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A NOVEL

# KEEP THE JEWS OUT!



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#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

# MIKE EVANS

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A NOVEL



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***Keep the Jews Out!***  
***(a novel)***

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This book is lovingly dedicated to my dear friend,  
**Rabbi Yisroel Goldstein**

In April 2019, a 19-year old man with an AR-15 rifle entered a synagogue in Poway, California, on the last day of Passover, which also fell on Shabbat. He fired shots, killing Lori Gilbert-Kaye, and injuring three others, including Rabbi Goldstein. Another congregant was struck in the leg, and his eight-year-old niece was wounded by flying shrapnel.

When I met Rabbi Goldstein at the White House later that May, I asked him what the greatest need of his synagogue was. With tears in his eyes, he told me that the children were afraid to come to the school for fear of another anti-Semitic attack. I was able to raise the funds for Rabbi Goldstein and his synagogue to help pay for 24-hour security at their facility for an entire year. We did that to combat anti-Semitism and show God's love for the Jewish people.

In May 2019, I was invited to the United Nations in New York City where Rabbi Goldstein spoke at a symposium on battling anti-Semitism in the online world. At the end of the symposium, Rabbi Goldstein called, asking if he could come to my room and pray with me. He placed the Tefillin, a pair of black leather boxes containing Hebrew parchment scrolls, on my forehead and arm.

Shortly after the meeting at the UN, I flew to Israel to host the initial anniversary of the moving of the U.S. Embassy to Jerusalem. Sitting next to me was the Chief Rabbi of Jerusalem who had flown to New York City to comfort Rabbi Goldstein. The Chief Rabbi informed him that a Jewish man had just hosted an amazing event. Rabbi Goldstein exclaimed, "He's my friend, Mike Evans." The Chief Rabbi prayed a blessing over our friendship and informed Rabbi Goldstein that I had never experienced a Bar Mitzvah.

When I went to greet Rabbi Goldstein, he asked, "Would you allow me to conduct a Bar Mitzvah for you?" I laughed and replied, "That ceremony is for a 13-year old boy, not a 71-year old man." I quickly agreed, and Rabbi Goldstein then performed the ritual with his hand still bandaged from the California attack.

Rabbi Goldstein looked into the face of death with a holy boldness. The fire inside him was greater than the fire outside him.

A grayscale illustration of the Statue of Liberty, positioned at the top center of the page. The statue is shown from the waist up, holding a torch in her right hand and a tablet in her left. The background behind the statue is a light, hazy sky.

# CHAPTER 1

Snow crunched beneath Schleman Lewin's feet as he trudged through the village. In the distance, beyond the rooftops and outbuildings, the tree-lined hills were covered with snow, creating a magnificent landscape. Overhead, the sun peeked through a layer of clouds, but to him even the clouds were a thing of beauty. For all of his life, Lewin had marveled at the natural wonder and splendor that surrounded him every day, but right there, in that moment, the air was thick with smoke and heavy with the stench of burning bodies.

Around the world, leaders argued and railed against the supposed causes of the Great War, a calamity just ended barely a month earlier. Already news of their narrow-minded and angry rant had reached the village and, indeed, all of Belarus. When he read the first accounts of it in a newspaper from Odessa, Lewin shook his head. "It's almost 1919," he muttered to himself. "Can't they do better than this?" But it seemed the leaders of the world were destined never to escape the prejudices they had brought to the conflict and now appeared to lead them toward yet another conflict—one, no doubt, that would be far worse than all of those that Europe had so far endured.

In Naroulia, a Jewish village, Lewin and his fellow residents in the Pale of Settlement were likewise locked in a struggle against a culture ruled by the prejudices and apprehensions of the past. They were the victims, not the aggressors. Created by

Catherine the Great, the Pale had been a place for Russian Jews to live following the monarchy's ineffective attempts to remove them from the country. Later, the region with its Jewish population was greatly expanded with the annexation of Poland, a consequence of Russia having won the Polish-Russian War. For Jews of the Russian Empire, it was the only location in which they could enjoy Russian citizenship and a measure of peace. Right then, for Lewin and his fellow Jews of Naroulia, that citizenship afforded them little joy and only intermittent peace.

