impersonations, and readings, and things of that sort. Paul and I decided we were going to get married anyway, and get his Ph.D., and then go from there. So we did. I have here a description of our first home, if you'd be interested to hear.
[See Appendix, Excerpts from random descriptions]

Helen and Paul Henshaw, May 25, 1939

Frazer Photo, Pomona, CA

II PAUL CARRINGTON HENSHAW

Swent: Yes. Before that, let's go back and catch up on Paul a little bit, shall we?

Henshaw: All right. Sure. He was born in 1913. Very frail. Had to be baptized early; had to be held in the arms of the nurse with the head down like this [gesturing], because he was so frail, and they didn't know whether he would live or not. He was baptized "Paul Carrington Henshaw," for ancestors of my mother-in-law who was a Venable of Virginia, ma'am.

Childhood in Rye, New York

Henshaw: He went to Rye County Day School as a little boy, and then he went to St. Mark's School, in Southboro, Massachusetts. When he was about twelve years old he got rheumatic fever. So he was home in bed for nine months without a foot to the floor. Then he went back to school. He had been tutored, so that he really hadn't lost very much schooling.

This was the first year he went to St. Mark's. He came home at Christmastime with this terribly high fever and a pulse that was so rapid that they didn't think he'd live at all. My father-in-law called a specialist from New York City who came out, and wrung his hands, and said, "Oh, the boy won't live. He won't live six weeks. He can't possibly, with that pulse." He moaned and groaned, and my father-in-law, who I unfortunately never met, was a great worrier, and he immediately said: "My son is going to die."

Well, the family doctor was a character who gave us, as a wedding present, a hunting knife that he had made himself. He gave it to Paul. You can see the type he was. However, he was a very

Henshaw: adequate doctor, and he said to my father-in-law, "Well, as long as he's going to die anyway, why don't I put this specialist on the train back to New York, and I'll take over the case," which he said he had great pleasure in doing. He took the New York specialist down to the train and said, "Good-bye," and came back and said, "Now, you're going to have to have this child in bed. You will have to have nurses around the clock. You will have to take care of him for at least nine months, if not a year, and then, I think we can pull him out of it."

St. Mark's School

Henshaw: Well, that care worked so well that Paul never even had a heart murmur. But he had lost this year of school. He was not, of course, able to take any part in vigorous athletics. He ran. He was manager of the crew, which he was also at Harvard, manager of the crew. But he was more scholastic than anything. He won the [St. Mark's] Founder's Medal in his senior year.

The Founder's Medal is sitting down in the bank deposit box. We were going to have a bracelet made for Ma with the Founder's Medal. Well, the Founder's Medal is so heavy that you would have had your hand on the floor. I said, "Keep it in the box. We know it's there." So he did that. He did very, very well in school.

Harvard College, 1932-36

Henshaw: Then he went on to Harvard. His father, R. Townsend Henshaw, had gone to Harvard; his older brother John had gone to Harvard; and he went to Harvard.

Swent: Was Paul the second in the family?

Swent: No, Richard, the second brother, went to Princeton.

Swent: Was Richard older than Paul?

Henshaw: Yes.

Swent: And Clarissa, his sister, was the youngest?

Henshaw: Clarissa was the baby.

Swent: Paul was the third.

Henshaw: Paul was the last boy. So he went to Harvard. He graduated magna cum laude. He was manager of the crew.

Swent: And a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Henshaw: Phi Beta Kappa.

Swent: Sigma Xi?

Henshaw: Sigma Xi was later, I think.

Swent: Maybe at Cal Tech.

Henshaw: At Cal Tech, I think. He liked Harvard, of course; he had lived in that area.

Swent: Who were his teachers that he especially liked?

Henshaw: Well, that's where he had first met Don [Donald Hamilton] McLaughlin. Don was what you call a "tutor," who was really a teacher, but he has a certain number of pupils that he quote, unquote tutors. Well, he and Paul hit it off immediately, and they were always great friends up until both of them died. Dr. [Louis] Graton [Professor of Mining History] was another professor. Those were the two that he spoke of mostly.

Swent: Hugh McKinstry?

Henshaw: Oh, of course. Yes, McKinstry. And we knew McKinstry again later.

Swent: When?

Henshaw: Well, we knew him in Mexico, and I guess that Paul had had him at Harvard. Those are three that I can remember.

Swent: When did Ted Dodge come in?

Henshaw: Ted Dodge was just ahead of Paul in Morococha and in Mexico.

Swent: Not at Harvard?

Henshaw: No, no. Ted was a couple of years older at Harvard. He was not his professor. He was a student.

Swent: What about Rodgers Peale?

Henshaw: Rodge Peale was also Harvard, way ahead of Paul.

Swent: He didn't know him at Harvard?

Henshaw: I don't think so. In Mexico, I think, is where we first met Rodge, at least I first met Rodge. He may have known Rodge before. He's still going strong in Hawaii, by the way.

Swent: Who else was at Harvard at that time?

Henshaw: Well, see, I don't know because I wasn't there.

Swent: Don was the one that he spoke of the most.

Henshaw: Yes, Don was the one that he spoke of.

Swent: And then he went to Montana--

Henshaw: He went to Montana for a summer to work, and he met Ian Campbell from Cal Tech. Ian and he became very good friends, and they got to talking about graduate schools.

Swent: Was Ian already head of the department?

Henshaw: No, Ian was a professor. John Buwalda was head of the department. His wife was a policewoman. She was also a Gamma Phi Beta. She was the type who came in and said, [haughtily] "I am Mrs. Buwalda." Not my type.

Anyway, so they met each other, and Ian persuaded him to come to Cal Tech. Of course the Henshaws were very brave because they had wanted Paul to go to law school, and they had wanted him to be the only lawyer in that generation. You see, the other two sons had gone into other businesses.

Uncle Sidney was the chief real estate lawyer of Cadwallader, Wickersham and Taft on Wall Street, and Uncle Sidney had an office with windows on two sides. When I went down to Wall Street to see his office, he said, "Now would you like to see where I was going to put Paul, if he had been a lawyer?" I said, "Yes." Remember I came from the orange groves where we had windows in rooms. I went down, I don't know how many floors, to this completely lighted [room with] marble floors, marble pillars, mahogany desks; and there was a little slot where they were going to put Paul. Paul said, "You see why I didn't want to do this?"

Henshaw: Paul loved the great outdoors. He was not particularly a people person. He was a scientific type, and he wanted to be a geologist, and he wanted to travel. He said, "I don't particularly care for the people around Rye, New York, or New York. They're not my type. I'm not social. I want to be a geologist." So the family gulped and said, "All right, dear, go ahead," which I thought was quite big of them in those days when people usually did what somebody older said. I guess he was a little bit beyond that stage.

California Institute of Technology, Graduate Studies, 1936-40

Henshaw: He then went to Cal Tech where he had Ian, and he had Dr. Chester Stock, who was wonderful. He was his other professor that particularly stays out in my mind. Chester Stock was quite deaf, and for years he refused to wear a hearing aid, as many people do. I mean, people will wear glasses, but they won't wear hearing aids. So Chester would not wear a hearing aid. His first wife died, and he married a very sensible nurse, Jean, who said, "Now, Chester, don't be stupid. We're going to fit you for a hearing aid." Chester said, "You know, the whole world opened up. I could hear."

Now, when Paul graduated--

Swent: This is from a kind of a journal?

Henshaw: Yes, this little bit about Dr. Stock is from a journal.* [reading] When Paul graduated from Cal Tech in his Ph.D., we had a small party in our little apartment. We had fifteen people wedged in. Dr. Stock was professor of vertebrate paleontology at Cal Tech and an inspirational, marvelous guy with a wonderful sense of humor. He was particularly intrigued with Paul's middle name; and with each toast that we had at this party, he would murmur, "Paul Carrington Henshaw. What a wonderful name!"

So that was Dr. Stock. Dr. Stock has left us now. He was a wonderful person.

Paul thoroughly enjoyed Cal Tech. He graduated on a day when the rain was falling gently, and we all stood outside. Dr. [Robert Andrews] Millikan said, "With the authority invested in me, I hereby bestow upon you the degree of Doctor of Philosophy." He said this to all of them, including Jimmy Laval, the runner. He was a Ph.D. also that year. There were only about twenty-five at that point. Now they have vast crowds of Ph.Ds. at Cal Tech. I was in Cal Tech about a month ago, and it has grown and grown and grown and grown. They now have the graduation in a larger location.

* See Appendix, Excerpts from my random descriptions.

Swent: Where did Paul live at Cal Tech? They had dormitories by the time he was there.

Henshaw: Paul lived in the Athenaeum, which is a beautiful building and is still the same. When I took my young Paul (we were invited to lunch), I told him about what it would look like, and I said, "At the end of the hall there's a huge picture of Dr. Millikan and two other people whose names I don't remember." We went there, and there was the picture. Everything was just the same, which is so nice. So Paul lived in the Athenaeum for his two years as a master. Then we lived at 40 South Wilson, in Pasadena, after we were married.

Swent: Had he already gotten his master's degree then by the time you had met him?

Henshaw: Yes. He had already gotten his master's. I met him in May, and I married him in the following May. He was one year into his Ph.D.

Swent: What was the paper on the Cargo Muchachos? Was that for the Ph.D. or the master's?

Henshaw: I think the Cargo Muchachos, if it was about the eophippuses, was his Ph.D. I spent most of my first year of marriage painfully typing out his paper. I had to do it letter by letter because it was so scientific that I didn't want to make any mistakes, and I didn't understand half of the teeth that were being told me. So it was a great labor of love. Well, we got it done.

Swent: The important thing was the teeth of the eohippus?

Henshaw: Well, there were several different hippuses. The eo's are the only ones I can remember. They were the little horses, you know. They had all these teeth that he was doing the teeth of, and his office was filled shelf after shelf of teeth of the various hippuses.

Swent: Where did you do the typing? At home, or at the office?

Henshaw: At the office. Home was so small.

Swent: In those days, I guess, people didn't consider working after they were married? As his wife you just helped your husband.

Henshaw: Yes, you helped your husband. That's it. You were married, and you helped your husband.

Swent: What about the depression? Paul's family was unaffected by the depression.

Henshaw: Well, his father was a minister. They were poor to begin with.

Swent: Well, they were not poor though, were they?

Henshaw: A grandfather of their father owned a great many, I don't know how many, buildings in downtown New York, and he lost a lot of money and a lot of buildings and so forth. To live on comfortably, yes. But he always told Paul not to become a minister because it didn't pay.

Swent: But he was able to go to college and graduate school without any concern apparently.

Henshaw: He was on a scholarship. I'm trying to think, one of them was not on a scholarship, and the other two were. They were minister's children, you see. Minister's children can always be on scholarships. At St. Mark's, I think, John went as a student, just as an ordinary student; and Richard and Paul were on scholarships. They both earned the Founder's Medal, because they felt that this was their obligation to do as well as they could because they were on the scholarships.

Swent: And then Harvard?

Henshaw: And then Harvard, I think he just went to Harvard.

Swent: They weren't too poor then.

Henshaw: Oh, no, no. They weren't one pair of shoes with holes in them or anything like that, no.

Swent: And Cal Tech?

Henshaw: Well, Cal Tech, he was a teaching fellow, you see.

Swent: Did he travel back and forth to New York?

Henshaw: No, not very often. We went back there on our honeymoon and we went back the next summer.

Swent: Had you met his family before you were married?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Granny [Paul Henshaw's mother] came out to meet me, and Uncle Bill [William Runals] came out to meet Paul.

Swent: Granny was Clara.

Henshaw: Clara Ambler Venable Henshaw. So I had met Granny; I had met Sis, who was Clarissa Guerrini; and I had met Anita, who was Anita Henshaw, John's wife.

Swent: They all came out to inspect you?

Henshaw: No. Sis and Granny came out for the engagement party, and Granny and Anita came out for the wedding. Then the rest of them we met the summer of our honeymoon when we went to sponge off our various relatives of both sides.

Swent: You said it was a little unusual for people not yet out of college to get married.

Henshaw: Oh, no. It was unheard of. I mean, really we just don't do that sort of thing. Well, of course, I was one of these people that whenever anybody said, "Everybody does it," I didn't do it. So if everybody didn't do it, then I did it. I have if you'd like to hear, my little description of 40 South Wilson, perhaps? [see Appendix, Excerpts from my random descriptions]

I wrote this all down for the kids because they wanted this stuff written down. I wrote vehemently for a while, and then Paul got worse, and I didn't write anything, and I haven't written anything since.

Swent: So this was written a few years ago.

Henshaw: This was written in 1984, yes.

Swent: Those octagonal tiles are wonderful. They bring back a lot of the period, don't they?

Henshaw: Oh! And I had never had to do that in my life. But I did it.

Swent: And you cooked?

Henshaw: Oh, sure. I remember one time Granny got us a great big steak. I was so excited that we dropped it on the floor. "That's all right," Granny said. "Wash it. We can wash it."

Swent: Did she stay with you when she came out?

Henshaw: In the murphy bed, yes. [laughter]

Swent: Granny was a good sport, wasn't she?

Henshaw: She was. She was a wonderful person. She really was. One time, however, she brought what father called "the four black crows." They all were in deep mourning. Of course, they believed in mourning in those days. They all had the hat with the black grosgrain around it.

Swent: Were they sisters?

Henshaw: No, they were friends from Rye. They all came to visit at once, and they're the ones that I took to the movie studios and things and places where the movie stars ate. I had known the head PR [public relations] guy at MGM, and I knew the different places to go to see different-- They were thrilled as little kids. It was the biggest event of their lives. They went back to Rye, told all about all these movie stars they saw, Humphrey Bogart, et cetera. It was just hysterical. [laughter] So that was that.

Swent: Did Granny wear mourning then too?

Henshaw: Oh, my lord, yes. Oh, black-edged handkerchiefs, black-edged calling cards. She really loved Townsend, and she was a southerner. She said, "You know, Clarissa wants me to get out of this [mourning dress], but when I get out of this, I'll feel that I've lost Townsend." I said, "Well, then don't get out of it. If that's the way you feel, don't get out of it." She came to our wedding. She had a white, flowered hat, and the rest was black.

Swent: Where was your wedding?

Henshaw: Our wedding was in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Pomona.

Swent: You were both already Episcopalians?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. We had no problem with the church, no.

Swent: Then one year later Paul finished his Ph.D.

Henshaw: Yes. We were married in May, and he graduated in June the next year.

Swent: And was he still teaching in that last year?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. He taught at Cal Tech. His night class in public night school, he didn't teach the second semester. He had too much stuff to finish his thesis.

Swent: But he enjoyed teaching?

Henshaw: Oh, he loved it, and the old men in his night school mineralogy class were so sad to see him go.

Swent: He also had a teaching fellowship at--

Henshaw: At Cal Tech, yes. He liked that. He loved teaching until his experience in Moscow [Idaho]. He had dreamed of going back, and he was a natural teacher, but of college. He said, "I couldn't teach young people. Kids," he said, "I couldn't do it."

Swent: How did the job in Peru come about? How did he get that job? Do you know?

Henshaw: Oh, yes, I know. It was really the end of the Depression still. He wanted an oil job, and I just found out recently that my son Paul wanted to go into hardrock. They went into opposite. Chevron offered Paul a job in Saudi Arabia. We weren't going to go foreign, you see. So we turned it down. He walked the streets of New York and pulled all the strings and everything, and finally we were just about to give up hope.

Swent: Were you with him?

Henshaw: Yes. We were staying with Granny, yes. Dr. Graton called and said, "We've had to take a man off the hill. How would you like to go down to Peru at fifteen thousand feet?" We weren't going to go foreign, you know; we weren't going into hardrock. We were going into oil. But of course you had no choice at that point. There was no choice. There were no jobs. It didn't make any difference whether you were a Ph.D., or who you were. There were no jobs.

III PERU

Cerro de Pasco Corporation, 1940-43##

Henshaw: Graton knew that he was out, that he had gotten his Ph.D., and that he was available, you see. After having looked everywhere, we decided, "Well, what else was there?" So we went to Peru.

Swent: Did you have any anticipation of what it would be like?

Henshaw: Nothing. Oh, nothing. We went down on the ship--

Swent: How much was he paid? Do you remember?

Henshaw: [laughter] My son Guy cannot believe it, you know, the banker. He said, "Mom, you're exaggerating." We were paid $275 a month. Of course, you got your rent free, and all your services free, but as far as being paid, you were paid $275 a month.

Swent: In American money, deposited back here for you?

Henshaw: No. In Lima.

Swent: And you went down by ship.

Henshaw: We went on the Manhattan.

Swent: They paid for that?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Then we changed to the Santa Clara on the Grace Line at Panama, and went to Callao the port of Lima, and then went into Lima.

Swent: Did you take any household goods with you?

Henshaw: Oh, this was very interesting. My mother had a friend who had been a nurse to one of the gringo doctors down there.

Swent: Did you use the word "gringo" in Peru?

Henshaw: No, it's a Mexican word.

But as far as taking things in, fortunately this nurse, who had worked for this doctor in Peru, knew that you couldn't take silver into a silver country, you see. So we were going to take all our silver, all our wedding presents, and everything. She said, "Don't take them. Go down and buy some cheap silver, and take that. Take that kind of thing." So we arrived, and we were met by Angusto, who was the customs man. He spoke broken English, did pretty well, lots of humor.

Swent: Was he employed by Cerro?

Henshaw: Yes, Cerro de Pasco. They were going to charge us for silver, you see, and he looked at it, and he said, "That isn't silver." He got it so that they practically let us through with nothing, because it wasn't silver. It was just silver plate, cheap stuff. So he got us through all right.

Swent: Did you take furniture of any kind with you?

Henshaw: No, no. Places were furnished. We just took silver and things like that, I mean, plated stuff. Then I remember going up to Lima by taxi; it was night. I remember that there were all these policemen around, and they all had their shawls, bright red ones, up over their noses, and big hats, and dark blue capes. They looked quite picturesque. Of course, they were all afraid of the malaria, you see, mal aria, bad air. So they couldn't breathe in the air; they had to have it all covered up.

Swent: Did either of you speak Spanish? Had you studied Spanish at all?

Henshaw: We studied on the boat down, but we didn't speak much. We could speak: "por favor," [please], "gracias" [thank you], and "cerveza" [beer].

Swent: Had you studied any languages at school?

Henshaw: I'm not a linguist, you know. I had to study what we had to study. I studied two years of French in high school, did two years of Latin, and I studied one year of French at Scripps. They put me in the second year because I had written love poems in high school. I had absolutely no grammar, and I told them that. They said, "Oh, but you have such a nice accent," and so forth, and so on.

Henshaw: My French teacher in the second year of French at Scripps had been a lady-in-waiting to Queen Marie of Rumania. Her name was Christine Gallizzi. Christine gave us this test, and I flunked. She was very upset, and I said, "But Miss Gallizzi, I don't know any grammar." At this point it was the Depression, and I said, "I can't afford a tutor, and I think I'd better be put back in first year French."

She said, "No. You will be my project for the year. I will tutor you for nothing, as my project, to prove I can do something."

She did. I got a B plus at the end of the year. I never worked so hard in my life. She believed in me, and she was very helpful. And that was my French.

Paul took no Spanish. Of course, in those days Spanish wasn't a language you even considered. He took French and German.

Swent: And he must have had Latin.

Henshaw: Oh, yes, Latin. Oh, my, and Greek. Also Greek.

Swent: Was that still required?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Well, it wasn't required, but he liked it. At St. Mark's he took Greek. When we got to Greece, he said, "Gee, it's another language." I said, "Yes, like Chaucer." So we're not great linguists. He did quite well, and we had started studying, but we didn't know too much. I can read you the part where we got up the hill and we had the problem with the languages.

Swent: You took the famous train up to the mines.

Henshaw: We took the famous train to La Oroya. Ticlio is the high point. You sat there, and all these natives were covered to the nose, and everybody huddled, and everybody crossing himself as you went up. This thing was a switch back. Back and forth, and back and forth. Have you been on it?

Swent: Yes.

Henshaw: Well, it was grim.

Swent: How long did it take to get from Lima up to La Oroya? Most of the day, didn't it?

Henshaw: Yes, it must have.

Swent: La Oroya is at about twelve thousand feet?

Henshaw: Yes, it's low in comparison to the other Cerro camps.

Morococha

Henshaw: [Reads from journal: Ride to and arrival at La Oroya; description of hotel and pulses; arrival at Morococha; description of uses at Tuctu. See Appendix, Excerpts from my random descript is]

Bud was sure that we wouldn't like it. We did like it because the little room had a fireplace with a fire burning. I was just thrilled. Bud was a very difficult sort of person. He was very jealous of anybody that had gone to college. He had gone to some military school. Of course, here was coming down this Ph.D. with a wife from California, and he was just belligerent about--if we didn't like it, tough; and we liked it. So he didn't quite know how to react. So that was the beginning of that.

Swent: How did you get along with the other women?

Henshaw: Fine. It was great. They were a nice bunch of gals. In fact, one of them is still a great friend of mine; she lives in Silver City, New Mexico. Walt Zwick was not good with the natives. He was a good worker and a bright fellow, but he had a very quick temper.

Swent: What did you do for amusement?

Henshaw: We played bridge, and golf. That's the only time I've ever played golf. Putting was very difficult in the altitude because if you hardly touched the ball at all, it would go for miles. We learned a little Spanish from Clemmy Martin who lived next door to us, when we moved into our second house. And we had luncheons.

Swent: Were most of the women English speaking?

Henshaw: All. All except the maids. They were Peruvian, and all the rest were Americans.

Swent: How many were there?

Henshaw: Fifty men, so there must have been twenty-five women.

Swent: Were there children?

Henshaw: There were a few children, not too many. The Bemis kids--Beamy and Mikey.

Swent: Did the mothers teach Calvert school?

Henshaw: Well, I was just married, and I didn't stay up there long enough. Let's see, we came in '40, and in '42 I went down to Lima in February, and Sydney was born in June that year in Lima.

Swent: Did you go to Lima often?

Henshaw: Everybody went down to Lima about every six months. We had to.

Swent: Were there other amusements in Morococha?

Henshaw: Anything intelligent? No.

Swent: Did you have radio?

Henshaw: I don't recall one, no. There was lots of drinking. What else was there to do? The thing that was the problem, with the natives, not with us, was gambling. These guys would gamble away their salary, and it was horrid. We tried to keep them from doing this, but we couldn't. There wasn't a great deal to do.

One year I went up to do my own Christmas cards. I went up to the market, and I took my art stuff. I was drawing. There was one darling little creature that I was doing with his pink cheeks that they get in the altitude, and his nose was running. His mother was selling potatoes, and she called him over, wiped his nose, and sent him back. So I drew an extra picture of him for her, and she was so pleased. I did things like that.

The women did a lot of reading, but there wasn't a lot for women to do except bridge.

Swent: Had you already played bridge? Did you play bridge in college?

Henshaw: I was not a great bridge player, no. As an only child, they weren't interested in teaching me because I was not very card sensible and didn't have very good cards. So Mother couldn't be bothered. By the time I got to college, I felt sort of, there again the only child. I wasn't perfect; I couldn't do it right. My brother-in-law Groover [Guerrini] took me aside and taught me all the bridge that I know. He just spent hours with me, very patiently going over everything. I would not say I was a great bridge player, but neither were any of the others.

Swent: It did come in handy up in Morococha.

Henshaw: Yes. And they'd have dances every once in a while. But there really wasn't a great deal to do in Morococha.

Swent: Did you have any association with Peruvians?

Henshaw: Well, not as much as we did with the Mexicans in Tayoltita, no.

Swent: Were there Peruvian staff people?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Paul had those. But, I mean, socially, they were all gringos.

Swent: You had servants?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. And one wonderful little item that we had, Juana Espiritu. Juana Espiritu was about four feet ten. We had to have pressure cookers up there to cook. So Granny, who didn't boil water, but always was sure that everybody had the best, went out and got the largest cooker that she could find. It was about as big as Juana.

Juana was just thrilled. I was terrified. She was just thrilled. She had the biggest pressure cooker in camp. You know, they all got together, and hub-hub-hub. She had the biggest one in camp. She was just a professional going after that thing. She just loved it.

She lived with the head club boy whose name was German. They had several children. In fact, out in the back on our back porch there was a room, and Juana had Jorge, her baby she had had shortly before we came. Jorge had an amah, and Jorge stayed out in the back. Not at night. They went up into the village at night, but Jorge came down for the day and stayed. He was darling.

Juana and I got to talking one time. I was very moral of course, new bride and so forth, and I said, "Juana, why don't you and German get married?"

She said, "Well, Señora, it's all right for you to get married, but," she said, "if German and I got married, he could beat me, and he could take all my money. If we don't get married, my money is my own, and he can't touch me."

I said, "You're sensible, Juana. That's all right."

Henshaw: She was a dear. She wanted to come down with us to the coast, but she couldn't because, these big lungs, you know, they have. She had had a brother who had gone down on a job, and he lived six months and died. So she came down after Sydney couldn't live up there, and she stayed with us while we got settled down there. Then she came back up, and she was very sad to leave us. But they just can't live at sea level.

Swent: How were you physically in the altitude?

Henshaw: I lost my eyesight. We were giving a lecture--on contract bridge. What's the kind where everybody plays the hands?

Swent: Duplicate?

Henshaw: Duplicate. Our doctor, Bartholemew, was a bridge expert. It's about the only thing he was an expert on, except, "Take a siroche capsule," for anything that was the matter with you.

Swent. That's the altitude sickness, siroche.

Henshaw: Yes. So he was giving this lecture. He had a big board. I was sitting halfway back, and he was apparently writing on the board. Everybody was paying attention. To me, he wasn't writing anything, and I said, "What's Bart doing? I mean, he's not writing anything." I went up, and he was writing.

So I went down to Lima, and all they had was an optometrist. He was a man from Pasadena who had married a chola [Peruvian native] and was not really accepted by either side of the society of Lima. He told me that I had an acute kidney ailment and would be dead in six months. That's the first time I was told I'd be dead in six months. Well, I had no kidney problem whatever. "However," he said, "why don't you go out to Dr. De Vault at the Anglo-American clinic and have an examination."

So I did. I went out to Dr. De Vault who was a graduate of Johns Hopkins. He also delivered Sydney much later. Anyway, he was absolutely furious. He said, "I think we should run that man out of town on a burning board. He does this to people. You have no kidney problem."

Life [magazine] was big in those days, and about that time there was an article on high-flying pilots and how they would lose their sight, maybe just temporarily, in the high altitudes.

He said, "Was there anybody in your family who had poor eyesight?"

Henshaw: I said, "Yes, my mother. She wore glasses from the time she was five years old."

He said, "Well, you probably wouldn't have any trouble at all until you were about forty or forty-five,"--I was then twenty-five--"except this is brought out in the altitude. Any ailment that you have is brought out. Fortunately yours is just nearsightedness. rather than something more serious." So I was fitted for glasses and have worn them ever since.

Swent: That was the first time you'd worn glasses?

Henshaw: First time I've ever worn glasses. The weird part was, they said, "If you get to the coastline again, your eyesight may come back." Which it did, but when I got up to Berkeley, the kids got the mumps, and I got the mumps, and my eyes went right back to the way they were in Peru. My eyesight comes and goes. I don't know what it is.

Swent: What about Paul's health? Was he bothered by the altitude?

Henshaw: After that first bout with the pulse and everything, he wasn't particularly, no. He did all sorts of dumb things. Like, he went to the top of Llanacinga, which was one of the big mountains there, in the middle of a lightning storm. He had steel glasses, remember, funny steel glasses, and the lightning was striking off the glasses, I mean--[sigh]. It was very funny: after we had children, he was much more careful.

Swent: Did he enjoy his work?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. He loved it.

