

**Part 4**  
**The third stage of my life as business consultant**  
**(6-Story 5)**  
**The first week end spent in high efficiency**

I had a reservation for the sight seeing bus, which was supposed to come to the hotel to pick me up. I missed it by a minute to my mistake. I hired the taxi to catch it up at the next bus stop, the Washington Union Station. Some dozen people were waiting. I knew by speaking to them that all of them were travelers from Europe.

The bus operator was a black big man, a graduate of a college with excellent English guiding messages. I sat behind the operator, so I could have talks with him, whenever I could. His way of guiding while driving was that he holds a microphone in one hand. I asked him why he does not use the hand free microphone for safety. He said with a laugh “I could be fired up for the drive and guide with this”. I thought this never happens in Japan. It’s illegal. The country of self-responsibility, I thought.

It was so impressive to be in the Arlington Cemetery where President John F. Kennedy lies. His grave had a couple of the military escorts. The dramatic scene was the changing of them. Many people surrounded the grave to take a look at the change.

I was deeply impressed with so many of the grave crosses for the dead soldiers beautifully laid in lines. Wars are evil things, but once ordered, they go to the battle for the risk of their lives. I could see their loyalty spirit as the American nationality. The American's attitude showing their respect to the dead in such a way makes me feel something great and heart touching. I could not help thinking of what happens in some country, where some teachers in school even reject to sing the national anthem or pay the respects to the national flag.

One day, I hired a limousine taxi through the hotel for the sight seeing in Washington DC. He was a Spanish blooded handsome man Jamey by the name. I sat in the front seat for better conversation with him. By the way, he was the first white man operator I ever met.

I visited the memorial hall where the statue of Abraham Lincoln with his famous address at the Gettysburg carved on the wall. That famous last phrase of “...the government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.”

That famous address of the great President is the one I make a rule to make recitation every morning in the bathtub together with some other five poems and famous English

song and others.

When I was looking up the wall, a man came to my side, and we began to talk about the carved address. I was proud of being able to tell him that could make its recitation. He said, shrinking his shoulders, "Great! We were used to memorize it in the heart in our school days, but not nowadays." The next time I ever visit the place, I would make its recitation in front to the wall in the video.