

From the Diary of Stanislaw Adler about Criminals'

Attempts to Join the Order Service

Sometimes... a criminal would obstinately and arrogantly continue in his attempt to get into the Service, even resorting to making threats against us. I recall one tall handsome youth of extraordinary physical strength who pestered us for months to be admitted to the Service. As he was known as a butcher and a terrorist and was feared like fire, he was able to roam the offices with impunity. Usually he was the essence of angelic mildness and could be mollified by calm persuasion, but any attempt to resist him physically, especially when he was under the influence of alcohol, which was his common state, ended in catastrophe. Then, not even a score of men could overcome him.

Another criminal, a *doliniarz* (pickpocket) from Łódź, anticipating some difficulty in being accepted into the Service, submitted over a dozen applications, each with a somewhat altered name. The poor devil had no luck with me; I found all his applications and rejected them. But Kizelsztajn, for that was his name, managed in some mysterious way to pass through all our screening devices and was about to be accepted when I noticed him in the queue for the Super-Revision Commission ("S"). Thwarted again, he swore to have his revenge and threatened to beat me up. Since the Polish jurisdiction practically ceased to exist at the boundary of the Jewish Quarter, it was a case of the law of the strongest prevailing. Jurisdiction there was exercised in general by the Jewish Council and the Order Service, as well as by the invading forces and the Polish Police. In too many instances, however, gangs of criminals and all sorts of brigands took the law into their own hands, and their menace could not be taken lightly.

After Kizelsztajn's threat, I considered taking precautionary measures when I had to walk in the street at dusk, but he took his revenge in a more refined way. It was obvious that he had taken great pains to find the best way to humiliate me, because one day he arrived at the headquarters, came up to me, and said in a low voice "that is wasn't necessary for him to be accepted

by the Order Service anymore because he had found work with the Gestapo!”
I made a point of congratulating this fortunate one on his new venture.

Source: Stanislaw Adler, *In the Warsaw Ghetto 1940-1943. An Account of a Witness*, Yad Vashem, Jerusalem 1982, pp. 12-13.