

Reflecting again on the days when her father was a mail carrier, she tells that the mail man served more than just delivering the letters and papers. He also delivered messages from neighbor to neighbor, carried settin' hens complete with eggs, brought groceries from the store, took flowers to a new grave, picked up medicine for the sick when necessary, and picked up cream and eggs for the store. He also killed rattlesnakes, shot mad dogs, and passed on the latest in killing blister beetles on squash, and suggested a good phistilo remedy.

The old days and happy times are gone now from Liberty. Few people live in the community now. No busy farms are to be seen. No orchards, fine gardens, cane fields are tended any more. But the few old timers who lived and knew those days fifty and more years ago tell what a wonderful place Liberty was then.