

Fred Tipping

1925 - 1986



By Lyn McNair (nee Tipping) | Family History | 2021

INTRODUCTION

I have been a family historian for as long as I can remember. Family history has always fascinated me, but I did not really begin in earnest until I was in my late forties. This is when my serious research began and over the years, I was able to gather a fairly robust collection of documentary evidence for my research.

In the 2020 Covid-19 pandemic I realized that, for my family to make sense of all this evidence I had accumulated, I needed to create narratives with which to bind the facts together. I used the 2020 lockdown to full advantage and began with a series of small books following the paternal line of my mother's family tree; but it was my father's family history that really fascinated me.

What I *really* wanted to do was write about my father. His family history is fascinating, but this book is not really about that, although I will continue to add to this series with the stories of his ancestors. This narrative is about *his* life, *his* story.

It took me another year before I finally got around to working on this. Once I had started there were long periods of time where I found it extremely difficult to continue. There were memories that made me laugh out loud, but there were some that were just too hard to write about.

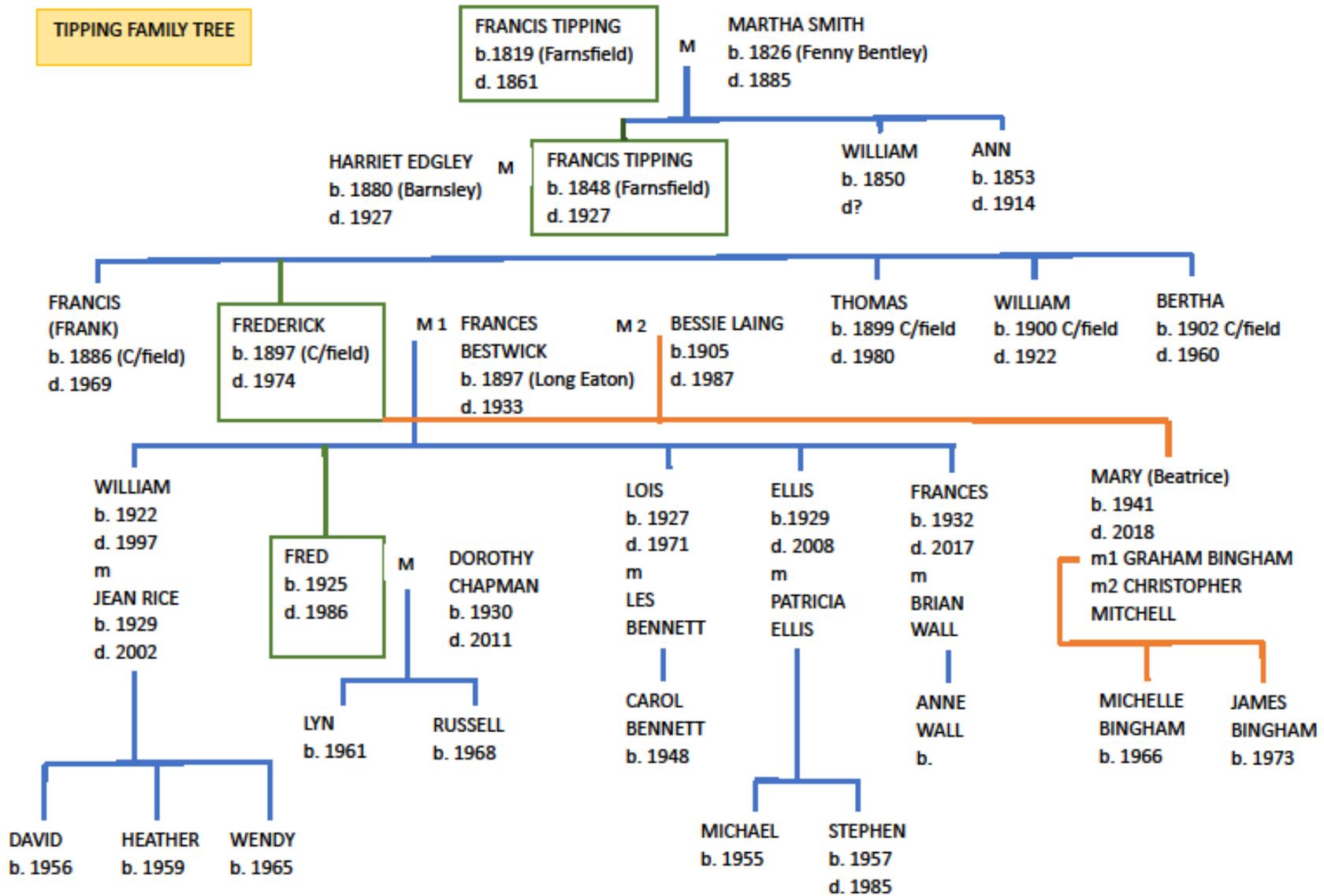
This was simply because I had never really got over losing him, it was still too raw. His death in 1985 was sudden, unexpected and was deeply felt by my whole family.

The over-riding motivation to finish what I had started was my desire to keep my father's memory alive; that was the driving force that enabled me to bring his story to completion. It also helped me to come to terms with his loss, over 37 years later.

I dedicate this book to him, Fred Tipping. My Dad.

Lyn McNair September 2023

TIPPING FAMILY TREE



Fred Tipping was born on the 10th July 1925 to parents Frederick Tipping (Fred Snr.) and Frances Isobel Tipping (née Bestwick).

Fred was the second son born to Fred Snr. and Frances; his elder brother William was born in 1922. The family lived on Birkin Lane in Grassmoor, Derbyshire. The brothers were soon joined by a sister in 1927 named Lois and another brother, Ellis, in 1929.



Fred Tipping Snr & Frances Tipping
circa 1922

Fred and Bill would have most likely attended Grassmoor National School on Chesterfield Road, Grassmoor whilst they lived on Birkin Lane.

Fred's father was a postman and from The British Postal Service Appointment Books we know his rounds were based in Hasland and North Wingfield.

In 1931 his postal rounds changed to the areas more central to Chesterfield and so it is reasonable to assume that this was the year the

family moved to Boythorpe in Chesterfield. The William Rhodes Secondary School for Boys on Hunloke Avenue, Boythorpe opened in 1931 and this is where Fred and his brothers went to school.

The house was one of the new council houses built in the area; it was spacious with a long garden at the back. A new social housing estate had been built in the area around Boythorpe, with spacious gardens and enough bedrooms for the growing family.

A copy of Fred's birth certificate

CERTIFIED COPY OF AN ENTRY OF BIRTH

GIVEN AT THE GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE



Application Number 9316000-1

REGISTRATION DISTRICT	CHESTERFIELD
1925 BIRTH in the Sub-district of Chesterfield	in the County of Derby

Columns:- 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

No. When and where born Name, if any Sex Name and surname of father Name, surname and maiden surname of mother Occupation of father Signature, description and residence of informant When registered Signature of registrar Name entered after registration

402	5th July 1925 Maternity Home Chesterfield U.D.	Fred	Boy	Frederick Jipping	Frances Isabel Jipping formally Biswick	Post Office Letter Carrier of Burton Lane Grassmoor Hasland Whistofield W.D.	Frederick Jipping Father Burton Lane Grassmoor Hasland	10th August 1925	S.S. Broomhead Registrar.	
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CERTIFIED to be a true copy of an entry in the certified copy of a Register of Births in the District above mentioned.

Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, under the Seal of the said Office, the 3rd day of July 2018

BXCH 535026

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WARNING: A CERTIFICATE IS NOT EVIDENCE OF IDENTITY.



HBC



Circa 1928. Left to right: "Wilkie" Frances's brother in law; Frances Tipping holding Lois; 'Aunty' Mary (Bestwick) Frances's mother; Aunty Florrie (Mary's sister); other side of bush – probably Elizabeth, Frances's sister; Front row – Fred & Bill Tipping

In 1932 the youngest of Fred Snr's and Frances's children was born. They named their daughter Frances after her Fred's mum. In 1933 Frances discovered she was pregnant yet again.

We don't know the reasons, maybe money was tight, she had already given birth to 5 children the youngest a month under a year old. Whatever the reason or reasons were, Frances decided to get the pregnancy terminated. Abortions were not legal in the U.K. until 1967 but she found someone to perform the termination, most likely a friend or relative who had some experience in these matters. Things went wrong during the procedure, and she had to be rushed into

hospital. Sadly, Frances passed away whilst in hospital; her death certificate shows that an “incomplete abortion” was the cause of her death. The certificate also confirms that the family were living at 25 Walton Crescent in Chesterfield by then.

Fred was only a month away from his 8th birthday when he lost his mother. This photograph was taken the same year.

Despite offers from relatives in Nottinghamshire and the United States to provide a home for the baby Frances, Fred’s grandmother, Mary Bestwick, believed it was important to keep the whole family together and therefore took on the full responsibility for their care after her daughter’s death. The children always called her as ‘Aunty Mary’, not grandmother or grandma. The reason for this is not fully known but there are family stories that Bill, as a young boy, heard a relative call her “Aunty Mary” and, determined not to be outdone, he announced that she was *his* Aunty Mary and the term stuck! Another theory was that Fred Snr. may have been in receipt of some sort charity and that he told the children to call their grandmother Aunty Mary just in case anyone came knocking on their door.



