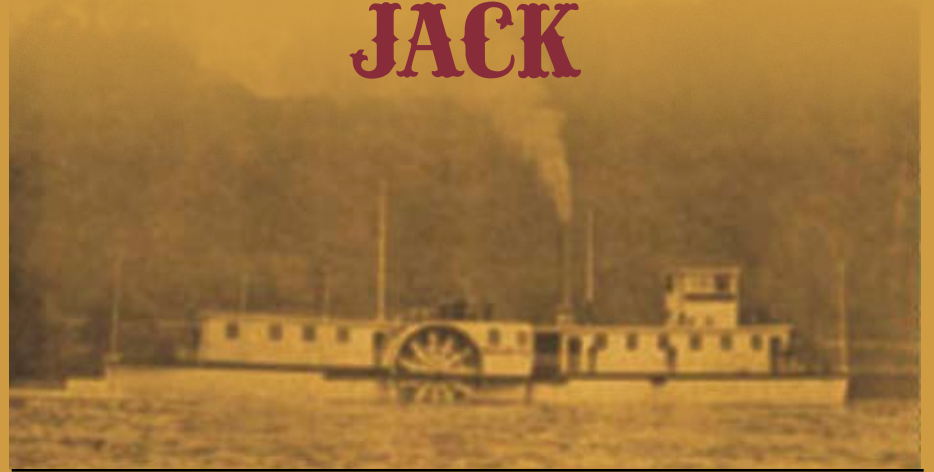


The Legend Of
**CAPTAIN
JACK**



**A FANCIFUL YARN, SPUN ESPECIALLY FOR OUR GUESTS AT
CAPTAIN JACK'S, JACKS FORK RIVER COFFEE COMPANY.
ON THE RIVER IN EMINENCE, MISSOURI.**

The Legend of **CAPTAIN JACK**



No one really knows for sure how the Jacks Fork actually came to have its name. You'll find a different twist and turn to the story waiting for you with every local you meet. Some say a young Shawnee Indian happened upon a tattered old captain's cap as his small tribe crossed the Mississippi when they migrated west from Ohio. Then later, after his tribe eventually settled here in Shannon County on the river, the young Shawnee's great pride in the cap he wore earned him the nickname Captain Jack and the Jacks Fork River was named after him.

However, we think that story is much too bland and boring, and not a bit romantic. For crying out loud—it barely even fills one paragraph. We're certain there was more to it than that. After all, who would name an entire river after someone whose only claim to fame came from wearing a second-hand captain's hat? Please. No, we knew a better story than that was just itching to be told, so we searched high and low and finally found some reliable sources for another version—then we livened it up a mite to entertain our guests. That's the way we do things here at Captain Jack's.

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Our version of this legend begins on December 16, 1811 with a young Shawnee Indian boy named Little Brave With Big Vision, who was migrating west from Ohio with his tribe. You see, the very nature of every Shawnee is to sing and dance and worship the Great Spirit unfettered by the intervention of outsiders—a very different expression than that of the white settlers of their time. So they were in search of a new land that was free from the encroachment of white men.

When the Shawnee tribe approached the Mississippi River for the first time, a strange series of events occurred. In the middle of the day, the sky began to darken as a strange fireball with an incredibly bright tail made an arc across it. To their amazement, tens of thousands of squirrels suddenly came into sight, swept along in the water by a ferocious current. The whole scene was surreal – something out of a dream. Before they could assimilate what these phenomena could mean, the ground under their feet began to shake. Their horses scattered, and many of the tribe ran for safety to higher ground. Then the thought came to them that their revered leader, Tecumseh, had prophesied that very earthquake during a meeting with Big Warrior on the Tallapoosa River in Tuckhabatchee, hundreds of miles away in Alabama. Tecumseh had scolded that once he reached Detroit, he would stomp the ground in defiance of the white man's infringement, then the earth would shake as never before. That would be the sign for all Indians to unite and drive the white pioneers off their land. The awestruck Shawnee reckoned that Tecumseh had finally put his foot down and that time had come.

As if what they'd already experienced wasn't enough of a shock, the Shawnee heard a frighteningly high-pitched shrill sound emanating from the north. The tribe stood rooted to the ground in silent awe as the huge Penelore (fire canoe) approached from upriver accompanied by a bevy of squirrels swirling in it's wake—a strange, disquieting sight. The huge beast belched smoke and steam and screamed an earsplitting trill while giant paddles pounded the water with every turn. The ground continued to tremble beneath their feet. The Elders were sure it was a terrible omen sent from the strange ball of fire in the sky. But they had no clue what it meant. They were frozen in time, not knowing



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whether to seek shelter or attack. However, legend has it that Little Brave With Big Vision wasn't afraid, (well, not too afraid...) he was captivated by the Penelore and the mystique of the river. Like Tom Sawyer, and any other youngster worth his salt, that very day he became fascinated with the awesome adventure of it all.

