

Malevolent Maine

Episode 37: Midnight Mill

MARK TOM, LUCAS

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

INTRO:

MARK: An infernal artifact that escaped Nazi Germany with a dangerous past. And the shocking next steps into our investigation of the elemental witch covens. These are the final stories we'll be bringing you in season two.

Hey guys, it's Mark. We really hope you've enjoyed season 2 of Malevolent Maine. We investigated a lot of strange and unexplained things this season, and let me tell you the final few episodes are going to be wild. Thanks for listening and sharing this with everyone you know. We're getting new listeners all the time. We love hearing from you, so make sure you're following us on all the major social media platforms. If you want more wicked MM goodies, join our Malevolent Mob over on Patreon for as little as a few dollars a month, you'll have early access to the show, plus all six episodes of our side story, *The Black Tarot*. We're working on another all new side story that'll be launching soon, so head over to patreon.com/malevolentmaine to sign up now. Thanks again and keep listening.

The last day of the only job you've ever known is looming over your head. You have no idea how you will support your family, when a small jovial man approaches you with an opportunity to earn some extra money, seriously good money, doing nothing more than what you are an expert at. For the first time in a long time, you have hope for the future. But your stomach lurches as the windowless van pulls up to the parking lot and a dead eyed driver leans out the window and gestures to get in. Some of the

others climb in without a worry, but you hesitate. Finally as the sliding door is about to close and the opportunity with it, you let out one last sigh and get in too. What else can you do?

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?

This one might actually be worth the paper it's printed on, MMs. Today's story is about an essential part of Maine's history and industry.

For decades paper mills were the lifeblood of industry in Maine. In the oldest days of paper manufacturing, paper was made using rags and scraps of fabric. When the process changed to include wood pulp, Maine became the perfect place to produce paper. The vast forests and extensive river systems made getting and moving the lumber to the various mills a simple task.

However the paper industry isn't what it once was and hasn't been for sometime. At its height, Maine had over 35 paper mills. Now, only six remain. In this modern digital age, the need for paper has declined greatly, and with it, the loss of an important sector of Maine's labor. Often these mills go out of

business, selling first the equipment, then the factory itself, leaving hundreds of not thousands of people without work.

The Hollingsworth and Whitney Company, in Winslow, Maine was one such lost mill. Opened in 1892, the mill produced over 200 tons of paper every day during its peak. It was so successful that the owners built a clubhouse for its employees in 1900, so they could play pool, bowl, and swim. In the 50s, Hollingsworth and Whitney merged with the Scott Paper Company who took over operations. Then in 1994, the mill in Winslow was purchased by Kimberly-Clark, famous for making toilet paper and tissues. In 1997 the mill was finally shut down. Over more than a century of operation the mill employed thousands of people. It was a staple of the community, a constant, and a source of income for many people in the surrounding area. Many people spent their entire working lives at the mill. They were hired right out of high school and retired there some fifty years later.

This was what Paul Hubbard's life would have been had the mill not shut down. He had worked there his entire life like his father and many of his uncles before him.

We heard Paul's story from Andy Vachon, a listener from Waterville, just across the Kennebec River from Winslow and the old Hollingsworth and Whitney mill. Andy is in his late 50s, and works as a cook and bartender at Sterling's Tavern in Waterville. Sterling's has been around for about seventy years, out on the Airport Road, right off the Turnpike. It's a small place, a little rundown. Its clientele is mostly regulars. Andy says he makes enough to get by, but he's not going on vacation any time soon.

Lucas went up to Sterling's to talk with Andy Vachon. He didn't want to be recorded. He said he didn't like the idea of his voice being out there on the internet, but he did agree to answer whatever questions Lucas had.

LUCAS: Andy told me he had known Paul Hubbard, who he called Paulie, nearly his whole life. Andy and Paul were close friends

which was odd because the two of them never got along in high school. It was only later on, when Paul started coming into Sterling's after a long shift at the mill, that the two bonded over their love of old cars and hunting.

Andy said Paulie was pretty distraught when the mill was closing. He had a young daughter and had just bought a new truck. He wasn't sure how he and his family were going to make ends meet. Andy said that Paulie had often complained about the paper mill when he worked there but had never really anticipated having to find another job.