Life must have been very hard for the family with the loss of their mother. Fortunately, there was a local recreation spot nearby called Walton Dam. Fred and his brothers would go there a lot as children. They enjoyed swimming, football and playing in the fields there. In those days there was a diving board and Fred mastered his swimming and diving skills. He also joined the Sea Cadets who trained there.

The picture below of Chesterfield Sea Cadets from 1938 was sent to Mr Cocker by old friend Guy Cook, who served in the Navy with him and was a member from 1938 to when he joined the forces.



Fred & dog Mick stood at diving board

WALTON DAM

Above: Fred is circled.

Middle & Below: Fred enjoys some leisure time

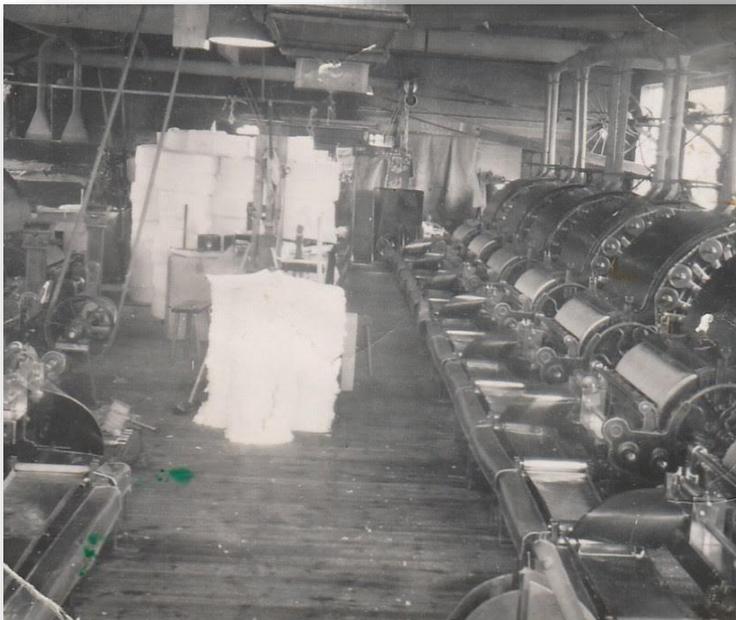


Fred & some pals

OFF TO WORK

After leaving school Fred started work at Robinson & Sons Ltd in their Walton Works building. He was a packer to begin with but was later to become supervisor. Robinsons was a manufacturer of surgical dressings, boxes, and other cotton products; they were one of the major employers in Chesterfield.

Fred at work in the Carding Department at Robinson & Sons Ltd, Walton Works



The Carding Dept. at Robinson & Sons Ltd. Card machines were used to process the cotton to produce a continuous web suitable for subsequent processing into bandages, pads, dressings etc.

THE FAMILY GETS BIGGER

In 1940 there were several new additions to the family. Fred Snr married his second wife, Bess Laing, who was a widow with two children of her own, Terry and Mavis.

Fred got on very well with Bess and with his step-siblings. The boys loved to play tricks on Bess. One story I remember Fred telling was when he and his brothers tied a toy spider onto the end of a fishing line and from their bedroom window, they dangled it in front of the kitchen window where Bess was working. Her shrieks of alarm had them all in stitches.

Fred's stepbrother, Terry, had been very ill with polio as a child, spending most of his childhood in an iron lung. As a result, his legs were very weak, and he was not able to walk very far. If going any distance Terry needed a wheelchair, so Fred used to take him for little outings.

Bess tended to be a little overprotective of Terry, understandably. Fred had to plead with her to let him take Terry to Walton Dam for a breath of fresh air, promising her that he would take care of him and leave him in his wheelchair. However, on these little outings Fred was secretly giving Terry some 'Occupational Therapy' by getting him out of his wheelchair and teaching him how to walk again. These sessions continued, unbeknown to Bess, until Terry felt confident and strong enough to walk on his own. If Bess had known what Fred had been up to, she would not have been at all happy, but even she could not hide her delight when Terry stopped needing his wheelchair.

As teenagers Fred, Bill, and Lois used the living room to practice dancing on a regular basis. Fred loved the 'Big Band Sound' of Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, and the like. These times were remembered fondly by the family. Bess would often style his hair for him using a knife and fork, thus creating the enduring hairstyle!

Fred had luscious black wavy hair, but with the aid of cutlery and Bay Rum Bess could tame it into a style that he never changed, although after a while, the use of cutlery was found to be unnecessary! It was not an unusual sight in those days to see Fred sat on a chair whilst Bess, knife, and fork in hand, worked on his hair style. It did annoy his father though, who thought the whole procedure as ridiculous, vain, and very 'unmanly.'

As young men their father would sometimes take Bill and Fred to the Blue Stoops, a pub at the top of Walton Road. To Fred Snr's disappointment Fred did not drink alcohol and his dad would often chide him for drinking lemonade instead of a pint.

Fred also loved the cinema, in fact movies were a lifelong passion of his, especially Laurel & Hardy, cowboy, and war movies.

Despite being a lad with a wonderful sense of humour, a trait shared by most members of his family, he could lose his temper sometimes. Bill told me of an occasion where he and Fred went to the cinema. They found seats and sat down to enjoy the movie. The lights went down. The next thing Bill knew, Fred had jumped up and had leapt upon the man who was sitting on the other side of him. "He punched the bloke and tried to shove him between the folding seats" Bill recounted.

Fred promptly left the cinema with Bill hurriedly following behind to find out what had happened. Apparently, Fred had felt someone feeling his leg in the dark; he had turned to see it was the man sat next to him!

Fred was very protective of his younger sisters. When Frances married, she and her husband Brian lived near another young couple. The husband took a particular shine to Frances which made her quite nervous of him. One day he knocked on Frances's door while Brian was at work. When Frances opened the door, the neighbor tried his best to sweet-talk her and gain entrance, but Frances shut the door in his face and kept the door locked until Brian came home. Fred

visited his sister, and she told him about the unwelcome attentions of their neighbour and how scared she was of him.

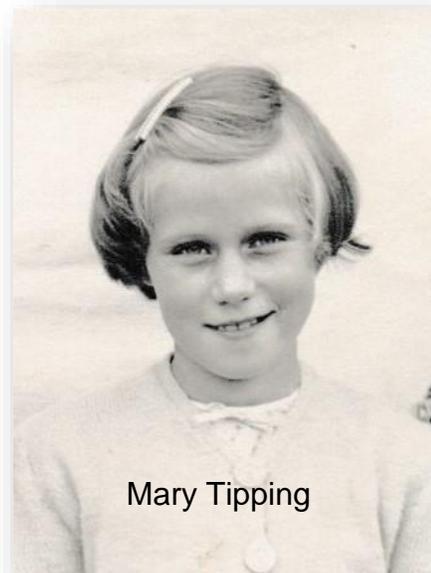


Fred decided to pay him a visit. He went to the house and knocked on the door. The man's wife answered and Fred asked if her husband was in and she replied that yes, he was. Fred asked to see him and he was shown into the living room where the man in question was sat. "Get up" Fred told him, "Why?" asked the man, "Because I'm going to knock you back down again" which he proceeded to do.

Frances never had any more bother from the neighbour.

In 1941 Fred Snr. and Bessie had a daughter, Beatrice Mary, who would always be known by her middle name.

Fred who adored his baby sister; but world events had already begun to disrupt the family.



WORLD WAR II

In 1939 the Second World War broke out. Like his father and his Uncle Frank before him Fred's brother Bill joined the infantry of the Sherwood Foresters as soon as he turned 18. Fred had to wait until 1943 when he too enlisted. However, he broke tradition and enlisted with the Royal Marines. Perhaps his sea cadet days had great influence on this choice.

Fred Tipping Royal Marine of Company A began his military career at Lymstone.



Certificate of the Service of Fred Tipping in the Royal Marines

16 August 1943 – 18 October 1946

AS Group No 557
 Entered for the period of *which*
 If a copy of this Form is required,
 Form R. 138A is to be used.
 the present *amendment.*

S.—1241. }
 R.—138. } (Revised—Sept., 1939)

CERTIFICATE of the Service of

SURNAME (in block letters)	CHRISTIAN NAME OR NAMES
TIPPING.	Fred. <i>921</i>

in the Royal Marines.

NOTE.—The corner of this Certificate is to be cut off if the man is discharged with a "Bad" character or with disgrace, or if specially directed by the Admiralty. If the corner is cut off, the fact is to be noted in the Ledger.