Beginning in the nineteenth century and continuing well into the twentieth, Belarus, and the entire Pale, was subject to deadly attacks known to historians as the Pogroms. In waves of violence that sometimes lasted for decades, angry mobs, organized by czarist officials and operating with czarist approval, descended on hapless Jewish villages and raped, beat, burned, and killed all they found. Now, even after the Russian Revolution had ended the empire, those attacks continued.

As Lewin made his way through Naroulia that morning, he saw the aftermath of the attack that had occurred the night before. His house had been spared but many others were not. After checking on his nearest neighbors, he set out to learn the condition of his relatives, some of whom were quite old.

Lewin's first stop was at the home of his uncle Isaac, his father's brother. Approaching eighty, Isaac spent most days sitting alone in his kitchen, huddled by the wood-burning stove, reading and drinking coffee. He was able to get about on his own but lacked the agility necessary to escape an angry mob. Lewin had worried about his uncle all night and when he'd first left the house to see about him, he had been anxious. But as Isaac's house came into view, he felt the muscles in his neck relax. Tension left his body and a sense of relief swept over him. Even from the street Lewin could see that the structure had sustained only minor damage—a broken window, probably from a rock, was all.

## KEEP THE JEWS OUT!

Lewin quickened his pace, made his way onto the porch, and rapped on the door. Isaac greeted him with coffee cup in hand. He invited Lewin inside and ushered him into the kitchen, where they sat together and talked.

Isaac said in response to Lewin's concern. "It was nothing. I have seen worse." He gestured with his cup. "You have, too."

Lewin nodded in reply. "I have seen worse."

"Perhaps they are tiring of their torture against us."

Lewin sighed. "I do not think so."

Isaac paused to take a sip of coffee. "I do not suppose so, either."

They talked awhile longer, then Lewin left to check on his aunts who lived three houses from Isaac—they were Isaac's sisters—and found that they, too, had endured the night without injury. Lewin was relieved by what he'd learned so far, but his cousin Naum lived on the opposite side of town. Reports and rumors circulating through the night and even after sunup indicated that area of the village was hardest hit. So, after finding his uncle and aunts were well, Lewin started toward Naum's house.

Lewin and Naum had grown up together in a neighborhood not far from where Isaac and his sisters resided. Their parents were cousins, and got along well together, but the interests of the two families diverged greatly. Naum's father was a writer, scholar, and teacher. Lewin's was a businessman and entrepreneur.

At first, the difference meant very little to Lewin and Naum. They spent their childhood running through the forests and playing between the houses on their street. As they grew older, however, their lives began to move apart. Naum attended school, first in Naroulia and then in towns that were farther and farther away. He grew in stature as a respected scholar but, until the last five years, he was rarely in town, only returning after his parents died and he inherited their house.

Lewin followed his father into business as a merchant, which

he operated from a warehouse in Naroulia. And, like his father, he leased a field outside of town that he sublet to a farmer. Rent from the sublease provided a source of steady income that protected him and his family from the vagaries of the mercantile business—a fact that his wife, Michla, and their two children very much appreciated. Lately, however, business had not been so good.

Past the center of town and around a bend in the road, Lewin caught sight of Naum standing in the street. Before him lay the smoldering ruins of his house. Lewin hurried forward and halted by Naum's side. He opened his mouth to speak but when Naum did not respond to his presence, words escaped him and he simply stood there with an arm around his cousin's shoulder.

The house had been large with many rooms. It had a sink with running water piped from a spring on the hill that rose behind the house. Now ashes and a few charred boards were all that remained. Staring at the rubble brought back memories of the fun they'd had as boys chasing through it, laughing and shouting as they went. Their laughter would echo through the house above the rumble of their footsteps. Naum's mother never seemed to mind, though, and always had a plate of cookies ready for them when they tired of play. Those were good years. Happy years that were intertwined with the house in a nostalgic emotion that made Lewin long for those days again.