Paul Hubbard didn't have many options. He could uproot his family and move to another mill town but was worried the same thing would happen there. The paper industry was rapidly shrinking and more and more of the mills were closing down. It was always the new guy on the job that went first and wherever he went that would be him. He could possibly try to get into another line of work, but that would take time and money to go to school or training. Time and money he didn't have.

LUCAS: But according to Andy, in the last few months before the mill closed Paulie was given a bit of hope. The bosses had told everyone to be on their best behavior because someone was coming to inspect the mill's machines and hopefully purchase some of them. Andy said Paulie was livid the night before the buyer was supposed to come to the mill, complaining that the bosses were treating everyone like children. They had told the workers not to speak to the visitor unless spoken to and to then be polite and succinct or there be consequences. Paulie had laughed at that, what consequences? They were already losing their jobs.

Paul Hubbard was prepared to grit his teeth and bear it but was actually pleasantly surprised when he met the would-be buyer. The man was pudgy with silver hair and couldn't have been more than five foot four. Hubbard had told Andy the man was dressed to the nines, like someone going to the opera in a movie. He had a black suit with tails, a black shirt with gold floral print and a red bow tie. And astonishingly, the man appeared to be

decent. Better than Hubbard's own bosses, anyways. Paulie and all the other workers were greeted with a warm smile and a firm handshake as the stranger was shown around. The buyer made every effort to strike up conversation and joke with everyone, putting him in stark contrast to the previous day's warning from the managers.

Word got around that the strange man was indeed going to purchase some of their equipment, including the suction rollers that Paulie operated. That was basically the end of his tenure at the mill. He was told over the next several days to begin the process of cleaning the machine and disassembling it for travel. After that, he could be let go.

A few days after the man had inspected the machines, a pair of mysterious men appeared in the parking lot after the day shift let out. The men looked oddly similar: they were well over six feet tall, bearded, dressed in green and black flannel, and they never spoke a word. They walked around the parking lot offering cards to various workers as they got off for the day. Sometimes they were so aggressive about it that they actually stood in front of a vehicle so the owner couldn't leave until they had taken a card.

Later, Paulie showed the card to Andy over a pint of beer at Sterling's Tavern. It was black embossed with gold letters that read: "Haviland Exotic Fineries". A little put off by the whole encounter with what he referred to as "the bearded thugs", Paulie put the card in his pocket, went home, and did his best to forget all about it. A week later after they had already started moving the sold equipment out of the mill, Paulie got a letter in the mail. Some years later, he gave the letter to Andy, saying he didn't want it anymore but that he couldn't bring himself to simply throw it away. He confided in Andy that one time he tried to burn the blasted thing, but that it wouldn't catch. His lighter spluttered and went out whenever it touched the paper. Andy gave us the letter saying we would know what to do with it more than he ever would.

What follows is the full text of the letter. We've asked Tom to read it for you:

TOM: Dearest Paul,

It was a pleasure meeting you the other day. I was greatly impressed by your skill and work ethic. Due to my recent purchase, I am in need of skilled individuals such as yourself, and would like to offer you a job, albeit a temporary one. The nature of my business leads me to fulfilling the *unique* needs of my clients and my patrons, and at this time, they desire paper of all things! Being in the business of exotics and fineries, however, means this can be no - pardon the pun - run of the mill paper. I aim to produce one exclusive run of paper, no more than two tons, which of course, you being in the business know is nothing at all. All of this is merely a prelude to my business offer: \$40,000 for four nights of your time, \$10,00 per Saturday night completed. You may walk away at any time. You can keep your current job at the mill while it still exists, and make enough during the weekend to cushion you against the impending storm of unemployment. If you are interested, come to the parking lot of your mill no later than 7 PM this Saturday. The fine gentlemen who gave you my card will drive you to my latest venture. We look forward to seeing you there and are excited about the prospect of your work, but if you can't make it we will hold no grudge!

Sincerely,

Ernst Haviland
Haviland Exotic Fineries

Andy told us that Paulie was excited and nervous all at the same time. The silent, near identical men from the parking lot had disturbed him, but the jovial old man had been pleasant to be around, and the money was almost impossible to ignore. With money like that he wouldn't have to worry about being out of work for a few months. He could take his time, maybe even invest in an education or a trade. "Really it wasn't a choice for him.

