WITH DEWEY AT MANILA: BEING THE PLAIN STORY OF THE GLORIOUS VICTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SQUADRON OVER THE SPANISH FLEET SUNDAY MORNING, MAY FIRST, 1898, AS RELATED IN THE NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE OF AN OFFICER ON BOARD THE FLAGSHIP OLYMPIA

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THOMAS J. VIVIAN

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COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY

WITH DEWEY :: AT MANILA

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WITH DEWEY AT MANILA.

CHAPTER I.

WAITING FOR THE ORDER.

We had been simmering and stewing in steamy Hong Kong ever since March 28, waiting and waiting for instructions to swing across the China Sea to Manila. Rear-Admiral Dewey—he was Commodore Dewey then—was as anxious and impatient as the rest of us, and I could see by the way in which he fumbled over the charts and paced up and down the bridge with his weather eye turned to the shore that he expected such an order from Washington at any moment.

We knew that the relations between the United States and Spain were at snapping-peint tension, and we knew too, that as soon as that break occurred the two opposing Asiatic squadrons would be in the thick of the trouble. Our waiting work was not, however, confined to simmering and fretting, for during the days between April 18 and April 21 there was much done in the work of stirring preparation.

Early on the morning of the 19th, for instance, the carpenter of the Olympia received orders to mix up his war paint, and in a short time after, the painters' planks were swung out and a crowd of our Jackies was covering the white sides of the flagship with a dull dark drab; ugly enough to look at, but admirably adapted for concealing a fleet from observation. A "White Squadron" is well enough for spectacular purposes in times of peace, but it is far too showy for war times, and especially for service in these sun-lit seas where the glistening sides of white war craft can be seen against the furthest horizon. The least visibility is what we wanted and we took a leaf out of Russia's book in using the drab, the commanders of the Czar's ships having found it to be the best concealing color in the paint lockers. While the Olympia was being painted the same work was going on along the sides of the other ships, and by nightfall of the 20th our six vessels were all of the same uniform dull gray. The Baltimore had not arrived then, but when she came in on the 21st she had scarcely anchored before she too put on her war paint.

Another sign of what was to come was furnished by the Commodore some days ago. The English steamer Nanshan had just arrived with three thousand three hundred tons of Cardiff



