

Malevolent Maine

Episode 31: The House of Delight

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

INTRO:

MEGAN: Another coven of witches performing a dangerous ritual, something that attacks the minds of sleeping children, and Maine's most notorious unsolved serial killer. These are the stories coming up in the next few weeks.

Hey, it's Producer Megan. The boys are out on assignments this week, so it's up to me to let you know that they'd really appreciate it if you followed Malevolent Maine on social media if you haven't already. It's a great place to get updates and interact with the guys. Find us on Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram.

And if you're brave enough, why not join the Malevolent Mob on Patreon? Once you join you'll get a handwritten postcard from one of the investigators, plus access to early episodes, bonus content, including the six episode side-story, *The Black Tarot*, and more. That's patreon.com/malevolentmaine.

Thanks and keep listening!

The air is still. So still you can see the dust floating down to the floor. The only sound you can hear is your own heavy breathing and your attempts to still your beating heart. Then you hear the creak of the floorboards, followed by a heavy thump, like something wet hitting the wooden floor. Suddenly something steps into your view that defies explanation. Is that... is that an arm? Why are there so many hands? What... what is this thing, you think before your mind starts to crack.

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?

Tread lightly, MMers. Today's story takes us back to the turn of Twentieth Century to a house of ill repute and the spirits of three women said to still haunt the walls and halls where they plied their trade.

Today Bangor is one of Maine's largest cities, boasting a population of just over 30,000. It is home to the Maine Savings Amphitheatre which is home to the Waterfront Concert Series and the famous Paul Bunyan statue which recently made its big screen debut in 2019's remake of Stephen King's It. It also happens to be the home of Maine's favorite writer and uncontested king of horror. It's one of Maine's most robust and successful communities.

But back in its heyday, Bangor was something else entirely. Perfectly positioned to provide lumber to the rest of the world, Bangor was a hot spot for growth in the 1800s. At its peak, in the 1860s, Bangor shipped over 250 million board feet of lumber and more than 3,000 ships moored along its docks.

It was known as the "Lumber Capital of the World" and this frontier town located ten miles from the coast quickly became a destination for sailors and loggers seeking not only to make a quick buck, but to turn around and spend it as well.

In 1851, under the guidance of Neal Dow, the so-called "Father of Prohibition", Maine became the first dry state, banning the sale and manufacture of alcohol. In Portland, where Dow called home, this resulted in raids on numerous locations and the confiscation of large quantities of now illegal alcohol.

Bangor was a different story.

Perhaps because of its remote location, the city of Bangor didn't feel the same pressure as its sister city to the south. In spring, hundreds of loggers came down the Penobscot River with fresh lumber and an equal number of sailors shipped the lumber out of town. Hard working, roughneck men, combined with more than a few wealthy gentleman looking to grow their interests, required places where they could blow off some steam. Hotels, bars, and brothels provided just that opportunity.

Loaded with money, the laborers were looking to spend and local authorities were more than happy to devise ways to divest them of said cash. Bangor's plan with dealing with the Prohibition was to devise a twice yearly fine that local restaurants, saloons, and hotels could pay in order to openly sell alcohol. At a time when a large portion of the state was fighting tooth and nail to eradicate the perceived vice of alcohol, Bangor was using its new tax to fund public works.

This led to a boom in the numbers of bars and saloons in Bangor. There were only 11 such establishments in 1871, but by 1904 there were over 140 different saloons open for business. Gambling houses and brothels soon followed. It's not surprising that street brawls and violence also rose in the city and the section of town that was home to most of these establishments was known as the Devil'd Half-Acre.

The most famous brothel in Bangor was the Sky Blue House of Pleasure, owned and operated by Fan Jones, so-named for its sky blue chimneys, reportedly painted that way to attract drunken loggers and sailors who might have become disoriented after a night of drinking, but still looking to continue the debauchery. Fan Jones was such a shrewd business woman and a well-known figure in Bangor, that would often hire a horse-drawn carriage to pull her and her best girls through the city during the Bangor State Fair. The Sky Blue House of Pleasure survived the great Bangor Fire of 1911, but Fan Jones would later die of tuberculosis at the age of 81 in 1917.

Which leads us back to our story, and the woman named Alberta Smith, better known as Mother Bee.

The success of Fan Jones and her Sky Blue House of Pleasure led to several copy cats, including the House of Delight, owned and operated by Mother Bee.

