



Texas Navy Association Newsletter

The Invincible

Image: Emil Bunjes

Historic Journal of a Texas Navy Sailor

Many thanks to Admiral Derek Bateman for sharing the memoirs of his great-great-great-grandfather, Cornelius C. Cox who served in the Texas Navy at the age of 13 in 1839 for two years on the San Jacinto and the Zavala. Below is what C. C. Cox wrote in his memoirs about what it was like to be a midshipman in the Texas Navy...Admiral Judy Fisher

When I returned to the Bay Mr. Sherman had removed his residence to "Crescent Place" - a point on the Bay two miles above New Washington. This was in 1839. In that year the wheel of fate made another revolution on my account. My brother and sister, ever anxious about my educational necessities, thought they saw a solution of the matter in the opportunities offered in the Texas Navy. Accordingly, an appointment was obtained for me as midshipman, and orders furnished me to report to the Commanding officer at Galveston.

Now at this time the city of Galveston was not the attractive place that it is fifty years later. The population probably didn't exceed 2,000; the houses were

plain wooden structures, ranging from the little 10x12 shanty to the somewhat pretentious storehouse, and here and there a respectable looking dwelling and of course the indispensable hotels, which were ample for the needs of town. The wharves which in later years have formed a bulwark for the city from the storms and waives that come down from the North had not been built - and on the occasion of my first visit, the steamer ran head on to the shore - or as near as the water would allow and the passengers disembarked on staging from the boat to the shore. The storm which had swept over the island in 1837 had left many reminders of the visit. One schooner was imbedded in the sand just where we landed. I saw another at the San Hills over on the Gulf side of the Island. But our new Navy rode at anchor in the harbor and made cheerful the otherwise gloomy prospect.

The Brig Wharton and schooners San Jacinto, San Bernard and San Antonio were in port when I went down. My orders were to report on board the Wharton, which vessel was under sailing orders for New York, but when I presented my papers, the Wharton already had

her complement of middies, and I was assigned to the schooner San Jacinto.

And now began an experience and mode of life for which I soon discovered I was not intended. Our Lt. Commanding was a man by the name of Gibbons, the most tyrannical officer that I have ever known, either in the Army or the Navy. Some of our men were real land lubbers and of course had to be drilled in the duties of the ship - but to run up the rigging and out on the yard arms, and swing yourself like a monkey by one hand or balance yourself on a foot rope forty feet in the air and furl and unfurl sails like an old tar was just what the recruit could not do, but the lieutenant had great faith in the "Colt" and for every blunder poor Jack would have to come down and lay himself across the gun and receive a dozen from the boatswain's mate.

Well it was not long after I went on board until our vessel was appointed to service. A schooner loaded with army supplies was ready to sail from Galveston to Velasco at the mouth of the Brazos, and our man of war was ordered to convey the

schooner down. So one bright, sunshiny morning our schooner was taken in tow by a steamer and carried outside the Galveston bar, to there await the sailing of the Merchant schooner. But for some purpose not now recollected, two small boats belonging to our vessel were left behind, with orders to follow on later in the day and join the ship outside. Each boat was manned with four men and a midshipman in charge. I was in charge of one of the boats. Now as everyone may not understand the iron rules of the naval service, the relations of officers and men, and the discipline that is observed on shipboard, let it be understood that here was a boy not yet fourteen years of age, who had never tasted of salt water, without judgment or experience, suddenly clothed with the dignity and authority of a commander - a mere infant in intelligence, but a very titan in authority. And now, after all these years, in penning these recollections I am oppressed with shame and mortification at the abuse of the position I occupied - and the want of consideration and respect for the feelings and gray hairs of the old tars that composed my crew. I was but an infant upon the waters - they were veterans of the deep - but then I was a little officer, they were the machinery that propelled my boat.

