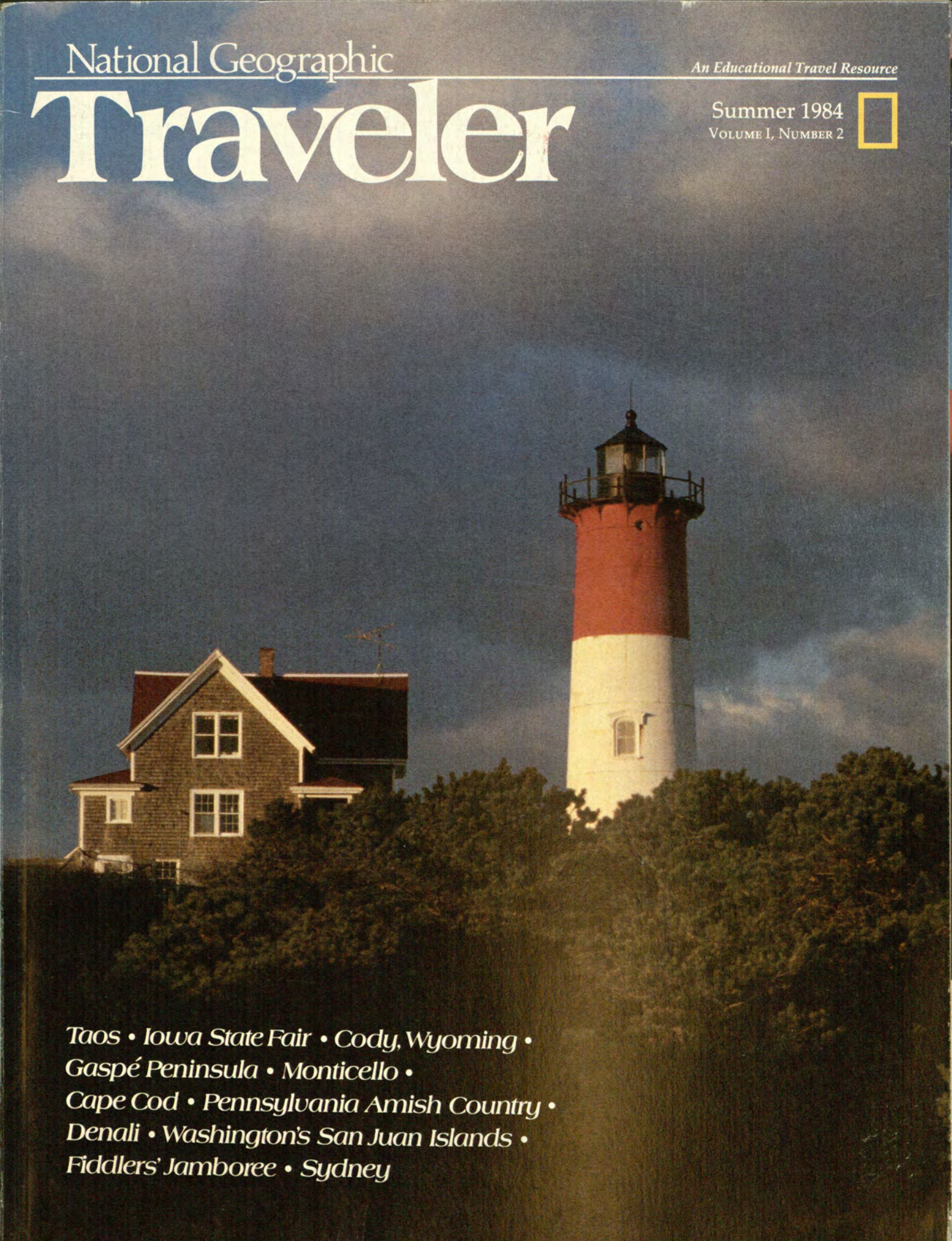
National Geographic

Traveler

An Educational Travel Resource

Summer 1984
Volume I, Number 2



Taos • Iowa State Fair • Cody, Wyoming •
Gaspé Peninsula • Monticello •
Cape Cod • Pennsylvania Amish Country •
Denali • Washington's San Juan Islands •
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Cover: David Cole Coates. *Above, clockwise from upper left: Taos*—David R. Bridge, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC TRAVELER; *San Juan Islands*—© Pat O'Hara; *Iowa State Fair*—Scott Rutherford; *Amish country*—Todd Buchanan; *Monticello*—Robert Llewellyn; *Denali*—Art Wolfe/Aperture Photobank; *Jamboree*—Joe Viesti.

COVER: *Nauset lighthouse, Cape Cod National Seashore, North Eastham, Massachusetts.*

