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by Dan Feltham

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# **MOUNT RUSHMORE'S LEGACY**

A Political Fantasy Sprinkled with American History

Dan Feltham



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# Mount Rushmore's Legacy

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## Chapter 1 – A National Park Visit

The front door slammed. “Sam, is that you?” called Trudy from the kitchen.

“Yes dear. I’m home early and ready for a cocktail and our much-delayed vacation. My editor told me to go on home, to take the whole week off, and that somehow the newspaper would get by without me.”

“Well, you shouldn’t be down there on a Sunday anyway. You’ve been working way too hard,” replied his wife, coming to the front room to give him a hug.

Sam Mitchell worked for the Lincoln City Daily News as a freelance reporter. He was exhausted after having spent way too many hours helping to break a hot story about a narcotics ring selling deadly drugs throughout the state of Nebraska. A vacation was just what he needed. Sam, and his pretty wife Trudy, had moved to Lincoln the previous year after his retirement from the Marines. Twenty-five years was enough of moving around from military base to base with too many overseas tours and too many combat missions. He had been lucky and came home from the war in Afghanistan almost physically and mentally whole – a few shrapnel scars on his legs and a few less obvious scars deep in his mind.

Sam and Trudy had decided to start a second life well away from military posts toward a whole new future. Both kids were finally in college and the couple was enjoying their middle years together. A Lieutenant Colonel’s retirement salary and the income from her part time job as a substitute high school history teacher had allowed them to buy a fairly new three-bedroom home in the suburbs. The newspaper thing was something new and exciting for Sam, and life was good.

“Listen hon,” said Sam, heading back to the kitchen. “Let’s get things all packed up in the Jeep, go out to dinner at

that fish and chips place in town you like, come home and make love all night and then get away early in the morning. I'm anxious to see all the sights in western South Dakota and especially spend time at Mount Rushmore."

Trudy loved her husband's enthusiasm about life and had never gotten used to his amazing energy level. However, she knew he was tired after working with the local police and DEA agents for the past two months. His story had received national acclaim.

"You listen you old goat. If we have a big meal and a couple drinks, I'll have to drive you home and put you to bed. If we are going to get an early start, let's do the restaurant and afterwards we'll just see what happens. Oh, and by the way, you know I'm really looking forward to a vacation and visiting that part of Dakota too. I've taught about the men of Rushmore for many years, but never been to the Black Hills. I'm glad that you'll have a chance to relax and get away from that newspaper and any more excitement."

They were both in for a huge surprise.

Trudy was one of those exceptions to the general rule—at 46 years she still liked outdoor camping along with fishing, backpacking, rock climbing and the outdoors in general. Thanks to her dad's influence, and growing up in Colorado, camping came natural to her. She jogged a couple miles every other day and believed in staying in great shape, which Sam appreciated.

Sam went out to the garage, threw their sleeping bags, ground tarp, Coleman stove, fishing gear, and a new tent in the back of their trusty Jeep Cherokee. The next morning, Trudy would pack roast beef sandwiches, a couple of frozen steaks, a couple bottles each of water and a good red wine, breakfast makings and fresh fruit all into a Styrofoam cooler. They planned to be gone three or four days.

“Grab the rain gear too honey,” she yelled at Sam from the kitchen window.

“Aw, we probably won’t need it, but you are usual right dear; it won’t hurt to take some good heavy coats along too just in case.”

They went to dinner and were home by 8:30 and sound asleep by 10.

At seven a.m. they were on the road, laughing about Sam’s feeble attempt at fulfilling his all night promise. They had about 470 miles to cover before reaching the campground in the shadow of Mount Rushmore. It was mid-May and the weather was a maybe this, maybe that type of thing. They hadn’t been on a long vacation since the kids were out of the house or since Sam had dived into his new job. The drive went easy and the six-year old white Jeep purred away at 70 miles per hour. They were still very much in love and enjoyed just being together. They shared what they knew about the four presidents they would be visiting. By early afternoon, they crossed into South Dakota on Highway 385. The day had been sunny to the south and east, but they noticed a dark cloud buildup over the western horizon that was starting to blacken the aptly named Black Hills in the distance, the singular mountain range that rose 4000 feet and more above the surrounding great plains.