Alberta Smith was fifty-three years old in the summer of 1901. She was twice a widow and of her five children, three had died of tuberculosis. The other two were grown and had moved away to Boston and Baltimore. Her first husband, Martin Smith had married a young Alberta Greer of Brewer when she was just sixteen. He was thirty-two and a merchant. He had given her four children, two of which had died, before he was swept overboard and drowned. She was remarried within a year to a frequent business associate of her late husband, Arthur Wood. She gave birth to a son two years later, but the child died just three days after birth.

Arthur Wood could be a genial man when in public, but was often cruel behind closed doors. It was of no great sorrow when he passed away four years to the day after their marriage, a victim of cholera.

Alberta Wood was left twice widowed with very little money because of her second husband's failed business ventures. No one is exactly sure what led her to prostitution, but by age thirty,

now calling herself Bertie Smith and with her two surviving children nearly grown, Alberta was arrested for operating a house of ill-repute.

In 1893, Bertie opened up her own brothel, renting out a house on Harlow Street. She called it the House of Delight, supposedly named after the 16th Century painting, The Garden of Earthly Delights, by Hieronymus Bosch. The exterior is brick, but the interior was painted pink with matching furniture and drapery, most likely in an attempt to emulate Fan Jones' Sky Blue House.

We sent Mark up to Bangor to see if the House of Delight was still there.

MARK: I'm standing here on Harlow Street, at about the location where the House of Delight once stood. The house itself is gone, torn down and replaced with a strip mall next to a major chain gas station. I'm told the house was torn down sometime in the 1980s, maybe 83 or 84. Andrea Welsch from the municipal office says she thinks some of the items might have been preserved, though by the time it was torn down the house had become apartments. She told me I should check with the Bangor Historical Society for more details.

It is unknown if Bertie Smith actually worked the House of Delight or if she was only the madam of the house, but soon after it opened, the locals began calling her Mother Bee, a name that may have indicated her advanced age (she would have been in her forties) or perhaps the affection she had for her working girls.

Mother Bee was known to keep six to seven girls working at the House of Delight. Some on a rotating basis, others seemed to be long term. There aren't many historical records kept on the running operations of brothels, but by all accounts Mother Bee was known to be good to her girls, treating them fairly and kindly. It's said that when one of her girls got pregnant and decided she wanted to keep the child, Mother Bee helped her transition out of the business and find a job and housing in a

more reputable part of the city. What is known is that Mother Bee was regarded as one of the finest madams in Bangor, second only to the famed Fan Jones, herself.

The summer of 1901 was one of the hottest on record up until the Dust Bowl some thirty years later. A heat wave affected the entire East Coast and it was said it was so hot that horses would collapse in the streets. Despite the heat, the Bangor State Fair planned to carry on as usual. Running from August second through the 4th, the Bangor State Fair was a big do in the city. Local farmers and vendors brought their goods to show off, competitions were held, and sweet treats and rides were made available to the public. In an era before the internet, tv, or even radio, it was one of the most looked forward to times of the year. What passed for celebrities in the early part of the Twentieth Century - poets, artists, and politicians, would often travel the fair circuits, speaking and showcasing their work.

As we've mentioned before, Fan Jones was known for hiring a carriage to draw her and her best girls along the parade route before setting up a tent as a secondary temporary location at the fairgrounds. Mother Bee wasn't able to compete with that and instead gave most of her girls the afternoon off to attend the parade. Only her and two of her girls, plus Sarah Banning, the thirteen year old she paid to clean the place, were in the House of Delight on the afternoon of August 2nd, while the parade ran its course down to the fairgrounds at Bass Park, then known as Maplewood Park.

Sometime that afternoon, around two o'clock according to Sarah Banning's statement, two men entered the House of Delight. While a popular brothel equipped with eight rooms for customer use, the House of Delight also featured a full bar, typically run by a male bartender named Ashley Blair, whose job it was not just to pour drinks but also to serve as bouncer for the more rowdy guests who could not follow the rules of the establishment. Ash Blair was also out at the parade that day, and it was Mother Bee herself behind the bar that afternoon.

Sarah Banning's report of that day, handwritten by a clerk of the court, is held in the archives at the nearby University of Maine at Orono, about ten miles north of Bangor. While Mark was in Bangor, he visited the Fogler Library to read her story.

