



## Weevil Christmas Wish List 2019

Since 2014, Caddo Biocontrol Alliance (CBA), has successfully raised salvinia weevils for release on Caddo Lake. This one of a kind "grassroots effort" to mass produce salvinia weevils, the only biological control for giant salvinia, needs your help!

CBA (a 501(c)(3) non-profit) works with local, state and federal agencies in a collaborative effort to control the growth and spread of giant salvinia on Caddo Lake. CBA's workforce consists of many dedicated and hard-working volunteers, a part-time greenhouse manager and a part-time project manager.

Funds have been attained to build a much needed second greenhouse and construction will begin in the next few weeks. Some of our expenses are covered by grants, special events and the sale of weevils to TPWD, but most of what we rely on to keep our operation going are donations. We would greatly appreciate being one of your holiday season donations. Below are some of our most pressing needs, broken down by category.

- New pump to supply lake water to both greenhouses \$2000
- Lumber to build tanks in new greenhouse \$2500
- Rubber liners for new tanks \$5,000
- Microscope with photography capabilities \$700
- Lawn mower and Weed eater \$700

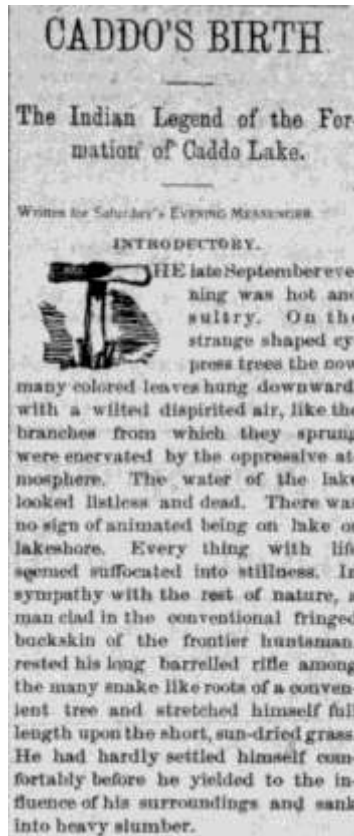
Donations may be sent to:  
Caddo Biocontrol Alliance  
P.O. Box 79  
Karnack, TX 75661



## GCLA Christmas Party and Meeting

GCLA invites all members and want-to-be-members to our annual Christmas pot-luck gala, at the Karnack Community Center (behind the fire department) on December 11 at 6PM. We will provide the meats and ask that those attending bring a favorite vegetable, side, or dessert to share.

## The Legend of Caddo's Birth



Continued on page 3

Featured in the *Marshall Evening Messenger* February 25, 1893



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Any fool can destroy trees.  
They cannot run away.  
— John Muir



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*Welcome to*  
**CADDO LAKE**

**LODGING • FOOD • BOAT LAUNCH • TOURS**

# Sachihiko Ono Murata, A Caddo Legend

From a memorial by John Andrew Prime



Known to Caddo Lake locals as "George the Jap," Sachihiko Ono Murata left Japan as a youth, stealing aboard a U.S. Navy ship under the command of Admiral George Brown. He served as Brown's chef for several tours in the Pacific Fleet, but when Brown retired, he settled first in New Orleans.

However, he still had the urge to wander, and he traveled up the Mississippi and Red Rivers until stopping in Caddo Parish in the 1905-1910 time period. He finally settled on the north shore of Caddo Lake, just on the Texas side, where his ability to cook and lead fishing expeditions made him a favorite of both the Caddo Parish, La., and Harrison/Marion Counties, Texas, authorities.

The Caddo Lake water level declined after the US Army Corps of Engineers began blocking distributaries of the Red River feeding into the lake in the late 1800s, creating less lake and more swamp and mud flats. Mr. Murata discovered pearl-bearing mussels in the mud in the early 1900s and started a sensation when a couple of the pearls were appraised for hundreds of dollars. Many local people joined the pearl hunting craze until the first dam raised the water level of the lake, destroying the ideal habitat for the mussels.

When World War II began, long-time Japanese immigrants became the victims of unfounded suspicion while we were at war with their country of birth. Many Japanese-Americans were rounded up and placed in interment camps, and the FBI began searching for Mr. Murata.

Caddo Parish deputies and Texas law officers, reportedly under the direction of Texan T J "Cap" Taylor, Lady Bird Johnson's father, protected Mr. Murata from the federal agents, promising his good behavior, and the gentleman was able to lead a peaceful and undisturbed life until his death in 1946, just after the war ended.