He knew what he had to do, no matter how odd or shady the whole thing seemed" Andy told us.

The next Saturday evening Paulie showed up to the parking lot of the old Hollingsworth and Whitney Paper mill. Twelve other men, some of whom he recognized, but quite a few he didn't, were also there, milling about, smoking cigarettes and drinking from thermoses of coffee. At 7 PM sharp two nondescript white vans pulled into the parking lot. The bearded men were driving and as they pulled to a stop they leaned out their windows and thumped the side panels. Awkwardly the men loaded into the vans. Once everyone was in, the drivers turned around and passed out what looked like ski masks only they didn't have eye holes. When one man complained about putting them on, the bearded man just stared at him and then hooked a thumb towards the door of the van. The man, either unnerved by the implied threat or thinking of the money, slowly put on the mask as did the rest of the men in the van. Then they sped off at what felt like a blistering speed. Being unable to see made it hard not just to know where they were going, but to know how long it took to get there. Paulie told Andy it felt like it might have been a half hour, it might have been an hour and a half, he had no way of really knowing.

LUCAS: The van came to a stop, and after a moment, the doors slid open. The driver removed the men's hoods, one by one. They exited the van in a wooded area next to a fast moving body of water. There was a blocky warehouse-like facility there and the men were escorted inside. Paulie said he tried to make a guess where he was, but had no idea. The building was brightly lit and air conditioned, to an almost extreme degree, the men could see their breath as they moved through the building. Paulie noticed an odd scent in the air. He described it to Andy as the smell of his shed after deer season. The men were greeted briefly by Mr. Haviland in another one of his fancy suites. He told the men to work hard, that they would be escorted one by one to their work stations and brought back to this meeting area at the end of the day. They were not to abandon their posts unless they first asked one of his trusted employees for a break. That's when

Paulie noticed there were nearly as many "employees" as there were men from the mill. They were all dressed in the same green and black flannel as the drivers, and seemed nearly identical in all other ways. Paulie told Andy he couldn't help but think of them not as "employees," but as guards.

Paulie was one of the last men brought to his station, which made sense as the rollers were one of the last parts of the paper making process. He was unnerved watching as all of the men, one by one left, escorted through the facility. The hallway was lined with thick metal doors with no windows or way for looking into the rooms. Paulie was brought to his own 'room', and when he stepped inside the first thing he noticed was the lighting. It was incredibly dark, suffused with a dull red light. It reminded Paulie of the photography darkroom he and his girlfriend had snuck into in high school.

Aside from that and the unusual cold his work station was fairly pretty standard. Unlike the mill at his official job, this new space was mostly disconnected from the other machines, rooms and men he had ridden in with. The paper was run through gaps in the wall but Paulie couldn't see where it came from and he couldn't see where it went after him. His "guard" pointed to the machine then he also pointed to a rack on the wall that held woolen coats. Paulie assumed these were to combat the frigid temperature. Nearby were various standard safety equipment.

Paulie put on the gear and settled into work. At first everything went smoothly. Paulie had worked the suction roller machine for a long time, and he knew right away this was the very same one he had operated for years. He knew the machine, he knew the job, if all he had to put up with was the cold and the weird lighting, then so be it. He chalked it up to the eccentricities of Mr. Haviland and his rich clients.

LUCAS: Andy told me that Paulie was minding his own business sending the web of fibers off down the line after sucking out most of the moisture from the pulp. After a few hours the power died, and he was left in almost pitch black. Paulie wasn't sure

if his new boss didn't factor in getting as much power as they needed or if all the machines kept tripping the breaker, but it wasn't the last time it would happen. The room had already been dim, just light enough to see to the machine's operation, but without even those dim red lights, he was plunged into total darkness. Andy said Paulie wasn't a skittish man by nature, and not much scared him, but his friend had once admitted just how close he had come to screaming, there in the dark. Something about the hooded ride, the nearly identical guards, even the dark room conditions had put Paulie on edge.

During the downtime before the power was restored, Paulie struck up a conversation with the man working next door to him, an older man named Morris. They spoke through the hole in the wall where the conveyor belt came in. The two men talked about how odd the work environment was, but Morris suggested Paulie not look a gift horse in the mouth. The money was too good, and whatever weird hours or lighting the boss wanted wasn't going to change their paycheck.