MARK: Okay, so I'm in the basement of the Fogler Library at U Maine - my alma mater by the way - and I'm looking at the official report thirteen year old Sarah Banning made regarding the events of August 2, 1901. I'm going to read a portion of it now: "It was around two o'clock in the afternoon. It had to be because I had just finished mopping the upstairs and I always did that after lunch. I came down and saw the two men at the bar, so I drew back. Mother Bee doesn't like the customers seeing me. She says it gives them the wrong kind of ideas. The men didn't see me. Thank God they didn't.

Both of the men were strangers to the House of Delight. One of them was dressed in an ill fitting suit. He was small, weasely, with disheveled hair and a few days worth of beard on his cheek. He was constantly moving, small darting gestures with his hands or head. His companion, on the other hand, was tall and silent, wearing a neatly pressed black suit and a hat he did not remove.

The two men drank whiskey at the bar and the smaller man made small talk with Mother Bee. He said his name was Derby and soon requested the services of one of the girls. Mother Bee explained that they weren't exactly working with full staff, but Derby said that was no bother. He would take whoever was available.

MARK: Mother Bee called to one of her girls, twenty-one year, Lily Duley. Derby got up to follow Duley to a room just off the bar. His companion made to follow, but Mother Bee stopped them and told them that it was extra if they both wanted to go in the room. According to Sarah Banning's report, Derby laughed a "high-pitch titter" and said that his man would stay outside. Mother Bee followed them to Room #2 and watched as Derby and Lily Duley went inside. She then went back to the bar after ensuring the tall man was not in fact going in.

Most guests paid for thirty minutes with addition time being made available upon request. Sarah Banning said it was probably twenty minutes later, around 2:30, when the sound of a gun echoed throughout the House of Delight.

Sarah Banning had retreated to Mother Bee's office, but at the sound of the gunshot, she crept out, keeping out of sight, staying to the shadows. She said Mother Bee rushed to Room 2, and that she followed, keeping her distance so the men wouldn't see her.

At first the tall man, wouldn't let Mother Bee into the room, but the fifty-three year old madam kicked, first in the shin, then in the groin and barged into the room. What she, and young Sarah Banning saw, was the stuff of nightmares.

We have to warn you that this next section is going to be a bit graphic. If you have difficulty with gore or violence, we suggest you skip ahead a little bit.

Lily Duly was lying on the bed, naked. Her body had been slashed in dozens of places, mostly her arms and legs, but several on her torso and buttocks. What looked like a man's sock lay beside her on the bed, evidently used to muzzle the young prostitute. A thin knife lay on the floor near the bed. But that wasn't the worst of it.

MARK: I'm going to read more of Sarah Banning's official report of what she saw, peering from the cracked doorway of Mother Bee's office. "She had been shot in the head. A large part of the left side of her head, up by her hair, had been shot away, and I could see the bone in her head and her brains underneath. It wasn't big, smaller than a man's fist. He must have aimed for her but missed. She was... she was still alive, then. Her eyes were wide and she was trying to say something. Her mouth kept moving but no sound was coming out.

The man who called himself Derby was standing near the foot of the bed, completely naked and covered in Lily Duley's blood,

holding a smoking pistol. His eyes were rolling wide in his head and Banning said he looked completely mad.

Mother Bee took one look at Derby and began cursing.

MARK: "'Oh you devil!' she shouted. 'You no good, crazy -'" here something was written but crossed out. "'I curse you. I curse your name. I curse your face. I curse this very ground.'"

That's when Derby's companion put his own pistol to Mother Bee's head and pulled the trigger.

"No witnesses," the man is reported to have said, and then Derby grinned back at him wickedly.

At the sound of the gunshot, the other working girl at Mother Bee's, Maddie Knox, came running to investigate. She was just coming around the corner when Derby shot her in the stomach. Sarah Banning, still watching from Mother Bee's office, covered her mouth to stop herself from screaming. She watched as Maddie attempted to crawl towards the front door, away from her assailant. She got five feet from it before Derby jumped on her, put his hands around her neck, and squeezed her remaining life away.

The two men began a systematic search of the House of Delights, checking for any other girls that might be on the premises. Sarah Banning hid inside an old whiskey barrel Mother Bee kept in her office.