Swent: What about the geology? Did he ever talk about the specifics?

Henshaw: He did a great deal. He remapped a great deal of the geology. Some of it had been very good, but some of it had not been good at all, and some things they hadn't even bothered with. He did a great deal of mapping and things for them that were very valuable.

Swent: Did he confer at all with Don McLaughlin at this time?

Henshaw: Don was then president of Cerro, or he became president of Cerro before we left. We didn't see Don too much. We saw Don much more in Tayoltita. In fact, the first time I ever met Don was at the Chez Victor in Lima.

Henshaw: Don had come down as the president of Cerro to fill in for the man who jumped into the bunch grass. What was his name? Spillsbury, something like that. He had committed suicide.

Swent: In Peru?

Henshaw: Yes, and Don had come down to fill in and take over and manage things. This particular evening, I was with the Bacons--Anne and Bob. Paul was up in the altitude, I was down [in Lima] with Sydney. The Bacons were people that were very impressed with big shots. Don with sitting with Hector Boza and the then ambassador to the United States. I can't remember his name. Pedro was his first name, but I can't remember the other one. Anyway, they were all sitting at this table. Bob Bacon said, "There's Don McLaughlin." Well, I'd never met him, and I said, "Which one?" He said, "The one with the white hair." I said, "Oh, I'm going over and speak to him." "Oh, you wouldn't!" I said, "Oh, yes, I would."

So I went over, and I said, "Pardon me, sir, but I'm Paul Henshaw's wife, Betty." "My dear," said Don. He gets up; he introduces me to all these people. "Sit down and have a drink with us." The Bacons were sitting there--[laughter]. So that was my meeting with Don, and he loved to tell the story too. He's told the story a thousand times. Brazen Mrs. Henshaw went over and spoke to him, and I said, "Of course I'm going to speak to him."

Swent: You had heard of him before--

Henshaw: Oh, of course, and, I mean, I introduced myself as Paul's wife, you see. He was just darling, and delighted, and pleased. So that was the first time I ever met Don.

Lima

Swent: Where were you living in Lima? Did the company provide housing for you there?

Henshaw: No, no. Oh, no. We stayed in a British pension. Unfortunately I didn't know Madge White, who ran the other British pension, until after Sydney was born. I was sorry because the pension I stayed in was owned by a lady named Audrey Beach. [laugh] I had very adequate care: good food, they were kind. But it wasn't your own family, you know. Madge was much more your own family sort of person. I stayed with her later, which was much nicer.

Sydney Parker Henshaw, Born June 30, 1942

Swent: Sydney was born at what hospital?

Henshaw: Sydney was born at the Clinica Anglo-Americana in San Ysidro. She was one of the first babies born there. You see, when we arrived, they had just had one of those terrific earthquakes in Lima. The old Clinica was in Callao. I remember I was there for my tooth extraction, and they had beams supporting the ceiling, great cracks in the wall. Everything was painted a bilious green. This new clinic was in San Ysidro which is a suburb of Lima. It was then out in the country.

Evelyn [Beynon] took me there in 1968, I guess it was, and it's right downtown practically. We went in, and I said, "Well, do you suppose I could find my way around?" You could, more or less, but it was not the same. But Sydney was one of the first born there. She was born with a caul over her head, which was supposed to mean great good luck. The nurses were very excited about this. It also would mean that she would not meet her death by drowning. I said, "That's comforting."

Swent: She could not go back up to the altitude, you said?

Henshaw: Not for three months. De Vault would not allow any new babies up there for three months. Then when she went up there, she was not well. She couldn't eat; she had pains; and she couldn't sleep. I thought, if you're an adult and damned fool enough to live up there, that's your feeling. But to take a little tiny baby, no. That isn't fair. So we brought her down.

Swent: Is that when Paul left Cerro?

Henshaw: He finished his contract. I took Sydney up to the States to see the family. Then we came back down, and Paul finished his contract.

Swent: Two-year contract?

Henshaw: Three. Then we went to Mina Calpa.

[Interview 2: May 21, 1976]##

Swent: When we finished last time, we were talking about Sydney. Sydney had been born, and you said that the doctor didn't want her to go up to the altitude. So why don't you tell a little more about that. When you came down from the mountains to have her--

Henshaw: I came down in February.

Swent: Of '42.

Henshaw: Of '42, and she was born the last day of June in '42.

Swent: So you were in Lima alone.

Henshaw: I was in Lima alone, at a British pension, a very nice pension. They were very charming, but it wasn't your family. I had three friends, two of whom were pregnant at the same time, and so we all had our babies just about the same time in Lima.

Swent: So what were you doing in Lima? Just gestating?

Henshaw: Sort of gestating, and the four of us played bridge. I knitted, believe it or not. Paul could come down about, oh, once every six weeks or so, because he had had rheumatic fever, and it was quite a jolt from fifteen thousand feet to sea level and back up again in a weekend. So he wasn't around too much.

Swent: You must have been terribly lonely, weren't you?

Henshaw: Well, sometimes. Sometimes I was, and sometimes I wasn't. I know one night, one of the ladies whose husband was a flyer was staying at the pension. She was a very nice gal. We decided we'd celebrate and have a little sherry. I didn't do much drinking during my pregnancy; I didn't feel up to it, quite. But we would have a little sherry.

So we told the mayordomo Felipe that we would like some jerez [sherry]. He said, "Fine," and he brought it in. We took a sip and it was straight brandy. So we had to send back and explain about the sherry. He found some other sherry for us to celebrate.

She was a very nice person. They were very nice people there, but it wasn't as if it were your own family.

Swent: Now, the war had started. Pearl Harbor was a few months before this. What was the effect of that in Lima?

Henshaw: Not too great. Some of the navy patrol people would come in on R&R [rest and relaxation], and we knew them through the embassy and through my connection with the Jefferson Pattersons. The ambassador was always in a state of leaving, or something. It seemed to me we had several ambassadors. Jefferson, being the charge d'affaires, did most of the entertaining.

Swent: You mean the Americans in Lima were being entertained by the embassy.

Henshaw: Yes. When I came back after Sydney was born and after we went up to the States and came back again--

Swent: That was when?

Henshaw: Well, that would be '43, you see. We came back in March of '43. We stayed a long time in the States.

Swent: You went up in November.

Henshaw: Went up in November, and we thought Paul was going to follow. We were going to relocate, and he was going to get a job in the States because Sydney couldn't live in the altitude.

So when C de P [Cerro de Pasco] heard that he was leaving, they had a fit, and they raised his salary, huge amount, probably about $375, or some big salary like that. But anyway, they begged him to stay and finish, and he wanted to finish. So Sydney and I went back to Lima.

I in the meantime had met Mrs. Patterson, who was the niece of one of my mother-in-law's dearest friends in Rye. She had said, "Be sure and look up the young Henshaws, because they will be in Lima." So they very nicely did, and they invited us over for a party.

Mary Marvin Breckenridge [Mrs. Patterson], who was a journalist and had been mentioned in the Berlin Diaries, said, "Now, if there's anything that either one of us can do, be sure and call me." Well, we went to several other parties there, and I got to know them.

In the meantime, we had this bridge group. Bridge in Lima among the gringos was the entire day. You went at about ten-thirty in the morning, and you played bridge until noon. Before lunch you had a couple of drinks, then you had lunch, and then you started to play bridge again. It was cut-throat. It was not fun. I was not a bridge player by nature, and it was not fun.

So I finally called Marvin, and I said, "Look, Marvin, I'm going to become a drunk or something with all this constant bridge playing."

Henshaw: Marvin said, "Come on over for lunch. We have a new man who is in charge of the Good Neighbor Policy in Lima." It was called the Coordinator's Office, and we interpreted Peru to the Americans. Lots of literature and things like that. She said, "Come on over and have lunch, and we'll go down and meet Ralph Hilton."

United States Embassy Coordinator's Office

Henshaw: So I went over, and we had lunch, and we chatted. She was a fascinating person. We went down to the American Embassy, which was in an old building in downtown Lima on the Plaza San Martin. I can clearly remember this office of Ralph's. Ralph was a medium-size fellow, nice looking, but looked like a lot of other people. He was sitting behind the desk, and when Marvin came in, of course, he rose. We walked the full length and Marvin introduced me to him, and he said, "You too, Marvin?" We couldn't figure out what he was talking about.

He looked me over, and he said, "Okay, kid, I want an article on pharmaceuticals in Peru, five thousand words; and I want it next week on Wednesday." Well, I hardly knew what pharmaceuticals meant in English, let alone in Spanish. So I said, "Yes, sir," and I left, furious, because he had been very rude. Marvin was very annoyed at him.

I had a couple of Peruvian friends who put me in contact with Sidney Ross, who was the big packager in those days. They did aspirin, which was the main thing, and there were several other interesting things that I found out about pharmaceuticals in Peru. So I got it in a day early. I walked into the office, and I slammed the paper on the desk. I said, "Here you are, sir."

He said, "Sit down." I sat down; and he read it through; and he said, "You are a journalist!"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "Well, I must apologize. For the last month, I have been bothered with your smart, Jewish, Columbia graduate journalists, who think I'm an old man and don't know how to run this thing, and they can do it much better. Here comes this pretty girl with Marvin Patterson, who is the wife of the charge d'affaires, in a way my boss. What can I say? I can't say, 'What's the matter with you.'"

Henshaw: I said, "Yes, you did. You said, 'You too, Marvin.'"

He said, "Well, I was pretty distressed. I apologize."

Well, we became great friends after that. I could pick out my subjects, and I knew quite a few Peruvians. I did the new air force academy, and interviewed a lot of the army people.

The most fascinating thing I did was the churches of Peru. There was one marvelous church that had a chapel, the chapel of San Jose, which no woman was allowed to enter. It was supposed to be just beautiful. They had all this gold and everything that's just lovely. This Peruvian friend of mine said, "I can smuggle you in."

I said, "With my build, you can smuggle me in?"

He said, "Yes, yes. I'll get you in. I'll get you dressed in one of my brother's--"

I said, "No. God would not like it. You go in, and you see it, and you tell me about it." So he did, and I credited him for going in.

I always had someone with me, realizing that in those days I was a woman, and there weren't too many women journalists, particularly in Latin America, where women were not regarded as career people. I had this one friend whose family were lawyers, and I guess he was a lawyer, but I never saw him practice law. But he was very helpful, not only in translating, but in thinking up stories.

Then Ralph said one day, "You know, I've got a great idea. The Peruvian Times"--which was the only English-speaking newspaper on the West Coast--"is right across the street. Why don't you write some articles for them?" So he called the old guy who was the editor, whose name I cannot remember, who was seldom sober, but was very nice. I would write about the Colonial Rose, where it came from, and the designs. Then I would write about the history of art in Peru.

The silver business in Peru, the silver jewelry industry in Peru, was falling into deep disrepair. They were doing very sloppy work. They were selling it to the tourists, and the tourists thought it was lovely. But it was lousy. So from Italy they got Mr. Camusso, from Florence. Mr. Camusso rejuvenated the Peruvian

Henshaw: silver jewelry industry. He showed us all around his factory, and I started my ashtray collection, which I still have, with the coins in the center, the silver ashtrays. That was the sort of thing I did, and it was much better than playing bridge with the girls.

Swent: Was this after Sydney was born?

Henshaw: This was after Sydney, when we had come back again and Paul was concluding his contract with Cerro de Pasco. Then when we went to the mine in the South, I would come up to Lima and get assignments, do the interviews, and go home and write it. It gave me something to do in Calpa.

Swent: Before we get to Mina Calpa--you were up at Morococha when Pearl Harbor occurred. You had no radio. You said you did get Life.

Henshaw: We did get Life. If Life got through, we all took Life because Life was the big magazine then. But Life had pictures, and it was often stolen. So about nine times out of ten, the Lifes were stolen. Time was not stolen because there was too much wordage. But Life was. Of course, we heard about it from people coming up from Lima. But it seemed so far away, and, so rather impossible. V-J Day was much more exciting.

Swent: But when you went back to the States, the war was on.

Henshaw: Yes, the war was on, and there was the episode of Sydney's shoes.

Swent: Tell about that.

Henshaw: My daughter was, of course, a little baby, and her feet were growing. In Peru it was very difficult to buy shoes for children. So the doctor I had while I was up there said, "Why don't you buy some shoes in varying sizes to take back to Peru." So I went and got the little shoes, what do they call them? Jumping Jacks, or something? I got eight pair of shoes: Two, and two, and two, so that Sydney would have enough shoes. The next day, shoe rationing went in, and several people said, "What connection did you have?" So Sydney had shoes enough to wear. She was quite a dainty little girl; she didn't grow very fast. So they lasted until we got back to the States.

Swent: How did you travel? By plane?

Henshaw: We traveled up by plane. You stopped at night. Nobody flew at night. We had DC-3's, and we stopped the first night in Colombia, in Cali. I remember that they put us in a balcony room, over the

Henshaw: dining room, and they were having a large, important men's dinner, which there were many toasts and much laughter. I was sure that the baby couldn't sleep. Well, I couldn't sleep, but the baby did. [laughter]

The next night we stayed in Guatemala City. In those days I was very conscientious; and I had to boil the water and the bottles and everything; and I took it down to the kitchen. I had never had any problem before, but this particular cook was rather nasty. He slammed it down, and I said, "Por veinte minutos." For twenty minutes; and I had my watch. After about five minutes, he started to take it off. I said, "Veinte minutos." He got madder and madder.

So finally, when it was twenty minutes, he pulled the thing off; and in pulling the bottle container off, half the water went all over him. He was even angrier. So I was not too fond of Guatemala City.

The next night, we made a short run. We stopped in Mexico City; and then the next day we arrived in Los Angeles.

Swent: Four days.

Henshaw: Four days.

Swent: What airline was it?

Henshaw: It was Panagra. Panagra was the only airline. They ruled the roost. There was no Varig or any of the others. There was just Panagra Grace. So when we came back down again, we came in an Argentine ship, the Rio de la Plata. Argentina was neutral.

We had two big tin flags up on deck, lighted on both sides, with the Argentine pale blue and white in the moon, and they had the flags flying from every angle. Here we were in a blacked-out sea, floating along. As we got opposite Panama, you could hear them firing. They weren't firing at us. They were practice firing, you see. But it was a little frightening. That part of the war we were aware of.

Swent: And in Lima, were there Germans, and Japanese, and Americans?

Henshaw: Well, I had one rather frightening experience. There was in Peru one of the leading Japanese who was working with the Germans. He was a very outstanding man, but nobody knew where he was. He was somewhere along the coast of Peru.

Henshaw: After Sydney was born, she had to stay in the hospital for a while, and the doctor wanted me to get a rest. So Paul and I went north, to what they call the Peruvian Alps. We were going to stay in this place that had been recommended to us by somebody from the embassy. They were amazed when they heard about it, what later transpired.

As we got closer to this place and it was getting dark, we would ask directions. Everywhere we asked directions, people would look at us.

Swent: How were you traveling?

Henshaw: By car.

Swent: You rented a car?

Henshaw: No, we had a car. Granny had brought us down a car. We had an old Ford. Everybody would look at us, and they'd kind of draw away and mumble. So we wondered what was going on; this was supposed to be a nice resort where we were going to stay for a couple of days. We came to the right location, and there was a long driveway, with white painted stones on each side. There was a garden on one side, and a river on the other side of the garden. As our headlights came into the driveway, the lights in the house went on. There had been no lights in the house until then.

We arrived at the porch and were greeted by an obviously German woman and a Peruvian man. They seemed surprised to see us. We had written and received an answer from these people. So we got our things out of the back, feeling a little strange. They said, well, they really didn't have a room, but there was an artist from Peru who had a studio. He was not here; so we could have his studio.

So we started up the stairs. I will never forget; behind us, as we went up the stairs, was a great window, and outside the window was a deep river; coming down the stairs was the Japanese gentleman everyone was looking for. "Good evening. Buenas noches." I didn't know whether he was going to push us out the window, or what. I said to Paul, "Look at the room; and we don't like it." He didn't know what was going on because he hadn't heard the story about this man, you see.

Swent: How did you know?

Henshaw: I had heard it from the embassy. You see, I was working with the coordinators, and they said, "Everybody's looking for this man." They had the description of him, and here he was.

Henshaw: So he was going down the stairs; we were coming up. We looked at the room, and I said, "Oh, it's lovely, but I don't think it's quite what we want," smiling broadly, heart thumping. Pa went right along with me and said, "No, no. It's not quite what we expected. So thank you very much." I didn't want to run down the stairs because I was afraid somebody would appear and push us out the window. They took our luggage down. They were quite glad to have us leave too. I don't know that they realized that I knew who this man was. He was there down stairs as we left, and he said, "Buenas noches." We said, "Buenas noches," and I said, "Don't drive too fast, but drive as fast as you can." [earnestly]

We got out of there and drove in the dark back to the little town where we'd stayed the night before. When I got to the embassy, I went in immediately, and I said, "Ralph, Señor (whatever his name is) is staying at such and such a place." It was he; and they captured him.

But it was a terrible moment. Believe me. It was just absolutely things that nightmares are made of. And right behind us was the river and the open window. All he had to do was push, you see. So that was my experience in the war.

Swent: So that was in '43.

Henshaw: It was 1943, yes.

Consorcio Minero del Peru, Mina Calpa, 1943-45

Swent: And then Paul finished his contract.

Henshaw: He finished, and then we went down to the Mina Calpa.

Swent: Which was the desert.

Henshaw: If anyone is familiar with the flight from Lima to Arequipa: you fly across abject desert for miles and miles and miles; you leave the ocean and you just go right inland, until you see El Misti, which is the big mountain outside of Arequipa. Right in the middle of that desert was the Mina Calpa, which had been a gold mine, which had been discovered by the Spanish. All of the gold mines up and down the coast of Latin America had been worked by the Spanish. Now, how they found this out--they probably tortured the Indians and found out. But every one of them had been, and they were in some rather remote places, such as the Mina Calpa.

Henshaw: We flew down in the little Fawcett plane, one motor, and landed on a strip of hard sand, with a dead tree, with a flag waving at the top (not the Peruvian flag). This was at Atico on the coast. We stopped to have lunch. We went into the house of some very hospitable Peruvians: dirt floor, chickens running around, small children. The little boys, as is the custom, had a shirt and no pants. It was very easy to tell little boys in those days.

Then after lunch, we drove eighty miles through abject desert. There was not a blade of grass growing. Then suddenly we saw trees. We thought it must be a mirage, or something. An American geologist named Johnny Walker, a graduate of Harvard, had first been--Cerro de Pasco had heard something about this and has asked Johnny to go down and look at it. So he got down there, and he said, "Well, I think there's something there, but if you want me to stay there, you're going to plant trees; you're going to have bathrooms; you're going to have bathtubs. Now if you will do that, I'll come back." They did.

So we lived in a calamina edifice.

Swent: Calamina is what we'd call galvanized--

Henshaw: Yes, galvanized iron. Corrugated iron. The jefes, the bosses, lived upstairs, and the empleados [employees] lived underneath; they each had a room. In the middle was the bathroom, and then they had their rooms below. There was a road that ran directly in front of the house, and the trucks around there ninety miles an hour. But fortunately, Sydney's amah, whom we had from Lima, Olga Abad--Olga had a fierce mother, and Olga was perfectly willing to come with us to get rid of Mother. She had come to the Mina Calpa, and she stayed with us the entire time we were there.

We were on the second floor, of course, and you had to go down stone steps to get to the street. Sydney was very small. She was about a year and a half, two years. She had her second birthday there. So she wasn't particularly adventuresome, and she didn't go down into the street.

Outside our window, we had a garden, which consisted entirely of geraniums. The geraniums bloomed nicely. Then the geraniums died. I would say to Jesus the gardener, "Jesus, are we going to pick the dead geraniums?" "Oh, no, Señora. They'll fall off." So Sydney and I had something to do. We got large baskets, and we went and helped them fall off. That gave us something to do.

Swent: The trees were eucalyptus--

Henshaw: Eucalyptus trees, and they were the only eucalyptus trees for miles and miles and miles.

Paul did a great deal of revamping the mine. They had a man who was managing the mine who was the black sheep of a very fine Peruvian family, whose name I will not mention. I knew two of his cousins, so the next time I came to Lima they said, "Gee, thanks for sending him back. We thought we'd gotten rid of him."

He was a dreadful creature: lazy; he beat the natives; he slept with every woman in town. He had a very nice wife, really a very nice wife, and a very attractive little boy but he was completely incompetent. So Father got rid of him, and we got Mario Samamé Boggio, who is still in Peru in a rather prominent position, and a wonderful man. He immediately took over the managerial running of the mine.

Swent: Now, what was Paul's job?

Henshaw: Paul was a geologist.

Swent: A geologist. How could he get rid of the manager?

Henshaw: Because he was asked to go down there and see what was the matter with the place. It wasn't running properly, and Don Hector Boza, who was really the chief owner of the mine, knew Paul and said, "We would like to have you as a geologist. We'd also like you to trouble shoot and see what's the matter with the mine. If there is all this gold, why isn't it producing more?"

Swent: Was it an underground mine?

Henshaw: Yes.

Swent: Very deep?

Henshaw: I don't know, and I remember one time they had a spillway and a grill at the bottom where they threw the rocks that didn't have much in them.

Swent: Waste.

Henshaw: The waste, and this man tripped and fell into this thing. Fortunately for him, he landed on the grill, with his face on the grill, so that the air from the mine came up so that he could breathe. He lived. But his screams were awful! They had to dig him out, you see, because all these things, the rocks had fallen on him. He lived.

Swent: Were you living right by the mine, so that you could hear this kind of thing?

Henshaw: Yes, right there, and as I told you, the communication, the radio, between Lima and the Mina Calpa was going most of the time. One of Sydney's and my occupations during the day was, we would go and listen, and the conversation was, "Hello, hello, hello, hello Lima, hello Lima, hello Lima, hello Calpa, hello Calpa, hello, hello, hello Lima." Sydney would sit there and say, "ello, ello, ello." They never seemed to get much beyond "Hello." But at least they sort of knew that the other person was there. So that was one of our excitements.

We also went down and looked at the cuyis, which are guinea pigs. They had chickens; but the cuyis were a little bit different. Sydney liked to watch them.

Swent: Did the people eat guinea pigs there?

Henshaw: Oh, sure. Oh, yes.

Swent: Did you eat them?

Henshaw: Oh, I don't know whether the cooks got them in something and said it was something else.

Swent: Potatoes?

Henshaw: Lots of potatoes. Peru was the home of the potato, you know. All kinds of potatoes. The cook was a Chinaman with dirty fingernails and a long mustache, who was named Jose. I think every cook in Latin America was named Jose. So this was Jose. We ate out of the communal kitchen, but we brought a little hot plate for Sydney. The Hueco en la Parred (which was The Hole in the Wall in Lima), which specialized in baby foods, loved us because they'd send cases of baby food and canned milk down to us for the baby.

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Swent: You could get baby food?

Henshaw: Well, it was sent down by air from Lima.

Swent: American?

Henshaw: Yes.

Swent: Gerber's?

Henshaw: Gerber's, yes.

Swent: Was there any embargo-- I was thinking, you know, in Mexico we couldn't; but at that time you could import anything you wanted?

Henshaw: Well, no. My poor mother-in-law had a terrible time because she wanted Sydney to have a complete layette from Lord and Taylor. So they charged her for the blankets, and they charged her for the complimentary sterling silver feeding spoon because Peru had both sheep and silver. Granny was very indignant.

Swent: But could you send for clothes, for example?

Henshaw: No. And for years the children would get books or phonograph records. That was what you could get. You couldn't get anything else, unless somebody went to the States and brought it back, like the shoes.

Swent: And you were still doing your work with the coordinator's office?

Henshaw: Yes, I was still working a little bit with the coordinators as it gave me something to do.

Swent: Did Paul enjoy this job at the Calpa?

Henshaw: Oh, loved it! Just loved it. He loves field work. He loved the challenge, and there was a challenge because this gentleman who had been there before had just let the whole mine go to pot, you see. There was this feeling against him, and he was such a lazy lout. The whole thing was just going to pot, and it was quite a rich gold mine, small, but rich. When Samamé came, he whipped everybody into order. Paul went and charted the mine, and business went on.

Swent: Was he going out, hunting for more prospects?

Henshaw: No. Just that one particular mine. Oh, he loved it; he loved field geology.

Swent: He had helpers?

Henshaw: Yes. They were Peruvian. They were all Peruvians.

Swent: And they were technically trained?

Henshaw: Well, not too. But we had a chemist who was an Indian. We were the only gringos in camp. There was Samamé and his mother, who were upper class Peruvians. Then there was the Indian chemist and his Indian wife.

Swent: This is East Indian?

Henshaw: No. This is Peruvian Indian. She was a great friend of Olga's. Then all the rest of them were Peruvians, some Indian, and some Peruvian Peruvians.

Swent: So not too exciting for you.

Henshaw: No, but wonderful for him. He just loved it. That's why I thought I can never escape. I would go out and look over the desert and think, "I can never escape." Because he loves it, you see.

Swent: Did Paul get along well with the Peruvians?

Henshaw: Very, very well. He was a linguist, a student. He spoke Spanish. Some of them spoke Quechua. He didn't speak much Quechua, but he got along very well with them. They respected him, you see, because they knew that El Señor [as they called him] knew. They knew that the other gentleman sent to Lima did not know, and had no interest.

Swent: What about safety? You mentioned the man who fell down the chute. What about safety considerations?

Henshaw: I don't know. Not too much, I don't think. I really don't know. But I don't think too much.

Swent: Was there a medical clinic there of any kind?

Henshaw: Oh, no. The doctor lived in Caraveli about two miles on mule back from Calpa. I was drawing pictures of the faces of these Indians. They had marvelous faces. I did the doctor, and he was facing me so that only one ear showed. I got quite a good likeness of him, and he said, "Where's my other ear?"

Sydney came down with the three-day measles. He came on a mule from Caraveli. Our mayor domo had a medical book, and he read. He could read. I think Johnny Walker taught him to read.

Henshaw: Sydney broke out in this rash, you see. Saturno was his name. Saturno went immediately up to his house, and he came back down, and he said, "Es esto, Señora. I have sent a runner to Caraveli." So somebody ran, or took a mule, or something and went to Caraveli. The doctor came, and the doctor said, "Yes, it's the three-day measles." So Sydney had the three-day measles. Nobody else got them, at that point.

Swent: But if there was anything serious, you just had to go--

Henshaw: You just waited until the doctor got in from Caraveli.

Swent: Or went to Lima.

Henshaw: Yes. But that was eighty miles by truck. Then you took the little one-motor Fawcett plane and flew from Atico to Lima.

Swent: Did you have your car down at Mina Calpa?

Henshaw: Oh, no. That was in Lima.

Swent: So how long were you there then at Calpa?

Henshaw: Too long. We were there about almost two years, I think. But I could go to Lima to get these stories which was-- Then Sydney developed a type of amoeba which forms cysts. It's not the common amoebae that we hear about. The symptoms are: you get quite thin, and you have nightmares, and you scream in the night.

Fortunately, for us, there was a Jewish doctor (this being the war, you see, all of them had left Germany who could get out), a very nice man who specialized in children's amoebae. So I took Sydney up there to the doctor. Madge White at the nice British pension told me about him. So we got him, and he cured Sydney. Now some amoebae you never lose, but she did. He told her it was going to be a little bit hard, and she might be a little umcomfortable But she was very good about it; but he said, "I would not go back down to that place."

That saved us. Bless his heart. So Paul finished his contract, and we went to the States.

Compania Peruana de Cemento Portland, 1945

Swent: Now he worked for a time also for a cement company.