Although they were pushing the season, what could go wrong? Sam decided to tap in the local weather app on his cell phone. Bad surprise, the forecast was for a fast-moving storm with cold, heavy rain, possible lightning and thunder over the western Dakotas and Nebraska, a potentially powerful storm the local Sioux Indians called *Wakinyan*. They got to the campground, checked in at the gate, and found a nice empty area with a table and fire pit. It was turning cold and Sam quickly got a fire going while Trudy started wrestling with the



tent. Sam had no patience with the flexible plastic rods that held the tent together and told Trudy to tie it down good and solid to the tent's ground pegs. By 7 p.m. they were sitting comfortably at an old wooden table, coats on, shivering a bit, but enjoying steak, salad and the wine. Other campers were in the process of arriving, cooking meals and setting up their own campsites. A few friendly campers stopped by to say hello and a couple mentioned how cold it was getting. It was good thing they had brought their heavy sleeping bags too. By 9 p.m. Sam and Trudy had things put away, were snuggled down in the tent, talking about their two college kids and the next few days' vacation.

The campground had soon gone quiet, except for some western music from a neighbor's campsite and a loud poker game down the row in one of the fancy RVs. The wind had increased so that the surrounding trees were rustling and creaking and intermittent showers had become more prevalent. By midnight all hell started to break loose – a strong wind, a sudden drop in temperature, pounding rain, then golf ball sized hailstones with the wind gusts threatening the integrity of their tent. Lightning, thunder and the flapping noises of the tent material prohibited any sleep. At almost a mile high, the area was not a stranger to a late winter snowfall, and this was the thing the locals called Thunder Bird!

The lightning and thunder were getting very close – flash--crack, flash--bang, flash--kaboom. Electrical power to the campground lights went out. They heard several tree branches crash to the ground. The storm was right over the top of them and intensifying. Around one o'clock, the entire campground lit up, brighter from one long bolt of lightning than Sam would have thought possible. Brighter than anything he had seen, even when the ammo dump exploded one night on the outskirts of Kabul. He watched with concern – no, real fear,

seeing the illuminated face of his frightened wife. Immediately after the big bolt of lightning, there was a deafening clap of thunder that rolled and rolled and even the ground seemed to shake beneath them. Sam thought the earth had split. It was like a 50-lane bowling alley on steroids. And then, suddenly, there was total silence from Mother Nature! The only sound was a nearby baby crying. The ominous smell of ozone hung in the air for far too long.

The storm had apparently halted or passed on. The electrical display, the thunder, the wind, the rain and hail all stopped. The intense cold seemed to disappear with the wind. After a few questioning minutes, the whole campground came back alive. Families with flashlights poured out of their tents and RVs to assess any damage. One by one, the camp's night security lights came back on again. Other than a few downed trees and a couple of collapsed tents with people struggling to straighten them out, there was no serious damage. Gradually, everyone quieted down and retreated back into their respective sleeping shelters. Sam thought the intensity and short duration of the storm was the strangest thing he had ever experienced. He stuck his head out of the tent to see a full moon appear from behind silver outlined clouds racing to the east. Sam silently thanked God for their safety.

He told Trudy, "No harm done hon. We should have a beautiful day ahead of us." He crawled back into the comfort of her arms and the warm sleeping bags.

The day did dawn warm and sunny. The sounds of birds and nearby breakfast conversations and preparations slowly woke the campground. Any hint of the night's sudden cold or snow on the ground was gone, except there were broken branches, pinecones and still sodden leaves everywhere. Sam was anxious to get on with the day and go see the four famous presidents.

“Trudy, let’s see Rushmore this morning first and then drive over to the Crazy Horse Memorial or the Crystal Caverns this afternoon if there is still time.”

