Excerpt from Mom’s journal – October, 1977

We drove to Donner Pass, the downfall of the Donner Party. It is beautiful high country with firs and pines. We stopped at Donner Lake, site where the Donner Party camped. The snow in the pass got as high as twenty-five feet. They could tell by the stumps of the trees that the Donner Party cut.

We could camp here, but we traveled on to Lake Tahoe along a high ridge leaving Interstate 80. What a trip! It was dark before we stopped driving. We drove through Lake Tahoe, beautiful, expensive resort, up to Squaw Valley, a ski resort, very high and very high class. The people there were beginning training for skiing and we saw people going out on horseback on the trails.

We kept driving along Lake Tahoe, the west side, still in California. The roads were hairpin curves, high up and before we began to descend into South Tahoe, California, I was leaning toward John at a good angle. All campsites were closed even though there were a lot of them. Someone told us later that extreme dryness might be the reason.

We lucked out and found a nice motel complete with color TV to stay in “Blue Lake” - $20.50 a night which we thought very reasonable for this area. We were beat, went out for dinner, then to bed.

The next day we went to Stateline, Nevada. Stateline and Lake Tahoe are joined across a street and you can gamble. Nevada is a gambling state!! We went to “Harvey’s.” Sahara is there, other big spots. Shirley MacLaine was there; Isaac Hayes was coming after MacLaine. We spent all day at Harvey’s, believe it or not, playing the slot machines, blackjack.

They had free entertainment back of the bar, inexpensive good sandwiches. One group was just exceptional. They were four brothers and a sister, Desiree. They were the “Muglestons.” Simply great – we went back in the evening to catch their evening show. There were other entertainers, but they were top talent. This entertainment was free, offered to patrons of Harvey’s. They charged across the street at Harrah’s. Harvey’s was a great place. We ate in our motel and then watched Elvis’ last concert. We planned it this way - then back to Harvey’s. Big day.