Well as I have said, the morning was beautiful, the bay as smooth as a lake, and scarcely a breath of air to be felt. About ten o'clock I pulled out from the city, and a few minutes later the other boat followed. We were not long in reaching the east end of the Island and on turning the point and heading for the bar, we soon encountered a heavy sea coming in from the gulf. And now too a dense fog settled upon the waters. Still we kept on, out upon the bar the seas rolled not "mountain high" but so high that our little boat danced among the waves like a toy. The men said it was madness to go on - that we would be swamped - and we had best go back and wait for the fog to clear away and the sea abate. The other boat did go back, but I had orders to join the boat without delay, and I had not the courage to disobey any order of Lt. Gibbons. So we pulled ahead - head on, to every wave, the spray dashing over us with every pitch of the boat, and without compass or objects to guide us.

It is now about twelve o'clock - a very little breeze is springing up, and right ahead not 50 paces distant we descried a vessel under full sail outward bound. A few lusty pulls brought us alongside the stranger, and no boarding party ever reached the decks of an enemy with more alacrity than myself and men were on the

deck of that vessel. The captain treated me kindly. He was bound for Mobile. He refused to lay to until the fog cleared away - but fired off his gun and blew his horn, to attract our vessel if in hearing distance - but no answer came. In the meantime the vessel was slowly going seaward. The captain said I could stick to him or take to my boat again - but now dinner was announced and he invited me into the cabin. I thought I was hungry and took my seat at the table with great willingness. Pork and beans occupied the center of the table, or that dish seemed to have more prominence than all the rest. My plate was helped and I got a piece of the pork in my mouth - but just then I found difficulty in swallowing - the cabin seemed too close, a cold sweat began to break out on me, and excusing myself to the captain I returned to the deck in double quick time, and there delivered my first tribute to old Ocean. I was dreadful sick but I had not long to indulge this weakness.

Our friend the schooner was gliding along lazily in the fog - and about one p.m. we hove in sight of a vessel at anchor. This was a brig loaded for Galveston. Being now out over the bar, the sea was not so rough, and thanking our friends of the schooner for their hospitality - we reentered our little boat and pulled for the

brig. About three o'clock the fog cleared off and enabled us to see the San Jacinto about two miles off in the direction of the Island. I pulled alongside about four o'clock and mounting to the deck and touching my cap to the lieutenant, I briefly explained the cause of my delay and was rewarded by a reprimand for my temerity in pulling out to sea in a fog.

The following morning found us riding quietly at anchor, ready for sea, but waiting for a breeze. The sea was almost smooth and not a breath of air astir. The crew was practiced at putting on and taking off sail and other maneuvers in handling the ship - and at twelve o'clock when all hands were piped to dinner, the sails were left spread, and peaceful stillness pervaded the vessel - when a visitor came upon us with such suddenness, force and fury that before the captain or rather Lieutenant Commanding could get on deck the schooner was lying on her starboard side with the foresail and mainsail in the water. The captain shouted, "Let go the sheets, let go the halyards", but the men seemed paralyzed, and only after repeated orders and by his own efforts were the sails so lowered and shifted as to be relieved of the force of the wind - and then slowly the schooner righted, and faced to the wind - the sails

were rapidly taken in, the anchor weighed and we drifted off before the storm. The norther was a terrific one, we lost our convoy, and on the fifth day pulled up at the mouth of the Brazos, and discovered that she was already safe inside the harbor. In a few days we were again lying in the harbor at Galveston.

I have been somewhat tedious about this first trip to sea, simply because it was my first. It was a very short expedition - and without incident except the storm - but it gave me a foretaste of sailor life, and being seasick the greater part of the time, my first impressions of riding upon the "deep blue sea" were not the most agreeable.

I will not undertake to follow the daily events of my brief service in the Navy - but will give the prominent features in a few words. From the San Jacinto I was transferred to the steam ship of war Zavalla, Captain Lathrop commanding. This vessel carried about ten guns and was a well equipped man-of-war. When the ship left Galveston she proceeded to New Orleans. Here we remained a short time, enlisting men and taking on supplies. Thence we proceeded on a cruise in the gulf and after some days anchored at the Arcos Islands - not far off

the coast of Yucatan. Among the recruits who joined us at New Orleans was a young midshipman - I have forgotten his name - who had contracted yellow fever and was taken down soon after coming on board. I do not know if I took the fever from him, but I do recollect that I was sick, and that we lay together in the saloon of the steamer, and that the young man died at my side.

