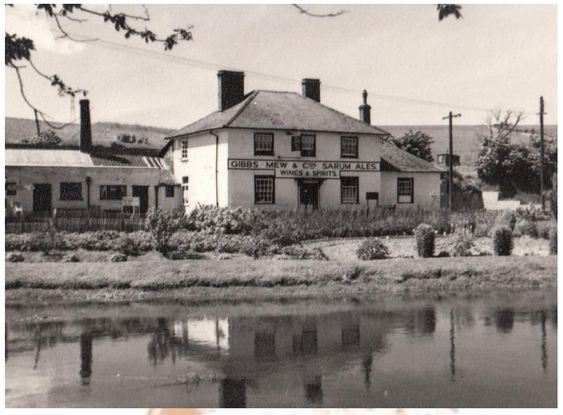
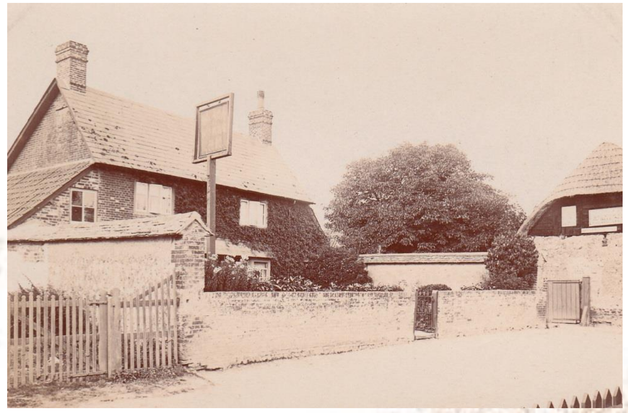
The Public Houses



The Bridge , Upper Woodford. 1949

We used to have a chap on piano - down there at The Bridge and of course I knew all the songs. So after we had a dart match, we used to say. “Come on Geordie, get on the piano.” Then he used to say. “Come on Barb you know all the songs.” A bloke had a triangle to hit with the music and another one had a drum. The triangle’s in the river, it hit someone’s toe or something and he picked it up and threw it in the river. I expect it’s still in the river now.

Barbara Portnall



The Black Horse, Great Durnford. Early 1900s

The Black Horse used to have good parties down there on a Saturday night. It was packed - full of smoke and old Fred Smith behind the bar. That was the best pub – The Black Horse; the piano was going and the singing. It was lovely – most enjoyable. I like a good singsong you know.

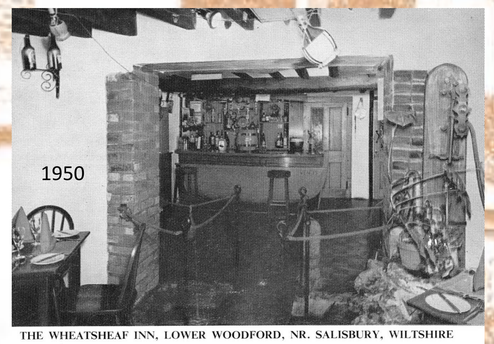
Sam Lavender



Ivy and Fred Smith, landlords of the Black Horse. 1979
Christine Grant behind the bar.



Colin and Ina White with Des Dear drinking a yard of ale in the Wheatsheaf, with George Prince and Yamsing the dog.



THE WHEATSHEAF INN, LOWER WOODFORD, NR. SALISBURY, WILTSHIRE



The Wheatsheaf, Lower Woodford. 1930s

Saturday afternoon Alan played football - obviously and then home, supper, get changed and down the Wheatsheaf. It was a big factor in our growing’s up. I don’t think it’s ever stopped being popular. Colin and Ina White ran it for years, they really did it well, and they’d have fancy dress Christmas and New Year’s Eve parties and all sorts of things going on. We went on a pub weekend trip to Istanbul, which was crazy, especially in those days. So it was very much that was the place you went on a Saturday night - you went down to the Wheatsheaf - everybody did. The German bar - the little bar out the back that is now part of the restaurant - used to have a bridge over a pond with the goldfish. Then they had half of a boat as the bar and it was the German bar, they sold German beer. And the front bar was very snug and that’s where you went and that was the ordinary bar. The middle bit where the older people tended to sit. We had some good times at the Wheatsheaf.

Sally Feltham



The Crown, Netton. 1930s

I remember going to The Crown. It was one of us children’s favourite outings. Walk to Grandmother’s, Woodpeckers cider shandy and a wax packet of Smiths crisps with the blue twist of salt in it; that to us was a big treat. Then probably about 7o’clock just as the pub was opening, we’d walk on to the chapel at Netton to Woodford Bridge and left and back down through the valley and back home by about 8 o’clock or just after. We thought that was a wonderful evening. I don’t know what modern youngsters would think of that sort of outing, but to us it was everything.

Mike Penny