



**Item:** Fast Lane #38 in 2022 Petergram (#133 since 2020)  
**Date:** **Saturday, September 17<sup>th</sup> 2022**  
**From:** Peter writing from his family vacation home in Ohio where he attended his, OMG, **60<sup>th</sup> Steubenville High School Reunion.**  
**To:** Our Fast Lane Travel Customer Family and Friends at home in Australia, Canada, Europe, Iceland, New Zealand, Singapore, South Africa and in the USA!  
**Subject:** **The Fall TREFFEN in Stuttgart right NOW, My 60<sup>th</sup> (High School Reunion) & The Romantic Wild West**

### **I. The PCA Fall TREFFEN in Stuttgart is ending today!**



A small, but dedicated group of ten PCA'ers came to Stuttgart for a wonderful experience at the PORSCHE Museum, where they picked up their 911s, a couple Macans and even one Taycan. Yesterday they visited the PORSCHE Factory – **both the 911 and Taycan production lines.** You have no idea how lucky they were. In Stuttgart the population believes the PORSCHE Production Manager is God. Then they whispered that the truth is actually that God reports to the PORSCHE Factory Production Manager 😊. The group enjoyed some awesome driving on

the German Autobahn and relaxing at the 5-Star Bayerischer Hof in Lindau. On the way back to Stuttgart they were invited to visit the renowned **RUF Factory**. Prior to departure, unfortunately, we had 18 cancellations – what an opportunity missed! But I'm sure that they'll be back in 2023. This is the view from our 5-star hotel in Lindau on Lake Constance. Please don't miss the trip next year. When you come on one of our tours in Europe you have the benefit of years of local knowledge. We take you to places that you probably would never find on your own. Thank you Hans-Jürgen and Lukas for your excellent job of guiding the TREFFEN Team.



**II. My 60<sup>th</sup> High School reunion.** If you have been an avid Petergram reader for at least over a year – and not just my “Final Thoughts” – then you may recall that occasionally I insert some segments of my arrival as an immigrant – legal, of course – in our wonderful country: the United States of America. **My kids asked me to write a book** about my life in post-war

Europe and “Coming to America”. Here is a segment describing my entry into an **American high school**, in September 1960, after coming there by myself, at age 17. I was the only foreigner in the school, which, on some levels made me a curiosity and resulted in some hilarious incidents.

### **Peter’s Vignette Book Chapter #32 Steubenville Big Red High School**

We lived in Country Club Estates in the “West End”. However, my official U.S. legal address was 520 North 6<sup>th</sup> Street, Steubenville, Ohio (there were no Zip-codes then), because the business of the Vaughan Family was located there. Since my official sponsorship came from that address, it was logical that I should enter Steubenville “Big Red” High school on North Fourth Street, right across from St. Peters Cathedral, rather than Wintersville High School, which would have been the logical choice based on my then home address: 113 West Carlton Road, Wintersville, Ohio. Grades 9 – 12 in an American High School were referred to as freshman, sophomore, junior and senior. After one finished his senior year, assuming all courses were completed appropriately, you received a diploma. All the adults kept imploring kids my age that a high school diploma was the key to success in this country and that if you didn’t have one, you’d be digging ditches the rest of your life. I was admitted as a junior having been given credit for my three years of hotel business vocational school and I had completed courses at the middle school in Austria which were close to high school courses here, like Chemistry, Physics, Biology etc. While my English, at this point, was O.K. conversationally, I lacked a lot of the fundamentals and sophistication. Consequently, I was advised to take every English course at Big Red including grammar, composition, drama, poetry etc. etc. In addition, I took some other courses like botany, French, social studies and so forth.

In the morning when Dick (my American dad) went to work, he dropped me off at the school, or when he was in a hurry he went to the office, and I walked the three blocks to the school. I still didn’t have a driver’s license. The school was amazing. It was huge with a gym at one end and an auditorium on the other where we had events like a convocation – I was not sure what that meant. Every student had a locker with a combination lock to keep one’s stuff in. There was a P.A. System in every classroom, so that the principal could talk to everyone. Every morning the principal said a short prayer and we all stood to recite the Pledge of Allegiance with our right hands placed over our hearts – it was very moving, and I felt the whole country was united each morning by millions of students reciting the same pledge.