I do not remember the time we spent at the Islands - perhaps a month or two. In course of time our vessel appeared off the mouth of the Tabasco River and came to anchor about sundown one evening, it being then too late to cross the bar. The sea was quite smooth, the sky clear and not a breath of wind. Very soon a heavy sea came rolling in from the gulf. The strong current from the river, which after entering the gulf took a course along the land, made the ship ride in the trough of the sea, and she rolled from side to side like a great log. Orders were at once given to weigh anchor and get under way, but before that could be done a huge wave carried away our rudder. This rendered us helpless and the order to get up anchor was countermanded - and now commenced an experience the like of which I expect few sailors ever witnessed. We lay in this position five days - no wind, but the waves

rolling in mountain high. We were about two miles off shore, our anchors dragged some, and the vessel sometimes gave a heavy thump on the bottom. To lighten the ship, our guns, one after another went overboard -the shot had gone over first. We cut away the masts, that the ship would not be so top heavy. Our coal gave out, for we had steam up all the time - and all the bulkheads and available parts of the interior of the ship was cut out to make fuel - in all those days and nights the vessel rolled like a log - first one wheelhouse, then the other under water. It was unsafe to be on deck without fastening yourself to something. Every moment it looked as if the next would upset the ship or knock her to pieces. I was dreadful seasick and felt quite indifferent to the danger. The morning of the 5th day of sea subsided. We got up anchor and with an improvised rudder steamed over the bar and up the river five miles to the town of Frontera. Our handsome steamer was almost a wreck.

Yucatan at that time was at war with the Central government of Mexico. Texas and Yucatan were in alliance, and our fleet was ordered there to aid in an expedition against the Central troops who were in possession of the city of Tabasco about eighty miles up the river. We were

the recipients of much attention while at Frontera - the Zavalla was the first steam man-of-war ever seen in that river - hundreds of people, ladies and gentlemen, came down from Merida, the capital of the state, to visit the ship. Here I was taken with the scurvy and had a lingering spell of sickness. As soon as I could be moved I was taken on shore and nursed by a good lady of the place. Other vessels for the expedition shortly appeared and the fleet steamed up the river in tow of the Zavalla, and all under the command of Com. Moore, whose flagship was the sloop of war Austin. But we had no fight. The enemy evacuated the town before we reached it - and after one night's stay we again dropped down the river - but a good many bags of silver were taken on board our vessel at Tabasco, and a portion at least of the same was distributed among the officers and men of the fleet as prize money. I think eight dollars was the share I got.

This about ended my active service in the Navy - on the return of our vessels to Arcos Islands I was transferred to the sloop of war Austin and after a short cruise in the gulf she entered the harbor of Galveston. And now after something over two years service in the Navy - with no prospect of active service in the future and

finding that I had neither taste nor fitness for the life - I resigned by commission and returned to the home on the bay.

But before taking a final adieu of this period of my youth I must indulge in some other reminiscences of the time and incidents connected with my sojourn with the Navy. The life is a hard one, the discipline rigid; a boy of fourteen and fifteen has not physical capacity to perform the regular watch on shipboard - four hours on duty and eight off - with two "dog watches" four to six and six to eight p.m. each day is put in to alternate the watches. In case of dereliction of duty the usual punishment for an under officer is double duty - that is, four hours on and four off. On one occasion tired nature dropped me into the arms of Morpheus - when I should have been walking the deck. This was death by the regulations. Lt. Gibbons commuted the punishment to double duty for two weeks - in discharging the sentence I forfeited my life several times, but as it was necessary to discover the offense before inflicting the punishment, I escaped hanging always by timely warning. On each of the vessels that I served, I was favored and befriended by the lieutenant in whose watch I was placed. I must ever feel grateful for the kindness and generosity of Lt. Tennison of the