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Portlando Cement. That wasn't very long. His boss's name was Angel Paz y Arroyo. We still hear from him. Very nice man. Paul enjoyed it because it was right near Lima, you see. So we could live at the pension, and he could go out. It was just on the outskirts of Lima, just south of Lima.

Swent: What kind of geology did he do for them?

Henshaw: I don't know what he did for them. But whatever he did, they were delighted.

Swent: Maybe hunting for more--

Henshaw: Deposits of whatever they had, yes. As I said, we had only Panagra Grace, in those days. As the war went on, they got more and more lofty, and more and more arrogant, and more and more: "Well, maybe we can get you a reservation, and maybe we can't." You know, this sort of thing.

We were supposed to have our reservations for Los Angeles, and we went down to the airport. Well, one of our friends--in fact, his wife had gone to Sunday school with me. He was flying the Diagonal which was between Lima and Buenos Aires. He said, "Come on in. Have a cup of coffee with me. I want to tell you something." So we went in, and he said, "That's your plane out there on the field. There's something wrong with the engine. I don't think you're taking off today."

Well, then he took off for the Diagonal, and we sat there, and we sat there. The mentality of people that run railroads and poor airlines and things like that, don't think that the passenger really has any right to know what's going on. So you just sat. Paul finally went over and said, "Well, what about it? How long are we going to be here?" "Oh, you won't leave today, señor."

Well, we had sat there for three hours. I, who had been spoiled completely by a marvelous amah, had this child that was running all over everywhere. So I went to the phone and called the pension. They had not rented out the room. Madge said, "I knew there was a reason I didn't rent it." Olga was still there, crying in the kitchen because Sydney was gone. Paul called Angel at the

Henshaw: cement company, and he said, "Do you want me back?" Angel said, "Of course, anytime." So we went back for two more weeks. Then we got out, and we left.

Swent: When you left, did you know where you were going? Did you have a job in the States?

Henshaw: Oh, my, yes. We were going to go to Idaho. That was the reason I didn't bring Olga. Olga wanted to come with Sydney. I said, "Olga, there's nobody Spanish who speaks Spanish in Idaho." Fortunately, I had an example for her.

We had a friend--a Jewish movie director and his wife Irene had brought their French governess over from Paris to take care of their baby. Well, she was not our class, nor was she the class of the working people. She was nothing. They all felt so sorry for poor Susanne. I said, "Olga, you would be just like Susanne. You would not know anybody. You would be all alone, and I can't do that to people." So she became a seamstress again. She had been a seamstress with some Germans. She said she couldn't be an amah again and lose "her child."

So we went, and we worked for Day Mines in Wallace, Idaho.

Swent: I want you to tell the story about Sydney and the flag.

Henshaw: Oh, if I can get through it without crying.

Swent: Would you rather not?

Henshaw: No, I'll try.

Swent: I think it's a wonderful story.

Henshaw: Well, as we came into the United States, sob--

Swent: Oh, Betty.

Henshaw: Sydney looked up, and the flag was flying. She said, "Mommy, the American flag!" Oh, it was really quite a moment. This was the first time she'd seen one flying, of course, except on the American Embassy; but they had the Peruvian flag there too, you see. That was the first, and then we were second. So that's when we went up to Idaho.

IV IDAHO

Swent: Did you know anything about Idaho?

Henshaw: No. It's a pretty state.

Swent: You liked it?

Henshaw: I did, yes. Well, Paul went up there with the idea of teaching at the University of Idaho, in geology. There was an opening.

Swent: This was in Moscow.

Henshaw: This was in Moscow. The dean, who shall also be nameless, was somebody that Paul disliked strongly; and the more he worked for him the more he disliked him.

Day Mines, 1945

Swent: He had not known him before he went there.

Henshaw: Oh, no.

So he went and worked with the Day Mines. We arrived in August in Wallace, and Paul left them at the beginning of the school semester in February.

We, in the meantime, went down to Moscow, and this gentleman was very nice to us. He got us a very lovely house in a nice area. Sydney and I went down early, and then Paul finished up in Wallace and came down with us. This man, he gave the impression of being a

Henshaw: dear old farmer, you know, a sweet old guy. He was a monster. He wanted you to do exactly what he wanted you to do. He was a leading metallurgist, but he was not a geologist; and there is a difference.

Paul, of course, was pretty amenable, except if he felt somebody was taking advantage of him. He decidedly felt this man was. The summer before Guy was born, the gentleman had arranged for Paul to work for this man, who had what he thought was a good mine, good property down near Boise. This fellow was a diamond in the rough type, with the big diamond on the pinky, you know, and the English language lay slaughtered at his feet, but a heart of gold.

It was a good property. This gentleman at the university was absolutely furious because he had had the opportunity, and he'd given it to Paul. So he said to Paul, "Next summer you will work for the USGS [United States Geological Survey]," which paid practically nothing. So next summer we were in Mexico.

University of Idaho, 1946

Swent: So Paul only taught one semester?

Henshaw: No. He taught a year. He taught a year and then left.

Guy Runals Henshaw, Born September 27, 1946

Swent: Guy was born in September--

Henshaw: Guy was born September 27, 1946. My only American. He was born in the Gritman Hospital in Moscow, Idaho. Mr. Gritman was a prominent something or other, farmer in the area, I guess. But I really enjoyed Moscow. I enjoyed Moscow very much because we had very nice friends there.

Swent: How was life different as a professor's wife than it had been?

Henshaw: Well, you were paid very little because professors, even to this day, I think, in small colleges like that are paid a disgraceful wage. So we had to be very careful with what we had.

Henshaw: One of our best friends was the naval commander--they had a naval unit in Moscow. This man had been--he is now an Admiral, and he has Alzheimer's, sadly enough. He is about eighty-two now. But Steve had gone through the war. He was one of those who, as navy, had come and seen MacArthur's "I shall return"; and, oh, how they loathed MacArthur. Oh! [Stephen H. Ambruster]

Anyway, Steve was a nervous wreck after all his war experiences, so they had sent him up to Moscow, Idaho, which is quite a ways from the ocean. He was an excellent teacher, and he taught the principles of navy. Everybody liked him, and his wife was a darling. They lived right next door. She's Guy's godmother.

Professor Graue was a full professor. He was a German. "I got out of the damn place in time," he said. He was not Jewish. He taught economics at the university. He was a fascinating man. He was married to Louise, who had gone to Mt. Holyoke, and was a lovely, sweet, dear person. These four people were the nucleus of our friendship. We all went to the Episcopal church. I really enjoyed it. I enjoyed my years in Moscow. Of course, when I had a son, that was it. We'd made it. I could name him after my father, and that was the whole story.

Swent: Did you play bridge?

Henshaw: Not much. [laughter] I had two little children to look after. I was busy. We did play, but it was lady's bridge. I mean, it wasn't cut-throat. So I really enjoyed Moscow.

Swent: What about Paul?

Henshaw: He hated it. Hated it because of this man. He loved the teaching. He loved the teaching, and, of course, he was an excellent teacher. He loved the students. But the gentleman was always looking over his shoulder, always telling him h w he'd do it. I didn't realize how much he disliked it, until the last couple of years. I didn't realize how he really loathed this man, and what the man had done.

V MEXICO

San Luis Mining Company, 1947-53

Henshaw: So when the telephone rang one day, I had a four-year-old daughter and a four-month-old son, and at the other end of the line was Donald H. McLaughlin saying, "Hello, Betty. How would you like to go to Mexico? I can promise you four in help." I said, "When do we leave?"

Paul Carrington Henshaw, Jr., Born November 1, 1947

Henshaw: So we finished that semester and went to Mexico in February of '47. Paul was born in November of '47.

Swent: You were already pregnant when you went.

Henshaw: Yes. Paul, Jr. told me it was too cold in heaven. He didn't want to wait eighteen months. So he arrived in Mexico. I remember Genaro--they met the plane, and Guy was sitting in one of these things--strollers. It had been Sydney's; it was now Guy's. It had wooden wheels. At war time, when we were on the Rio de la Plata, you couldn't buy one of these little push carts for children, strollers, without wooden wheels. The other wheels had gone to war.

So Guy had this one still. I remember he was sitting up in it, and Genaro looked at him, and he said, "What a wonderful back!" Well, you know, for Genaro, a strong back is what was important. This child was sitting up there. He was only four months old, and "What a wonderful back," he said.

Swent: How would you identify Genaro?

Sydney Henshaw, Tayoltita, 1950

Photograph by Henry R. Colen

Paul, Jr. and Guy Henshaw, Tayoltita, 1950

Photograph by Henry R. Colen

Helen Henshaw with Guy, Sydney, and Paul, Jr. in Tayoltita

1952

Photograph by Willard Benham

Henshaw: Well, Genaro was the manager's gardener.

Swent: He was more than just that, though.

Henshaw: He was the arriero [groom, muleteer], and he was everything. He had a brother named Plutarco who lived in a tree. But he came down. He had several children. He wasn't in the tree all the time.

Swent: Before you went to Mexico, what did you know about that, other than that there would be help?

Henshaw: Well, the only place that we'd ever been was Tijuana, and, of course, any of those border towns are so ghastly. So I didn't know much about it.

Swent: But you were happy to be going?

Henshaw: We were happy to be going. Yes, I was happy to have brown hands [native maids] again. Tayoltita was a beautiful spot due to your father-in-law. Jay [James W.] Swent was the one who said it's possible to have a beautiful mining camp. And it was. It really was. Father [PCH] thought it was paradise on earth, and it was wonderful for little tiny kids. But when they got older, you had to get out, or send them away to school.

Swent: How did you get there?

Henshaw: We came on the train [to Mazatlan], and the train was half an hour early. [laughter]

Swent: You went to Nogales?

Henshaw: Yes. Granny came to see us. She got on the train at Gila Bend. It stopped, and Granny got on the train and rode from Gila Bend to Nogales or something like that. Then she said goodbye to us. Guy was in a basket, and Sydney was in hand. Of course, she was a blond. That made a big difference.

When we came to enter, we had all our bags, you see. Paul put them all out on this place where you put bags. The fellow came along, and the woman just ahead of us apparently was a smuggler. She was a Mexican woman, older woman. Boy, they took everything apart. They ripped open her suitcase, and the whole business.

Henshaw: Here we were with all these bags, and I thought, "Oh, dear." Well, the fellow saw Guy. Travel with small children in those Latin countries, and you can get through anything. He said, "Coochy-coochy. Que guapito. Bebecito." Guy was always, and to this day, is solemn. He looked up with his large brown eyes, solemnly observed the man. He didn't cry; he just observed him. The man looked at all our bags and said, "No importa, esta bien." He didn't open one of them.

Then we got on the train, and we had three porters who were watching the baby, you see. That was great. The train was half an hour early, and Prestridge Ellington--an old, dear friend from Claremont--was on the porch of the Belmar enjoying a cool drink. He had told me the phone number of the Belmar. I called the Belmar, and I said, "Where are you, Prestridge?" He said, [excitedly] "Betty, you're early!" So he came down, and he took us to the Belmar. Roberto [Gorostiza] ran the Belmar then.

It was the middle of Carnival. Roberto had given us his room; he had arranged for an amah. Oh, it was wonderful. Oh, joy. Life again! We were there two or three days before we went up to Tayoltita. That was exciting. We were awfully happy to be back in the Latin world again.

Swent: And Paul was doing mining geology?

Henshaw: He was a geologist, yes.

Swent: Was he doing any prospecting, any exploration?

Henshaw: Well, I think he had to map out that mine. I think the mine had to be mapped, or remapped. It had never been mapped correctly. As I say, he wanted me to take care of the children, and he would take care of the geology. So I don't really know.

We went in [to Tayoltita] in a little airplane. Don had told me in his description of our arrival in Mexico-- He had said, "Now, you will land on a shifting sandbar in the river." I said, "Don!" He said, "No, built on tailings, it's an uphill landing." And it is.

It was before the Tortuga, but it was a little airplane.

Swent: The Tortuga was what they called the three-motor Ford. The Turtle.

Henshaw: Yes, the tri-motor. Last time I saw that was where? In southern California?

Swent: Could be.

Henshaw: I think so.

Swent: So what did Don have to do with it? How did he happen to--

Henshaw: He hired us. Well, they needed a geologist.

Swent: But, I mean, what was his connection with San Luis?

Henshaw: He was the vice president. Don't you remember, they had that office? Jay was the president of San Luis, and Don was the vice president. Don was the president of Cerro de Pasco, and Jay was the vice president. They all had their little offices, lovely offices.

Swent: At 100 Bush Street in San Francisco.

Henshaw: One hundred Bush Street. There were just a few people. There were: Don, Jay, John Hamilton, Meriwether Mason, Jane Black, Marilyn Ledwich. I think Leona [Hilburn Corbin] was there. I think that's about all we had. I mean, it's not the office that's there now--a thousand and one people, which reminds me of the American Embassy in Lima with everybody rushing around looking for a pencil sharpener, or something like that.

Swent: That's an example of inflation, isn't it?

Henshaw: Yes, terrific.

Swent: And it was still--the Hearst family was still involved.

Henshaw: Oh, yes. I remember, when we were leaving Moscow, Idaho--we were going to leave in a few weeks--one of the ladies I knew in the faculty came up to me in the grocery store. She looked all around, and she said in a whisper: "I understand you're going to work for Hearst." I said, "Oh, yes, we're working for Hearst." She gasped and ran. Yes, they still owned it then.

Swent: And this wasn't a good word in Idaho?

Henshaw: Oh, no. Hearst was an evil character. But that didn't bother us any.

Swent: Did you come through San Francisco? Did you stop in San Francisco on the way down?

Henshaw: No. On the way down we drove to southern California to see my family, and celebrated my father's birthday on February eighth. One of the regrets is that nobody had a decent camera, and I only have a very fuzzy picture of Guy and Guy, my father and little Guy. No, I never got that. I was very sorry.

Swent: Now, at that time was the embargo on in Mexico, or was that later? Remember there was a time when you couldn't import soap, or canned goods, or anything into Mexico.

Henshaw: Well, I don't think you could then either. No, I think it was probably on.

Swent: So you couldn't bring much with you?

Henshaw: Well, we didn't have the problem we did in Peru, where we had such trouble getting things in. I don't remember that we had too much--we didn't bring much, no. And we didn't bring any furniture. Granny sent down that wicker furniture we had that was so hot to sit on, but was nice otherwise, remember, the brown with green seats?

Swent: When we first got there, they had just put on an embargo, but I don't know how recently, on all imports from the States.

Henshaw: Well, I know that Christmas came, and all that kids got were records and books, and so on from relatives in the States. And I remember that Christmas in Idaho was Guy's first Christmas. He was born in September, and everybody who felt, "Oh, these poor kids have never gotten anything." They deluged us. Here was this little tiny baby who couldn't even sit up yet, just deluged with all these gifts. Of course, Sydney loved every moment of it. She was four, and she was the age where she liked it. But Guy-- But all these people felt, (we'd been in Peru) "Oh, we've never been able to give them anything." So they went overboard. They gave and gave and gave.

Then, of course, we had Ted Dodge, you know, who got one thing through for each child. I remember, this was several years later. Paul was about two or three years old, and he wanted a musical teddy bear. So we sent for a catalog, and the catalog was sent to Ted Dodge. One of them was this teddy bear, about like this. Rene tied it on the mirror, you know, how they do. He drove through, and, of course, at the border they said, "What's the big bear doing?" He said, "Well, you know I'm a big guy." And he got through.

Swent: Rene Wilson?

Henshaw: Rene Wilson, remember, with the wonderful voice.

Swent: Was this when you met Ted Dodge?

Henshaw: Oh, no. Paul had known Ted Dodge from Harvard. He was a little ahead of Paul at Harvard. I think he had been in Morococha too.

##

Henshaw: Well, let me see. I'm trying to see if I had written anything about what it looked like. I can remember the first night that we slept in Tayoltita. Nobody had lived in the house for several months. It was all clean, and everything was all nice. Everything was ready. Except I woke up in the middle of the night with a cockroach crawling across my hand, which was a rather gruesome experience.

Swent: However, in general, there were not many insects.

Henshaw: No, because we DDT-ed, if you remember, every morning. All around every door.

Swent: There were no bad snakes.

Henshaw: No, I don't think there were any. Were there? No, and mosquitoes weren't too bad.

Swent: Cockroaches were the worst thing.

Henshaw: Cockroaches were the worst. I remember, in Wallace [Idaho] we lived behind the brewery. At nine o'clock every night they threw out all the empty bottles. Terrible crashing noise.

Swent: When did you start teaching Sydney, Calvert School?

Henshaw: Calvert, first grade.

Swent: She was five--

Henshaw: She was five, so she didn't do kindergarten. In Idaho, they had had a nursery section for the nursery graduates at the University of Idaho, you know, people who were going to teach kids. Sydney had gone when she was three. She loved it. A family joke, which we still talk about, you would ask her, "Well, what'd you do today, Sydney?" "Well, we played, and we teeter-tottered." So we still "play and teeter-totter" to this day when somebody does something.

Swent: You knew when you went down to Tayoltita that you would be doing Calvert, did you?

Henshaw: No, I think Evy told me about it.

Swent: Evelyn Morel.

Henshaw: Evelyn Morel. Yes.

Swent: Larry [Lawrence F.] Morel was the manager of San Luis.

Henshaw: Right.

Swent: You had not met them before?

Henshaw: No. Don was the only one we knew. I'm trying to think--maybe this will tell us. Here we are on the plane for Tayoltita.

Swent: This is from your journal.

Henshaw: Yes, this is from the journal.

[Reads from journal: arrival at Tayoltita; description of Genaro; description of house.] See p. 58a.

This was a little irony. When I was pregnant with Paul, my Paul drew what he would like to have for another room and for the dining room, and so on, which was exactly what Larry did later, but not for us.

Swent: Added on to the house.

Henshaw: Added on to the house exactly the plans Paul had.

Swent: You did add on a room, though.

Henshaw: We added on a room. We had to. Somebody had to sleep somewhere else. So Larry said--Paul went in to tell him that I was pregnant, and Larry said, "My God. You only have a four-month-old baby."

We only had one bath. They now have two baths. What used to be Paul's closet is now a bathroom.

Swent: They've improved those houses a lot.

Henshaw: Yes, and your house is much bigger too.

Swent: When did Paul Start teaching English?

Henshaw: I'm trying to think. It must have been a year later, and they requested it. I think Pepe [Jose Jesus] Perez thought it would be a nice idea, although he spoke very good English. But he said that several of the people had approached him and asked him if the Senor would teach them English, because they'd heard he was a teacher, you see.

So Tomas [Ortega] wanted to learn, as I explained yesterday.

Swent: That was the doctor.

Henshaw: Yes, and Oscar [Perez] wanted to learn; and Rafael Reyes, who turned out to be the best student--who was a very quick study; and David Aguilar. Those are the ones that I can remember who studied. There were others, and there were some who dropped out, and some who came in. But these were the ones that I remember that really stuck with it.

Swent: And Paul taught them in the evening.

Henshaw: Yes, in the evening, in the office. They all came to the office.

Swent: That was really something too because--well, tell what the working hours were there for Paul.

Henshaw: Well, what'd he do?

Swent: Not quite an eight-to-five day, as I remember. They worked long hours.

Henshaw: Well, they were there by eight o'clock in the morning, weren't they, because of the heat of the day and everything. He was home by six o'clock at night generally.

Swent: They also worked on Saturday.

Henshaw: Oh, yes. And on Sunday, if necessary. He generally worked up at the mine. Now they have an inside way to get up to the mine, don't they? They don't have to go on the roadway that they used to have, with "The Four Winds." Remember "The Four Winds?"

Swent: Oh, yes. The wide-open truck, <u>El Cuatro Vientos</u>.

Henshaw: Aunt Frances [Runals] was visiting. We knew she was terribly nervous about everything anyway, so we thought we'd put her up in front so she'd be less nervous. Uncle Bill [Runals] said, "Now, you sit up with her, Betty. You sit with her and hold her hand." So I went up. He said, "I want to see the country." So he sat back on, you know, just the boards stuck across.

The little guy that was the driver was very short, and his feet hardly reached the pedals.

Swent: Let alone the brake.

Henshaw: Let alone the brake. Aunt Frances was in mortal terror. Three weeks later "The Four Winds" went over the side of the cliff. I knew it would. I told her (she was back in the States by then), I said, "Well, I just thought you'd like to know." "Well, was he all right?" she asked. I said, "Yes, he was thrown clear." I think he broke his arm, or something, but he was all right. But she said, "I knew something like that would happen."

Swent: Paul was born in the back bedroom, wasn't he?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Paul was born in the back bedroom. The only thing that worried me was that Tomas [the doctor] was sure it was a boy. I knew that there were all of these women in the family background. So I was afraid that I had--having lost one child in Lima, I was sure that I had lost the chance at having another boy, and that this would be another girl.

So I decided, having been alone in Lima with Sydney, then having had Guy at home with the family, I decided I wanted the baby at home. Larry came over, and, oh, he was going to get me the best pension, and he knew the fellow that ran it, and blah blah blah, and everything else. I said, "Larry, I'd rather die than go to Guadalajara." "Oh, my God," said Larry and left the next day for Mexico City. He and Evy and Joanie left. Tomas was furious. They were afraid. They were afraid of the responsibility, yes. They were afraid that something would happen. So they left. I was there alone, but I was busy. I didn't pay any attention. It didn't make any difference to me whether Larry was there or not.

They came back, oh, about two or three weeks later, after the baby was born. But Larry wasn't going to stay there. If I wouldn't go, he wouldn't stay. But I remember the morning that the baby was born--it was quite early when I felt the first pains. Paul called Tomas at his home, and Tomas alerted the hospital, and they got the gurney. One of the little orderlies came up the cobblestone streets,

Henshaw: you know, saying, "Ya viene el bebe de la Señora Henshaw." Of course, nobody was up at five-thirty, but everybody was hanging around.

He was a boy. When the baby was born, I said, "What is it, Tomas?" He said, "Un baron, por supuesto."--a boy, of course. When he was born, the baby sneezed, and I said, "Oh, Tomas, he has a cold." Poor Tomas had been under terrific strain. This was the first white mother; the manager had left camp. He was really under a terrific strain. He was practically hysterical.

Here was poor Magdalena, his nurse, holding the baby--he had managed to cut the cord by this time--holding the baby, trying to keep me on the gurney and trying to calm the doctor. But, if you remember, she was very calm and quiet. So we got everything settled down. Then Jane [Briggs] arrived, and you arrived. You thought the baby was dead.

Swent: I'd never seen a new baby before.

Henshaw: Well, he was anemic, you see. He was born with anemia, and he was white. Very white like a little marble statue. Jane told me later that she was just as scared as you were, but she didn't want you to know how scared she was. So she came in, you know with, "Oh, for God's sake." Then the baby sneezed. So everybody heaved a sigh of relief.

It was quite an exciting day. And he was a good baby. He really was an awfully good baby. He didn't sit up until he was a year old, and that worried people. You know, he didn't sit up without being--he'd sit this way.

Swent: He didn't have a marvelous back.

Henshaw: No, he didn't have a marvelous back. But he was so good, and he was a smiley baby. Now, Guy had never been. Guy was good, solemn. Still, to this day, solemn. He isn't light. Paul has the sense of humor in the family, and he always was smiley.

Swent: Did you also teach Guy?

Henshaw: Yes. I taught Sydney through the fifth grade. Thank heaven, when she got to school in Berkeley, everything was fine. But she had a marvelous mind that she didn't use, which she now realizes. I remember, she still remembers to this day how to spell "Wednesday" because Mother would say, "Wed-nes-day. Sydney, pay attention." So she said whenever anybody asks what day it is, and it's Wednesday, she said, "I always laugh."

Henshaw: I taught Guy, and it was harder for him. Guy is not as bright as the other two. He works harder. He worked so hard for me that he would get a nose bleed, trying to do it the way Mommy wanted him to do it. He really tried, and he did well.

Then I had small Paul in kindergarten, and he loved every minute of it. I remember Granny was there one time, and Granny, believe it or not, was terrified of little kids, if you remember. She didn't know what to say to them. "What do you say to them?" she asked me.

Well, this particular day our assignment in kindergarten was cowboys and Indians. We all were going to get in costume, and one of us was going to be a cowboy, and the other Indians, and so forth. The four of us all took part in it, you see, Sydney, the two boys, and me. We had a wonderful time. Granny was there knitting, and she said, "It's just wonderful. How do you do it?" I said, "Well, I'm the same mental age they are." [laughter] It was a little much teaching all three of them.

Swent: What's your feeling about Calvert School?

Henshaw: Excellent. It's an excellent school except they didn't teach phonetics, and I was a great phonetic teacher. But everything else about it, I think, is excellent.

Swent: It was geared to American culture.

Henshaw: Right, right. Well, you taught it.

Swent: I only taught it for a year or so. Here we were in the tropics cutting out orange-colored autumn leaves in October, because in New England you have orange leaves in October. There was really not much international aspect to it.

Henshaw: No, there wasn't.

Swent: Did you add any Mexican things?

Henshaw: Well, Sydney went to the Mexican school, remember, and was stoned.

Swent: Tell about that.

Henshaw: Well, she went to the Mexican school in the afternoon. She went to me in the morning, and then she went to the village school downtown in the afternoon. One of her very dear friends wanted her to go and begged me to let her go.

Swent: This was a private school, though, wasn't it? It wasn't the regular public school.

Henshaw: I think it was.

Swent: Wasn't this the professor down by the plaza?

Henshaw: Yes, but I don't think I paid anything.

Swent: Didn't you? I thought it was a private school.

Henshaw: Catholic was taught in it, but I figured that was all right. But the unfortunate part was that the professor was so flattered to have Sydney that she became his favorite, which was not a good thing. She realized that as well as I did. They had a history lesson on Arizona and New Mexico and all those states. On the way home that day, she was stoned because the United States stole all those states from Mexico.

Swent: The other children stoned her.

Henshaw: Yes. They stoned her, and she never said a word. She was very gutsy. Elizabeth is a lot like her.

Swent: Elizabeth is her daughter?

Henshaw: Her daughter. She never said a word. Now, I would have come home crying, and carrying on no end, but she did not.

Swent: When did you find out about it?

Henshaw: Not until--they gave a program at the Cine [theater]. I had made, with great effort and energy, and my new sewing machine, an American flag costume. She carried the American flag. Don't you remember Maggie Perez was the Spanish girl with full mantilla and so on. I've forgotten, there was some boy who was the Mexican. They all got up and made their speeches.

Then after Sydney got through, this dreadful man, this dreadful creature with the false Negro face, got up and did the jazz dance, making fun of Sydney. Oh, I was so furious. They literally had to hold me in my seat. I was so mad. I said, "They pick on a child." You know, and, oh, that just infuriates me. So that happened. The gringo feeling was not friendly. I've been spit on.

Henshaw: I finally had to bring it home to my fourteen-year-old granddaughter [Victoria Henshaw], who's being rather difficult because there was some subject brought up about colored people. I said, "Tory, I have been spit on in the street because of my color. So I know exactly what it is. Don't tell me that I don't know, because I know a good deal more than you do." This silenced Tory.

Swent: Was that in Tayoltita?

Henshaw: In Tayoltita, yes. Outside the labor office. But then when I had the baby in Tayoltita, they respected that. From then on I never had any problem.

Swent: How did Paul get along with the people?

Henshaw: Very well. He got along very well with people. His fantastic mind and good sense of humor.

Swent: Now, you mentioned that when you met him, you thought he was very imperious. Did he give this impression to other people?

Henshaw: No, no. He didn't want to go to that party. He didn't like Mary Kay, and he didn't think that he'd like anybody whom she knew.

Swent: You don't think other people had this impression?