**Sachihiko Ono "George" Murata was buried in the Core Cemetery just west of Gray in Marion County by those he loved and who loved him, in a country he came to know and love as his own.**



### GCLA Officers

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The dull red sun hung low over the wood-bound horizon, resting just above a mass of angry looking black clouds, its subdued rays falling through the hazy atmosphere and changing the shadows along the margin of the lake from a soft grey to that strange combination of grey and blue that gives to all it touches a ghastly tint. Hot, fitful breezes came in gusts from the water, and made the pines deeper in the wood wall and sigh, by fits and starts, like penitent ghosts in hopeless agony. Far out on the water long swells rose and fell, like human passions long pent up, struggling ceaselessly to be free. Over the white sands of the beach the moving sheets of water gurgled and hissed, as though full of serpents, as they came in and out. The man opened his eyes lazily, gave one startled look at his surroundings and rose hastily to his feet. His rifle's stock grated against the hollow sounding roofs as he raised it, causing a well grown fawn to spring back from the water's edge, where it had been quenching its thirst, and start across the open between the water and the wood to gain the friendly cover of its shadow. Not quicker than the veteran hunter's practiced eyes were its movements. Rapidly raising the rifle to his shoulder, he aimed it hastily and pressed the trigger. A red flash went up from the powder pan where the spark from the flint struck, a long flame sprang from the muzzle, the herald of the report that followed, and the fawn pitched forward, spouting frothy blood from its mouth and nostrils. A few convulsed quivers as it lay on its side, and the forest tragedy was complete.

As he bent over his game, knife in hand, a grunt of satisfaction close at his side caused him to turn quickly around. Before him, his many colored blanket wrapped closely around him, stood a Caddo Indian, with a pleased grin on his age drawn and wrinkled visage. The long eagle feathers in his coarse black hair and the quantity of wampum pendent from his shriveled neck showed him clearly to be a man of importance in his tribe.

The hunter greeted him in the Caddo tongue, which he had mastered during a stay of two years in the wilds of East Texas, embred by the slow strengthening, from too long neglect, of a broken leg. The Indian replied with unusual volubility, and ended his speech with an invitation to the hunter to come with him to his lodge, near by, for shelter from the rapidly approaching storm. The proffered hospitality was gladly accepted, and together they bore the game to the wigwam, secure in the heavy timber alike from cold, wind and rain.

While the Indian's daughter was placing the hot venison steaks and steaming sofkey, served in the burned clay pottery of the Caddo's, upon the woven cane matting, that served for a table, the guest had drawn from his weather worn haversack of heavy hair coated buckskin a well filled flask of excellent brandy, purchased at the trading post at Shreve's Landing when he started on his expedition to the interior some days before, and both guest and host were feeling in a decidedly communicative mood. Ere they seated themselves on the comfortable skin rugs preparatory to

beginning the repast each had become acquainted with the other's name, that is to say they had exchanged names, during their stay together, the Indian taking that of the white man and the white man assuming that of the Indian, a Caddo way of cementing friendship.

The meal ended, seated Turkish fashion each upon his bear skin, they smoked their pipes silently for some time, until the genial influence of the weed began to stimulate the desire for human exchange of thought. The white man was the first to break the silence. He was thinking of the strange customs and traditions of the kindly and decidedly intelligent tribe, with whom he had spent so considerable a portion of his life, sharing often for months their wigwams and ways of life, but without ever more than half understanding them. This inspired his question, "How long have your people lived on the shores of this lake?"

The Indian deliberated for some moments, after the manner of his tribe, before replying. At length he said, "My people came to this land many moons, from the warm wind (meaning the gulf breeze) and had many caciques, who he buried in the great mound one moon toward the setting sun, before this lake was born."

The hunter knew that the Caddos believed, in common with some of the other southern tribes, that all lakes and rivers were children of one of their most dreaded goddesses, or spirits, the "Mother of Waters." Hence he readily understood the old Indian to mean that his tribe was older than the lake, upon whose shores they lived, and had doubtless dwelt for ages. His curiosity was at once aroused, and his eager questions prompted his host to tell him the story of Lake Caddo's birth. It was told in the almost stately and intensely dramatic dialect of the Caddos, which like that of the Aztecs further south, to whom this tribe was closely related, consisted of a series of symbolic word pictures, difficult to translate, but exceedingly poetical and effective. If we can produce in any degree the weird and picturesque wildness of the tale as the pioneer hunter and trader heard it, we feel sure that our readers will be more than satisfied with the result.

#### THE INDIAN'S STORY.

"The new moon in this month has long been the season for the Caddos to hold their sun dance. It is the time when the sun god is preparing for his journey to the far North, and our people hold their great dance to see him safely off. Since the time of the great chief, Otto-Waho, Rising Water, when the sun dance is over, and the moon comes for our braves to prepare for their hunt on the northern shore, another dance has been held. All-Waho-Mama (the dance of the Mother of Waters) is what it is called. Then the women gash their arms and breasts with the flint knives, and dance around the sea fish bone for two moons, to gain a safe return from the northern shore for their braves from the Mother of Waters.

"The sun god went on his journey to the North, returned and journeyed to the South many times. The Caddos danced the great sun dance each time. Then the braves went hunting to the north, and returned with many bears and deer.

