

by", earned for him the honorable position of president of a bank and a county commissioner. The early day farmers in Florida needed a good bank where they could borrow money in order to finance the tilling of their rich soil, and sustain themselves. This bank could have been Florida itself. The citizens who patronized it did bear the weight of their loan and were able to build homes, support their families, and consequently, a greater Florida. Garrett Murphy's limited education would indicate his capabilities for almost any position, save Bank President. But when to his surprise, this high position was extended him, his answer was that, "He was a cowman, not a banker". To this reply, Garrett Murphy was advised: there were many employees who could run a bank, but what the bank needed now was an employee who knew and understood people. Someone to whom the bank and the bank patrons could turn for assistance and advice. Farmers needed professional opinions on planting procedures, and the bank officials were prepared to loan the money and in return be secure in that loan. Garrett Murphy was that man. He served as bank president in Bradenton with the dignity of a college professor, and was always ready to give of himself whenever the time was needed. There was nothing too big for him to handle; never big headed, he was always jovial, humble and serious. He analyzed a problem into its constituent elements and usually arrived at correct and satisfactory answers. Garrett Murphy came by his appreciation of fair dealings honestly. Many of his mother's relations were Justices in their own right, and one of the first court sessions ever held in the state of Georgia was held in Appling County in an old saw mill and conducted by Frederick Cason.

Many years after Grandpa moved to town, his old friends and also his new ones, would come by to talk to him as he sat on his front porch, which was always full of comfortable rockers. Some of his supporters wanted hand outs, others had come for advice, and still many had come for just a good piece of conversation. None ever left there but what they were better off than when they had arrived. "I always learned something every time I was around Pappy or Grandpa", remembers grandson Samuel Garrett Murphy.

There were other enterprises which crowned the success of Garrett Murphy, such as a grocery store, hardware store and meat market. It was common information that Samuel Jackson Murphy could hand and butcher a beef faster than any of the employees. The Gaar House, which was the hotel in Bradenton, spent all the way from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a month on meat and supplies for residents of the settlement. This same structure was used for a Courthouse while the new one was being built.

The following incident gives the reader an insight into the type of strategy used by Grandpa while in the Hardware Store. Upon arriving at work one morning, Grandpa noticed immediately that one of his saddles had been stolen. He advertised to the customers that if the one who had relieved the store of the merchandise would return same, nothing would be done about it. Shortly after this ultimatum, Grandpa received no less than twelve or more saddles.

Everyone coming in at the front entrance of the Hardware Store, always received a hearty welcome from Grandpa's favorite hunting dog, Klicky Klochy, named so because of the way he wiggle waggled his long pointy tail. Klicky Klocky's post was well anchored near the opening, and this cordial, or otherwise greeting was always extended, depending on the type of errands the customers were on. Dogs were as much a part of the Murphy clan as were the children themselves.

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