

Date: 4/6/2015 8:07:19 PM

Subject: Postcard

---

Edith Warner is a fascinating footnote to the Manhattan Project. She had a small dining room at the base of the Los Alamos mesa, barely scraping by serving meals to occasional travelers at Otowi Crossing, a little bridge on the Rio Grande. History rolled the dice and the a-bomb project came to Los Alamos. Scientists and generals began dining at her little house under aliases, getting away from the mesa for evenings of good food and comraderie. Edith and her chocolate cake became a local legend.

Edith was highly spiritual. Her house was (and still is) within the boundaries of the San Ildefonso Indian Pueblo and she was very good friends with the people, who respected her for her special gifts. Although she did not know about the bomb, she did sense a scary and powerful force ready to be unleashed. Her sixth sense is documented in books and letters, but the best presentation of the Edith Warner story is in a novel: The Woman at Otowi Crossing by Frank Waters.

The army eventually ran a major highway up the mesa, bypassing the original bridge and destroying the house. The Indians of the pueblo built her a new one where she lived until her death in 1951. This house is supposedly still standing and we wanted to go there today. But we needed permission from the Pueblo to access the old bridge and find the house. We drove to the San Ildefonso visitors center and were greeted with this notice: "Due to a death in our community, the Visitors Center and Tribal Offices will be closed today, Monday, April 6." No permit. No access.

We pulled off the road near the old bridge and took a picture. This is the bridge at Otowi Crossing.



That's it. The surrounding area is fenced off.



But cheer up! The day was not over! So we visited the lousiest laundromat ever. The attendant was young, surly and argumentative. The washers and driers were old, surly and argumentative and only responded to secret, undocumented startup procedures that we did not understand. With a little assistance, albeit surly and argumentative, we did the wash:





And our favorite:



A mouse ran across the floor scaring the bejeezus out of the lady next to us. He left. She left. We left.

But okay! Our day wasn't done! There was still dinner. We went to a restaurant and a girl at the next table threw up.

D&S