



... in Mytholmroyd, West Yorkshire

PHOTOGRAPH: DENIS THORPE

... The old maestro's slogan has been paraphrased  
... But she'd better not try saying it to **Jim Jarratt**

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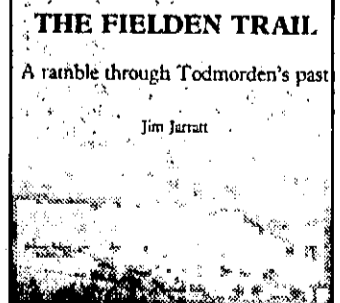
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There is no money to plan holi-  
days, to take the kids for a day  
at the seaside. School trips and  
outings become a financial em-  
barrassment, and the children  
cannot understand why they  
cannot go with their class-  
mates. Unemployment reaps a  
harvest of social division and  
domestic discord. You lose  
touch with friends and they  
with you. You cannot live up to  
their lifestyles and they cannot  
see why.

The gulf between the em-  
ployed and the jobless is a vast  
one; not only financially but in  
terms of understanding. Those  
who have never known long-  
term unemployment can have  
no idea what it is like. The  
politician who signed on the  
dole for a month and said it  
"wasn't bad" is beneath con-  
tempt. It would take two years  
for a man of his means to even  
notice his lifestyle was slipping.  
Such people have no knowledge  
of what it means to be a second-  
class citizen who cannot get  
credit or legally supplement his



Being a published author  
should help . . .

income by working part time.  
(Anything in excess of £4 a  
week comes off benefit.) This  
hardly encourages the unem-  
ployed to seek part-time work,  
and job sharing is a joke to the  
very people it is supposed to  
help. There is no way, short of  
finding a full-time, well-paid job  
that the unemployed can be sig-  
nificantly better off.

Much of Employment Train-  
ing is but free labour for em-  
ployers masquerading as train-  
ers, filling the gap left by the  
inadequacies of public sector  
education establishments,  
which are only inadequate be-  
cause they have been deliber-  
ately underfunded in the first

unemployed labour for benefit  
plus £10. People are coerced on  
to it with threats of loss of ben-  
efit. It is the thin end of a wedge  
which will lead to the shadow  
of the workhouse and the  
labour camp. The unemployed  
live in a prison without bars.

So go out! Get a job — or  
some training! I've already  
done so. I have secured certifi-  
cates in business computing,  
drystone walling, and first aid.  
None of these monkey metal  
qualifications has helped me  
get a job. Because getting a job  
is a job in itself, I have a phone,  
a typewriter, an immaculate  
computer-generated CV (con-  
tinually updated), and a regular  
supply of newspapers from  
every town in the region. In six  
months I have applied for  
nearly 40 jobs. I have had four  
interviews. I am still  
unemployed.

On 90 per cent of application  
forms, I am insulted and em-  
barrassed by being asked for  
details of my present job, the  
implication being that if you  
are not leaving a job to go to  
theirs, you are not wor-  
thy of consideration. This prej-  
udice of employers in favour of  
the already employed explains  
why when jobs are advertised  
in hundreds, unemployment  
statistics only fall in tens. The  
unemployed aren't getting the  
jobs, only schemes. The em-  
ployed are going round and  
round in circles chasing after  
each other's jobs. The unem-  
ployed can't get a look in be-  
cause, in the eyes of employers,  
unemployed equals  
unemployable.

Employers have it all their  
own way. They can draw the  
best staff from their competi-  
tors and man the bottom line  
with conscript labour from the  
dole queues. No one objects in  
communities which are desper-  
ate for job creation at any price.

Being a teacher or a doctor is  
a career. Being an assembly-  
line operative is a job you do  
for the acquisition of money.  
It's amazing how many employ-  
ers and people in authority do  
not seem to know the differ-  
ence. Recently I was refused a  
job as a proof-reader on a news-  
paper on the grounds that  
someone of my experience and  
background would find this  
work boring and unfulfilling. I

where employers seek "quali-  
fied and experienced staff"  
under the age of 25. If I were  
black, or a woman, I could cry  
discrimination. Not that that  
makes much difference either.