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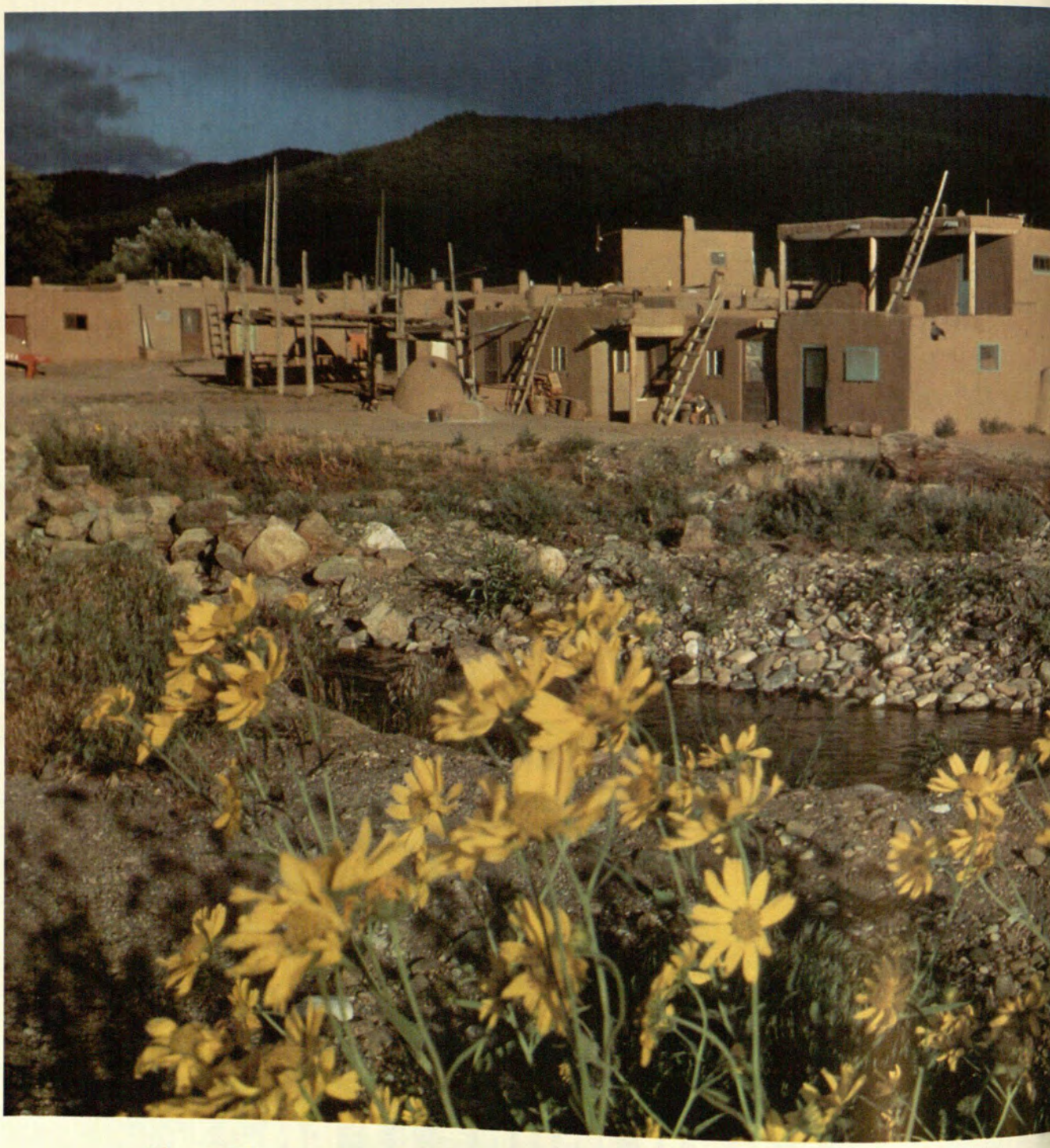
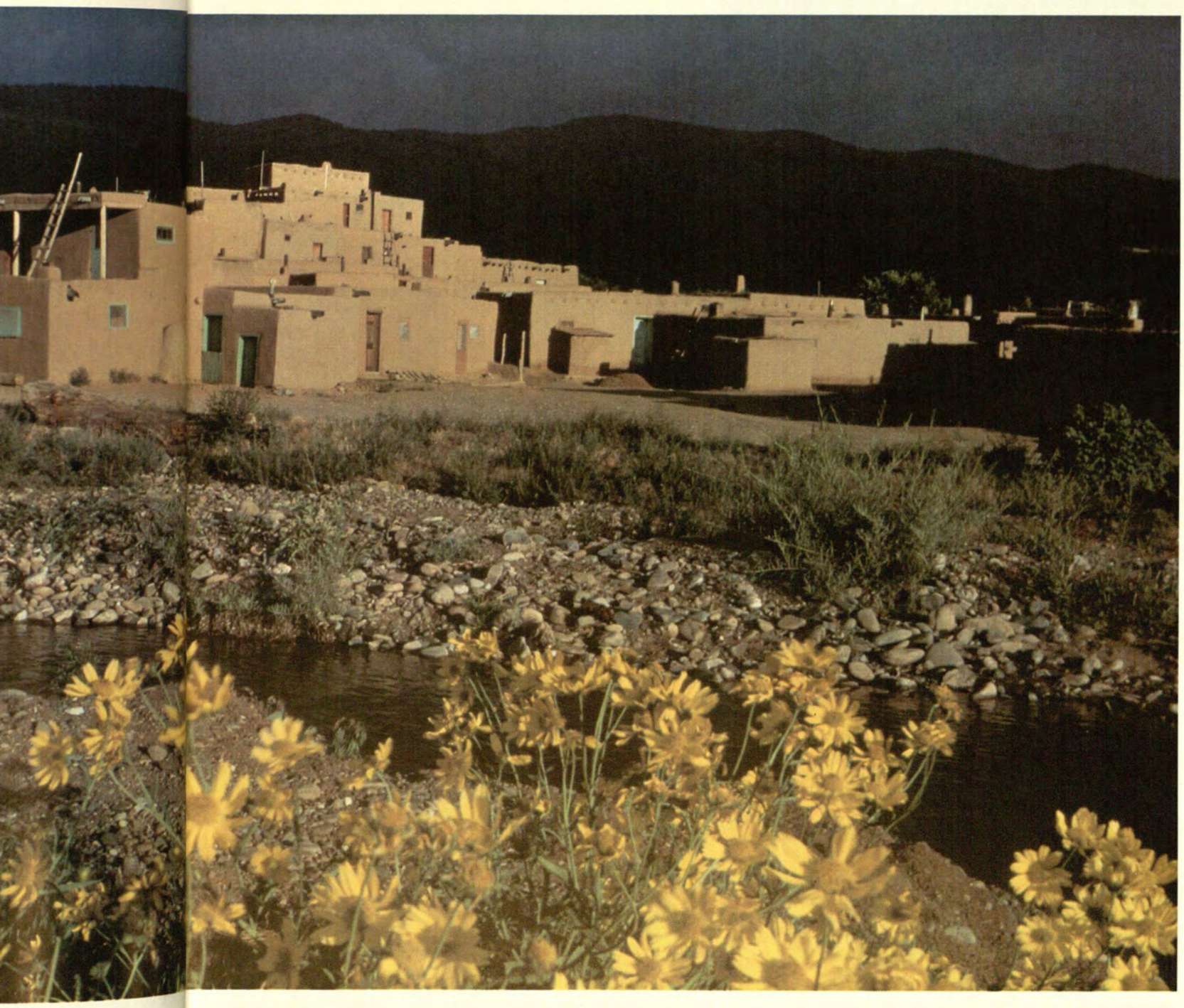


A Town to Restore the

THE LAST TIME I WAS in Taos, the Oakland A's were playing the Yankees on the TV. A manager-player discussion was under way, and the cameraman passed the time by showing us the moon—yellow as a lemon—over the Bronx. Through my window I could see the same moon. But over Taos, 1,800 miles west of Yankee Stadium, it hung in the sky like a scarred white rock. The moonlight, too, was robbed of color. It turned the infinity of sage into stark, dark silver.

Several days earlier Richard Vaughn, one of the numerous artists of Taos by day, and a waiter by night, had talked with me of just such things. He had come here from England, and when I asked him what had drawn him to this odd, out-of-the-way place, he gave me a thoughtful answer.

