



EBC Bikewriter

October 2007

The Evansville Bicycle Club Newsletter

Notes from the President's Corner
By Darlene Wefel

IT'S GREAT PUMPKIN TIME!!!

I can't believe it's time for the *The Great Pumpkin*, Charlie Brown! I think that Rusty will be staying up all night again this year waiting for the Wizard to arrive.

It's not too late to volunteer. As of the date of this writing, we still need five SAG drivers, and a crew to help serve the pasta! It seems that every year we are twisting arms, calling people, and begging for help. I ask myself how is this possible? We have a large membership, I see over 100 cyclists on the statistics sheet in the newsletter, and I see large numbers of riders doing the rides on a regular basis. We have about 50 club members that have signed up to work. Some members are devoting two days to prepare for the event, some are spending days preparing decorations for their rest-stops. This is the only time of the year that the club really needs the support of all the members to put on the only fund raiser we have. This year for some strange reason the YMCA choose the same date to do the $\frac{1}{2}$ Marathon. This pulled several people from our club that may have worked. I hopefully will get this resolved for next year's GPM. So, please call Ann Pendley, Rusty Yeager, Mark Oliver, or myself and sign up. If you can help with the pasta bar, you may be able to get in the 32-mile route before we start serving.

On a different note, St. Mary's Kids Safety and Bike Rodeo that was on August 25th was a huge success. Approximately 175 children went through the bike courses. Several of them enjoyed it so much, or wanted to practice their skills going through the squiggly lines that they rode it several times. There were 260 parents that attended the event and watched the safety video with their children, and 50 St. Mary's and Kohl's volunteers. Many of the young people participating in events thought the day brought their bikes and took the opportunity to ride the course. I'm not going to mention every member by name for fear of forgetting someone. The response of our club was unbelievable!!! Our club support for the bike rodeo and child safety proves to the community that we do care about these children, and want them to learn how to ride safely. This makes me proud to be a member of the EBC. Other groups such as the firefighters have specialized counterparts that have stepped forward stating that they want to partner with the EBC on future events. Awesome!!!

I want to thank Ann Pendley for being my right hand, support person, and friend. She has made this job much easier for me this year. I don't know what I would have done without her assistance.



One Last Time...With Effort

Steve Gerbig

I've previously documented how Dave Tanner and I worked RAAM TS #40 in Indianapolis in 2006 and agreed to ride 4-man TeamRAAM in 2007. It seems so long ago when we innocently thought we knew what we were getting into. Now, it's over.

I was surprised that we had so much trouble putting the team together. Other saner people probably wonder how (or why) we ever succeeded in doing so. But eventually we found the perfect teammates then trained at Texas Hell Week and set Indiana state crossing records as part of our preparation.

Then came RAAM—the toughest bike race in the world. By the time we'd finished, we'd covered America from coast to coast, won our age group and broke a 12 year old record that had been established by a most talented RAAM team. We were ecstatic and drained. But we couldn't just walk away from the team and all we'd invested in it, so we decided to do one last effort: A Colorado state-crossing record attempt.

Riding a bike across Colorado is tough and beautiful. During the drive to the Utah/Colorado border, we asked ourselves why one would choose to live anywhere else. Once the ride started, we would still enjoy the magnificent scenery as we passed either on the bike or in the team car. It was breathtaking.

We used the same tactics that had worked so well for us during RAAM: Two, 2-man teams taking 2-hour shifts; each rider doing 5-mile pulls during the day, 4-mile pulls at night; my three skinny teammates climbed the mountains while I descended the other side. We also encountered something we didn't see on RAAM: Foul weather. At dusk the wind began to howl and around midnight cold rain drenched us for five hours. No one, crew or riders, complained. At the end of the day, our time of 25 hours, 9 minutes was over our goal of 24 hours but was still the fastest bicycle crossing of Colorado ever in a record attempt by an individual or team of any age or gender on any type of bike.

So now it's over. During the short time the Hoosiers existed, we set five world records and won our age group in the toughest athletic event yet invented. What's really amazing is that I was part of this even though I'm just an average recreational cyclist who was lucky enough to be surrounded by a great team. It pays to have fast friends.

Hello! I joined EBC in May and have been able to attend the group rides on Tuesday and Thursday mornings. I've had a great time making new friends and getting in some miles.

