

Malevolent Maine

Episode 13: The Lost Lady of the Plains

Malevolent Maine is a horror podcast, and may contain material not suitable for all audiences. Listener discretion is advised.

INTRO

An image that once you see it, it infects your brain. A group of boys that might not be as missing as they seem. And an old time country singer who met an inglorious end in Maine...or did he? These are the stories we'll be bringing you in the coming weeks. Because of your generous support we're able to investigate the things that go bump in the night.

Did you know for as little as \$3 a month you can help us bring new and exciting stories to you each month? Visit patreon.com/malevolentmaine to join our Malevolent Mob.

The sun beats down on the back of your neck. Your back is aching from bending down, but just a few more handfuls and you'll have filled your pail. At this time of year the blueberries are their sweetest. You don't hear anything, not at first, but all of a sudden you are aware of someone standing just a few feet in front of you. Your eyes scan up slowly and you see a lost, scared elderly woman standing before you. As you got to wave, however, a dark shift happens behind her eyes and suddenly she begins to snarl at you.

This is Malevolent Maine.

Guys, what was that?

I saw it with my own eyes

No, seriously, what was that?

It's just not scientifically possible.

I can't explain it.

Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God.

This stuff is wild, man. It's real wild.
But... what was that?

Pay attention MMers, today's story is connected to one of Maine's most famous exports. Maine is known for many things - the north woods, lobster, and of course, blueberries. Maine is the largest producer of wild blueberries in the U.S. Over 100 million pounds of wild blueberries are harvested in the state each year. Blueberries, from picking to eating are a big part of Maine of Maine summers.

The Blueberry Plains, located in Kennebunk, is part of a 135 acre protected wildlife management area seeking to preserve the natural habitats of Maine's various flora and fauna. The vast stretch of blueberry bushes is a great place to spend an afternoon in the late summer if you're looking to get some authentic wild Maine blueberries. Tourists and locals alike flock to the spot and nearly everyone you encounter will greet you with a friendly smile and kind hello.

Around dusk, however, just as the sun begins to sink below the horizon, stories tell of a different kind of visitor. According to several witnesses, a ghostly woman, appearing to be somewhere in her mid- to late-sixties, will often approach pickers, apparently lost and looking for her husband. She has short, white hair, and what appears to be a light blue sweater or light jacket and a pair of gray pants. She approaches pickers with an empty pail and a lost, longing look in her eyes. She has been reported to say, "[Have you seen Wallace?](#)" or "My husband. I

can't find my husband. I... don't know where I am. I'm so scared."

Reports claim that this apparition is mostly harmless. After a few moments of looking around, she'll wander off again, in a lost shamble, until she disappears among the blueberry bushes. Frequently visitors of the Blueberry Plains claim to have heard the woman's voice, raised in a cry, distant as if carried by a soft breeze, calling, "Waaaalllaaace? Waaaalllaaace?"

On the surface this story has the makings of the kind of local legend father's tell their children, usually just before the end of a long day of blueberry picking. It usually ends with something like, "So, if you're ever out on the Blueberry Plains and you're approached by an elderly woman looking for her husband, Wallace, just kindly tell her that you haven't seen him, but you'll keep an eye out." The kids get a little chill, start side-eying every elderly woman they encounter, and are just a little more willing to pack up and head home.

More often than not, when we investigate these stories we find there isn't much substance to them. Like the campfire ghost stories we told as children, these seem to be entirely made up. No one has ever really encountered the spirit in question, but they know someone who knows someone who has.

We had heard the story of the Lost Lady of the Plains for several years, and assumed it was no different. It wasn't until we received two separate emails from people who claimed to have seen the woman.

The first email came from a woman named Tabitha, who asked that we not record her voice or use her last name, but she did give us permission to read parts of her emails aloud.

Tabitha is a nurse at a local hospital and spent a Saturday in early August at the Blueberry Plains. She and her six-year old daughter were picking blueberries. Tabitha likes to can them and has even started selling them at local farmer's markets and

craft fairs. She said she felt a little like the characters in Robert McCloskey's children's book, "Blueberries for Sal," as she and her daughter filled buckets of the small berries.

It was getting close to the end of the day, and her daughter, who had been a champion, was begging Tabitha to get ice cream on the ride home. That's when she says they were approached by the Lady of the Plains.

Here's our producer Megan reading a transcript of Tabitha's story:

MEGAN: "She came out of nowhere. I mean, one minute we were alone in the middle of a clump of bushes, and the next she was standing just three or four feet away. I should have heard her if she walked up; I would have *seen* her. It's pretty flat and open as far as you can see. I know we were alone. And then suddenly she was right there."

