



Item: Fast Lane News #51 in 2024 (Issue # 251 since 2020) On December 21st, 2024. I'm writing from our offices in beautiful Oldsmar, Florida along the shores of Tampa Bay & the Gulf of Mexico

To: Our Fast Lane Travel Family in Australia, Canada, Dubai, Europe, Iceland, Israel, Japan, New Zealand,

Singapore, South Africa and in the USA!



Subjects: PORSCHEs in the Park in Sarasota, the **NEW** Macchina Veloce Tour to THE most Iconic Italian Automotive Brands: Ferrari, Lamborghini, Alfa Romeo, etc.; European Delivery Feedback; my first Christmas in America; and more Happy memories

I. PORSCHEs in the Park in Sarasota, Florida

Robert, our outstanding Brand Ambassador, strongly believes in the value of maintaining a visible presence at prestigious car shows like Werks Reunion, Amelia Island, Mar-a-Lago, Festival of Speed, Pebble Beach, and others. While we invest significantly in top-tier advertising through PANO, Excellence, WSJ, and similar platforms, car shows offer a unique opportunity to connect directly with enthusiasts and showcase our passion for Porsche.

Although measuring the direct impact of these events can be challenging, there's no denying the potential they hold for building brand awareness and fostering personal



connections with prospective clients. For instance, our presence at Amelia Island has previously resulted in direct booking. We're always looking for innovative ways to turn this exposure into

sign-ups for our trips. Your ideas and suggestions are invaluable to help us convert these opportunities into more success stories. Oh, and guess which Porsche stole the show in Sarasota? Let us know your thoughts!

II. TRIP of the Week – **Please register ASAP** –Macchina Veloce Tour 2025 – See Italy in a new and different way!

Join Fast Lane Travel for a unique trip of the world-famous **Motor Valley in Italy**. We are offering this unique tour for the first time in 2025 and will delve into the history of the iconic Italian automotive manufacturers. We will visit **Ferrari, Lamborghini, Pagani, Alfa Romeo, Zagato, Pininfarina, Italdesign, and the Mille Miglia...** We have secured VIP factory tours, museum visits and behind-the-scenes areas that are not open to the general public.



Alongside the automotive nirvana, you will be spending time at some of the most beautiful Italian destinations: Lake Como, Turin, Modena, Verona, Franciacorta and Lake Iseo. Luxury awaits us, we will enjoy lavish accommodations and daily gastronomic delights.



Due to the nature of this tour space is limited. Don't delay, sign up today and surprise that special someone this holiday with a trip of a lifetime to Italy! Visit our website for all the exciting details and registration

information at <https://fastlanetravel.com/italia/> or call +1-813-343-3001.

Note: This is a rare and unique tour for the lover of Italian sports cars and for those who enjoy a unique behind-the-scenes experience not available elsewhere.



III. European Delivery Feedback:

From: Deane Collinson

Sent: Saturday, December 14, 2024 3:33 PM

To: Thomas Hoeferlin, Fast Lane Travel, Inc.

Cc: Judy Collinson

Subject: Thank you!

Hi Thomas and Fast Lane, just a quick note to thank you for organizing the hotels and route suggestions for our trip to Germany/Austria after we picked up our new Porsche from the factory. Each hotel was great, and the parking

was really superb (my comment: that is THE key element when planning tours for six-figure cars).

Special mention...the Interlpen-Hotel was truly amazing. We had fresh snow to drive through (not very deep) but made the experience so much better. Our room and dining room were fantastic and we really enjoyed the outside swimming pool surrounded by snow. Exceptional hotel!

The Mozart dinner was beyond belief. Front row seats and a complimentary bottle of wine....WOW.

We only got pulled over once by the Austrian police (Google Maps took us the wrong way on a newly changed one-way street) but

all our paperwork, road passes, and International passports (needed in Austria) were all in order. I passed the breathalyzer at 9 in the morning too!! No ticket for us Canadians!

