

It has been remembered by Samuel Garrett Murphy, grandson of Garrett Murphy, and bearer of his famous father's and grandfather's name, that at the peak of Garrett's career as a cattle man, he often made the remark, "that when he was cow hunting he was sorry for the horse, but when he got into the pen to catch calves, he was glad of his weight". Uncle Marion Postell Carlton, half-brother of Garrett Murphy, said, "I was always considered a large man, but Dink was much larger than myself. He was a man among men".

Oh, how I've wished so many times that I had talked longer and recorded some of the homey philosophy and wisdom of Grandpa Murphy; but most of what I am relating to you now was told to me by Grandpa before he died in 1934. This is a common fault with all of us. Life flies on wings of lightening, and while our loved ones are near us, we bask in the revelry of thoughtlessness and all too soon we would that we too had preserved for our posterity, that link in family tradition and history so priceless to all. Mr. Sartain, in his colorful "History of Walker County, Georgia" says, "that every piece of information concerning an ancestor is important and valuable". He further suggests that some competent person should be appointed historian, whose duty it is to make and keep a short but concise history of the family. In the course of years, this history might be published and handed down to the next succeeding generation. True, when we are young, and life's morn seems rosy and beautiful, we think and care little for the family history and tradition, but as we grow older in years and become more settled and thoughtful, our minds revert to our forefathers and we begin to ask about them and their surroundings. Every head of a family should carefully prepare in some permanent form, a concise and accurate account of his life, and leave it to his children with the request that it be preserved for future references, and request all the children to make additions to it from time to time. In this way an account and accurate history of the family would grow up in a few generations. Who of us, especially those advanced in years, would not be delighted if we were able to sit down and read some readable history of our loved ones back a few generations? Even though we might, and probably would, run across some dark spots, some black sheep, for who of us, I say again, is perfect.

Garrett Murphy did not remember his father, Arnold Murphy, for a separation came between his parents when he was very small. His father died when Garrett was only five years old, and in 1856 his mother married the Reverend John Wright Carlton, and young Garrett grew up with his beloved half brothers and sisters. It was the great privilege of these children to grow up in a religious atmosphere. They were reared around the family altar where they heard the gospel songs and reading of the holy scriptures, and where very earnest prayers ascended unto God. These invaluable parental influences crystalized in the thinking of young Garrett, and when he became the head of a household and the dutiful parent of six girls and two boys, he too, insisted on family prayer, and it became a ritual with him and his children, that who ever was visiting his home, preacher or horse thief before anyone went to the table to eat, Garrett Murphy would read the Bible (in the living room) and each knelt by his or her chair while Grandpa prayed for guidance, and gave thanks for everything.

At fourteen years of age, Garrett weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds, being very large for his age, and the spirit of adventure in his veins, he ran away from home to "join up" in the Confederate Army. It was his intention to follow his uncle, a brother of his mothers to war. He had not gone far before he found him. Garrett was taken under the wing of his uncle until such time as the troops could meet a railroad. While in camp, the young, but, would be patriot, served his country by washing the dishes of the soldiers.

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