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**[www.vawterfamily.org](http://www.vawterfamily.org)**

**Dues - \$10.00 per year**

**IF A RENEWAL FORM IS ENCLOSED YOU NEED TO PAY DUES**

## 2006 REUNION

As told in the September newsletter, the 2006 Reunion will be held July 13-15 in Bear Lake, located in the extreme southeastern corner of Idaho, midway between Salt Lake City and Yellowstone.

Reservations can be made at the Canyon Cove Inn and Convention Center in Garden City, Utah. Phone numbers for making reservations are 435-946-3565 or toll free 1-877-232-7525. Rooms can also be reserved online at [www.canyoncove.com](http://www.canyoncove.com). Some people have had problems when calling for reservations, so be sure to mention the VVV Association and that a block of rooms have been reserved by Cheri Jex. Information is also on the association website: [www.vawterfamily.org](http://www.vawterfamily.org).

A full agenda of events planned for the reunion, along with other attractions in the area, can be found in the September newsletter. At this time, we do not have details about room rates and other costs. This should be available for the next newsletter, but anyone needing that information now can contact Cheri Jex. Her e-mail address and phone number are given with the list of officers.

**THE WHITE HOUSE  
Washington  
July 8, 2005**

I send greetings to those gathered for the Vauter/Vawter/Vaughter family reunion.

Families are a source of hope, stability, and love for every generation. They strengthen our communities by teaching important values. This reunion provides an opportunity to celebrate the special bonds that link us from one generation to the next and help preserve the rich traditions of family life. By providing guidance, support, and unconditional love, families help shape the character and future of our Nation.

Laura and I send our best wishes for a memorable reunion.

(signed) George Bush

**A LETTER FROM GUAM**

Longtime members of the association have known Rebecca Cummings for many years. She grew up attending the reunions with her parents, Ned and Ellen Cummings, and grandparents, Fred Wicker and the late Wordna Wicker, and always takes an active part in the events. A 2004 graduate of the University of Virginia, she wrote this letter that was published in UVA Alumni Magazine.

*Rebecca Cummings (History '04) wrote this account of her days on Guam, at her father's request, as a Father's Day gift. She left Guam in September and is now teaching windsurfing in Hawaii.*

Guam is a tiny tropical island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. And by tiny, I means it's 13 miles wide and takes a little more than two hours to drive around. To drive somewhere 30 minutes away is considered a trek and many people there have never been off of the island. Closer to Asia than it is to Hawaii, and because the economy relies heavily on Japanese and Korean tourists, the locals almost know more about the different Asian cultures than about American culture, even though Guam is a United States territory.

Before I went to Guam, the farthest from home I had ever been was Hawaii. Approximately a 12-hour flight from the East Coast, Hawaii certainly seemed far enough away. Guam, however, is seven hours farther, across the International Date Line, and therefore 18 hours ahead. Moving there to work at a resort, The Pacific Islands Club, after my graduation from the University of Virginia, I was definitely excited but had little idea what to expect. My dad had been stationed with the Air Force on the island 30 years earlier, so I had heard of it. Nevertheless, I had to look it up in an atlas to figure out exactly where it lies. My job, which would consist of teaching windsurfing, taking guests snorkeling and life guarding the pools, invoked jealousy from friends and family, but Guam got a different reaction. Though everyone thought I was amazingly daring

and adventurous for taking such a big step, I received warnings about the brown tree snakes that had overpopulated the island, the fact that I spoke neither Japanese or Korean and the island fever I was bound to encounter from being on such a small place. My impression was that everyone thought it was great that I was doing such an original thing but that no one else would ever consider it. Flying into the unknown, I was overwhelmed with feelings of excitement, nervousness and anticipation ----butterflies, amplified a thousand times.

Immediately, I was taken by the island and its people. Expecting to be greeted a bit standoffishly by the locals, I was surprised to be received in the opposite manner. From the beginning, I was invited to barbecues and local fiestas, on excursions around the island and out to bars and clubs at night. I loved the tropics, the palm trees, the lizards that abound and can be found all over the place all of the time, and the fact that I was amidst all of this during the winter months when my friends and family were freezing. It would be difficult to express in words how much I appreciated everything. I have come to believe the Chamorro people -- people from the Marianas Islands --- are the most welcoming, open and hospitable people in the world.

While I made friends easily, I did miss my friends from home and school. Friendships formed during high school and college are hard to replace. I kept reminding myself that my closest friends were no longer all in the same town, in a five-mile radius of one another, so even if I were back there things wouldn't be the same. I realized that I had definitely taken for granted my education and the experiences I am blessed to have had. To compensate I began reading voraciously, and I studied Japanese whenever I had the time.