San Jacinto, Lt. Segars of the Austin and Sailing Master Baker of the Zavalla. They treated my like older brothers. But when one of the seamen committed an offense or violated an order the punishment was frightful. Flogging with the “Colt” was a common pastime, a daily occurrence, a sort of misdemeanor penalty – but graver offenses were rewarded with the “Cat of nine tails”. Three dozen licks on the bare back was the usual dose. The culprit stood at the gangway, with his hands lashed to the rigging, his feet fastened to a grating on which he stood – the man stripped to the waist – all hands on deck to witness the scene, the Articles of War read, the ship physician on one side and the Boatswain on the other. When all was ready, the flogging commenced. At each stroke of the lash the solemn count, 1 – 2 – 3 – and so on was proclaimed aloud and the poor criminal would cringe and grunt at every blow – by the time the three dozen – the usual complement – were given, the fellow’s back was variegated with the colors red, black, blue and white – and the blood running in little rivers at his feet. It is gratifying to know that this barbarous practice has been abolished by most of the nations of the earth.

Burials at sea are attended with the same solemn character as the interment of the dead of shore, but the procedure is

different. The corpse, after being dressed, is then sewed up in canvas, with two round shot at the feet – and then placed on a plank reaching out over the side of the vessel. The entire ship’s crew was piped on deck, the burial service is read and then the end of the plank is raised and the departed goes off into the sea feet foremost. The same rites are given the criminal who is hung at the yard arm. I saw a sailor pitched from the yard arm into the sea one night in a storm. No succor was possible. The storm was violent and the ship drifting before the fury of the wind.

Texas was poor in that day and could not furnish her pantries with many delicacies. Salt beef, salt pork, beans, tea and hardtack were the staples. Our crackers were nearly always old, musty and full of worms. The worms were easily disposed of by heating the bread and then knocking them out – or soaking the crackers in hot tea. They are easily killed and I never discovered any difference in the taste of the worms and the bread. One occasion our vessel was furnished with a lot of chocolate beans purchased at Campeche, which we roasted, ground and used as a substitute for coffee.

The daily life on a ship is

monotonous, but the sailors have their pastimes and employments when off duty. They wash, mend and often make their clothing – especially hats. I made myself a straw hat and one pair of pants while in the service, and had my arms tattooed as all old sailors do. Our vessel, the Zavalla, laid at the Port of Sisal a good long time. It was here, I think, instead of Frontera as before stated, that so many ladies came to visit the ship. I thought the Mexican girls beautiful. They all smoked – each carried a little bunch of cigaritas. The etiquette was to place a cigarita in the mouth, light it and then hand it to the other party. This temptation very few young men can resist

If I could do justice to the subject I would like to tell more of the Arcos Islands. As well as I remember there are three small islands set in a triangular position, with a small but beautiful body of water in the center, and which affords a safe harbor for vessels drawing twenty to thirty feet. We anchored in about three fathoms water, probably two hundred yards from shore. The water is very clear – objects on the bottom being distinctly seen. Here we had fine fishing and a species of fish abounded that I have never seen elsewhere, the Panot (Parot?) fish – the head of half the body was a bright



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green, the balance of the fish the usual color. Some were quite large, weighing ten or twelve pounds. Along the shore sharks were numerous, but we saw none out at the vessel. The Islands furnish many varieties of shells, and we collected beautiful specimens of coral. It was delightful bathing in this salt water lake.

Com. Moore was the best swimmer that I ever saw. He could float like a feather on the water, and swim on his back as fast as most men can the ordinary way. I have seen him leap from the top of the wheel house of the Zavalla, some twenty feet above the water, and go to the bottom, a run of about forty feet. There are no trees and almost no vegetation on the Islands, but they are a great resort for the birds of the ocean, and we captured a great many eggs and young birds to eat. But now I have done with the sea, and for some years to come will be found growing and ruralizing at Crescent Place, San Jacinto Bay ..."

