

Malevolent Maine

Episode 26: The Howland Goatman

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INTRO:

LUCAS: A mysterious lighthouse signaling an unknown danger. A coven of witches who are crafting charms and tokens for the spring. And a birthday party where an unexpected music selection has startling effects. These are the stories we will be bringing you soon.

Hey, it's Lucas. Have you checked out our Patreon? We're posting episodes early, pictures of some of the artifacts we've found on our investigations, and exclusive side stories. By joining our Malevolent Mob, you'll be helping us continue to investigate and tell our stories. We're looking to upgrade some equipment and your support will go a long way towards this goal.

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The night is dark and the road is narrow. Up ahead you see a sign warning moose crossings. Just before your eyes go back to the road you see something out of the corner of your eye, half hidden by the shadow of the sign. It's a large shirtless man except... except where his head should be, a goat's face stares back 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?

Lend us your ears, MMers. Today's story comes from the town of Howland, north of Bangor in Penobscot County. A listener, Mandy, suggested this one to us. She said her grandfather grew up in the Howland area and would tell her the story of the Goatman when she was younger. She said that now she's older, she has tried to look into it on her own, but hasn't been able to find much information. She wanted to know what we knew about it and if we could find any facts of the story to back up what her grandfather told her.

Howland is a small town in northern Maine, named after John Howland, the thirteenth signer of the Mayflower Compact and one of the Pilgrims who came to America in the 1600s. The town has a population of a little over a thousand people. The inventor of the microwave oven, Percy Spencer, was born there in 1894. The town itself sits right along the Maine Turnpike, and anyone seeking the area can get off on Exit 217 of I-95.

We have to admit that we had heard stories of the Howland Goatman before, but we had never looked into it. Mandy's

suggestion piqued our interest so we decided to look into the so-called Goatman.

The story began, as near as we can tell, sometime in the mid 1980s. '86 or 87 seemed to be the most common years. During that time several witnesses claimed to see a goat-man in the Howland area. This Goatman was said to be quite large, over six feet tall and heavier than an average man. He was usually shirtless, wearing simple homespun pants. Instead of a man's head, the creature had a goat's, and it would often charge at people, screaming in a shrill voice.

There were multiple sightings of the Goatman, usually along wooded stretches of the North Howland Road. People claimed they would see me while driving at night, peering out from behind a tree, or standing beside a battered street sign. Local stories claim the Goatman would capture and kill anyone he could get his hands on. It was said he had done it half a dozen times to people in the area.

On the surface this has all the makings of a really good local yarn, told around bonfires and garage stoves late at night. There isn't a lot of factual evidence to support or disprove it, but the content of the story, combined with the '80s time period gives this story the feel of the slasher movies - a local version of Camp Crystal Lake or Elm Street. Still, Tom and I were determined to see if we could uncover anything to confirm this story.

TOM: Right. Chris and I traveled up to Howland. We talked to a lot of people and it was pretty evenly split with the younger crowd having no idea about this so-called Goatman and a lot of the middle-aged and above knowing at least parts of the story. I talked with one man, Sean Tucker, who told me a pretty complete version of the legend. He claimed that in the summer of 1987, the Goatman slaughtered three teenagers, a local high school student and her two cousins from out of state. Sean said the attack happened out at the local corn maze, somewhere off the North Howland Road. He

told me his older brother knew the girl who had been killed. His brother had moved out of state years ago, but he'd get ahold of him and have him talk to us about it.

On the surface this seems like a fairly easy story to confirm. The death of three teenagers, even in a small town like Howland, would make national news. If these events happened, there would be historical records in newspapers and police reports.

But when we dug into this story, we actually didn't find any brutal murders in Howland's past. At least, none that aligned with the story we had heard from Sean Tucker. We did find a missing teenager from Howland in 1987. She wasn't the quintessential cheerleader, however. She was an honors student and president of the debate club at Penobscot Valley High School right in Howland. Erin Stacy went missing in the fall of 1987. Most people believed she ran away from home to escape an abusive father, possibly to New York City where she had often mentioned wanting to go. A search was done, and at least for a time, her own father was suspected in her disappearance, but no evidence of anything malicious was ever discovered, and eventually, Erin became just another one of the many missing people across the world.