They fixed a quick breakfast of bacon, eggs and sweet rolls and by 8:30 they had packed their camping gear, tent, dishes and all, and were in the Jeep for the short drive to see the world’s largest sculpture. Sam had to stop the car a couple times to get out, move some downed tree branches from the road and then drive on. A heavy morning mist and the tall pines alongside the winding road obscured the mountain. Strangely, when they arrived, there was no one at the entrance gate, so Sam pulled in to the almost empty parking lot without paying. While walking toward the memorial complex, Sam and Trudy noticed that people were getting in their cars and leaving. Others were milling around talking, as if confused, and a large contingent of uniformed police officers and a few Park Rangers were busy setting up yellow-ribbon barricades. What the heck was going on? Sam had not yet looked up to see the four great sculptures, being more intent on parking the Jeep, talking with Trudy and focused on the uniforms. They walked up to a couple of officers.

“We want to see the presidents and do the walking tour. Why all the commotion and the barricades? Which is the best way for us to go?”

One of the officers stepped forward to block the way. “Sorry! Maybe you can visit the museum this afternoon or tomorrow, but for now no one is allowed past these yellow ribbons. You can’t even use the trail to the Grand View Terrace. The park is closed! Come back another time. Apparently, you haven’t heard.”

“We just got here. Heard what?” answered an annoyed Sam. “We’ve come a long way. What’s the problem?”

“The problem is, there are no presidents. All four are gone! Vanished!”

“What are you talking about? That’s impossible! Are you nuts?” pressed Sam. “What do you mean, gone? They are solid granite, man. They can’t be gone!”

“Yeah, what’s happened?” questioned Trudy.

“Trust me folks, they’re gone all right. In the middle of the night, during that storm,” the officer stammered. “All that is left on the side of the mountain are four huge, white, hollow spots in the granite. They’ve disappeared! Look for yourselves. We don’t know any more than that.”

Sam and Trudy finally looked up at Rushmore’s heights. There were no granite sculptures, no faces, no big noses, just large empty spaces, as if removed by a giant ice-cream scoop. Sam’s military training kicked in and his news antenna started vibrating. Could terrorists do this, he wondered? Then he thought to himself. *No, but here’s a real good story!*

He looked at Trudy, shrugged, smiled and said, “Well my dear, that was a short vacation. It would seem that something is amiss here. Let’s hang around for a while and see what happens. Honey, I think I smell a definite news story here. This is just too crazy to be real.”

Sam pointed to several Closed For Repairs signs that were being placed near the entrance. Trudy didn’t know what to think, and Sam was also watching a group of people, at the far side of the parking lot. He ran to the Jeep and grabbed his binoculars, normally used for bird or animal watching. People were being introduced, shaking hands, and one by one they were getting in four different black sedans. It was too far away to determine facial features, but three of the men were tall and straight and a fourth – a shorter man- was full bodied and barrel chested. An Indian lady was talking to each group and each car appeared to have a separate driver. Sam continued to

watch as the cars began to slowly pull away, all apparently heading out a back dirt road exit in a loose caravan.

“Come on Trudy. Jump back in our car. I want to follow one of those cars.” It was 9:00 a.m. and a new adventure for Sam and Trudy was just beginning, an adventure that would take them to Washington D.C.

## Chapter 2 – The Awakening

Down from the mountain came the four great men, down from the sacred mountain of the Lakota Sioux Indians – freed from the granite by a huge bolt of mid-night lightning. Three men awkwardly picked their way down through the loose granite talus piles, one by one, with President George Washington appropriately leading and Jefferson and Lincoln carefully following in the dark. The fourth, Teddy Roosevelt chose to take another route off the mountain, as was his natural habit, not out of disrespect for the older three, but because he had always blazed new trails. He just wasn't a follower. One by one, as the men descended they gradually took on human forms and approached human sizes – granite changing to flesh and blood and life form expressions. The full moon had cast their eerie shadows, moving against the white stone background. A few loose stones left from the sculpture's chisels and dynamite rolled ahead of each man, the clitter clatter breaking the now silence of the night. They emerged through the lower pine trees and reached level tourist parkland, looked at each other in disbelief, smiled, and stretched their stiffened limbs. The two old friends, Washington and Jefferson, turned to each other with a "George" and "Hello Tom". After throwing their arms around each other's broad shoulders in a robust hug they turned to the other two more recent presidents and each man slowly shook hands. Introductions were not necessary. They had been looking at each other and sharing thoughts since 1937. The four had reached and were now standing on the viewing area of the Grand View Terrace, looking back up to where they had been for 70 odd years. They were dressed in the outmoded fashions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. George Washington was the first to speak.

