

Chapter 2

1902

Abstract Family tragedy and the lingering symptoms caused by William Humason's bout with typhoid, lead the Humason family to move west to Los Angeles where they meet Laura Humason's sister, Alice, and her husband, Henry Witmer. United in an effort to overcome their misfortune the families begin to build on the future Henry Witmer and his brother's had begun decades before.

On April 22, 1899, Laura Humason received a telegram from Los Angeles. Her brother-in-law, Henry Witmer, had sent the message to tell her that her sister, Alice, had given birth to a boy. Joseph Petterson Witmer was born on April 21, 1899, in Los Angeles, California, the first and only child of Henry and Alice Witmer. With William just home from a Chicago hospital, the comforting news of her sister's successful birth came as further proof that the family's fortunes were rising again.

For years, Laura had been reading letters from Alice telling her about a man she had met and their ongoing courtship. Alice Petterson had met Henry Clayton Witmer in 1894 while on holiday in Lake Tahoe. Witmer, a well-known banker and real estate developer in Los Angeles had come to the country for some hiking and fishing. Fourteen years her senior, the older man was quite taken with Alice's charm and beauty and the two began a sometimes stormy, four-year courtship shortly after, mostly by mail. Henry had filled his letters with bits of information about his various business interests in banking, real estate and oil. He often sent oranges from his orchard with little notes hinting at his intentions. Alice turned him down twice before she finally agreed to marry Henry, but at last he persuaded her in the early part of 1897.

H.C. Witmer and his younger brother, Joseph, had made a name for themselves from the moment they set foot in Los Angeles. The two had established the Witmer Brothers Company in their childhood home of Monroe, Wisconsin, in 1882 and founded the Citizen's Bank of Monroe in 1883. In 1884, the Witmers arrived in Los Angeles with their sisters and their widowed mother. The oldest of the Witmer children, Mary, was married to a Civil War veteran named Sam Lewis, who joined Henry and Joe in operating the family business. Seizing on the opportunity to provide transportation to the wealthy residents living in the hills east of the city, Witmer Brothers created the first cable car service in the city in 1885. The cable cars sat on thin rails and were pulled along by a cable buried in the street. The driver

controlled the movement by operating a brake that grabbed or let go of the cable to move or stop the car. Another brake was used to hold the car in place when it was stopped on a hill.

The cable car was a big success, and the brothers made sure the line ran near their home, regularly using it to commute to and from town. Riding this success the Witmer Brothers Company opened the California Bank in 1887. The bank operated successfully until 1903 when the Witmers merged it with another local bank, changing the name to the American National Bank. Witmer Brothers also cashed in on the land boom that was peaking during this period, purchasing some 650 acres of land in the Crown Hill area, which offered a beautifully picturesque view of the city. They created the Los Angeles Improvement Company to manage their real estate and oil (discovered on their land in 1892) interests and built spacious homes in Crown Hill for their families. Henry Witmer's home stood at 1422 West Third Street, while Joseph built his home next door. Sam and Mary Lewis lived across the street at 1425 West Third Street.

They also bought land in Lordsburg (La Verne), where they built a citrus farm with stables and a large orchard. The orange groves provided plenty of income and the farm offered a home away from home for the family with plenty of hiking, fishing, horseback riding and picnicking. The family named the farm "Aljoletto" after the Witmer women: Agnes Lewis, Josephine (Mrs. Joseph Witmer), Letha (Lewis, daughter of Sam and Agnes Lewis) and Torrie (Anna Victoria Witmer), but Henry was fond of saying that the name meant "nothing better."

By the time he met the beautiful 24-year-old Alice Petterson, Clate, as he was called by family and friends, was one of the best known men in Los Angeles. He had an infectious personality that, combined with his driving ambition, made him a formidable figure among local businessmen.