Tabitha said the woman had a wild look in her eyes. They were wide and you could tell the woman was scared. The older woman asked in a soft voice if Tabitha had seen her husband.

MEGAN: "I have to admit, at first I didn't realize who she was. There was something about her face. She looked... listen, I work with a lot of patients with Alzheimer's. The lady had that look in her eyes. Something wasn't right with her."

Tabitha knew the stories about the Lost Lady of the Plains, but the woman looked so much like a living person that it took Tabitha a moment to realize who she was speaking to. The woman wasn't translucent like Tabitha had expected a ghost to be. She appeared to be flesh and blood though her appearance was a little dated.

Tabitha shook her head and said she hadn't seen the woman's husband. She said the woman gave her a look that she didn't

understand at the time, but has since come to believe was hatred.

MEGAN: I think, in that moment, for whatever reason, that she hated me.

The look lasted only for a second, then the woman shook her head as if confused again. She muttered something to herself and turned to walk off into the blueberry bushes.

Tabitha said she watched the woman shamle away. She never took her eyes off the lost lady. Still, at some point Tabitha realized she could no longer see the woman. She had moved thirty feet off, but it was still a clear view nearly as far as Tabitha could see in any direction. She never looked away, never even blinked. One moment the woman was there and then suddenly she was just gone. Tabitha and her daughter were alone on the blueberry plains.

The second story we received was from 68-year old, Larry Michaud. Michaud is a retired barber who ran the nearby Snip n Shave in nearby Sanford for over thirty years. Michaud said he and his wife, Sandra, would often pick berries at the blueberry plains in the summer months, but he hadn't been back since she passed away from cancer in 2019.

Michaud finally returned to the plains this July. "It was time," he told us. "Sandra always loved to pick there, and it felt like a way to keep her memory alive."

Michaud said he spent a few hours picking berries. He had no idea what he was going to do with them all, but for some reason he couldn't stop. His wife had always made preserves, blueberry muffins, and pies, and it just seemed right to pick a huge batch. He said he was thinking about giving them to some of his neighbors when he noticed the woman picking maybe six feet from him.

"I didn't see her come up on me," he told us. "But I can't say I was paying much attention either. All of a sudden she was just there."

Michaud said the woman was about his age, white hair, and a blue jacket. In a way, he said, she reminded him of his late wife. For a while they picked berries beside each other without saying a word. Finally the woman stopped and put her pail down. She stared at Michaud for a moment.

"Wallace?" the woman said.

At first Michaud didn't realize she was speaking to him. So she called the name again. Michaud apologized but said that wasn't him.

That's when the woman gave him a stern look.

"What kind of line are you trying to feed me, Wallace?" the woman said.

Michaud explained to her that he didn't know any Wallaces and that he was sorry he couldn't help her. He said that's when she completely changed.

There was a hardness in her he hadn't seen before. Her lips drew together in a tight line. Michaud said he saw a mean glint in her eyes.

"Oh you dirty, liar," she yelled. "Do you think I'm stupid, Wallace?"

Michaud said the woman grew extremely angry. Her voice dropped to a mean growl. She started spitting insults at him, cursing him for trying to trick her. There was a fire in her eyes that made him feel cold despite the summer air. Michaud backed up a step.

He said the woman advanced towards him, shaking a finger at him.

"You brainless, coward," she cried. "You spineless disappointment!"

Despite being almost a foot taller than the woman and outweighing her by at least fifty pounds, Michaud found himself retreating. The woman continued towards him, and Michaud looked around for help.

He was all alone with this angry confused woman.

He said she continued to insult him. Told him he wasn't a real man. That he had disappointed everyone in his life. That his friends mocked him behind his back.

In the end, Larry Michaud said he dropped his full pail of blueberries and began to run back towards where he had parked his car. When he got halfway there, he looked over his shoulder.

The woman was gone.

"She just disappeared," he told us. "One minute she was chasing after me, yelling the worst obscenities I've ever heard. The next she just disappeared."

It was two days later when Michaud realized he had encountered the Lost Lady of the Plains. He reached out to us right away because, while he had heard the stories of the lost woman, he had never heard any so angry and aggressive.

We had to admit, we hadn't either.

It was strange to us that no one really knew much about the Lost Lady of the Plains. For being such a well-known spectral visitor there was very little information on who she was or why she roamed the blueberry plains. So we sent Lucas and our intern Mark down to Kennebunk to dig around and see if they could find anything. Their investigation turned up some pretty shocking results.

While Lucas went to the local library to see what he could discover about the woman's identity, Mark went to the Blueberry Plains in hopes of catching a glimpse of the spirit, herself.

MARK: So... I didn't see her. I was really hoping I would, but she didn't show up. I talked to a lot of people, though. About 75% of them had heard about the Lost Lady. A few of them had actually seen her. Nothing aggressive or violent, like we heard from Larry Michaud, though.