“Gentlemen, would you care to join me in a short prayer?” The other three followed Washington’s lead. They formed a tight circle and bowed their dusty heads. It seemed the right thing to do. Washington’s voice was choked and raspy from disuse, but he continued,

“Dear God, we thank thee for this miracle, this unexpected awakening, this resurrection from the binding stone. Give us strength and the knowledge of why we have suddenly been freed. Give us guidance to carry out your wishes, whatever they may be. Bless us in the days ahead, and God Bless America. Amen.”

As they raised their heads – now fully transformed to normal human size and facial characteristics – Teddy Roosevelt looked around in wonder and asked the others, “Why have we been freed?” He also mumbled to no one, “I’m so thirsty!”

Thomas Jefferson had the answer to the question, as he often did during his lifetime. “I believe our nation needs us! You all have heard those tourist people below us in recent years talking about the economy, the strife within Congress, the greed of the politicians, the lack of jobs and the lack of leadership. It seems to me that the Constitution is being abused by all three branches of the government. the very Constitution that George and I helped establish. I’m guessing that suddenly democracy needs us and the proper questions are, what are we going to do about it and how?”

As the other three thought about Jefferson’s answer, a glowing ghost-like ephemeral apparition – perhaps the remnants of the huge lightning bolt that freed the men during the storm – approached from down the Avenue of Flags. As it grew closer, the form gradually transformed to that of a beautiful woman. She was dressed in decorated beige-colored deerskins, wore white beaded moccasins and had her onyx

black hair tied in long braids in Indian fashion. Her facial expression was both stern and kindly, her age indeterminate. She came right up to the famous men, carrying a leather pouch and four wooden bowls. She poured each man a drink of cool mountain water to answer their obvious need.

“Welcome. I am Moonbeam Walking, a Lakota Spirit, Keeper of this sacred mountain, sent by Wakan Taken, the Great Mystery, and am your benefactor. I am also the enchanted descendant of past Lakota Sioux Chiefs and indirectly related to Crazy Horse. I have a special request of you four men. But first, enjoy this pure water from a secret pool within our Jewel Cave. It will wash the dust and gravel from your parched throats, and from your minds as well, so that we may converse. This same water will also sustain you in the days ahead when you have doubts. It will ensure that you don’t reconvert to granite on your travels. I call it Wishing Water.”

After drinking, Abe Lincoln felt immediately refreshed. He found his voice and asked her the first questions, “Are you responsible for freeing us from the mountain? Did you cause that storm last night?”

“Yes, to both questions, Abe,” she answered. “I have certain powers granted me by the original and true owners of these lands. I also have instructions for the four of you from those same Lakota ancestors and from the people of the United States of America, should you choose to accept. You four gentlemen should be able to affect changes that other men in government have not or can not, just as Mr. Jefferson here has already guessed. Certain things are necessary to preserve this marvelous country before it is too late. Come, let us enter the dining hall nearby, share a meal together and discuss why you have been released from the mountain.”



There was no one else around. The storm had cleared the entire memorial of night maintenance personnel. They had all been frightened and fled. A few battery-powered lights had automatically come back on. Moonbeam Walking seemed to know her way around the visitor complex. She led the presidents through some heavy doors and to a round oaken table and five wooden chairs. The table was already richly set with four meals. Such a meeting table was out of place, but so was everything else out of place – out of time.

“Gentlemen, please be seated. As you are noticing, I have given you middle age, keenness of mind, and healthy bodies for the days ahead. All four of you are in good physical condition, your long rest having served you well. You will need this sustenance spread before you to begin your journeys and many more along the way.”

The four great men sat quietly and slowly ate huge breakfasts of steak and eggs, juices, toast and jam, and there was even hominy grits for the southerner Jefferson. They were hungry and content to savor their first meal in longer than they could remember. They listened to the Indian mystic explain what had happened and go over guidelines and a few basic rules. They had been silent for so long that the sound of their own voices was almost frightening; they spoke slowly and in hushed tones.