Henshaw: Some people did. But I don't think with the natives he was that way. I think if somebody was not doing a job well, he would then let them know it. But otherwise, I don't think so. And, of course, Don Delicate was very kind of sweet, you know, when Paul's mind began going. Don took him up to see the McLaughlin mine, and he couldn't even remember having been up there, this mine up here. Don said, "You know, I think it's an example of a wonderful mind that--I guess he used it up." Which might be possible. I don't know.

Swent: He certainly did have a fine mind.

Henshaw: Oh, it was just a marvelous mind, and it was just--gone. But in Mexico he got along very well with the natives, and he liked the work there very much. He got along with Larry. Larry had his good points. He even got along with Skinny [Leroy Briggs]. Larry used to say, "Gee, you know, Henshaw can get a little work out of Skinny, which is more than most people can."

Swent: Leroy was his name.

Henshaw: Leroy Hewitt Briggs the third, I think. Because don't you know Hewie was called "Hewie" because he was Hewitt the fourth.

Swent: And he was from San Francisco.

Henshaw: He was a San Franciscan, society.

Swent: You went to Mexico City a few times.

Henshaw: Yes, oh, yes. We went to Mexico City to get our teeth done, and to have the boys' tonsils out, and things like that. The boys had their tonsils out. The doctor who was the throat doctor for Alfonso XIII was a friend of our friend, Dr. Luis Mendez of Mexico City.

Swent: The king of Spain.

Henshaw: Yes, he was ex-king by that time. But anyway, the throat doctor had come to Mexico to get away from the touchy situation in Spain when Alfonso XIII was overthrown. I don't know whether he was Jewish, or not. But anyway he'd come to Mexico City, and he would take no patients who spoke English because he didn't speak English. Well, of course, the kids spoke Spanish. So he came in and looked at their throats. They both had bad throats, both terrible tonsils.

He looked at Paul, Jr. and he said, "Ay!" Then he looked at Guy, and he said, "Hijo de mi madre!" The boys went in, and I remember small Paul was very brave. Sydney had made him a little green cat--I remember the material was green. He had this cat in his hands, and he didn't say a word--he just clutched the cat firmly--and wouldn't let go.

We decided we would take Guy first, because Guy, you know, his eyes got bigger and bigger, and he didn't say anything. But he was just terrified. So Luis said, "Let's take him first." They didn't bring him back so small Paul could see him They had him in the recovery room.

Then small Paul had the cat in his hands, and he just wouldn't let it go. He didn't say anything, but he wouldn't let that go. Luis said, "Esta bien, esta bien." So we got to the door of the operating room with the little green cat. After the tonsillectomy the cat came back with a bandage on his neck. But those kids had had their tonsils out, and two days later they were eating graham crackers. One of them was two, and the other was three, and they had no bad effects at all.

Swent: Paul, Sr. had some health problems in Tayoltita, didn't he?

Henshaw: No.

Swent: I thought that was was when they diagnosed that he was having problems with stomach acid.

Henshaw: No.

Swent: You had problems.

Henshaw: I had a gallbladder for a whole year, and Pa said, "You're being just like your mother. There's nothing the matter with you." Well, there was. Finally, when I turned yellow, they decided there must be something.

So I went to Mexico City, and Luis Mendez examined me. Of course, that was the days when they knew less than they know now about gallbladder problems, and in Mexico they know less than they did here in the States. To test you, they gave you a glass of milk, two fried eggs, and some bacon.

Swent: You got sick?

Henshaw: I didn't. I did not get sick that time. They could not figure it out. It was all this grease, and nothing. So then the next couple of days later I did. Well, Dr. Mendez said, "Don't stay here." Granny was treasurer of the hospital at Port Chester, New York. They said, "Why don't you go there, and have it out." So I did. No, I was the one that had the stomach problems.

The kids were in pretty good health. Paul, Jr. was anemic, but after we got him sitting up, they found something that agreed with him, and he was fine from then on; and the other two were fine.

Swent: Why did you decide to leave?

Henshaw: Because Sydney was ten, and it was time to get them out of there. The only trouble with Calvert is that you are an individual who gets all the attention. Fortunately, Sydney is the type that is so gregarious and was so thrilled to be with other children her own age, that it didn't take her long to realize that she couldn't demand all the attention of the teacher. At first she tried it, and the teacher said, "There are other people in the class, Sydney." She really picked it up very fast.

Swent: When she came back here.

Henshaw: When she came back here; and she liked school with other children in the class.

Swent: How did you decide to leave Tayoltita and come back to the States?

Henshaw: Well, as I say, it was mainly the educational problem.

Swent: So you wrote to somebody?

Henshaw: No, no. Don McLaughlin again. Don wanted somebody. Mr. Roosevelt had put the thirty-five-dollar top on gold, and they were going to have to close the mine [the Homestake Mine in Lead, South Dakota]. Don realized that we were going to have to look for something else to go on, because this wasn't going to be a permanent thing. He was sure, and he was right.

That was when the uranium boom was starting. Don talked to Larry Morel, and Larry said, "Well, I think that would be a great thing. I hate to lose him, but I think that that would be a great thing for him." So Larry asked Paul how he would like to do this, if he would like to do this. Paul said, "Sure," he'd like to. It was a challenge. Also, the school thing. Sydney was ten, as I say, and Guy was six. So it was time we went up to the States.

VI HOMESTAKE MINING COMPANY

Exploration Geologist, 1953

Henshaw: So we went up to the States, and looked for a house in Berkeley, and stayed for twenty-eight years.

Swent: So you came up with the charge to find something other than gold for Homestake.

Henshaw: Right. So then he went out into the uranium country and found several of the uranium mines. Loved it. Just loved that kind of thing.

Swent: This was in 1953?

Henshaw: Yes, in April. We got there, and Jay had gotten us an apartment in the Hill Castle in Oakland. In those days, it was the only apartment-hotel in Oakland. It had a kitchen, and it had a living room, a little dining room, and two bedrooms, and one bath.

Jay had arranged to have somebody look in Piedmont. He'd gotten somebody. Everything was all ready. He thought we'd like to live in Piedmont. Well, Paul said it's too much like Rye. So he didn't want to do that. We looked at this one house. It was fantastic. The bathroom was completely mirrors. The whole thing: the floor, the top, everything was a mirror.

Swent: What a change from Tayoltita. [laughter]

Henshaw: There was a ballroom. It was going for practically nothing, and it had a wonderful, I thought, wonderful view. We went to McLaughlin's that night, and he said, "Well, how're you doing?" I said, "Well, we've found one with a wonderful view of the Bay." He said, "Well,

HELEN RUNALS HENSHAW

1954

Photograph by Barry Evans

PAUL CARRINGTON HENSHAW

1954

Photograph by Barry Evans

Henshaw: if you'd like the view of the Bay from Oakland?" I said, "Well, you haven't done anything. I haven't seen anything in Berkeley." He said, "Sylvia." So Sylvia got Mason-McDuffie [realtors].

The next day we started looking. The best baby-sitter in the world at that point for my kids was the television. They had never seen one before. It was all cartoons and things like that in those days.

[Interview 3: June 4, 1987]##

Swent: Last time when we stopped, you were just house hunting in Berkeley, and you found a house on Arlington.

Henshaw: We found a house in two days: 875 Arlington. The children were down at the Hill Castle in Oakland, looking at the television, and we went back and got them and took them up to see how they would like the house. They were just thrilled. Their father, who was not a gardener, had threatened them with the fact that he was going to have a cement yard painted green. I, who am the logical type, said, "Who's going to sweep it?"

But the children were very happy with the house. One side of it was fine. It was the master bedroom and bath. But the other side had a little bedroom, a normal size bedroom, and a big playroom in the back, which could only be reached through the bedrooms.

I said to the children, "Now, this is your side of the house. The three of you decide where you want to be. I had two boys, five and six; and Sydney, my daughter, was ten. So they proceeded to go upstairs, and they walked through the house. Pretty soon, my young son (five) came down, beaming from ear to ear, and he said, "We've decided Guy and I will take the little bedroom, but we get the playroom." And they were happy ever after. Sydney had the much bigger room, and they all shared a bath.

Swent: So it worked very well.

Henshaw: So it worked very well, but it was a hard house to sell because of the rather odd bedroom arrangement.

The Search for Uranium, Utah and New Mexico

Swent: In those years then Paul began to do a lot of traveling, did he?

Henshaw: Ah, yes. He immediately went out to the uranium country.

Swent: This was his charge, wasn't it?

Henshaw: This was his charge from Don McLaughlin. Wasn't gold still thirty-five dollars an ounce?

Swent: Yes, the price of gold wasn't freed until 1971.

Henshaw: This was '53.

Swent: Eighteen years before.

Henshaw: They realized that something else had to be done too. So uranium was booming. He went out to New Mexico and Utah to look for uranium.

Swent: This was something new for Paul. He hadn't done any uranium geology?

Henshaw: No, no. He had never done uranium before, no.

Swent: And nobody else had either, I guess.

Henshaw: No. Paul loved it. He just loved it. He loved dealing with people in mines. I wish I could remember what he said to Don Delicate--because he terrified Delicate when he first met him. He was very Harvard, and Don was scared to death. But Paul loved it, and he loved the dealing, and he loved the sort of pioneering that was going on. It was very exciting in those days.

Swent: How much of it was dealing, as you say?

Henshaw: Yes, making arrangements. There was a strong Mormon colony therein.

Swent: Was it in Moab, Utah?

Henshaw: In Moab. Mormons are very cagey, and very clever, and rather hard to deal with. Father enjoyed them. He enjoyed them very much. His uranium years were, for him, delightful.

Swent: Was he going out and actually trying to find uranium?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Charley Steen had made his big strike and was the boy hero at that point. So everybody was sure that if there was that much uranium in that area, there must be more somewhere else; and so they were all out looking. Oh, yes, they looked. They were geologists. Paul was the chief geologist. Breck Parker was with him as assistant.

Swent: These other people were going out and trekking the hills, and then bringing in reports to him?

Henshaw: They had Geiger counters and this sort of thing. Oh, yes, it was real rough pioneering. It was something new.

Swent: Did you go along?

Henshaw: In the summer. In the wintertime we had school in Berkeley. In the summer we went to a ranch called the Four M, which was really rather rustic. The little boys had a little log cabin where they were with the--remember Meriwether Mason?

Swent: Yes.

Henshaw: Well, Meriwether had two little boys who were about the age of. mine, although their youngest was quite a bit younger. We had the four of them staying in the little log cabin. Then the rest of us stayed in very primitive little wooden rooms.

Swent: This was near Moab?

Henshaw: Yes. This was about three or four miles from Moab.

Swent: I guess we should identify Meriwether Mason. He worked in the San Francisco office of Homestake.

Henshaw: He was an accountant, wasn't he? Yes. Meriwether was Southern. He was married to a delightful wife, Helen.

Swent: What was he there?

Henshaw: Well, they had to set up an office, and so he was there. We had a little house in town where they had an office. We stayed out at the ranch, but they had the little house in Moab.

They also had a washing machine, and three times a week I went in town and washed. Then you hung the clothes out on a clothes line; and you would just get them all hung out, and there would be one of those delightful lightning thunder storms, which they have in the afternoons in that part of the country.

Henshaw: I remember Meriwether particularly. We were then just out of Albuquerque, and we had gone to the Santo Domingo corn dance. I was sad because we were told we could have no cameras. So we had no cameras. But you sat on the dirt and watched them dance. Not Meriwether.

Swent: What year would this have been? Do you remember?

Henshaw: This must have been '54, '55. Meriwether, really, he thought it was just a bit crude. But the rest of us were sitting there, you know, just having a wonderful time. In fact, I had to hold the boys so they didn't go out and dance with them. It was interesting country, and Father loved it.

Swent: So you were going from Moab down to Grants [New Mexico]?

Henshaw: Well, Grants came later. We could remember Ambrosia Lake [mining district in New Mexico] when it was just a dry lake bed.

Swent: Were you cooking in these places, or eating all your meals in restaurants?

Henshaw: Well, in Moab, of course, out at the ranch they had a cook. Then they had one restaurant--the Arches. The Arches was also the national park.

Swent: Wasn't that the restaurant that blew up later?

Henshaw: Did it? Not when I was there.

Swent: Some place had a gas explosion and blew up a few years later.

Henshaw: Well, it wouldn't have been surprising. In that area, of course, the men worked hard, and when you ordered beef, you got a slab of beef. I swear it was half a cow. We had a great deal of beef during those days. No, we didn't do our own cooking anywhere anytime, at that point.

Swent: What were you doing in the daytime?

Henshaw: Taking care of the three children. We went horseback riding in the morning, and in the afternoon we took naps, and then we had spelling. I had the little spelling cards.

The head cowboy was a Mexican, and his name was Vivian. Vivian didn't know much English, but Vivian wanted to learn English. So Vivian asked if he could be one of the spellers. He came and sat on the steps with us when we had our lessons. So I had four little kids to teach.

Swent: And Paul was off in the hills?

Henshaw: Paul was off uranium looking. Well, he was in the office, and he was also in the hills too. Breck Parker was his chief assistant then. They would be very enthused if they had found something.

Swent: Had Delicates and Stoehrs [Donald Delicate, Richard Stoehrs] gotten there?

Henshaw: Yes. They lived down in the "talking trees." They had trailers, and the trees were little sort of frail pines, you know, of the type that was in that area. In the summer they were infested with bugs eating inside. So we told them they lived in the talking trees.

Susie Stoehr was born in Moab, and I think one of the Parkers was too. Yes, and they all lived in the little trailer camp. The Delicates--they had a party. There were the Delicates, and the Stoehrs, and the Parkers were there.

Swent: This was land that belonged to Mormons?

Henshaw: Not necessarily. Some Mormons, yes. Steen wasn't a Mormon, for instance. But there were several hard-dealing Mormons who drove a deal with Homestake.

Swent: Was drinking a part of the negotiating?

Henshaw: Ah, yes, naturally. There were several jack Mormons. As you know, the jacks drink. The rest of them--I think they all did. As I recall, they all did. Well, they must have all been jacks.

Swent: Were you entertaining people?

Henshaw: Oh, constantly. I remember Merritt Ruddock. His father was a very, very nice man. He was a friend of Don McLaughlin's. They came out to look it over, just to see the workings, and so forth. Paul was ostensibly the head of the operation.

Swent: Was this after they had a mine?

Henshaw: Oh, yes, we had properties. They had properties. We all went to the Arches, and I remember that Paul sat at the head of the table, and I sat at the foot. Merritt Ruddock's father sat to my right, and Don sat to my left. And Merritt, who was a big fat slob anyway, managed to tell me that I should not have allowed that. I should

Henshaw: have had Dr. McLaughlin sitting at the head. I said, "I discussed it with Dr. McLaughlin." Don said, "It is your affair; Paul is running this operation." That shut Merritt up.

Swent: So you had the problems of--

Henshaw: Of civilization, oh, yes.

Swent: So you were there in the summer of--this was in '53.

Henshaw: We arrived in '53, and Paul went out. That first summer we didn't go with him. So it must have been '54 or '55.

Swent: Then Homestake got a mine started there, as a result of Paul's efforts.

Henshaw: What was the name of the mine? It was a girl's name.

Swent: Alice?

Henshaw: Alice, yes. We have a picture of Father standing in front of Alice with a clothes line with diapers hanging off it. Whose diapers, I don't know.

Swent: And this mine had not been there?

Henshaw: Well, it had, but I don't think it had been worked much. And then I can't remember the names of the others that we had.

Swent: LaSal was one.

Henshaw: The LaSal, yes. LaSal was bigger, and they had a big manager's house in LaSal. Was that where the Delicates lived in the beginning, I think? Yes.

Swent: And then you were exploring down in New Mexico.

Henshaw: New Mexico.

Swent: Colorado?

Henshaw: Colorado, Creede.

Swent: That was silver, though.

Henshaw: Yes, that's silver.

Swent: Was that later?

Henshaw: That was a little later, yes.

Swent: Were you involved in any of these negotiations?

Henshaw: Merritt Ruddock told me I had the wrong people sitting at the table. Oh, you entertained people that came through, yes. A lot of Homestake people came through, and various people came through to see it. We had the little house, and I remember we'd give them a drink at the little house; and then we'd go down to the Arches. There wasn't a great choice of where to go.

Swent: This was the Arches restaurant.

Henshaw: The restaurant, yes. Not the monument. We knew the man who was the head of the monument, who was the manager. Name escapes me. His wife was from Connecticut, and she had never been west of the Hudson. She was a nice person nevertheless. She really was, and they had three little kids.

The thing I remember about them is--two things. One, you see those cliffs? [Indicates an oil painting on the wall.] They lived right at the foot of one of those, which terrified her because she had never seen a mountain before. The second thing was, all the kids had their christening cups, their silver christening cups, with their toothbrushes in them. She said, "Well, I've got to have a little elegance here." They were very delightful people too, and we knew them.

Swent: The children, I'm sure, enjoyed this?

Henshaw: Oh, my, yes. Theirs and ours. They were all about the same age, and they all had a lovely time.

Swent: Did you know Charlie Steen?

Henshaw: Oh, I certainly did. Absolutely did. I remember one Mining Congress, when it was held in San Francisco. That was the year that Don [McLaughlin] was president, I think. We had it at the Fairmont Hotel, and we had the reception, you know, as usual.

Charlie came rushing up to me, and he grabbed my hand, just like a little kid. I said, "Charlie, what's the matter?"

Henshaw: He said, "I don't know any of these people."

And I said, "But, Charlie, you're the celebrity. I mean, after all, you're the one they want to meet."

"Don't leave me. I don't want to meet all these people. I don't know them." He was terrified; and he was the man of the moment, as far as uranium went.

Swent: What about Vernon Pick? Did you ever know him?

Henshaw: No. Paul knew him. I didn't know him.

Swent: Stella Dysart?

Henshaw: Paul knew her. I didn't know her either.

Swent: Dick Bokum?

Henshaw: Yes. I was not very fond of Dick Bokum.

Swent: Did Paul have a lot of dealings with him?

Henshaw: He was a great friend of Dick Stoehr's. Dick Stoehr loved Dick Bokum. Never could understand why. But anyway, yes, of course Paul worked with Bokum. He had to do some dealing with Bokum. Bokum was very bright. There was just a sort of a something about him that clashed with me.

Swent: He owned Sabre-Piñon, one of the companies that Homestake was--

Henshaw: Yes, that they went together with, yes.

Swent: Forming Homestake-Sapin Partners, later Homestake-New Mexico Partners.

Henshaw: Yes, New Mexico Partners. Oh, yes. Paul liked him. Paul enjoyed him. He was very brilliant. And Bob Driscoll was down there. They had to have lawyers. I think Bob handled all that. I don't think Ken Kellar went down. I think Bob handled all that.

Swent: Rodney Devilliers. Did you know him?

Henshaw: I knew him vaguely. Redheaded, as I recall? I did not know him well, no.

Swent: Harry Bigbee?

Henshaw: Very, very well. He always called me [with a southern accent], "Miss Betty." He still calls me "Miss Betty." His Betty [Bigbee] is not very well; and Harry was not very well a couple of years ago. But Harry seems to have gotten his third wind, or something. I remember we saw him about seven years ago now, after he'd had a very serious heart operation.

And he was just the same Harry. They were going on the Queen Elizabeth around the world, and they had, of course, state rooms on the top. I said, "Harry, do you play shuffleboard and get in on the games?"

"Miss Betty, do you think I'm insane?" He said, "Betty and I (his wife Betty) take some books with us, and any place we stop, if we stop anywhere, we get some more books; and we read; and we walk on the deck; and that's all I do."

Swent: Where did you meet all these people? Was this in Santa Fe?

Henshaw: Albuquerque and Santa Fe, I think. We were in Albuqurque for a while, and Bigbee came down; but, of course, his headquarters were in Santa Fe.

The Buick Mine, Missouri

Swent: Then did you get in on any of the lead negotiating?

Henshaw: Oh, my, yes. Salem, Missouri. Alison [Nordt, a granddaughter] does not like living in Salem, Virginia, and I said, "Alison, you should see Salem, Missouri if you don't like Salem, Virginia."

Swent: You didn't think much of Salem, Missouri?

Henshaw: It was all right. There was a doctor there who had built this one large and elegant hotel, which loomed above every other building in town. At the top were two penthouses: one was Spanish decor, and the other was Oriental. It was done throughout. The Spanish had the black and red, and these uncomfortable great wooden chairs that they have in Spain, you know.

But whoever laid it out did not read, because there were no bed lamps at all.

Swent: Did you stay there for a lot of the time?

Henshaw: Yes. We stayed there a couple of times.

Swent: What was going on there for Paul?

Henshaw: Well, they were dealing with AMAX about the Buick Mine. What were the other names? Too bad my memory is faulty. Buick is the big one. They were dealing and deciding with AMAX. Who is the fellow Anderson, who now lives in Canada. He is a Canadian, and his wife. Norman Anderson.

Swent: He was with AMAX?

Henshaw: Well, he was with us too. He was a nice person. Very straight. He stood up very straight. He always stood and sat straight. You thought he would probably be one of those sort of stiff-necked persons. He wasn't at all. And he had a very nice wife whose name is Tanya.

They had three very nice kids; and one of the kids, when they went to move back to Canada, refused to go. He said, "I'm going to stay here. I like it here. I like going to school here. I'm going to stay with my friends." He arranged to stay with one of his friend's family and graduated from there.

Swent: Had Paul had anything to do with finding this property in Missouri?

Henshaw: No. I think it was already there. I think AMAX had it first. Amax was looking around for a partner. Ian, the days of Ian McGregor.

Swent: And they were looking for--

Henshaw: A partner, yes.

Swent: Money, as well, probably?

Henshaw: Oh, naturally, yes. Always.

Swent: It must have been a big responsibility for Paul to make these decisions.

Henshaw: Well, he was constantly on the phone with Dr. McLaughlin. They were back and forth all the time about what to do; and then Don would talk to the board; and the board would talk to Don; and then he would talk to Paul. [see Appendix]

Swent: But a lot of the responsibility was probably with Paul?

Helen R. Henshaw in the late 1950s

Photo by Betty Jane Nevis, Berkeley, CA

Henshaw: Oh, yes. It was with Paul. One time they had the board meeting in Salem, and that was the famous time that Frank [Howell] made his speech. I wasn't there. Darn it. I miss all these good things.

I came to the next one the next day. I think this was the staff group, and Frank was down from Lead to show them about the metallurgy. He was a metallurgist. They had a staff group; and [John] Gustafson was there; and McLaughlin was there; and Pa [Paul] was there; and Delicate was there; and, I think, also Driscoll. I think it was Driscoll that finally said, "Shut up, Frank, and sit down."

Swent: Was Paul on the board at that point?

Henshaw: I don't remember. I honestly can't remember when he went on the board.

Swent: This was all probably in the late '50s, early '60s, and he became a director in 1970.

Henshaw: He wasn't on the board yet, no. He was the chief geologist.

Swent: One of the stories that I've heard was that there was a lot of question; AMAX had property and Homestake had property, and they weren't sure which property had the ore in it. Wasn't that the problem?

Henshaw: Oh, there was a great deal of to-do. I've forgotten now mainly all the details, but there was a great deal of conversation. Fortunately for Paul, Ian MacGregor. who was a very fascinating fellow, I think, a very intelligent Scotsman, a real Scotman--he admired Paul, and he was rather difficult to get along with with a lot of people. You never put anything over on Ian MacGregor. He knew what was going on. The other MacGregor shall remain nameless. But they fought, you know, to be president; and Ian won, thank God. But nevertheless, Ian liked Paul very much; and Paul respected Ian.

I remember they sent down a couple of people from AMAX, who were just absolutely worthless creatures. Paul took it right to MacGregor, and he said, "This guy isn't gong to work out." So MacGregor got rid of him and sent somebody else down. That happened a couple of times. I can't remember who they were. One fellow had his ear bitten off by a horse. Ian said, "Anybody who is that big a fool certainly shouldn't be with us." It was very fortunate that Paul and Ian got along, very very well.

Swent: So Paul was involved in selection of staff then after they--

Henshaw: Yes. When they got together. Norman Anderson was marvelous, and he was marvelous in handling these people. They liked to work for him. So Paul was just delighted with Norman. They worked together well too. I'm sure he worked for Homestake for a while.

Swent: O'Hara. Somebody named O'Hara?

Henshaw: Yes. If you thought Driscoll drank, you never met Mr. O'Hara. Bob O'Hara was a New Yorker, and Bob kept his watch on New York time, and he never changed it. I think he was either a CPA or a lawyer. He was a small, pleasant fellow, who did a great deal of drinking.

His wife's name is Betty, and she is very nice. She always knew the series of bars where O'Hara would be. This was in New York, of course. She would call the different bars until she got him. He, needless to say, has been dead for several years.

Swent: Did you get a lot of trips to New York at this time too?

Henshaw: Well, we went back and forth to New York too. Because Amax was in New York.

Swent: Must have been kind of fun.

Henshaw: That was kind of fun, yes. We stayed at the Hilton first. The mattresses are at least like that.

Swent: Two inches thick.

Henshaw: Oh, dreadful. I just didn't like the Hilton. So one night, I remember, Paul and Dick Stoehr and I decided there must be other hotels in the area which were near the Amax office. We went out after dinner, and we found the Dorset, which was in the Fifties somewhere. It was a nice little hotel. We went in, and we got two rooms. We went back happily to the Hilton and said, "I'm sorry, but our plane is leaving tonight." We all got out and went to the Dorset.

We went a lot to the Dorset, and a lot of Homestake people also. They went back there: Henry Colen, and Dick Stoehr, and people who came in and stayed. Well, the Dorset got a little snippity, because the Dorset wanted us to take the suite of rooms permanently. Well, our people weren't there that much.

Henshaw: Furthermore, Paul was thinking of the stockholders, which is one of the things he did constantly. Even then, before he was the president, he was thinking of the stockholders; and he was thinking of keeping a suite of two rooms, and a sitting room, and a couple of bathrooms just empty half the time.

We didn't do that. So one time when we were back there, they had no room for us, and they put us in some dreadful hotel in which you were afraid to put your feet to the ground because a cockroach would crawl on it. That was the end of our time at the Dorset. Sorry to say. It was too bad.

Sydney, of course, in that time lived in New Jersey, so it was very handy. Some of the time we stayed with her, and some of the time we stayed in town, because Pa [Paul] had a lot of business in town.

The Bulldog Mountain Mine, Colorado

Swent: We're getting a little out of time sequence here. Exploration started at Creede, Colorado, in 1963.

Henshaw: Creede was earlier than the New York time.

Swent: Yes. You're talking about New York after Sydney was married. She was married in--

Henshaw: In 1967.

##

Swent: Did you go to Creede?

Henshaw: Oh, often, yes. We stayed in the Four UR.

Swent: That was a ranch near there.

Henshaw: Yes, the Four UR, which was delightful. We loved that. That was really a very attractive place. One thing about Creede, I remember--being a Californian and not bothered particularly by earthquakes, although I don't love them, but I'm absolutely terrified of lightning and thunder.

Henshaw: Every morning would be perfectly beautiful. The sky would be clear and blue; we'd all go swimming; and it would be just gorgeous. We'd have lunch, and then everybody would usually take a nap, or read, or something. You'd come up, and either it would be a terrible boom of thunder; or else you'd go out and the clouds were coming in. Every afternoon, these dreadful thunderstorms.

Swent: Were the children with you?

Henshaw: No. The children were not. They were all in school. You see, they were all in college, and Sydney was working in New York.

Swent: What was Paul doing at that point?

Henshaw: Well, Paul was "Creeding." He was getting Creede started and getting somebody down for Creede; and getting the houses ready, deciding who was going to be in whose house, and so forth.

Foreign Travels: Ethiopia

Swent: You had some trips to Spain and Ethiopia?