In the fall of 1897, with the wedding just months away, Joseph Myer Witmer died suddenly of heart failure at the age of 39. The shock of the loss was almost unbearable for Clate, who had not only lost his brother but his best friend and business partner. The younger Witmer brother left behind his wife, Josephine Witmer, and three children, Mary, William and David. Inconsolable, Josephine left the city with the children and returned to her family in Massachusetts. After the tragedy Clate had thrown himself into the family business. In an attempt to cover his late brother's duties to the firm, he enlisted the services of his brother-in-law, Sam Lewis, asking his aging partner to help take on some of the added burden. In January of 1898 the situation worsened when Sam Lewis also died suddenly of heart failure. The war veteran, father and husband was 56 years old and thought to be in perfect health. In the space of six months the Witmer's had lost two heads of household and left Henry Witmer without his two most trusted business partners. Reeling from the loss Henry sold his brother's home, while his sister, Mary Agnes Witmer, her daughter, Letha, and son, Ralph, stayed on in their family home on West Third. Anna Victoria, who had never married and was well-schooled, helped out filling in as office manager while keeping the books.

By June life had finally settled down again. So, in a bittersweet ceremony that was shadowed by the tragedies of the past year, Henry and Alice had married in a

private ceremony. It hadn't taken them long to get started on having a family either. Milton likely met the joy and mystery of his mother's stories about his aunt out west with the kind of unobtrusive apathy that only a 9-year-old boy with fishing on his mind could produce. There might, in fact, be life elsewhere, but who cared? For Laura Humason and her sister, Alice Petterson Witmer, sharing in the births of their newborn daughter and son was the best way for the sisters to begin the new century.

In the election of 1900 William McKinley was swept into his second term as president by the largest margin in history. Riding a wave of public adoration for ending the recent depression McKinley had continued the open-door policy that had helped make him popular among Republicans and Democrats alike. The mild-mannered and self-effacing McKinley had chosen Theodore Roosevelt to be his new vice president, a man who had public adoration mounted on the wall in his trophy room. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the war with Spain, Roosevelt had acted rashly and had to be checked as McKinley maneuvered U.S. forces and curried public support for an attack on the Spanish military. Nevertheless, the young adventurer had garnered attention when his band of South Dakota ranchers, Indians and New York City policemen, known as the Rough Riders, rode to victory in the Battle of San Juan Hill in Cuba. Small of frame but large of stature, Roosevelt defied the social norms of his time. He was a devout family man and could often be found roughhousing with his children instead of concentrating on work.

McKinley was sworn into his second term on March 4, 1901, outside the Capital building. Although he was lauded for his efforts in getting the U.S. economy running again, he had suffered greatly in the public eye for his handling of foreign affairs. Just as McKinley had determined to keep troops in the Philippines after the war an anti-imperialism movement took hold across the country. The leader of the movement was the 65-year-old steel magnate, Andrew Carnegie. Although he was a lifelong rabid Republican, Carnegie had always been against the country's involvement in foreign wars, and his otherwise good feeling about McKinley was shaken when the latter decided to annex the tiny island nation in the South Pacific. When faced with a choice between McKinley and William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic candidate who had staked his election on the importance of coining silver instead of relying solely on gold, Carnegie decided to stay with the Republican ticket.

Andrew Carnegie had been born in Dunfermline, Scotland, in 1835, and moved to America with his family in the 1840s, where he subsequently made a small fortune during the Civil War from speculations in oil, iron and rail. A shrewd and ruthless businessman, Carnegie's central philosophy was, "Put all your eggs in one basket and then watch the basket," which he did to an almost unparalleled degree. Throughout the latter half of the nineteenth century, Carnegie had built up his steel manufacturing plants to be the biggest and most efficient in the world.

In March of 1901, a consortium of the top business leaders led by J.P. Morgan offered Carnegie the sale of his Carnegie Steel Works for the price of \$480 million.

After briefly considering the deal, Carnegie accepted it, which made him one the richest men in the world, behind only John D. Rockefeller. Suddenly flush with capital Carnegie was faced with a new challenge, one that he had been cultivating for more than half his life. In Carnegie's view, a man should spend the first third of his life getting as much education he could, the second third making as much money as he could, and the third giving as much of his money back to the community as he could. He had summed up his thoughts on the subject in his 1889 publication *The Gospel of Wealth*, which had become a popular read for anyone seeking his fortune in the business world.

In keeping with his commitment to redistribute his wealth to the community as responsibly as possible, Carnegie was planning an institution in his name to aid in the development of the most gifted and talented people the country had to offer. He was in the midst of planning for his new organization when President William McKinley was shot, twice in the chest, by an anarchist named Leon Czolgosz while receiving guests in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo on September 6. One of the bullets lodged in McKinley's stomach, and the president died eight days later from septicemia. A disgruntled Ohio steel worker, Czolgosz would later say he killed McKinley because he was, "the enemy of the good people—the good working people." He said this as he was being strapped to the electric chair.