Preoccupied by the events of the moment, the rest of his tribe didn't notice Little Brave as he slipped away with only his deer skin robe to follow the fire canoe along the banks of the river. When she tied up on Hurricane Island for the night, the young Shawnee traversed the treacherous current, fought his way through countless snags and snares, and finally made it to the island. At 5:00 a.m. on the morning of December 17, exhausted from his ordeal but overwhelmed by the notion of excitement on the mighty river, Little Brave With Big Vision tenaciously climbed aboard and stowed away on the New Orleans, the first paddle wheeler ever to brave passage down the Ohio and Mississippi river ways.

After the colossal paddle wheeler commenced its journey and got well underway, the youngster was discovered by one of the boatmen and brought to the Pilot, a stern taskmaster named Andrew Jack. To teach the young Indian a lesson, the Pilot roared that those who stowed away on his ship were always flogged and turned over to the authorities at the next port of call. The young boy didn't understand much English but the captain's expression clearly told him that he had stepped into a big mess. He glanced at the other men on deck and they looked equally stern, even the well-dressed man who stood apart from the deck hands glowered. He had no idea that the captain was just trying to scare him or that the distinguished white man was actually the owner of the vessel, Nicholas Roosevelt, great granduncle of Theodore Roosevelt.

Fate had its own plans for Little Brave With Big Vision. Just as he settled down for the night on his deer skin robe, Mother Nature intervened with a wailing wind that set Tiger howling in fright. (Tiger was the Roosevelt's massive Newfoundland dog.) After several flashes of lightning, the great comet disappeared and the next earthquake hit. The already menacing sky turned black as pitch and the river suddenly changed direction. The boy stared wide-eyed as a



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mammoth reversing swell stopped the 148' vessel dead in her tracks. The severe jolt caused some dry wood next to an overheated stove to ignite and set the ship afire. Smoke, mixed with a foul stench that resembled putrid eggs, filled the air as chaos erupted onboard from the ensuing fire and surrounding calamity. The boatmen scurried about trying to put the fire out while one of the servants searched for wounded. In the pandemonium, Mr. Roosevelt thought they were under attack, so he grabbed his sword and headed for the main deck, only to be stopped by an unyielding wall of fire. As the Pilot was leaving the bridge to assess the damage, an ancient oak was torn from the riverbank and thrust into the side of the boat. The tree rammed the ship with such ferocity the pilot was slammed to the deck and pinned under falling debris. The scene was chaotic; no one saw what happened to Andrew Jack except the Indian boy. He pulled the pilot from the burning debris to safety.



As the story goes, Andrew Jack was so enthralled by the young man's bravery, and appreciative that he had saved his life, he took the young Indian on as a member of the crew. He even gave him an old captain's cap to wear and his English name—Jack. Tiger wagged his tail and slobbered his approval. The events of that fateful night changed the young Indian stowaway's life. Along with Nicholas Roosevelt and his adventuresome rebel wife Lydia, their two-year-old daughter Rosetta, their newborn son Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, and Andrew Jack, Engineer Baker, 6 boatmen, 2 female servants, a man waiter, the cook, and Tiger, he completed the astonishing adventure down the mighty Mississippi on the ship's maiden voyage.

As they made their way past New Madrid and Little Prairie on course for Natchez, the last of the eighty-nine earthquake tremors that had rocked their journey gave up the ghost and the sky cleared completely. They arrived safely at their destination, New Orleans, on January 12, 1812, swathed in the adulation of the jubilant multitude that was on hand to witness the monumental occasion.

Intermission...

Are You Ready for a Cup of Fresh-Roasted Coffee?

Jacks Fork River Coffee Company

Eventually, young Jack grew up and became a prominent steamboat captain in his own right. By then, his tribe and other Shawnee who had ventured west of the Mississippi River, had claimed some land next to one of the creeks here in Shannon County, and planted a peach orchard. (That's how Shawnee Creek got its name). On one of his frequent visits to visit his family, Jack met and fell in love with a beautiful, spirited young woman with fiery red hair named Eugenia from the Irish Wilderness (in nearby Ripley County). She was immediately smitten with the handsome Shawnee captain as well. Their whirlwind courtship was short, they married and Captain Jack built her a cabin near her family and his.



Captain Jack promised to return home as often as his adventures on the river would allow, and for a time that was enough. But there came the day when Eugenia gave birth to their first son and nearly died. With that, she set her foot down and gave Captain Jack an ultimatum. Either he give up the paddle wheelers, stay home, and take

care of his beloved and their new son—or she would change him from a rooster into a hen and set his hair on fire. Well, Captain Jack thought about that for a minute, took note of the stubborn gleam in her eye and that fiery red hair of hers, and then he remembered what happened after the last person he knew put their foot down. Appropriately, he made the decision that very day to give up his life on the river.

Knowing that day would come in due course, Captain Jack had planned for it well. He had built a trading post next to their home, and he and Eugenia ran the business together. They sold dry goods, fresh fruit from his tribe's orchard, and unsullied libations. It was touted, far and wide, that theirs was the best coffee in the state—a blend from exotic beans that Captain Jack had imported during his many excursions. It quickly became a favored stopping off point for travelers and locals alike. Everyone loved the yarns Captain Jack spun about that fateful day in 1811 when the mighty Mississippi turned backwards on itself as the world shook around it.