After a while of standing in the snow, the acrid smell of smoke filling his nostrils, Lewin grew tired of the silence. His feet grew cold, too, and finally he removed his arm from Naum's shoulder, then glanced over at him. "What shall we do about this?" He gestured to the ruins that lay before them.

"We should kill them all." Naum's voice was flat, as if the words came from a cold, dark resolve that lay deep within his soul.

Lewin was unsettled by the response and gestured again toward the rubble. "I mean about your house." He used both hands to emphasize his point. "We must rebuild your house.



Better and bigger than before. A house worthy of the laughter of your children, as the one we knew was worthy of ours.” He was deliberately grandiose in the hope that he might at least raise a smile on Naum’s sullen face.

Naum was unmoved and shook his head. “I am not rebuilding.” His words came in that same flat tone. “Not today. Not tomorrow. Not ever.” He glanced at Lewin. “My children will grace the floor of some other dwelling.”

Lewin frowned. “What do you mean you aren’t rebuilding? We always rebuild. This is what we do. We don’t give in. We don’t give up. We persevere.” Lewin felt nervous from Naum’s odd mood and spoke in rapid fire, as if a torrent of words could somehow overwhelm the moment and bring Naum back to himself.

Again Naum shook his head. “You can have it. Take the whole place. The ashes. The charred lumber. The pipe from the spring. And the land, too. I’m leaving this place.” He looked over at Lewin with a cold, hard glare. “You should leave, too.” With that, Naum turned and walked away.

Lewin watched for a moment, startled by the abruptness of his cousin’s departure, then called after him, “Where will you go?”

“Anywhere but here,” Naum replied. “Maybe America.” He turned to one side and looked back in Lewin’s direction. “Do you think Esther will help me?”

Esther was Lewin’s sister. She and her husband had left Naroulia following a pogrom several years earlier. Unlike many others, they got out—out of the village and out of Russia—and moved to America. By all accounts, they had a good life there and they were spoken of on numerous occasions. Many in the village referred to them as an example they wished to follow.

“I am sure Esther will be glad to help you,” Lewin answered. “If you ask.”

“Then I will write to her today.” Naum turned away for a final time and waved as he moved up the street at a deliberate pace.

Soon he turned the corner by the cobbler's shop and was out of sight.

Lewin remained at the site of Naum's former residence awhile longer, thinking of what it meant that Naum and his family were leaving. Many others had departed also, but most of Lewin's extended family remained in the village and the surrounding countryside where they and their forebears had lived for centuries.

Leaving was not an easy decision to make, and although many of his relatives chose to remain, most of them thought that going was the wisest choice. It was a quandary for them—a Lewin family trait, it seemed. Thinking to do a thing but never following through with purpose.

*Staying isn't such a bad idea*, Lewin thought to himself.

In fact, there were advantages to remaining. His business was established and, though activity was slow right then, it afforded him a good living and enabled him to provide for his family. Moving to America meant uprooting his family from their familiar surroundings, closing the businesses, disposing of his assets, winding things up in Naroulia, then starting over in a strange and foreign land. True, his sister was there with her family. And he knew others that had made the trek across the Atlantic. But though he read and spoke English, he knew not the first thing about how business was conducted there. It would be like starting from scratch, he thought. *Only without Papa or Mama to show me how. And without the reputation of our family.*

After a few minutes alone to consider the matter, Lewin turned away and started up the street toward home. When he arrived, he found Michla preparing lunch in the kitchen. Their two sons were playing near the fireplace in the front room.

She asked as he entered, "How was it?" She remained at the counter with her eyes focused on her work. When Lewin did not answer immediately, she turned toward him. "How much damage

did they do this time?”