"First, it's the beauty," Vaughn said. "And then it's an interesting place to be." That sums up well enough what made Taos an artists' colony, and what



e the Spirit – Taos in Summer

By Tony Hillerman
Photographs by Steve Northup

Vaughn, one of the
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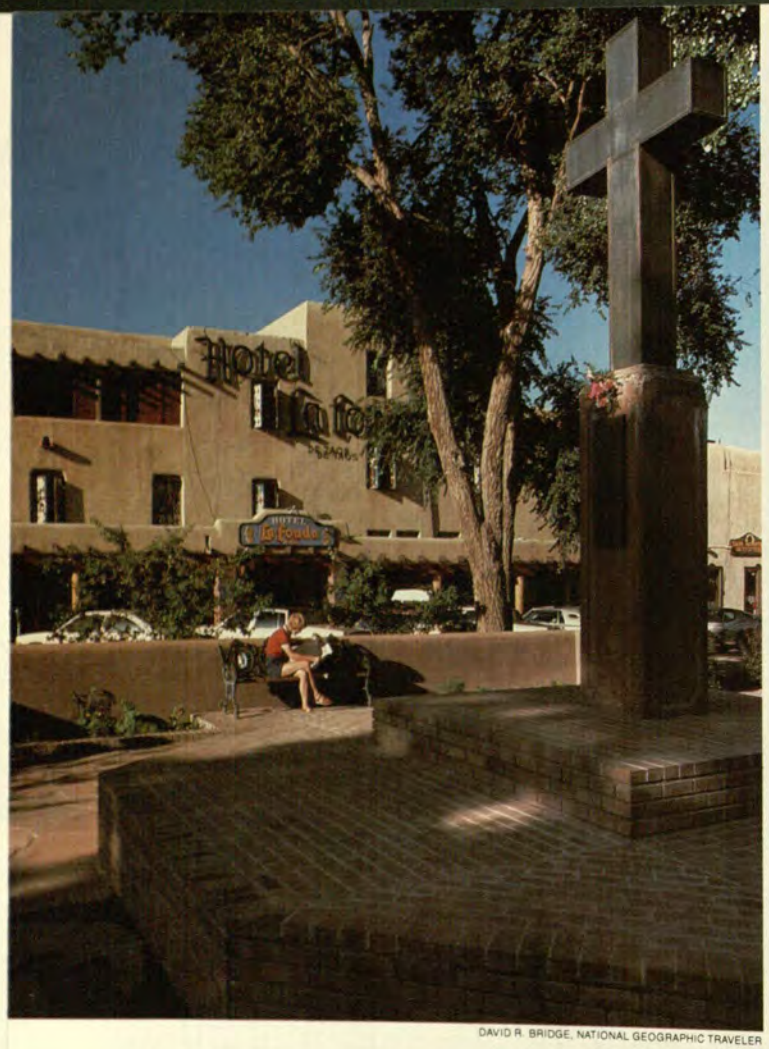
draws an estimated half million visitors a year to a dinky, dusty little town some 130 miles from the nearest place a jetliner can land and about half that far from the nearest interstate highway. It *is* an interesting place. And even after decades of looking at Taos, I still am awed by its beauty.

Taos and the neighboring Taos pueblo sit literally in the shadow of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains on the Taos plateau. Just to the northeast the mountains

Living reminder of a proud past, sunbaked Taos pueblo sprawls at the base of New Mexico's Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Built between A.D. 1300 and 1450, the multistoried pueblo still provides housing and serves as a cultural and administrative center for about 1,500 Taos Indians.



DAVID R. BRIDGE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC TRAVELER

Quiet Taos Plaza, once the lively heart of the Spanish-built village, offers an inviting stop for today's visitor. The bronze cross honors the men from Taos County who died on the Bataan Peninsula during World War II.

rise to more than 13,000 feet, and to the west the Rio Grande roars through its spectacular gorge. Town and pueblo are built in an oasis of lush green meadows. An artist couldn't ask for more.

Part of the elemental beauty is a matter of light. Taos is 7,000 feet above sea level. Absent are humidity and those smoggy pollutants that prosperity brings. The air has a brilliant, clear quality to it. The moon is whiter, and, when it's down, the night sky is adazzle with a billion stars that lowlanders never see. Sun produces a sharper contrast of light and shadow, the blue of the sky is implausibly dark, and San Antonio Mountain, 50 miles away by road on the Colorado border, looks near enough to touch. Artists have been celebrating all this for generations.

Frederic Remington, the famous painter of cowboys and the frontier, rode into Taos in 1882. "I trotted all day over the dry tableland and yet the great blue wall of the Sangre de Cristo Range seemed as near and as far as it had in the morning. It was as though we could not get near it. . . .

"At the edge of a slight drop in the mesa we saw the blue evening smoke of two villages—the Indian Pueblo

of Taos and the Mexican town of the same name. . . . They looked hopelessly small and forgotten. . . ."

They still look hopelessly small and forgotten. Taos pueblo was more than 500 years old when Remington saw it, and the additional century has hardly affected it. It still makes the same blue evening smoke. Although the tribe recently installed electricity, telephones, and a community-wide water and sewer system on the reservation, there are no modern conveniences within the pueblo walls. There Taos Indians still use wood for cooking and heating.

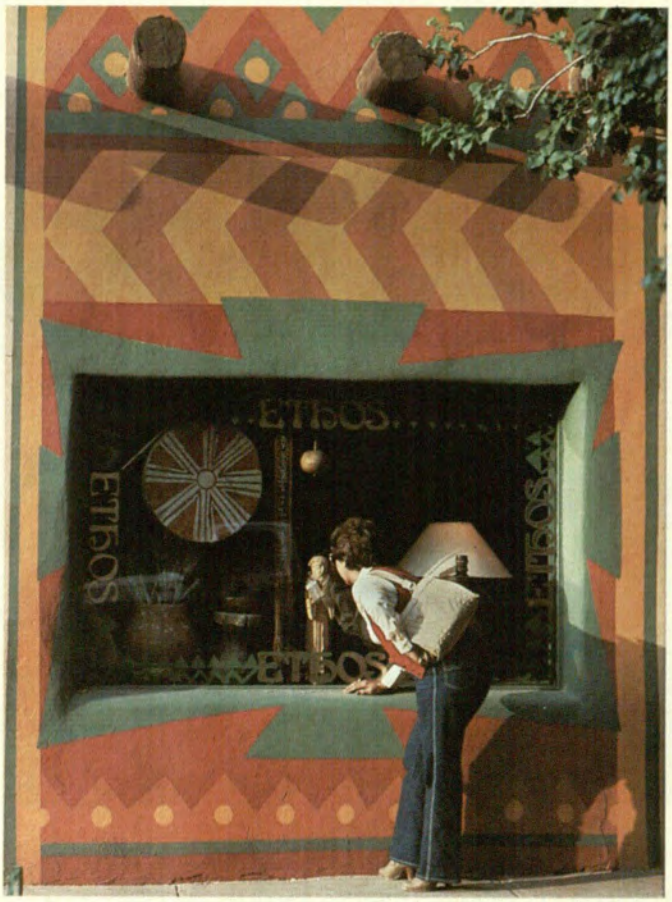
The town of Taos has grown a bit since 1882, to a summer population of perhaps 6,000, and has added traffic lights and traffic jams. But it remains an adobe village of crooked buildings on narrow crooked streets.