\$152.43 Schooner San Jacinto
Galveston 19th May 1840
Received from J. Stephens Purser One
hundred and Fifty two $\frac{43}{100}$ Dollars on
account of pay due me for services as
Midshipman in the Navy of Texas previous
to 31st March 1840
Cornelius Cox

REPRODUCED FROM THE
HOLDINGS OF THE
TEXAS STATE ARCHIVES



September 2011

Ship's Log



"I've listened to this Song being sung by individuals, with musical accompaniment, and/or sung by the members present. INSPIRING!", said Admiral Callanan. It was composed by William J. Marsh of Fort Worth. The lyrics were written by Marsh and Gladys Yoakum Wright. Submitted by Admiral Bob Callanan (TNA Ship's Store Chairman) for our TNA members; in case they're ever placed in the embarrassing position of bewilderment should anyone pose questions to them about either the State Song or the State Pledge.

"Texas, Our Texas"

*Texas, Our Texas! all hail the mighty State!
Texas, Our Texas! so wonderful so great!
Boldest and grandest, withstanding ev'ry test
O Empire wide and glorious, you stand supremely blest.
(chorus)*

*Texas, O Texas! your freeborn single star,
Sends out its radiance to nations near and far,
Emblem of Freedom! it set our hearts aglow,
With thoughts of San Jacinto and glorious Alamo.
(chorus)*

*Texas, dear Texas! from tyrant grip now free,
Shines forth in splendor, your star of destiny!
Mother of heroes, we come your children true,
Proclaiming our allegiance, our faith, our love for you.*

Chorus

*God bless you Texas! And keep you brave and strong,
That you may grow in power and worth, throughout the ages long.
God bless you Texas! And keep you brave and strong,
That you may grow in power and worth, throughout the ages long.*

Pledge to the Texas Flag

*Honor the Texas flag;
I pledge allegiance to thee,
Texas, one state under God,
One and indivisible.*

TNA Ship's Store

Remember to order from the TNA Ship's Store before the holiday season gets started.

Click on the link for more info.

http://www.texasnavy.com/ships_store/showcase.htm

Submitted by TNA Admiral LeeRoy Lance.

Source: Mechanix Illustrated Issue: Jun, 1959



TURTLE II with Admiral Bass. Boat weighs 8,000 lbs., including 3,000-lb. cement keel.



DIVE! Hatch of the 9.5-ft. boat is one half of a truck wheel rim.

ADMIRAL Ray Bass achieved his rank in the Texas Navy the hard way. He built his own submarine to explore the 20-ft. depths of the town lake of Corsicana when the city fathers forbade skin diving. The \$100 sub took three months to build with volunteer help. A six-volt motor and six-volt car battery power Turtle II for 45 minutes running time submerged. A 7½-hp outboard motor is used on the surface.

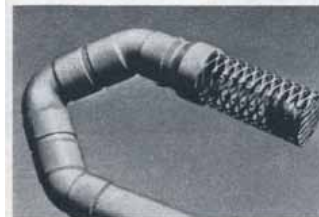
The conning tower is a scrounged 20-in. section of steel pipe; the \$17.60 hull is a 750-gallon Army surplus hot water tank; portholes are sealed by old inner tubes.

This one-man navy runs on sheer nerve! *

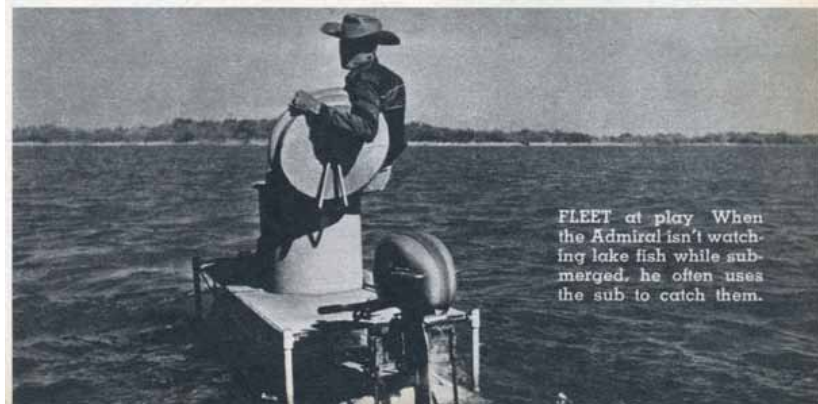
Mechanix Illustrated



GOVERNOR Price Daniel of Texas poses with Admiral Bass.



