



# The Alford American Family Association

Serving the Alford community over 25 Years  
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## Gwendoline Beatrix Lothrop Alvord

AAFA #1204s

October 14, 1917 - March 31, 2002

Gwendoline Lothrop Alvord of San Mateo died Easter Sunday morning, March 31, 2002, at age 84. She and her husband Charles B. Alvord had been residents of their home on West Santa Inez Avenue for 35 years to the day. In two weeks the couple would have celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary. She died in her sleep after a ten-year battle with Alzheimer's disease.

The former Gwendoline B. Lothrop was born in Medford, Massachusetts on October 14, 1917. She began her business career in Chicago and went on to become secretary-treasurer of California Corporation. After she and her husband raised their son [missing text] the Midwest, he accepted a position in 1962 heading division of Souls Steel Company in San Francisco. Gwen became well known in the real estate business in the San Mateo area. More recently, Gwen helped her husband author a book on corporate management. She also is the co-author of a second book title, *The Ultimate Romance*. This chronicles the couple's adventures through 57 countries on six continents plus all 50 states.

Mrs. Alvord was buried in the family plot in Marquee, Michigan, after a small service on Friday, April 5. Her husband and son survive her.

Published in the San Mateo County Times, San Mateo, CA on Thursday, 11 April 2002.

Gwendoline Alvord, March 31, 2002, San Mateo, Calif. Prior to her death she and her husband created the Gwendoline and Charles Alvord Scholarship Fund at NMU. They also willed their personal art collection, featuring works from around the world, to the NMU Art Museum.

Published in the *Northern Horizons, The Magazine for Alumni and Friends of Northern Michigan University*, Fall 2002, online edition.

Birth: 14 Oct 1917  
Medford, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, USA  
Death: 31 Mar 2002 (aged 84)  
San Mateo, San Mateo County, California, USA  
Burial: Marquee, Michigan, USA

### Family Members

- Parents  
Arthur Prescott Lothrop, 1860-1935  
Daisy Gwendoline Flack, 1893-?
- Spouse  
Charles Bengry Alvord, 1914-2012 (m. 1942)
- Sibling  
Ruth Lothrop, 1916-?
- Half Sibling  
Harriet Harling Lothrop, 1924-?
- Children  
Charles Bengry Alvord, Jr., 1944

Information copied from the [Ancestry.com](http://Ancestry.com) web page.

### AAFA NOTES:

1. Gwendoline married Charles B. Alvord, born Jan. 10, 1914 and died Apr. 18, 1942. Charles was the son of Charles Benjamin Alvord and Daisy Bengry.
2. Her husband's Alvord lineage: Charles B. 1914 ??<sup>1</sup>, Charles Benjamin 1881 WI<sup>2</sup>, Charles B. 1850 MI<sup>3</sup>, William A. 1829 NY<sup>4</sup>, Theoditus 1792 NY<sup>5</sup>, Joseph 1733 MA<sup>6</sup>, Joseph 1697 MA<sup>7</sup>, Ebenezer 1665 MA<sup>8</sup>, Alexander 1627 England<sup>9</sup>.

Charles has had a number of items published over the years. The following is from his book *Born to Adventure*, which won third place in the Non-Fiction Book category of the San Francisco/Peninsula Writers 2005 Jack London Writing Contest.

This was Christmas Eve. Alone on this day for the first time in at least sixty one years, I went to dinner at six, making me one of the first in this gorgeous dining room hanging over the Pacific. Thinking of Gwen and our many wonderful Christmases together, I would write her a letter while seated at dinner. It began this way:

My dearest Gwen:

Beginning dinner in this gorgeous dining room with a glass of champagne, all for you, my darling. My first Christmas without you. Sixty one years ago tonight, two weeks after Pearl Harbor, we became engaged.

One year ago tonight we were alone by the fireplace in our bedroom with a glass or two of champagne as we watched Christmas programs on TV.

Now I am in the dining room of the same five star hotel we had planned a few years ago when we had to cancel for the hurricane. You would love it were you here now....

Caught up in such beautiful memories and trying to select the right words for this letter she would never see, I had been wiping my eyes, with little attention to the few other guests then arriving, although I could not miss two well dressed ladies who brushed past my table as they were being seated two or three tables beyond mine. I had not looked up to see their faces as I pondered my next lines and sipped my complimentary champagne.

Thus, my mind was far away when the waiter came to my table perhaps ten minutes later to tell me two ladies wanted him to ask me if they could join me at my table for dinner. It was the ladies who had passed my table. They had seen me wiping my eyes!