Here the antiquity is genuine. The town was founded on its present site in the early 17th century, after the Taos Indians asked Spanish settlers to move farther from the pueblo. Archaeologists believe the two great mud-and-straw structures that form the pueblo itself were built much earlier—between A.D. 1300 and 1450. Yet Taos pueblo is as lively as it was when Spanish explorers from the expedition of Francisco Vásquez de Coronado saw it in 1540. Few places today offer such a giant step backward in time.

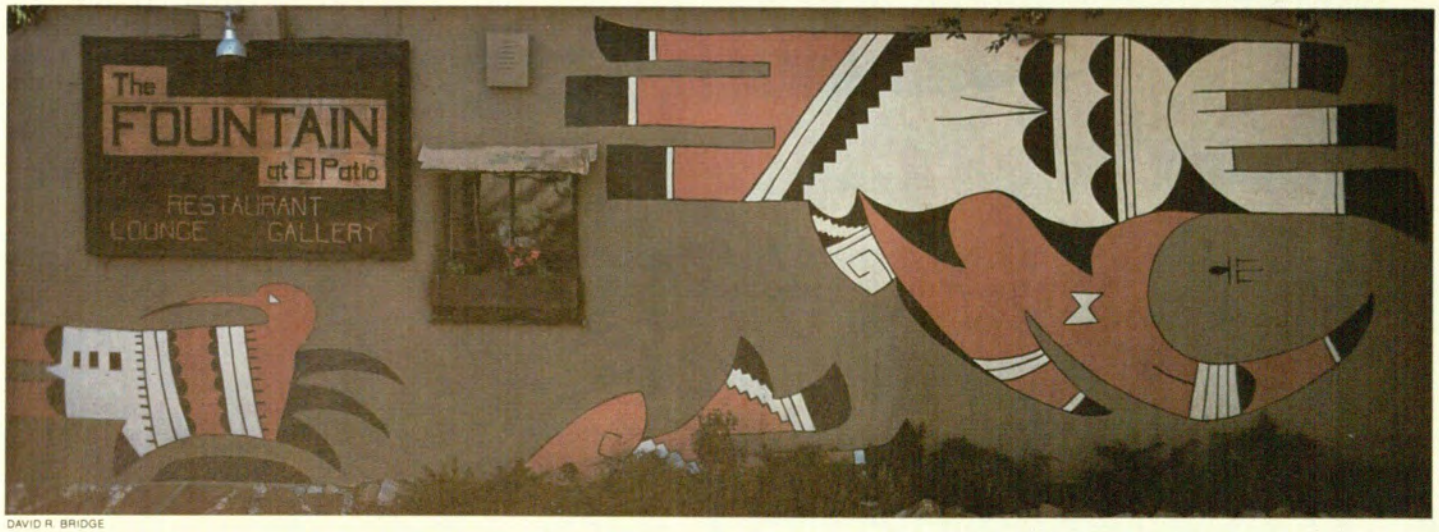
I like to visit as early as the pueblo will allow—currently 8 a.m.—because slanting morning sunlight gives a molding of shadow to these remarkable buildings. It's a pleasant two-and-a-half-mile trip from town to pueblo. The road leads through a narrow passageway between the chalky white wall of the Church of San Geronimo and an adobe gatehouse. A tribesman will collect fees for parking and photography. Even if you've paid the camera fee, it's the worst of bad manners to photograph Pueblo Indians without personal permission. Youngsters often won't mind; older Indians, and especially those wearing the traditional braids and blankets, probably will.

The earthen courtyard or plaza into which the tribe admits its visitors is walled off to the north and west by the massive five-story shape of North House. Across the Rio Pueblo de Taos, a clear trout stream that bubbles through the courtyard, stands South House—almost equal in size. Both complexes were designed as fortresses where Indians could defend themselves against raids. But the buildings have a distinct natural beauty as well, as if they had grown from the Mother Earth that the pueblo's inhabitants honor.

The plaza is the ceremonial dance ground, considered by Pueblo Indians to be a sacred place. Signs restrict visitors principally to the plaza and to shops in the North and South Houses, where residents sell



Art abounds in Taos, inside and out: Owner Art Adair displays a torrey pine needle basket from his Clay and Fiber Gallery (above), one of more than 50 galleries in the town. A design inspired by a Mexican Indian motif decorates the adobe front of Ethos (right) and reflects the shop's specialty. The dramatic mural outside The Fountain attracts passersby to its gallery, lounge, and restaurant.

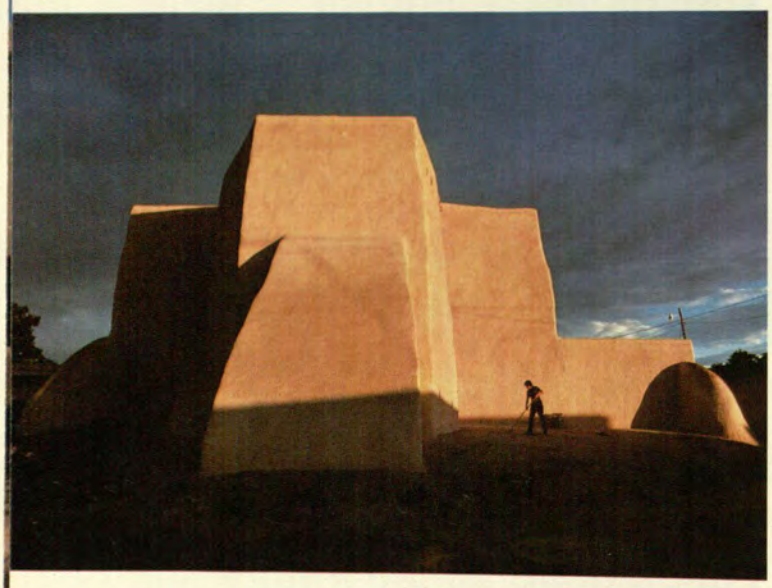


DAVID R. BRIDGE

bread baked in the outdoor earthen ovens around the plaza or fried to a delicious but, for me, stomach-wrenching crunchiness. The pueblo has also opened a visitors center that provides information, exhibits archaeological and historical artifacts, and sells traditional Indian arts and crafts, including moccasins, beadwork, jewelry, pottery, toy bows and arrows, and drums of rawhide stretched over hollow cottonwood.

