

Fort McKavett State Historical Site  
P. O. Box 68  
Fort McKavett, Texas 76841



# Fort McKavett Gazette

“News of our Volunteers and Friends”

Volume 9, Number 8

August, 2010



Sept 25, Comanche County Pow-  
Wow, Comanche  
October 2, Texas Forts Trail  
**(cancelled)**, Frontier Texas,  
Abilene  
October 8-9, Fort Griffin\*  
Living History Event  
October 9, Fort McKavett Public  
Fall Star Party  
October 15-16, Fort Stockton  
Living History Days, Education  
Day on Friday  
December 3-5, Christmas at Old  
Fort Concho, Education Day on  
Friday

\*THC Historic Sites Event



TEXAS HISTORICAL COMMISSION  
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Color Copies of all the Fort McKavett  
Gazettes can be found at:

[www.fortmckavett.org](http://www.fortmckavett.org)

## Notes from the Post...

Thanks to Kat for giving us an update on this year's Old Stories, New Voices experience for our campers. It sounds like it was a trip they will remember the rest of their lives.

The Fort is pretty quiet right now, but it looks like things will start picking up for the fall season of Living History events and our October Star Party.

We are waiting for information on the hanger choice so our rain water harvesting system can be installed. As soon as we hear, we will have it done and ready to use.

Also, Fort McKavett now has a Facebook page. If you are on Facebook, please visit! It is located at:

<http://www.facebook.com/visitfortmckavett>

John Cobb  
President  
Friends of Fort McKavett

**Old Stories New Voices Glorieta to Gettysburg Civil War Trek: An Odyssey of Learning**  
*by Kat Walker*

On July 3, in the wooded shade of Gettysburg's Little Round Top, on the path just beyond the monument to Gen. Strong Vincent, it all came together for us. There, the OSNV Texas campers had a serendipitous encounter with the words of Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain and the deeds of the 20<sup>th</sup> Maine. We stood in respectful silence along with reenactors of the 4<sup>th</sup> Alabama, generations after their ancestors stormed that hill. We knew we were on hallowed ground. We understood the sacrifices. And we could see we were close to the end of a ten-day journey of discovery and learning.

The Glorieta to Gettysburg Trek was an amalgam of such experiences, along with laughter and play and new friendships. It brought together months of planning and logistical masterstrokes in order to assure campers had a safe, rewarding journey. Miss Bobbe, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Steve and Mr. Charles guided us all with the convoy of buses and support vehicles.

We camped most nights, sometimes in primitive sites . . . like McMillan Woods at Gettysburg and Honey Springs in Oklahoma. Pitching our tents became routine, and we all got pretty good at it! Because armies run on their stomachs, Miss Susan and Mr. Buddy kept all of us well fed. We had hardtack and sock coffee along with our burgers. The counselors from Colorado and Texas worked with the campers, reinforcing the curriculum guides prepared by a master educator and providing enrichment with crafts and games: How would YOU survive the Civil War!?? We filled our evenings in camp with the sutlers, listening to music, playing baseball, or listening to the campers' presentations of their research. We shared our camps with foxes and skunks and chiggers and daddy longlegs and the occasional rain shower. Across the country, we encountered friendly folks who lauded what we were doing as they offered their own vignettes about the Civil War.

And, in the midst of this little army's march across our great land, we learned about the tragedies our ancestors endured while fighting for an idea. The Texas group followed Sibley across Texas into New Mexico and the ruins of Fort Craig, past Black Mesa and the Battle of Valverde, up to Glorieta Pass where we met the campers from Nebraska and Colorado. We walked the battle site, picking up minié balls, studying artillery and infantry tactics along the way, discovering that this battle dashed the C.S.A.'s hopes for expansion. Most of all, at this site and at all the sites, we discovered the *whys* of history, what went wrong, and lessons learned.

*Continued following Pages*

At Honey Springs in Oklahoma, Cherokee Confederate General Stand Watie taught us lessons in diversity. At the St. Louis Arch, we studied westward expansion on the Missouri River and Dred Scott and the Battle of Wilson's Creek. Our sojourn on *The Spirit of Jefferson* took us down the Ohio River between Kentucky and Indiana. A particularly compelling visit to Stonewall Jackson's Virginia Military Institute in Lexington, Virginia, brought the sadness of war to the present day: In 1864, 257 cadets from V.M.I., some not much older than our campers, fought at the Battle of New Market in the Shenandoah Valley. As we walked the quiet paths of the campus, we turned a corner and came upon a hushed ceremony: family and friends were honoring a new graduate of V.M.I. who would soon be fighting in Afghanistan.