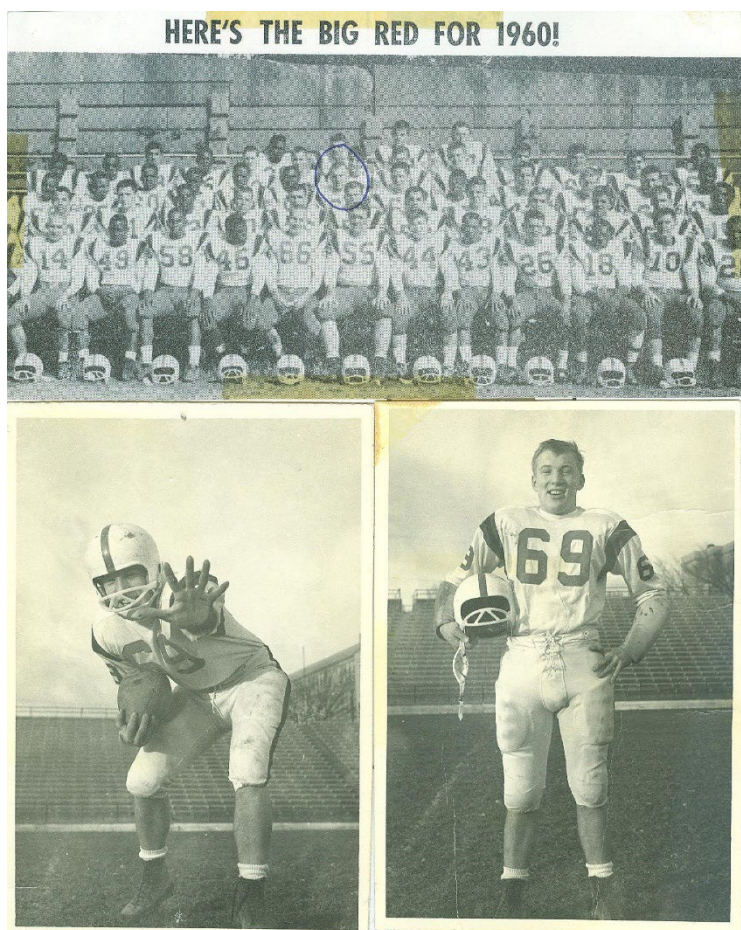
Austria at that time felt disunited in that the post-war Viennese made fun of the “Gscherten” which was a derogatory term to describe the people living in the country on farms around Vienna. The term refers to the alleged method of cutting kids’ hair on farms by placing a pot on the head and simply trimming or shaving all hair that was visible from under the pot (the word is derived from “geschorener” meaning shorn). Salzburg and Innsbruck were like other countries and Vorarlberg, in the west, was probably a myth. Austria was tiny, about the size of Maine, yet within itself worlds apart. The U.S., on the other hand, was huge, yet it felt like one country with a singular successful direction and purpose.

There was a room for groups of students called “home room” which served as a base when announcements were made, schedules were determined and/or praise or punishment was

meted out. There was also a “study hall” which as the name implies served the purpose of studying or preparing for the next class. Classes were all over the building and students walked from class to class during the day when the school bell rang announcing class changes.

I found Steubenville Big Red Highschool a fascinating place. Teachers were friendly, the books and materials were plentiful (unlike post-war Austria), and the general atmosphere was one of accomplishment. If you didn’t want to go into the academic direction there were courses, like “shop,” that enabled you to start your career in a trade. The school was completely integrated in every respect in that it was about 50/50 male/female and about 25% black. Catholic Central high school had probably less than 5% blacks. Their students often referred derogatorily to our school as “Big Black” instead of Big Red.

I also began to learn the stratification of the high school society. There was the CP crowd, which I was lucky to be a part of; then the students who were band members and the middle group; finally, the “shop” crowd which apparently had little academic talent but focused on subjects that applied to practical trades. Ah, of course, there were the blacks who lived in their own world downtown Steubenville. We, of course, all lived “west” in the suburbs like Braybarton, Buena Vista, Country Club Estates or Westwood.



There were lots of social activities and common interest clubs. There were also considerable extracurricular activities like choirs, bands, theater groups and sports were huge. You could learn to play football, basketball, baseball, tennis, and golf. There were also gym classes which kept everyone in shape who wasn’t participating in any of the other sports. Finally, there were dances liked the Sadie Hawkins dance, proms, and parties. There was never any alcohol served although the kids I ran around with were over 16. In Austria, the legal drinking age is 16, while the legal driving age is 18. Might be a smart idea for the US to teach kids responsible drinking before teaching them driving? I was baffled that you couldn’t even order a beer at 16 in the US.