All in all, Mark spent about six hours walking the blueberry plains. He heard a lot of stories and met a lot of people, but didn't find much to explain why the Lost Lady had suddenly turned hostile.

Lucas fared a little better.

Lucas: So, not much is known about the Lost Lady of the Plains. It's weird to me that no one knows who she is, so I wanted to see if I could find out her identity in hopes of explaining why she haunts the plains.

Nothing about the woman's appearance indicated when she was from. Her clothing was fairly plain, and nondescript. It looked modern, though there haven't been a lot of stylistic changes for senior citizens in this part of the world. People estimated her age around 65, but that didn't really help us. Still, her age, coupled with her clothing at least gave us the Twentieth Century as a timeframe.

Lucas: Often when we're looking at hauntings we're looking for people who died at the location where their spirit lingers. We exhausted our resources trying to find any deaths that took place in the Blueberry Plains area. We found six going back to 1900. Three of them were male. One was a little girl involved in a car accident in 1997. That left us with two viable suspects.

The first reported sighting of the Lost Lady of the Plains was made in 1965. That means that any potential victim would have to have died before then.

One of the women Lucas found had suffered a heart attack while picking blueberries in 2012. The other had been hit while trying to cross the road in 1955. This was our first solid lead, but when we dug deeper, we discovered that she was twenty-seven years old, too young to be the Lost Lady of the Plains.

Lucas: We didn't have anything. No name, no idea who this woman could be, no clue why she was haunting the plains. All we knew was she was looking for her husband, a man called Wallace. With no last name we really had nothing. So I went, where we often go when we need some local knowledge - the local library. I went to the Kennebunk Free Library and met a librarian named Aspen. She didn't know anything about the Lost Lady, but she did bring up an interesting point. If there were no reported deaths that matched the Lost Lady, then maybe her family didn't know she had died there.

Is it possible that the woman's remains have remained undiscovered for 57 years? An image began to appear in our minds: a skull, hulk sunk in the earth, a twisting blueberry bush growing from one of the empty eye sockets. Could our lady have gotten separated from her husband while picking blueberries one day, and suffered some kind of fatal accident? Was she lost and wandering around, searching for a husband who had been desperately searching for her as well?

Lucas: We expanded our search for missing people and increased our search radius. We were thinking that maybe she could have gotten lost somewhere else and managed to wander to the blueberry plains.

Again, the search turned up minimal results. Many of the people who go missing are twenty and under and most of them are either found or their bodies are recovered. There are very few true

missing persons in our state, and none of them fit our description of the Lost Lady. That left only one more sinister explanation. Here's Lucas to explain:

Lucas: We were left with one possibility. What if the woman's family didn't report her disappearance? What if they didn't want her remains to be found? When we asked ourselves that changed everything. If the woman hadn't gotten lost, but instead if she had been murdered, potentially by her husband, Wallace, and her body disposed of on the plains that would make a huge difference. All of a sudden we weren't researching an accident but a cover up.

So Lucas dug deeper. The only name we had to work with was Wallace. Statistically there are just over 150 people named Wallace in the state. However, we needed to look historically. If the Lost Lady of the Plains was sixty-five in, coincidentally, 1965, that meant we were looking for someone named Wallace born sometime around 1900.

Lucas got to work again, and this time he found three likely suspects based on age and relative location to Kennebunk. From there, after some careful cross referencing, we focused in on one man: Wallace Grant.

Grant was an accountant who had lived in nearby Arundel. He was born in 1902, which places him in the right age range for our suspect, and more importantly he was married in 1922 to a woman named Ruth Miller.

We were able to find a picture of the Grants, from 1951, when he won an award from the local Rotary Club for his dedication to the community. In the picture, Grant Wallace stands next to his wife, Ruth. He is a slight man, with thin, blonde hair that is beginning to turn gray. He wears thick, black-framed glasses and a gray suit. Ruth has black hair, without a trace of gray in it, and a plain dress belted at the waist. She stands three inches shorter than her husband, but somehow seems to tower over him. There's a stern look in her eye as she stares directly ahead at

the camera. The smile plastered to her face doesn't reach her eyes at all.

There are not a lot of personal records floating around from before the 1950s. Before the advent of the internet and all its various ways of sharing a personal story, local gossip was the only way to hear news of people's lives. We were lucky enough to track down Albert Petterson who grew up living next door to the Grants.

Albert would have been ten at the time of Ruth Grant's disappearance. He said his parents were friendly with the Grants. They would get together for backyard barbeques and holiday parties. He said his father would sometimes watch college football with Wallace Grant.