Perhaps the story of the disappearance of the popular, well-liked teenager from the troubled home became conflated with the local legends of the Goatman. It would explain why Sean Tucker's brother "remembered" the events he described happening even when they clearly didn't.

But then, we decided to look into a few more details of the story. When you're dealing with urban legends, especially those from a few decades back, it is important to pay attention to the details of the story. Oftentimes these oddly specific details are passed down in each retelling even when other elements change. Here's Tom to explain:

TOM: So we heard the story of the Goatman from about twelve different people. Three of them told us something about a

young woman being killed. Another one mentioned an elderly woman. And two others mentioned some sort of vagrant homeless man being the Goatman's victim. But in each version of the story we heard that the attacks happened at a local corn maze. This is a really specific detail, one that's a lot less essential than who exactly was killed, and yet it kept coming up time and time again.

A corn maze for those unfamiliar, is a life-sized maze cut into a corn field. They've become fairly popular autumn attractions and a way for farms to create additional revenue. It is believed they were popularized in Annville, Pennsylvania in 1992, but local newspapers have been reporting on them since at least a decade prior.

While we could not confirm that anyone had been killed in Howland in 1987, we decided to look into the corn maze. If it was popular enough to make it into nearly all versions of the story we heard, then it was something that most likely meant something to the locals.

As it turns out there was a farm on the North Howland Road in 1987. The Moulton Family Farm was on the outskirts of town, on the way to Medford. It was run by a man named Bart Moulton and his extended family from 1971 until 1993 when the farmhouse burned to the ground. It was never rebuilt and the land soon fell into disrepair. In the years since, the remaining farmland was abandoned.

But, as it turns out, in 1987 the Moulton Family Farm did operate a corn maze, dubbed the A-maize-ing Maze.

We'll come back to the corn maze in a minute, but first we need to talk about Bart Moulton. In our line of work you meet and learn about a lot of... *eccentric* people. Bart Moulton might be one of the most unique individuals we have ever come across.

Now, in 1820, according to *A Brief History of the Town of Howland* by Gary Sage, a man named Bart Moulton settled in the

area that would eventually become the town of Howland. We're not implying our Bart Moulton is one in the same, but it's possible he was a descendent of that original settler. Or perhaps the similar name is purely coincidental.

The Bart Moulton who owned the corn maze in 1987 was said to have been a large man. Those who remembered him said he was at least six and a half feet tall and weighed over three hundred pounds. At the age of eighteen, in 1966, he was sent to Vietnam. He stayed there until 1970 when he was injured when a rigged landmine exploded. He lost his left eye in the explosion and after he recovered was sent home.

Those who knew him, claimed Bart was changed by his experiences with the Vietnam War. He had always been big and strong, a natural athlete who played football in high school, but after the war his entire character changed. He was grimmer, less prone to laugh, and he was more likely to use his size to intimidate others. He grew a long, bushy beard and grew out his thinning hair into a veritable bird's nest.

There was also the issue of his missing eye. When Bart Moulton returned home from the war he was fitted with a glass eye. He insisted that the eye be made to resemble that of a goat's.

For those without a ready knowledge of goat eyes, they have horizontal, rectangular pupils, or the black part in the center of the eye. This is a evolutionary trait goats developed so that even when they lower their heads to graze, their eyes can remain on the horizon watching for potential predators. These eyes can be quite unsettling to us because they are so unlike our own or even a cat's unique vertical pupil.

Bart insisted that his prosthetic be designed to resemble a goat's eye, something he would proudly display when he was in town to purchase supplies for the farm he operated or on other business. Many of the people in town were disturbed by Moulton's new look, and this further served to ostracize him from the community.