By the time she managed to escape and report what had happened it was several hours later. When police searched the House of Delight, they found no trace of the man, Derby, or his bodyguard. They did, however, find the scattered remains of Bertie Smith, Lily Duley, and Maddie Knox strewn all about the first floor. One officer described the scene as a massacre. Another claimed the brothel looked more like a slaughterhouse with parts and pieces of the three women draped over nearly every available surface.

Police officers determined that Derby and his accomplice must have been wandering vagrants, dangerous drifters who used the cover of the State Fair to commit their horrific acts. The city was put on notice, and many went into mourning over the deaths of Mother Bee and her girls, but by and large the case remained unsolved, just the most recent tragedy to hit the area known as the Devil's Half Acre.

But there's more to the story. Much more than anyone realized.

After Mother Bee's House of Delights was sold, the new owners began reporting strange sounds coming from empty rooms at all times of night. Objects would seemingly move on their own, or at least were discovered moved across rooms, sometimes to different floors of the house.

The owners complained about seeing strange women in their home, only to follow them around a corner and find them gone, vanished into thin air.

The former House of Delights quickly gained a reputation for being haunted, supposedly by the spirits of the women brutally murdered there.

And then there were the names. Here's Mark to explain:

MARK: The stories go that one day the owner of the home came back after being gone for the day to find a name slashed into their dining room table: "Daniel". No one had been home at the time, and there were no signs anyone had broken into the home. There was no connection between the owner and that name either. It was either the work of a highly skilled vandal or, as some believed, the spirits of the dead trying to communicate with the living.

Over the years several other names have appeared, carved or slashed into wooden furniture or the walls themselves. "Joseph,

Morgan, Scott, Christopher..." these are just some of the names that have appeared over the years.

Despite the former brothel being sold numerous times, the presence of MOther Bee and her two girls was felt in the home, and the names kept appearing. The stories said it was the names of all the clients who had owed Mother Bee money before her untimely death. Others claimed it was the girls trying to find their best customers for one last visit. Either way, the tales of the spirits and their list of names spread far and wide.

MARK: I met with Kevin Dochterman, the president of the Bangor Historical Society, and while he did confirm the House of Delights was torn down in 1984, he told me that several pieces of antique furniture had been taken from the attic of the home before it was destroyed. These pieces, he told me, dated back to the early 1900s, and while he couldn't confirm that they were actually used in the house during Mother Bee's time, they certainly could have been given their age. Then he added in a whisper, that they had names carved into them.

He showed me the pieces in question one afternoon. They are stored in the basement of the Historical Society building, far back in a corner. One of the pieces was a wooden dresser, about four feet high. One of the drawers had the name Patrick sliced into its front. The letters were big and rough, but clearly they formed the name. There was no mistaking that. They were deep, too.

The second piece was a table top. Mr. Dochterman said the legs had been missing since the Historical Society took it into their possession. Again, carved into its surface was the name, Morgan, in six inch letters.

There are several other pieces, mostly in private collections, with similar names. A quick internet search will turn up a dozen or so different images. We were able to confirm some of them, though others appear to be fake or the work of those inspired by the old ghost story.

So, did the ghosts of Mother Bee and the two prostitutes who worked for her haunt the House of Delights? And what happens to a spirit when the home they are bound to is destroyed? It should be noted that none of the tenants of the strip mall built on the site of the old brothel have ever noticed anything similar to what the reports from the home. So where did they go? Did they finally find their rest? With the house torn down, were all debts paid?

Perhaps, but Mark wasn't done his investigation.

MARK: I went back to the archives and read through Sarah Banning's statement. Her story about hiding in an empty whiskey barrel and then slipping out a window seemed strange to me, and I wanted to see if I had missed something.

Tucked away in the back, not officially attached to the report, was another statement, a more detailed account than the brief summary of her escape. It was written in the same handwriting as the first, but it was more hurried, as if the person recording it was trying to keep up with a frantic story.

According to this additional report, which was never submitted in the official case files, Sarah Banning claimed that while Derby was strangling Maddie Knox, she ran to the empty whiskey barrel and hid inside. Mother Bee was known to keep several barrels in her office, most of them full and ready to be brought out as needed, but one was empty and all the girls knew it. Mother Bee used it to hide any contraband if they were being raided, or in some cases, a girl who didn't want an angry customer or perhaps family member from finding her at her place of work.

