

Little River Cafe

In 1985 myself (George Thorne) and my good friend JB Lynch decided to go have a beer. I had never been to the infamous Drummer's Club. Leaving Goshen and going down the Old Chesterfield hill and then to the end of the earth - there it was tucked against the Little River. What a great place, but so neglected. Carol Myrick, who was bartending, said "well, it's for sale for \$80 Grand and it comes with the house across the way. I think we might have had one or two more beers before getting back home, properly fortified and letting my wife, Peggy, know we were going into the "roadhouse" business. With two young sons, not an easy sell. It took nine months to close and on January 1, 1986 Fred Emerson retired and moved to Florida and Peg and I started our journey. After three months and a Jersey Jury decision we closed the Drummer's Club and three months later we rebuilt and reopened as "The Bradfords Restaurant". The first two chefs just about put us out of business and by winter we decided I couldn't do any worse. Bobby Marsh came back to talk me through it. What sticks with me though is how incredibly forgiving my hilltown neighbors were. Many didn't like the changes and the loss of a favorite watering hole but many were willing to give it and us a chance and hung in there with us. I won't try to name all the people who supported us over the years, none are forgotten. After three years we took down and rebuilt the house across the way and moved in with the boys. Mike got into Gateway and Nate here in town, Bruce Kelso framed the house for us and Hank Livingston did the finish work with me, and Bert Nugent put in the septic. By then we were pretty much getting used to our lives and had nine more years of good times, hard time and funny times with our staff and crazy friends. Twelve years to the day and that was 20 years of great memories and friends that we keep to this very day.