Lewin slid a chair from the kitchen table and dropped wearily onto it. He slouched to one side and propped an elbow against the tabletop to brace himself. “The area around Isaac and the others was not hard hit. Just a few broken windows. But from the center of the village eastward toward Naum’s house, they were devastated.”

Michla wiped her hands on a towel and turned her attention fully to him. “Devastated?”

“Houses burned. Buildings looted. Many people dead or injured.” Lewin spoke with a sense of sorrow in his voice. “It was awful.”

“Who?” she insisted. “Who is dead? Who is injured?”

“Itzhak, Sarah—”

“Itzhak and Sarah are dead?” Michla asked, interrupting him. Her eyes were wide with a look of terror as she rubbed her hands on the towel.

Lewin nodded. “They and many more.”

“But what about their children? Are they alright? Did you find the children?”

“They are with a neighbor.”

Michla removed the apron from her waist. “I must go and help them.”

Lewin gestured for her to wait. “There is one more thing.”

“What? What more can there be?”

Lewin looked over at her. “Naum’s house burned to the ground.”

“Burned to the ground! Why didn’t you tell me that first? You come in here and sit and chatter on about everyone else and you don’t tell me about family? What about his wife and children? How can you sit there and tell me these things when his wife and children have nowhere to go? You should have brought them here with you. Why didn’t you bring them here?”

Lewin gestured for calm. “They knew that trouble was coming. He had sent them to stay with Gesya and Zerach two days ago.”

Michla’s shoulders slumped with relief and her body relaxed visibly. “Even so, we must help them rebuild.”

Lewin shook his head. “He doesn’t want to rebuild.”

Michla was startled. “Then, what is he going to do?”

“He says that he is leaving the village.”

“To go where?”

“He mentioned he might go to America. I think he was serious.”

“That’s a fine idea, except for one thing.”

“And what is that?”

“He has a wife and children. He can’t just leave.”

“Perhaps he will not go to America, but I think he is serious about leaving Naroulia. Maybe even Belarus.”

“But what will he do about his house? He can’t just leave it, too.”

“There is nothing left of the house now,” Lewin sighed. “And besides, he gave what is left of it to me.”

Michla’s mouth dropped open. “Really?”

Lewin nodded. “Really.”

Michla seemed pleased to have the property but did her best not to show it because of the circumstances. Then she noticed the troubled look on Lewin’s face. “What is it? What is wrong?” He did not respond immediately, and she continued talking. “We can rebuild the house. We can make it better than it was before.” She took a seat beside him and held his hand in hers. “We could move there ourselves. They have a beautiful garden in back. And running water in the kitchen. Or we could sell it. Many people would want to live there.”

“It’s not that,” he said quietly.

“Then, what is it?”

He looked her in the eyes. "I wonder if we should leave."

Michla drew back from him and let go of his hand. "Leave the village? Where would we go?"

"To America. This is not a good place for us now. There will only be more attacks. It will only get worse."

"That's what Esther said when she let Isador convince her to leave. You want to be like Isador? Just run off and live somewhere else? Among people we have never known?"

"I think we must consider it." Lewin glanced toward the children. "At least for their sakes."

Michla was astounded by the suggestion that they should leave the village. Three times she opened her mouth to speak, but each time she was caught up short by the sense that she should keep silent, which was uncharacteristic for her. She yielded to it nonetheless, choosing to sit in silence and watch while Lewin processed the events of the night before, the reality of the scene that morning, and the sadness at the news that Naum was leaving.

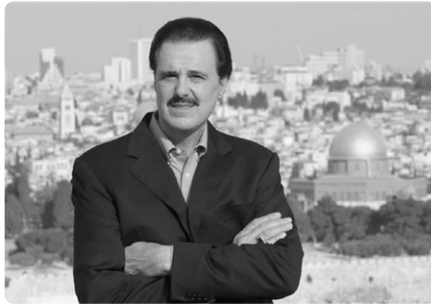
After a while, however, the duties of the day caught up with Michla and she rose from the chair at the table, wiped her hands on the towel, and returned to her work at the kitchen counter. Lewin seemed hardly to notice but remained in his seat, remembering again the day Esther and Isador left with their children to travel to America.