Just as Sarah climbed inside the barrel, the second man came into the office, his pistol leading the way. Sarah claims there was a hole in the barrel and she had her eye pressed to it, as the man looked around the room. Finding it empty, he left, leaving the office door ajar.

Sarah tried to calm her breathing, but she was scared for her life. She knew that at any moment, the two men were going to hear her, drag her out of the barrel and kill her.

She said that's when she heard the scream. In the written report she describes it as the sound of an animal roaring, but it was no animal she had ever heard before. She claims there were wet, ripping sounds, like something being torn out of the muck, then meaty smacks and crunching, twisting noises. From her vantage point, Sarah could hear wet, heavy footsteps in the hall.

She says the men must have seen or heard whatever was making those noises, because they began yelling and cursing. Several gunshots were fired down the hall, and Sarah tried her best not to scream.

Suddenly something stepped into her line of sight. The thing in the hall could vaguely be described as a woman, or at least woman shaped. It was tall, taller than any person Sarah Banning had ever seen. It lurched with slow, ponderous steps on legs made from the ripped and torn flesh and muscle of the dead women. Sarah says she saw an arm - Lily Duley's she knew because of the small flower tattoo she had on her upper arm - somehow formed into one of the she-creature's legs, molded together with bloody muscle and torn skin.

The beast wore the bodies of the three dead women, not in the way someone might wear a pair of clothes, but in the jumbled and broken way someone who had never seen clothes might try to recreate them. The bodies of the women had been torn apart and reassembled into something that vaguely resembled a woman, with three stretched and overlapping faces where one should be.

As Sarah Banning watched, the creature lumbered past the office door frame, further down the hall, and out of her sight. There were more curses from the men and more rounds shot into the monstrosity that stalked them, but if it bothered the thing, Sarah couldn't tell.

Then came grunts turning into screams of pain and worse. Sarah said she tried to cover her ears, but she couldn't block out the sound of the men being ripped apart by the thing wearing the forms of her friends. She screamed then. She couldn't help it. Long and loud, and she feared that scream might never end, that she might keep on screaming until someone found her and brought her to one of those asylums crazy people went to.

But the scream eventually did die down and for a second the House of Delights was silent. Sarah thought that at any moment she would hear the sounds of those heavy footsteps coming for her. That the creature would burst out of the hallway and tear her from her hiding place, but the only sound she heard was the wet splash of what sounded like wet laundry hitting the floor.

Then the House of Delights grew silent once more, except for her own labored breathing.

Sarah Banning reported that when she finally gained the courage to climb out of the barrel and investigate, she found the brothel much like the police would later describe. There was no trace of the two men who had turned the House of Delights into a charnel house, but the ripped limbs of the three women, and all the gore associated with them, had been strewn about the hall, as if the being that had formed itself out of their lifeless corpses had shook itself apart, like a wet dog trying to get dry.

Sarah ran then. Straight to the police office, where she gave her near hysterical account.

It's not surprising why the second half of her story was left out of the official report. It would be nearly impossible to explain some sort of flesh and blood golem, knitting itself together from the remains of the dead prostitutes and murdering the men who had caused such an atrocity in the first place. And yet... we at Malevolent Maine are much more believing than the Bangor Police Department of 1901.

Mother Bee's last words were a curse on the man who had tortured and killed one of her beloved girls. Is it possible that her final plea for vengeance, coupled with the untimely and traumatic deaths of the three women, combined into a dark force bent on exacting Mother Bee's promised revenge? Could this hate being, once its job was completed, lost all of its agency, its energy spent, and vanished into the ether from which it had been brought forth?

It seems unfathomable, and yet we tend to believe Sarah Bannings' account, even if the authorities at the time did not.

If Mother Bee was able to somehow tap into a supernatural force, it might explain why their spirits seemed to linger in the House of Delights, long after its doors had been shut. It might explain the odd sounds and visions, the names carved into the very walls of the home. Could the three women have traded their eternal rest for the assurance that those dark and dangerous men would never hurt another person and in the process trapped themselves, reduced to writing the names of the men that still owed them?

MARK: What if they're not the clients but the killers?

Mark called me on his last night in Bangor, frantic from his hotel room.

CHRIS: Hey Mark. What's up?

MARK: What if they're not the clients but the killers?

CHRIS: Hold on. What?

MARK: The names. What if the names carved into the furniture aren't guests or whatever, but the names of the men who killed them?

CHRIS: Okaaaay. Go one.