First entry in the Service on enlistment at <i>Depot R.M. Symington.</i>	Date <i>16 August 1943</i>	Division and Register Number <i>6th/115208.</i>
Date of re-engagement	Name and Address of next of Kin (To be noted in pencil.)	
Date of birth <i>10 July 1925.</i>	Relationship: <i>Father</i>	
Where born { Town or Village <i>Chesterfield</i>	Name: <i>Fred. Tipping</i>	
{ County <i>Derbyshire</i>	Address: <i>TIPPING</i>	
Trade brought up to <i>Printer.</i>	Address: <i>25 Walton Road, Buxton, Derbyshire.</i>	
National Registration Identity No. <i>A. B. H. V. 1974.</i>	Date of Marriage	
Religious Denomination <i>Church of England</i>		
Mar's signature on discharge to pension <i>Fred. Tipping. 22 July '43.</i>		

Employment during Service.				Swimming Qualifications.	
Nature	From	To	Date	Qualification	Signature

2. NAME *Fred TIPPING*

Name of Division or Ship (Tenders to be inserted in brackets)	Co.	Rank.	Non-Substantive Rating	From	To	Cause of Discharge and other notations authorised by Article 606 Clause 9, K.R. and A.I.
<i>Depot R.M. Symington</i>	<i>B</i>	<i>Music</i>		<i>16 Aug '43</i>	<i>18 Oct '46</i>	
<i>H.M.S. (R)</i>				<i>5 Feb '44</i>		
<i>Coimbra</i>				<i>6 Feb '44</i>	<i>22 April '46</i>	
<i>R.N. School of Music</i>				<i>23 April '46</i>	<i>15 Aug '46</i>	
<i>Chatham Div</i>				<i>16 Aug '46</i>	<i>18 Oct '46</i>	<i>Release in Class A.</i>

N.M. 35

Fred remained at Lympstone in training until 16th October 1943. From there Fred's service record states him at 'HBL RMTG.' A quick search for Royal Navy acronyms reveals that this means 'Home Based Ledger' meaning he was in the UK; RMTG is 'Royal Marines Training Group (c1942-46) usually one of four camps in Wales' (nmrn.org.uk). Fred remained there until 5 February 1944.

On the 6 February 1944 Fred is at HMS Copra in Scotland. Copra was "a shore base for the maintenance of personnel records and the calculation of pay and allowances for RN personnel attached to Combined Operations. COPRA stands for Combined Operations Pay Records & Accounts" (<https://www.combinedops.com>)

'The Commando Training Centre, also known as CTCRM, is the principal training centre for the Royal Marines.

Based at Lympstone in Devon CTCRM selects and trains all Royal Marines Officers, recruits and reserves. CTCRM is unique in that it also provides all Non Commissioned Officer (NCO) command training as well as training 70% of all Royal Marines specialists.'

Royalnavy.mod.uk

Fred kept a diary which covered the period between February 1945 to July 1946 including his time in Burma. It also gives some insight as to the character of the 18/19-year-old young man. In the diary he would refer to the anticipation they all felt when out at sea and letters would arrive. Fred enjoyed reading his letters from family and quite a few from young women he knew back home or from his time in Scotland.

An entry for Tuesday 13th September 1945 reveals Fred's compassion for those worse off than himself. He writes,

"Up at 4 am and away. Landed several troops and had to wait for the Beach Commander. We was [sic] talking to the Malaysians, most of them being Chinese. The 'Japs,' they said, hadn't given them food, no rice, the kids hungry. I gave them my 24 hours rations and now all day and night I've had nothing to eat."

Fred's sweet tooth is evident on another entry, Monday 24th October 1945 Fred writes,

“S.L. once again [shore leave]. Went all over the place. Plenty of ice creams, buns, cakes, egg & chips two or three times. As the night passed on, I got a little fed up and going to the dance made it worse. At 12.30 we got a lift back to Port- [Sweet?] The lads went out somewhere and I decided to go to the ice cream shop. I did, I had everything on the list. Boy, was I sick on the return, and again when I had been in bed.”

Unlike his fellow Marines Fred suffered from an ‘ice cream’ hangover rather than the effects of too much alcohol!

In April 1946, on his return to Britain, Fred trained as a drummer at the Royal Marines School of Music in Portsmouth before being discharged in October of that same year.

At some point during his time as a Royal Marine Fred caught malaria. Another family story relates how Fred had been stranded on an island, presumably in the East, along with a few others. His diary, referred to above, does not mention any illness during that time (other than the effects of too much ice cream), so it is difficult to estimate when this happened. A customer of the Three Horse Shoes told me that he had been among the crew who ‘rescued’ Fred and stated that he had looked very emaciated and ill. Fred only mentioned this to me once in a passing comment and I was too young to be that interested (oh how I wish I’d taken more notice now!). He took great pride in being a Royal Marine for the rest of his life.

Fred was discharged in October 1946 and was able to return to his job at Robinson & Sons Ltd. This time as a machinist. He had developed a love of photography and was able to save up and buy himself a ‘Brownie’ camera. The camera accompanied him everywhere and no one was able to escape his company without being captured on film.



Fred's camera. The writing inside the flap of the cover states his name and various addresses. In big letters he has written

'Pre 1950s'

Fred had other hobbies; he was an excellent cartoonist and loved drawing caricatures of people he knew. He enjoyed playing football and played for various teams in goal as did his brothers.



He continued to enjoy swimming and he enjoyed dancing, of course.

Fred was quite popular with the ladies; tall, dark, handsome and with a ready wit, he could take his pick of sweethearts; but it was on a night out, not long after being de-mobbed, that he went to one of the dance halls in Chesterfield town centre with his brother and sister, Bill and Lois. Having practiced in their living room over the years the siblings could show off their dancing prowess. On this evening, one girl in particular caught Fred's eye.

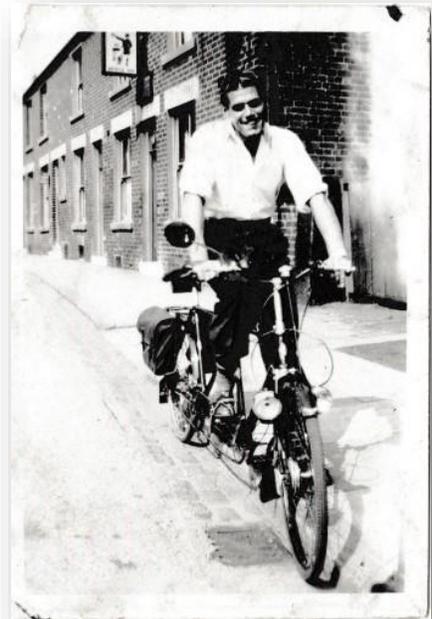
16-year-old Dorothy Chapman was attending the dance, probably with her best friend Jean Rice, but also under the watchful eye of her older brother Roy. Roy had also served as a Royal Marine and was the same age as Fred but I do not know if they knew each other before that evening. Fred first saw Dorothy across a crowded dance floor. He must have felt very confident of himself as he walked right over to her and asked her to dance. The fact that she was sat on another man's knee did not seem to bother him. Where Roy was is anyone's guess!

From that moment on Fred and Dot, as she was known,



1949: 19 years old
Dorothy Chapman

she was known, became an exclusive couple. Fred acquired a tandem and the couple cycled everywhere together, taking lots of photographs, of course.



1949: 24 year old Fred

Dot once told me of the hot summer's day that they cycled to Matlock and back; she got heatstroke. She was ill in bed for 3 days.

ROMANCE BLOSSOMS

Their relationship did not always run smoothly. Fred told me about one of their first ever arguments which took place at the garden gate of Dot's family home on Salisbury Crescent. In a fit of temper Dot slammed the gate and stormed off into the house crying her eyes out. The next day Fred went round to see if he could talk to Dot and resolve matters. He knocked on the door and Dot answered. They talked, all was forgiven and Fred apologised for making her cry the night before. Dot later confessed that when she had slammed the gate, she had trapped her fingers in it and, not wanting him to realise what she had done (probably because she knew he would laugh), she had run in the house crying.

Dot had worked in retail since leaving school. She had worked at some clothes shops, Eyre & Sons Ltd' and at Marks & Spencer in Chesterfield town centre.



In September 1950 Fred and Dot got married. It was a quiet affair with the reception taking place at the Cricketers on Stand Road near where Dot's parents lived. It was customary then for young married women to give up their jobs in order to take care of the home and husband, do the cooking and other domestic chores.

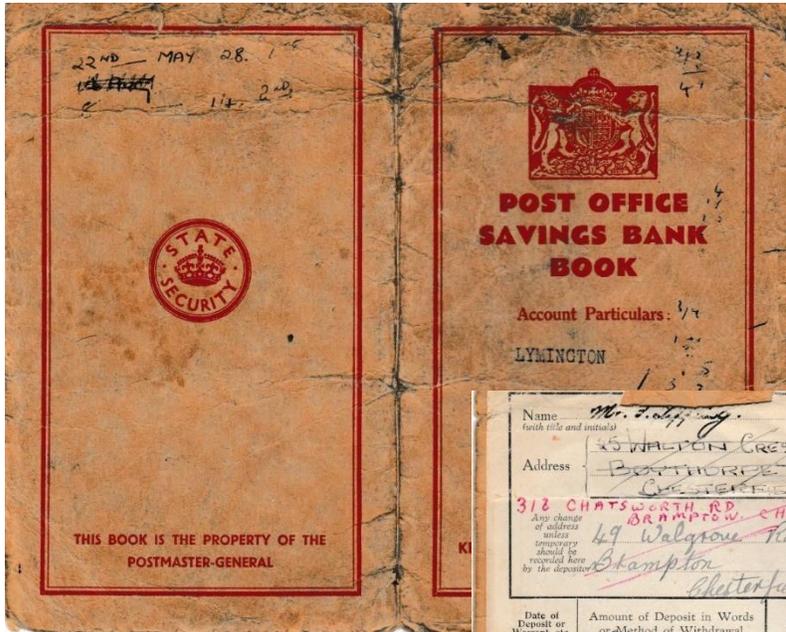
However, Dot stayed on at Marks & Spencer's. She decided that when they started a family, she would finish work then. However, this took a lot longer than expected.



