

AN EXPOSURE.

The average civilian no doubt believes implicitly that the dreaded S.S. exists only in those lands of fear ruled over by Hitler and people of that ilk, but any airman of the R.N.Z.A.F. Station, Ohakea, could, and does, inform them that this is not correct.

A branch of the S.S. is firmly established on this Station, although its members will strenuously deny the fact.

The local S.S. is divided into two divisions, the higher division, the Ogpu (officially known as Disciplinarians) and the lower division, the Gestapo (officially known as the Service Police).

Both these divisions are ruled over by a man who is known as the Station Warrant Officer, although most airmen have a number of names for the same person, appropriate no doubt, but not, definitely not, polite.

The workings of the Ogpu in particular are so delightfully simple and apparently above board, that even the most discerning individual will be lulled into a false sense of security, but it is a fact that as soon as a new Squadron is formed the S.W.O. very kindly and considerately appoints a Disciplinarian to it. The wise Commander will treat this individual with a degree of restraint, while the unwary takes him to his bosom, but either way, sooner or later, it will be realised that a member of the Ogpu has been cleverly planted in their midst to inform his Chief of their every move. (Perhaps this exposure may help to dispel the suggested clairvoyant power usually attributed to this individual).

The Chief of the S.S. resides (that is when he is not prowling around the Station) in the Castle, and in his office are two of his key men, one an Ogpu and the other a Gestapo man. (NOTE.—It is a wise precaution to avoid personal contact with either of these).

It might be well to mention here that the Chief apparently does not sleep and certainly resents any airman sleeping, especially at 0630 hours. Many an airman has been forcibly awakened at this ungodly hour (much to the amusement of the other occupants of the room, may it be said) and has found this dreaded individual standing at the foot of the bed writing in a small black book.

On these occasions the Chief's vocabulary seems to be somewhat limited, as the most he seems to be able to say is: "Get out—my office at 9."

To the uninitiated this might appear to be an invitation to a pleasant little cup of tea and a chat, but to the older