When the power went out for a second time, Paulie, Morris, and some of the other men were allowed to go outside for a smoke break. The fresh air was welcome after a few hours in the unpleasant mill.

LUCAS: Andy told me he never forgot what Paulie told him about that first break. He said the old man next to him, the one he had gotten friendly with, started complaining about the smell. He said he didn't mind the dark, but the rank odor had begun to wear on him. He said it smelled like a slaughterhouse or a poorly cleaned, rancid butcher's freezer. Soon the power came back on and the break was over. On their way back to their respective rooms, Paulie told Andy he saw one of the guards give the old man a little push past his door. Paulie didn't see Morris again after that.

At the end of the shift, Paulie and the other men were brought back to the main room, the one lit with regular, if somewhat dim bulbs. They heard Mr. Haviland's voice over an intercom saying

what a great job they had done and he looked forward to seeing them next Saturday evening. Then the men piled into the white vans, donned their hoods once more, and started the trip back.

Paulie arrived back home just as the sun was beginning to rise, still a little unsure and uncomfortable about what he was doing. but when he found an envelope with \$10,000 in cash and a handwritten thank you note signed by Mr. Haviland in his mailbox, he had already started looking forward to the next weekend.

LUCAS: On the next Saturday, Paulie was back at the mill parking lot, just like the previous one, but he could tell things were different. He said he couldn't find Morris anywhere. In fact the crew seemed a few men lighter this time. Ben Quinn, who ran the digester and had been the first to board the van last Saturday was nowhere to be seen. Then the vans arrived and any concerns had to be put aside. Again the guards handed out the masks and again the trip of indeterminate length. More familiar with the process, this trip should have been more comfortable with the men joking and talking about what they spent their money on, but everyone was as somber and quiet as the bearded men in the front seat.

Paulie worked like he had before, and again at some point a few hours in, the power cut out. He was allowed to take a smoke break again, but this time was surprised to discover he was alone. The group of men who had joked and chatted were gone. It was a quiet break this time and with the moon nearly full, Paulie had a chance to look around at his setting.

It was an idyllic spot: lush, green forest, with what looked like clearly defined trails in and out, the gravel road that led up to the facility, and the rushing water of the stream or river; he wasn't sure which it technically was. But then he noticed streaks of black in the water, it looked almost like oil, but instead of the rainbow sheen oil makes on water, it looked flat black, thick and greasy. It was definitely coming

from this makeshift mill and that made Paulie a little uncomfortable.

Paulie had worked in the mill long enough to know that no factory or mill was good for the environment, but he couldn't help but wonder how a makeshift little operation like this was putting out some of the worst sludge he had ever seen. Especially when they paid their workers, albeit temporary ones, almost a yearly salary for just a few days of their time. Like many people who have lived long enough, Paulie understood the rules didn't apply to the rich and powerful, and tried to set the ebony pollution behind him and focus on the job at hand.

On his way back to his station, something thumped loudly against one of the metallic doors and emitted a pained bleating cry. Paulie wasn't sure, but he thought sounded like a goat or a sheep. As he passed, one of the bearded men, a guard, opened the door just a crack before slamming it shut again, but it was long enough for Paulie to get a look inside.

Two of the bearded guards were wrangling with the struggling creature, its eyes glowing in the red light, One of the men pulled a knife across its throat, spilling it into a trough in the floor. The guard behind Paulie noticed the disturbance and tried to usher Paulie past quickly, but he had already seen it all. His limbs felt light, he tried to make himself breathe steadily, but it was difficult.

He had killed animals himself before - his family had always been hunters and to a lesser degree farmers - and he generally had no problem with it as long as there was a purpose. But try as he might he couldn't make sense of why they would kill goats in the same place they were making paper. He tried to think about the job, but the process was so familiar to him, that those disturbing thoughts couldn't help but creep back in. He tried to focus on the \$10,000 that would show up in his mailbox the next day, but even that wasn't enough. On the ride back home he wondered if \$20,000 would be enough for him. If like Ben

Quinn and the old man, Morris, he would be one of the ones that simply didn't show up next weekend.

But when the following Saturday rolled around, Paulie Hubbard was standing around, hands in his pocket, shuffling his feet waiting for the vans. This time though, he had brought a small handheld flashlight with him.