Moonbeam began, “Today’s date is May 15<sup>th</sup>. You each have until the end of May to carry out some personal duties and a few select national responsibilities that have been pre-determined by the Lakota Council of Elders. I am their emissary and at your service. You have been temporarily freed for a noble purpose. Most of what we are asking you to do will be voluntary and rely on your reputations and statesmanship. Thanks in part to you, this country found freedom, a freedom that is now in jeopardy. You can choose to waste your next

few living days, travel around sight seeing and enjoy your time, or you can follow our requests and save this nation from the turmoil and crises that now exist. Notice I say crises and not crisis. There are so many problems. But, you must be back here before June 1 and return to your proper granite places on the mountain. If you don't return on time, Mount Rushmore and a few other national monuments will cease to exist. My Council and I have that power."

"Are we real?" interrupted Jefferson. "Can other living people see us and touch us?"

"Yes, you are real human beings for the present and will remain so for sixteen or seventeen days. After you return to your places on the mountain, no one will remember that they ever saw or spoke with you or that there were four blank open spaces on the face of Rushmore. You will have been essentially virtual – a concept that means in effect but not in fact! The results of your presence – what you choose to do – will be remembered and hopefully will have serious and long lasting beneficial effects on the future of the United States of America."

Jefferson asked, "Are you real?"

Moonbeam answered, "Yes, I am real – when I choose to be."

Jefferson again, "Who are you really?"

Her answer was vague, "I am from the blood lines of Crazy Horse and White Buffalo Calf Woman, but for the time being, I am who you want or imagine me to be."

"Why now and why us?" asked Lincoln.

"A very good question, Mr. President," she answered. "You were placed on Mount Rushmore because you four men were considered by many to be the finest presidents in our country's history. There have been a few other decent men who have served the presidency since Master Sculpturer

Gutzon Borglum and his 400 laborers began the work back in 1927. But you four each possess the qualities of unquestionable integrity and leadership that seems to be missing in today's government and, of course, two of you participated in developing the Constitution that is being so abused. You may not be aware that the four of you are probably the most recognizable faces in the entire modern world and that three million people come here to see those granite faces every year."

She went on, slowly circling the big table as she spoke, "There are many within our Lakota tribes that believe we are the rightful owners of these Mount Rushmore lands, and so it is logical that we should also own your four wonderful sculptures here on the face of this mountain. What better selection could we have made than to ask you four to go to Washington, D.C. and to try and set things right? You need to have a powwow with the present government. If you four men can't convince the elected representatives that they are not governing wisely, well, then, no one can, and as I said our nation's future is very much in jeopardy. As to the "why now?" question, critical elections are scheduled in the near future. The American people need to know the truth and be able to make national and rational decisions when they vote. If that is to happen, Congress must change their ways. There is no reason to wait longer."

"If we accept your, what seems to be stronger than just a request - really orders, in my opinion - how are we to function for the seventeen days?" posed the intuitive Roosevelt. "We will need money, transportation, clothes, places to rest, eat and sleep to say nothing of reliable information and proper introductions to a few influential people."

"Ah, always the practical one, Teddy. I agree," she answered. "It wouldn't be fair, or even smart, to just send you

out into a world that is now so unfamiliar to your past experiences and to expect you to accomplish anything. All those things will be provided. If I can pull you out of solid granite, I can create financing, automobiles, lodging and the rest of the things you will need. However, the reliable information must be by your own doing and come from the American people you talk with as well as the sense of things you glean from newspapers and television. And I just realized, you don't know what television is. First however, we must get you out of those dusty ancient clothes and into the acceptable dress of this day."

Moonbeam produced four bundles containing undergarments, various shirts, ties, long dress pants and levis, suede and leather jackets, leather shoes, caps and so on. She hoped she had the correct sizes. They were all large men and three of them taller than normal.

"You'll have a chance to shop later. Please change after our discussion. You will find these clothes to be more comfortable than your old apparel. I am sorry, but for this mission to succeed, you must travel incognito until we schedule a presentation in front of Congress."

Roosevelt asked, "Why only until the end of May?"