Fred and Dot lived in cottage on Walton Fields Road. It was one of a row of terraced houses belonging to Robinson & Sons Ltd and was right next door to Fred's work place. He only had to climb over the garden wall to get to work. With two wages coming in the couple lived quite comfortably. Both loved to go dancing, always dressed to the nines!



Dot was very sensible with money, which was just as well because Fred was not. Although, he did open a Post Office Savings account in 1948.



Name *Mr. T. [unclear]*
 Address *45 WALTON CRESCENT, BOSTHORPE, CHESTERFIELD*
 Account *LYMINGTON 15745*

312 CHATSWORTH RD, BRAMPFORD, CHESTERFIELD
49 Walgrove Rd, Brampton, Chesterfield

This book should be sent to the Chief Office every year on the *22nd September* unless interest for the previous year has already been entered

Date of Deposit or Withdrawal, etc.	Amount of Deposit in Words or Method of Withdrawal	DEPOSITS £ s. d.	WITHDRAWALS £ s. d.	Initials	Date Stamp
<i>1948</i>	<i>one shilling and four pence</i>	<i>1 11 4</i>			
<i>2 Nov</i>	<i>Two Pounds</i>	<i>2 - -</i>			
<i>8 "</i>	<i>One Pound</i>	<i>1 - -</i>			
<i>2 Dec</i>	<i>Demand</i>		<i>1 - -</i>		
	<i>Interest 1948</i>	<i>4 12 3</i>			
	<i>Balance</i>	<i>3 12 3</i>			
<i>1949</i>	<i>10 Jan One Pound</i>	<i>1 - -</i>			
	Totals	<i>14 12 3</i>			

Name *Mr. T. [unclear]*
 Address *45 WALTON CRESCENT, BOSTHORPE, CHESTERFIELD*
 Account *LYMINGTON 15745*

Date of Deposit or Withdrawal, etc.	Amount of Deposit in Words or Method of Withdrawal	DEPOSITS £ s. d.	WITHDRAWALS £ s. d.	Initials	Date Stamp
<i>1954</i>	<i>BALANCE</i>	<i>13 9 4</i>			
<i>16 Mar</i>	<i>On demand</i>		<i>3 - -</i>		
<i>17 Mar</i>	<i>737712</i>		<i>8 - -</i>		
<i>30 Mar</i>	<i>On demand</i>		<i>2 - -</i>		
<i>1966</i>					
<i>15 Jan</i>	<i>One Pound</i>	<i>1 - -</i>			
<i>10 Jan</i>	<i>One pound</i>	<i>1 - -</i>			
	Totals				

Depositors are requested to examine all entries before leaving the Post Office.

Fred loved dogs and none more so than his mongrel, *Mick*.



Far left: Fred remarks on the back of this photo, "Mick and Vin. Vin is the one in the American jacket"



As both were at work all day Fred would let Mick have the run of the garden while they were out, but Mick had a cunning plan. On several occasions Mick followed Dot to work. Perhaps the garden wall separating the garden from Walton Works was too high for him to follow Fred! Depending on Fred's shifts Dot was sometimes the last to leave the house in the morning so she would put Mick out and leave the house to catch the bus into town on Chatsworth Road.

On one occasion the bus conductor, as he came for her fare, asked if the dog under her seat belonged to her, despite him telling her it having got on the bus at the next stop from her. She had no idea that Mick had sneaked on board, found her and then hidden under her seat. She had to get off the bus and take Mick home. On another occasion he followed the bus on foot, or paw rather, and sat outside Marks & Spencer's waiting for her to finish work. One of her colleagues spotted the dog and commented to her how it had been sat there for ages. Dot had to ask permission to leave so she could take him home, yet again.

When Fred was not working, he and Mick were inseparable. Fred's beloved Walton Dam was their favourite haunt and they would go there most afternoons and weekends. It was a cold snowy winter when Mick passed away. Dot remembered Fred burying him in the garden. Despite it being knee deep in snow Fred stayed out at Mick's little graveside all night in the freezing cold; he was heartbroken and could not bear to leave him.

Towards the end of the 1950s they got another dog; a German Shepherd who they named Rocky. At the bottom of their garden on Walton Fields Road ran the River Hipper. One night the couple were fast asleep in bed when they were awoken by someone banging on their back door. A man was shouting urgently for Fred. Alarmed, Fred went to the bedroom window and looked down; a workmate was standing at the kitchen door having climbed over their garden wall knee deep in water; the river had burst its banks and the whole garden was flooded. Dot and Fred raced downstairs to find Rocky sat quite happily up to his chest in the flooded kitchen.

Not long after this they were given notice that the cottages were to be demolished and that Robinsons were to build a new part of the factory on the site. Further along Walton Fields Road is Walgrove Road. Fred's Uncle Frank, his dad's brother, lived alone there at number 49. Frank opened his home to them and the couple and Rocky moved in.

Their local pub was the Three Horse Shoes on Chatsworth Road. It had family connections; Fred's mother Frances Bestwick, had lived there with her parents and it was there that she had met his father. Frances's parents, William and Mary Bestwick, had then been the landlord and landlady. Fred Snr. and Frances had lived there when first married and Fred's brother Bill had been born there. However, in the 1950s the pub was run by Sam and Ann Beresford.



Taken at the rear of Three Horse Shoes circa 1957: Sam Beresford, a neighbour and Pat,



Dot with
Ellis &
Pat

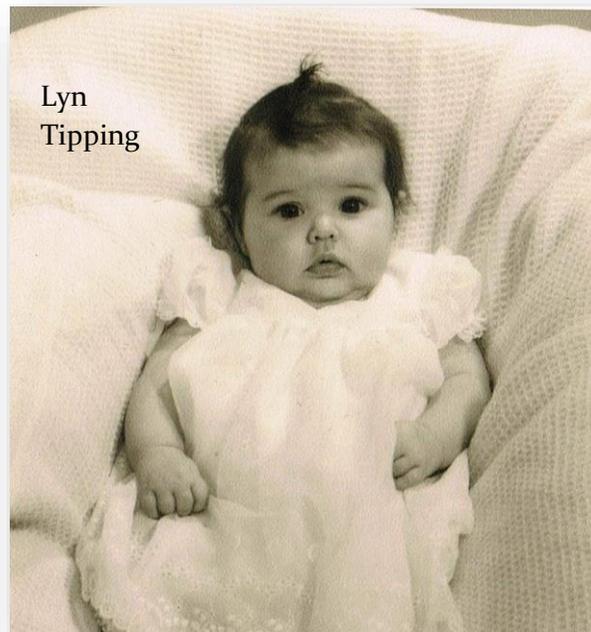
Fred and Dot were regulars there and Fred was a firm favourite of Sam's. Fred's younger brother Ellis was then courting Sam and Ann's niece Pat, who lived with them at the pub; the two couples would go out into the Peak District regularly together and would end the day in the bar at the Three Horse Shoes.

In 1960 Fred and Dot had been married for 10 years. Dot had given up hope of ever having children and she focused her energies on

transforming 49 Walgrove Road into a beautiful home with the money she had saved. However, in the spring of 1961 Dot found out she was expecting; she was 32 and Fred was 37 years old. She gave up work and settled down to prepare for the baby, thoroughly enjoying the prospect of becoming a mother at last.

Dorothy suffered very badly with morning sickness and had started to take a new remedy which could be bought over the counter in chemist shops. It was called 'Thalidomide.' That same year the drug was removed from the shelves when it was discovered that it caused the death of around 40% of babies at birth; those that survived could have limb, eye, and heart defects. In what should have been a happy time of expectation and anticipation of parenthood became a time of deep fear and anxiety as they realized that the baby had a very high chance of either being stillborn or severely disabled.

On the 19th December 1961 their anxious wait was over. I (Lyn Tipping) weighed in at 8lbs and thankfully in perfect health. Dot and Fred were overjoyed and relieved. But this time must have had a massive impact on Fred, and this became apparent later.



THE THREE HORSE SHOES



Three Horse Shoes circa 1962

Around 12 to 18 months after Dot and Fred became parents Sam Beresford was coming up to retirement and he thought Fred would make an excellent landlord of the Three Horse Shoes. He suggested this to Fred one night. Fred pointed out that they did not have enough capital to buy the fixtures and fittings, which came to just over £550 (equivalent of £15,000 in 2023). Sam and Ann were so keen for Fred to take over the tenancy that they loaned them the money.

To say Fred was keen on taking the tenancy would be an gross understatement. In an effort to win Dot over to the idea he pointed out that as he was there most nights anyway she would see more of him, now that she had to stay at home and look after the baby. Dot reluctantly acquiesced, but she was deeply disappointed in having to leave their beautiful home and the long-awaited family life on Walgrove Road.

With the financial support from Sam and Ann Beresford, Fred, Dot, Uncle Frank, and me (aged 13 months) moved into the Three Horse

Shoes in January 1963. Fred continued to work his shifts at Robinsons & Sons Ltd whilst Dot simultaneously ran the pub during the day and cared for me.

