

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