

I am sure that if there is a  
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**We Salute You**

## Myrtis Fulgham Hood

By Frankye Elizabeth Awtrey

On August 11, 1868, just three years after the crushing end of the war between the States, Morgan and Maggie Greene Fulghum became the proud parents of a dark-eyed baby girl. The Fulghums were living at that time near Springville but later moved to Ashville and lived in the old James Embry home. (Now the home of the Willis Hodges) Mr. Fulghum was a carpenter by trade and it was he who built the Presbyterian church in Springville and one in Ashville, which is now the Church of Christ.

At the age of fifteen, Miss Myrtis, a petite, dark-eyed beauty, fell in love with Thomas Jefferson Hodd who was ten years her senior. The Fulghums objected strenuously to the courtship because of their daughters youth and of the difference in their ages; but this little Miss had a head of her own (She still has) and in true "STORY BOOK ROMANCE" she quietly packed her bag and as soon as as the house was quiet for the night she climbed out of her bedroom window, with shoes in her hands she crept down a ladder and eloped with Jeff Hood to Trenton, Georgia, where they were married on October 3, 1883.

The happy couple moved into the Fulghum Hotel, a large, rambling, two-story building covering half a block where the drug store, Bowlin's grocery, and Willis Mercantile buildings are now located. This hotel was a busy place. Here for breakfast stopped the farmers, creaking in at dawn with produce, or with cotton brought in to be ginned, after the night on the road; the horses moving slowly, a lantern swinging. Traveling men from "ALL OVER" were housed here also. These men made it a point to use this hotel as headquarters while they sold their various wares in the surrounding territory. This house was indeed a busy one but young Myrtis pitched in and did her share without complaining. Cheerful courage and sturdy faith were her companions. She shopped in the local grocery stores where nothing was sold in packages. Coffee and tea were scooped with shiny scoops out of bins, syrup was in kegs and crackers and pickles were in barrels. The coffee beans were ground in a coffee grinder attached to the kitchen wall.

After a few years the Hoods moved to Texas where they farmed for eighteen years. Though Texas was the largest State in

the union, it was not large enough to hold Miss Myrtis when she decided to move back home. She returned with part of her family, leaving some of the older children there, and again took over the management of the Fulghum Hotel for the following thirteen years. The Hoods then bought the old Jim Hodges place on the edge of town where Mrs. Hood continues to live with her daughter, Mrs. Postel Hodges, and sons, Grady and Ned Hood; surrounded with mementoes of the past. She is the proud owner of many priceless pieces of hand-made antique furniture. Some of these pieces were made by her father and others were made by here Grandfather over a hundred and thirty years ago.

Mrs. Hood occupies a distinctive position in the hearts and minds of everyone in this community. She has been a well spring of inspiration with her mellow kindness arising from an honest heart to all who have known her through the years. But don't think for a minute that this remarkable person is old because she has lived for almost a century. She is not, and she will be the first to tell you so. She still helps with the cooking, dish-washing, (does it alone if the need arises) keeps her own room, and is quite able to take care of herself, thank you! She is as independent as they come and takes an avid interest in happenings of today. She loves, and is loved by, young people, has a keen sense of humor and will laugh quickly and as heartily at herself or members of her family as the next one. She enjoys playing cards and often plays long after midnight if she can get a foursome together. If not, she will just play solitaire alone. She enjoys television and last, but not least, she loves people and enjoys having them visit in her home.

So, on your nintyeth birthday, we salute you, Myrtis Fulghum Hood. And may we say that like Abbie Deal, with a lantern in her hand, you too, have gone forth to light the way and to become a symbol of high courage for future generations.

Mirrors were once more valuable than paintings by master artists. In the 17th Century a large Venetian mirror cost more than 8000 livres (a livre then was worth about a pound of silver). In contrast, a rare Raphael painting was then valued at only 3000 livres.