Tom tracked down a former high school teammate of Bart's:

TOM: Bob Anderson was the running back on the same high school football team as Bart Moulton. Moulton would often block for Bob, and he told me he got to know him pretty well back in the day. "We called him Big Daddy Bart," Bob told me. He's 81 years old, but still lives in Howland. The pastor of the local church was the one who introduced me to Bob and helped set up our interview. Bob is in a wheelchair and two years ago had his leg amputated at the knee. He told me, "You'd never believe it now, but I could run like the wind back in the day. Especially when I had Big Daddy Bart blocking for me." He told me it was a shame what happened to Moulton while he was serving over in Vietnam. Once Moulton got back from overseas, Bob says he only saw him a few times, but one of those times, a few of the old gang got to drinking out around a bonfire. He said they all knew Moulton was different, weird as he called him, but they all assumed it was the stress of the war. As the night wore on, and more and more of the beer was consumed, Moulton got more vocal. He started talking about what he had seen and done in Vietnam. One night while he had been out on a listening post operation he had heard a voice coming from deep in the jungle. Moulton said it wasn't speaking Vietnamese, but he wasn't sure it was speaking English either. The funny thing was, he said, he could understand it.

Bart Moulton followed the voice, abandoning his looking post. The voice called to him, repeating his name and a message: "You are of me. Come and receive my benediction." Moulton followed the voice deeper and deeper into the jungle, ignoring the threats of VC sniper fire or booby traps. The voice led him to a crystal clear pool surrounded by smooth stones. When Moulton peered into the pool's surface he claimed he received a vision.

Moulton told Bob Anderson that he came to understand that he was communicating with an entity known as The Goat. He claimed this

was an ancient force that represented Chaos. While Bart Moulton stared into the pool, The Goat stared back. It told him that through Chaos, the promise of life was fulfilled and only through moments of Chaos would true life be lived.

According to Anderson, Moulton descended into the pool, completely submerging himself, and when he emerged he believed he had been reborn. He referred to himself as the Son of the Goat. Soon after he was injured in the explosion and eventually sent back home.

The story is a curious one. The connections between it and the story of the Howland Goatman are clear. It's easy to see how the unconventional behavior of Bart Moulton could have become embellished over the years to become some sort of goat-like creature that haunted the woods and fields of Howland. Oftentimes urban legends combine murky facts with fabricated elements to create the stories that fascinate us years and decades later. This seemed like one of those cases and we believed the story of the Howland Goatman to be closed.

That is until Tom uncovered some new information.

TOM: Just for fun I began to look into other missing person cases from the area. I expanded my search to include anything related to Howland. And what I found was two other missing people during the years from 1988-1990, both with connections to the area. One was a homeless man named Brent "Skippy" Brooks, who was last seen heading to the Howland area. The other was a man who had been squatting in a condemned home on the townline between Howland and Medford.

Three missing people from the same area during the same time period? This should have been a larger story than it was. However, two of the victims were indigent individuals with few family or close friends to worry about them. And, if Erin Stacy was believed to have run away from a bad home, then unfortunately, not much of an effort was made to find her. They

were just three more cases for an already overworked police force.

But what if these weren't simply cases of missing people , but something more insidious? What if all three of these people disappeared inside of Bart Moulton's A-Maizing Maze? And what if it wasn't an accident?

Combing through the historical archives at the nearby Old Town Public Library, I found an interesting article in the *Old Town Voice*, a local newspaper that ran up until 1999. It was an article from 1988 about a man, Stuart Fields, who bought half a dozen ears of corn from a local farmstand. When he got home and began shucking the corn for dinner, he noticed a disturbing detail. On one ear, mixed in with the usual corn silk atop the husk, there were strands of blonde human hair. Fields said his daughter Anna had been the one shucking the corn and she screamed because the hair was, "just like mommy's." Stuart Fields said it was just the one ear that had what he admitted looked and felt exactly like human hair. He also said that it wasn't just laying on the ear of corn, a stray hair or two that had fallen there. This hair had grown into the husk, or the husk had grown around it. He said it was a clump of hair, perhaps as many as two dozen strands. In the article it mentioned that his family was too grossed out to eat the corn and instead threw it all away. He also mentioned that he wouldn't be going back to the farm where he bought the corn, even though his family had loved their produce for years. The name of the farm... Mouton Family Farm.

Scientifically speaking, an ear of corn simply cannot grow human hair. Animal and plant cells are widely different and for a plant to grow human hair would require a level of genetic modification we simply do not possess now, let alone nearly forty years ago.

