

We did not see one car on this road and I was getting very concerned when we came upon a lodge. Sign said Zanavoo.

We were so tired. I from turning the steering wheel we just pulled in there. Not one car in sight but there was one fisherman casting in a small stream in back. We parked and entered to the desk. Looked like an old bank, window with bars and all and a bell to ring for service. This we did. A fellow appeared rubber bands on his sleeves and a visor cap. We inquired about a room and he replied that he had all eight available down in back overlooking the stream. We registered and were told dinner would be in the dining room after 5 pm. He introduced himself as Casper Berry. He asked where we were from. We were from Charleroi, Pa, he laughed and said he knew exactly where that was as he was originally from Monessen, Pa. We took out our bags and went around back to our room. Strange, no fisherman back there now. Room was very nice, clean no AC but upon opening the window found out it would not be needed.

The dining room was quite large, would hold maybe about 150 or 200 people. There was only one other couple seated far across the room in a corner. I should have gone over and spoken to them then, as they left before we were finished.

We selected our own table, sat down and Casper Berry appeared in a waiter's uniform. He presented us with menus, we made our selections and he disappeared into the kitchen. Food was brought in reasonable time served by Casper Berry and was excellent. He did say, to come around to the front desk in the morning before we left and have donuts and coffee at his compliments. He left the check. We left the proper amount plus tip and retired to our room. Looked like Casper Berry was "chief cook and bottle washer." Down to our room, the soft movement of the stream water over the rocks, other than complete silence, a good bed and well lets just say for this couple, 40 years after the honeymoon, it was romantic.

Upon awakening, we remember Casper's invitation to come up for donuts and coffee. We dressed, packed up our bags and headed up to our car. Tried the door, but it was locked. We looked around but there was absolutely no one in site.

After a thorough check of the premises we "saddled up" and headed once again down Logan canyon to, we hoped, Logan, Utah. We were low on fuel and our next thought was to look for a gas station. We soon pulled out of this "big ditch" out into sunshine and stopped at the first gas station we came to. The attendant (full service then) noticed our Pennsylvania license plate and made small talk about where we were going and where we had been. When we said we had come down from Jackson, he said where did "we "night over"? When I replied Zanavoo Lodge, he gave me a very puzzled look and said "I thought that place closed over two years ago"! No one drives that road much anymore.

I still have the business card of that lodge, phone numbers and all, but when I call them I just get a sort of disconnected sound. I have included a picture of the card. You try.

We then left for Salt Lake City to see the Great Salt Lake, but it wasn't there. Explanation later

# CARS I'D LIKE TO FORGET (A VW with a cloud over it)

*Continued from last month*



**BY WARREN E. SHEPPICK**

Drove the VW back to the Chevy Used car lot & traded it for a 1963 Ford Galaxy hardtop coupe, red & white in color, 6 cyl with "3 on the tree"<sup>1</sup>. Car looked good, but it didn't take long for us to realize it wouldn't go. Too much car for that 6 cyl engine, we hung on to it for a while. About a month after purchase, the carburetor latterly fell apart. Took it to the local Ford dealer and they put a used one on and we were once again in business.

Driving it home went through Belle Vernon and noticed a 1963 Chevy II Nova station wagon on the Pontiac lot. It looked so good I just. had to take a look! This car had a 283 8 cyl w/powerglide tranny and 4 bbl carb. It immediately "sucked me in". Just had to take it for a ride. Wow! Hadn't had a car with so much oomph, seemed like forever. Needless to say we traded and finally I had sane wheels that would go.

Returning one morning about 3 am from my job at the Twin Coaches, I was clocked on 1-70 at 100 MPH. A friend by the name of Buzzy, a prize fight promoter returning from a fight, driving a Chrysler recognized me and gave chase. He told me all this or. our day jobs that morning about 8 am. (never did that high-speed stuff again!) Anyone of you who remember these Chevy us, will also remember that they had single leaf rear springs. If you really "punched it", you could latterly break off the springs. This I managed to do. Pow! Pow!, not only did the rear of the car drop to the ground, but at. the same time the rite axle decided to inch out and part company with me.

After getting all this fixed, I was driving to work one morning when the rite side of the floor decided to part company with the car, dropped to the road shooting sparks all over. Lucky for me my side held on. This happened just as I arrived at my office. The guys helped me jack it back into place, made some brackets and welded the whole thing together.. Plans began to develop for a change of cars.

Next time: Ever heard of a Vega? 🗑️

To be continued

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