Strictly off limits—not only to non-Indians but also to tribal members not properly initiated—are the six kivas of the pueblo's religious societies. Four cluster at the east end of North House; the others are across the river. They are easy to identify because they can be entered only from the roof, and their access ladders jut skyward.

In the Taos kivas, revolutions have been planned. Twice rebellions restored control of this part of America to the Indians. The first time was in 1680. From here runners moved along the river and across the desert to deliver knotted cords to the other Pueblo tribes. One knot was to be untied each day. When the last one was undone, the Indians struck—killing the Spanish who had occupied their villages, and driving the survivors down the Rio Grande. For 12 years a consortium of Indian tribes ruled the territory, until Don Diego de Vargas recaptured Santa Fe in 1692.



Sunset fashions an abstract sculpture from the rear buttresses of the 18th-century Church of San Francisco de Asís, inspiration for generations of artists. Carved from volcanic rock by churning river currents, the Rio Grande Gorge breaks open the Taos plateau. In the distance the Rio Grande Gorge Bridge arches 650 feet above the river.

The second revolt challenged the United States, which had taken New Mexico in 1846, during the Mexican War. In the following year the Taos Indians, joined by Mexicans unhappy with American occupation, killed Territorial Governor Charles Bent in Taos. U. S. Army troops defeated the rebels, who took shelter at Taos pueblo in the original Church of San Geronimo. The Army bombarded the church, pointed a howitzer through a hole in the wall, and fired into the building. The tribe never rebuilt the desecrated church, and you pass its ruins as you enter the pueblo.

The "new" church is worth a visit, even though it can't compare in antiquity with many other Franciscan mission churches in northern New Mexico. Most of the pueblo residents are Roman Catholics—which doesn't interfere with their maintaining their traditional religion. The Indians simply added Catholicism to their existing theology and kept their old ways intact.

It was this exoticism, more than natural beauty, that first attracted painters. Ernest Blumenschein, one of the greatest of the Taos artists, recalled that he and his contemporaries were bored with more traditional material. "We felt the need of a stimulating subject," he wrote. They found it in the Indian and Spanish colonial cultures of Taos.

The story of the art colony begins in September 1898. Blumenschein and Bert Phillips—on a sketching trip in the Rockies—impulsively decided to head to Mexico. They went south from Denver but broke a buggy wheel in the San Luis Valley. Blumenschein rode to the nearest settlement for repairs. It was Taos he came on. Three years earlier a young New York painter, Joseph Sharp, had regaled the two young artists with enthusiastic accounts of the Taos Indians and the beauty of the place. By the time Blumenschein returned with the wheel, he, too, was converted. Phillips stayed. Sharp and Blumenschein returned later, and others followed. By 1915 the work of the Taos

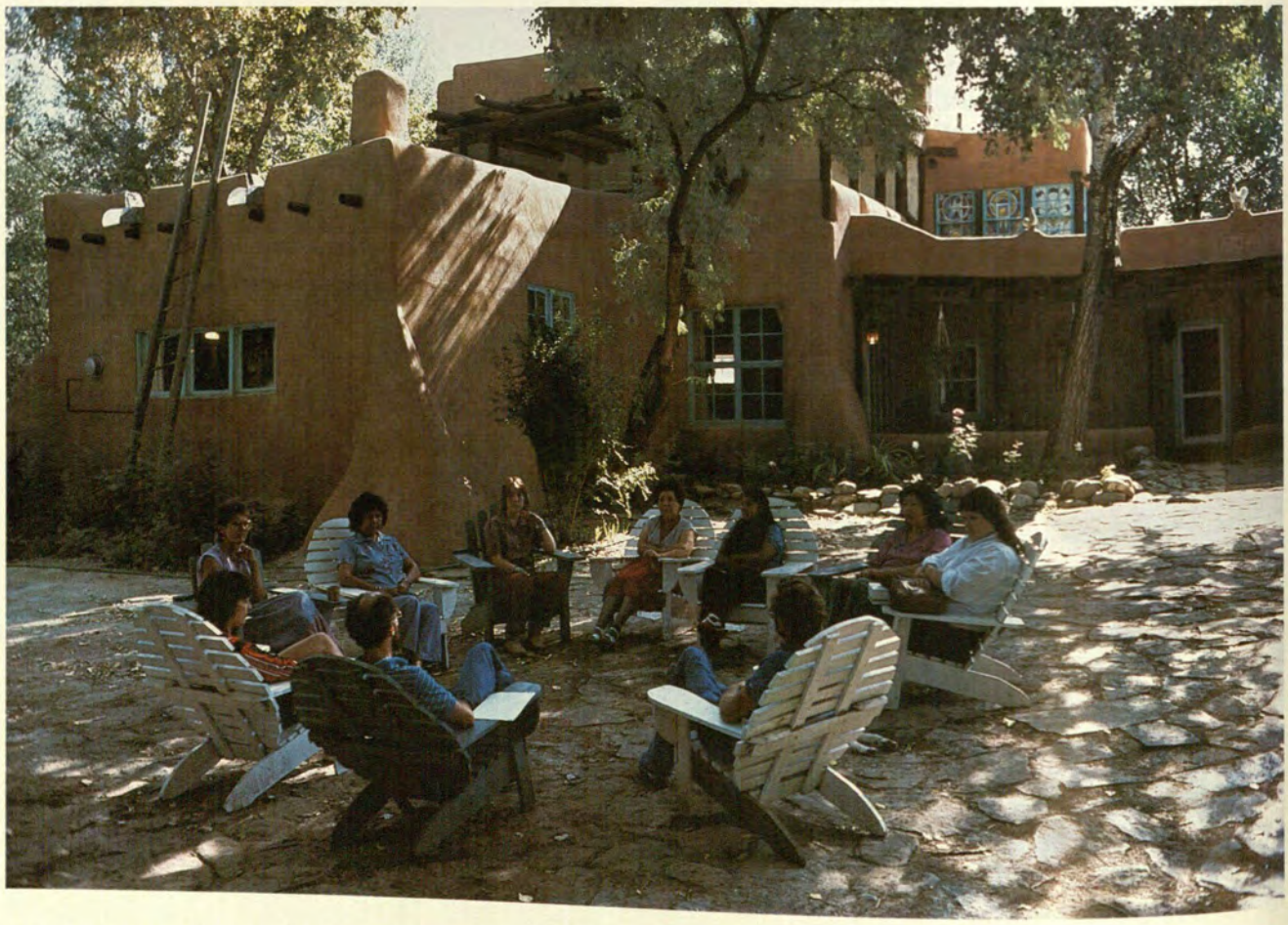
CRAIG AURNESS/WEST LIGHT

Society of Artists was well known, with a hundred painters and sculptors at work.