Qualifications are another  
catch. If I apply for a simple  
manual job I have to play down  
my standard of education, be-  
cause would-be-employers seem  
to think that if anybody with  
brains applies for a job that  
doesn't need any, there must be  
something wrong somewhere.  
Conversely, if I apply for a po-  
sition that does require a good  
standard of education, I usually  
lose out to some young, up-  
wardly mobile offcomer who  
possesses that magic guarantee  
of supreme ability, the univer-  
sity degree. Being a published  
author should help, especially  
in applying for jobs connected  
with publishing, libraries,  
tourism. Unfortunately it  
doesn't.

It is not hard to see why some  
people turn to crime, antisocial  
behaviour, and political ex-  
tremism. On all sides the unem-  
ployed are beset and brain-  
washed by a consumer society  
in which they are not allowed  
to consume, the world of the  
employed and the employer.  
Short of living in a tent on  
Rockall, there is no escape from  
it. Read the papers, watch the  
TV, everywhere you are bom-  
barded with the evidences and  
trappings of other people's suc-  
cesses. Our media drugs us,  
training us like Pavlov's dogs to  
derive our wish fulfilment from  
a passive voyeurism of the  
antics of the rich and famous.  
You sit and watch and read. No  
input is required from you.

For the unemployed there is  
no place beyond the fortnightly  
signing on at the end of a sham-  
bling queue and occasional  
harassment from a system  
which offers all the chances  
without any of the incentives.

The whole system is designed  
to exclude the unemployed as  
undesirables. It debases,  
wastes, and breeds resentment  
and discontent. Lives are  
blasted and talent is flushed  
down the drain.

I cry in the wilderness to that  
formless destiny that decrees  
that I should drink of this bitter  
cup, and wonder what I have  
done that I and my family

# Did the Japanese strike before Pearl Harbour?

PTE.002.0091

The security hitch over Eric Nave's memoirs  
has revived the theory that British  
intelligence knew in advance the  
Japanese plan for a pre-emptive strike  
against the American fleet. But  
**William Scanlan Murphy** suggests this is  
a red herring; the real hot potato in Captain  
Nave's book may have revealed an even  
earlier strike against an Australian cruiser

**T**HE AMERICANS  
themselves were al-  
most certainly reading  
Japanese signals long  
before December 7, 1941 — "the  
day of infamy". When Frank  
Knox, Secretary of the Navy at  
the time, received news of the  
Pearl attack, his response was  
not a cry of utter disbelief, but  
"My God, this can't be true —  
this must mean the Philip-  
pines." The Americans were ex-  
pecting something, but suffered a  
tragic failure of interpreta-  
tion: British help would have  
been neither here nor there.  
Subsequent decrypts of the Jap-  
anese codes (the Ultra secret)  
contributed much to the Allied  
victory in the Far East. So why  
the panic over Captain Nave?

The answer could be the  
strange story of the loss of  
HMAS Sydney. This Australian  
cruiser was lost in a histori-  
cally unique action off Western  
Australia on November 19,  
1941, when she encountered the  
German auxiliary cruiser Kor-  
moran. Kormoran was a dis-  
guised merchant vessel which  
had been wreaking havoc on  
Allied shipping in the Indian  
Ocean throughout 1941. Ini-  
tially passing herself off as the  
Dutch merchantman Straat Ma-  
lakka, Kormoran managed to  
lull the cruiser into a position  
in which she presented herself  
beam-on to the German's tor-  
pedo tubes. In the ensuing fire-  
fight, both vessels were sunk.  
This, vastly simplified, is the  
account of the action given by  
Kormoran's captain, Theodor  
Detmers, in his memoirs.