On September 14, with the country mourning the loss of their greatest leader since Abraham Lincoln, Vice President Theodore Roosevelt was sworn in as the new head of government and the Republican party. About McKinley's assassin Roosevelt would simply say, "When compared with the suppression of anarchy, every other question sinks into insignificance." Long a temperate man with a long streak of philosophical reserve, Carnegie viewed the young president as a "dangerous man," and feared Roosevelt might be too rash a thinker to continue in the footsteps of his predecessor. Little did he know the new president would eventually reign as one of the great presidents in U.S. history.

At this time Carnegie was putting the finishing touches on his new philanthropic organization, The Carnegie Institution of Washington, and it was his desire to give the government the sum of \$10 million in gold bonds to establish it as a national trust. Seeking to avoid public fallout for accepting such an overwhelmingly large sum from a man that so much of the public regarded as a robber baron, Roosevelt politely turned down Carnegie's offer, but accepted his proposal to join the institution as one of its board of trustees.

Understanding and accepting the president's wishes, Carnegie quietly finalized and incorporated The Carnegie Institution on January 4, 1902, with an endowment of \$10 million. The first meeting of the nascent institution's prestigious board of trustees, which included President Theodore Roosevelt, was held January 29, 1902.

Laura Humason was thinking her family needed a lift. Faced with another rough Minnesota winter, the California native was nearing the breaking point. William's overall health had improved, and he was in good spirits during the warmer months, but summers were short-lived in the northern Midwest of the country, and fall and winter wreaked havoc on his condition. Furthermore, her sister Alice had been sending her letters consistently since her marriage to the millionaire banker, Henry Witmer in Los Angeles, imploring her to move the family out there so they could be together. William had resisted the notion because of his father's health, but the situation in Los Angeles was sounding more and more dire. Alice was concerned for her husband's well-being. In the years since the death of his brother and brother-in-law, Clate had been overwhelmed by the details of the ongoing operation of the family business, and he needed help from able-bodied and trustworthy men to help secure the future of the business. A move west would be good for William and improve the Humason family's fortunes. They would probably not be afforded the same opportunity if they stayed in Winona. William and Laura had grown up in the northern part of the state, so going back would be a sort of homecoming for them. Knowing the southern California air would boost his constitution, William finally made the decision to leave his father and mother in the care of his family and move his own family west.

The news wasn't good for 10-year-old Milton and his brother Lewis. The brothers had been inseparable since early childhood and the town of Winona had been their playground. Together they had crawled through every crevice, climbed every hilltop and fished every inch of the rivers and lakes within walking distance of their home at 319 Center Street. Faced with the reality that they would soon be leaving their hometown they tried to imagine the wonders that awaited them on the other side of the great railway between Winona and Los Angeles. It was this potential that Milton was imagining as he stood on the wooden train platform at the depot in town with his family. Soon the train from the Illinois Central rolled in on the southbound track. Appearing at the foot of the stairs the conductor called out, "All aboard," and excited travelers began to disappear into the cars along the platform. Soon, with a long whistle and a start, the train slowly rolled out of the station and down the tracks to new adventures. When they arrived at Union Station in Chicago, the Humasons boarded the Union Pacific Railroad bound for San Francisco. The old line was the original route cut through the heart of the central plains.

On the train Milton and Lewis saw for the first time the wonders of the country west of Minnesota. The train rolled through the Rocky Mountains on its way to the Great Salt Lake in Utah and later made its way through Donner Pass, named for the ill-fated party of settlers who were stranded there in the snow over fifty years earlier. (Trapped without food, the party had resorted to cannibalizing its dead to keep the survivors alive.) The family lingered in San Francisco for a time to visit

family and friends and see the town before loading onto the Southern Pacific bound for Los Angeles and their new life on the shore of the Pacific Ocean.

On January 10, 1902, George Ellery Hale was sitting at home in Williams Bay, Wisconsin, reading the *Chicago Tribune* when he ran across a headline that caught his attention. Andrew Carnegie was giving \$10 million to an institution bearing his name. The Carnegie Institution of Washington, he read, had been established had been established by the millionaire steel magnate turned philanthropist “to encourage investigation, research and discovery to the broadest and most liberal manner, and the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind.” Stunned by the news, Hale rocked back in his chair. This might be the break he was looking for.