Henshaw: Paul went to Ethiopia. I didn't go.

Swent: Did he tell you anything about this?

Henshaw: Well, he told us that they arrived, and the Ethiopians were celebrating the emperor's birthday. I don't know who went with him. But someone was with him, and the two of them sat on the balcony and watched the emperor, who was another little tiny man.

He, with all his pomp and glory--this was two or three years before his demise. Paul said it was quite impressive. His wife was fat and dumpy. Somewhere I've got the ashtray with the picture of the two of them.

Then Paul went out looking through Ethiopia out in the, not the veldt, but it was very barren, very primitive.

Swent: What was he looking for?

Henshaw: What were they looking for? Couldn't have been gold.

Swent: I have it listed under gold.

Henshaw: It might have been gold. But they didn't find too much, and the natives were not too excited to have the gringos in there anyway. This would probably be in the middle to late '60s, and I should think. Or maybe the early '60s.

Swent: Were they trying to acquire property that someone else had located?

Henshaw: No, I just think trying to acquire properties.

Spain

Swent: I have Spain listed here. Did you get any trips to Spain?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. I loved Spain. Everything from the bullfights on. I just loved everything about Spain. We usually stayed in the Ritz in Madrid, and across the street was the Prado Museum, which to me is the most marvelous museum in the world. And I had personal friends among all those pictures.

Pa was in touch with two men. One was an Englishman, and the other was a former friend of my brother-in-law's who was married to Eddie Duchin's wife Conchita. She was a princess.

Swent: A Spanish princess?

Henshaw: Spanish princess, and she was a lovely, lovely gal. They had a beautiful apartment, and we always went to see them. But whenever Paul went out, I went to the museum and had a wonderful time. I just loved Spain. The only problem with Spain, of course, was the eating hours.

I remember, one night Paul had been out in the field, and he was quite tired. So we thought we would have an early supper. We went in to the dining room to the maitre d' we knew, because we had been there before. This was about quarter past nine. He said, "Oh, but, madam, no one but the governesses eat at this hour." So we had to creep upstairs and wait until ten thirty. That was the only problem with Spain.

Swent: And this, I think, was gold also?

Henshaw: Yes. It was gold, and they looked. They didn't find too much, and the government was not too--

Swent: Where were they looking? Do you know? Not Madrid.

Henshaw: No, not Madrid, but near Madrid.

Swent: But the companies were in Madrid.

Henshaw: Yes.

Swent: Did you go out to any country places?

Henshaw: Well, there was a place not far from Sevilla. This one was an old Roman ruin that they had found. Almost the entire mosaic floor was left. That was very interesting. Most of the properties were near Sevilla. Because when Paul got ill with hepatitis, our man in Sevilla fortunately was a hypochondriac, so he knew a lot of doctors.

He called this one doctor who was very dour. He arrived, and I told him the symptoms. I said, "I'm an amateur doctor, sir, but I think this looks like hepatitis."

He said, "Well, I think that's what it is, but I have to run these tests." He did, and then he came back. This was the middle of the Feria, which is the big fair before Lent begins. Sydney was with us. He said to Paul, "You can't eat anything except boiled chicken, boiled fish, and boiled rice." You see, they're that far behind us in what you do with hepatitis.

So poor Paul was miserable. He wanted to go home like most sick people want to go home. So it took us forty-eight hours to finally get our doctor. Dear Dr. Donald. He said, "Well, what are the symptoms?" He talked to me.

Swent: You called your doctor back here?

Henshaw: Yes. The other doctor had said, "Have you a doctor at home? I'd call him," because Pa kept saying, "I want to go home. I want to go home." There are two types of hepatitis. There are other kinds too, I guess; but there are two main types. One is the type that you get from eating shell fish and stuff like that. That was not his. The other one is from a bad needle.

When Paul was in Paris, dealing with the lawyers, and whatnot, he came home one evening about twilight. He crossed the Champs Elysees, and there was a little side street that was being--they had cobblestones that they had picked up because they were fixing the street. But the cobblestones were in a little pile. One of these

Henshaw: little tiny cars came around the corner. The French are mad drivers; and Paul fell trying to get away from this car that was right upon him. He wore wire glasses, if you remember. He fell, and the glasses broke and cut his nose with the frames.

Well, I was in the room waiting for him to come back, and the the manager of the hotel came to the door and, "Madame, Monsieur has fallen in the street." Well, one of our very dear friends had just died of a heart attack about two weeks before, so I thought, "Oh, my lord." "But he is in Le Drugstore," explained the manager. Le Drugstore was about three blocks from where we stayed at the Raphael.

So the manager went out and called a taxi. The taxi drove me to Le Drugstore, and I got out. I came in, and here was Poppy's deep voice. I said, "Poppy!" "Hello, Mom." So immediately everything was fine. In France, in the drugstores or pharmacies, they have people who patch you up and do bandaging, which they don't do here in the States.

Well, we called our lawyer Roger Benrubi, who was a Frenchman of some class. We said, "Where will we take Paul?"

We told him what had happened, and he said, "Well, I'll come right down. I'll take you to the American Hospital."

Don't take a stray dog to the American Hospital. We got there. You walked into the lobby. There was one light in the ceiling. The French are very chary with lights. It probably had sixty watts, maybe less. The man on duty was a renegade from England. I'm sure no English hospital would have accepted him. He had on a dirty white coat; his fingernails were dirty; his hair was hanging in his face. He had a pleasant enough manner.

He took us down to the lab, quote unquote. From the ceiling hung one light bulb. It was just ghastly. He said, "Well, we'll have to give a few stitches." He washed it off, but not adequately. I mean, not really well, and not with anything but water. No soap, no nothing. Then I really literally thought he was going to wet with his mouth the thread with which he was going to sew. But he didn't.

He sewed that up. Then I said, "Well, you'd better give a tetanus shot." Now, it was one of those two needles which gave Father hepatitis exactly forty days later, which is the time frame for contracting hepatitis. With hepatitis of course you have to take all kinds of sweet things, and he was not a great sweet-eater.

Swent: And at that point had he gotten diabetes?

Henshaw: This led to the diabetes, I am very sure, and so was the doctor. He had to eat sugar in coffee or tea, all kinds of jellies, all kinds of cookies and cakes, which he never ate. With a weakened situation there anyway, we think that's where it started; and it was hereditary. His grandmother had died of it. Anyway, that was our unfortunate experience in France, in Paris.

Swent: What were you doing? Why were you in Paris?

Henshaw: Well, our lawyer was in Paris. Our lawyer Roger Benrubi. He was in Paris, and several other people who had to do with various of our-- See, he went with us when we went to Africa. He was with us in a lot of our dealings. A delightful little fellow, with the name Benrubi of course, he was partly Arab, I guess. He spoke about fifteen languages, and he was just charming. He was very curious and very anxious to travel everywhere, and we went all kinds of places.

Swent: Who hired him?

Henshaw: I guess Homestake. I don't know who, or where he came from. All of a sudden he was there. He was in our house on the Arlington.

Swent: From Paris?

Henshaw: From Paris, yes. Then we shortly went over to Paris.

Africa

Swent: Now, the African places: Ethiopia, Libya--

Henshaw: Libya, yes. And I told you earlier about the Leptus Magna which was wonderful. Then we went to Mauritania, and we were in Nouakchott, which is the capital of Mauritania. Then we flew down to Johannesburg, stopping in Dakar for a night. Then we took that run where you stop in Lagos, and you stop in two or three other places on the way to South Africa.

Lagos was about ready to have a revolution, which broke out the next day. We wondered why they stopped for an hour or so to fix the plane. Everybody was so sullen. There were a lot of gringos on the plane, and there were a lot of all mixed varieties of people.

Henshaw: But everybody was so sullen and so sort of suspicious looking. Well, the next day the revolution broke out. So that's why they were suspicious.

Then we went to Johannesburg with Anglo-American. Then we went down, as I told you about Mala Mala, the good name-drop place. It's wonderful. When you're with people who are dropping names, if you say, "Oh, yes. Now, have you been to Mala Mala," that'll really stop them. They probably haven't been there.

Swent: What was there?

Henshaw: Mala Mala was where you took cameras and took pictures of the animals. It's right in the edge of Kruger Park. It was just a charming spot.

Swent: Now, were you looking for gold there?

Henshaw: No. We were there for fun. We were being entertained by Anglo-American.

Swent: And they were trying to get what?

Henshaw: Oh, they hoped that we would go in with them on a project in the northern part of Mauritania, which Father looked at and said, "It's not worth it. It's too expensive for what you're going to get." That's what it turned out to be. Anglo went in anyway and they lost their shirts on it. Well, one sleeve maybe. But anyway, it didn't turn out very well. But it was interesting for us to see.

Swent: You had several trips there.

Henshaw: Oh, yes. We were in Johannesburg, which is very much like southern California without the freeways. Then we went to Zimbabwe, which was still called Rhodesia. Salisbury was the capital. Then we went to Zambia. This is another one I'm saving for my granddaughter, who often says, "You don't understand, Grandma, how people are."

We were the only whites on the plane. There was a lot of feeling beginning then--what was the name of the man who was the premier of Salisbury in Rhodesia? Smith.

Swent: Ian Smith.

Henshaw: Ian Smith. He was stirring up a lot of trouble, as far as they were concerned. I didn't think they were doing much of anything. But then I'd lived in Berkeley. But the whites who were there were

Henshaw: very nervous. When we went on to Zambia, where they had copper mines, we were the only whites on the plane. When we got off the plane, we were practically told to sit in the back of the bus; and we were the last people whose papers they looked at. So I know what it's like to be discriminated against because of your color.

You didn't dare make a move. I mean, there was one other person, a teacher, and she was a maiden lady, I'm sure, and very feisty; and I think Jewish, probably, because nobody else has that much brass. She went up two or three times to the man who was doing the customs, black as the ace of spades. She said [with a shrill voice], "I am in a great hurry, and I think you can put me through." He said, "Go on back, lady, and take your turn." So we never left our seats. We sat there like good children.

Swent: You were looking for copper there?

Henshaw: Well, that was a copper mine. We weren't looking for anything--we were guests of Anglo. They wanted us to see the copper mines at Kitwe. I was very nervous because they took us at night to show the pouring of copper, and it swung in buckets across. Then they took us to a certain place where they poured it all; and it splattered out. I was just--[indicates trembling with fear].

When we were in Johannesburg, they took us to the Western Deeps [Mine], which, of course, is gold. I told you about the hospitals.

Swent: No.

Henshaw: Well, I didn't go underground, because I am not an underground person. They asked me if I'd like to go underground, and I said, "No, thank you." They heaved a big sigh, because a week before, a very aggressive Jewish photographer from Life (which was then still quite a big magazine) had insisted on going down in the Western Deeps. She was a woman.

As I told you, my first fear and respect for the working miners was in Peru where they were afraid there was going to be a muqui at the end of the line. The muqui would put a curse on you the minute a woman came in the mine. But this woman insisted upon going into Western Deeps. She had her photographers and all these other things and she was going to take them down. Well, she got down to the first station and passed out cold. So I said, "I'm not going to bother you." They were very relieved.

Henshaw: They had arranged a very nice tour, and they took me through where they had the dancing, where the blacks did their dancing--very attractive sort of outdoor theater thing. They took me into this hospital, and I was then very active in hospital work.

It's a lovely, small, modern, beautifully equipped hospital for the Negroes only. If anything happened to the whites, they took them twenty miles into an old broken down hospital. Now, tell me about who's being picked on. It was really a shocking situation to me, and I almost said (but I didn't), "Well, what happens if they're really badly hurt?" They wouldn't take them even then. It doesn't make any difference. So I enjoyed seeing that.

Swent: When was this? Do you have a year on this?

Henshaw: Well, this was in the '60s, almost the '70s, but not quite, because all the kids were away, and married, and whatnot.

Swent: Now, I've got potash and brines.

Henshaw: I don't know what those are.

Swent: Libya?

Henshaw: Oh, yes, it was in Libya. And Dave Seabury was there. Dave is now in Australia--no longer with Homestake.

Swent: Libya may have been oil.

Henshaw: I think Libya was oil, and it was still in the days of the king, you see, the old king. But there was restiveness. Nobody had ever heard of the present monster. I mean, he was in school in England.

Australia

Swent: Okay. Well, let's go on to Australia then.

Henshaw: Well, Australia was something completely different.

Swent: John Gustafson was president at this time?

Henshaw: Yes.

Swent: And, of course, Australia was where he had first become famous.

Henshaw: Yes. That's where he began Broken Hill. And, of course, Don took great pride in saying that he had sent both Gustafson and Paul to Australia. McLaughlin, like Eisenhower, was a good picker of people. That's a gift. He had picked Gustafson and then he picked Paul. He was a good picker of people to do things.

Swent: How did Paul get along with Don and Gustafson?

Henshaw: Very well. Don, he worshiped.

Swent: But they had disagreements at times.

Henshaw: Oh, yes. But not very often. Not very often. Paul respected him completely for his terrific mind. There were things he did that Paul didn't particularly care about, but that was in the private sector more.

No, he admired Don very much, and he and Don were great friends. They admired each other. At the end it was very sad when we would go over and have lunch with old, quivering Don who wanted to die; and poor old Paul, who couldn't remember what Don had said five minutes before. I mean, Sylvia [McMaughlin] and I--really, it was pretty sad, because these great minds were gone.

The only problem with Gustafson, as far as I was concerned, was his wife. I have never before been disliked for no reason, but she did not like me. Gustafson was the first person who wanted the wives to travel with the husbands. He didn't see the necessity of having the wives stay alone so much. Gustafson and Paul got along very well.

Swent: So this was the policy for you to go with Paul?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Don wouldn't bother. Too expensive. And why bother. I mean, you know, there's somebody else. But Gustafson was the one that started the wives traveling. He was fine. Gustafson was a rather strange person, but certainly very gutsy at the end.

Swent: When did his illness [Parkinson's disease] begin to affect Paul's work?

Henshaw: Well, I would say the end of the '60s. Paul became president in '70, and then Gustafson hung on for another year, and then he was out.

Swent: There must have been a period in there when it was a little hard for Paul.

Henshaw: Well, he didn't say anything about it. But it must have been hard; and I always kidded him and called him a coward because he left it up to Harry [Conger] to tell John not to come to the office again. Because it got to the point where he was falling all the time, and pulling these little secretaries down with him.

I know one day Sylvia said she came to pick up Don, and she saw a cable car stopped right in front of the building, and a whole bunch of people around. She said, "I wasn't going to look. I knew it was John Gustafson." It was. He got so he just--he was too big a responsibility. Of course, dear Betty [Gustafson] blamed us all for that.

Swent: Terribly hard to tell someone--.

Henshaw: Oh, it was terrible. So John made Harry [Conger] promise that he'd have lunch with him at least once a month and tell him what went on. He'd gotten to the point where you couldn't understand him. You remember. Harry said, "I wouldn't sleep the night before, and I'd just write down as much as I could. When I got there, I would just order one thing, and talk as fast as I could, and leave. I couldn't understand him. And you just can't say, 'What?' all the time." So it was really sad.

Swent: Then when you went to Australia, Gustafson paved the way?

Henshaw: Oh, sure. Oh, absolutely, and sent him there.

Swent: This was out in western Australia?

Henshaw: Yes. This was Kalgoorlie, outside of Perth.

Swent: And you went along?

Henshaw: I went along. It was a very interesting experience. The Australians are delightful people. When we were in Japan, we had met one of the Australians. Then we knew others when we came there, and they were just delightful.

Japan

Swent: What were you doing in Japan?

Henshaw: Well, we were in Japan in 1963 negotiating with the Japanese. I don't know about what. See, I didn't hear these things.

Swent: Australia maybe?

Henshaw: Yes, for something in Australia, because there were Australians with us. Bill Hamilton was marvelous. He was another linguist like Henry Colen and the pope. He learned Japanese, and he spoke pretty well. The Japanese told me that he really did very well. I studied, as usual, and worked hard, and could count from one to ten, and could say "kon-nichi-wa" [hello] and could bow. That was the extent of my Japanese. But we were there in '63, and we were there again in '73.

Swent: Was Paul still okay?

Henshaw: Well, it was really never entirely okay since the hepatitis. He came down with the diabetes in 1972.

Peru

Henshaw: He had gone to Peru to see the Madrigal Mine. He had been feeling lousy, but the incompetent doctor that we had at Alta Bates at that time had given him a physical. Giving him a physical the way Bill gave them was beyond words. He didn't even weigh you. Oh, he's a charmer [sarcastically]. He's still there.

Paul had been feeling lousy, but he went to Peru anyway. Art Beynon was then in Lima and running the office in Lima. Paul went up to see Madrigal with--who's the cute little fellow? He has a cute little round button nose. He didn't look Latin particularly. Anyway, he went with us.

Swent: Marcial?

Henshaw: Marcial.

Swent: Garcia.

Henshaw: Garcia. Anyway, Paul got up into the altitude, and he was terribly, terribly thirsty. His tongue just clove to the top of his mouth, and he knew that it was something. He stayed the whole time, a couple of days, and looked it all over and everything, and then came back down. Art fortunately had a doctor. Art had arranged for Paul to meet Peruvian politicos on these various things about Madrigal, and so forth. Here he was creeping along, so the doctor--I don't know what he gave him, but he managed to let him get through the interviews with these gentlemen.

Henshaw: In the meantime, I had gone to a party for one of our ex-managers at the hospital. This delightful [sarcastically] doctor whom we had, came up to me and said, "I don't like what I see in Paul's blood sample. I'd like to have you arrange to have him come see me as soon as he comes back."

So I got home that night, and the phone rang. Paul was in Lima, and he said, "Mom, I think I have diabetes. Will you arrange for me to see Bill?" The next morning I called Bill, and he said, "My God. That's it." To me that's utterly stupid. I mean it's an obvious disease, I would think.

President and Director, 1970

[Interview 4: June 18, 1987]##

Swent: Suppose you tell us how your life changed when Paul became president and director of Homestake in March, 1970, and then chief executive officer in 1971. John Gustafson had been president.

Henshaw: Had been, and had been chairman, but his health was bad. He had Parkinson's disease. So he handed it over to Paul.

Swent: It must have been a difficult period in there for Paul.

Henshaw: Not too, because he admired John very much, and John admired him, so it was a sort of mutual admiration society.

The change, of course, first came monetarily. Shall we be gross? Homestake, not being a big payer at that point, and geologists not being large receivers of money, we were able to get new curtains. When we moved into our house on the Arlington, there were some lovely floor-to-ceiling curtains; beautiful brocade of pale French blue, and old rose. I am not a blonde. I was utterly miserable when I went into that room.

So we finally were able to buy new white curtains. Both of the boys, interestingly enough, loved the old brocade curtains. They said to ask their two wives. Both of the wives said, "Wouldn't the Salvation Army love those curtains?" So they did.

That happened, and then, of course, by this time my children were older, in college, and married. They were all married by '70. Paul, Jr., the youngest, was married in '69. So I was able to travel with Paul, and we did a lot of traveling on business, and I was able to go with him. That made matters easier.

Henshaw: I remember we had the first dinner for directors and their wives at the Pacific Union Club. It was the first time they were allowing women. But you felt this. I, having always wanted to be a man, felt it more than the other people.

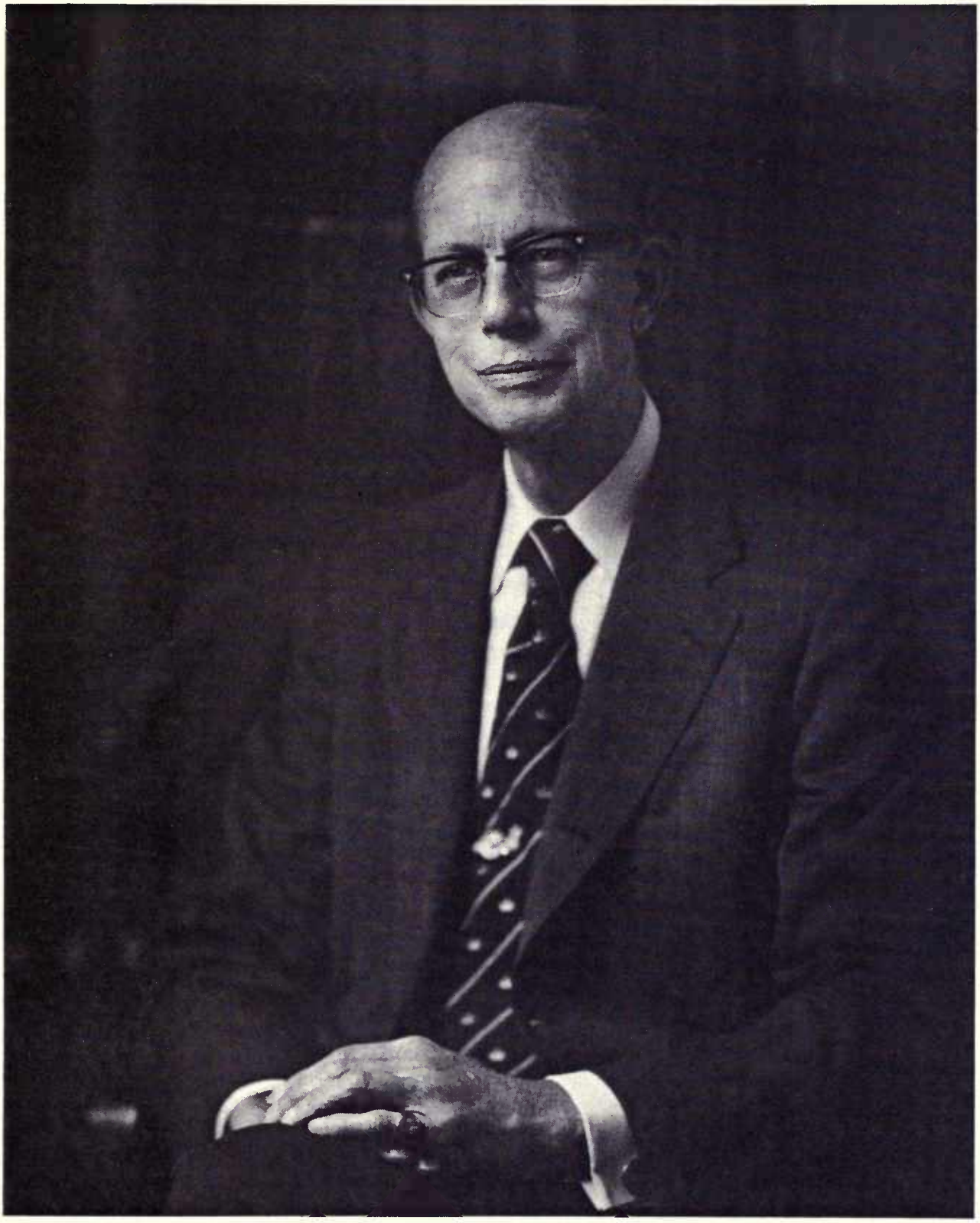
Anyway, I remember we had the tables, and everything was all arranged, and it was lovely. Paul and I went to check the wine. Paul, being diabetic, did not drink. So the wine steward came in and poured the wine that we decided upon and handed it to Paul, and he handed it to me. The wine steward [gasp] "My, dear!" Paul said, "I'm sorry, but I don't drink, and my wife will have to test it." So he handed it to me as if it were a cup of poison. I drank it, and said it was fine; and the second wine we had chosen he gave me. I said it was fine. The following year we did the same thing. The wine steward very resignedly came and handed the tasting glass to me.

We instigated several new things. There was a feeling unfortunately (I don't know whether I should say this, or not) in San Francisco that because the office was in San Francisco, this was the center of glory. The people in Lead, of course, who were the people who were actually delivering the material, were sort of ignored, and were made to feel like second-rate citizens.

I, having been a journalist and a people person all my life, said, "This will not do." So we instigated the idea of going up at their annual meeting and their awards for the people in Lead. Of course, it was in January, which is lovely weather in Lead. [sarcastically] But we went, and the fact that people were so pleased to be considered.

And we used to go up (it was before the union in those blessed days) when they had the awards for the men that had done the most and had so many years service. We always went to that. Unlike previously, when there would always be a telegram: "We send our congratulations, but we're terribly sorry we can't be there." The attitude of the people changed, because they were important people from then on. So we instigated that.

We instigated the idea of the wives and husbands of the directors meeting for dinner. Harry has now moved it various places. I've forgotten the last place they went. But originally it was the PU [Pacific Union Club], and, of course everybody was just thrilled even though it was the basement.



Paul C. Henshaw, Chairman, Homestake Mining Company, 1977

Photograph by Hartsook, San Francisco

Henshaw: We couldn't go in the front door. This startled some of the ladies who were not from San Francisco. But we were told to go to the back entrance. They made it as difficult as possible, bless their little hearts. Anyway, they did have a very nice dinner.

Swent: This was just before their regular meetings, that they had this dinner? Or before the annual meeting?

Henshaw: The annual meeting.

The Hunt for a Successor

Swent: Before the annual meeting, in May. Paul became chairman of the board in 1977. Did this mean further changes?

Henshaw: No, not really. Not really. The salary was less, but Paul had gone into the company with the idea of finding someone to succeed him. Quite a few offered themselves to him; and it distressed him deeply that he would have to turn these people down.

So we went through the head-hunter business. Our head-hunter was a man named Frank Schwab from New York City: young, and very hip, and very understanding. He did a report on Homestake which was quite fascinating.

Swent: Schwab and Associates were hired in 1974 to do an analysis.

Henshaw: Analysis, structure, and who was going to succeed Paul. He and I went to innumerable dinners and met innumerable people. One of them said he was far superior to a little company like Homestake. He couldn't possibly be interested. Paul said, "Well, what are you here for then?"

Then there was a man from New Zealand, who had had three wives. We didn't feel that he was quite the one we wanted. It went on and on, and various and assorted people. Finally it narrowed down to Harry Conger and Jim Anderson. You see, Langy [Langan Swent] was older, and he wanted a young man. Several of the people had asked, you know, had been eagerly waiting. Paul said, "They just can't do it."

Jim was a geologist from Harvard. You see, Homestake had never had a mining engineer president--I don't know what Mr. Clark was, if he was anything except rich.

Swent: Edward H. Clark was the first president, who incidentally never went to Lead.

Henshaw: Well, you see what I mean? And Lead felt it. I think it's disgraceful. Anyway, Don was a geologist, John was a geologist, Paul was a geologist, and then Jim. (I don't know if I should say anything about this.) Jim did not get along with--

Swent: We can cut it out later, if you want.

Henshaw: Jim did not get along well with the men. He was apt to be very arrogant, and this didn't sit well, unfortunately.

Harry came along, and Harry was a superb actor.

Swent: And Harry was a mining engineer.

Henshaw: Harry was a mining engineer from Colorado School of Mines.

Swent: With experience in both coal and iron.

Henshaw: He was experienced in Canada and in Illinois. He got along with everybody. Paul felt very relieved to be able to leave the company in Harry's hands. (You have to ask me later about the oil company.)

Chairman of the Board, 1977

Swent: June, 1977 is when Paul became chairman of the board, Harry Conger became president, and Paul began to do a lot more speaking. Paul became a speaker.

Henshaw: Yes. He was a speaker because he didn't have the other responsibiliti because Harry was there. But, interestingly enough, in Europe the chairman is the important person. The chairman is the person to whom everybody pays attention, and you sit on the right of a hostess, and I sit on the right of the host, and this sort of thing. Not so much in the United States. The president, who is the more active of the two, is considered more important. But in Europe, it's always the chairman.

Swent: Were you doing a lot of traveling to Europe in those days?

Henshaw: Well, yes. We were in Switzerland; and we were in England a lot; we were in France to a certain extent; we went up to Luxembourg.