Moonbeam replied, "As I said, the time for change in the capital is now, and as nice as it might seem, I do not have the power to continue this magic spell indefinitely. The number of days are somewhat arbitrary; we believe you would like to see and understand how and why our country celebrates Memorial Day, a celebration of our country's hard won freedoms by our fighting men and women. I'm a strange one to be talking about *Freedom* but it is what it is and I cannot change our Indian history or our oppression and forced captivity. I can only hope to help you influence the future. Those few days will give you enough time to travel to your individual homes,

to see and perhaps understand the wonders of our twenty-first century as well as the country's many problems, then to travel to Washington D.C. to plan and make your presentations to Congress, and finally to return here. You will be busy!"

A fifth question came from Lincoln, "Will we see our wives?"

"I am sorry Abraham. That would be nice but beyond my powers. I realize that you have been without the company of women for a very long time. I could arrange for professional actresses to accompany you to Washington, D.C. for those of you interested, but I hope that will not be necessary."

None of the four men responded. They intuitively realized serious complications could develop.

Another question was left to George Washington. "From our mountain places, we have heard many of the tourists and local workers discussing – even grumbling – about some of the problems you have touched upon. As you must certainly know, we could hear and even discuss telepathically among ourselves, all the topics of the day. But I suspect we are very ill informed as to the true nature of the problems you say are gripping this nation. Yes, Thomas here wrote the Declaration of Independence and was my Ambassador to France at a very important time; Abe fought a civil war to re-unite the country and in the process freed the slaves; and Teddy here established the beginnings of the national park system, started the Panama Canal and fought for worker's rights. He and I have had many a friendly argument about his penchant for trust busting. All that said, we need to know more about the problems if we are to try to solve or even suggest solutions for the present physical and political environment."

Moonbeam Walking was ready for that question too. Her voice was firm and authoritative. "I understand Mr. Washington, and I have prepared dossiers for each of you,

based on what we consider to be your individual interests. They describe what many consider to be flagrant abuses to the Constitution and various examples of what has come to be called *crony capitalism*. We have included road maps and several up-to-date government organization charts. Many senators and representatives believe themselves above the law and have made great sums of money in the stock market using insider knowledge based on their own legislation; crimes demanding jail for private individuals. They spend a great deal of their time working on their own re-elections, rather than representing their constituents. They enjoy inflated perks way beyond what is constitutionally justified. They pass laws without knowing the contents of what they are voting on based solely on outside influence, the party line, and lobbyist favors. I could go on and on. Your dossiers have facts and figures that support what I am telling you. The American people are fed up; they've had enough of the bunch that pretend to work on Capital Hill. Most Americans are truly angry. There is in fact a stealth civil war going on across this country.

Jefferson asked another question, "Why are you and the Lakota doing this? It would seem to me that should this nation become a third-rate country, perhaps you Native Americans might get your country back and that you might have an alternate self-serving agenda. Should we, in fact, be suspect?"

Moonbeam Walking stopped her pacing stared hard at Jefferson, and thought before answering:

"Perhaps Thomas, we Native Americans once owned this entire country, coast to coast, border to border. We have been silent long enough. We have been abused, lied to, slaughtered, kept in poverty, had too many treaties broken, and have been herded onto undesirable unproductive lands; yet we have been successful in preserving our language and our heritage. We have retained some rights as independent sovereign nations

and are somewhat immune from Washington, D.C. stupidity. More recently many of our members have reached a better economic level through education and money from approved gambling casinos, but those approvals have also been political in nature and serve as sources for state taxes. Also, some recent progress has been made to allow the Oglala Sioux tribe to manage the south unit of the Badlands National Park, the huge Pine Ridge reservation. I will tell you that in recent years there has been a spiritual awakening. When the lights go out for good, our people will survive.

“Our nine tribes have now decided, almost unanimously, to take a more active role in government. Two Treaties of Fort Laramie were broken and the open question of the rightful ownership of these Black Hills has been debated far too long. Years ago, Congress set aside monies to buy the Black Hills from us, but we will not sell our sacred birthrights. We also believe that the tourist revenue from the three million visitors each year should be shared fairly with the tribes and used to complete the sculpture of Crazy Horse. To date it has been privately funded, but progress is slow. I personally have all the time in the world, but there are those of our Nation who want equal status between Crazy Horse and you four men on Rushmore. We need to be better represented at Congress, and we need your help.