My mother told me that the first hiccup came when I became ill with a nasty tummy bug. In those days the kitchen was on the ground floor next to the bar. Dot found it impossible to care for me and serve customers in between. It was the last straw and Dot told Fred in no uncertain terms that she was no longer going to work behind the bar during the day and that was that. The business had been doing extremely well and they had been able to repay Sam and Ann the money they owed them within 6 months - no mean feat! So, Fred agreed to give up his job at Robinsons (now a supervisor in the Carding Dept.) and become full-time landlord.



Fred's leaving presentation: The members of management and supervisors are pictured along with his work mates. On Fred's left is 'Uncle' Albert Scatchard

IN THE BLOOD

You could say that being a landlord was in Fred's DNA. Not only had his maternal grandparents, the Bestwicks, run both the Alma Hotel in North Wingfield and the Three Horse Shoes in Brampton back in the 1920s, but his maternal *great* grandparents and several of his great aunts and uncles had all, in the past, been landlords and landladies in and around Chesterfield. The Prince of Wales in Clay Cross; The Royal Oak in Chesterfield, Alma Hotel in North Wingfield and the Park House Hotel in Danesmoor to name but a few.



Prince of Wales, Clay Cross – now a restaurant. Fred's great grandfather and great grandmother, Thomas and Elizabeth Moorcroft, were landlord and landlady in the early 20th century.

His paternal grandfather, Francis Tipping, (1847 – 1927) had also come from a long line of publicans, farmers and butchers (there was even a celebrated bare knuckle fist fighter!) Francis Tipping had lived in Farnsfield in Nottinghamshire and his family had been there for over 200 years. The first recorded Tipping in Farnsfield is John Tipping of Rufford (Lancashire) who married Elizabeth Guiley of Farnsfield in 1712.

The Tippings of Farnsfield had once been one of two prominent families in the area whose influence must have been felt. Tippings are recorded as Members of the Vestry for St Michaels Church in Farnsfield and were responsible for village affairs.



Lyn, Farnsfield
2009

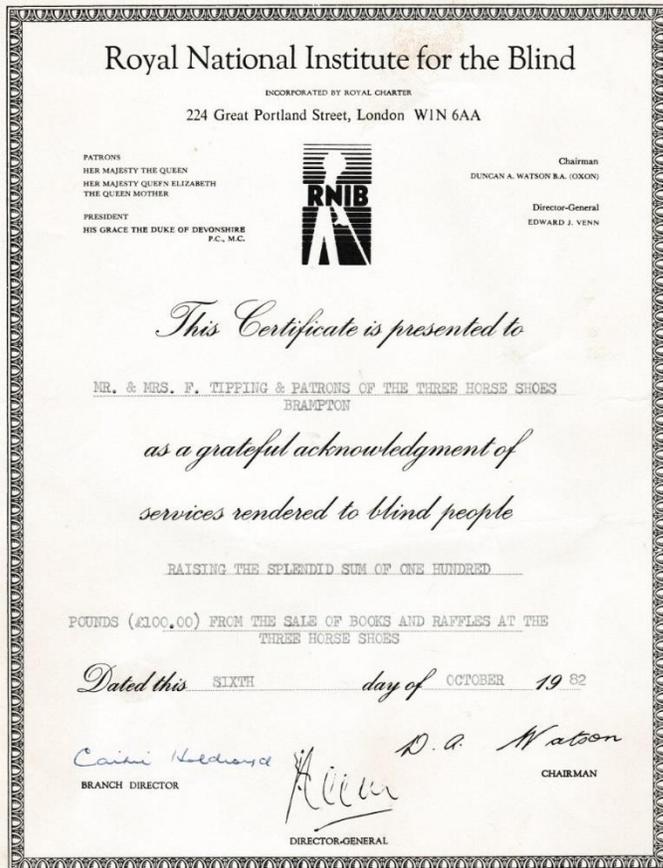
They even had a lane named after them! Tippings Lane was so named because their farmhouse had once been at the bottom of that lane and later a public house was added at the top of it. Appropriately named The New Inn, it was where Francis Tipping had spent most, if not all, of his teenage years although it was his uncle, William Tipping, that had owned it. Sadly, it is now demolished.



New Inn at Farnsfield once owned and run by the Tipping family. It stood at the top of Tippings Lane. It was demolished in the 1960s.

Not long after Fred became full-time landlord the brewery, then Tennant Brothers, decided to make drastic alterations to the building and a process of refurbishment took place. This included the whole of the living quarters being relocated on the upstairs level. Dot must have felt very happy about this as she was a quiet and private woman, and having your kitchen next to the bar cannot have been

ideal. Also, it put a stop to a certain toddler wandering into the tap-room. I had a favourite customer, a lovely man called Albert Scatchard, who I always referred to as 'Uncle Albert'. Once Uncle Albert had been located, I would plant myself on his knee with a story book that he would have to read to me while I took sips from his pint pot.



Fred began fund raising very early on in his new career as landlord; he concentrated on

children's charities and the Royal Navy Lifeboat Institution. Through collection boxes and regular weekend raffles he raised money for the Royal Society for Blind Children and a charity that supported children affected by the drug Thalidomide. He raised money to buy toys for the children's ward at Chesterfield Royal Hospital after I'd been admitted there as a 4-year-old. Wherever he saw a need he would do his best to meet it. His generosity and compassion included individuals as well charities. It was not uncommon for Fred to help a friend/customer who was struggling. If someone could not pay him

back with cash, he would accept something else in return and put it on sale behind the bar (I got my first record player from such a transaction I believe!) Anything would do, just so that person would feel they had repaid their debt. He never told a soul about these things, apart from Dot, who had to balance the books!



Fred behind the bar during the refurbishments at the Three Horse Shoes, circa 1964



Dated 24TH JANUARY 19 63

Tennant Brothers LIMITED

and

FREDERICK TIPPING

Agreement of Tenancy

of Licensed Premises known as

THREE HORSE SHOES

situate at CHATSWORTH ROAD

CHESTERFIELD

in the County of

DERBYSHIRE

GREENUP AND THOMPSON, LTD., PRINTERS, SHEFFIELD

3,611,000

Cops.

RECEIPT.

Telephones : RIPLEY 619
CHESTERFIELD 2386

9a, GROSVENOR ROAD, RIPLEY
And 81, SALTERGATE, CHESTERFIELD, Derbys

J. M. WARWICK

F.A.I.

Chartered Auctioneer, Hotel Valuer and Stock Gauger

Received from MR. F. TIPPING.

the sum of

Four hundred and fifty pounds

(£450 0s. 0d.) in full

part

satisfaction and settlement of Valuation of FIXTURES, FITTINGS, STOCK-IN-TRADE,
TRADE UTENSILS and APPORTIONMENTS on or about the premises known as

THE THREE HORSE SHOES, CHATSWORTH ROAD, BRAMPTON, CHESTERFIELD, DERBYSHIRE.

when the tenancy was transferred from MRS. S. BERRESFORD.

to MR. F. TIPPING.

M. J. B. 24



*Total Valuation
£325.16.2.*

Date 24th. JANUARY 1963.

Documents re: transference of tenancy and receipts for fixtures and fittings, 24th January 1963 (private collection)

An Agreement made the TWENTY FOURTH day of JANUARY 19 63

BETWEEN TENNANT BROTHERS LIMITED whose Registered Office is at Exchange Brewery in the City of Sheffield (hereinafter called "the Company") of the one part and FREDERICK TIPPING of 49, WALGROVE ROAD, CHESTERFIELD (hereinafter called "the Tenant") of the other part WHEREBY IT IS AGREED as follows:—

1. THE Company agrees to let and the Tenant agrees to take ALL THAT messuage and licensed premises known by the sign of THREE HORSE SHOES with the curtilage outbuildings and appurtenances thereto situate at CHATSWORTH ROAD, CHESTERFIELD TOGETHER with the trade and other fixtures and effects therein contained (hereinafter together referred to as "the demised property").

2. THE tenancy shall commence on the TWENTY FOURTH day of JANUARY 1963 or upon such other date on which the Tenant shall have obtained a permanent transfer and become the registered holder of the Justices Licence in respect of the demised property.

3. THE Tenant shall pay to the Company a rent for the demised premises at the rate of £.52/0/0 p.a. (FIFTY TWO POUNDS) per annum payable by equal QUARTERLY payments the first payment to be made on the THIRTY FIRST day of MARCH 19 63 but subject as hereinafter mentioned:—

(a) The Company will pay the Annual Excise license dues and also the general and water rate on the demised property as

Fred valued the local community and this was reflected in the way he ran his pub. The area that had once been the kitchen became an area where children could sit and play pinball or go outside to the gated area at the back of the pub to play. He organized several seaside day-trips every year for the families, making it affordable by opening a kitty so that customers could pay for the trip in small instalments.

He used a local coach company which was owned by the two Branson sisters who were regular

customers on a Saturday night. These trips were immensely popular and were always fully booked going to places like Cleethorpes, Blackpool, Bridlington, Mablethorpe and sometimes further afield.