Today? Who knows? Although artists are notoriously hard to identify and count, finding them here is easy enough. The town displays their talents, among other places, on its trash cans. Taos also displays artwork—painting, watercolor, sculpture, jewelry, leatherwork, woodwork, among others—in more than 50 galleries.

In the years I've been visiting Taos as a tourist, I've developed a personal Very Best Way of Doing It. I drive from Albuquerque—as most visitors will, since that's as near as the major airlines will bring you—via New Mexico Route 14, instead of taking the direct Interstate 25 to Santa Fe. This old back road offers long views of ranching country and takes you through the semi-ghost towns of Golden, Madrid, and Cerrillos—all located in a mining district that has produced turquoise, gold, silver, and coal. North of Santa Fe, I detour again on the ancient "high road" to Taos, New Mexico Route 4 at Pojoaque. It leads through a string of 18th-century Spanish colonial mountain villages, right past the famous San José de Gracia church, which the villagers of Trampas finished in the late 1700s. Beyond Trampas I wind back to the Rio Grande and New Mexico Route 68. The highway wriggles out of the river

Still a place for lively conversation, the home once owned by Mabel Dodge Luhan now houses Las Palomas de Taos, an educational foundation. Luhan bought the adobe dwelling in the early 1900s and made of it a literary salon. Two renowned guests, D. H. Lawrence and Lady Dorothy Brett, painted the bathroom windows (left).



canyon, tops a ridge, and suddenly the entire Taos plateau spreads before you.

Though I've seen this view innumerable times, it still thrills me. The Sangre de Cristo Mountains rise on the northeastern horizon, an immense tableland of silver-gray sage stretches away to the north and west, and the Rio Grande Gorge forms a crooked black chasm all the way to the Colorado border and beyond. The panorama is so vast, grand, and empty that all humanity seems small. This is the setting of Taos, but I have a final stop to make before I get there.

The stop is at Ranchos de Taos, the town's 17th-century suburb. The highway passes just behind the buttressed rear of the Church of San Francisco de Asís, gem of Spanish colonial mission architecture. Artists have found this building irresistible for a century. The Impressionists and Romantics who made up the first Taos Society of Artists painted and sketched it. So did the Cubists, Dadaists, Neo-Realists, and all the rest who followed. It has been the focus of the giants of photography—Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, Alfred Stieglitz, and a dozen others. Georgia O'Keeffe painted it. Everybody paints it. And when the *mayordomos* of the parish (the four village couples chosen annually to be responsible for maintenance of the church) decided to replace the traditional mud-and-straw plaster with more durable concrete, there was an uproar among lovers of Art and Beauty. The concrete leaked and was removed, and the traditional mud coating is now back in place.

Two blocks after I leave the church, I turn left onto Ranchitos Road, which meanders through the farms

and fields outside town and avoids the commercial clutter lining the main highway. Then I check into a central hotel, which means either La Fonda—colorful if a bit threadbare, in my opinion—or the Taos Inn, a newly remodeled national historic site.

Wherever you stay (and Taos offers hundreds of hotel or motel rooms, if you count those in the nearby Taos Ski Valley), for a one-dollar fee the desk clerk at La Fonda will open the hotel office, and you can inspect at your leisure the paintings of D. H. Lawrence. The internationally famous author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover, Sons and Lovers,* and other classic novels was lured to Taos by Mabel Dodge Luhan, the town's eccentric collector of celebrities. He left the pictures behind. They reveal how the author saw himself—naked, plump, pink, and zany—entangled with equally pink friends. I've invested about eight dollars reminding myself that such a good writer could be such an awful painter.

The best of many pleasant features of the Taos Inn is its curbside patio, where one can sit in shady comfort and observe the Taos traffic jam. Another possibility for lodging is the fabulous home of the fabulous La Luhan. It's now owned by Las Palomas de Taos, an educational foundation, and advertises bed and breakfast for visitors. Your bedroom probably will have sheltered such luminaries of arts and letters as Willa Cather, Georgia O'Keeffe, Robinson Jeffers, Thomas Wolfe, or Aldous Huxley. Luhan was hostess to enough painters, poets, and photographers to staff a university.

The walled courtyard of the house features multistoried dovecotes raised atop poles to discourage cats. The porch roof is lined with porcelain chickens. My own favorite feature is a glass-walled room on the second story—the late owner's bathroom, built so that she could watch the world while bathing. Houseguest Lawrence, troubled by this display, painted garish designs on the glass together with English painter Lady Dorothy Brett—thereby protecting the modesty of all concerned. It's a curious reaction from the man whose novels preached sexual liberation.

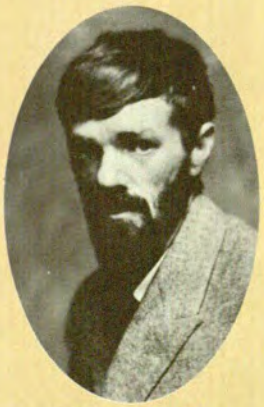
TOURING TAOS INVOLVES WALKING. A stroll down Kit Carson and North Pueblo Roads, along LeDoux and Bent Streets, and around the plaza exposes one to dozens of galleries housing a dazzling variety of artwork. Nonrepresentational art is solidly established. So are landscape, western, and representational painting, as well as just about any school extant. You can look at—and buy—bronze, marble, or steel sculpture; quilts; the religious wood carvings called *santos;* kachina dolls; Indian pottery, beadwork, featherwork; leatherwork; basketry; stone fetishes; Navajo jewelry; custom goldwork; inlaid wood; Navajo, Hispanic-American, or Guatemalan weaving; Cochiti "storyteller" figures; even pawn silver from Navajo trading posts. Taos is,

Thomas Wolfe

Willa Cather

Aldous Huxley

Patroness of the arts and a "collector" of people, Mabel Dodge Luhan (above) enhanced Taos's reputation as a national art center by entertaining artists, photographers, and writers, including the literary giants shown here.



D. H. Lawrence

TOP LEFT AND BOTTOM RIGHT, THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE; CENTER AND LOWER LEFT, WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; WILLA CATHER BY PERMISSION OF JOANNA T. STEICHEN

above all, an artists' town—and the items for sale range from simple souvenirs to items worth far more than the buildings in which they are displayed.