I learned so much in Guam about myself and other people. I learned Japanese and windsurfing, which led me to a new job in Hawaii with Kailua Sailboards. I learned about Japanese, Korean and Taiwanese cultures and people on the other side of the planet. I know that I will always have a home in Guam if I return. The bottom line is that it was wonderful experience and I truly enjoyed my time on the island. I did not once see a brown tree snake, or any snake for that matter. I did encounter some island fever, and I saw more lizards than I ever expected to see in my entire life. I got to do something few people ever do in their lives. That is all I could have asked for or expected.

### **IN REMEMBRANCE**

Raymond King Vawter, 70, of Pleasant Hill, Iowa, died 17 February 2005.

He spent most of his adult life in Des Moines, Iowa, and worked for the Iowa State Commerce Commission and the Iowa Utilities Board for a total of 33 years.

Raymond was cremated, and his ashes were scattered in the bay at Bay Beach, Anquilla, as were those of his wife, who died in February 2004.

Surviving are three sisters, Lois Vawter McMorran of Bonita Springs, Florida, Sara Vawter Malone of Hamburg, Iowa, and Patricia Vawter Thies of Cedar, Michigan.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Raymond King Vawter, Sr. and Vena Viola Spencer Vawter; and his wife, Susan Vawter.

**ALMOST HEAVEN- A VISIT TO WEST VIRGINIA**  
**Submitted by Ellen Cummings**

**Part One**

On Thursday, August 4, 2005, an article entitled "Almost Heaven - A Visit to West Virginia." written by Peggy Noonan, was printed on the editorial page of the Wall Street Journal. Those of you who were present at the Saturday night banquet in Fredericksburg in July of that same year, will remember that I prefaced my remarks about West Virginia by saying, "In my opinion, West Virginia is one of the best kept secrets in the country."

It would appear Ms. Noonan shares my opinion. In light of our plans to hold the 2007 reunion in this state, I thought you would be interested in the observations of this well known writer. I have taken the liberty of editing her comments in the interest of space.

"It's summer, the country's traveling, and the great pleasure to be had from leaving home is meeting and falling in love with a place you've never been. It's fun to see cultures collide, because that's one of the ways you know they still exist. America continues to be full of 'differentness.'

Local survives. Particular and distinctive survives. Especially in West Virginia.

I have just been there for the first time, and it is a jewel of a state. It is like an emerald you dig from a hill with your hands.

You know when you've passed into it from the east because suddenly things look more dramatic. You get the impression you're in a real place. All around you are mountains and hills and gullies, gulches and streams. The woods wherever I went were thick and deep. From Morgantown to Ballengee a squirrel can jump from tree to tree. It is a tall state - the hills, trees, and mountains - and shadowy-dark, with winding roads, except for where it's broad and beige and full of highway, courtesy of Robert Byrd. The highways are perfect looking, unstained by wear and tear, and not many people seem to use them.

There are little churches in every town, where the highest thing is the steeples, and road signs with exhortations to follow Jesus, and big crosses made of white wood on the side of the road. The ACLU would do well not to come here and do their church-state thing. Three hours into our drive west, a police car drove by, and someone mentioned that it was the first one he'd seen since we crossed the state line. Someone else said, approvingly, "Everyone keeps a gun in West Virginia. Crime is low." Later I would be told it has the lowest violent crime per capita in the United States. It is very nice, when traveling, to see your beliefs and assumptions statistically born out.

Few people I met seemed interested in politics. I got the impression they see it as something dull and faraway, as a normal person would. I was in the southwest corner of the state, in the Fayetteville area of Fayette County, name for the Marquis de Lafayette. When I asked a man tending the grass in front of the statue of Lafayette on the courthouse lawn why they left the "la" off, he said he didn't know but "maybe it was a little lah dee dah." West Virginia has a town named Artie and a town named Bud.

When you are from the Northeast, the talk always goes inevitably to the niceness of the people. "They're real," as a new resident of Charleston, the state capital, told me. People are nice in the northeast, too, but there seems a particular dignity and humility to West Virginians. Because it has been left so alone by history, so hard to get to and get out of, West Virginia's people seem to be largely what they were, of Scots-Irish descent, and have remained vividly so.

(Part two of this article will be printed in the next newsletter.)

## CONGRATULATIONS

Jason Daryl Magner and Summer Beree Taylor of North Vernon, Indiana, were married July 23 at historic Walnut Grove School in Muscatatuck County Park in North Vernon.

Summer is a 1995 graduate of International School of Kenya and received a degree in Spanish from Ohio University in 2000. The daughter of Tom and Diana Taylor of North Vernon, she is a human resources assistant at Decatur Plastic Products.

Jason is the son of Christina Pate of North Vernon and Joseph Magner of Silver Spring, Maryland. He is employed at Enkei, Inc. in Seymour, Indiana.

Col. Robert L. Vawter (aka "Bobbee") of Middletown, Delaware, has been selected to receive the Governor's Outstanding Volunteer Award for 2005. The award recognizes those who best exemplify the spirit of volunteerism throughout the state of Delaware and is sponsored by the Office of the Governor and coordinated by the State Office of Volunteerism and the Governor's Commission on Community and Volunteer Service.