Kevin Lowe, the son of one of the regular customers, remembers these trips fondly. "Many happy hours spent in the Three Horse Shoes and holidays to Isle of White, Blackpool and Skeggy with Fred." (Facebook post 2021)

The Three Horse Shoes also facilitated the local pigeon racing club with the back yard being full of pigeon fanciers. Every Friday at around 6pm men could be seen walking up and down Chatsworth Road with their pigeon baskets being wheeled on barrows or carts. The men would line up the back yard and wait their turn to have their pigeons fitted with rubber rings on their legs using a little device that was clamped to a table. These bands were coded with the club's name, the bird's hatch year and the bird's ID number.



A huge transporter would then arrive and take all the pigeons to the location from where they would be released. As soon as the pigeons were shipped off the club members poured into the pub, which just so happened to open at the same time... nice timing there Fred!



Pigeon Club Awards

One of the customers who frequented the Shoes was Ernie Higginbottom. Ernie was a blind pianist. Fred had a drum kit and soon they teamed up to form 'The Shoesets.' In the earlier days of the Tipping's tenancy The Shoesets would play other venues and Fred would organize a coach so that his customers could join them wherever they were playing.

The Shoesets played all the old favourites to sing along to. This became a regular feature on Friday and Saturday nights at the Shoes, once the duo stopped 'touring'.

Around 8pm on Friday and Saturday evenings (or earlier if he could manage it), he would disappear from behind the bar and appear in the 'Lounge' socializing amongst the customers whilst the bar-staff took over behind the bar.

The best side, or 'lounge' as it was sometimes called, would be packed to the rafters as folk enjoyed the regular weekend slot, singing along and enjoying the entertainment which would include Fred's legendary wit (a cross between Eric Morecambe and Tommy Cooper!)

Fred would make fun of Ernie's brother Cliff who was a committed 'Spireite' by taking every opportunity to torment him if Chesterfield F.C. had lost, but praising them as the best football team ever if they had won. Fred, in his good-humoured way, liked to 'stir' trouble whenever he could with the customers just for the fun of it. Someone even bought him a huge wooden spoon with the words 'Fred the Stirrer' engraved on it, which took pride of place behind the bar.

The pub was also a gathering place for Fred and Dot's wider family. Dot's dad, George Chapman helped behind the bar and her mum Annie would be on hand for babysitting and cooking the Sunday lunch whilst Dot attempted to balance the books for the week.

When the Tippings had first moved in to the pub George had to catch two buses to get to Brampton from Whittington, so when a house came up for sale across the road from the pub George and Annie sold their house and moved in. Dot's sisters, Margaret Huckerby and Carol Wells Lomas along with their sister-in-law Violet Chapman all worked at the pub at various times. At weekends and bank holidays their wider families would all head for the Three Horse Shoes, kids in tow. The impact of these close family ties are still evident today, as most of the cousins share a strong bond.



George & Annie Chapman

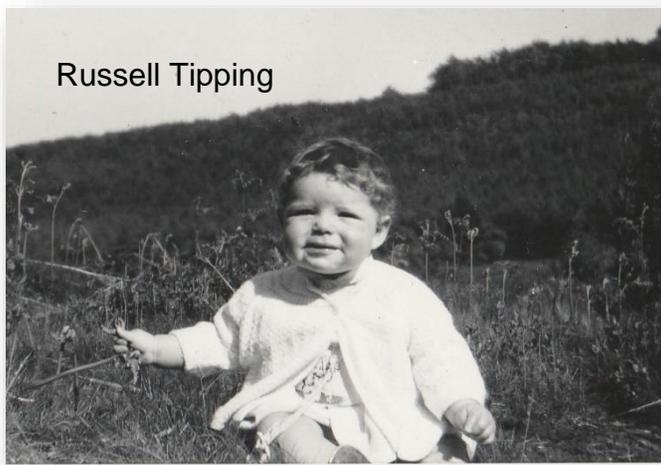


The Shoets played all the old favourites for folk to sing along to at home and away.



Fred with Ernie Higginbottom the pianist

In 1967 the family had a visitor. The lady visitor did not come into the pub but, rather unusually, she came to the back door which was up some steps at the rear of the property. Dorothy answered the doorbell and was surprised to find a gypsy stood there offering her lucky heather. Dot was very superstitious and duly bought some, not wanting to incur any bad luck. The gypsy told her she would soon have a son. Dot dismissed the unlikely prediction immediately; it had taken 10 years for them to have their daughter and Dot did not



foresee ever being able to have another child, especially as she was now in her late thirties. But the following year Dot gave birth to a son, Russell. She was 38 and Fred 43 years old.

With his in laws now living just across the road Fred had regular help behind the bar from George. George would also help with taking Uncle Frank to the post office on Old Road. Uncle Frank, who had moved into the pub with the family, was now in his late seventies. He was quite frail despite being a tall and well-built man. It was on one of these visits to the post office, in 1969, that Frank slipped and fell. He had to be taken into hospital but sadly he died. He was very much missed by the family and his now empty chair, in the corner of the living room seemed to emphasize that loss.

The Tipping family, minus one, forged ahead into the 1970s.

1970s

Post war Britain had enjoyed an economic rise in fortunes but it all began to change in the 1970s. After World War II Britain saw a major increase in manufacturing, but it was not to last. There was a major oil crisis, bin-men went out on strike leading to rubbish piled high on the streets. Others came out on strike in support, such as nurses, grave-diggers and miners. The miners' strikes in the 70s led to power cuts and in order to save on fuel a 3-day week was introduced. The I.R.A. terrorist attacks were taking place and Fred's nephew Michael Tipping, the son of his brother Ellis and sister-in-law Pat, joined the Sherwood Foresters and was shipped out to serve during 'The Troubles'.

With only 3 TV Channels to choose from back then entertainment was limited. The 70s were dull, dark and unpromising. Thank God for the music!

However, in the Three Horse Shoes life went on pretty much as normal but Fred had an innovative idea. He introduced a TV into the taproom. The TV would be on for Match of the Day and other sporting events, horse racing, cricket etc. He refused adamantly to have a juke box installed, preferring to have control over the kind of music played by his 8-track cartridge cassette player behind the bar. However, this would only be played in the early evening and NEVER loudly.

Fred also saw the opportunity for encouraging lunch time custom with the introduction of 'Pie & Peas' for the nearby factory workers at Robinson & Sons Ltd. 'Robo's Angels' as the female contingent of employees were called, would descend for their lunchbreak and sit in the Lounge to enjoy an affordable hot lunch and a drink.

Fred would open the pub at noon every day, always smartly but casually dressed in a white shirt, light grey blazer with a Whitbread's badge sewn onto the breast pocket and smart trousers. From Monday to Saturday the pub stayed open until 3pm, on Sunday it closed at 2pm. Fred would enjoy a game of dominoes or cards with the customers often telling them to serve themselves if he was in the middle of a game and it wasn't busy. During the summer Fred would join the customers in taking their chairs outside and sitting by the entrance on the pavements to watch the cars on Chatsworth Road go by.



Horse racing would nearly always be on the TV and men called in for a pint or two either after a morning shift or before an afternoon shift at the local pits and factories. The bar was always looked immaculate with dazzling mirrors and tiles lit up and adorned by mini

Babycham figures, the infamous three flying Guinness pelicans or other similar alcohol marketing memorabilia that adorned the walls.

Fred used to enjoy telling folk about the resident ghost. Fred called him Sam, whether he believed it to be the ghost of the previous landlord or just the name he gave the spectre is unknown, but many a barmaid refused to go down to the cellar for items to restock the shelves after Fred had scared them with his stories. One story he told me was about a customer who went to the 'Gents' one lunchtime and came out looking as white as a sheet. When Fred asked him if he was ok he told him that he'd been stood at the urinal when someone shoved him from behind. He turned around to confront the culprit only to find there was nobody there. He fled the pub and never came back in. 'Sam' may have just been another one of Fred's little jokes, but the family dog, a German Pointer called Prince, would not

go downstairs into the bar when the pub was shut and would stand at the top of the cellar steps looking down into the darkness growling if the door was opened.

As a child I remember Christmases at The Three Horse Shoes being a wonderful time. Fred was quite artistic and creative soul. He would spend all morning putting up Christmas decorations and making window displays. I remember one Christmas Eve people were actually *queuing up outside* to come in. He would organize an extra special raffle with slightly bigger and better prizes, always beautifully presented on top of the piano. In those days the evening opening hours in the U.K. were 7pm – 11pm except on Sundays when opening hours were 7pm–10.30pm. Parents would bring their kids along who would all sit in the back room playing games, music or just chatting. All the family would gather in the Lounge or ‘Best Side’ and after the pub closed (Fred did not do ‘after hours’ probably because Dot refused point blank to allow it.) The family would all pile over the road to George and Annie’s for an extended party.

Fred’s health had started to decline during the 70s. Maybe it was the years working in Robinsons where cotton fibres would fly in the air like mist, or it could have been cigarette smoke from the bar (Fred never smoked) despite the filter unit they had fitted in the tap-room. Dot believed his battle with chronic asthma began when Fred had sat outside all night in the snow, grieving at his dog’s graveside. He’d caught a terrible chill after that. Whatever the cause, Fred’s asthma grew a lot worse. There would be occasions when Fred was simply too ill to work and Dot would have to take over; this could be for a week or sometimes two or three. During these times he was confined to the living quarters upstairs away from the smoke.

