

tion with other countries. At the present time, England is shipping goods to Buenos Ayres on a basis of \$10.15 a ton, while costs from the United States to the same point are \$30.35. It would seem reasonable, therefore, to believe that shipments from the United States to Argentina are out of the question and that the foreign trade supremacy of Great Britain is not in danger. English bottoms will continue to exchange manufactured goods with Argentina for food. It is also interesting to note that rumor has it that Argentine has

granted a credit of \$189,000,000 annually for three years in England, France and Italy for purchase of grain and wool; consequently, all other things being equal, sentiment is eliminated. The cheapest markets are now available and will control the entire trade. Relations will be resumed on the basis of economic laws, where an interchange of commodities for manufactured goods will once more be the deciding factor, rather than the piling up of an already over-extended credit and further loss of gold.

## The Red Fleet In The Baltic

By ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS  
(Reprint from The Nation).

In January, 1918, the Soviet Government sent out the following wireless message—one of the many appeals to revolt that were continuously going out:

The Revolutionary sailors of the Baltic Fleet, in conference assembled, send their greetings of brotherhood to their heroic German comrades who have taken part in the insurrection at Kiel.

The Russian sailors are in complete possession of their battleships. The Russian sailors are the High Command. The yacht of the former Czar, the "Polar Star," is now the headquarters of the Fleet Committee, which is composed of common sailors, one from each ship.

Since the Revolution, the Russian Fleet is as busy as formerly, but the Russian sailors will not use the fleet to fight their brothers but everywhere to fight under the Red Flag of the International for the freedom of the proletariat throughout the entire world.

With the words, "Flower and pride of the revolutionary forces" Trotzky had hailed the sailors of Kronstadt as they stood in July before the Tauride Palace, 6000 strong, demanding "All Power to the Soviet!" These were words, not of flattery, but of fact; for the Russian sailors were first to hoist upon their battleships the red flag of revolt, just as the German sailors are now the first to fly the red emblem of the Revolution. Through all the days of counter-revolution they were the first to scent danger to the new democracy. They have always been first to drop everything and hurry to its rescue.

They had no love for the Kerensky Government; yet when it was island citadel to line up against the wild divisions of Kornilov, when the cadets rose against the Bolsheviks and took possession of one of the nerve centers of Petrograd—the telephone station—it was the sailors who headed the storming party that rushed the courtyard entrance and dug the cadets from their nest. When Petrograd was threatened with being cut off from food, and the November revolution with being starved into submission, the sailors were dispersed throughout the countryside as far afield as Siberia. With argument and bayonet they started the flow of food into the revolutionary capital. When the unity of Russia was threatened by Ukraine and the counter-revolutionists on the Don, it was the sailors pouring down from the Baltic fleet on the north and up from the Black Sea fleet on the South who put fear into the hearts of the separatists.

The reason why the revolution is so precious to the sailor is that to him it means deliverance from the nightmare of a past the very thought of whose return is intolerable. The Russian naval officers were recruited exclusively from the privileged caste. The count against them is that they enforced, not a rigid discipline, but one that was arbitrary and personal. The weal of the sailor might be subject to the whims, jealousies and insane rage of a petty officer whom he despised. His replies to his superior were limited to the three phrases, tak tochno (quite so), nekak niet (no indeed), rad staratsa (glad to try my best), with, of course, the natural salutation "Your Nobility!" In four years 404 seamen were sent to disciplinary battalions, 79 to military prisons, 322 to civil prisons, 1,235 to penitentiaries, 431 to Katerga (hard labor in Siberia) and 56 were executed.

For this reason the outbreak of the revolution meant the killing of scores of officers, the dismissal of hundreds of others, and a sharp watch over all the rest. For this reason Kerensky, when he appeared to be coquetting with those whose eyes were longingly turned to the past, felt the hot blast of indignation from the fleet.