But according to several botanists we spoke to, it *is* possible for plants to grow around something foreign, like human hair for example, and nearly incorporate it into their structure. We've all seen pictures of bikes, signs, and other metal things that

trees have grown around. According to the experts we talked to, it would be theoretically possible for a corn plant to grow around a clump of hair, perhaps attached to a scalp or bit of skull at one point, and carry it upward as the corn plant grew.

If some hair had been in the ground where the corn was planted, and had been there for a relatively short period of time - hair takes between one to two years to decompose in soil - then it is possible it had become embedded in the ear of corn that Stuart Fields purchased.

It should be noted that Erin Stacy had long blond hair at the time of her disappearance.

We tried to find Stuart Fields, but he had passed away in 2017. We tried but we couldn't find anyone who knew anything about the corn incident from 1988. Any connection between Bart Moulton and the disappearance of Erin Stacy remains conjecture at this time.

We asked Bob Anderson if he thought Bart Moulton could be behind the disappearances of Erin Stacy and the two homeless men. He grew silent for a moment, then looked over his shoulder as if someone might be listening. He seemed reluctant to speak, but at length he admitted he didn't know if Moulton could have done such a thing. He did remember the corn maze the Moulton Family Farm put on, said it was, "pretty creepy," by 1980s standards. He said there were maybe fifteen or twenty people who worked the maze and he supposed one of them could have done something to the missing girl, but he wouldn't say for certain. Then he revealed a piece of information that changed our entire investigation.

Bob Anderson told us that while Bart Moulton passed away in 1994 - heart attack he said - his step daughter, Helen Pickard, still lived in town, though Anderson said, she was a bit of an "odd one." He told us she lived on Coffin Street and said we should try talking to her.

TOM: The address Bob sent me to was an old single-wide mobile home. It had been white at one point, but had faded to a dingy gray and was in a state of disrepair. A sheet of cardboard was taped over one of the window panes and there was a rickety wooden porch that was pulling away from the side of the home. Some of the siding was peeling off in places and there was a car that didn't look like it had been started this decade sitting in the driveway. After a moment's hesitation, I climbed the steps and knocked on the loose door.

Helen Pickard is in her mid-forties, heavy set with a raspy smoker's voice. She answered the door wearing a gray Charlotte Hornets sweatshirt from the 90s and big, thick eyeglasses. She studied me up and down for a moment before asking what I wanted.

It took some convincing and a lot of explaining, but eventually, Helen agreed to speak with Tom. She invited him into her home and led him to a small kitchen table littered with junk mail and empty soda bottles. She sat down in a chair and lit a cigarette, flicking the ashes into an old styrofoam coffee cup.

TOM: I started off by asking her about growing up at Moulton Family Farm and how she knew Bart Moulton. "Daddy Bart was a good man," she told me. "He took me and my momma in when we had no place to go." She went on to tell me she was nine or ten when she came to live at the farm. She told me that a lot of people lived at the farm back then. During the day they did chores around the farm and at night they would have big meetings where Daddy Bart would tell them stories about the things he learned during the war and how he wanted to change the world. I asked her about his goat eye and she said he told her that it was so he could keep an eye on her at all times. When I asked if Moulton was ever violent, she pursed her lips and glared at me. After a moment she said, "Daddy Bart could be tough, and he had a temper. But he only did what he thought was right."

Helen either didn't want to explain how she came to live on the farm, or she couldn't. There were large gaps in her memory and her answers were simplistic. There was no sense she was trying to be obstinate or deceptive; it just felt like she couldn't even fathom what we were asking.

TOM: Finally, I asked her if she ever saw anyone die at the Farm. She bit her lower lip and her face grew bright red. She readjusted her glasses and lit another cigarette. "I didn't see nuthin'," she said. "Nothing happened at the farm. Nothing." Then she added, "Daddy Bart said that was just silly stories that that no-good Bennet Hogan spread to make him look bad." As soon as she said that she grew even more red and clammed up. After a moment she said she thought I ought to leave and not come back.

Helen Pickard wouldn't speak to us again, but it was obvious she was quite uncomfortable talking about the disappearances in conjunction with the Moulton Family Farm. Tom said that her response when he asked had the feel of a rehearsed line, something that had been drilled into her, perhaps years ago, and practiced over and over. But Helen had slipped and revealed a name to us - Bennet Hogan. It wasn't much, but it was a start.

