



LIFE in the FAST LANE™ #27 & issue #279 on Saturday, July 5th 2025 I am writing from our Fast Lane Office in Oldsmar, FL, along the shores of the scenic Gulf of America. Where the mangoes are very ripe now.
To: Our Fast Lane Travel Family in Australia, Canada, Dubai, all of Europe, Iceland, Israel, Japan, New Zealand, Singapore, South Africa, and the USA!



Subjects: 4th of July; Trip of the week: Dubai and Abu Dhabi F1; My Final Thoughts: and Fond Memories' Pictures

Robert Malke will be our Logistics Manager in COLORADO !



I. July 4th 1960 was an amazing day – please humor me for a moment. That's the day 65 years ago when I arrived in a densely polluted, yet bucolic,



little town in Ohio, ~40 miles West of Pittsburgh, where Dean Martin was born: Steubenville, Ohio, the heart of the steel industry. It was a

beautiful, dynamic, hospitable, strange to me, but a very prosperous town. My daughters asked me to write a book about my life. I'm working on it. Here are some excerpts from a couple of chapters. This one describes the overwhelming impressions that I had on that memorable 4th of July in 1960.

#23 Steubenville

After leaving Pittsburgh Airport in about an hour we crossed a big river on a very narrow two-lane bridge into Ohio. We drove another ten minutes or so and arrived in "Country Club Estates" where the entrance was marked by two brick statements on either side with a lettered plaque stating the name of the neighborhood. We arrived at a long straight driveway which led up to a free-standing garage. The house at 110 West Carlton Road was all brick and surrounded by tall pine trees among several other houses. I found it curious that the bare brick showed on all the houses without any kind of "Verputz" i.e. stucco, like in Europe. They all sat on big properties and had NO walls or fences between them – one lawn flowed into the other one. **Unbelievable**. In front of each house was a metal box, with no lock, on a pole to receive mail. They called it a mailbox. No lock?

I was welcomed by Mrs. Ethel Vaughan, John's and Dick's mother, a sweet frumpy old lady and a little dog. John showed me upstairs to a little room which was to be my home for the summer. The ceiling was sloped on one



end because it followed the roof line. I also was assigned a bathroom – my very own! After I unpacked, I went downstairs, and John told me to come and meet the neighbors, which seemed strange indeed. In Vienna where I lived

for years, we had met only one neighbor – Mr. & Mrs. Kraus the concierge “Hausmeister” of the *Theater an der Wien* building. Occasionally I had seen a “neighbor” in the staircase but actually never met them, except young Fritz Angerer, a kid my age, who lived with his grandparents, because his parents died in a bombing, two stories above us (we were on the Mezzanine level – the 2nd floor in the U.S.). Back to Ohio, why meet neighbors?

John took me around and I met Paul, Jessie, Ron, Don, Sam. Jim, Tim, blah, blah, blah. I couldn’t remember a single name – they all sounded alike to me – these names had no substance, no meat to them. Where I came from you had names like Wolfgang, Klaus, Wilfried, Siegesmund, Karl-Richard and, of course, the inevitable Herbert. Now those are names you could sink your teeth into. The other odd thing was that no one used their last name to address each other – they all used first names, even though there was a substantive generational difference in many cases. All the men shook hands, but the women didn’t. I was told that you never shake a woman’s hand.

Everyone was outside in their yards cooking over open fires in big round cauldrons – the whole neighborhood was saturated with the aroma of smoke and grilled food. First, I was told in Austria that Americans eat only food from cans – WRONG. Secondly, that everyone chewed gum – WRONG again. Some smoked those expensive cigarettes I had seen in Magazines in Austria called: Marlboro, Lucky Strike and Camel. Everyone was very nice – smiled a lot – very welcoming. Amazing, John Vaughan knew all the neighbors – he even knew everyone’s name. Across the street I met Dick (which later on I learned meant Richard . . . curious) who was John’s younger brother, Toodie (whose real name was Edwina) Dick’s wife and their six-year-old son Mark (no alternate name for him – I guessed you got those only when you were an adult). I played with Mark in the back yard where he had a fort – he hid in the fort and I tossed crab apples at him.

I was then summoned back across the street for an event called a Bar-B-Que which later I learned all the neighbors were performing also. I asked why everyone was cooking outside and was told with incredulity: “BUT its 4th of July.” I made a mental note to find out why there was a law that required no indoor cooking on that specific day. I figured it must have had something to do with fire regulations or something.