Col. Vawter was recognized for his volunteer contributions not only to the Civil Air Patrol, but also to the Friends of Bellanca and other community activities that he supports. The award was presented at a dinner on November 2.

**From the *Plain Dealer*, North Vernon, Indiana, October 9, 1903**

**S. W. Storey**

**Died Wednesday From An Attack of Appoplexy**

**Only Ill Two Hours**

**President of the First National Bank of Vernon, and a Wealthy, Prominent Citizen**

Smith W. Storey was stricken with appoplexy Wednesday morning at his home in Vernon, and died two hours later. He had not been well for a week and had not been at his store, although he was up and around the house, only lying down on a couch occasionally. He had been suffering from a heavy cold on his lungs. Wednesday morning he got up and dressed as usual, and still ill did not seem to feel any worse than he had been. He was lying on the couch when stricken. Drs. Stemm and Mitchel were called from here, but he was past medical aid, and passed away two hours later.

He was one of the oldest, wealthiest and most prominent citizens of this county. When the gold fever broke out in California in 1849. Mr. Storey went. He remained two years and returned to Vernon and open a drug store, and has kept it continuously ever since. He was President of the First National Bank of Vernon, a member of high standing in the Masonic Order, Treasurer of the City School Board, a zealous member of the Presbyterian church, of which he was a deacon, and superintendent of the Sunday School, which latter position he had held for many years.

Mrs. Lincoln Dixon, of this city was his daughter. A wife and two sons also are living. In his death Vernon loses one of her most widely known and prominent citizens. Funeral services will be held today, Friday, at one o'clock.

## WILLIAM HERSHELL VAUGHTER REUNION

The descendants of William Hershell "Bill" Vaughter and Bonnie Catherine Wade Vaughter gathered in Oklahoma City on 17-19 Kime 2005 in family reunion. Joining them were descendants of Mrs. Vaughter's sister, Ruth Wade Stelly. A wonderful time was had by all.

The chairperson for the reunion was Bonnie Dougherty of Enid, Oklahoma. All the Vaughter descendants were full of praise and thanks regarding Bonnie's work and creativity. In attendance were family members from Washington State, and from Delaware, from New Orleans and from Clovis, New Mexico - the family's "home-site". There were also lots of Texans joining in the fun. The founders of the "clan", Bill and Bonnie Vaughter, have passed on; two of their daughters, Rhea Vaughter Cottle and Marian Vaughter Moore, also have passed on. However, the gathering was graced through attendance by Bill and Bonnie's third and fourth daughters, Aline Vaughter Boney (b. 1921) and Margaret Vaughter Dougharty (b.1925).

The reunion program began on Friday night with dinner catered by Earl's Rib Palace (owned by Elvis Presley's ex-personal chef). After dinner, the various people in the room placed pins in a map of the U.S., giving their names, and a brief sharing of what is happening in their lives. Fen Dougharty (age four)) had to have a little help to place his pin at Tacoma, Washington. But, he does very well at telling everyone who he is! A short PowerPoint genealogical presentation by Andrew Cottle was given life and vitality through a celebration of memories by the two family matriarchs, Aline and Margaret. As is often the case in this type of convocation, first one and then another member of the third, fourth or fifth generations would add a thought along the way. It was a rich and wonderful evening.

AmeriSuites was a great location for a reunion because their "bountiful breakfasts" could be enjoyed while the various generations came down on Saturday and Sunday mornings. The members of the second and third generations began to enter the fellowship room a little before seven; but some of the fourth and fifth generation types did not come down until about time for the buffet to cease operation (that is, 10ish).

Saturday's activities included optional excursions to Bricktown in Oklahoma City, to the deeply touching Bomb Memorial, and to other sites offered by the capital of Oklahoma. A lot of the Vaughter descendants were/are baseball fans, so an unbelievable, 4 hour, 13 to 14 batting bonanza was "just the ticket" for the several who attended. It was made more special when the visiting team was from New Orleans - the Zephyrs. The reunion participants from New Orleans made sure their team did not lack for enthusiastic support.

On Sunday, after breakfast, Phil Dougharty (an Episcopalian priest from Buffalo, New York), and Rebecca Taylor Cottle (a Methodist minister from Delaware) led a Father's Day meditation and conversation about Christian parents and the blessings enjoyed by their children and grandchildren. It got a little weepy at times.

So much joy and pride was shared through the good-byes expressed, as the members of the Vaughter family took leave of each other. The plan is for the next reunion to be in New Orleans in 2008 - in part to honor the occasion of the 40th wedding anniversary of Bill and Trish Moore.

We thank Andrew Cottle for providing this report of the William Hershell Vaughter Reunion.

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