MARK: So I got thinking about those names: Daniel, Joseph, Patrick, Scott, Christopher, and Morgan. Those are the only names that have appeared in the eighty years or so the spirits were writing. Over the years, there have been attempts to link them with men at the time - Morgan might have been Morgan Collins, a lumberjack. Christopher could have been Steven Christopher, a sailor known to be in town during that time. But none of those explanations have been ever really stuck. So I was watching TV yesterday in the hotel, and I saw that actor, Adam Scott. That got me thinking about people who have two first names, like a first name and a last name that could be a first name, too.

CHRIS: Uh-huh...

MARK: What if those six names aren't six people, but two. Each one a man with three first names.

CHRIS: OKay. I get it.

MARK: So I did the math-

CHRIS: You wrote them all out, didn't you?

MARK: I wrote them all out. Yeah. On the hotel stationary. There's like a 120 different names I came up with.

CHRIS: Holy <beep>

MARK: Yeah, right? But in the end I think it's these two: Christopher Daniel Morgan and Patrick Joseph Scott.

How do you go from 120 names down to two? A little bit of investigating, and a lot of sheer luck.

One of the things Mark had seen during his perusal of the historical documents had been a playbill or advertisement for the Bangor State Fair from 1901. One of the politicians who was

in town to speak was a prominent Prohibitionist, Daniel Morgan. Morgan was a rising member of the Neal Dow, extreme Prohibition school of thought, and was running for state Senate. Many thought he might become Governor in a few years' time.

Mark had seen this name and that's why it jumped out to him on the list he had made. However, Daniel Morgan was fifty-nine years old and was famous for his whole head of silver hair. He didn't match the description of either of the two men Sarah Banning claimed entered the House of Delights that day.

MARK: So that's when I looked up any family Daniel Morgan the politician might have. He had two sons, the eldest, Jonathan, who was in Paris at the time, and his youngest son, Christopher. Christopher Daniel Morgan.

Not much is known about the younger Morgan. His father's political career never took off like many had predicted, and he faded back into obscurity. His son is an even more minor blip on the historical radar. There are some letters and records that he got into some trouble at the boarding school where he was sent to, and summarily dismissed, but all mention of Christopher Daniel Morgan seems to stop after 1901.

CHRIS: So you think Christopher Morgan was the man calling himself Derby?

MARK: Yes.

CHRIS: And why didn't his father report him missing or dead?

MARK: Perhaps his father was worried about his political career? How would it look if the son of this prominent Prohibitionist was found drunk in a brothel, accused of killing three prostitutes? Maybe Christopher had been a problem in his father's side for a long time, and the best thing to do was keep quiet about it.

CHRIS: And the other man?

MARK: Patrick Joseph Scott. There was a report out of Lynn, Massachusetts about a man by that name going missing. His brother reported that he was heading to Maine on a business trip, and that he never returned. His physical description matches that of the tall man, presumably Christopher Morgan's bodyguard. Patrick Scott's brother, Gregory, did admit to police that his brother was not the nicest of men and could be quite... aggressive. According to everything I could find, no trace of Patrick Scott or Christopher Morgan was ever discovered.

Is it possible the spirits of Mother Bee, Lily Duley, and Maddie Knox have been trying to convey the names of their anonymous killers from beyond the grave? Could the curse that turned their bodies into a spirit of vengeance kept them going, seeking the last bit of revenge - the truth of the identities of the men who committed the heinous crimes? And what happens now that we have uncovered this truth? Can their spirits finally be put to rest?

Before we go, it is worth noting that this is just one possible solution. Of the 120 names on the list, these two seemingly fit, but that does not mean it is the correct answer. We'll continue to work on this theory, attempting to either prove or disprove Mark's hypothesis.

In the meantime, the story of the ghost brothel of Bangor is an interesting look into the dangers of turn of the century life in the northern half of our state. With the House of Delights, as well as its residents, long gone, it has become something of an interesting anecdote. Sarah Banning, the last living person with a connection to the tragedy that occurred there, passed away in 1992. She was 104 years old. Whatever truths she knew, whatever secrets she kept about that awful day in the House of Delights, she took with her to her grave. Hopefully, after today, everyone involved can finally rest easy.

Stay safe out there, Maine.

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

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Thank you for listening to Malevolent Maine.

And as always, stay safe out there, Maine.