

Cleora, a little town of the olden days just south of Bernice enjoyed much the same pleasures of living as did the other little settlements. William Thompson, a Cherokee, operated a general store at Cleora for more than half a century. Mr. Thompson too watched progress come and saw the waters of Grand Lake inundate the beautiful old townsite of Cleora. After that stroke Cleora never recovered, though Mr. Thompson put in another store about a mile north of the old place. No other business were replaced, and the town died.

Among the many prairies, bends, and other areas marked by some topographic arrangement was Armstrong Bend, which was located just south of Bernice on Grand River. This crescent of rich river bottom farming land was originally settled by the Cherokee family of the Armstrongs. Armstrong Bend also disappeared when the waters of Grand Lake rose. It is with a note of sadness, and not being able to understand, that comes to the Indian as he stands on the bank of the many man made lakes. The Indian no longer can travel at will to a favorite fishing hole, noodle or gag fish his way and at his pleasure, or just enjoy the beauty of undisturbed clear streams. What he sees is not pleasing, as the white man has lined the lake shores with boats, cabins, docks, and "private" and "keep out" signs, garbage and trash strewn roads, bare hill sides bulldozed, and the stench of fumes and smoke from the increasing number of industries. And yet, the Indian thinks, someone has the gall to call his former home "Green Country".

On a more pleasant side, Mrs. Bunch recalls the days of long ago, when the family joined many others to go to the Ocoee Indian Fair over on Mustang Creek. Hundreds of Cherokees, with a good representation of Shawnees and Delawares, came together each early fall to exhibit, visit, trade and enjoy themselves. A big event at the four-day fair was "Hound dog beat", a showing and display of hunting dogs.