I wanted to let you know that my wife wrote a letter to the Editors at Bicycling Magazine and they published her letter as this month's Letter of the Month. (Her name is Brooke West.) I just thought you might find the letter entertaining – I did! I wasn't even aware of her submitting it until I was reading through the mag that had just arrived in the mail!

Thanks
Daryn West

THE TRAIL JUNKIE'S TRUE GHOST STORY

By Charlie Miler

October is a wonderful month for bike rides, especially if you can combine it with a camping trip. The cooler temperatures and fall color make it a great time to enjoy some trail riding. The crisp autumn scent that permeates the air's cold snap adds to the enjoyment. After a day on the trail, there is nothing like coming back to camp to snuggle in a warm, comfy sweat shirt and huddling around the campfire for the telling of tall tales. Being so close to Halloween, everybody loves to hear a good campfire ghost story, and I have a true Trail Junkie ghost story to tell.

In October of 2005, I went on a camping trip to West Virginia's *North Bend State Park*. The *North Bend Rail Trail* is a crushed stone trail that passes through the State Park. Its 72-mile length runs between Parkersburg, and Wolf Summit, WV. It is one link in the National Discovery Trail that crosses our great country from the east to west coasts. The *North Bend Trail* features 13 tunnels and 36 bridges. I had been wanting to ride this trail ever since I learned of it. October, my favorite month of the year, was a perfect time for me to go. All the kids are back in school and October is too cold for the fair-weather campers. So I reserved a campsite for the 3rd week, hitched up my camper, and headed for West Virginia.

For the most part, my trip to North Bend was all on four-lane highways. But once I turned off US 50 and onto WV-Rte 31, it was a different story. This is a narrow, twisting, road through the ridges of West Virginia and I was sure I saw a "still" tucked away back in the woods. As "Dueling Banjos" played in my head, I was hoping I would not encounter a car coming in the other direction. I had visions of my camper and me going off the road and over the ridge. After several miles on Rt-31, I came into Cairo, WV. This town is just outside the border of *North Bend State Park* and consists of a Post Office, a couple homes, a few stores, and a pizza place. Cairo's crossroads are WV- Rte 31 and the *North Bend Rail Trail*. I soon entered the State Park and set up camp. There were 24 campsites, but only a few of them were occupied. I selected a site alongside a small river that was complete with a beaver dam. I was itching to get on my bike and find the trail. Cairo is only three miles by trail from the campground, and I still had some daylight left, so I headed in that direction. Once there, I stopped at one of Cairo's small trailside stores and met the owner. This very nice lady was proud of the trail and began to fill me in on all its history and lore. She told me about the *Haunted Silver Run Tunnel* just a few miles west of Cairo. As the story goes, back in the late 1880's, a young lady was traveling by train when she fell onto the tracks and was run over. They say you can see her ghost laughing at you from the head stones of a small trailside cemetery near Silver Run. She is also reported to haunt the *Silver Run Tunnel*. The store owner had never seen the ghost herself, but did tell me some really strange events have occurred at that tunnel. I made up my mind the first tunnel to visit would be Silver Run.

The next morning ,I was on the trail and again headed west. I passed through Cairo on my way and looked forward to finding the "haunted tunnel". My goal that day was to reach the trail's western terminus in Parkersburg. All the trail tunnels seem to have been built with a curve in them so you could not see the far side exit. On the longer tunnels, there is no "light-at-the-end-of-the-tunnel" until you have gone at least halfway through. After leaving Cairo, the trail became much more isolated. I noticed that despite the magnificent beauty of the fall foliage, there were not many trail visitors at this time of the year. And the closer I got to the Haunted Tunnel the more aware I became that I hadn't seen a "living soul" since I left Cairo. Also, except for my bike chain running through the sprockets and the crunch of my tires on the trail, there were no other sounds. The trail had entered into a valley with high wooded hills on both sides that naturally muffle sound. About a mile before the tunnel entrance, the landscape became weird looking. The trail was rutted and the trees along its edges looked twisted and lifeless. No colorful foliage on them here.

