JOHN DILLARD (J.D.) ELDRIDGE OBT.

LIVINGSTON -- Funeral services for **John Dillard** (**J.D.**) **Eldridge**, 94, of Livingston, will be held Thursday, Jan. 29, at 3 p.m. from the chapel of Speck Funeral Home in Livingston.

Burial will be in Good Hope Cemetery in Livingston.

Family will receive friends today, Wednesday, Jan. 28, from 2-9 p.m. at the funeral home.

Mr. Eldridge died Monday, Jan. 26, 2009, at Overton County Nursing Home.

He was born June 17, 1914, in Overton County to the late Marion Sidney and Maniza Ethel Masters Eldridge.

Mr. Eldridge was the founder of Overton County News in 1967, as well as the owner, editor and publisher. He had the "Cracker Barrel Radio Program" on the WLIV radio station during the 1950s and 1960s. He authored the book "Cracker Barrel Tales" and wrote a column in the Herald-Citizen called "Easing Along." He was a member of First United Methodist Church in Livingston and Livingston Lodge 259 and a Shriner at the Al Menah Temple. He was known for his dry humor.

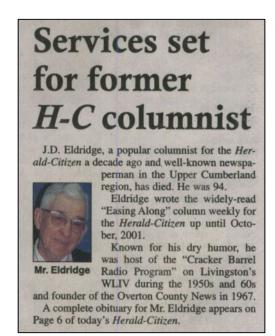
His family included his daughter-in-law, Sue Eldridge of Livingston; a grandson, Larry E. Eldridge II of Livingston; two great-grandchildren, Aleia and Braydon Eldridge, both of Livingston; a special niece, Veneta Gore and husband Edward of Livingston; and a special neighbor, Joyce Bilbrey of Livingston.

In addition to his parents, Mr. Eldridge was preceded in death by his wife, Stella Eldridge; two sons, Larry E. and Garry Eldridge; four sisters, Lily Allen, Lura Whittington, Flora Davis and Pearl Boles; and two brothers, Oscar and Robert Eldridge.

Bros. Bob Stoner and James Thrasher will officiate the services.

Wednesday, Jan 28, 2009: Herald-Citizen, Cookeville, TN

http://www.ajlambert.com



Herald-Citizen, Cookeville, TN: Jan 28, 2009: Wednesday, Jan 28, 2009, front page.

YES, THERE'S LOTS OF INTEREST 'OFF BEATEN PATH' 'Easing Along' by J. D. Eldridge

Herald-Citizen, Cookeville, TN: Sunday, 18 April 2004, B-1

When I learned that the Herald-Citizen is planning to publish a special section, "Off the Beaten Path," it set me thinking.

Our countryside's and back roads are where the unique and picturesque charms if our area are most spread out and displayed against the backdrop of hills, hollows, lakes, forest, bluffs and waterfalls, just to mention a sparse few of the exhibits of Nature under the canopy of the heavens, attuned to the music of the winds, streams, songbirds, and, of course, a silence so loud sometimes it can be heard and felt.

For a relaxing and also exciting drive, head-out to one or almost any of our back roads, anywhere 'off the beaten paths,' and you will likely go barely a mile before you find yourself wrapped-up in the spell of the long-since-past and present, adding each its pictorial art to tickle the palate of your eyeballs and tantalize your memory bygones days.

You may find yourself painting your own picture of what ht people who, years ago, lived in the house where today stands only the bleak, lone fireplace and chimney surrounded by a grown-up thicket. Maybe the house was destroyed by fire?

Then on a hillside overlooking the old premises, you can see a little burial ground – the family graveyard, where the generations of a family long gone walked on the spot where you stand. If you read the names on the gravestone inscriptions, you will learn whose abode this was.

Walk onto the culbert that spans the creek, and the pool you see just below is where the old ford was. This was the 'baptizing hole' where on many a Sunday afternoon the banks of the creek were filled with folds who made up the population of the vicinity.

You'll surmise that, farther downstream, was the watermill with its millpond and waterwheel that was an important part of the people who lived here.

Wherever you go, wherever you look, you'll find the back roads are lined with sightseeing marvels. Beautiful country homes are found in unlikely settings of woodland, on high hills, in pastoral coves and in spots so seemingly primeval as on the day the world was made.

If you drive on our back roads, you will be made to feel that God made the country and man made the town.

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