AIR is supplied by two snorkles when the Admiral wants to stay submerged. Water is kept from coming into sub in heavy seas by hollow copper float balls used in plumbing.



FLEET at play When the Admiral isn't watching lake fish while submerged, he often uses the sub to catch them.

The Texas Navy Time Line

(Cont'd from last Invincible)

April 9

President Burnet issues a proclamation adopting the Texas Navy flag, which is identical to that of the United States, except that it has one star in the blue field rather than the twenty-four stars of the U.S. flag.

April 18?

Sometime around April 18, the Texas flagship Independence engages the Mexican warships Urrea and Bravo, with inconclusive results.

April 18-19

The schooner Flash, sailing around Harrisburg near modern-day Houston, picks up interim president David G. Burnet between Clopper's Point and Red Fish Bar on Galveston Bay. Burnet is taken to join the rest of the fleeing government to Galveston Island, where the government will defend the island or flee to New Orleans if Santa Anna defeats Sam Houston in open battle.

April 21

Battle of San Jacinto. Victory over Mexican army and capture of General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna on the following day achieves de facto Texas independence. Interim President Burnet, unaware that the Texas

Army had just won Texas' independence by defeating Santa Anna at the Battle of San Jacinto, nationalizes Galveston Island as a naval depot and orders the Texas Navy to prepare to defend the island in case of attack.

April 28

Spain recognizes Mexican independence. The crew of the Invincible were the first on Galveston Island to hear the news of Santa Anna's defeat at San Jacinto, from Robert J. Calder and Judge Benjamin C. Franklin, who rowed from the mouth of the San Jacinto River to Galveston with the news for the provisional government. The news next reached the flagship Independence, where Commodore Charles E. Hawkins ordered a feast and celebration with cannon salutes. At some point, the revelers realized that President Burnet had not been told, and Burnet was reportedly upset to be the last person on Galveston Island to find out that the Republic of Texas had been saved.

May 1

Warship Invincible captured in New Orleans by the United States sloop Warren.

May 4-6

Trial in New Orleans of the crew of the Invincible on piracy charges for the seizure of the Mexican-bound brig Pocket. The crew is acquitted, and spends the night of May 6 frolicking in the French Quarter.

May 8

Ship Yellowstone ferries President David Burnet, General Sam Houston, Generalissimo Santa Anna and General Cos to Galveston from San Jacinto. From there, Santa Anna boards the flagship Independence for Velasco, where the treaties ending the Texas Revolution are signed.

May 9

Commodore Charles Hawkins, commander of the fleet, asks Col. James Morgan for a column of men to man the captured American brig Durango.

May 10

New Orleans National Intelligencer reports the Mexican warship Bravo (formerly the Montezuma) patrolling the Texas coast.

May 19

Louisiana State Marine & Fire Insurance Company sues Captain Brown of the

Invincible. Texas officials defend the case, which dies out after May 1840.

May 20

Warship Brutus leaves New Orleans with a convoy for Galveston.

May 22

Warship Liberty and schooner Flora arrive in New Orleans with General Sam Houston for medical attention to his wounds from the Battle of San Jacinto. The Liberty puts in for repairs, and when Texas cannot pay for the repairs, the ship is sold at auction, becoming the first casualty of the Texas Navy.

May 29: Maj. Gen. Thomas J. Rusk orders Major Isaac Burton to take a company of mounted rangers to Refugio to scour the coast for enemy ships. At Copano Bay, the ranger company lures and captures the Mexican supply ships Watchman, Commanche and Fanny Butler.