I could go on....we had a fabulous once-in-a-lifetime trip, and Fast Lane made it so easy for us to have this experience. Thanks for all your help putting it all together for us!! Merry Christmas and all the best for 2025 Deane and Judy Collinson, Toronto, Canada



IV. My Final Thoughts: Christmas in America

As I mentioned previously, I have had a rather tumultuous and, certainly, unusual life. That is why my daughters asked me to write a book about my life, for posterity. So, I went to Barnes & Noble and bought a book on how to write a book. The basic advice was - don't write a book, just write what comes to your mind and let an editor make it come alive. Well, I'm not there yet, but here I will share with you my impression of my first Christmas in America: So please bear with me.

My first two Christmases, in my life, in Austria were spent in a bomb shelter. There was nothing "silent" about those Christmas Eves. Let's just say that Steubenville, Ohio was paradise.

December 1960: As fall transitioned into the real autumn with bare trees and eventually snow on the ground Dick and Toodie (my American adoptive parents) started to get the house ready for X-Mas (that's what it was called). About a couple weeks before December 24th (that's when you celebrate the Heiligen Abend und Weihnachten in Austria) Dick schlepped this pine tree home and set up to the left of the fireplace in the living room. That weekend the whole family decorated the tree under the strict supervision of Toodie. First, I thought it strange that a tree would be put up so far before the actual holiday? Then they didn't hang cookies, nuts, apples, or paper-wrapped candies on the tree. What was even stranger was that they used colorful electric lights on the tree – not even candles. On the other hand, I found it charming that each evening when it was dark the tree was "switched on" generating a soft colorful glow in the house. Then many people in the neighborhood even attached colorful lights on the outside of the houses – they stayed on even when it snowed.

Mark at age 7 believed, or so he pretended, in this mythical person they called Santa Claus. This person did not exist in Austria, but we had St. Nicholas, who looked like a bishop with a pointed hat and staff. This Santa person allegedly appears during the night on December 24th and leaves presents for "all the good children." In fact, I was told that one must leave a plate of cookies and milk by the fireplace as refreshment. In addition, stockings would be hung by the fireplace for Santa Claus to fill.

Dick and I occasionally went out to shop for toys for Mark which were then hidden in the attic or the garage or in some dark corner in the basement. Toodie then would retrieve them late at night and wrap them diligently in colorful Christmas paper in the dining room. This had to be done late at night because it was essential that Mark was asleep. Toodie was an amazing wrapper she carefully folded all the paper and then doubled the Scotch tape over on itself so that it was always hidden – there was never a Scotch tape on the outside of the wrapping paper. She was a perfectionist. On December 24th the anticipation and excitement had reached palpable



dimensions with Mark. Dick emphasized that if he “isn’t good” and goes to bed on a timely basis then Santa might not come. Mark was dispatched to bed in his room. I sat on the bed and read him a story, as I did frequently. Then his parents came in and kissed him good night. I then had to check periodically that he wouldn’t peek and was actually asleep. Then the most amazing feverish activity started . . . packages, items too big to wrap, like a bicycle, were all spirited from their various hiding crevices and placed in a huge 270-degree pattern around the tree. The presents covered practically half the living room. There were enough presents to stock a medium size toy store in Austria. All this for one kid . . . amazing. What a lucky boy . . . surely this WAS paradise. I was then sent to bed and I heard more rustling. It must have been one o’clock in the morning or so when I finally fell asleep, and the house quieted down.

BANG! At 6:00 am my bedroom door slammed open. Mark, in his little pajamas and bathrobe, at full speed leaped on top of me. Skillfully took

both my eyelids and pulled them up over my eyebrows all the while exclaiming: “Santa was here, Santa was here . . . “As an afterthought, he added: “Are you awake?” I told him to lie next to me and sleep another hour or so – it was still pitch black and dark outside. I held him so he couldn’t escape, but really never fell asleep . . . it was pointless. So finally, an hour later or so, I let him run into his parent’s bedroom and wake them up.