It took some searching, but we were able to track down Mr. Hogan. He was currently living in Jonesboro, Arkansas, but admitted he had once lived in Howland. We were able to do a video call with him, but he asked us not to record it. He told us he had put that part of his life far behind him, and didn't want to get dragged back into it.

Hogan told us that for a time in the Eighties he had been a little lost in life. He was a highschool dropout, nineteen years old, and drifting through life. He was originally from Sanford, Maine, but had been bouncing around all over the state and next door New Hampshire, spending a month here and there, sleeping on couches or tenting out in someone's back field. When he showed up in Howland, not really sure what he was going to do, except maybe do some fishing, he didn't know what he was expecting. He

hired on as a farmhand at the Moulton Family Farm, plowing fields and watering crops. He said he found he liked the work and took to it. There was something about a hard day's work and then a couple of cold drinks in the afternoon that felt right to him.

Hogan told me that at first he had set up a tent out in the woods, about two miles from the farm, but when Bart Moulton found out, he offered him a bed in the farm's bunkhouse.

There were fifteen or twenty people, men and women who lived at the Farm, Bennet Hogan told me, and maybe six or seven kids. In the evening, they'd all have a big meal, on tables. Different folks were on cooking duty and cleaning duty every night. He said it was like something out of a storybook. After the dinner tables had been cleared away, more often than not, they'd start a campfire and pass around some bottles of beer. Hogan told me there was a woman he grew close with. She said her name was Starlight, and though she was twice his age, they quickly started up a romance.

"It was a hippie commune," Hogan told me. "Or at least, that's what it looked like. I know that now. Back then, all I knew was there were hot meals, cold beers, comfy beds, and a pretty girl. If it meant listening to Big Daddy Bart talk about whatever he was going on about, that was okay with me."

When pressed about exactly what it was Bart Moulton talked about, Hogan, now a retired plumber, said a lot of it was nonsense to him back then. He talked a lot about building a new world, Hogan told me. Wiping away all the rot and decay and growing something new. "He talked about his time in the bush," Hogan said. "He told stories about seeing things, hearing things out in the jungle. Voices. Visions."

I asked him about Moulton's goat eye and I watched him shudder 1,700 miles away. "It was weird," he said, "but it got a lot weirder."

Hogan said one night, after he had been there for a month or maybe six weeks, Starlight woke him up in the middle of the night. It was dark in the bunkhouse, but he thought she wasn't wearing any clothes, at least not traditional ones, instead she had bandannas or scarves of different material tied around parts of her body and different beads and chains she wore around her neck, wrists, and ankles. There was something dark, make up or mud, across her face. She put a hand over his mouth and told him to be quiet and that he should follow her.

Outside, she led Bennet Hogan through the corn out to a circle that had been cut into it. He had never noticed this empty space before, but he said there was a bonfire blazing in the center. He recognized the people around the fire as the farmhands he spent the days in the fields working beside. They were all in various stages of undress, wearing simple loincloths or rags tied around their bodies. They were moving around in rhythmic gestures, as if dancing to some music, Hogan couldn't hear.

In the middle of it all, Bennet Hogan claimed he saw a large creature with the head of a goat. It was naked to the waist, and wearing simply, homespun tattered brown pants. He said the creature was tall, close to seven feet and massive. For a moment he was scared and tried to pull away, but he said Starlight squeezed his hand and pulled him closer to the fire.

"It took me a moment to realize it was Bart Moulton in the goat mask," Hogan told me. It wasn't a Halloween mask, he explained, but an actual goat's head that had been made into a full mask. While the others danced and writhed around the fire, Moulton sat in a large wooden chair, like a throne.

Hogan said that at one point Moulton clapped his hands together twice and the dancing stopped. Everyone stood together around the fire, watching and waiting. Moulton started speaking then, though Hogan told me his voice was different. Maybe it was distorted by the animal head he wore, but Moulton's voice was deeper; it seemed to be coming from father away.