May 30

For reasons unclear, the Brutus under Commodore Hawkins and Captain Hurd fires on the Invincible off Velasco. The shot, personally leveled by Commodore Hawkins, misses the Brutus. Captain George Wheelwright assumes command of the Liberty in New Orleans, and the Mexican Congress organizes a Special Committee for Texas Matters and resolves to prosecute the

war in Texas “with vigor.”

June 3

A mob of New Orleans volunteers under General Thomas Jefferson Green arrives at Velasco aboard the steamship and seizes Santa Anna from the warship Invincible as he was about to depart for Mexico in conformity with the Treaties of Velasco.

June 3

Texas Rangers under the command of Major Isaac Burton lure the Mexican supply ship Watchman into Copano Bay (near Refugio) and capture it.

June 6

Flagship Independence sails from Velasco to New Orleans with diplomats to negotiate U.S. recognition of the Republic of Texas.

June 18

Using the captured Mexican ship Watchman as bait, Major Burton’s ranger company captures the Mexican supply ships Commanche and Fanny Butler.

June 28

Captain John M. Allen (later mayor of Galveston) is granted a letter of marque and reprisal for the schooner Terrible, which mounts one long six-pounder pivot gun. The Terrible would go on to capture the Mexican

merchant ship Matilda and would be taken in to Pensacola by the U.S.S. Boston on piracy charges, which were ultimately thrown out on a technicality. (A young lieutenant aboard the Boston would eventually become commander of the Texas Navy and its greatest hero.)

New Orleans papers report that the Mexican warship Bravo was lost at sea on a voyage between Matamoras and Vera Cruz.

July 4

The Texas warship Invincible is dispatched to the rescue of the Brutus when she was blockaded at Matagorda by the Mexican brig Vencedor del Alamo.

July 8

Major Isaac Watts of the Texas Rangers is authorized by President David G. Burnet to pay over prize money to the men of his Ranger Company as a result of their seizure of the Mexican supply ships Watchman, Fanny Butler and Commanche.

July 14

Invincible, back at New Orleans, picks up Texas commissioners Branch T. Archer and William H. Wharton for a return trip to Galveston.

July 21

President Burnet issues a proclamation



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declaring a blockade of Matamoras, and orders warships to the mouth of the Rio Grande and Brazos Santiago to enforce the blockade. The blockade will be lifted by President Sam Houston on November 1 of that year.
(Cont'd in next issue)



TNA Christmas Party & Meeting

Friday December 2, 2011

at

Dancing **The Hilton** *DJ Music*
Galveston, Texas

Guest Speaker
The Honorable Jerry Patterson
Texas Land Commissioner

Mark your calender *Now* so you can enjoy

Our Christmas Party "and" Dickens on The Strand

Mark your calender now so you don't miss out on the TNA annual Christmas Party. This year the Christmas Party is at the Hilton in Galveston (Seawall Blvd) which gives us more room to accommodate our ever increasing number of members. A large number of rooms at \$99/room have been blocked off for our TNA members making it very convenient to stay at the Hilton where the festivities are held. **Call the Hilton early to reserve your room.** Come and meet your fellow Admirals, Commanders and Lieutenants!

Quiz Contest Winner!



Admiral Caryl Weiss is the proud winner of the Coast Guard Gulf Strike Team Ball Cap and Patch donated by Commander Mark Underhill.

Nautical Quiz

Submitted by: Admiral Jeff Kilgore

Your word for today is: **abaft**, adv. and prep.

What does it mean?
Answer at the end of newsletter.

Texian Navy Day Aboard The Battleship Texas

Article by: Admiral Jack Dyess

At 11:00 AM last Saturday, September 17, Texian Navy Day, the Sons of the Republic of Texas hosted a ceremony on the Battleship Texas honoring Commodore Edwin Ward Moore and the Republic of Texas Navy. Assisting in the ceremony was the Battleship Texas Foundation, Texas Parks and Wildlife Department, and the United States Coast Guard Air Station-Houston. Several Admirals of the Texas Navy were involved with the SRT in planning and conducting the ceremony and several others were in attendance including TNA Director Diane Dyess.