Taos is also a history buff's town. Most popular is Kit Carson's home—where the famed scout, frontiersman, and Indian fighter lived and raised his eight children. The home was built in 1825, about the time Carson hit town as a 16-year-old runaway. Today it is a museum. On nearby Bent Street is the Governor Bent Home and Museum, where New Mexico's first territorial governor was killed in the uprising of 1847. Mrs. Bent had warned her husband not to open the door to the mob, but the governor replied, "It's all right. They're my friends." New Mexico politicians tend to overestimate their popularity.

My favorite among historic houses is the Don Antonio Severino Martínez Hacienda, two miles west of the plaza on Lower Ranchitos Road. Don Antonio moved into the house in 1804, and it provides an authentic look at life on the western frontier.

Four miles north of the plaza, but well worth the drive, is the Millicent Rogers Museum, which houses a superb collection of Spanish colonial and Indian art, jewelry, and costumes. Back in town there's the Harwood Foundation, two blocks southwest of the plaza. Here you can see a fine collection of paintings by those who founded the Taos artists' colony.

Taos artist Harold Joe Waldrum works on a bold canvas in the studio once used by Joseph Sharp, a founder of the Taos Society of Artists in 1912.

Taos also serves as a base for one of the West's most striking mountain drives—a half-day circle that climbs by means of U. S. Route 64 over Palo Flechado Pass (around 9,100 feet) and drops into the beautiful Moreno Valley, then takes another dizzying dive off 9,854-foot Red River Pass into the Red River Valley on New Mexico Route 38. The route winds back to Taos on New Mexico Route 3. Dedicated D. H. Lawrence fans will want to take a seven-mile side trip to the shrine where Lawrence's ashes are kept. But except for a tacky crypt there's not much to see at his ranch. I recommend instead an eight-mile detour westward on U. S. 64, which takes you over the sagebrush flats until, almost without warning, you seem to be abruptly airborne—rolling across the Rio Grande Gorge Bridge, with the river 650 feet below you. The bridge, second only to the Royal Gorge in Colorado among American high bridges, has pull offs at either end where you can park and enjoy the breathtaking view.

What calls me back to Taos, though, is something less dramatic—smaller, vaguer, harder to define. A poet named Victor knows what I mean, I think. I met him last summer, as he sat on a bench beside the door of the Harwood Foundation, with a sign on a clipboard beside his briefcase. It read:

ENJOY
POETRY
CHEAP

Victor told me he'd come from Santa Fe and was en route to California. Santa Fe considers itself America's most relaxed city, but there Victor found himself engulfed in tension, pressure, and high-level nervousness, with "everybody into nonsense sayings and the tourists fleeing in panic." In California he expected earthquakes and general craziness. So he was biding awhile in Taos. "The air is better here," he said. "People have time to listen to my song." He smiled out at weeds and hollyhocks along a sunny adobe wall. "Taos," said Victor, "restores the spirit."

Taos has been restoring my spirit for 30 years. □

Tony Hillerman, former editor of the *New Mexican*, is a professor of journalism at the University of New Mexico and a writer of mystery novels.

Photographer Steve Northup, a native of Santa Fe, was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard University.

Travel • Wise

The listings below are provided as a service for TRAVELER readers and are not intended as recommendations. All information is accurate as of press time. It is, however, subject to change.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

Write or call the Taos County Chamber of Commerce, Drawer 1, Taos, N. Mex. 87571; (505) 758-3873 or (800) 732-8267. Note: All telephone numbers below have a 505 area code, unless otherwise indicated; all addresses are Taos 87571.

HOW TO GET THERE

By Amtrak To Albuquerque or to Lamy (18 mi. south of Santa Fe).

By air To Albuquerque International Airport.

By bus Trailways from Albuquerque (via Santa Fe).

By car I-25 to U. S. 85 from Albuquerque to Santa Fe; from there U. S. 84/285 north to N. Mex. Rte. 68.

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

Combination tickets to several Taos museums and attractions are available. Call Kit Carson Memorial Foundation, Inc.; 758-4741.

Ernest L. Blumenschein Home LeDoux St. (1 block southwest of Taos Plaza); 758-4741. Daily 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Adults $2, children (6-15) $1, family groups $5.

Governor Bent Home and Museum Bent St. (1 block north of Taos Plaza); 758-2376. March-Dec.: daily 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Adults $.50, children $.25.

Harwood Foundation (Univ. of New Mexico) 25 LeDoux St. (2 blocks southwest of Taos Plaza); 758-3063. Exhibit of works by Taos Society of Artists members and others; public library. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-4 p.m.

Kit Carson Home and Historical Museum Kit Carson Rd. (½ block east of Taos Plaza); 758-4741. Daily 8 a.m.-6 p.m. Adults $2, children (6-15) $1, family groups $5.

La Hacienda de Don Antonio Severino Martínez N. Mex. Rte. 240 (2 mi. west of Taos Plaza); 758-1000. Fully restored Spanish colonial hacienda. Daily 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Adults $2, children (6-15) $1, family groups $5.

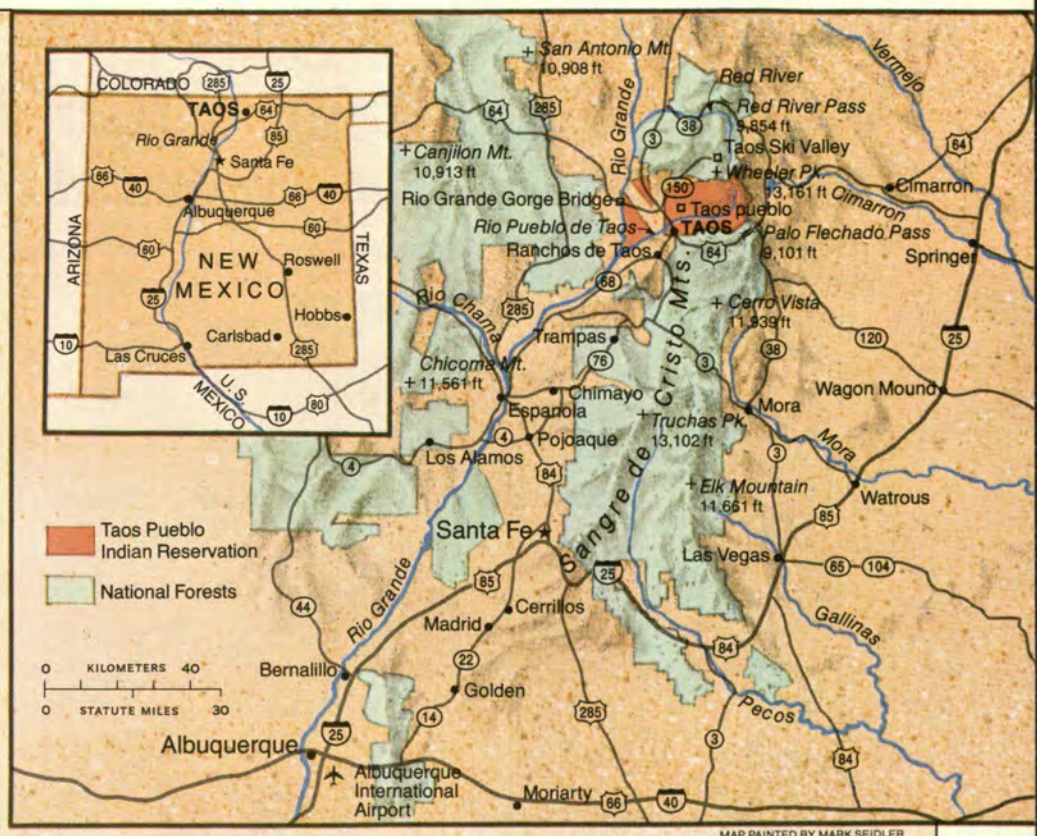
Millicent Rogers Museum Just off N. Mex. Rte. 3 (4 mi. north of Taos); 758-2462. Native American and Hispanic art. May-Oct.: daily 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Nov.-April: Wed.-Sun. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Adults $3, children (6-16) $1, family groups $6.