Harper's Ferry brought us to the confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac Rivers, and the road to Antietam National Battlefield. There, we studied the great "what if?" of history: Order 191. We discussed whether the Emancipation Proclamation actually freed *anyone*. And our visit to the White House with our first African-American president brought that discussion forward. It was in Washington, D.C., where we had to say our farewells to our new Colorado and Nebraska friends. We then made our way down to Tennessee and Shiloh on the way back home to Texas.

Within each of us are memories of particular moments in life we will never forget. Those moments and memories defined this experience. And while standing on Little Round Top, we honored the fallen with Chamberlain's words: "What wonder that men who have passed through such things together . . . should be wrought upon by that strange power of common suffering which so divinely passes into the power of a common love."



*Above: Little Round Top*

*Below: Shiloh*



*Washington DC at Washington Memorial*

On July 29, 2010 18 members of the 4th squadron/9th Cav rode their motorcycles out from Fort Hood to commemorate the 144th anniversary of the creation of the regiment.



*9<sup>th</sup> Cavalry Visits Fort McKavett Again!*

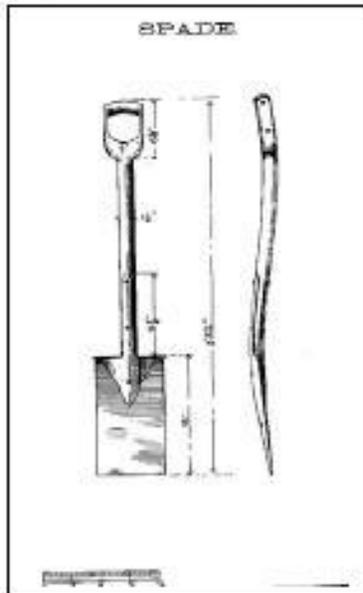


*Route taken by the Old Stories New Voice on their Historical Trek in June and July*



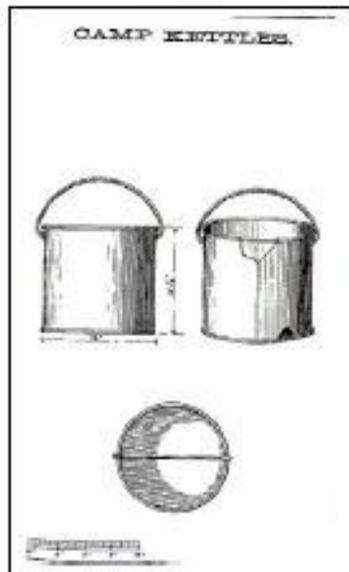
*1875 Birds Eye View of Fort McKavett (before school house). This frame of reference was a popular view of cities and towns during the late 19<sup>th</sup> century throughout the United States. This image came from the Ragsdale collection at Texas Tech. Some of the more interesting locations present on this image are: a photography shop (Ragsdale), the Contractors Housing, and the location of the Lodge (GAR, Tipplers, Masonic Lodge). A large version of this is in the Visitors Center at Fort McKavett*

## Special Tools in the Field



Each set of four (Cavalry) or Squad (6) of Infantry would carry one spade and one hatchet for camp use. These were usually carried on either the Escort Wagon or on a pack animal assigned to the Company. When going on extended campaigns, they would also carry a camp kettle.

On short patrols or fast pursuits, the kettles would be left behind. Also ropes and wooden stakes would be carried when they would act as "Pioneers" or engineers clearing a trail or road for the column.



## 10<sup>th</sup> Infantry Officer Clayton S. Burbank at Fort McKavett

*Birth* On the 29<sup>th</sup> day of August 1876, at Post McKavett, Texas, to the wife of Clayton S. Burbank, 2<sup>d</sup> Regt. Co. D 10<sup>th</sup> Infantry, of a son.

**Burbank, Clayton Slaughter.** Kan. Ky. 2 lt 10 inf 7 Mar 1867; 1 lt 24 Mar 1878; capt 21 Aug 1888; died 8 Mar 1898.



Burbank's son was born at Fort McKavett on August 29<sup>th</sup>, 1876. His wife, Katie, was the daughter of Post Trader Sam Wallick. Top: entry from Fort McKavett's Medical Journal, Left: Burbank's Military Record from Hietman's and Photograph of Katie and C.S. Burbank from McKavett Library Collection

## From the Army Cook's Manual

Nothing is more certain to secure endurance and capability of long-continued effort than the avoidance of everything as a drink except cold water (and coffee at breakfast). Drink as little as possible of even cold water. Experience teaches old soldiers that the less they drink on a march the better, and that they suffer less in the end by controlling the desire to drink, however urgent.

*This one makes you wonder just how many old soldiers there were...*