Swent: Why were you going to all these places?

Henshaw: Well, to see various people and mines; and Paul spoke in some places. We also went to Sweden. He didn't speak there.

Swent: Some of these trips were for financial reasons. Homestake was no longer doing just exploration and mining.

Henshaw: Yes. In Switzerland, for instance, we were put on the stock exchange, and that sort of thing.

Swent: The gold price was freed in 1971. The anticipation had been that it would immediately go to six hundred dollars, remember?

Henshaw: Eight hundred. It did go to eight hundred.

Swent: But it took years to go to eight hundred. There was a period of disappointment that it didn't shoot up a little faster, I think. But still, Homestake then had cash and management began to be concerned with managing their finances as well as just mining. Is that right?

Henshaw: Yes. We went to Japan in 1963. It was financial, more or less. We took Frank Corbin. Then we went again in 1973.

Swent: The Japanese were involved in that Madrigal project also. It was a Peruvian-Japanese-American venture. And most of the Australian things were involved with Japan also.

Henshaw: Yes.

Swent: I enjoyed reading his speeches. He was a fine speaker. He spoke generally on money, gold, inflation.

Henshaw: "Gold. Gold is something you can trust."

Swent: "Gold is money you can trust." And he also spoke about the distinction between street wisdom and producers' wisdom and economics. Was he in touch with economists at this time? Was he doing--

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Mr. [Milton] Friedman. Oh, he thought he was marvelous. They were quite good friends. I think he knew Alan Greenspan, the one who just became head of the Federal Reserve. He knew quite a few economists.

Swent: He quoted Professor Roy Jastram quite a lot.

Henshaw: He's one I didn't meet.

Swent: At Berkeley. I wondered whether they were in close communication.

Henshaw: Well, they must have been.

Swent: Maybe he just read his books.

Henshaw: Yes.

Swent: Was this something Paul had been interested in before?

Henshaw: You see, when he graduated from Cal Tech he was a paleontologist, and he was an economic geology minor. Our friend Chester Stock said, "Paul Carrington Henshaw, I want to tell you that there are about ten paleontologists in the world who make any money. I happen to be one of them. I don't think I'm going to die very soon." And he said, "I would advise you to go into economic geology seriously." So that's why Paul did the economic geology.

Swent: But now he's getting into economics, really, more than the geology.

Henshaw: Yes. He called that "the grey science." [laugh]

Swent: One thing that interested me in reading through his speeches was that he didn't ever mention oil, although Guy was working for Adnan Kashoggi.

Henshaw: Well, but Guy was his son and was in banking. His work with Adnan was as a representative of Security National Bank of Walnut Creek, which Kashoggi owned at the time. Kashoggi was not a banker, he was an entrepeneur. When Pete Stark wanted to go into politics, he sold the little Security National Bank here in Walnut Creek to Adnan Kashoggi. Then Pete went into politics, and Claude Hutchison was president of the bank. That's where Guy and Claude met.

Swent: But didn't Guy work for Kashoggi in England too?

Henshaw: That's in connection with his bank. Yes. They sent him to England for two years. He loved it.

Swent: What years was he there?

Henshaw: He was there in '78 and '79.

Swent: In '73 and '74 we all became so very conscious of the effect that oil had on inflation.

Henshaw: Paul felt that we were not an oil company, that we didn't know enough about it. And that present company which they have now been stuck with approached Don, John, and Paul, and they all said, "No." I don't know who approached Harry, but I think that was a sad, sad move.

Swent: This is Homestake's acquisition of Felton Oil Company.

Henshaw: Paul just felt that we didn't know enough about all that. Oil is one business, and mining is another, I mean mining hard rock, as we were. Don and John felt the same way. They had branched out with uranium. Of course, uranium was going downhill, but there was lead-zinc, and gold, and silver; and that was enough on our plates. We didn't need any more oil. So those three were not interested.

Swent: I was thinking of the importance of oil in the inflation picture, which we all became pretty conscious of for two years.

Henshaw: Yes. The lines. And I see this morning that Chevron--of course, I'm very interested in Chevron now because of Paul, Jr.--they said by far the dirtiest contaminants in the Bay came from Chevron.

Swent: Another thing that began to affect the mining business at this time was this interest in pollution of water and air.

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Oh, lord, the environmentalists, may somebody take them somewhere and drop them into something. It was disgusting. It really is stupid. They carried it to too great extremes. And the money we had to put out for the McLaughlin mine with these permits! It was just unbelievable. Poor old Don Delicate couldn't understand it at all, because they didn't have these problems in Lead.

Swent: Well, they've had some.

Henshaw: Well, they had some, but not the business that was carried on here. It took years. Old [William] Humphrey is a pretty tough type, and he fought them every inch of the way. I have very little interest in environmentalists. I like the open spaces too, but you can take it too far, and it's too far.

Swent: It's been terribly hard on the mining industry.

Henshaw: Oh, awful. When you think of the mining ladies and all the husbands who have worked for a company for years, and are called into the office and said, "I'm terribly sorry, but you're terminated." I mean, just man after man, and these ladies were working for scholarships for mining and engineering students. They said, "What's the point? Nobody wants it."

Swent: What connection does that have with the environmentalists?

Henshaw: All of the copper people--

Swent: Oh. I see what you mean. The copper industry in Arizona has been--

Henshaw: Oh, it's been killed by them. And oil companies, and all sorts of mining projects have gone by the wayside because of the environmentalists.

Swent: They just simply can't afford the cost of doing business.

Henshaw: That's right.

Swent: Now, another thing that appeared in Paul's speeches--and I noticed on one of them that you had penciled a little comment. [laughter] He became more and more interested in Africa, and he had said something about not being too happy about American people meddling in Africa.

Henshaw: He believed with George Washington that we should stay home. We went to Africa, and the situation was not as exaggerated as it is now. And you don't know how bad it is. The newspapers and the television blow things up to such an extent. We had some very good African friends. He felt that we shouldn't meddle. We should stay home and tend to our own business. We had plenty to take care of.

Swent: So Homestake was never involved in any mining in South Africa.

Henshaw: Not in South Africa, no. We did go in at Akjoujt with Anglo-American, which, of course, was South African. Paul didn't think that it was sufficiently rich to warrant all the money and time; and the natives would be difficult to train.

Swent: This was the one in Mauretania?

Henshaw: Yes. Paul said one time they went into the mine. He went in with our friend John Richardson. Outside the mine was a goat, and John said, "Oh, what's that for?" The Anglo from South Africa said, "Oh, that's your lunch." And sure enough, there was their lunch.

Henshaw: While they were in the mine, the natives killed the goat and cooked it. The freshly killed goat was just tough as tripe. It was terrible. [laughter] I told John--I said, "Dear, you should never leave London, because these outposts are a little grim."

Swent: Were you along on this one?

Henshaw: No, I wasn't. This was another trip when I wasn't there. This was when Paul first went to look at it. Well, as it happened, Paul was right. The mine never worked out. So he felt kind of pleased in a backwards sort of way.

Swent: Another question that I had about his speaking: in a couple of his speeches he gave very concrete proposals, things that he recommended to the government. I wondered whether anything ever came of these, or whether he ever followed them up.

Henshaw: Probably not.

Swent: One of them was, I think, at an annual meeting in 1975 where he said that he recommended that the government issue a bicentennial gold commemorative coin. Did he pursue this at all?

Henshaw: Yes. He saw various people and went to Washington. There were other people involved also. But he was one of the ones who kept saying, "Why don't we do it?" and we did.

Swent: And he actually pushed this in Washington?

Henshaw: Yes. By the time they put it out, his mind was going.

Swent: I don't think they put out one in '76.

Henshaw: No. It was sometime during the '80s. They just put out one. It takes time in the government, you know. It works slowly.

Swent: Then there was another recommendation that he made for fighting inflation, and this was very specific. I didn't know whether he ever followed this up. This was in 1973 in a speech at the Wharton Business School Club. He recommended that the United States government use gold at two hundred dollars per ounce (it must have been about that price then) to buy back twenty-five billion dollars worth of paper dollars on the international market.

Henshaw: I didn't know about that. Guy invited him to speak because Guy went to Wharton, you see.

Swent: This was a very specific recommendation. I wondered if he ever followed up on that.

Henshaw: No. I think it was just a hope of his that wasn't followed up.

Swent: He also mentioned his German stamp collection.

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Guy and I say, "Now, we must do something about that stamp collection," and it still sits.

Swent: Was this a hobby that he pursued?

Henshaw: Well, when he had rheumatic fever, and was in bed with not a foot to the floor for nine months, and then in bed very carefully part of the time for a year in all, they wanted to interest him in something. You know, they didn't want him to just sit there. You can read just so many books, and then you get tired.

One of his father's friends was a stamp collector. So he came over, and he said, "Well, Paul, how about stamps?" Paul got very interested, and he was very interested in German stamps. He has sheaves of these stamps. Then he got American air mail from the early days. He had those. But this kept him interested, and he would have stamp books that he looked up. Then his family would go out and buy them, because, of course, he couldn't leave the bed.

Swent: Did he continue this?

Henshaw: Yes. You know, still to this day, I come across a good stamp, and I'm going to tear it out for Pop, and Pop's not there.

Unfortunately for him, none of his own children were the least bit interested. The only one who is was one of Nina's sons, Paul Strathman Schaefer, named for him, who is still quite interested in stamps, but none of the other children or the cousins were the least bit interested.

Swent: Nina is his niece.

Henshaw: Nina is Clarissa's daughter. But we still do have the stamps.

Earlier Ventures in Canada and Michigan

Swent: We haven't mentioned the potash adventure in Canada.

Henshaw: We'd rather not. [laughter]

Swent: Did you get up to Saskatchewan at all?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Yes, we went up. Nice people, the Canadians. Pretty country. I think Mr. [Robert] Mulvaney got us into that. It was a mess. It was not what we really wanted.

Swent: It's interesting that it's dropped out of the literature completely. It's just not mentioned.

Henshaw: Yes. We don't care much about that. I think John was the president then. Pa went up and looked at it. He said, "Why do we want to get into this?" I don't know. Mulvaney and several other people were most anxious to have us up there, and in Canada. But it never worked out.

Swent: As I recall, there were a lot of problems with the ground and the weather, the temperature.

Henshaw: Yes. Saskatoon, Saskatchewan was near where it was.

Swent: But we stayed in for several years.

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Nobody else wanted it either.

Swent: Well, it was a joint venture with somebody else.

Henshaw: Yes, and I can't remember who. I just sort of blotted it from my mind.

Swent: And another one that hasn't really been mentioned was in northern Michigan.

Henshaw: The Keewenaw Peninsula. Oh, that fantastic house!

Swent: And wasn't it called the "Key Project?"

Henshaw: Anderson ran that. Orville Anderson.

Swent: It was the Centennial shaft.

Henshaw: Yes. I don't know just exactly what did happen. They bought the big house there, which was fantastic. Oh! It was huge! It had eight bathrooms, and they were lined up, little stalls, you know. I remember in that house Hazel Colen, and Elizabeth Anderson, and I sat and listened to the Watergate trials. So that shows you when it was.

Henshaw: Andy was marvelous with people, a wonderful people person. He did pretty well. He tried to open up shafts and things, but there was a union problem there too. I think they decided that it just wasn't worth it.

Swent: And water--

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Water filled up. I remember, I do not like to go underground. But Andy said, "Oh, now, come on." We started down this thing, and he said, "Oh, my God. The water's come in again." Here was the water, and then you saw in the background this great tunnel, filled with water, black. I had nightmares for weeks, that we all walked on into it; it passed over our heads. But it was another situation that wasn't too successful.

Swent: There are always some of those in mining.

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Henshaw: It was pretty country though, really.

Swent: One more thing about speeches. There was an interesting speech that Paul gave--

Henshaw: They were all interesting.

Swent: Yes. He was a good speaker.

Henshaw: Well, his voice was so marvelous.

Paul and Helen Henshaw, Berkeley, 1979

Photo by Guy Henshaw, Berkeley, CA

VII HONORS AND CITATIONS

Honorary Degree, South Dakota School of Mines and Technology

Swent: There was a speech that he gave in Rapid City to the South Dakota School of Mines graduation.

Henshaw: Well, that's when he got his honorary degree. This is the Rand medal from AIME.

Swent: Yes. We'll talk about that in just a minute. But he did say a couple of interesting things in that school of mines speech that were pertinent, I thought. He traced his own career, and mentioned, I guess, an aphorism, which was new to me, which was: "Whip the willing horse."

Henshaw: Oh, yes.

Swent: Was this one of his guiding principles?

Henshaw: One of his professors at St. Mark's said that to him.

Swent: Did he mean that this is the way to get a job done?

Henshaw: Well, no. This man kept calling on him and calling on him in class all the time. He asked why he didn't call on somebody else too, and the fellow said, "Well, you know, Henshaw, the way to do it is to whip the willing horse, and you always had your hand up."

Swent: He considered himself a willing horse?

Henshaw: He was a willing horse, yes.

Swent: I see. Also, he mentioned the extreme attention to detail and accuracy--

Henshaw: Scientists have to have this.

Swent: --which were important in career, and also in life.

Conference Board Speeches

Swent: There was also one speech in 1974, or '75, which was completely different. This was one of his many speeches to the Conference Board at Pebble Beach.

Henshaw: Oh, yes. We went down every year to that.

Swent: And he spoke a number of times.

Henshaw: Well, they were all called upon to speak. You see, there were all kinds of men from all kinds of positions. There was Biaggini from Southern Pacific, and there was Henshaw for gold. You know, it was for the different things that you did. And they all spoke.

Then in the last couple of years, they invited the ladies in too. The men could only speak for five minutes. Each of the men spoke for five minutes in front of the ladies also.

Swent: One of those speeches, he gave a very different speech. It was in, I think, '75, and he spoke about concern for population and developing energy, and it was quite a different

Henshaw: Tack than usual. And not much gold. Well, the[illegible]ere all given a subject to speak on that pertained to their own field. The head of the Conference Board assigned the topics.

Swent: Homestake had never hired outside public relations help until the last few years. Then they did.

Henshaw: Well, Homestake didn't feel it was anybody's business. They weren't great on public relations.

Swent: How did he write his speeches? Who helped him?

Henshaw: Nobody. Oh, nobody. No, he thought about them, and thought about them, and looked up the subject from every angle, and everything. Oh, no. He had no help.

Swent: He must have collected information from other people.

Henshaw: Oh, sure. But the actual writing was his own.

Swent: Did you go over them? Did you help him?

Henshaw: No. That was his department. Well, he did rehearse some of it, you know, for me. I would read it, and I would say, "That's good." Very little corrections.

Swent: His command of the language was superb, of course. We haven't mentioned the report that he did for San Luis. He wrote a geologic report before he left Tayoltita.

Henshaw: I don't think anything had ever been done before in San Luis, a report of this sort. So he felt that somebody ought to have a report that told about the various things in the mine, and the various things they could do to improve. So he wrote this report.

Swent: A big thick volume.

Henshaw: Oh, yes. Very important. Who was there? Henry was there, I think.

Swent: Henry Colen.

Henshaw: Henry Colen, and Breck Parker, and--gee, I can't remember who was in the geology department. Those two were there.

Swent: Charles Seel.

Henshaw: Oh! How could I forget Chuck Seel! I remember the first time we saw Chuck Seel. He came in, and it was hot weather. We went over to the swimming pool. Everybody was in swimming, and he said, "You know, all my life, I've just longed to be able to swim, but I never could," at which point he dove into the water, swam under water down to one end, and swam under water back again. [laughter]

Swent: He was a champion swimmer, wasn't he?

Henshaw: Yes, he was.

The Rand Medal

Swent: Yes. I'd forgotten that. Maybe this is the time we should mention that Paul did in 1981 receive the highest achievement award in mining. This is the--

Henshaw: Yes. That's the AIME [American Institute of Mining, Metallurgical, and the Petroleum Engineers].

Swent: The Charles Frederick Rand Foundation medal, which is solid gold. It weighs a ton, doesn't it?

Henshaw: I know. Isn't it wonderful?

Swent: How much does it weigh, I wonder?

Henshaw: I don't know.

Swent: It's a lot of gold.

Henshaw: He was very pleased.

Swent: It's a gorgeous thing. It's a big rectangular gold slab.

Henshaw: Yes, a gold slab.

Swent: With Mr. Rand--

Henshaw: Pensive Mr. Rand.

Swent: I guess you'd say carved in relief.

Henshaw: Yes.

Swent: And his citation, when Paul got this award, was for his "unique skills, innovative mining exploration, development, technology, and financial management, while serving fully his professional and civic responsibilities." Do you know what his innovations were?

Henshaw: Well, I know that he charted mines. A lot of the mines had not been charted.

Swent: New mapping techniques, much more detailed.

Henshaw: Yes. In Morococha the fellow who was with him said, "Oh, you don't have to go to all that trouble, Henshaw."

Paul said, "Yes, I do." So he did. That sort of thing he did, plotting and mapping.

Swent: I think it was rather new for the people who were mapping the surface and the people mapping underground to be coordinating their mapping. Wasn't that one of his innovations?

Henshaw: Yes.

Swent: Had he learned some of this from McLaughlin?

Henshaw: I imagine so because McLaughlin was the first one that mapped Lead, you know.

Swent: And he had mapped Morococha.

Henshaw: Yes. Well, more or less.

Swent: Or, Cerro--

Henshaw: Cerro, yes. He was in Cerro--of course, when we were down there he was the president of Cerro at that point. But when he was a young man, he went down and did a lot of things like that.

Swent: And he had also done some work in Tayoltita, hadn't he?

Henshaw: I don't think so.

Jay [Swent] was the president [of San Luis Mining Company], and Don was the vice president. With Homestake, Jay was the vice president, and Don was the president for a long time. They had those little offices. Well, they weren't little. They were great big splendid offices, but there was a small group. Now you go in, and, my lord, they've got floors full of people running around with pencils. And the girls wearing pajamas. I don't go for that. You know these long loose pants, and things like that. I mean, that's not the way I dressed when I worked.

Retirement Citations

Swent: The citation that Paul received when he retired mentioned Little Beaver, LaSal, and Alice. They were all in Utah.

Henshaw: They were all there together. Those were the first uranium things.

Swent: Then Homestake-New Mexico Partners, and Homestake Sapin. Those were the uranium mines in New Mexico. All of those Paul was responsible for acquiring for Homestake.

Henshaw: Yes. These are all the mines that he found, or brought into production for Homestake.

Swent: And Koolanooka, the iron mine.

Henshaw: That is Australian.

Swent: Mt. Charlotte was gold.

Henshaw: Mt. Charlotte was gold. That's on the "Miracle Mile."

Swent: And that was Kalgoorlie.

Henshaw: Yes. Well, these were all near Kalgoorlie. They were all in that area, in western Australia.

Swent: Madrigal was also mentioned.

Henshaw: Madrigal in Peru.

Swent: In southern Peru. And that was copper, wasn't it?

Henshaw: Yes.

Swent: Buick, which was the--

Henshaw: Lead-zinc.

Swent: Lead-zinc in Missouri. And Bulldog--

Henshaw: Bulldog is silver, which is in Creede, Colorado.

Swent: And that's the one that he said was "Tayoltita all over again." It reminded him very much of the Mexican mine.

Henshaw: Well, and also the fact it wasn't charted, you see. He moved in and did that.

Swent: And then the tribute--

Henshaw: Well, the story on this is sort of cute.

Swent: We should say what it is.

Henshaw: This is a real geologist's pick with a gold-plated head, and all the mines that he discovered on it. Dick Stoehr thought this up. He thought, instead of the usual cup or tray, let's give him something different. So he thought of this, and he took it to Shreve's [a San Francisco jeweler], who like the PU have a great sense of their own importance. He took this geology pick in to the jeweler and told him what he wanted. "Oh, yes, Mr. Stoehr."

Henshaw: So Mr. Stoehr went, and he said, "I had an idea that they weren't going to do much about it." So he said that about a week later he went in; they had done nothing. They had found this [the wooden plaque] they put it on, and they had done this [the brass plate], but they had not touched the geology pick. So Dick said, "Well, I have to have it in ten days. Please give it to me." And he said, "I'll take it over to Tiffany's. I will tell everybody how unreliable you are."

"Oh, Mr. Stoehr, well, I think we can do it." And they did it, but only after he needled them into doing it.

But Paul was thrilled to death. It always hung in our front hall in the two houses after he got it. I thought it was a very clever idea, much better than the cup or the plaque. I hate plaques.

Swent: This is the Homestake Mining Company tribute given at his final retirement.

Henshaw: Another plaque. That's very nice, though. It was given to Paul at the board meeting on November 18, 1983.

Swent: This is a parchment, again listing the properties, but now it adds the McLaughlin Mine.

Henshaw: Well, you see, it was his idea. He heard, around and about from the underground, that there was more gold, but that it was gold that was very hard to find. "It's as fine as frog's hair," he told the Fortune magazine people in an interview. It wasn't great chunks, you see. So he talked to Jim Anderson, and he said, "Jim, I hear that up in Napa County, and around in that area, there is a lot of gold, but it is so fine. So look for it." Jim did, and found gold. Paul wanted the mine named for Don.

Don was very thrilled. But Paul was quoted in some paper or other, because they were afraid they were going to have a gold rush, and these people were going to rush up to find nuggets lying on the ground. He said, "Just tell them they'll never find it. It has to be processed to find the gold. There'll be no gold nuggets lying on the ground. It's as fine as frog's hair."

It grew from a small mercury mine, which it was in the beginning, to that vast area that they have now. Everybody thought of Napa County as the lovely grapes, but the area where the mine is located was as dismal as the Mina Calpa in Peru. It reminded me of that. This young couple who were there when they were starting to build--they were newlyweds, and they were going to live there. I thought, "Oh, the poor things." The Mina Calpa was the grimmest place I've ever seen outside of Saudi Arabia.

Henshaw: Our first problem with the McLaughlin, unfortunately, was the environmentalists, and all these things that you had to do, and all these licenses you had to get, and all these people you had to see. It went on for over a year.

Swent: Was Paul directly involved in any of that?

Henshaw: No. Paul was like Mr. Reagan, in the good sense. He could delegate. He delegated, and he delegated good people. Then it was their job, and they reported to him. So he was not directly involved. It was Jim's baby.

Who's the man that ran the mercury place?

Swent: Wilder. Bill Wilder. "Wild Bill" Wilder.

Henshaw: Yes. He won't die drowning because he's got a great space between his front teeth. He was there, and he cooperated with them. Then they put in the young Gustafson, who was no relation to John; and he did very well.

Swent: You might want to mention Paul's ideas on nepotism.

Henshaw: Well, Paul had a phobia. He did not believe in nepotism. He was very displeased when several people got their children working for Homestake in various places. He did not believe that somebody should get the job because somebody else was their father. Our own son had hoped to go into hardrock mining, but he knew better than to ask his father, because his father would say no. So he went into oil and works for Chevron to this day.

Swent: Homestake hasn't had a great deal of nepotism however.

Henshaw: San Luis did. The worst one was Bob Morel. Because with Langy--Jay had gone, you see.

Swent: It has not been a tradition with Homestake.

Henshaw: No. But there were several. You see, John offered Lou [Gustafson], and Lou was wonderful. Paul said, "I would have given anything to have had him," because he was brilliant, and innovative, and just a delightful, bright person. But he said, "I just couldn't." John was kind enough to ask him, knowing how he felt about it. So nepotism was not for him. I don't know what must have happened somewhere in his background. [laughter] Some horrible nepotism must have happened. But he did not believe in it.

VIII PROFESSIONAL AND COMMUNITY SERVICE

Societies, Clubs, and Committees

Swent: What about some of Paul's civic and professional responsibilities? He was president of the Society of Economic Geologists.

Henshaw: Paul was on the Board of Trustees of Alta Bates Hospital. That was about the only community thing that he did.

He did a lot of scientific organizations, and he worked for the company, and the Share Holders, capital letters. But he was not, like his own son Guy, a collector of directorships, or things like that. Oh, he was with the Bankers' Club. He was one of the starters on the membership committee, and so on, and of the World Trade Club, but that was sort of different.

Swent: He belonged to Pacific Union Club.

Henshaw: Yes. He belonged to the Pacific Union.

Swent: I understand that he really enjoyed the accreditation committee that he was on for the Engineers' Council, a committee that visited universities.

Henshaw: Yes, he loved that. Lyle Shaffer was one of the heads of it at that particular time, because he taught at Cal, and he asked Paul if he'd like to belong to it. They went and interviewed outstanding students who were at the university at the time, and were on scholarships, and things of that sort. He loved doing that.

Henshaw: He visited Oxford, Mississippi. We were there, and we were at Stanford, and I've forgotten how many places. I went with him. Paul was very interested. It was a scholarly pursuit. He enjoyed that.

Swent: He was also on an advisory committee for Cal Tech.

Henshaw: Yes. He loved those. Oh, those were fun. That was somewhat the same thing, advising the geology department. That's where we met Barclay Kamb, who is now the provost of Cal Tech. He is the husband of Linda Pauling, who is Linus Pauling's daughter. Paul loved those Cal Tech ones. Fritz Kruger also appointed him to a similar committee at Stanford. He liked all that sort of thing.

Swent: Did he do any Harvard committee work?

Henshaw: No. Once we crossed the Hudson, we were western. Hopeless, my dear!

Swent: Did he do any church work?

Henshaw: No. That's up to Guy. His first job was the church fiscal retirement homes. Now he is on the board of the Church Divinity School, up on Holy Hill [the area in Berkeley where there are many theological seminaries].

Swent: And also head of the board of Head-Royce School.

Henshaw: Oh, my. Heavens, yes. Guy is a collector of--well, as a banker, he has to be.

Swent: Was Paul active in AIME?

Henshaw: Never. He went to the meetings sometimes. He was interested, but not that interested. We saw it ruin a very nice fellow, whose name I now cannot remember, but I remember we sat in Denver and ate dinner with him. He worked for Ian MacGregor. Ian was a tough Scotsman, you know.

This boy was coming up in the ranks of the AIME, and he was giving all his time to it. Ian said, "Either you do that, or you do AMAX, but you can't do both." Ian could, but Ian was a different sort of person. We saw this sort of thing, and Paul said, "I'm never going to get involved in anything like that. It isn't worth it," because you don't give enough to either side.

Swent: He was also a member of a French geologic society.

Henshaw: Yes. I was amazed to see that. We didn't go to France that often. [laughter] I think it was purely honorary.

California Mining Board

Swent: He was on the California Mining Board, chairman of that.

Henshaw: When Mr. Brown came in, the younger Mr. Brown--

Swent: Governor Jerry Brown.

Henshaw: He put an end to that. And now it's back and [James] Anderson's the president.

Swent: It continued, but for a few years it had no mining engineers on it.

Henshaw: It had nothing. No mining at all.

Swent: It had landscape architects, and social activists--

Henshaw: Oh, yes. And environmentalists. Yes. We were just out. I mean, we were just--bong, the minute Jerry came in, everybody went out. So now that Jerry's out, and Ronnie [Governor Ronald Reagan]--Ronnie reinstigated it, you see, and Anderson is now the president.

Swent: Was this a responsibility that Paul enjoyed?

Henshaw: Oh, yes, he did. Phil Bradley was on it, and then that man named [Edmond] Brovelli was on it too. He had quite a few interests in the Napa Valley and so on, took over the--what's the name of that place? The Vine Inn up in Napa? Anyway, he invited the wives and the men, and first we went to Christian Brothers.