This seems like a good place to pause for a moment. As far as we were able to determine, there is no record of a company named Haviland Exotic Fineries. We found a few vague references to Ernst Haviland, but nothing to tie him concretely to the Winslow area in 1997. In addition, we have been unable to find a location where this mysterious pop up paper mill could have existed. We traced a two hour radius from Winslow, and using all the notes we have from Andy Vachon's account of Paul Hubbard's life, we've narrowed down a few places it could have been. However, there is no building there, no signs a building of that size ever existed on those sites. Ben Quinn told his wife he just didn't want to go back to work anymore. He wouldn't tell her anything else, but kept quiet about his strange Saturday. We tried to locate the old man Paulie called Morris. There were several men who fit the description who worked at the Hollingsworth and Whitney Company. We narrowed it down to one we believed was most likely the man Paulie worked next to, based on age and the area he normally worked. As best we could tell, Morris Smith disappeared in 1997, though exactly when was hard to determine. He lived alone and had no family to speak of. No remains of him have ever been found. Lastly, black sludge in a river is not exactly uncommon. However, the next part of Paulie's story we're able to corroborate a bit more.

On the third Saturday, Paulie returned to the mystery mill with the intent of doing a little investigating. Fewer of the men were back that evening, but Paulie kept his head down and his mouth shut, trying to keep as innocuous as he could. The butchered animals, the black slime he had seen, and the missing men, maybe just content with their first paychecks, maybe

missing for real, had left him unsettled, and he meant to find out what he could.

At one point, predictably, the power went out. Paulie's guard stepped into the hall for a moment, most likely to coordinate smoke breaks for the men. Paulie snapped into action, digging the small flashlight out of his pocket and flicking it on.

According to Andy, Paulie told him the paper that was feeding into and out of his machine was jet black. Not a dark color, but that greasy, putrid black he had seen floating down stream. What happened next, Paulie could never rightly explain. There was no real reason to do it, and yet, he found himself stripping off his glove and reaching out to touch the paper.

Paulie swore to Andy that his gloves were never dirty, never stained after a long night. It was something he said you would have noticed. But when he pulled his hand back from the grimy, greasy feeling black paper, his fingers were stained black. He quickly rubbed them on the wool coat he wore, but he couldn't get off all of the strange black substance. Moments later the guard returned, but by then Paulie had stowed his flashlight and pulled his gloves back on.

LUCAS: Andy told me that it was then and there that Paulie decided he wasn't coming back for the fourth Saturday. Whatever these people were doing with the goats, whatever this sinister black paper was for, Paulie wanted nothing to do with it. Of course, that just happened to be the morning it rained darkness.

Everyone in the area remembers the day the rain fell black in the Winslow area. People like Andy Vachon will tell you about it if you ask, but for the most part they have moved on. People don't like to talk about what they can't explain. Still, this is a definite thing that happened. There are numerous reports of the black rain that fell for fifteen minutes. Meteorologists have tried to explain it several times over the years - acid rain, low cloud cover creating the illusion of dark or black

rain, etc, but the prevailing theory appears to be some sort of air pollution.

What the people who witnessed it will tell you is that the drops that fell that morning were black as night. It wasn't oil, but the dark water felt slimy, almost greasy. It soaked into the ground and disappeared without a trace, but the locals will tell you it's common knowledge that anyone caught in that strange storm had health troubles for the rest of their life.

LUCAS: Andy told me that when Paulie got out of the van it had just started to rain. He looked up at the incoming storm and a single drop of black water fell into his right eye. He blinked it away, hunched his shoulders, and ran to the safety of his truck.

At home another envelope was waiting in his mailbox. This time there was no check, just a note asking Paulie not to come back. It stated he had violated protocol and would not be welcomed back. That was okay with Paulie; he wasn't going to go back anyway.

Paulie told Andy that over the next couple of years his right eye began to give him troubles. He saw shadows or dark shapes where there were none. Sometimes it was like a black veil had been dropped over that eye. Eventually, he was diagnosed with a cataract, something fairly uncommon in a man as young as Paulie. Unfortunately, there was nothing that could be done about it until it spread and covered his optic nerve. The doctors told him while it was an inconvenience, it was something he would have to live with.