But only members of Kor-  
moran's crew survived to pro-  
duce memoirs: all of Sydney's  
645 officers and men were lost;  
compared to 77 of Kormoran's  
crew of 397. This would have  
required the Sydney to have  
suffered an explosion of apoca-  
lyptic proportions. The maga-  
zine eruption that finished the  
Hood left three survivors and  
the even greater detonation of  
the Japanese battleship Yamato  
left 269; both actions took place  
far from home, but the Sydney  
was in home waters.

The Kormoran's survivors  
reached land with compara-  
tively little trouble: whatever  
killed the men of the Sydney, it  
was not the sea itself. German  
naval mythologists made much  
of the fact that Sydney had  
been sunk near the site where  
her first world war namesake  
had hammered the commerce  
raider Emden to pieces in 1914.  
Honour had been restored:  
Detmers became one of Ger-  
many's very few non-sub-  
marine naval heroes.

This tale of naval nemesis  
has been sternly maintained as  
the official version of events.  
Yet there were strange incon-  
sistencies. Detmers and his  
men carried plenty of supplies  
in their boats, were well fed  
and even newly shaved when  
they made land. Bottles carry-  
ing Japanese markings were  
recovered from one of the  
boats. There was evidence of  
careful collusion between sur-  
vivors over the unnaturally  
precise version of the engage-  
ment they fed to their  
interrogators.

Recent detective work by  
Michael Montgomery, son of  
Sydney's navigating officer, has  
revealed more significant and  
disturbing evidence. A strange

story appeared in a Western  
Australia newspaper soon after  
the battle: children's footprints  
had been found emerging from  
the sea, leading to a hut which  
showed evidence of a des-  
perate search for water.  
Strange "boats" had been seen  
emerging from the sea and "fly-  
ing" away. Most damning of all,  
one of the Kormoran's sur-  
vivors had written a coded note  
which ended with the phrase "a  
Japanese gunfire attack from  
Japan itself" — although  
Japan, of course, was not yet at  
war.

Montgomery takes these  
facts (and a great deal else) and  
builds a convincing picture of  
intervention in the Sydney-Kor-  
moran conflict by a Japanese  
submarine — more precisely,  
one of the large I-boats which  
carried a flying boat. The "child-  
ren" had been foraging Japane-  
se sailors — the I-class were  
notoriously prone to water  
shortages. When Sydney found  
the Kormoran, she and the sub-  
marine were deep in mutual  
replenishment.

Montgomery's case is that  
the submarine sank — or at  
least finished off — the Sydney,  
then killed all the survivors to  
cover her tracks, enlisting the  
Kormoran's crew in the cover-  
up. The subsequent finding  
nearby of an Australian navy  
liferaft, riddled with bullet  
holes, supports this version. It  
is here that Captain Nave and  
his colleagues become relevant.  
The submarine will have  
reported back to Japan on the  
action — a message that will  
have been intercepted by Singa-  
pore Centre and, if Captain  
Nave is to be believed, decoded.

At this time, President Roose-  
velt was reconsidering the  
American oil embargo on  
Japan that was making war  
seem inevitable: a modus vi-  
vendi was on the table, suggest-  
ing a limited restoration of oil  
supplies to Japan in return for  
a military pullback in the Far  
East by the Japanese. If it had  
been put into effect, it is highly  
unlikely that the Pearl Harbour  
attack would have gone ahead;  
among many others, Admiral  
Yamamoto, the formulator of  
the Pearl plan, would have  
leapt at the excuse.

But in the small hours of No-  
vember 26, five days after the  
Sydney action, a telegram was  
sent to Roosevelt from Winston  
Churchill which seems to have  
had a drastic effect on Roose-  
velt, who scrapped the modus  
vivendi. From that moment,  
war was unavoidable. On that  
very day, the Pearl Harbour  
assault force sailed from the  
Kurile Islands. It is Montgo-  
mery's case that the Churchill  
telegram concerned the sinking  
of the Sydney — proof positive  
that the Japanese were acting  
in bad faith. Captain Nave's  
revelation of the date of the  
naval decrypt pushes this  
theory into the realm of the  
probable.