Church of San Francisco de Asís Parish Ranchos de Taos (4 mi. south on N. Mex. Rte. 68); 758-2754. Daily 10 a.m.-noon, 1-4 p.m. Masses: Sat. 7 p.m.; Sun. 7, 9, and 11 a.m.

Rio Grande Gorge Bridge U. S. 64 (about 12 mi. northwest of Taos). Observation platforms and parking at both ends.

Stables Art Center North Pueblo Rd. (between Taos Inn and Kit Carson State Park); 758-2052/2036. Heart of the current art scene in Taos; exhibits, classes, workshops. Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. noon-5 p.m.

Taos pueblo North Pueblo Rd. (2 mi. north of Taos). Daily 8 a.m.-6 p.m. Private vehicles $3, walk-ins $1.50. Fees for photography, sketching, and painting. Visitors Center at pueblo entrance; 758-1538. Mon.-Sat. 9 a.m.-5 p.m.



MAP PAINTED BY MARK SEIDLER

PLACES TO STAY

The accommodations listed below are classified **Budget** ($45 or less for a double room), **Moderate** ($46-$85). Prices will be higher in the ski season. Additional accommodations are available in the Taos Ski Valley area.

EL MONTE LODGE Kit Carson Rd. (4 blocks east of Taos Plaza), P.O. Box 22; 758-3171 (B)

INDIAN HILLS MOTEL Santa Fe Rd. (N. Mex. Rte. 68, 1½ blocks south of Taos Plaza), P.O. Box 1229; 758-4293 (B)

JACK DENVER MOTEL Santa Fe Rd. (N. Mex. Rte. 68, 4 blocks south of Taos Plaza), P.O. Box R; 758-2041 (B)

SAGEBRUSH INN N. Mex. Rte. 64 (2½ mi. south of Taos Plaza), P.O. Box 1566; 758-2254 (B)

SILVERTREE LODGE Kit Carson Rd. (1½ miles east of Taos Plaza), P.O. Box 1528; 758-3071 (B)

SUN GOD MOTEL Santa Fe Rd. (N. Mex. Rte. 68, 5 mi. south of Taos Plaza), P.O. Box 1713; 758-3162 (B)

EL MIRADOR DE TAOS Forest Rd. #1 (2½ mi. east of Taos Plaza), P.O. Box 2383; 758-9436. Bed and breakfast (M)

EL PUEBLO LODGE North Pueblo Rd. (1 mi. north of Taos Plaza), P.O. Box 92; 758-8641 (M)

HOLIDAY INN Santa Fe Rd. (N. Mex. Rte. 68, 4 mi. south of Taos Plaza), P.O. Box 1409; 758-8611 (M)

KACHINA LODGE/BEST WESTERN North Pueblo Rd. (6 blocks north of Taos Plaza), P.O. Box NN; 758-2275 (M)

LA FONDA HOTEL South end of Taos Plaza, P.O. Box 1447; 750-2211 (M)

MABEL DODGE LUHAN HOUSE Las Palomas de Taos, P.O. Box 3400; 758-9456. Bed and breakfast (M)

SAN GERONIMO LODGE Witt Rd. off Kit Carson Rd. (2 mi. east of Taos Plaza), P.O. Box 2707; 758-4883 (M)

TAOS INN North Pueblo Rd. (1 block from Taos Plaza), P.O. Box N; 758-2233 (M)

PLACES TO EAT

The restaurants listed below are classified **Budget** ($10 or less per person for dinner, excluding alcoholic beverages), **Moderate** ($10-25).

COMIDAS DE MANTE Santa Fe Rd. (N. Mex Rte. 68, ¼ mi. south of Taos Plaza); 758-9317 (B)

EL RESTAURANTE DE DON PABLO Santa Fe Rd. (N. Mex. Rte. 68, near Ranchos de Taos); 758-9281 (B)

HOPI DINING ROOM Kachina Lodge, North Pueblo Rd.; 758-2275 (B)

LA COCINA DE TAOS North side of Taos Plaza; 758-2412 (B)

MICHAEL'S PIZZA North Pueblo Rd.; 758-3981 (B)

VILLA DE DON PERALTA Santa Fe Rd. (N. Mex. Rte. 68, 4 blocks south of Taos Plaza); 758-2111 (B)

APPLE TREE 26 Bent St.; 758-1900 (M)

CASA DE VALDEZ Santa Fe Rd. (N. Mex. Rte. 68) and Estes Rd. (3 mi. south of Taos Plaza); 758-8777 (M)

DOC MARTIN'S Taos Inn, North Pueblo Rd.; 758-2233 (M)

FAGERQUIST'S N. Mex. Rte. 3 (4½ mi. north of Taos Plaza); 776-2448 (M)

FOUNTAIN AT EL PATIO Northwest corner of Taos Plaza; 758-2121 (M)

GARDEN RESTAURANT North end of Taos Plaza; 758-9483. Breakfast and lunch only (M)

HOLIDAY INN OF TAOS Santa Fe Rd. (N. Mex. Rte. 68); 758-8611 (M)

LOS VAQUEROS STEAKHOUSE Sagebrush Inn, Santa Fe Rd. (N. Mex. Rte. 68); 758-2254 (M)

OGELVIE'S Taos Plaza; 758-8866 (M)

ROBERTO'S Kit Carson Rd.; 758-2434 (M)