"The Grants were nice enough people," Albert told us. "At least on the surface. They were active in our community. They handed out candy on Halloween and volunteered at the Founder's Day celebration."

But the Grants had a darker side they kept behind closed doors. Albert said he remembered hearing fights between Mr. and Mrs. Grant.

"She bullied him," Albert told us. "She didn't think very highly of him. She was always putting him down."

Ruth Grant was charming when she needed to be, but she had a mean streak in her, and when it came out you had best take cover. Over time Wallace Grant became beaten down by his wife. His face was often downcast and he grew quiet, losing his friendly smile.

Albert says he doesn't know what happened to the Grants. They moved away at some point. When pressed he said he guessed it would have been around 1965, but he couldn't be sure. He remembered them being gone and eventually another family moved into their home.

We couldn't find much information on Wallace Grant, nor his wife Ruth. It is possible that they moved away, perhaps because of a job opportunity or just a change of pace. There are no obituaries online for either Wallace or Ruth Grant, though that is not surprising for individuals born over a hundred years ago. Albert Petterson believed that the couple did not have children, so there would be very few people to carry on their memory.

Is it possible that Wallace Grant finally grew fed up with his wife and her abuse and killed her, disposing of her body somewhere among the Blueberry Plains? It's starting to seem more and more likely. At this point we don't have any conclusive evidence.

A body, even a well-hidden one probably would have turned up in the last sixty years, especially in a place with as much foot traffic as the blueberry plains. Then again, there is a lot of land there, and plenty of isolated spaces. If Wallace Grant had come out in the middle of the night, dragged the body somewhere remote, buried it deep enough, then perhaps Ruth Grant's remains may still be there.

When we did our follow up with Larry Michaud we showed him the picture of Ruth Grant. He said he couldn't be a hundred percent sure, but that he thought it was the same woman that had accosted him among the blueberry bushes. Tabitha, the nurse, also agreed the woman in the picture resembled the spirit she encountered.

We sent Lucas and Mark out for another day at the Blueberry Plains. They spent the whole day there, hoping to confront the spirit of Ruth Grant. They also searched the area looking for places that could hide her remains.

Again the search came up empty. The only elderly woman they encountered was a grandmother named Susan from Kittery. As the sun set and night began to fall, they made one last push to get

Ruth to appear. When that failed, they got back in their car and drove home.

It was only later, when we were editing the audio from their day on the plains that we caught this moment between our intern Mark and an *unexplained* sound:

MARK: Hello? Ruth Grant? Are you here? Can you reveal yourself to us? [**pause**]. Nothing. Guess she's not coming.

If you listen carefully, just after Mark asks Ruth to reveal herself, you can make it out. Our producer Megan has isolated the sound for our listeners:

GHOSTLY VOICE: I'm right here.

If you are out picking blueberries on the plains some evening and you encounter an old woman who at first seems lost, we advise you to be careful. This spirit has become quite restless and may turn violent. It is still unclear what she wants, but our best suggestion is to move away as fast as you can.

Before we go, we have a bit of an update to share. Back in Episode 5, we covered a series of dreams of an endless desert and a black pyramid-like structure on its horizon. Inside the pyramid, the dreamers often encountered a being we're calling the Gray Fool.

You will remember that we received a series of phone calls from Katie Clark, a listener in Freeport, who found herself dreaming of the Gray Fool, and his master, the King Beyond the Desert, more and more frequently. Our offices were the last call Katie made before she disappeared. At the time of our publication, no one had seen or heard from Katie.

Three days ago, at 1:13 in the morning, our office received a call. The number was blocked, and since no one was in the office, the call went to voicemail.

The caller never identifies herself, but we're positive it is Katie Clark. She never reveals her location and all attempts to tracing the call back haven't revealed any information. We're going to play the call for you now, in hopes that a listener may recognize something, either in her voice or in the background, that may help finding Katie and bringing her back home.

We have to warn you, her message is quite odd and some listeners may find it disturbing.

KATIE:...[breath]...[breath]...I sit at the hand of the King. And he sees. He sees us all. All things serve the King. The Cenotaph [seno-taff] gyres. Faster and faster. [smaller voice] I'm sorry. I cannot stop it. I cannot - [louder] He's coming. The King is coming for us all... [leave the mic on for a second longer but don't make any noises]

If you know anything about Katie Clark's disappearance, please contact the authorities.

Stay safe out there, Maine.

Malevolent Maine is Lucas Knight, Lucas Wilson, and myself, Chris Estes.

If you'd like to read more about our investigations check out our website at malevolentmaine.blogspot.com/

While there, don't forget to check our merch store. And, if you're so inclined, support us on Patreon at patreon.com/malevolentmaine

Thank you for listening to Malevolent Maine.

And as always, stay safe out there, Maine.