They were dead and gnarled. I rounded a bend and suddenly the tunnel entrance was before me. The trail was so badly rutted here I had to get off my bike and walk it. The tortured ground looked like the devil himself had recently danced upon it. The trail sloped downward and the hillsides closed in, funneling me toward that black orifice in the mountainside. It certainly looked haunted. I started to walk my bike through the trail ruts when I heard a low moaning sound come out of the tunnel. I stopped in my tracks and listened. Only the wind I thought, as I said to myself, "No wonder they call this the haunted tunnel". I again advanced on the tunnel when the moaning sound returned, **but this time it was louder. IT WAS GETTING CLOSER!** I stopped again and stared into the blackness, but the moaning didn't stop. It was getting still louder, like the cry of a banshee coming from the bowels of hell itself. I didn't know what to do and my skin began to crawl. There was a chill coming from the tunnel that seemed to freeze me in place and I thought I saw an eerie, hellish, glow deep within the darkness. The moaning was very loud now and there were other sounds too; like a choir of damned souls wailing in the darkness. There was a definite glow now visible on the tunnels walls and the trail somehow looked like it was on a steeper pitch than before, drawing me closer to the entrance. I was sure I was looking into the Gates-of-Hell, and any second a ghost train, spewing flames, was going to roar out of tunnel to run over me and suck out my soul. I wanted to turn away and run, but I was frozen with fascination and stood my ground. Just then, when things looked their darkest, a huge West Virginia State Park dump truck lumbered out of the tunnel and parked along side the trail. I walk over to the driver and said, "Boy, am I glad to see you! This is the haunted tunnel, isn't it?" He chuckled and replied, "Yeah, this old truck really made some weird noises echoing through the tunnels". He warned me of a bulldozer a few miles down the trail. They were repairing some flood damage along this section of trail, cutting down the dead trees, smoothing out the trail ruts, and putting down new crushed stone where needed. I thanked him, and continued on through the tunnel to find my way to the trail's west terminus in Parkersburg. A long the way, I passed through Eaton Tunnel, the second longest on the trail. This tunnel was extremely dark and bone-chilling cold inside. It was much colder than any of the other tunnels, but I didn't hear any moaning as I passed through it. I reached the trail's end and turned around to head back to camp. As luck would have it, I approached the west entrance of the Haunted Tunnel just as darkness was about to fall...

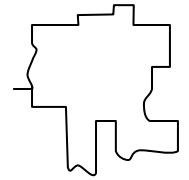
Prolog

My campfire ghost story is a light-hearted, (mostly) true tale of my experience on the **North Bend Rail Trail**. But several of the trail tunnels do have a sinister history. There are actually three tunnels on the trail reported to be haunted by troubled spirits. A young lady really was killed at **Silver Run Station** as she was traveling by train to her wedding in Parkersburg. **Silver Run Station** no longer exists, but the locals insist the girl's restless spirit still walks the trail at night. Another dark event occurred in the 1950's when the KKK allegedly hanged an innocent black man in one of the tunnels. Although never proven, this event is believed to be a true. And the Eaton Tunnel that felt so very cold inside has its dark secrets too. On June 7th, 1963, the original Eaton Tunnel collapsed as work crews were trying to enlarge it so bigger freight trains could pass through. Three workers were trapped in the tunnel when it caved in. Due to repeated cave-ins during the rescue attempts, their bodies could never be recovered. The old tunnel was simply sealed at both ends and a new tunnel was dug right next to the old one. Those workers are still entombed to this day in the old tunnel just a few hundred feet from the new Eaton Tunnel on the **North Bend Rail Trail**. Do you think the Eaton Tunnel is colder than all the others because it is longer, or is there some other reason? Happy Biking Halloween!

A chuckle submitted by Cindy Jones

One day, a man came home and was greeted by his wife dressed in a very Sexy nightie. "Tie me up," she purred, "and you can do anything you want." So he tied her up and went on a bike ride ride.