“Lakota’s are cousins to many independent tribes, but we are all true Americans. We do not want to be enslaved again by Chinese interests or watch the country become a third world economic disaster such as what is happening in Europe and perhaps all too soon in California.”

Finally, Lincoln asked, “Okay, a noble objective, you need our help and maybe we can do something, but what now?”

“It is early, said Moonbeam Walking. “I need to make preparations for your transportation and the days ahead. Each

one of you will have a handpicked individual or a married couple to help explain and sponsor you to places along the way. They will act as your drivers, your valets, your general source of information and help with your communications to me. These escorts are pledged to secrecy. They will be rewarded and next month will forget they ever met you. Oh, and please ask them to not take any photographs of you – they'll think their cameras are broken. As I said, you must travel unidentified and blend with the general population until the time is right. You need new temporary identities and I have given you each new names that contain a portion of your real names. You'll also need identification documents. For instance, you need driver's licenses should you, for some crazy reason, decide to learn how to drive a car.

“You should each go your own way rather than together, visit your birthplaces if you like, but head for and meet at the capital. Hopefully, no one will guess your intent, but you will probably be searched for, beginning almost immediately. The entire world will be put on notice that you are missing from the mountain. The news media will play the story for everything it is worth – and probably more. Certain persons in Washington, D.C. might even be fearful of your intent and may want to take steps to stop you. If necessary, I can sometimes intervene. We'll have to wait and see about that.”

While she was speaking, Jefferson was watching her graceful moves and thinking *What a fantastically beautiful and desirable woman.*

Moonbeam went on, somewhat aware of Jefferson's scrutiny, “Oh, and please Mr. Lincoln, sorry; you must get rid of that all too identifying beard and your stovepipe hat. All of you need shorter haircuts and should remain clean-shaven. When you get there, tour the wonderful monuments in the capital. It's a beautiful city. Agree among yourselves on a date



to meet, perhaps at the base of the Washington Monument. Please talk and listen to as many different persons as possible, watch a mix of TV news stations, visit bars and restaurants, visit the backstreets of poverty, visit the hospitals, use public transportation and read various newspapers. Believe only half of what you see or hear. You will all be amazed at the changes since your presidential terms, even you Mr. Roosevelt. This past twentieth century has indeed been amazing.”

Roosevelt was thinking, *This Indian lady would make an excellent corporate executive.*

“You will each be provided with, and instructed on, how to use what is called a cell phone – so you can talk with each other and coordinate places, dates and times. They will be encrypted and not traceable. The last four digits of the ten numbers correspond to the year of your births. I will remain available to each of you and on emergency call should you need my help. I leave you now to make arrangements. Enjoy the rest of your meal, and get dressed in the modern clothing I have provided. You should feel these new style clothes to be most comfortable. As the sun rises, please be prepared to travel.”

Moonbeam Walking disappeared leaving the four to think about the unknown challenges ahead. They remained temporarily silent, since they were unused to speaking their thoughts aloud.

Abe Lincoln was the first to break the new silence.

“I believe I would like to visit my home in Illinois, travel some through the southern states, and perhaps return to the theatre of my assassination, should I dare, before rejoining you gentlemen. I would also like to have a Bible with me for my travels.”

Moonbeam suddenly reappeared to answer his request, “Yes, I anticipated that, knowing of your morning ritual.

There is a King James version of the Holy Bible in each automobile that will carry you to your destiny.” Then she was gone again.

“Thank you for that,” said Jefferson. “I too, would like to return to my own home at Monticello, and walk the grounds that I loved so well. There is so much to see and learn about in this new world. I believe we have a noble task ahead of us that I, for one, look forward to and intend to fulfill.”

“You are correct, Thomas,” replied Washington. “There is a great deal to learn before we address this modern congress. This idea of disguising ourselves insults and disgusts me, but Moonbeam is wise and correct. We must remain totally out of character and appear as common men; otherwise, we could be pressured politically and told what those of influence will want us to know rather than hear the problems and real needs of the nation. We might even be arrested as imposters. How very bizarre that we four have to travel incognito in order to gain truth!”