I secretly, and rather selfishly, used to enjoy these times as a child. I would sit with my Dad, make him cups of tea, do him some supper and generally relished looking after him. In the evenings it would just be me and him watching TV. During the daytime however, he taught me how to place bets on horses using monopoly money. Probably not the best of things to teach your daughter! I doubt Mum knew; she would be downstairs working. We would watch films together and

Dad loved watching Laurel & Hardy and Buster Keaton. I think that is why I developed a love of black and white movies that has stayed with me.

In 1971 Fred's sister Lois passed away aged just 44. She and her husband, Les Bennett, had married in 1948 and they had just the one child, a daughter Carol. Lois had also suffered with chronic pulmonary disease. Bill, Fred, and Lois had been closest in age and her death was a deep shock to Fred and the whole family.



Fred had a lifelong fear of doctors and hospitals; whether this was due to his mum passing away in hospital we don't know. If he could get away without seeing a doctor he would. In the mid-1970s however he had to be admitted to Walton Hospital which was a hospital for people with respiratory problems back then, being ideally situated at the top of Walton Hill where there was plenty of fresh air.

Fred was convinced he was going to die there, but thankfully he recovered. However, this spell in hospital gave Fred time to dwell a lot on his own mortality. He began to talk to me and my brother about not being around for much longer. These morbid reflections took place in private though; behind the bar he was the same as ever, making people laugh and full of wise-cracks.

Wednesday evening was his evening off and he would take either family or one of the customers out in the car and visit pubs in the Peak District. It did not matter where he went, the landlords of the various pubs he visited always seem to know Fred.

One drawback to Fred's journeys in the car was his sense of direction, or lack of it. He would often get lost and just drive around until he recognized somewhere. His brother Bill remembered a family daytrip he and his family had taken with us once. Fred took us in his car and Bill took his family in theirs. Bill led the way, Fred followed and there was no problem. However, on the way home in the evening Bill, who was in front as before, noticed Fred in the rear-view mirror turn left at a crossroads instead of following Bill straight on. Bill lost sight of him but headed back to Chesterfield where he and the family stopped off at the Shoes to have a drink and find out if Fred had got back ok. Bill arrived but no Fred. He had been waiting a good half hour before Fred walked in to the bar. "Where've you been?" asked Bill, "I took shortcut" was Fred's reply.

Fred liked to surprise me and my brother; every now and then we would get up for school as normal and then be told that instead of going to school we were all going to Cleethorpes or Skegness or Blackpool for the day. Fred's sister Frances and her husband Brian had moved to Blackpool in the 1950s and the family liked to visit her now and then. We loved days like this. Our grandad, George, would take care of the pub and we would all pile into the car with Annie joining us and head off for the day.

Fred did not eat meat. I found out why during a conversation with my cousin Mick who remembered a story his father, Ellis, told him. When they were kids the family had a pet rabbit. When it died Fred Snr, not one to miss an opportunity for a cheap meal, decided to prepare it for a rabbit stew. That evening as the family sat down to eat, Fred Snr, somewhat unwisely, told his family who was in the stew. Ellis was the only one who would touch it after that.



Blackpool 1974

L-R: Dot, Lyn, Annie; Russ in front

When we sat down to a Sunday roast dinner, Fred would make a point of reminding us that the chicken had been “clucking around the farmyard” the day before. Despite his vegetarian leanings (although he never referred to himself as a vegetarian) he would give the family dog a feast of tripe now and then, or a bone from the butchers that a customer would bring in.

One afternoon I found him stood in front of the cooker stirring a pan of stew with a wooden spoon. Intrigued to see my dad cooking I wandered over to look in the pan and I asked him what he was making. He told me it was just some leftover stew my mum had made and he was warming it up for the dog to eat. Now, I did not find *that* unusual at all; I am talking about a man who made his dog a mug of tea every morning, milk, two sugars. I peered over the pan, “Hmm, smells quite nice” I said, “Here, try some” he held out the wooden spoon for me to have a taste. It tasted remarkably good. “What’s it got in it?” I asked, “Oh, just stewing steak, potatoes, carrots, Pedigree Chum....” My face must have been a picture because he doubled up laughing. He was not joking either!

On Sundays Fred and his elder brother Bill took turns collecting Fred Snr, still on Walton Crescent, to bring him “t’ Shoes” to have a few pints. Fred Snr. would always bring a bunch of flowers handpicked from his own garden for Dot. Sometimes, when it was Fred’s turn to collect my Grandad, I would go with him. I remember my Grandad as a well-built, strong looking man who always had a pipe in his hand.

He had been injured several times during the Great War of 1914 – 1918. The most visible injury was to his hand; he’d taken a bullet in it and it had got badly mangled and disfigured. However, it was the perfect shape for cradling a pipe.



He always had a twinkle in his eye and I remember him fondly as a gentle, witty and kind man. In 1974 the Tipping family were struck by tragedy again when he passed away, just 3 years after the death of Fred's sister Lois. On the rare occasion I smell pipe tobacco I am always reminded of him. As a family historian, the questions I wish I had asked!

FRED TIPPING SNR. 1897 - 1974



THE QUEEN'S SILVER JUBILIEE

On the 7th June, 1977 Britain enjoyed an extra bank holiday. It was Queen Elizabeth II's Silver Jubilee and to celebrate, the government permitted extended licensing hours. Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip toured the length and breadth of Britain and on the day of the actual anniversary street parties were to take place all over the country.



Fred did not need much of an excuse to put on an 'event' and he soon set about organizing his very own outdoor **AND** indoor 'street-party.' The pub was decked out with union jacks, flags and bunting. He even commissioned a special cake for the event and on 6th June 1977 the Three Horse Shoes back yard was packed full of kids.

I was at this time a 15-year-old teenager and I was given the responsibility of providing a music playlist courtesy of a very unprofessional recording of the Top 40 on my Casio cassette player. Fred even provided his very own puppet show (do not ask me where he found the puppets) mimicking the hit show 'The Muppets' he had the kids doubled up in laughter as his puppets mimed along to 'Mahna Mahna' (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QTXyXuqfBLA>).

In the back yard there was an outbuilding known as the 'club room' where the local pigeon club met each Saturday. This had a very old record player installed for the day and the older kids played a selection from my extensive ex juke box records and we got a little disco going.

1977 Queen's Silver Jubilee





The pub and its grounds were full and very lively all day, from 11am right through until closing time at midnight.

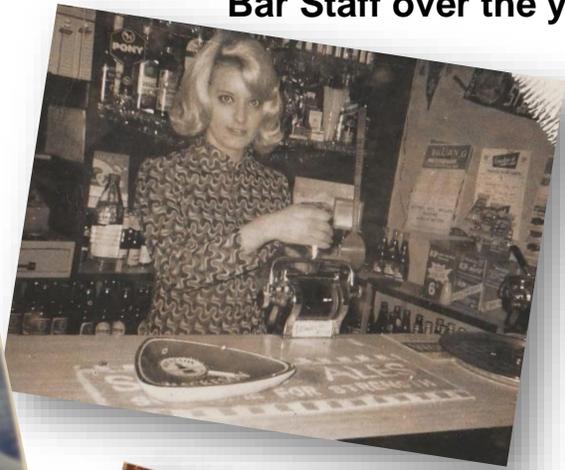
Very early the next morning the pub, still decked out in its jubilee bunting, opened its doors again to families who had booked themselves on the daytrip to Windsor that Fred had organised. Two Branson's coaches were loaded with mums, dads, kids, grannies and grandads, boxes of

crisps, crates of pop and perhaps a crate or two of ale. A typical Shoes outing. It could well be that some regretted booking this trip though, considering the extended celebrations the day before.



Jubilee Trip to Windsor 1977

Bar Staff over the years



The 1980s

The new decade began with the election (1979) of Margaret Thatcher who heralded in a new era of entrepreneurship, the Falklands War, the end of the British coal mining industry and manufacturing, and the hated Poll Tax. The small town of Chernobyl was soon to become infamous for all the wrong reasons; and the explosion of the space shuttle Challenger was to be etched on our collective memory.

But it was not all doom and gloom; a new generation of ambitious, enterprising young upwardly-mobile people (nicknamed 'Yuppies') complete with filo-fax in one hand and a gigantic mobile phone in the other, burst onto the scene. The American soap operas Dallas & Dynasty reflected the aspiration of the times, big shoulder pads, big cars and big hair.

1980 saw the growing obsession with Prince Charles' new fiancée, Lady Diana Spencer and their wedding on July 29th 1981 was televised and watched by over 750 million people world-wide. In Britain it was made a public holiday and as such the licensing hours were, once more, extended for one day to celebrate.

Again, Fred put on his very own street party in the back yard of the pub; with the TV already in place for those who wanted watch the big event. Fred made sure his customers and their families got to see the wedding without missing out on the extended licensing hours.

It was around the beginning of the 80s that Fred decided to experiment with a new cider recipe. Although it is not known why or how this came about, Fred began to try mixes of Triple Vintage cider with other added ingredients of his own. One afternoon he was trying out various combinations when he hit upon a winner. He later told me that he was sat in the living room watching TV, sampling his latest concoction. He said he knew he had finally got it right when he saw two TVs in the living room where there had been only one. Apparently, he could only turn one of them off!

