



# The Alford American Family Association

Serving the Alford community over 25 Years  
We Are Family!!

## Charles Bengry Alvord

AAFA #1204

January 19, 1914 – March 7, 2012

### Family Members

- Parents  
Charles Benjamin Alvord II, 1881-1955  
Daisy Ruth Bengry, 1888-1979
- Spouse  
Gwendoline Beatrix Lothrop, 1917-2002 (m. 1942)
- Siblings  
Marjorie Alvord Sayen, 1917-2008  
Marilyn Ruth Alvord Ford, 1922-?  
Harriet E Alvord, 1925-?  
Ernest Adelbert Alvord  
Herbert Alvord
- Children  
Charles Bengry Alvord, Jr., 1944

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

### AAFA NOTES:

1. His Alvord lineage: Charles Bengry 1914 MI<sup>1</sup>, Charles Benjamin 1881 WI<sup>2</sup>, Charles Benjamin 1850 WI<sup>3</sup>, William Alanson 1829 NY<sup>4</sup>, Thenditus 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 EN<sup>9</sup>, Thomas 1575 EN<sup>10</sup>.
2. Prior to his death he and his wife 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.  
Information from the Northern Horizons, The Magazine for Alumni and Friends of Northern Michigan University, Fall 2002, online edition.

3. Gwen helped Charles author a book on corporate management. They also co-authored a second book titled, *The Ultimate Romance* which chronicles the couple's adventures through 57 countries on six continents plus all 50 states.
4. 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!