



Great Northern Hotel

Incident Report – April 11th, 1989

From: Louie Larkin, Desk Manager

To: Ben Horne, General Manager
Randy St. Croix, Concierge

At approximately 11:45 AM, I got a call from the housekeeping staff that there was a disturbance in Suite 216. This struck me as odd, as the room has been unoccupied since the deaths of Thomas Eckhardt and Josie Packard there last week. The source of the disturbance turned out to be Margaret Lanterman (more commonly known amongst the hotel staff as “The Log Lady”). You’ll recall that this is not the first time Mrs. Lanterman has made a scene at the hotel, and that after the last time she was banned from the guest floors without a reservation. But I’m sure you’re aware that this week the Great Northern is hosting the Logger-Heads of Washington State conference, and I suspect she slipped in amongst some of the attendees.

When I entered the room, Mrs. Lanterman was kneeling in front of the nightstand, holding her log up toward the closed drawer. When I asked her what she was doing there, she told me to shush and said that “the log and the drawer pull were communicating.” Humoring her has helped defuse these situations in the past, so I asked her what they were talking about. After giving me a look like I was the crazy one, she started asking a series of increasingly bizarre questions, seemingly directed at no one.

Though I cannot remember any of her questions verbatim, she said something along the lines of, “What could possibly be happening in this drawer pull?” and “Why is it featured so prominently in the life and death of a woman caught in a web of power?” I can only surmise that Mrs. Lanterman was referring to Josie Packard, and that she had been drawn to the room because of the tragedy that happened there. When I asked her point blank why she had come to the room, she simply said “the log told me to.” She did not seem to appreciate it when I informed her that, if she’d like to treat herself to a Great Northern suite and all the amenities it affords, she or her log should make a reservation.





It was at this point that I asked Mrs. Lanterman if she would walk with me down to the lobby so that we could sort everything out. She didn't seem to understand, asking if I was referring to "the waiting room." When I confirmed that we'd head down to this waiting room, she spat "Not you!" and then seemed to confer with her log. She started to nod and looked slowly around the room, saying to no one in particular, "Yes, I can feel her too." After running her free hand across the surface of the nightstand drawer, she turned to me and asked quite earnestly, "Is this ponderosa pine?"

Suffice it to say, my initial attempts to escort Mrs. Lanterman from the premises proved unsuccessful, as the multiple splinters on my hands and forearms can painfully attest. Per Great Northern policy when dealing with abusive patrons, I phoned the Twin Peaks Sheriff's Department for assistance. Mrs. Lanterman finally seemed to take the hint, and took this opportunity to make herself scarce, though not before depositing her wad of chewing gum beneath the nightstand drawer. Once a deputy arrives, I will submit a full statement as required.

In light of this and past incidents, I strongly suggest we ban Margaret Lanterman from the entirety of the hotel, as a matter of course. Her history as a harmless nuisance is one thing, but what happens if the next time she wanders into a room, muttering about drawer pulls and dead women, it is occupied by paying guests? After all, irate customers are prone to be far more litigious than I.