The ceremony started with a fly over by a US Coast Guard helicopter followed by a black power musket volley and an 1800 era cannon salute by the re-enactors of the Lone Star Volunteers and Texas Army. The SRT Color Guard, accompanied by the Pipe Band from St. Thomas Episcopal School of Houston, presented the United States, Texas, and Texas Navy Flags. Introductory remarks were made by Sam Clark, President General of the SRT, Steve Howell, Executive Director of the Battleship Texas Foundation, and Russ Kuykendall, Complex Superintendent – San Jacinto Battleground State Historic Site of the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department.



Dr. Archie McDonald, Professor of History at Stephen F. Austin State University, gave an informative and rousing presentation concerning Commodore Moore and the Texas Navy. Another musket volley and cannon salute, followed by a stirring rendition of Taps by the Buglers Across America concluded the ceremony.

The entire program was extremely informative, entertaining, and motivating. Everyone involved did an outstanding job with no flaws whatsoever. I strongly encourage everyone with any interest at all in Texas history to attend next year's ceremony. It was well worth the trip from Fort Worth.

Some of our TNA members who attended the event are: Admiral Ronald Brown, Admiral Mickey Casterline, Admiral Caroline Casterline, Admiral Beth Fisher, Admiral DA Sharpe, Admiral Mark Kelsey, Admiral Jack Dyess, Admiral Diane Dyess, Admiral David Hanover, Admiral Marvin Applewhite and Admiral Shirley Applewhite.

In Memory Of



Admiral George R. Moorman

Fair Winds and Following Seas!

Answer to Quiz

abaft, adv. and prep.

Forms: Also ME obaft.

Etymology: a prep. 1 on, at, + baft, bæft, bi-æften, Old English be-æftan, itself a combination of be, bi, prep. about + æftan, adv. behind, back. See baft n. and aft adv.

A. *adv.*

1. *Of direction*: backwards. Obs.

a1400 (1325) Cursor Mundi (Vesp.) l. 22150 Thoner o-loft fal sal he gar..and wit deuils craft, þe burns for to rin obaft [Fairf. of baft, Trin. Cambr. on bafte, Coll. Phys. obafte].

2. *Of position*: literally, back, behind, in the rear.

From an early period, it seems to have been confined to a ship (in reference to which its immediate source baft is also found in the 14th c.); the bows are the foremost, and the stern the aftermost part, hence abaft means 'In the after part or stern half of the ship.'

a1665 K. Digby Jrnl. Voy. to Mediterranean (1868) 46 She was in excellent trimme (drawing 15 foote abaft and 14 and 3 inches before). 1677 London Gaz. mcxciv. 4 The St. Mary of Ostend with 22 Men,.. having two Guns, one afore, and the other abaft.

1748 G. Anson Voy. round World (ed. 4) ii. iv. 220 Her upper workswere rotten abaft.

1834 F. Marryat Peter Simple II. xiv. 254, I hove the log, marked the board, and then sat down abaft on the signal chest.

1863 C. Kingsley Water-babies vii. 271 But Tom and the petrels never cared, for the gale was right abaft, and away they went over the crests of the billows.

3. *By extension from the nautical term.*

1770 T. Bridges Burlesque Transl. Homer II. x. 153 Two heads are twice as good as one; When one stands forward, one abaft, They spy all matters fore and aft.

B. *prep.*

[The adv. defined by an object.] In the rear of, behind. Only in nautical lang., with reference to a ship or any specified part of her.

1587 T. Saunders True Discr. Voiage Tripolie sig. Biiijv, The Boteswaine of the Galley walked abaft the Mast and his Mate afore the Maste.

1595 J. Davis Seamans Secrets i. sig. A3v, I may say in the Seaman's phraise ..in the time of her seperation she is abaft the Sunne.

1758 J. Robertson in Philos. Trans. 1757 (Royal Soc.) 50 292 Beside, the mawls worked at several shoars set up abaft the said 64 feet.

1825 H. B. Gascoigne Path to Naval Fame 53 Abaft the Beam impelling breezes blow.

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