TOUR DIRECTOR'S CORNER



Tour Director: Jay Vercellotti

Spurgeon Century: Here's a cue sheet for the Spurgeon Century. Thanks goes to Cinda Alexander for creating

Distance	Direction	Road	PLAZA TO BOONVILLE (22.4 miles)
Start	R	Lincoln	
1.3	L	Epworth	
1.8		Cross HWY 66	
3.9	R	Telephone	
5.8	L	Bell	
6.4	R	Jenner	
8.5		Cross HWY 261	
8.9	R	Anderson	
10.9	L	Vann	
13.6	L	SR 61	
13.8	R	Roeder	
15.4		Cross Yankeetown HWY	
16.9	Str.	4-Way stop in Pelzer (becomes New Hope Road)	
18.3	L	Bullocktown (becomes Rockport Rd.)	
22.4	L	SR 62 (consider stop at Casey's General store)	
Distance	Direction	Road	BOONVILLE TO LYNNVILLE (22.9 miles)
23.6	R	4 th Street (becomes Folsomville Rd)	
32.7	L	4-Way Stop (stay on Folsomville Rd)	
37.8	L	SR 68	
45.3	R	SR 61 (consider stop at Shell)	
Distance	Direction	Road	LYNNVILLE TO SPURGEON LOOP (27.8 miles)
55.2	R	800 S	
57.4	L	300 E	
59.3	L	HWY 64	
60.8	L	HWY 61	
69.6	L	Spurgeon HWY	
72.2	Str	4 th Street (no sign) will pass Lynnville Grade School	
72.7	L	Main Street (SR 61)	
73.1	R	SR 68	
Distance	Direction	Road	LYNNVILLE TO PLAZA (26.9 miles)
81.4	L	North Road (to Elberfeld)	
83.9	L	Main Street	
84	R	St John's	
88.7	R	New Harmony	
89	L	St John's	
92.5	L	Titzer	
93	R	Stevenson Station	
95.8	R	Telephone	
96.3	L	Epworth	
98.5	R	Lincoln	
100		Plaza	

this route and cue sheet. This is a great century and the last time I rode it in the month of October it was wonderful. The trees will probably be at their peak and the weather will hopefully be pleasant.

Pumpkin SAGs: I'm the SAG coordinator for the Great Pumpkin Metric this year and we need more people to volunteer for SAG. You don't need much mechanical ability, but it would be nice if you at least know how to change a tire. A wide range of vehicles will work too, whether it be a pickup truck or a Geo with a bike rack. Email me if you are interested: rides@endlessvistas.com or call 812-867-7549.

There's not much else to talk about this month, so enjoy the fall weather and maybe I'll see you out there on the road!

Event Information

Oct 7: Great Pumpkin Metric @ Vanderburgh 4-H Center. 16, 31, or 62 mi. \$\$ **VOLUNTEERS NEEDED!**
Oct. 13-14: Hilly Hundred @ Ellettsville, IN Edgewood High School, 601 S. Edgewood Dr. 48 mi. on Saturday and 40 or 50 miles on Sunday. www.hillyhundred.org \$\$

*\$\$ = registration fee

EBC Bikewriter

P.O. Box 15517
Evansville, IN 47716

EBC Web Page: <http://evansvillebicycleclub.googlepages.com/>
Submit articles: bicycling_chick@bellsouth.net

The Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc.

New Membership and Renewal Application 2007

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Phone _____
E-mail Address _____
Signature _____

Individual \$12
Family \$20 +
\$1/child

Release of Liability

Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc. is organized for sole purpose of providing it's members with notification of central meeting points and times. Members freely elect to ride together as a group, following a route of choice. In signing this form for myself and/or my family members I understand and agree to absolve EBC, Inc. and it's organizers or sponsors for all blame for any injury misadventure, harm loss or inconvenience suffered as a result of participation in any ride or activity associated with or sponsored by the EBC, Inc. I further understand that I, as an individual am responsible to abide by all traffic laws and regulations governing bicycling and take full responsibility for my actions.

Make Checks payable to: Evansville Bicycle Club, Inc.

Mail to: Dave Ashworth
613 Vernonwood Ct
Evansville, IN 47712
Email: d.ashworth@insightbb.com

President	Darlene Wefel	(812-490-0686)
VP	Terrell Maurer	(812-479-1113)
Secretary	Linda Clemmer	(812-568-5097)
Treasurer	Bob Willett	(270-836-3546)
Membership	Dave Ashworth	(812-426-2489)

Statistician	Rusty Yeager	(812-402-1787)
Website	Bob Wefel	(812-490-0686)
Touring	Jay Vercellotti	(812-867-7549)
Newsletter	Faye Carter	(270-821-2143)
Publicity	Ann Russell	(812-490-3217)