

long legacy to learning; for his family and friends the legacy was made more bountiful by happy memories of a man intensely devoted to those he loved, a genial host and appreciative guest, and a thoroughly loyal and warm friend who is missed very much.

J. E. M.

#### ALBERT GOODNOW WAITE

Albert Goodnow Waite, curator, was born on April 7, 1882, in Worcester, son of Albert Harrison and Helen Emerson (Morse) Waite. He did his early learning at the local schools and graduated from Classical High before enrolling at Harvard with the Class of 1905. He was active in the Camera Club and on the board of the *Advocate* and worked hard at his courses, completing the requirements for the degree in three years. His fourth year he spent working toward a master's degree. He took his A.B. cum laude with his class in June 1905. Returning home he packed and took an extended trip through the country from coast to coast and up to Alaska. This home-grown grand tour behind him, he unpacked, put on bib overalls, and went to work in the shops of the Spencer Wire factory in town. He apprenticed his way up from overalls to business suit and from wire brakes to the managership of the anchor fence division, changing work-clothes for academic robes in order to take his M.A. awarded in June 1906. In 1909 he moved across to another local wire-works where, starting in fencing, he moved into sales and advertising and a few years later he moved towns and jobs to Springfield and a textile soap firm.

During the First World War 'ill health prevented me from entering the service,' but not for want of trying. He attended the Plattsburg volunteer training camp before the United States entered the war, even gave up cigarettes, and had every hope of entering officers' training but 'broke down from overwork

and nerve strain, and was refused permission by doctors' to join up. He then had to content himself with making an industrial contribution to the effort to win the war. In a personal effort to build himself up, he began to walk and exercise more, changing his allegiance from the Automobile to the Appalachian Mountain clubs.

In Springfield he stayed in soaps until 1922 when he bounced from there to a sales-managership in a bank-note company before going into the real-estate business in Florida but, 'foreseeing the end of the real estate boom, I returned north in the summer of 1926' and began selling securities in eastern Massachusetts and making the expected business trips necessary to his job, keeping himself fit off the job by golf, swimming, and 'general outdoor sports.' Indoors he enjoyed such bachelor delights as a good book, 'the radio, a good dance once in a while and, occasionally, the theater or movies' in addition to his clubs and the Masons.

During the Depression, Waite stayed in the securities sales business, an act which demonstrated his optimism and his willingness to change jobs as often as one employing firm after another closed their offices. He did some fundraising for church and college and had taken a very keen interest in local history but had turned against 'movies, bridge, jazz, reform, uplift, and such time-wasting nonsense,' with the New Deal a favorite target for his wrath, and a factor in his 'admitting that my own career has fallen far short of my hopes and ambitions,' in spite of hard work on Waite's part.

By the early forties he had mellowed somewhat toward Roosevelt, acknowledging such second-term changes as 'better banking regulations, a curb on some of the excesses of the stock exchanges and the security business,' social security, and the like. Also during this period Waite went to work as a technical assistant at the Norton Company, a Worcester firm, and worked part-time selling securities and part-time working in the manuscript collection here at the Society. In 1947

he turned sixty-five and was retired from Norton's and became a full-time worker here, concentrating on the management of the manuscripts. He was also able to continue work on his study of the people, houses, and institutions of Worcester on which he had been working since 1938 and of which he wrote that 'it's sometimes tedious, and often I get stuck, but it's fun,' and he was perfectly happy at the Society 'working daily at a very interesting job, and enjoying health' and he hoped 'I can keep going for years in this work.' During those years he worked diligently, cataloging a large number of our manuscript collections, and in April 1955 he was elected to membership. He attended every meeting from then until the mid-sixties when he was struck first by blindness and then by the death of his sister with whom he had lived in the family home since boyhood. Unable to see to work or to get around safely, he spent the last few years in a nursing home in town from which he traveled in good weather on Wednesdays to visit us here and have his mail read to him. Soon even these short journeys became too much for him. When I last saw him early this winter at the home, he had slipped badly and it appeared only a matter of time. His time came on February 6, 1971, when he died, aged eighty-eight, in the nursing home. He never married, left no family, and had outlived most of his friends, as the smallness of the group at his funeral service sadly bore witness. Those few there though remembered the engaging and firm-minded man he had been in happier years.

J. E. M.

#### LAWRENCE COUNSELMAN WROTH

At the time of his death, last Christmas Day, only one member of the American Antiquarian Society could claim seniority over him, Admiral Morison. Dr. Wroth was elected in April, 1923, and his relations with the Society and its directors and officers were always most cordial. Until ill health kept him at

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