The first year of my American high school came to an end. My English had improved to the degree that I was able to communicate albeit sometimes



with German sentence structure and a pronounced German/Austrian accent, although I never sounded anything like Arnold Schwarzenegger. Of course, his accent is his persona. I was looking forward to another summer at Lake Austin; doing some shooting with my friends out in the strip mines; going to Pittsburgh with Dick and Toodie for some cultural events; playing with Mark; and working my summer job at the Geo. Vaughan Plumbing Wholesale Supply Co. on 530 N. 5<sup>th</sup> Street in Steubenville, Ohio stacking copper pipes and hauling sinks, toilets and bathtubs. I have to conclude with the fact that I hold the unequalled record of having been **THE best and most accomplished Austrian football** player this high school ever had.

**Now let's turn the clock forward 60 years.** This past weekend I attended my, OMG, 60<sup>th</sup> high school reunion. One of our classmates, Virginia Sullivan Schnabel, did an outstanding job organizing the event. A total of only 25 classmates attended, thus, with some spouses there were about forty guests at the reunion, held in the basement event hall of the Greek Orthodox Holy Trinity Church on South 4<sup>th</sup> Street, in Steubenville, Ohio. Some folks had canes or walkers; one was in a wheelchair; yet the atmosphere was delightful with good conversation; reminiscing about some highlights in our pranks in school; lots of laughter, and considerable discussion at various tables about this surgery, that illness, pacemaker, or life partner lost. I gave a ten-minute speech thanking Virginia and expressing gratitude for the wonderful education we absorbed and the values that were instilled in us. I was disappointed that several did not attend. To me this renowned high school in the Ohio Valley gave me my academic, cultural and, perhaps, emotional start in America. I am eternally grateful for it. I wonder, today, in how many high schools across our country, a principal's morning P.A. prayer, followed by the Pledge of Allegiance, starts the school day? Perhaps, most importantly, thank you Principal Vaccaro for your daily inspiration and reminder that we owe our allegiance and gratitude to this great nation of ours:

"I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." I get goosebumps thinking about the proud feeling I had reciting this pledge every school morning for two years. I was one of "you."

Thanks to my high school English Teachers, Mrs. Downer, Mrs. Cunningham, Miss Daugherty, and Mrs. Coleman (who passed away last year at 101 and in who's name I established a scholarship). Because of them I'm able to write this Petergram in your language.

**III. Don't forget the last trip of the 2022 PORSCHE Travel Season, the wonderful Romantic Wild West PORSCHE Fest!** You must check out this your Tube Video: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z8tGOBhxkdQ&t=60s> We are still looking for another four couples for this awesome PORSCHE tour of this wild and wonderful trip. It was an amazing experience last year.

**Please don't miss it** – look for our **Romantic Wild West** ad in the next **PORSCHE PANORAMA**. You'll enjoy the amenities, features, and benefits you have become accustomed to on our tours in Europe. It's THE perfect time of the year to re-live American

History and be part of the frontier that made this country. PORSCHE rentals are available in Arizona if you don't want to bring your own. Last year we had a Tesla on the trip, and it performed flawlessly. Just go on our website [www.fastlanetravel.com](http://www.fastlanetravel.com) or just give me a call and we'll add you to our group of like-minded folks who **appreciate the quality** we have transposed from Europe to the US.

**IV.** On Mon. Sep. 19<sup>th</sup> I am in NYC for my check up at the MSKCC to see if I have an issue with my pancreas or I don't have to worry about it. That afternoon, I am flying to ATL to kick off the **Carolinas Fall Colors PORSCHE Fest**, starting on the **PORSCHE Track** in ATL with the fun-tastic **PORSCHE Experience** event on Thu. Sep. 22<sup>nd</sup> 2022.

**V.** Then the crowning achievement this year are both wonderful **Tuscany PORSCHE Fest Trips** starting on Mon. Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup> and on Wed. Oct. 12<sup>th</sup> 2022, respectively. Both trips boast great groups of like-minded, let's-enjoy-life, fun-seeking PORSCHE aficionados. We still have a couple spaces left on the second trip. **I personally will be with you in Tuscany on both trips.**

#### **VI. 2023 Fast Lane PORSCHE Tours Forecast Dates and Destinations**

Working on details and pricing. Please be patient but start planning your 2023 schedule. It has been challenging to get confirmations, pricing etc. – it's been rough trying to get answers from all the suppliers in Europe. Suffice it to say that prices will increase a bit and space availability will be challenging at certain times and specific hotels.