Moulton, now calling himself The Goat, told his followers that the time had come to raze the world. That humanity had become unclean and unhealthy. Where once man had been the apex of creation, he had fallen and become no better than a base creature. Now was the time of the Goat. The Goat would consume this world and from it would issue forth a new one, a better one.

Hogan said that Moulton clapped his hands again, and from the corn, two farm hands emerged; he couldn't remember their names. They carried a great platter between them, and on it was a chunk of roasted meat.

"I could smell it," Hogan told me, even over the smoke of fire. "It was sweet and tangy, like pork, but there was something else. Something I didn't know." Hogan said it was a leg, probably a thigh. He assumed it was from a cow or pig, maybe even a goat, though the farm did not have a lot of livestock. The farm hands brought the platter to Moulton where he sat. The man in the goat mask waved his hands over the food, then lifted the mask from his head. He reached down and grabbed the roast, then tore into it, ripping off a huge bite, his glass goat eye shining in the fire light.

Hogan said the group cheered, and the roast was passed around to each person then, each taking a large bite before passing it on. When it got to him, Hogan said he didn't know what to do. "I thought this was some sorta weird hippie thing, but Starlight was there holding my hand, and I figured I'd just go along with it. Then I looked down at the chunk of meat in my hand and I froze up."

Bennet Hogan said when he looked down at the roast he saw a tattoo on a fleshy portion that hadn't been bitten yet. It was of a bald eagle clutching an American flag in its talons. Hogan said when he saw that he felt sick to his stomach. He passed it on to Starlight, and when she let his hand go to eat the meat, he says he bolted, running through the corn. He didn't stop running until he was miles away from the Moulton Family Farm

"I don't know what they were doing out there that night," he told me. I don't know what kind of weird stuff they were into. But I do know they were eating people."

A cannibal cult operating in Howland, Maine? It sounds unbelievable, and yet, it would explain a lot. Could the missing persons - Erin Stacy, Skippy Brooks, and the others, have run afoul of Bart Moulton and his goat cult? We did our best but we could not verify if any of the missing people in the Howland area had a tattoo that resembled the one Bennet Hogan claimed he saw that night.

Our best theory is that Bart Moulton, obsessed with the creature or being he identified as The Goat, started a cult at his farm. The goat is most famously associated with Baphomet, an occult figure often linked to Satan and Satanic worship. Could the stress of the Vietnam war, coupled with perhaps recently gained knowledge of Baphomet created a perfect storm in Bart Moulton's mind? Maybe he came across a copy of Éliphas Lévi's *Dogma and Rituals of High Magic*. Maybe one of his fellow soldiers had a copy and lent it to him. It could have given him the idea for The Goat entity he came to worship and believed he had turned into.

Perhaps he recruited others to his growing disillusionment with the life he returned to. Under his sway, they could have lured people to the farm under the guise of fair wages for decent work or perhaps the attraction of the corn maze. There, they murdered and consumed their victims, burying them in the fields. This would explain the hair that grew up through the corn that Stuart Fields discovered. Moulton, dressed as his alter ego The Goat, could have been responsible for the many Goat Man sightings in the area.

Bennet Hogan did his best to convince the people in Howland that Moulton was a cannibal. However, he soon left the area when no evidence could be discovered. Bart Moulton died in 1994. Soon after the farmhouse burned down. These days, the fields have

largely gone wild. Tom and I walked those fields, searching for any signs we could find of the Goat Man, the cult Moulton had gathered, or the victims they had killed.

TOM: It's crazy to think at least three people were killed right here. Their remains could be buried right beneath where we're standing. We think we've solved the mystery of the Howland Goat Man, but one thing we haven't been able to explain is why the sightings of the Goat Man have continued, long after Bart Moulton's death. Maybe they're just urban legends, or stories that have been passed down. Maybe there's someone else wearing the mask? We just don't know...

It should be noted, before we go, that the goat mask that Bennet Hogan described was never found among Bart Moulton's possessions and that Helen Pickard has denied any and all insinuations that her stepfather was a cult leader or a cannibal.

Still...

If you are ever in the Howland area and you see what appears to be a Goat Man staring at you from the edge of the woods, we suggest you get far away as quickly as possible.

Stay safe out there, Maine.

Malevolent Maine is Lucas Knight, Tom 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.