### RESOLUTION

The Second Congress of Representatives of the Baltic Sea Fleet has passed the following resolution:  
We demand from the Soviet of Soldiers, Workmen and Peasant Deputies and the Centro-fleet the immediate removal from the ranks of the Provisional Government of the "Socialist"—political adventurer Kerensky, as one who is scandalizing and ruining the great revolution and with it the great revolutionary people, by his shameless political blackmail in behalf of the bourgeoisie.

To thee, Kerensky, who hast betrayed the revolution, we send curses, drowning in the Gulf of Riga, are calling us to the defence of the revolution; at this moment when our comrades, stricken down by shells and bullets, and at this moment when we all, as one man, are ready to lay down our lives for freedom, ready to die in open fight on the sea with the external foe and on the barricades with the internal enemy, we are sending to thee, Kerensky, and to thy friends, curses for thy appeals, by which thou art endeavoring to disintegrate the forces of the fleet in this fearful hour for the country and the revolution.

Second Congress of Representatives of the Baltic Fleet. October 16, 1917. Helsingfors.

In no country is it possible to confuse the sailor with the landman. The unmistakable stamp of the open sea is in his bearing and in his blood is the tang of the salt-sea winds. But the Russian sailor has something which marks him off even from his own kind throughout the world. In his heart there blazes the revolutionary fire. As flaming apostles of Socialism the men from the fleet passed along the highways and through the market places of Russia; even in the remotest villages the sluggish-souled peasant felt the quickened touch of these missionaries of revolt. They were ubiquitous, and zealous in every meeting and every plot. But these sailors who have so keenly set out for the democratization of Russia—how well have they democratized their own section of it? They who have so confidently challenged the whole world order—what sort of order have they set up in their own homes?

Home to the 1,500 sailors of the Siberian fleet was Vladivostok. To the 10,000 men in the landlocked fleet of the Caspian it was Baku. To the 5,000 sailors of the ice fleet guarding the White Sea found their refuge in Archangel. The two main fleets—the Black Sea, leading the revolt of 1905, and the Baltic, claiming the honors for 1917—had respectively a personnel of 45,000 and 65,000 men. These sailors from their far-reaching campaigns of propaganda and civil war come homing back to Sebastopol and Odessa in the Black Sea and to Reval, Kronstadt and Helsingfors on the Baltic.

My first glimpse of the sailor at home was in the Gulf of Finland, where the Baltic fleet stood as a barricade on the water-road to Petrograd. An old reserve officer directing me along the quay pointed out a strip of yellow wood which ran around the "Polar Star," the yacht of the former Czar, and said:

That moulding is of the best mahogany and cost 25,000 rubles, but the sailors are now too lazy to keep it polished. So they painted it yellow. In my day a sailor was a sailor. He knew that his job was to scrub and polish and he tended to his job. But the devil is loose among them now. Think of it! On this very yacht that belongs to the Czar himself ordinary seamen sit about making laws about managing the ships and the fleet and the country. And they don't stop there. They talk about managing the world. Internationalism and democracy they call it, but I call it downright treason and insanity.

There in brief is the point at issue between the defenders of the old regime and the champions of the new revolutionary order. In the old order the discipline and control were superimposed from above; in the new they proceed from the men themselves. The old was a fleet of officers; the new is a fleet of sailors. In the change a new set of values has been created; a new code has been formed. In it the polishing of the sailors' wits upon democracy and internationalism has higher rating than polishing the brass and mahogany.

The second indication of the temper of the new fleet came to us as we climbed the gangway of the "Polar Star," where Rasputin and his associates once had their day. The correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin, Miss Beatty, was informed that the presence of her sex upon the ships was tabooed. The captain was very polite, very much adorned with gold braid, but withal very helpless.

"In such a matter, you understand," he explained. "I can do nothing at all. Everything is in the hands of the 'committee.'"

"But she has come 10,000 versts to see the fleet."

"Well, we can see what the 'committee' says," he answered. The "committee" was complaisant and made a special dispensation in the matter. We were on our way again, with the captain in advance warding off the challenging inquiries of the crew with the