

In Search of the Trevor, Wisconsin Crop Circle: The Adventures of Laura Held

I downloaded the map that Mary put up on her sight. I figured it was pretty close to where we needed to be but not exactly. Mary did put up co-ordinates, that is another reason I called my fiend Shannon. She has a GPS hand held thing. But her husband has it on a road trip to Kansas. Just my luck!

I figured even if this is a hoax I want to see it for myself. So with the map in hand we went on our little hunting trip. We started out doing fine, but then Shannon began to read the map and decided that we should turn much sooner than the map said we should. After a little drive in the wrong direction on the wrong road, we looked at the map again and quickly realized our mistake...back on track again, we came to the end of our road on the map...we knew we were close. We did not see any signs pointing the way to Trevor, WI or to the crop circle so we turned into a gas station and asked for directions. After a turn around and a left, then a right, we were in Trevor (pronounced tree-voor) I discovered.

Mary had pictures on her sight and so did the local paper. I remembered that the crop circle was in a wheat field and that in the back ground was a new housing development. We came across a housing development but it was surrounded by corn fields and soy bean. We turned around again and went to the 'Cowmark Cafe'. As we pulled into the parking lot we noticed that the cafe was closed but that there was a woman sitting on a flatbed trailer. We asked her if she had heard about the crop circle "here in Trevor."

She replied, "What's a crop circle?" I proceeded to tell her what little I knew about crop circles. I told her it was in the Racine Journal Times yesterday and today on the front page. She asked her husband, who came out from behind a tractor, if he knew what a crop circle was. He said that he did. We asked if they were the owners of the Cowmark Cafe. They were.

I asked him if he had heard about the crop circle. He said that he hadn't but a gentleman by the name of Roger Phillips usually makes patterns in his wheat this time of year. Last year Roger stomped down his wheat in the pattern of a heart with the initials of his wife and himself. The owner of the cafe says that he uses a board to push down the wheat. We asked if he knew where Roger lived. He did and gave us directions, 'country style.'

We had to turn around and go to the next corner and turn right, then turn left at the Colony House. Go past the tracks about 2 miles, and you will see the wheat field of Roger. Okay, not a problem. We followed the directions to the 'T'. We came to a new housing development with wheat fields. My friend Shannon looks off into one of the fields and says, "I think I see it." Good thing she did because I didn't. She must be a natural. Anyway, we parked the car where we saw a lot of tire tracks and two separate walking paths in the direction of the crop circle. Mind you, I still don't see it. Then all of the sudden, there it was.

It was pretty basic in design. It had all the classic signs of a hoax. As if I know the difference. None of this is new. Mary already reported this. **But, Mary may not know that Roger Phillips does something like this every year. So that is the story.**

Mary may be angry if this is the guy who contacted her. She hates it when people waste her time like this. Wouldn't you?