Andy Vachon said that Paulie started to talk about bad dreams. He said he would see the goats, black like the sludge he saw in the river, black like the paper he was making, with eyes burning red. He would see them, led to the trough, their throats slit, leaking black blood.

LUCAS: The goat is a common symbol in occult practices. We discussed Baphomet in our earlier episode on the Howland Goatman. Baphomet is a goat-headed being, often worshiped as a deity and evoked in dark rituals, spells, and ceremonies.. The Knights Templar were known to make offerings to Baphomet, which led to their eventual imprisonment in France. Baphomet is a dark entity, often associated with Satan and the occult. Famed occultists, Éliphas Lévi and Aleister Crowley revered Baphomet.

Is it possible that Ernst Haviland, the man who owned the temporary paper mill, was connected with the Knights Templar, the Freemasons, or any of the other splinter groups that worshiped the goat god? Or perhaps he was merely a middle man for one such group, making that odd black paper for them to use in some bizarre rite.

Black paper is nothing special. It can be purchased in many craft or paper speciality stores or even from online vendors. So what about Haviland's paper was unique? Were black goats used in its production? Their hair? Skin? Blood? And why did the paper stain Paulie's hands, but not his gloves?

These are questions we simply don't have any answers to. Mr. Haviland and his provisional paper mill are long gone, disappeared without a trace. Any trace of the oily black pollution that was dumped into the nearby stream, have also seemingly dissipated in the twenty-five years since the production. Paul Hubbard never stopped looking for answers and in his later years became something of an academic. He began researching esoteric groups, occult practices, and lost gods. His search for answers, tragically ended in 2017, when he died of an inoperable brain tumor.

LUCAS: Two curious addendums to this story. For another investigation, I have been studying the meeting ledgers of a group known as the Hermetic Brotherhood of the Cardinal Court. It is curious that in a meeting dated 1879, I found a mention of Brother E. Haviland. Now, obviously this cannot be the Ernst Haviland that hired Paulie, but it could be perhaps a father or

other relative. The other thing I discovered in my investigation of the H.B.C.C. is a reference to "the black, goat-horned pages sent from Brother Magus," the leader of the group. This could be a reference to the malicious instructions that Brother Magus often sent to his followers in code, but in light of Paul Hubbard's story, it may in fact refer to the peculiar paper he helped produce.

It remains to be seen if the HBCC is connected to Haviland's Exotic Fineries, Baphomet, or the black paper. For a case that is almost twenty-five years old, it may seem an impossible task to learn any more.

Andy Vachon, who listened to all of Paulie's wild stories and theories, also believed that with his friend's death, the story was likely over, he was completely shocked when a year after Paul Hubbard's death, a package arrived in the mail for him, from the dead man.

Inside was a document box, the size that reams of paper come in. In that box was a note from Paulie. In it, he claimed that in the last years of his life he felt he was getting close to discovering the truth about that strange mill. He arranged for all of his notes and research to be sent to Andy a year after his death. It may have been the paranoid delusions of a sick and dying man, but Paul Hubbard believed someone was watching him and didn't want him to uncover the truth.

The box contained notebooks, scraps and clippings from books and newspapers, two cassette tapes, and numerous photos and print offs of images. All of it closely related to the mysterious black paper.

Andy told us that at first he held on to it because it was a final gift from his friend, but admitted that soon he forgot all about it. The box sat beneath the stairs in his basement until earlier this year when Andy found it while attempting to do some downsizing. For some time he didn't know what to do with it, but eventually found us.

At the moment, the box is in our hands. Andy said he didn't want it, and at his age, didn't need to know the truth, but he thought maybe someone should. We've put Lucas on the case, working hard to verify the discoveries within. Once we do that, we'll share with you what we've found. Still, we couldn't help but share just one of the discoveries Lucas has made already.

LUCAS: Tucked inside of a thick, hardcover book of, of all things, John Donne poetry, I found a smaller book. It's maybe two hundred pages, about the size of a day planner. It is bound in black leather. On the cover in red ink is a dot inside seven concentric circles and the letters H. B. C. C. stamped above it. I haven't read all of it yet, but I flipped through the book and it appears to be a record of the Brotherhood of the Cardinal Court.

And the pages are all black.

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.