As the years passed, a town grew up around Captain Jack's establishment, and he became a much-loved member of the community—so much so that it was voted on his 70th birthday to

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name the tributary that Shawnee Creek flowed into “Jacks Fork River” in his honor. Throughout the years, many folks have sworn they’ve seen the ghosts of Captain Jack and Eugenia walking hand in hand at the river’s edge. They say there was no mistaking that tattered old captain’s hat that he wore, and those strong, regal features! And the story goes that, even though the Shawnee were forced out of Missouri in 1825, their ghosts return to this land they loved to this very day. If you’ll sit quietly on the bank of the river late at night, and look closely, you’ll likely see them dancing all around you to the beat of wooden drums as they worship the Great Creator.

Anyway, that’s the story we heard and we like it. . . No one knows for certain what happened to Captain Jack’s old trading post. Some say the Union Army burned it to the ground in 1863 along with the original town of Eminence (near Round Springs) during the War of Northern Aggression (Civil War). But that’s another story . . .

Nevertheless, the spirit of Captain Jack is still alive and well in Eminence. Our crew is carrying on the legacy left by Captain Jack with Jeanie at the helm of the new Jacks Fork River Coffee Company—welcoming and wooing visitors with superlative and salubrious brews that will please the palette of even the most discerning coffee gourmet. So relax, have another a cup of fresh-roasted coffee, sit a spell and visit. If you don’t like our story, well then you’ll just have to stimulate your own imagination and create one of your own—maybe our coffee will help. In the spirit of Captain Jack, we love camaraderie, conversation, and good stories!



**Captain Jack’s, Jacks Fork River Coffee Company.
Status Quo—STALLED!**

Jacks Fork River Coffee Company

On behalf of the management and staff of Captain Jack’s, we would like to extend a special thank you to Sandy DeSha and Jason West for co-creating our yarn—“The Legend of Captain Jack.”

Ms. Desha is a published author with five romance novels under her belt—*Deception’s Fire, Rapture’s Reward, Restless Passions, Silver Seduction and Mail Order Bride*. Sandy is a talented writer, proofreader, and editor who works freelance for national and international clients. For more information about her services, or to order any of her books, please contact Sandy personally at (314) 956-6980 or send e-mail to sandydesha@hotmail.com.

Mr. West is an accomplished art and creative director with the design firm Westech Graphics FX. He also has a passion for writing. Throughout his career, he has worked on many projects ranging from branding small start-up businesses to promoting international corporate clients on global levels. Westech designed and created our brand image, marketing collaterals, and sign package. For more information about their services, please contact Jason personally at (573) 757-8371. You can also visit them on the web at westechgraphicsfx.com.

Information for this story was gleaned from:

1. *The Rambler in North America: 1832-1833*

By Charles Joseph Latrobe
(2nd edition)
London (1836)

2. Fund Publication No. 6

The First Steamboat Voyage on the Western Waters
[Seal of Maryland Historical Society]
by J.H.B. Latrobe [John Hazelhurst Beneval Latrobe]
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Baltimore, October, 1871

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In accordance with the Act of Congress, approved Aug. 30, 1852.

No.



PILOT'S CERTIFICATE.

The undersigned, Inspector for the District of St. Louis, certify that Captain Jacob having been by them this day duly examined, finding his qualifications as a Pilot of a Steam Boat, to be suitable and safe, persons to be intrusted with the power and duties of Pilot of Steam Boats, and do license him to act as such for one year from this date, on the following terms, to wit: In the Missouri River
to and from St. Louis and New Orleans
Given under our hand, this 9th day of April 1859

James H. McLean
Inspector

I, James H. McLean, Inspector for the District of St. Louis, certify that the above named John C. Cleaves this day, before me, solemnly swore that he would faithfully and honestly, according to his best skill and judgment, without concealment or reservation, perform all the duties required of him as a Pilot, by the Act of Congress, approved August 30, 1852, entitled "An act to amend an act entitled 'An act to provide for the better security of the lives of passengers on board of vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam,' and for other purposes."

Given under my hand, this 9th day of April 1859
James H. McLean

Serving Only Superlative & Salubrious Brews Derived From Fresh-Roasted Coffee Beans.



SUPERLATIVE: Su·per·lat·tiv
Pronunciation: Sû-'pər-lə-tiv
Function: Adjective
Etymology: Middle English superlatif, from Anglo French, from Late Latin superlativus, from Latin super latus (past participle of superferre to carry over, raise high), from super-+latus, past participle of ferre to carry.
Date: 14th century
Definition: 1: of, relating to, or constituting...extreme or unsurpassed level or extent 2 a: surpassing all others: **SUPREME** b: of very high quality : **EXCELLENT.**

SALUBRIOUS: Sa·lu·bri·ous
Pronunciation: Sə-'lü-brē-əs
Function: Adjective
Etymology: Latin salubris; akin to salvus safe, healthy.
Date: 1547
Definition: Favorable to or promoting health or well-being.

UNSULLIED: *That just means our libations are alcohol free.*



CAPTAIN JACK'S

JACKS FORK RIVER COFFEE COMPANY

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