President Theodore Roosevelt remained in deep thought. He was thinking about things he had already accomplished as president, and remarked, “I’m not sure yet what I want to do with my days. You know, I had a cattle ranch not too far from here, but that doesn’t seem important now.”

The four men got more comfortable and began to converse aloud with each other and exchange ideas. While they were sitting there, an Indian barber entered the room and proceeded to rapidly give the shaggy haired men facial shaves and short haircuts in the style of the century. Roosevelt’s bushy mustache and Lincoln’s beard were shaved clean and each of the four men underwent changes in hair colors – no grey at all. Roosevelt became an almost youngish blond and Jefferson’s curly red hair was dyed black. During all these changes, each man sought some privacy and began wrestling with the new

style clothing that Moonbeam had provided. The unfamiliar trouser zippers provided momentary challenges until they carefully got the hang of things (although the zipper had been invented many years before, it was not incorporated into men's clothing until the late 1930s). Moonbeam finally returned after a couple hours delay and was pleasantly surprised with the transition in each man's appearances. She presented one suitcase, one briefcase, one baseball cap, and one cell phone to each.

She also gave them each a small flask of mountain water, saying, "Keep this Wishing Water with you. It has special powers and will refresh you when needed and help your reasoning and understanding along the way. However, use it sparingly. Also, know that I can be with you almost immediately when needed in the weeks ahead. My cell phone number is 605 p2-5682." She smiled, "If you can't remember the number just dial 605 SDAKOTA."

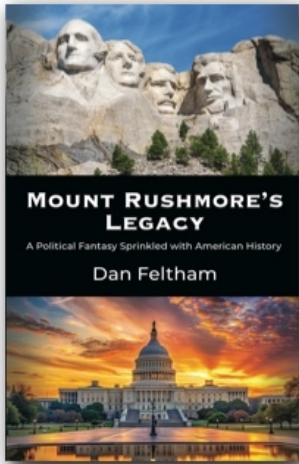
Jefferson loved the sound of her voice and had another question for Moonbeam. "How will we gain access to a convened Congress? How will we be introduced to the House and Senate?"

"We are working on that aspect. We have the sponsorship of our two respected South Dakota State Senators, but all the details have not yet been worked out. The shock of your disappearance must, by design, first have a serious impact on those at the capital. Don't worry; I will let you know before you reach D.C."

They then followed her out the back of the Memorial building blending into the dispersing crowds. Tourists were arriving and being sent away. Park Rangers were running around trying to maintain crowd control and explain what they didn't understand about the missing presidents. Moonbeam knew a secluded pathway that led to where four black sedans

were waiting at the far end of the parking lot. As far as she knew, no one saw their group gathering near the cars.

Moonbeam had carefully selected four prominent escort teams to accompany the presidents to Washington. Introductions were made and after Moonbeam reminded each man to call upon her in the event of a dire emergency, she quickly returned to the dining and lounge area where the men had eaten and changed clothes. She wanted to remove any evidence of their presence and had almost forgotten an important aspect of the plan. The presidents should be dressed in their original clothing when making their presentations to the Congress. Proof of their real identities would be key. She gathered up the four dusty discarded bundles, including their old-style worn-out shoes. She would make sure the bundles would reach Washington, D.C. when needed. She would soon return to where Indian princess spirits normally reside in Black Hills crystalline caves, but she stopped and looked up at the four large vacant spots far above her. The haze was gone and Rushmore's empty facade was bathed by the rising morning sun. Moonbeam stood there for a few moments, holding the clothes bundles, plus Washington's powdered wig and a stovepipe hat. She silently prayed in her Indian tongue, *What have I, have we Lakotas, unleashed? Oh Great Spirit of the mountain, help these men save this wonderful blessed nation and return these hills to their rightful owners!* Then she returned to the parking lot to organize the transportation and departures.



From the good life in Hawaii to the 1976 Olympic sailing trails, to Saudi Arabia's growth years, to a Transpacific yacht race, adventures in Europe, then back to Hawaii and sailing with friends through remote Fiji Islands.

# Between Sand and Sea

by Dan Feltham

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