

Southern Custom

DOORS  HARDWARE

In 1993, George DesChamps had an idea to build some small trunks as a keepsake for his grandchildren. The project required a large amount of oak lumber which George found to be a little too pricey at the local lumberyards. He contacted his son-in-law, Bill Barrett, to find out if Bill had any suggestions for purchasing the oak. Bill, a hobbyist woodworker, remembered a local craftsman who occasionally sold wood remnants from his projects.

Bill and George made the trip to the craftsman's shop and were able to purchase the oak for George's project. During their visit, Bill was amazed at the work being done in the small shop. This craftsman was creating the most beautiful doors from plain board lumber. During their discussion, the craftsman told Bill he was looking for a helper and Bill wasted no time asking for the job. He had a passion for working with wood and recognized an opportunity to hone his skills that he could not pass up.

Two of the things George believed strongly was you're never too old to follow your dream and coffee can never be too strong or too sweet. After two years of apprenticing at night and working a full time job by day, the craftsman told Bill he was ready to retire. With George's encouragement, Bill decided to follow his dream and bought the business. Southern Custom Doors was born.

For the first couple of years, the business grew slowly and Bill continued building doors part-time. In 2000, the business had outgrown the original small shop and moved to a larger shop location. Finally, Bill was able to make building doors his full time profession.

Southern Custom Doors outgrew its second location six years later. In August 2006, the business moved to its current location at 409 Larch Road. We employ local craftsmen who take great pride in building what we like to consider "furniture on hinges."

Sadly, George passed away in September of 2006 and was never able to visit the new location of Southern Custom Doors. Each day as the halogen lights slowly illuminate the dark corners of the shop and the machines yawn to life with electric current, there's always a strong pot of coffee being brewed in the office. As we drink our first cup of coffee, though maybe not with as much sugar as George would have liked, we remember him with much love and gratitude.