Source: Free Adobe Stock

John pulled a big bowl on three wheels from the garage, filled it with black coal (now this is summer – I had never seen coal used in the summer), squirted some type of fluid from a can on it and then tossed in a burning match. The bowl lit up with whoosh. After 20 minutes or so he came back out with a platter that had the biggest piece of meat on it I had ever seen. He also brought out four of the biggest potatoes I had ever seen wrapped tightly in “aluminium” foil – “it’s aluminum foil, Pete” I was told. I now was “Pete” – apparently being called something other than your real name was a good thing. John then placed everything directly over the fire and covered it up with a lid. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Vaughan had boiled corn on the cob. We then sat down to my first meal in Ohio.

On the table were the platter with this huge piece of meat, now black and shiny; the four potatoes that had been cut open; corn on the cob dripping in butter with wooden handles sticking out on each end; small round mushy dinner rolls; butter (with salt in it); sour cream with chives; red jelly; AND glasses filled with ice and water. Mrs. Vaughan went into kitchen and returned with “Lima” beans also doused in butter. They must be from Peru was my first thought. President



Source: Free Shutterstock

Dwight D. Eisenhower was speaking on the radio about freedom and that Alaska and Hawaii were now part of the United States. Flags were

everywhere and people shouted, “Happy 4th!” I had no idea what they were talking about. It appeared to be a festive day of some sort. Everybody was very happy. I was still tired from the 21-hour trip across the Atlantic in a DC-6 Skymaster propeller plane and all the excitement – it got dark late around 21:00 (9:00 pm they called it here) and I went to bed. As I was falling asleep, I suddenly was jolted awake by explosions and what sounded like shooting outside. Suddenly the words of my friend Rick in the hotel business school came back to me “everyone is carrying a six shooter.” I sat up and the shooting and shelling continued – I thought I was back in Austria during the end of WW II. I wrote a letter to my mother that evening which contained the phrase: “I can hear shooting and explosions outside and they are killing each other in the street.” I fell asleep with the blanket over me and a pillow covering my head. A week or so later an “Express” letter from my mother arrived insisting that I come home immediately. I decided to tough it out and stay despite the “explosions, killings and mayhem” I encountered on that 4th of July in Ohio. **To be continued . . .**

II. FEEDBACK from the Nürburgring

My Comment: Yes we offer a very special Nürburgring Program where you’ll experience the legendary “Ring” with a professional driver, and you also can drive the “Ring” with a professional coach next to you or in a car in front of you – we’ll arrange it for you. Add it on to any of our fall trips!

Inevitably Jackie Stewart’s classic quote comes to mind: *“For a quick lap at the Nürburgring, you’ve probably experienced more in seven minutes...than most people have experienced in all their life in the way of fear, in the way of tension, in the way of animosity towards machinery and to a racetrack.”*



Brynn Powers with his son Brian – Camarillo, CA: Just wanted to let you know that our experience was fantastic! The staff that greeted us at Nürburg Ring was exceptional. The castle hotel on the Rhine was a home run! Thank you, Brynn.



Bob and Natalie Soracco – Ranch Santa Fe, CA: Thanks Wendy! The Nürburgring was fantastic! One more pic of my instructor, Michael. He was the **best!!** Please let Ring Taxi know that I really appreciate his style



My Comment: Be sure not to miss the chance to take a spin on the Ring. The decal on your car at home alone is worth it. You'll be the envy of your car buddies!



III. Trip of the Week: Dubai and the Abu Dhabi F1 – the final race of the season. Do some Holiday shopping in Dubai and attend the F1 on the amazing Abu Dhabi Racetrack. There is nothing like this event in the world – not Monte Carlo, Hockenheim, Spa or Monza. Please go to our website for details – or shoot me an e-mail and we'll send you a detailed program and price options.

<https://fastlanetravel.com/amazing-dubai/>

IV. More Fond Memories:







We'll be there for you. Thank you all for your loyalty, support, and dedication. Yours truly, Peter.

Please stay healthy and happy.
I'm looking forward to the great
times we will have together
again on one of the fabulous

PORSCHE tours we are
planning for 2026. I can't wait to get back to **Tuscany in
October**. All the very best to you, **Peter**