Born in Chicago in 1868, Hale had grown up in the lap of luxury. His father, William Hale, had made a fortune installing an elevator he had patented just prior to the Chicago Fire of 1871 in the many high rises that sprang up in the city in the fire’s wake. Sickly as a child, Hale made up for his chronic health issues with curiosity and enthusiasm, especially in the area of astronomy and the emerging field of astrophysics. From an early age Hale’s doting father had supported his inquisitive nature and staked his astronomical investigations with lavish gifts. The younger Hale made the most of his opportunities. While in college, at the newly formed Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he had invented a spectroheliograph, intended for close study of his favorite star, the Sun. Hale based his senior thesis on the new instrument and planned to develop it as investigations revealed necessary improvements to the design.

In June of 1891, Hale dedicated his first observatory, founded with his father’s support on the grounds of the family’s home in the well-to-do area of Hyde Park in Chicago. The Kenwood Observatory, as it was known, consisted of a single observing dome and a 12-inch Clark telescope. By then, at the age of 23, Hale had already started to make his presence felt in the world of astronomy. The *Astrophysical Journal*, which began publication later that year, was one of Hale’s lasting creations of the era. His new observatory had been designed by D.H. Burnham, one of the world’s leading architects and a good friend of William Hale.

Burnham would gain worldwide attention two years later when the Columbian Exposition of 1893, of which he had been the chief designer, opened to broad acclaim. The fair offered George Hale a chance to show off his latest creation, the 40-inch refracting telescope, the largest refracting telescope ever built. With the blessing of the University of Chicago, Hale had convinced the railroad magnate, Charles Yerkes, to agree to fund the telescope and observatory in 1892. Only the 60-foot tube, 40-foot-high pier and state-of-the-art electronic and fully automated rotation system were on display during the fair. On dedication in 1897, however, the Yerkes telescope officially surpassed the 36-inch refractor, at the Lick Observatory near San Francisco, as the largest operating telescope in the world. The giant was housed inside the 90-foot-diameter dome and was the first large telescope

whose movement was controlled electronically. Like the Great Lick Refractor, the Yerkes refractor featured an observing platform that was raised and lowered by means of motorized cables. Initially the observing floor had been the center point for misadventure. Early in the morning on May 29, 1897, the 75-foot-diameter floor, weighing almost 38 tons, collapsed into a pile of rubble at the bottom of the dome. Fortunately for Hale and the others working at the observatory they worked at night and were sound asleep in their beds when the observing floor came crashing down. By October of the same year the floor had been rebuilt and the telescope was officially dedicated in a lavish ceremony on the observatory grounds.

Not really a “less is more” kind of guy, Hale had already begun dreaming of larger telescopes to be used in new and more sophisticated facilities for the sole purpose of studying and reporting on problems concerning stellar evolution. Hale and his lead telescope designer and technician, George Ritchey, had been experimenting with large reflecting telescopes for some time and Ritchey had built a 24-inch reflector at Yerkes. In testing the new telescope design proved to have as good or greater observing power than the 40-inch refractor, at a fraction of the size of both the primary objective and tube. While speaking with his father one evening, Hale began to ruminate about a reflector with a 5-foot primary mirror. A telescope of that size, he reasoned aloud, could revolutionize our knowledge of the universe. So convinced was William Hale of the veracity of his son’s claim that he promptly ordered a 60-inch glass blank from the French Plate Glass Company in St. Gobain, France. With the new disc in hand, Hale began dreaming of a location suitable for a new telescope, incredibly technically advanced, with a massive primary mirror and never before seen light-gathering capability. The location must be perfect for such an instrument to be used to its fullest potential.

Four years later George Hale was still dreaming of the moment when his new telescope would come online. To succeed he would need a suitable location for an observatory. The winters in Williams Bay were cold and dreary, and the number of good seeing days were limited. To maximize the superior viewing power of his new telescope, Hale wanted to find a place with a climate conducive to consistent day and night time observing. He had heard of an expedition to Mount Wilson in Los Angeles, California, by the Harvard Observatory in January of 1889. Although the climate was up to the standards necessary for an observatory, Harvard had abandoned the idea of building a new facility on the mountain due to the difficulty in getting supplies up the steep trail to its summit. Always a pioneering spirit, Hale had no such reservation. If the climate and seeing proved ideal, he knew he could successfully build an observatory at Mount Wilson. The bigger issue was funding.