There is a back room in Christian Brothers where they give you the best wine--you could have had the best wine in France. I mean, it was marvelous. I said, "Why don't you sell this in the grocery stores?" [laughter] They said, "It's too hard." So we went first to Christian Brothers; and then we went to the Vine Inn; and we had a marvelous Italian spaghetti dinner, with all the fixings and everything. I think that was the last party, when Mr. Brown had already taken over and the axe had fallen. Brovelli said, "We have to celebrate this." But they were sorry, and they had enjoyed it. They were an interesting group of men.

Swent: They were advising the California Division of Mines and Geology.

Henshaw: Advising the state on what it should be doing in various and sundry things. I was glad when Jim told me that it was back again. I said, "Oh, good," because Jerry was out.

Swent: Mining was a very bad word for a while then.

Henshaw: Yes.

Alta Bates Hospital, Berkeley

Swent: Now, the Alta Bates work: did that take a lot of his time?

Henshaw: Not really. He wasn't too interested. Alta Bates was mine. I was the person who worked there for twenty-eight years, as the president of volunteers, and handling all the PR. Pa, they asked on the board, and Pa didn't think he should have gone on it. He thought it should have been my job. He was very much upset because he thought they should have asked me to be on the board. But I didn't have any money, you see; and I wasn't anybody of importance. I was just a volunteer. Gertie Bascomb was crazy about men. She thought Paul was going to give a lot of money. Little did they know that Pa didn't have very much, and that he wouldn't have given it to them anyway. So, no, he wasn't too interested in that.

Swent: Maybe we should get into your activities now because Alta Bates was one of your big--

Henshaw: Was, yes.

Swent: For twenty-eight years! That's a long time.

Henshaw: Yes. And I've now received the letter a week after I had received the word that I would be dead in six months, that "We're terribly sorry,"--and I still don't know what he was talking about--"We're terribly sorry, but we forgot about you."

Swent: What? Who?

Henshaw: The manager of the hospital at the time. I was so furious that I tore the letter up, and I'm sorry I did it. I wish I'd kept it. But that was the end. Paul resigned from the board, and I have not put foot in the hospital since. Well, I did once, when Don was

Henshaw: sick in the hospital, I went in to see him. I skulked from one room to the other. Then I came, and here in the main hall was a huge painting by my friend Peter Blos of [sarcastically] dear Bob Montgomery. I almost couldn't go any further.

Swent: Did you get recognition, though, for the work that you did for Alta Bates?

Henshaw: Not too much. Not too much. That's what he was talking about, I guess. Very little. I was taken for granted. I loved the work. I was the first layman president. All the others were doctors' wives. If you have any association with some medical doctors' wives, they think they are next to God. We had a wonderful Swedish gal whose husband, since deceased, Henry Zwerling, was head of the x-ray department. Ingrid got very angry at these doctors' wives, and she said, "You know, you are not important. It is your husbands." But I was the first layman, and it was difficult.

##

Swent: Maybe you should clarify why you became disenchanted with Alta Bates. Was it because they wrote you a letter and said they had forgotten you?

Henshaw: I have no idea what he was talking about. But he said, "I'm terribly sorry, but we forgot about you." I had no idea, and I was so hurt, this coming a week after I got the word I was going to live for six months.

Swent: We should also clarify that.

Henshaw: Well, I came to Rossmoor [in Walnut Creek, California], and went through a physical. Routine, I thought, and they discovered that I had cancer of the bone marrow. They told me that I would be dead in six months. Well, I was pretty jarred by that because I'd had no symptoms that I knew about. So I got a second opinion over at the University of California, San Francisco. He said the same thing.

Then came this letter. Now, maybe under normal circumstances, I wouldn't have been so upset. I probably would have called and said, "What are you talking about?" But at this, I was just crushed because I had known this young manager since he was a kid. I just wiped the whole thing off. I was all through. I had failed. I would never again be a volunteer. And I've never been one, because I gave twenty-eight years of service, and I enjoyed it. I really enjoyed it very, very much.

Henshaw: I started out on the floors, where I should have stayed. They were trying at that point to get more juniors. They were giving these little skits and things, and they were lousy. I, of course, had done skits, and impersonations, and things like that for years. So I went to the head of nursing and said, "Mrs. Foster, I think I can do better." She said, "Fine." The gal that was running the nurses was the gal that painted that picture, Carol Long. [indicates painting on the wall] She said, "Well, do something, because what they're doing now is not getting us anything."

Swent: This was to get volunteers.

Henshaw: Get young volunteers, the junior volunteers. So we gave a series of skits, and we invited girls from the various high schools, and it had good results. So from then on, I was in public relations, which I had been in most of my life since I was twelve years old.

Then I unfortunately was elected the third vice president, and the second vice president, and the vice president, and the first lay president. I had some very dear friends among the doctors' wives, and others who would put blocks in front of anything. So finally, one night in fury after some stupid doctor's wife had said something, I said, "You know, my husband is a doctor too. But he always used to say he couldn't fix a broken leg. You're moaning and groaning because your husband couldn't come to a dinner party. My husband is in Ethiopia. I'm sure he couldn't come." Anyway, it was a battle, but I won. But I loved the hospital. It was smaller then; there was a fine group of people. That was my main interest.

I started out because Paul was away, but we were new in the community; and I wanted to make it so that if my children were hurt, or seriously ill they would be taken to the hospital, and they would not be put off in a corner. They'd know who they were. They did. Several times they went. They did.

Woman's Auxiliary to the American Institute of Mining, Metallurgical, and Petroleum Engineers

Henshaw: That was my interest, and my other interest was the mining ladies, as I call them, the Woman's Auxiliary to the AIME [WAAIME]. That was a fine group of ladies, and I was fortunate enough to get in on the last of the grandes dames, ladies whose husbands owned the mines. They were very delightful and wealthy. For instance, each year, one of the ladies would have a meeting at the Metropolitan Club in San Francisco.

Henshaw: Every year we had a country fair, and one lady, who was Kay Bradley's aunt by marriage--Mrs. Girard she was then, Fred Bradley had died, and she married Mr. Girard--she had a beautiful home out in Pacific Heights, and she gave us the home once a year to have a country fair. Of course Paul said, "You made things and sold them to somebody else who also made things." But this was for scholarships, and we did very, very well. The older ladies were just delightful. Not long ago, Kay Bradley and I, who are the same gage, looked around the group and said, "Good lord! Do you realize that we're the grandes dames now!" [laughter] We didn't feel like that. Due to the mining industry's slump, shall we say, it isn't what it used to be. But it was interesting.

Through that I got onto a national level because I had some friends in New York traveling back and forth who were in the mining business. I ran [activities for] several conventions. The first one I ran, I was chairman of the local chapter. Jack Bradley called me up and said, "I understand that you're the chairman of the group. We're having our annual meeting here in San Francisco, and I'd like you to run the ladies." I said, "Thanks a lot, Jack." [sarcastically]

So that was the beginning, and then I ran the Mining Congress several times with delightful people. The difference between the Mining Congress and the AIME was that the mining Congress had unlimited funds, and we could do all sorts of things. The AIME, we had to be a little careful about how we ran things. Fortunately I had been with the Mining Congress and the marvelous Conovers who ran it then, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Conover. Julian and Joe Conover. They were simply marvelous. The second time I ran the AIME was with Ed Barker. The man who was supposed to be running it came out from Washington to meet us. His name was Applegate, I can remember. He was as horribly miscast as anyone I've ever seen. The poor man said, "I don't know anything about it. I don't know how to run these conventions." He must have been ill, because he died a couple of years later. He wasn't very old. But here he was. Ed and I were to run this thing ourselves. Fortunately I had learned from the Conovers, and I had connections still. We ran a pretty good meeting.

Swent: This was the women's activities?

Henshaw: Well, this was the men and the women.

Swent: Men's also?

Henshaw: Oh, yes. The AIME annual convention was in different places. I ran three of those, I think, and two of the Mining Congress. I enjoyed that. I like that kind of thing.

Swent: Those were big jobs.

Henshaw: Yes, but they were wonderful people to work with. Particularly the Mining Cogress--your national people were marvelous and very cooperative.

Swent: You set up the luncheons and the dinners--

Henshaw: Yes. We set up the luncheons, and the fashion shows. Oh, a fashion show is always good, kids. Ladies love to see what other people won't wear. That kind of thing. We did that sort of thing; and we had a coffee room; and we helped the men where we could. Then they had a man who did the big banquet.

Swent: You were given an honorary membership in the WAAIME. This is really a distinction.

Henshaw: This is quite an honor.

Swent: They don't give those out lightly. There aren't very many.

Henshaw: No. There aren't. I think fifteen in all, or something like that, and it's nationally.

Swent: Would you like to expand on that?

Henshaw: Expand on this? Well, this dear lady, who is now in her nineties but has all her marbles and is really very entertaining--Jerry Kissick, Mrs. Allan Kissick, was the national honorary membership committee chairman. It was supposed to be a secret, you see. You didn't know that you were going to get it. Then Jerry would rise and read what she had written about you and not mention your name until the last. So everybody was surprised, only they usually weren't.

Swent: This was at the annual meeting--were you surprised?

Henshaw: Not entirely, no. But I was very thrilled and very pleased. But they generally have about two ladies a year, and then as ladies die out, we bring in a few more.

Swent: That's a beautiful tribute to all the work that you did. [see p. 120a]

Henshaw: It is, and did you get St. Paul in there? She always quoted St. Paul. Jerry said, "Even though I'm a Presbyterian, I admire St. Paul." I said, "That's good."

Swent: I don't think St. Paul's in there, but maybe underlying. But I think it's interesting that you did not ever have a national presidency.

Henshaw: No. I was first vice president for a couple of years, and then they wanted me to be president. Well, I lived in California, and the main office is in New York City. That is really quite a jaunt back and forth, because I couldn't leave the kids alone. Well, they were bigger then. By that time Sydney was living in New Jersey. I would go back and I'd stay a night with Sydney. Then I'd go over to the meeting, and then I would leave. That is really awfully tiring. I said, "You should have somebody who is there on the spot to do the job." So we got Nanette Hayes who lives in New York City.

At one point there was a great deal of fracas, and one reason they wanted me to do it--because I was supposed to be a soothing influence. Ha ha. There were a group of ladies, most of them from southern California, who were very jealous of these gals from New York, what they call the tri-county. These gals were hard workers; and they attended all the board meetings; they did all the yeomen's work; and they deserved every praise they got. But these women were very jealous because they were doing thus and so, and they were very disappointed in me that I didn't take the presidency. I said, "Look, use your head. These gals are there, they're conscientious, hard-working women, and they should have the job. I just cannot do it." But I was very honored to be asked.

Swent: Overseeing the scholarship program was one of their big jobs.

Henshaw: Oh, yes. The whole business was founded to get scholarships for young people in mining and engineering.

Swent: And they do.

Henshaw: And they still do.

Swent: A great deal of money.

Henshaw: Well, it might be interesting to note that Harry Conger, the chairman of the board of Homestake Mining Company, was one of our scholarship students. I said, "I looked in the record, Harry, and I see you paid immediately."

Swent: Yes. They've got a lot of distinguished people who were scholarship recipients. They also do educational programs in the schools, don't they?

Henshaw: Not that I know of, particularly.

Swent: Engineers for Tomorrow?

Henshaw: Oh, yes, Engineers for Tomorrow. That's right. That goes this way. Some of the time it's highly enthusiastically received, and some of the time they're not interested at all. At one point there was no call for engineers. You know, when the business began to go down, there was no call for engineers, and we sort of half discontinued it. It's going again now.

Swent: And there's a program to interest girls in engineering, isn't there?

Henshaw: Well, yes. There's a program to interest girls, and in scholarships. I don't think it's entirely engineering, although it's probably. I know we graduated some gal from Colorado School of Mines in geology not long ago. It was very interesting.

Swent: Would you like to say anything about your church work?

Henshaw: I went to church every Sunday. I'm an Episcopalian. The boys were acolytes. Sydney was away at Katherine Branson School, so she didn't. No, I didn't really do too much.

Swent: World Affairs Council was listed as one of your activities.

Henshaw: Well, I went to meetings.

Tuberculosis Association of Alameda County

Swent: Christmas Seals.

Henshaw: Christmas Seals. I was on what they now call the Lung Society. I was on the Tuberculosis Association of Alameda County for six years. And I ran the Christmas Seal program for two or three. I was one of two women. The other woman was a nurse. I had been nominated to the board by a friend of mine who worked with me at Alta Bates. She recommended it, and she told me that I better get on it. My father had had tuberculosis of the hip as a child; that was why I was interested, you see.

It was a very interesting group. They were mostly doctors. We had this one, Dr. Ross, who was a thoracic surgeon. He had a great sense of humor in a sort of backward way. At that point they

Henshaw: had just discovered, and the thing to have, as Alzheimer's is today, was emphysema. They were just discovering it. It had been around forever, but this was the mid '60s, and they were deciding that this emphysema, which is a ghastly disease--. Dr. Ross would bring these pictures. He had a small movie camera. He would bring these pictures because most of the doctors smoked like chimneys, as people did in those days. When he brought this one particular operation, "Oh," he said, "you're going to love it." It was ghastly. You watched all the people put out their cigarets during the conversation. But it was very interesting and very educational.

Then we ran the Christmas Seals, and we got the kids to do various things. The children were always enthused. They have a national tryout for the people that want to design for the Christmas Seals. Then somebody wins, and one year somebody from our group won. Little kids, you know. They got up as far as seniors in high school.

Swent: And you got the award from radio station KABL.

Henshaw: Oh, yes. But strangely, as things happened, neither I nor anybody else of my acquaintance heard the announcement, and it ran all this one particular day. Then they sent me the plaque with the cable car on it for woman of the day. So that was fun.

Who's Who

Swent: And you were in Who's Who.

Henshaw: Well, I was in Who's Who first. Paul and I had a kind of a competition about this. I was in Who's Who in American Women, and Who's Who in the West. But Paul passed me. He's in Who's Who, the real Who's Who. But I had always dreamed of being the great American playwright. I thought if I got in, I would be this great playwright and so forth. I am in as "Civic Worker," which is nice and solid. There I was.

Swent: Twenty-eight years in Alta Bates.

Henshaw: Yes. [laugh] Twenty-eight years, and they forgot about me. But Who's Who didn't.

Swent: Sydney and Guy are also in it.

Henshaw: Sydney and Guy are also in. Sydney's in Who's Who in Business. This was when she was working in New York. Guy is Who's Who in Finance.

Swent: Very distinguished group of people.

Henshaw: I say to young Paul, "And when are you getting in?" "Mom, somebody has to be different." [laughter]

Swent: I think we've really covered everything that I had on my list. We didn't talk about mentors or proteges, as the current saying goes.

Henshaw: Well, the mentor, of course, would be Don McLaughlin. He was the inspiration. Proteges, I don't know particularly: Jim Anderson, Dick Stoehr.

Swent: I thoroughly enjoyed interviewing you, Betty. It's really been a pleasure.

Henshaw: Well, I've enjoyed being interviewed. Really. Well, I hope I've told you enough. As I say, Guy and I have looked in the boxes, and we've looked in the drawers, and I hope we've given you enough idea of Paul's--

Swent: I think we have a good picture of him. Maybe we should just mention how Guy summed up Paul.

Henshaw: Paul died on August 12, 1986 of diabetes and complications. We wanted to give a memorial service at our church, which is St. Stephen's in Orinda. Guy asked if he could give a small speech. He had an older sister who did a lot of talking, but the older sister said, "I just couldn't do it. I'd break down crying. Guy, you do it." So he did it, and there wasn't a dry eye in the house. It was really a very lovely description of his father and his opinion, which I am unable to read without crying.

Swent: Don't read it if you'd rather not. He pointed out again his attention to detail.

Henshaw: [reading] "The scientist who took his scholarly bearing into the field of geology to work with teams of men to devise new methods of seeking ore bodies and exploiting them economically." I told him I didn't think exploiting was the word, but he wanted it, so he put it.

Swent: I think that's a technical term.

Henshaw: Guy did very well until he came to the part where Paul had always insisted that he learn to count by nines. You could correct your arithmetic by nines. When Guy got to that, he stopped, and gulped, and the congregation leaned forward, and then he went on and finished. It was very nice--it proved he was human. He is a banker, and sometimes you wonder if he is human. [laughs] But I was very proud of him.

Swent: I thought that was an interesting thing to single out.

Henshaw: And also the story of the fox. That perseverence was necessary. Of course, on one of the Henshaw coats of arms, the words are: "We persevere." So Pa always told the story, to Guy particularly because he had a little difficulty with Guy sometimes about his persevering. The fox ate the man's stomach, and the man didn't cry, and didn't do anything, and the fox ate the stomach. Well, it's one of the Aesop fables, one of the more charming types. But this made a big impression on Guy, and he persevered, and he's persevering still.

Swent: Perhaps that's a good note on which to end. Persevere.

Henshaw: Persevere. We persevere.

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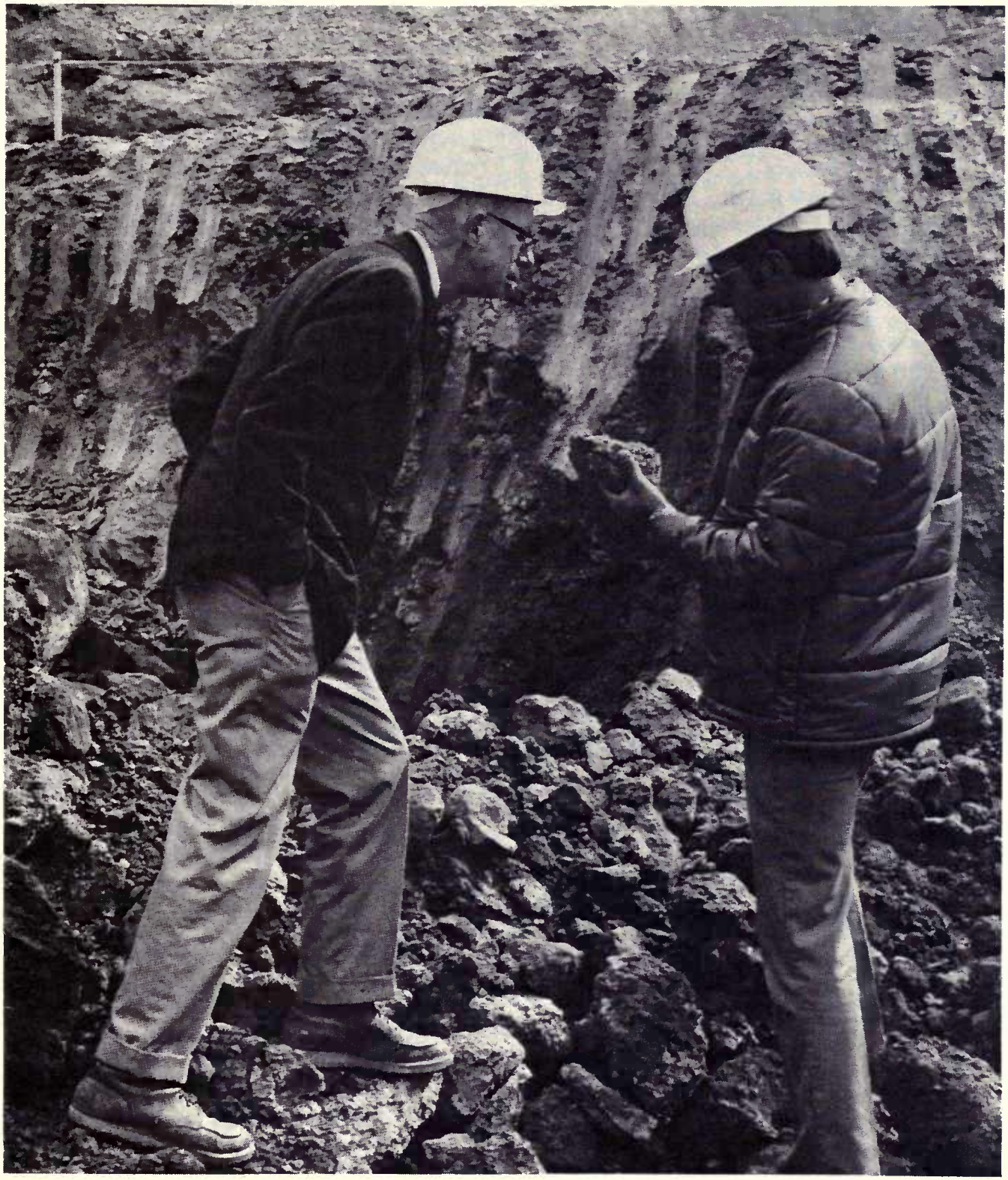

Homestake geologists Paul Henshaw (left) and Mersch Ward, 1981

TAPE GUIDE -- Helen Elizabeth Runals Henshaw

APPENDIX

APPENDIX I

Excerpts from my random descriptions of our life -: (Helen R. Henshaw)

(1)

Where We Lived (Pasadena - our 1st year)

1. 40 South Wilson

We were married while Paul was still in graduate school - a situation which was rather unusual in those days (1940s), when people waited until they had finished their education before launching forth on "the sea of matrimony." But we decided to start a little earlier.

Paul had one more year to finish his Ph.D. at Caltech. He received a small allowance from Granny; he was a Teaching Fellow in the Geology Dep't and a little later in the year he taught a class in Mineralogy at Night School (Adult Education). This class particularly delighted him as the students were mostly older men who were keenly interested in the subject and listened to their young and knowledgable instructor with real attention.

To help out our tiny salaries, I gave programs for Women's Clubs. I was the lowest paid entertainer

(2)

on Mae Norton's (agent) list. My programs were given from Pomona Junior College to San Diego, Covina and points east and west around Southern California. It wasn't a regular schedule. My honorerium (sp) was usually $25 to $50, but it all helped!

Where did we live?

Wilson Avenue was the west boundary of the Caltech campus. We wanted to find living quarters near enough to the school so Paul could walk to his office in the Geology Dep't.

After some searching, we finally found our "honeymoon home" It was just ½ a block south of Colorado Blvd (we walked to the Rose Parade that year) on Wilson. It was a downstairs apartment on the front of the building. It had a tiny living-room with a Murphy bed for guests; an infintesimal (sp) dining-room in which 3 could squeeze around the small table with the 4th person sitting mostly in the kitchen. The kitchen was small but adequate, with all the

necessary things (stove, icebox, sink)

Down at the end of a narrow hall was the bedroom with one wide window which opened onto a view of the driveway. But there was a lovely garden across the narrow cement strip of of driveway that gave a green and cheery view

The bathroom was next to the bedroom with tub, basin & john. It had tiny, white octagonal tiles on the floor. For the first time in my life I had to wash the bathroom floor on hands & knees. It was character-building, I guess! but those little tiles lived in my mind's eye for many years!

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Paul's graduation party - June 6, 1940 - followed the ceremony at Caltech at which Dr. Milliken intoned: "By the authority invested in <u>me</u>, I hereby bestow upon <u>you</u> the degree of Dr. of Philosophy." He then placed the gold & white hood of California Institute of Technology over Paul's head.

There were 15 people crowded into our little sala happily imbibing

(4)

one of the lesser California champagnes and drinking toasts to Paul Carrington Henshaw.

Dr. Chester Stock, Professor of Vertebrate Paleontology – a dear friend, was particularly intrigued with Paul's middle name. With each toast he murmured: "Paul Carrington Henshaw. Its a wonderful name."

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The Trip Up "the Hill" to La Oroya, Perú.

In due time we arrived in Oroya. Then came the final realization that we were foreigners in an alien land. We had begun to study Spanish on the boat trip down, but beyond "Please," "thank you," "cerveza" and a few elemental phrases, we were ignorant of the tongue of the Viceroys.

Immediately upon arrival (at Oroya) the train filled with young, eager "chuchis" who spoke a rapid mixture of Spanish & the Indian language of that part of the Andes – Quechua.

Paul went in search of Dr. Kelly

the American Dr. who was supposed to meet our train.

The little boys clustered around me - pointing, laughing, entreating. 2 of them started to pick up our bags. I looked around frantically. Not a "Gringo" in sight and all the Peruvians were rushing off the train, paying no attention to the poor Gringa in need. Deciding something must be done to curb the churchs enthusiasm until we knew where we were going, I thundered: "No! El Señor!"
This stopped them. They understood "No" - which fortunately means the same in Spanish.

Presently PCH returned with Dr. Kelly - a short, brisk, red-headed Irish type who immediately took charge of the situation.

"But they don't speak English," I faltered.

Dr. Kelly looked at me in surprise: "Why should they? In their country they speak Spanish — a Quechua!"

(That was the last time I ever made such a stupid, touristy statement!)

(6)

June 30, 1942
Sydney Parker Henshaw, our first child, arrived at the Clinica Anglo-Americana, San Isidro, Lima Perú at 5:30 P.M. She was a beautiful pink & white baby with alert blue eyes and a shining fuzz of gold-white hair. She was born with a "caul" over her head and the nurses, very excited, assured me this was great good luck for her and further that she would not meet her death by drowning!

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A year & ½ in USA - & PCH found that politics in lesser academia were as vicious & deadly as politics anywhere.

A call of Don-Don McLaughlin relieved Paul of his unhappy situation.
The Henshaw 4 (Suzy Rundle Henshaw, our only American-born, child had arrived at the Gutman Hospital in Moscow, Idaho Sept. 27, 1946.) set off for 6 years in Mexico!

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A day in Mazatlán + then we boarded an old but steady plane for Tayoltita, Durango in the Sierra Madre and the San Luis Mining Co. where Paul was to take over as Chief Geologist for the company.

In describing "the airport" of Tayoltita, Don-Dow had exagerated (sp) a little when he told me: "you will land on a shifting sandbar in the river."
However, the airfield was built on mine tailings from the mill. Our plane landed uphill amid steep mountains.

We arrived safely and were met by Larry Morel, manager of the mine, his wife, Evie and their 12 yr. old daughter, Joanie; + several other Gringos + Mexicans who came to see the new arrivals.

After proper introductions and greetings, we were loaded into a Cameón (truck & open back) and driven down the hill, through the Piyaxtla (sp.) River; through the colorful, little village over cobble-stone streets and up to the gates of "The Colony."
Then we got out: put Tony (3 mos.) in his walker; took Sydney's hand and walked

(8)

through the lovely, grassy "Big Garden" with mango trees + coconut palms shading the flower beds — to our new home.

Among the Mexicans who came to greet us was Senaro the Morel's man-of-all-jobs. Tall, thin, with deepest dark eyes in a face like an ancient prophet. Senaro doffed his big sombrero, shuffled his bare feet and greeted us with courtly dignity.

He was delighted with Baby Guy, sitting erect in his walker - wearing only a diaper in the heat. Senaro looked admiringly at the Baby: "¡Ay! What a wonderful back he has. He will be strong with that wonderful back!"

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Our new house - adobe with screen porch - consisted of a large living-room, a medium kitchen with cook-room and laundry sink; 2 bedrooms + 1 bath.

It was set in a garden of rose bushes, banana plants, papaya trees. Next to the front door hibiscus + jasmine across the front of the house which filled the air with perfume when evening came.

(9)

The house was furnished in mining-camp style; tables, chairs + beds. We would add our own special things when they arrived.

The house had not been lived in for several months and, although it had been cleaned and swept, I remember, that 1st night, awaking suddenly to feel a cockroach walking across my hand! A few solid dolls of DDT around all the doors soon took care of Las cucharachas. For all the 6 years we were there DDT was sprayed around all the doors at least 3 times a week. (P.S. It was legal then)

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Paul Carrington Henshaw, Jr's arrival - November 1, 1947. Tayaltita, Dgo. Mexico

Early on the morning of November 1, 1947, I felt the 1st indication that the Baby was arriving. PCH phoned Tomás (Dr.) + Jane Briggs, who was going to take Charge of Sydlet - Stay for several days - during and after the birth.