Montgomery is content to let  
the precise identity of the Japa-  
nese submarine involved  
remain a mystery, but my own  
researches into Japanese fleet  
strength in the closing months  
of 1941 have revealed the prob-  
ability that the Sydney fell foul  
of one of the worst naval war  
criminals of the Second World  
War.

In November, 1941, Japan

had 11 aircraft-carrying sub-  
marines with sufficient range  
for extended Indian Ocean op-  
erations. Analysis of the scant-  
ily-documented Japanese sub-  
marine movements at the time  
reveal that only two boats were  
available to fit the bill: the I-6  
and the I-8. These were both  
large, long-range boats: both  
were highly successful later in  
the war proper; I-6, commanded  
by Commander Inaba, torpe-  
doed and sank the aircraft car-  
rier Lexington in 1942.

But neither in this case nor  
in his only other recorded sink-  
ing, that of the British mer-  
chantman Bahadur in April  
1942, did Inaba show any ten-  
dency to massacre survivors.  
Even given the special circum-  
stances of the Sydney incident,  
with its all-important need for  
secrecy at a time of crucial in-  
ternational delicacy, the sys-  
tematic slaughter of hundreds  
of men would have required an  
appalling degree of single-mind-  
edness on the part of the sub-  
marine's commander.

The captain of I-8, Comm-  
ander Tatsunosuke Ariizumi, was a  
war crime specialist. In March,  
1944, Ariizumi and his men  
butchered the crew of the Tjisa-  
lak, a Dutch merchantman, in  
the Indian Ocean; the following  
month he machine-gunned the  
crew of another victim, the  
Richard Hovey, rounding off  
the patrol by torturing to death  
63 crewmen of the American  
steamer Jean Nicolet. Signifi-  
cantly, on I-8's historic (if  
mildly ironic) epic voyage to  
Brest in 1943 to bring penicillin  
to Japan, the submarine was  
handed over to the more civil-  
ised Commander Uchino.

Tatsunosuke Ariizumi shot  
himself in August 1945, presu-  
mably in the expectation of a  
messy trial for war crimes. But,  
it seems unlikely that he would  
have been indicted for the mur-  
der of the crew of Sydney; there  
were reasons for maintaining  
the fiction that Sydney and  
Kormoran had sunk each  
other.

Captain Detmers and his men  
had no wish to betray their  
collusion in a major war crime:  
while Detmers' memoirs are  
riddled with inconsistencies  
and even demonstrable false-  
hoods, they are remarkably  
consistent in harping on his in-  
nocence of wrong-doing. He  
protests too much, in fact. But  
the need to protect the work of  
the code-breakers would have  
been sufficient for the British  
and Australian Governments'  
contemporary suppression of  
the fact that a Japanese sub-  
marine had been involved: ex-  
posure may well have caused  
an outcry in Australia at a time  
when fear of war with Japan  
was matched only by lack of  
preparation for it. During and  
after the war, however,  
grounds arose for the spread of  
a web of secrecy over the whole  
affair.

The crucial Churchill-Roose-  
velt telegram of November 26 is  
under a 75-year closure at the  
Public Record Office. If it does  
indeed concern the Sydney, it  
might be considered evidence  
of an attempt to manipulate the  
US into war, though this seems  
a rather wilful treatment of the  
facts (if no more so than the  
Churchill-and-Pearl theory).  
Japan will have been shown to  
have jumped the gun on the  
elaborate diplomatic dance that  
preceded Pearl Harbour, at a  
time when the submarine arm  
was under the overall com-  
mand of Prince Fushimi,  
reporting directly to the alleg-  
edly saintly Hirohito; a German  
hero will be exposed as a war  
criminal. So much for "affect-  
ing our relationships with for-  
eign powers, even now." For-  
get all, however, the relatives of  
645 Australian sailors will be  
shown to be the victims of an  
immense lie.  
*Who Sank The Sydney? by  
Michael Montgomery (Leo  
Cooper, 1983).*