Everybody put on their respective bathrobes and in various stages of grumpiness went to the living room all the while feigning surprise at the wealth of presents on display. It was my first Christmas morning in America. Toodie insisted that she make coffee first and have her morning Winston before she could function. Dick then switched on the tree – it was still dark outside. Then he picked his way through the gift labyrinth and selected certain items for Mark – apparently, there was a sequence to this



gift giving. Mark tore into the presents with anticipation and fervor. Wrapping paper was flying everywhere. The content of the boxes was quickly checked then tossed onto a pile and on to the next one. There was a Schwinn bicycle, a metal sled with wooden slats called a Flexible Flyer, games, tanks, building sets, sporting equipment, electric racing car sets and on and on. There were no clothes. There were enough toys to stock the little toy store in Mürzzuschlag. Even I got stuff – shirts, a sweater, a .22 lever action Marlin Rifle, a couple of Revell model kits and a few other things . . . yes it was truly my “first” Christmas. I received more presents on

December 25th, 1960 than in all other Christmases my entire life. Almost as an afterthought Mark then raced to the fireplace and removed THE stocking, which was laden with sweets, little puzzles and “gag” gifts (note to myself that I needed to find out more about what a gag “choking” gift was).

Slowly daylight broke and the morning was spent playing with the various toys. At some point, the decision was made to go outside and try out the new sled which worked marvelously zipping down the hill on the east side of the house. Of course, we ended up flipping over at the bottom.

Ultimately with red cheeks, frozen hands and a huge appetite we went back in to have some ham and cheese sandwiches – but were cautioned not to spoil our appetite for the Christmas dinner. At that age (I was 17 and Mark was 7) “spoiling one’s appetite” was really not an issue. The Christmas dinner, in essence, was a repeat of the Thanksgiving dinner, except Turkey was replaced with a monstrous ham which Dick skillfully sliced with an electric, yes electric, knife. I had learned my lesson from my faux pas at the Thanksgiving dinner and avoided any mention of appropriate wine with dinner.

Later, we walked around the neighborhood stopping in at the Hatchers, Sparrs, Cribbses, and Grunewalds. At each house we admired the various presents adults and kids had received; were treated to nut rolls, cookies, Pizzelles, and punch or eggnog. Adults added “spice” to their eggnogs consisting mostly of C & C, Jack Daniels or Calverts. I don’t recall anyone drinking cognac. Nutmeg was sprinkled on top. It was a wonderful, time of year – cold and snowy outside, but warm, engaging, caring, loving inside. I truly felt I was part of a family – I was on the inside – I belonged. It was a wonderful feeling to be an American. For Toodie this was her annual highlight. Dick was proud that he could provide so extensively.



Mark was concerned as to where to put all the stuff he got and how much

time he and I would have to play together. He was always very generous and shared everything. I was just happy to be in America. Christmas confirmed that I had made the correct choice.

As the year draws to a close, your Fast Lane Travel Team wants to express our heartfelt gratitude for your support and trust. Whether you're celebrating Christmas, Hanukkah, Kwanzaa, or simply enjoying this festive season, we wish you joy, peace, and togetherness.

Here's to a bright and prosperous New Year filled with new opportunities and shared success and most importantly good health. Thank you for being a part of our journey—we look forward to serving you in the year ahead.

Warm wishes,
Peter and your Fast Lane Travel Team

IV. Some HAPPY MEMORY MEMORIES



For honeymooners at the InterAlpen



We love when you guys come visit us here in beautiful Florida. What a treat with Samara and Jorge.



On our way to Porsches in the Park



Christmas Party fun!

John and Jean





Primavera



My cousin Emma, a professional concert pianist with Gerald

Please stay healthy and stay young; be happy and take good care of yourself..... Let's look forward to the great times we will have together again on one of our fabulous PORSCHE Tours this year and let's look forward to 2025. I will see you soon in Stuttgart. Can't wait. - Peter