We had decided to have the Baby at home, as the tiny hospital at this time

(10)

was without kitchen or regular nurses. (You had to have food brought in + having your own nurse)

Tomás ordered a surrey sent up from the hospital which was to serve as the labor table.

The hospital orderly ran excitedly up the cobble-stoned street pushing the surrey before him and shouting to all the interested populace (those who were up at 5:30 A.M. + not yet at work)

"Ya viene el bebé de la Sra Heushaw!"

All our "girls" + Chano = Rosa, the ama; Petra, her cousin, the Cook; Isaya the little laundress + Chano. Rosa + Petra's cousin, the gardener were all eager + waiting!

Tomás arrived very much the Medico with an important task to do (This was the 1st White Baby born of white mother). He brought with him a young doctor from Mexico, D.F. (Mexican doctors "interned" in the provinces) but would not allow him to do anything. However, it was fortunate Eduardo was there, as he could hold PCH's hand — or

(11)

or at least be with him.

Jane Briggs arrived in a flurry of activity and whisked Sydney & Guy away to her cottage in the garden to play with Frances (her daughter - Guy's age)

I was taken into Guy's room, hoisted on the gurney and given some ether on a blob of cotton applied by Magdalena, Tomás' nurse. It didn't have much effect, or Magdalena was leery about giving me too much. However, the whole process was over in 1½ hours and Paul Carrington Henshaw, Jr. was born!

I was completely conscious and anxious to know what sex??

"¿Que es, Tomás?"

To which the proud MD answered positively: "¡Un barón por supuesto!" (A Boy of course!)

Immediately after his birth the Baby sneezed. "¡Ay, Tomás," I lamented, "el tiene un resfrio!" (He has a cold!)

This completely shattered the nervous Medico. He laughed hysterically in relief & exhaustion.

(10)

Poor Magdalena had her hands full - holding the Baby; calming the doctor & seeing I didn't fall off the gurney. She managed!

And so arrived "The Prince of Tayaltita" as Tomás called him. He was a dear, good Baby - welcomed happily by his sister & brother into the Family Henshaw.

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APPENDIX II

Tayoltita, Durango

March 15, 1953

Mr. Lawrence F. Morel, General Manager
San Luis Mining Company
Tayoltita, Durango, Mexico

Dear Mr. Morel:

Accompanying this letter is a report on the Geology and Ore Deposits of the San Dimas District, Sinaloa-Durango, Mexico.

The report has been written in two parts. Part I outlines the general geology; Part II gives brief descriptions of the veins and ore deposits of the district. Although objectivity has been the aim throughout, Part II obviously sticks closer to bare facts than does Part I.

Part II contains all of the more or less definite recommendations of the report. It was considered beyond the scope of this report to reduce these recommendations to exact figures in terms of coordinates, elevations, bearings and distances. This task must be tackled by the resident geologists and mining engineers. They alone should control the location and timing of exploration projects, suiting them to the exigencies of cost and convenience.

Like all such reports, Part I has been published prematurely. A very great deal of additional geologic work must be done in the district before various of the geologic conclusions can be said to have reached the desirable pitch of certainty. I willingly expose myself to the dangers of error and criticism. In the words of E. C. Darwin, "Progress in knowledge is more rapidly made by taking the chance of a certain number of errors, since both friends and enemies are only too pleased to exert their critical faculties in pointing out the errors; so they are soon corrected, and little harm is done."

Respectfully submitted,

Paul C. Henshaw

PAUL C. HENSHAW.

PCH:bd

APPENDIX III

HOMESTAKE MINING COMPANY

100 BUSH STREET

SAN FRANCISCO 4, CALIFORNIA

January 4, 1960

Mr. Donald H. McLaughlin, President
Homestake Mining Company
100 Bush Street
San Francisco 4, California

Dear Don:

Accompanying this letter is a report on Exploration. In the report I have included some of my philosophy and thoughts about exploration in general and Homestake's problem in particular. I note rather sadly that I have no new approaches to offer, no brilliant thoughts, no infallible theories. I do believe that the ideas here summarized, though often expressed before, like a creed bear repetition because they are basically sound.

We must attack our problem with courage, conviction and imagination. Only thus can the rigorous task of fact gathering accompanied by intensive concentration on all phases of each project be conducted in the best possible climate for ultimate geologic-economic success.

Yours sincerely,

Paul C. Henshaw

Paul C. Henshaw
Chief Geolcgist

PCH/jb

E X P L O R A T I O N

A PROGRAM FOR HOMESTAKE

By

Paul C. Henshaw

January 3, 1961

EXPLORATION

EXPLORATION

Policy and Practice

Introduction. Acquisition of ore reserves is vital to a mining company for several reasons. First, a mining company's basic assets are being constantly depleted. Secondly, in order to protect the buying power of the stockholders' investment, the company must grow at least as fast as the dollar depreciates. Further, in Homestake's case, there is a possibility of its assets being wiped out, not by normal depletion, but by inflation alone.

Exploration and discovery are not the only approach to acquisition of ore reserves. Reserves can be purchased directly or through stock interest. Reserves can also be made by new or cheaper techniques in all phases of operations. Reserves can be created by higher product prices, by development of a new market, or by recognition of a future market. The scope of action, then, is broad.

An operating mining company faces two very different exploration problems: 1) exploration within the going mines, and 2) exploration for new mines. Few companies fail to explore their own operating properties. Indeed the problem is often one of restraint, of reducing exploration costs to a minimum per unit of product. Exploration for new mines, on the other hand, is often shirked or stinted. Eloquent testimony to this fact is the very high mortality among mining companies -- approximately 95%.

The most common causes of failure in outside exploration are all too human, completely shortsighted, and very unbusinesslike. Complete inaction results from the feeling that there is no urgency in

prosperity; in adversity, no willingness to sacrifice. Even where action is taken, it often fails because sights are set too high, attempts are made to duplicate the original mine, substitutes of a different or less favorable kind seem unacceptable.

The first step toward success lies in acceptance of the fact that exploration expenditures for a mining company are just as vital as a manufacturer's costs for research and development. Homestake has recognized the problem and resolved on a course of vigorous action in the mineral field.

Homestake Policy. Appended to these notes is an expression of Homestake's policy with respect to employment of its surplus funds. This policy indicates that Homestake's major efforts will be devoted to the field of mineral raw materials. It recognizes that reserves of mineral raw materials can be obtained 1) by exploration and development, 2) by purchase, merger or other negotiation with owners, or 3) by stock ownership in other companies.

Present projections suggest that by 1966 the company should have developed new sources of income in addition to and other than the Homestake Mine at Lead, plus the various uranium ventures. Accordingly, time is short. The desired results can be obtained only through an intensive and highly selective program. In order to spread the risk, it is recommended that vigorous efforts be devoted to all three of the above mentioned possible approaches to investment in mineral reserves. However, it must be recognized that acquisition of reserves through purchase or stock ownership are short range approaches to the problem. The lifeblood of the mineral industry is the discovery and exploitation of new reserves.

- 3 -

Implementation. A successful program requires complete backing from the chief executive officers, aggresive exploration policy, and harmonious teamwork between financial, legal, operating and exploration departments. As the exploration program gains momentum, the need for assistance and advice from operating experts, legal counsel, and financial analysts will increase, probably to the point where the full time help of three men will be necessary, one in each of these three fields. At all times the initiative and drive behind the program must come from the exploration department. The policies, objectives and initial recommendations of the exploration department are outlined below.

Exploration Policy. We are all familiar with the prime rule of exploration: "The unforgivable sin is missing a great opportunity to find or acquire an important orebody." Fundamentally, exploration is the testing of geologic opportunities. Though many areas of opportunity may be brought to light by library search and office analysis, still more are found by exploring and knowing the field. In any case, the primary test is field examination. Our principal activities must be field-centered and field-directed.

High grade risks are exceedingly rare. The exploration department must have full authorization and even actual instructions to avoid seeking exclusively high grade risks. Efforts should be concentrated on medium grade risks in which the chances of success are admittedly somewhat lower, but which as a class are far more numerous. It is the obligation of the exploration department to come up with a steady stream of such risks. From the roster of risks, the exploration department must further test the very best prospects selected on

the basis of available evidence, past experience and personal judgment. The spread of activities over a number of ventures to be planned and carried out each year acts as compensation for the somewhat lower grade of these risks.

It has been said that a successful mine depends upon a whole chain of favorable conditions, and if a single link is too weak, the strength of the other links is immaterial. The problem is to recognize the point of weakness or doubt in each of the recommended prospects or proposals. Then a series of decisive tests, each test proving or disproving a geologic hypothesis in a different prospect is more likely to find ore than a long, drawn-out blind search for ore on a single property, even one which seemed at first to offer more encouragement than any of the long shot bets.

Selection of Risks. An old saw among exploration geologists has it that to find elephants, you must hunt in elephant country. This is still good advice, though years of aggressive hunting seem to have thinned and scattered the herds. Accordingly, a major exploration effort should be placed on systematic canvassing of mineralized areas or mining districts in the expectation of encountering and recognizing good possibilities which have been overlooked. In each case the development of a theory of ore genesis based on field and laboratory facts is of fundamental value in exploration. Within the favorable area no amount of reasoning that ore ought to occur at a given kind of intersection will take the place of the fact that in that district it habitually does so.

This is neither the time nor the place to report in detail on the general geologic principles which have been found effective in

exploration. They include hundreds of specific and often peculiarly characteristic observations, both favorable and unfavorable in the following general fields:

physiography: ridges, benches, depressions
mineralogy: ore, gangue, alteration, oxidation, leaching, enrichment, zoning
metallogenetic provinces and epochs: commodity distribution and production data
stratigraphy and lithology: chemical, physical, metamorphism
contacts: igneous, sedimentary
folds: domes, anticlines, synclines
fracture patterns: faults, diatremes
dislocated orebodies
vertical persistence: ore depth, ore tops, ore bottoms.

Though geology is basic and unchanging, geology alone is not the only basis for selection. Changes in the world's political and mineral economy are continually altering the values of mineral deposits. Fundamental factors to be examined in the present and projected into the future include political climate, judicial system, title, tax policy, exchange restrictions, availability of supplies, and labor outlook on the purely political side, along with markets, transportation, new processes, and new uses on the economic and technical side. Fidelismo casts a shadow over some Latin American opportunities. The curtain between Japan and mainland Asia has made Japan look to the Pacific Basin for raw materials. The rapid growth of California's population has fostered vast expansion in local cement production, the rise of a steel industry and now a move towards asbestos development.

Using geologic and economic data as a frame of reference, large areas must be studied for the purpose of classification and selection of ground for prospecting. On almost any scale, classification should reach the following conclusions:

1) ground in which there are known orebodies or promising indications,

2) ground on which favorable geological conditions are known to exist,

3) ground on which no favorable conditions are known to exist, and

4) ground on which favorable conditions are believed to be absent.

Note that the fourth class is not expressed as an absolute negative. Negative theories in general are far more dangerous than positive ones. Our classification of risks shall be based on relative favorability.

As a matter of policy, we shall suppress the amount of examination of mining properties which are submitted by owner or others unless they lie in an area already determined to be of interest to us. Such properties are usually hawked about, examined by many, and at best are of uncertain or dubious merit. Only the occasional rare bird of this class is worth looking at. Most are futile.

Testing of Risks. For each of the risks carefully selected for further work, the first requirement is to state the evidence which is being sought whether it be encouragement or weakest link. The test proposed should show a favorable balance between probability of conclusive results, speed of the test, cost of the test, and value of the prize.

Techniques employed in testing of risks range from those which are rather broad to those which are almost pinpoint in character. Each is appropriate in its place. It would require a monumental work to analyze the effectiveness of the applicable techniques under different conditions. The basic technique of course is mapping. The key is three dimensional correlation of the various data which are mapped.

The end result may provide a view of the prize itself or may merely further refine and restrict the target area. Among the techniques employed are the following:

geologic mapping: photogeology, ground reconnaissance, detailed geology
sampling: surface, pits, trenches
geochemistry: hydrogeochemistry, lithogeochemistry, biogeochemistry
geophysics: magnetic, electromagnetic, and radiometric by air or on the ground including AFMAG, Proton Free Precession Magnetometer and Alkali-vapor Magnetometer; selfpotential, applied potential, induced potential, gravitational, seismological
laboratory: microscopic, infrared absorption, x-ray diffraction, differential thermal analysis
drilling: wagon, churn, diamond
underground exploration: shaft, adit, drift, crosscut, raise, winze.

Drop immediately each prospect or project in which further evidence is not encouraging or exploration fails to live up to expectations. "Teasers" must be dropped as soon as possible. They incur more expense than was contemplated or justified. Their chances of success are accordingly diminished.

Where encouragement is found in the form of additional evidence, budget further work to look for still further evidence. Then follows progressive elimination of the risk using the concept of amortization tonnage and continually balancing the odds against the expenditures. This is essentially a system of selective sorting by testing. The poorer risks are eliminated at an early stage. The better risks are left for further investigation.

Exploration Budget. Exploration work can be divided into two categories: 1) staff, travel and research in library, field and laboratory, and 2) actual new work done by trenching, drilling or underground development. The first of these is an imperative prerequisite. The second

should be compulsory, for without it, the end result is inaction.

If we assume that one prospect in ten has a chance of success, we will want to come up with at least five worthwhile prospects per year. It is not unreasonable to expect that an active and imaginative field man could examine many, submit several and actually produce one prospect per year for a total finding cost of $25,000 per prospect accepted.

It is contemplated that actual work will be done on each of the best five prospects submitted per year. This work might well average $75,000 per prospect, more for some, less for others. Out of every ten propsects tested, at least one will be found on which still further work is justified, totaling say $250,000 to prove worthwhile discovery.

Such a program operating as outlined would cost $625,000 per year. Chances of making any important discoveries for less than that seem doubtful. Costs of negotiations, work commitments, or still larger projects would increase these costs substantially. These steps, however, are usually involved with later steps in which the risk is less. If it should seem advisable, the later and lower risk costs on any large projects could be cut by seeking the aid of joint venturers.

Exploration effort must be sustained and not intermittent. The annual expenditure must be one which the organization can support. On the basis of Homestake's earnings over the past five years, an exploration budget of $400,000 per year would not have represented any unreasonable "plowback" into the business. In view of our somewhat urgent current needs, the figure of $625,000 does not appear to be out of line.

Because little actual testing would get under way in 1961, costs for this year will not amount to more than $300,000 and even those will fall most heavily in the latter half of the year. 1962 should see the program in full operation.

Exploration Personnel. In our exploration program, attitudes will be more important than techniques; people more important than rocks. The essence of exploration is knowledge, plus new ideas. People are the crucibles of knowledge and the catalysts of new ideas.

Exploration personnel should be drawn from the ranks of mining geologists already matured and seasoned. They must be qualified broadly by education, as well as by experience. The geologist of broad experience and sound theoretical grounding develops a feeling for the distinction between those features which apply to whole classes of ore deposits and those which are purely local. He avoids making serious blunders in an unfamiliar district because he knows which of his accustomed rules he may safely use and which he will do well to forget. Interpretation of the facts and expression of the conclusions in terms capable of direct use require inventiveness, judgment, and appreciation of operating requirements in addition to scientific understanding. To carry out this exacting work, we must shun not only the timid, but also the too stubborn diehard. Above all, we must put a high premium on imagination!

A staff of five men should be large enough to give us a reasonable geographical spread and at the same time generate a wide variety of ideas. Although grouping these men in a single office would reap the advantage of interchange of ideas, this is outweighed by the broader coverage and more varied contacts which would accrue to a

spread of one-man offices. Such an organization would be a network, not only sensory and informative, but creative as well. At the start it is recommended that two of the five men work out of San Francisco and the other three maintain offices in centers convenient to other areas of interest to us. Throughout the program close liaison should be maintained with the great exploratory and financial centers in New York, as well as with the research both national and international on file and underway in Washington.

PROGRAM

Uranium. A complete survey of the existing domestic uranium industry is very much in order. The purpose of the survey is to assess the relative competitive position of Homestake's uranium interests in the post-1966 period. For all major competitors, costs of mining and milling should be determined as of now and projected into the post-1966 period. An effort should be made to ascertain competitors' reserves remaining after December 31, 1966. It is believed that this project could be completed in three months by one man who is well versed in all aspects of uranium mining and milling.

At the same time, a complete study should be made of the relative positions of Homestake and of Sabre-Pinon. In brief, Homestake-Sapin Partners will receive a net profit of $24,000,000 between now and December 31, 1966. Of this net profit, $18,000,000 will go to Sabre-Pinon, and $6,000,000 to Homestake. Currently Sabre-Pinon has outstanding 2,156,939 shares of stock worth about $6.50 per share. Homestake has outstanding 2,009,280 shares at a present market value of $46.50 per share. Merger by exchange of shares at

market value would cost Homestake about 310,000 shares. Thus at Homestake's current dividend rate, for approximately $620,000 per year Homestake would pick up a net profit totaling $18,000,000.

Though no recent figures are available, in 1956 Sabre-Pinon had 7,900 stockholders. At that time one individual, Mahlon Kemmerer, and several brokerage houses had holdings listed at about 90,000 shares each. It is assumed that the brokerage houses were holding stock in street name for many different individuals. If Kemmerer still holds his 90,000 shares, he would receive 12,580 shares of Homestake. Even though this is not enough to warrant representation on the Homestake Board, perhaps one of the considerations for merger would be representation. This problem, along with other inconveniences, plus merger costs, might be enough to kill the deal. However, before discarding the idea, a rather thorough financial and legal analysis does seem to be justified. Note that both Utah Construction and Kerr-McGee seem to have found mergers to be the happiest solution to their uranium positions.

Gold. In spite of the tremendous recent interest in gold, it is possible that there may still be some bargains available. The best opportunity outside of South Africa would almost certainly be found in eastern Canada. If there is a strong conviction that the price of gold must go up, surely there are some Canadian mines with large reserves or potential reserves of currently marginal or submarginal ores which would be worth our consideration. Of course account must be taken of Canada's [illegible]ent tax jump from 5% to 15% on dividends transferred from Canadian [illegible]sidiaries to United States Parent corporations. For a study of this problem, it is recommended that we employ a man experienced

and knowledgeable in the mines and geology of Eastern Canada. He would establish an office in Toronto and carry out his studies on the spot.

Other gold plays which merit attention include the many placers which are available, but not yet worked. These are scattered all the way from Alaska and the Yukon down through Central America and South America as far as Bolivia. The advantages of placer gold include relative ease of testing, and cheapness of development. A program in this field could be considered as an alternative to the study of hard rock gold mines in Eastern Canada.

Of course, Homestake already has a very heavy position in the gold industry. It may be possible to turn this position to advantage at the risk of loss of only a relatively small amount of interest. The opportunity revolves around the timing of the almost inevitable rise in dollar value of gold. The opportunity can be taken simply by holding progressively increasing amounts of our working capital in the form of gold amalgam. The attitude of the U. S. Treasury is expressed in a statement dated March 18, 1955 and in a letter dated December 6, 1960, copies of which are appended to this report. The risk of theft can be guarded against. The risk of devaluation of gold by some act such as abandonment of gold as a medium of international exchange is considered negligible.

Nevada. A program directed principally toward precious metal discovery in Nevada is currently underway. The geologic principles and techniques where applicable are being employed as outlined above. It was through this program that our interest in Monte Cristo was aroused. Three other areas appear to have some promise. However, not enough work

has yet been done on them to bring them to the point where testing may be recommended.

I urge that this program be pushed hard enough to generate at least one attractive area for testing per year.

California. In view of this State's tremendous growth potential, a study of the resources and demand for industrial rocks and minerals seems to be in order. It is proposed that this effort should seek a possible annual return to Homestake of at least $400,000 before taxes. This requirement will probably eliminate all low bulk or low dollar volume industries.

A sketchy preliminary look suggests that there may yet be room for small cement plants catering to local markets. Of course they would face severe competition from the giants of the industry. Lime and other limestone products should be investigated.

Sand, gravel and crushed stone offer possibilities for the farsighted entrepreneur who is willing to play for position in the long run. Glass sands are available, but are used only for containers so far. Many of them could be beneficiated to window and plate glass grade, though no one has yet attempted to establish a plant of this type on the coast.

Clay for brick, pipe and tile is needed in great volume. With proper beneficiation, clay can be obtained in the process of cleaning and preparing sand for special uses. Reserves of specialty clays such as bentonite, kaolinite and high-alumina varieties are inadequate.

Expansible shale, pumice, perlite, cinders and slag are much in demand for light weight aggregate. The field appears to be wide

open for any deposits within reasonable shipping distance of the major population centers.

Among other rocks and minerals in demand are gypsum and barite. Pyrite is of great value as a source of sulphur for the chemical industry. Boron and the several salines are increasingly sought. Shortest in supply and greatest in demand are asbestos, abrasives, titanium minerals and zircon.

Assessment of resources of the more bulky and cheaper raw materials must be on a local basis. The industrial minerals of intermediate volume and dollar value have less geographical dependence and can be assessed for all of the eleven western states as a region.

With such variety and complexity, it appears advisable first to investigate the entire field from the point of view of current demand, future growth, and possible return on investment. It is recommended that Stanford Research Institute be commissioned to carry out this investigation and projection for us. Their proposed plan and estimated cost of study will be submitted in a separate letter.

For anyone interested in West Coast statistics on growth, resources and consumption, Stanford Research Institute provides two information services which would be very useful to the beginner:

Chemical Economics Handbook
New subscription $750
Renewal $325/year

Western Resources Handbook
New subscription (4 volumes)
including service for 12 months $100
Renewal $40/year

In addition to help which can be gained from SRI, both the State Division of Mines and the USGS have a tremendous amount of information as well as expert personnel in most of the fields which

could be of interest to us.

I strongly recommend that Homestake enter the industrial minerals field. Though California offers most promising prospects, we would do well to consider similar ventures in the Black Hills area where we could use both our staff and our good name to great advantage.

South Dakota. In the interests of expanding Homestake's geological knowledge of the northern Black Hills, an aeromagnetic survey has been proposed. It would cover only the exposed and near surface Pre-Cambrian in that part of the hills which lies north of the granite, an area of approximately 760 square miles.

HuntingGeophysical Services has offered to do the job with Varian proton-precession magnetometer, radio altimeter, and 35 mm tracking camera, all synchronized and recorded on the appropriate ancillary equipment. They suggest flight spacing 1/4 mile, flight direction E-W, ground clearance 400 feet, scale of total magnetic intensity maps 1:31,680, magnetic contour interval 20 gammas. This would calculate to 3100 survey miles plus 100 controlled miles for a total of 3200 line miles. Charges would be $7 per line miles plus $1,000 for mobilization or a total of $23,400. In addition, Hunting offers qualitative and quantitative geologic interpretation for approximately 15 to 20 percent additional. We would not request interpretation unless it appeared warranted. I recommend that we engage Hunting to run this survey.

Geothermal Resources. Homestake has made an extensive study of geothermal activity in the western states and of the use of geothermal steam for power. Chances of steam discovery appear excellent. Never-

theless, it would take several years of experience with the productivity and behavior of a steam field before a power plant could be installed. Hence, in the absence of any promise of early returns on drilling money, it appears advisable for Homestake to refrain from actual drilling for the time being.

Under a type of lease which has been found acceptable to land owners, ground can be held for about a dollar per acre per year. It is recommended that Homestake select four or five of the most promising areas available and attempt to obtain inexpensive leases which can be held for at least five and preferably ten years without drilling.

Pacific Basin. Rapid industrial growth around the borders of the Pacific Ocean has sharpened the demand for natural resources in that area. Those basic industrial commodities which commonly occur in widespread flat-lying shallow deposits appear to offer the best chance of quick response to exploration. It has been suggested that primary emphasis be placed upon the search for iron, nickel, bauxite and phosphorites.

For the time being at least, it seems desirable to stay out of Indonesia, the Asiatic mainland including Southeast Asia, the Philippines and Mexico. Stanford Research Institute would be interested in undertaking a library study of these resources for us if we will commission them to make interpretive environmental and economic studies as well. They plan to submit a brief proposal to us. I doubt if they have much to offer us, for in this field their experience like ours is essentially nil.

Sea Floor Deposits. The International Geophysical Year in 1957 saw the start of extensive investigation and sampling of sea floor deposits by dredging and by photography. The literature places much emphasis upon the vast reserves of metal in manganese nodules which are abundant in the ocean deeps. Because of the difficulty and expense of deep dredging, these are still far from economic.

Phosphorite, on the other hand, has been found abundantly, generally near the shore in shallow water, sometimes less than 300 feet deep. This material is almost certainly destined for commercial exploitation. In-shore mining offers several advantages over the deep sea variety. Equipment need not be very large, complex or expensive. It might be possible to get state or federal leases on favorable areas within territorial waters. However, the legal problems may be more difficult to overcome than the technical. It is recommended that inquiries be made as to the possibility of obtaining off shore leases of a wide area prospecting type.

Geophysical Prospects. Certain areas of the United States are ideally suited for exploration by the use of one or more varieties of geophysical methods. The target may be either an actual orebody or merely a favorable geologic environment. Examples of the first class include magnetites or massive sulfides in the eastern states running from northern New York down through the Piedmont to Alabama. The buried Pre-Cambrian hills of Missouri exemplify the second class. In both regions extensive geophysical surveys have already been carried out. Preliminary study of the available maps should indicate specific areas which warrant further geophysical work to obtain greater coverage or more sensitive results.

Best recent successes by these methods appear to have been made in the Missouri lead-belt, where reef deposits rim the buried hills. It is recommended that Homestake enter this area with a continuing campaign of study and exploration.

Recommendations. Action is urged along the following lines:

1. Study the U. S. uranium industry and Homestake's competitive position therein. This will take one man three months. It is suggested that R. J. Stoehr is well qualified to make this investigation.
2. Study the possibility of absorption of Sabre-Pinon by merger. The approach should be made by an outside neutral party.
3. Seek investment and prospecting opportunities in mining properties of eastern Canada. It has been suggested that we try to employ Stanley Holmes to carry out this project on a continuing basis. He will almost certainly need some assistance in the field of corporate analysis and finance.
4. Seek prospect opportunities primarily in precious metals in the State of Nevada. This is already underway and can be continued by A. B. Parker working out of Reno.
5. Seek opportunities in the field of industrial minerals in the western states, especially California. Employ SRI to make a preliminary survey and economic analysis in order to determine the most favorable products and the most favorable areas in which to concentrate our efforts.

   Though the first work in this field will be geological and engineering in character, eventually it will be a problem in business organization and selling. Personnel should be picked accordingly.

6. Commission Hunting Geophysical to run an aeromagnetic survey over the northern Black Hills. Follow up should be conducted by Gordon Mathisrud of the Lead Geology Department.

7. Extend geothermal studies into southern Idaho. Then select four or five of the most promising areas and attempt to obtain inexpensive long term leases to hold for possible future development. Parker could complete this study and make his recommendations after three weeks of further work. Land ownership and preliminary negotiations for leases could be made by a legal assistant, perhaps someone from the office of Brobeck, Phleger & Harrison.

8. Commence to cover the Pacific Basin area in a vigorous search for iron, nickel, bauxite and phosphorites. We should conduct our own preliminary study not only by library search, but also by reviewing unpublished material on file in Washington. For this work we will need the best qualified and most experienced exploration geologist we can get.

9. Explore for lead ore deposits in Missouri by extending geophysical studies and drilling programs to new areas. This will require a new man of the highest calibre, preferably one already experienced in this particular field.

10. Further suggestions for personnel to carry out the program will be made after decisions have been reached, which will define more precisely those elements and areas which are to be included in our immediate exploration effort.

Respectfully submitted,

Paul C. Henshaw

January 3, 1960
San Francisco, California

INDEX -- Helen R. Henshaw

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