<b>2023 Planned Fast Lane PORSCHE Tours V-6:</b>					
From	Date	To	Date	PORSCHE Tour	Highlights
Sun	23-Apr	Sat	29-Apr	<b>NEW ; Spring TREFFEN</b> to Stuttgart to Bavaria & Alps	Autobahn, Factory & Museum
Sun	23-Apr	Wed	3-May	<b>NEW ; Spring TREFFEN PLUS</b> w. 10 Passes & Lake Como	Austria, Switzerland, Italy
Wed	31-Mar	Fri	9-Jun	<b>REPEAT:</b> Twelve Alpine Passes PORSCHE Fest	Awesome Scenery & Fun
Sun	4-Jun	Mon	12-Jun	<b>Le Mans:</b> The Sensational <b>100th Anniversary</b> of the Race	THE most luxurious Le Mans
Sat	8-Jul	Mon	17-Jul	<b>Our 6th:</b> Colorado Rocky Mountain High	The BEST of the Rockies
Sun	28-Aug	Thu	7-Sep	<b>NEW:</b> Come Home to Two Peters' Austria	An unequalled private tour
Mon	11-Sep	Sat	16-Sep	<b>Original PCA Fall PORSCHE TREFFEN</b> Stuttgart	Factory & Museum
Wed	13-Sep	Sun	24-Sep	<b>Our 3rd:</b> Fast Lane Alpine Adventure	Repeated by Popular Requ.
Mom	25-Sep	Sat	7-Oct	<b>Our 12th:</b> Tuscany PORSCHE Fest & Interlpen	Our Annual Favorite
<b>in planning</b> - early December				<b>NEW:</b> Christmas Markets in Germany & Austria	Starting in Stuttgart to Vienna

Currently about 70% of the Autobahn has no speed limit, a percentage which has been creeping down each year. But the speed limit drum is beating steadily in Germany by the commie left wingers and the misguided "greens." Let's hope that the majority of the population remains steadfast to the no speed limit tradition. If not, you'll have missed another chance to share stories of driving freedom with your grand kids.

#### **VII. My Final Thoughts: Old is when**

##### ***Scotch with two drops of water.***

A lady goes to the bar on a cruise ship and orders a Scotch with two drops of water. As the bartender gives her the drink she says, "I'm on this cruise to celebrate my 80th birthday and it's today."

The bartender says, "Well, since it's your birthday, I'll buy you a drink. In fact, this one is on me."

As the woman finishes her drink, the woman to her right says, "I would like to buy you a drink, too."

The old woman says, "Thank you. Bartender, I want a Scotch with two drops of water."

"Coming up," says the bartender.

As she finishes that drink, the man to her left says, "I would like to buy you one, too."

The old woman says, "Thank you. Bartender, I want another Scotch with two drops of water."

"Coming right up," the bartender says. As he gives her the drink, he says, "Ma'am, I'm dying of curiosity. Why the Scotch with only two drops of water?"

The old woman replies, "Sonny, when you're my age, you've learned how to hold your liquor. Holding your water, however, is a whole other issue."

'OLD' IS WHEN...

Your sweetie says, 'Let's go upstairs  
and make love,' and you answer,  
'Pick one; I can't do both!'

'OLD' IS WHEN..

Your friends compliment you  
on your new alligator shoes  
and you're barefoot.

'OLD' IS WHEN...

A sexy babe catches your fancy  
and your pacemaker opens the garage door,

'OLD' IS WHEN...

You don't care where your spouse goes,  
just as long as you don't have to go along.

'OLD' IS WHEN...

You are cautioned to slow down by the doctor instead of by the police

'OLD' IS WHEN. ..

'Getting a little action'

means you don't need to take any fiber today.

'OLD' IS WHEN...

'Getting lucky' means you find your car  
in the parking lot.

'OLD' IS WHEN...

An 'all nighter' means not getting up  
to use the bathroom.

AND

'OLD' IS WHEN...

You are not sure these are jokes

Please stay safe, healthy, and look forward to the great times we  
will have together again on the remaining wonderful **PORSCHE**  
**tours in 2022 and the fabulous tours planned for 2023.**

Please register for the **2022 Romantic Wild West PORSCHE**  
**Tour NOW** – You really can't miss this one and have some fun!  
All the best to you, Peter