In 1901, Hale had tried to get Chicago millionaire John D. Rockefeller to fund the project. The 33-year-old Hale, invited Rockefeller to Williams Bay to view the Sun through a spectroheliograph attached to the Yerkes refractor. Although impressed by the display, Rockefeller declined to help. It was a disappointing blow to Hale, who was convinced after his visit that the wealthy oil man would consent to funding the new facility. Consumed by the work of getting the Yerkes observatory running smoothly and efficiently, Hale had had little time to devote to finding the right resource to fund his latest pet project.

Now as he sat in his study, sipping coffee and gazing at the snow falling outside his window that cold January morning, Hale could see his vision coming into focus. One of the goals of Carnegie's trust was to "discover the exceptional man in every department of study, whenever and wherever found, and enable him, by financial aid, to make the work for which he seemed especially designed his life work." The paper was indulging a bit on the actual language of the trust, but it had the general gist, and Hale couldn't be happier to read it. At last he had found a source of funding for his observatory. An organization with an endowment the size of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, dedicated as it was to scientific research, would be capable of funding the development of an entire mountain observatory. All Hale had to do was convince the Carnegie board of trustees that his idea was both viable and scientifically worthy.

Carnegie was aware of the potential of a well-designed mountain observatory, having written on the subject in his landmark article, "The Gospel of Wealth," in 1889. Calling attention to the Lick Observatory Carnegie wrote, "If any millionaire be interested in the ennobling study of astronomy—here is an example that could well be followed..." Having read this article, Hale had reason to believe Carnegie might be interested in funding a new observatory like the Lick. He also knew that a giant reflecting telescope with a 5-foot-diameter primary mirror would have awesome light-gathering potential, and he had a hunch the old Harvard site on Mount Wilson would make a suitable location to house it.

Summoning his formidable instincts and knowledge in such endeavors, Hale wrote a letter to the Carnegie board's vice-chairman, Dr. John Billings, a noted surgeon and director of the New York Public Library. In his letter Hale spoke of the glorious opportunity that would be afforded the science community if an observatory, built in a suitable location with a one-of-a-kind reflecting telescope housed in it, could be established. He included photographs of the Orion and Andromeda nebulae, taken with both the Yerkes refractor and the new 24-inch reflector built by Ritchey at the Yerkes lab, showing clearly the superior resolving power of the smaller reflector. In closing, Hale asked Billings for assistance in bringing the matter before the CIW committee. Hale's reputation and achievements as an innovator, scientist and observatory builder no doubt preceded him. At age 34 he had already founded two observatories, built the world's largest refracting telescope and invented a device that enhanced astronomers' ability to study the inner workings of the Sun, not to mention starting the *Astrophysical Journal* and other publications. After considering the matter, the Carnegie board agreed to funding an expedition to find suitable locations for an observatory. Hale was chosen to lead one of the legs of the expedition and immediately started making plans for a visit to the Los Angeles area and a hike up the steep mountain trail to the summit of Wilson's Peak.

If Milton had seen an automobile before, back home in Minnesota, it would have been a novelty and not much more. The cantankerous contraptions weren't

numerous there before 1900, and they could never take him into the woods along the trails where he wanted to go, so what good were they, anyway?

In turn of the century Los Angeles, however, automobiles were everywhere. As a younger boy he had heard stories about the great cities of America such as New York, Chicago and Minneapolis/St Paul, but now he was witnessing one first hand. Although Los Angeles wasn't large by those city's standards, it was one of the nation's fastest growing cities and had a population five times the size of Winona. The clamor and bustle of the city's downtown area was overwhelming, wired from one street to the next with telephone cables, electric street lights and street cars. Throngs of people walked the streets shopping the awning-crowned storefronts that were too numerous to count or comprehend. Horse drawn carriages competed with automobiles, trolley cars and bicyclists for right of way on the busy rutted streets.