"Then a young chief from the far South came among the Caddos. He was a great medicine man, the greatest our tribe has ever seen before or since. His hatchet was harder and keener than any of ours, and his wide spear was white and clear like water. He taught our women and old men how to weave the bear's long hair into blankets, and how to braid into garments the feathers of birds. His medicine made stones and bits of skins bear messages to the cacique from him. But greatest of all his wonderful possessions was the strange sea fish bone, given to his father by the Mother of Waters. With this he could make the waters of the river, which sometimes overflowed our hunting grounds, go back into their channels. When the long drouth drove the game further up the stream into the lands of the wild Comanches, our enemies, he could make the water rise in our river, bringing them back again.

"The cacique gave him his most beautiful daughter, and promised him that he should govern the Caddos when he had seen too many moons to longer lead the hunting parties to the North, if he would stay in the land of the Caddos.

"One moon the old chief left not his wigwam to lead the braves to hunt the bear and deer in the North. The young chief called the council, and they gave to him the eagle feathers and wampum of the cacique to the Caddos. Then he led the braves to the hunt in the North. As he left his wigwam Nee-Nee, wife of the cacique, fairest then of all the women, called him to her father's bear skin, and the old chief pressed his hand, gave him his strong-bow and his wampum.

"Many moons the braves hunted. Many deer and bears they sent home to the women, more than ever before.

the Caddos on one hunt to the northward had returned with.

"Then the sky grew red. The days were dark, and a strange snow, like the ashes of our camp fires, fell for many moons. The thunder god growled and roared beneath us, like our old men said their old caciques, long seated within the great mound, one moon towards the setting sun, told of when the Caddos came from the land of the warm winds. Many moons, and the sun grew darker, all the woods seemed bathed in blood. The thunder god came nearer, and his growling shook the matting on our wigwam floors. Still the braves returned not.

"Old Kaploel, oldest of all our medicine men, returned one night from the village on the creek, where he idly spent his days since the young chief from the land of the warm wind, whom he hated, came among us. Soon he called the council of the old men; told them of the anger of the Mother of the Waters, who would soon bring forth a daughter, that our braves were gone hunting bear and deer far to the northward, and would not dance at the coming of her daughter, ho-- the thunder god, her husband, was angry with the Caddos. Then he told them of the strange sea fish bone, which he knew the young chief gave to Nee-Nee when he led the braves to the northward; told them how 'twould soothe the anger of the Mother of Waters, if he used it with his medicine.

"Nee-Nee gave the sea fish bone to Kaploel, and he placed it in the Earth. Then he danced around it for three moons, with many signs and incantations. Then the thunder god growled louder, and the day grew dark as night. Winds blew fiercely through the trees, laden with the strange snow that stung and burned. The earth rose and fell, throwing down the wigwams.

"When the earth was still, and the sun came back again, all before us was the water, the water of the broad lake.

"Otto-Waho and his braves never came back from the North, from hunting bear and deer. When the sun god journeys to the North the braves go to the North shore, when the Water-Mother's dance is finished. Two moons they hunt for Otto-Waho and the braves, who went with him when the Mother of the Waters brought forth her child, 'Lake Caddo.'

"I have here the sea fish bone, given to me by my father. It is given to the women when they dance the dances of Waho-Mama."

The old Indian ceased speaking. In vain the hunter coaxed him to tell him more of Nee-Nee, and old Kaploel. Even the potent "fire water" could induce him to tell nothing further. He had spoken, and the utmost that he would promise was to tell him more about his people another time when both were not so tired. When the hunter stretched himself at last upon his bed of skins, and was sinking into his usual deep and dreamless sleep, he fancied he heard the Indian's daughter chanting slowly to herself the refrain of the monotonous song of the All-Waho-Mama, which he had so often heard the women of the Caddos sing at their great dance, following that of the men to the sun god, without understanding its meaning.

# KEEP CADDO LAKE NATURAL!

## Join GCLA

Dues are only \$10.00 per person per year. This includes membership in The Greater Caddo Lake Association of Texas, plus you will receive our newsletters which are printed on a semi-regular basis; more often if needed. There is no better way to keep up with the issues that concern the lake.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

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Additional Names \_\_\_\_\_

Amount Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ ( \$10.00)\* (number of members)

New Members: \_\_\_\_\_ Renewals: \_\_\_\_\_ Number of Years: \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to GCLA of Texas    Mail to GCLA of Texas. P.O. Box 339, Karnack TX, 75661

Please check the date printed above your name and address - it shows when your membership expires. If you are past due, this may be your last newsletter!

\*Your email address is voluntary. It will only be used to keep you informed of developments on the lake. It will not be given or sold to anyone. We will send one newsletter per address, unless otherwise instructed. This allows us to mail copies to our politicians and government entities to let them know how we feel on the issues!

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