Leaving was a difficult decision for them. In spite of all that had been said about Isador, Lewin had seen him agonizing over the choice—whether to leave home, travel by ship across the ocean, and settle in a new country, or remain in Naroulia hoping to endure the pogroms without serious consequences, an outcome that seemed increasingly unlikely.

After their arrival in New York, Lewin received letters from Esther telling about their many adventures. It seemed they had found none of the obstacles insurmountable. Even finding a job had not been difficult. And although they had encountered some

resistance to their presence in the new country, it had not deterred them from making their way. They had a cousin who was there already and that helped, at least until they could find an apartment of their own.

Lewin was certain Esther and Isador would do the same for him and Michla and the boys. Give them a chance to make a new start. It would not be easy, but as he sat at the table that day, with the stench of the attack still in his nostrils, Lewin felt certain he and Michla should follow suit. That they should leave the village and move their family to America. And the sooner the better.



MICHAEL DAVID EVANS, the #1 *New York Times* bestselling author, is an award-winning journalist/Middle East analyst. Dr. Evans has appeared on hundreds of network television and radio shows including *Good Morning America*, *Crossfire* and *Nightline*, and *The Rush Limbaugh Show*, and on Fox Network, *CNN World News*, NBC, ABC, and CBS. His articles have been published in the *Wall Street Journal*, *USA Today*, *Washington Times*, *Jerusalem Post* and newspapers worldwide. More than twenty-five million copies of his books are in print, and he is the award-winning producer of nine documentaries based on his books.

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# AMERICA'S COMPLICITY IN THE MURDER OF SIX MILLION JEWS...

*Keep the Jews Out* is a historical novel portraying the rabid anti-Semitism that pervaded the United States of America in the 1930s. Jew-hatred arose during that time, supported by a resurgence of the KKK and the formation of Nazi-inspired organizations that challenged the rights of Jews in the U.S.

A subversive group of aides of Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau, Jr. discovered efforts by the U.S. Department of State to impede the movement of Holocaust communications into the United States. One of Morgenthau's senior aids wrote:

*I am convinced on the basis of the information which is available to me that certain officials in our State Department, which is charged with carrying out this policy, have been guilty not only of gross procrastination and willful failure to act, but even of willful attempts to prevent action from being taken to rescue Jews from Hitler....Unless remedial steps of a drastic nature are taken, and taken immediately, I am certain that no effective action will be taken by this government to prevent the complete extermination of the Jews in German controlled Europe, and that this Government will have to share for all time responsibility for this extermination.*

*Keep the Jews Out* reveals the inexplicable desperation that launched a subversive attack to bar Jews from emigrating to the U.S. Because of that policy, scores of Jews were murdered by the Nazis as part of Hitler's "Final Solution."

**DR. MIKE EVANS**, the #1 *New York Times* bestselling author, is an award-winning news analyst who has served as a confidant to leaders in the Middle East for more than four decades. More than twenty-five million copies of his books are in print. Evans has appeared on numerous network radio and television shows including *Good Morning America*, *Nightline*, *The Rush Limbaugh Show*, Fox Network, and *CNN World News*. He is a frequent guest on the networks, and has been a staunch defender of Israel for over four decades, combating anti-Semitism. Evans' articles have been published in *USA Today*, *Jerusalem Post*, *Washington Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and newspapers worldwide. He is the award-winning producer of nine documentaries based on his books. Evans is the founder of the Friends of Zion Heritage Center and Museum in Jerusalem and the Corrie ten Boom Holocaust Museum in Haarlem, Holland. He is considered one of the world's leading experts on Israel and the Middle East and serves on the Faith advisory Committee for President Donald Trump. Mike Evans is available for speaking engagements and interviews. Contact: [EVENTS@drmichaelsevans.com](mailto:EVENTS@drmichaelsevans.com)



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