Everywhere Milton looked a group of suited men or women dressed in the long Victorian-era skirts and large-brimmed hats could be seen walking or talking. Boys ran between the vehicles on the streets or sold newspapers on the corners at busy intersections. The streets, lined with shops selling everything from hosiery to haircuts to horseshoes, were crawling with customers. Parks and flower beds seemed to spring up at a moment's notice, and orchards lined the countryside just outside the city limits. The Los Angeles Produce Market, with rows of horse-drawn carts, teemed with grocery shoppers at its location in a vacant lot at 9th and Los Angeles Streets. The Angel's Flight Inclined Railway ran passengers from Hill Street for two blocks up the steep hill to its Olive Street terminus, where sightseers could then climb an observation tower for a view of the city and its surroundings. Steamships and paddleboats lined the shore of the Pacific Ocean, which stretched into the horizon until Milton could actually see the slight curvature of Earth. Oil derricks lined the streets and houses at the southern end of town, stretching west to east all the way to the foot of the San Gabriel Mountains.

As the train from the Southern Pacific Railroad steamed into the station at Santa Monica and slowly came to a halt, Milton sat beside his parents trying to process the scene. The conductor interrupted his daydreaming, shouting out the station name. The family gathered their things and stepped down the steep steps to the railway platform where the Witmers, Alice and Henry and their 2-year-old son, Joseph, were waiting for them. With their arrival, the sisters, Laura and Alice, were united again, and it couldn't have come at a better time. On the way out of town they stopped by the California Bank Building on 2nd Street and Broadway, where the Witmer brother's business had been born in 1887, and rolled past the family-owned oil derricks and other land holdings. As they worked their way out of town Henry Witmer described in detail the growth in the city over the past twenty years in vivid detail. An energetic and naturally good-spirited man, Milton liked his uncle from the moment they met.

The two families soon made their way out of town on 2nd Street to the Witmer's home in Crown Hill, a remote area inhabited by several of the city's richest families. The San Gabriel Mountains loomed on the eastern horizon as they made their way, and Milton could see the Pacific Ocean stretching west as he looked behind him. After purchasing 650 acres of land in the area, the Witmer brothers and their

brother-in-law, Samuel Lewis, had each built a large home on Third Street on a hilltop surrounded rolling hills. Henry Witmer's home was at 1422 Third Street. After his untimely death in 1897, Joseph's widow, Josephine, had sold the house at 1400 Third Street with Henry's help, and moved with her three children, Mary, William and David, back to her childhood home in Massachusetts. Henry's sister, Mary Agnes, had remained in the house at 1425 Third Street following the death of her husband, Samuel Lewis. Henry Witmer had taken on the responsibility of heading up both homes, along with his wife and son, his sister and her two children, Letha and Ralph Lewis. The 2nd Street Park was built near a wooded area by Henry to provide a place for local residents to enjoy an afternoon outing. The park featured a pond for boating at its center and a playground with swings, a seesaw and a sandbox for the children. The Witmer's large home was more than sufficient to house the two families while the Humasons looked for a suitable home for themselves.

When the family arrived at the Witmer home, they were greeted by Mary Lewis, her daughter, Letha, and her son, Ralph. Letha Lewis had been born in 1869 in Monroe, Wisconsin, where the Witmers and Lewis's had lived prior to their move west, shortly after the transcontinental railroad was completed. Beautiful and well-schooled, Letha had a penchant for the theatrical and a willful independence that was captivating in her youth but made her seem more eccentric as she got older. Ralph Witmer Lewis was twelve years younger than his sister and was attending military school at the time. His father, an officer in the Union army during the Civil War, believed in strict obedience and respect for authority and made sure Ralph understood the necessity and honor of serving his country. Although they were ten years apart in age, Milton and Ralph would remain lifelong friends.

In the course of history 1902 would become a pivotal year for Milton and his kin. As they settled into their new life within the bosom of the Petterson/Witmer side of the family, their new surroundings provided a much-needed sense of hope and security for all.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the country, George Ellery Hale made plans for his own visit to the area and the summit of Mount Wilson. The 34-year-old observatory director was working under the auspices of the newly formed Carnegie Institution of Washington and its charter, "to discover the exceptional man... whenever and wherever found..." Little did anyone know at the time it would be Milton Humason, as much as any man, who would come to personify that edict in the decades to come.

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The Muleskinner and the Stars

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