

Bernice Cundiff

January 30, 1904 – January 21, 1922

(From – Hinton Independent Herald - January 26, 1922 – re-written for legibility)

Miss Bernie Cundiff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cundiff, of this city, died at the Hinton Hospital, Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, of typhoid fever. She had been ill of this terrible ailment for the past four weeks and from the first her condition was serious, her physical power of resistance being insufficient to stay the ravages of the disease, and the end came not unexpectedly to her family and friends.

In the bloom, the promise and sweetness of young womanhood, the passing of Miss Cundiff is a crushing blow to her parents, sisters, brother and relatives.

She was a member of the High School senior class and would have graduated at the end of the term had she been spared to do so. She was ambitious and bright and popular young lady. She was a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church and Sunday school, and would have been 18 years of age the 31st of this month.

Besides her parents, she leaves two sisters – Misses Edith and Nellie, and one brother, Frank, Jr.

The funeral services were conducted in the First Baptist church, Monday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, by her pastor, Rev. J.W. Rowe, assisted by Rev. H.P. Hackney. Burial followed in the Hill Top Cemetery. The wealth of beautiful floral designs and the large crowd which attended the last sad rites, spoke eloquently, but mutely, the love and esteem of many friends.

The poem on the following page is taken from the 1922 Hinton High School Dart.

T H E D A R T

In Memoriam

The following poem was written in memory of Susie Perry of the Normal Department and Bernice Cundiff, two Seniors of the Hinton High School, who departed this life during the school year 1921-22:

The morn of maidenhood shown on their brows
Like dawn's clear light on eastward hills;
Nor hope had heard ambition's blighting vows,
Nor purpose gained youth's variant wills.

They met the incident of death, and dared,
In youth, the vale where shadows lie;
They crossed death's mystic stream—how well they fared—
By hope they dwell where none e'er die!

Denied by early night their day's full way,
They sleep, or rather say they wake;
In yonder Higher School they work and play—
Their places here must others take.

Our memory vaults inviolate shall hold
Their minted gold, their jewelled worth;
For youth—glad years are rich in things untold,
And joyous hearts rare wealth of earth.

Earth's broken friendships once again may blend
Where night nor pain nor parting known;
Our class, its circle rudely broken, lend
Itself to life and find its own.

—J. Herbert Bean.