He christened his covert recipe cider 'Loony Juice'. It was sickly sweet, potent, and lethal. Fred poured the Loony into barrels of a Whitbread approved product, Triple Vintage, which Fred had on the bar. I remember he used to burn the packaging in the incinerator on Sundays; just in case anyone from the brewery came round!



Dot, Fred, and the family dog Prince in the Tap Room. The brown plastic Triple Vintage barrel on the bar contained the ominous Loony!

Pretty soon word got out about Loony. Whether you were a punk, a New Romantic or just a teen heading into the town centre for a night out, they would all congregate at the Shoes 'early doors' at weekends for what we now call a 'pre-load'. Around 9pm the ones who were still able headed into the town centre; but there were many who never made it that far.

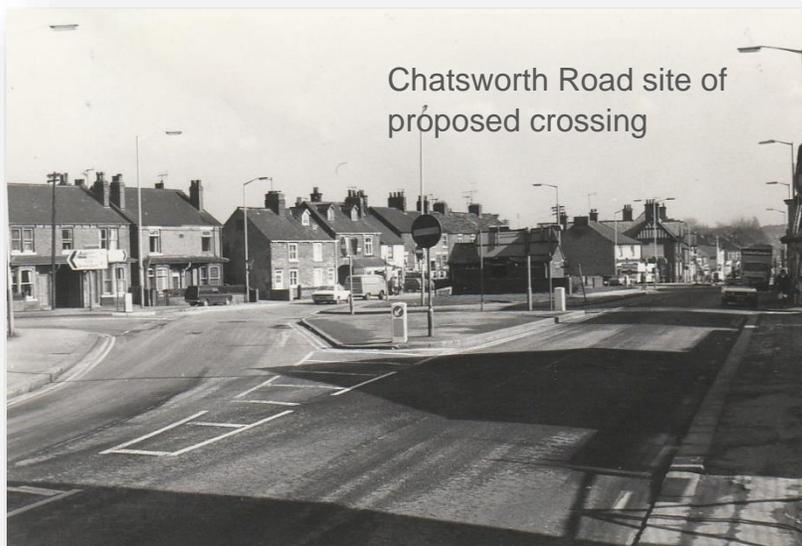
Dot was terrified that the younger customers, less able to handle their drink, would stumble out onto Chatsworth Road and be knocked over. Fred was also aware that with Loony came great responsibility. Women were restricted to one pint, men to two. If he knew you could handle it, he would make exceptions, much to the delight of some of the older customers.



Fred campaigned for a crossing to be installed on Chatworth Road. Chatsworth Road had always been a busy road, but the 1980s saw an increase in traffic and this was a concern for the Brampton residents whose children had to cross the road coming home from school and the families still did their weekly shop there, despite the emergence of supermarkets in the town centre.



Fred got up a petition and the Derbyshire Times sent round a photographer to capture the story. Fortunately, Fred's petition was successful and *two* crossings were installed. One on the proposed site shown below and one a little further along near the top of Factory Street.





Some Loony Gang!
Circa 1983



In the late 1970s and into the early 80s Fred's nephew, Steve Tipping, became a regular weekend customer. Steve was the youngest son of Fred's brother Ellis and sister-in-law Pat. They shared the same sense of humour and conviviality that made them popular with everyone that knew them. It became clear to Fred that Steve would make an excellent barman.



Steve Tipping

Steve was also, like his uncle, very popular with the ladies. It was not unusual for Steve to bring one of his current girlfriends to the pub where she would be introduced to Fred, who would always make a great fuss of her. One night Steve brought in his latest girlfriend who was a dark-haired young lady. Fred came to serve them and before Steve could say anything Fred told the young lady that he loved what she had done with her hair. The lady, who had never met Fred before, looked somewhat confused. Steve shot Fred warning looks from behind her; he knew Fred's sense of humour. Of course, Fred ignored it and continued, "I prefer it to how you had it last week. It was blonde, wasn't it?" Steve, still stood behind his new girlfriend,

dropped into his head into his hands and quickly made up an explanation. Fred loved that kind of stuff.

In 1980 Fred's first grandchild Richard was born followed in 1981 by a second grandson, David. The boys loved to visit their grandparents every week and they knew that if they went downstairs to the bar their granddad would give them weekly bar of chocolate. They would often try their hand at the piano and drums as well.



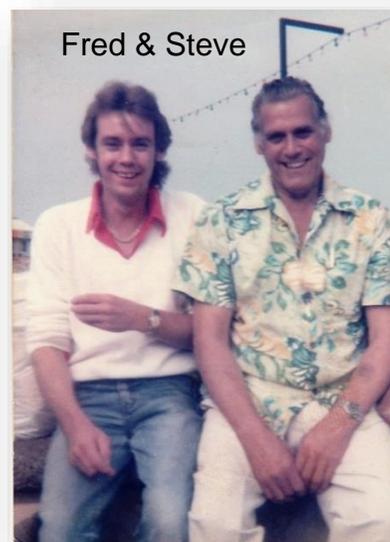
Richard, a chip off the old drumstick



David & Richard on piano, despite the 'Keep Off' sign!

Fred's health continued to decline; Dot was struggling with her own health issues too. It soon became obvious to Fred that his days of being the landlord of the Shoes were coming to an end. His periods of sickness became more frequent and Dot was struggling with the responsibility of running the pub in his absence whilst not being well herself.

In September 1985 Fred's nephew Steve suddenly and tragically passed away due to a cerebral brain hemorrhage. Fred was heartbroken.



Fred & Steve

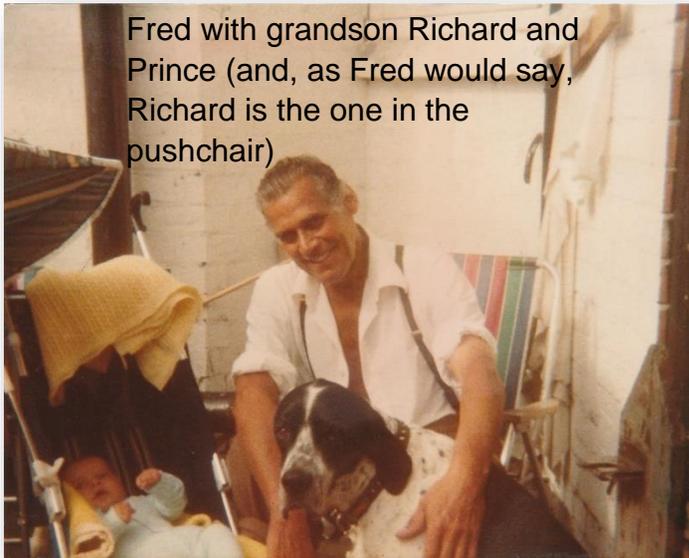
It may be that this sudden loss contributed to Fred's decision to retire, but from wherever that final push came, Fred left the Three Horse Shoes a month later.

FRED & DOT RETIRE

One of the regular customers, a self-employed builder called Graham Stanton, lived directly opposite the pub and was one of the regulars. In November 1985 Fred signed the lease over to Graham who became the new landlord of The Three Horse Shoes. I stayed with Dad in the tap room the whole of that day as he chatted with customers until closing time at 3pm. Dot and my brother Russ had gone on ahead to the new home on Churston Road.

Up until that day Fred had never seen the house where he was going to live. He did not even know where it was, other than it was local. After we left the Shoes that day, I went with him in the car and had to give him directions. The first thing he did when we arrived was reverse into the garden wall!

Every week I would visit my parents on Churston Road; I had two sons by this time. Fred would tell me that he had been to the Shoes



Fred with grandson Richard and Prince (and, as Fred would say, Richard is the one in the pushchair)

that week. He was used to being the congenial host, buying people drinks, making a fuss of everyone; Dot had often complained that Fred's generosity made it difficult for her to balance the books. Now he was not in the position to do that anymore, having just a small

pension. It was one of the things he complained about the most to me. I know it really got to him and saddened him a great deal.

I wanted to cheer him up, so I nominated Fred for the Derbyshire Times' 'Roll of Honour' that Christmas. I also wanted people to know that Fred was not just a good landlord or the creator of Loony; he was an active fund raiser and a caring generous person. I knew then about his generosity to friends and family alike and how he always wanted to help people who were not as fortunate as himself.

He cared deeply about people and being a landlord gave him a platform that enabled him to provide help those in need. He had known poverty and fear; he knew what it was like for children who did not have the privileges that he was able to afford his own family. He would make sure me and my brother knew how lucky we were; whenever we saw appeals on TV raising money for children who were suffering in some way, he always hammered home to us how fortunate we were. He never forgot where he came from or what he had seen and experienced.

My nomination was successful and appeared in the Derbyshire Times in the winter of 1985. I was thrilled to bits. I know Dad was too, although he played it cool; he told me I was a 'daft bugger' when I saw him afterwards. Mum told me that when the Derbyshire Times photographer turned up unannounced on the doorstep with the reporter and told them what I had done Fred dashed (albeit a very slow dash) upstairs to get washed shaved, clean shirt, dickie bow and hair in place for the photographer. She told me he was speechless when my letter was read out to him and although he tried to hide it, she knew he was deeply moved. It was the one of the last things I was able to do to show him how much I loved and admired him. He really was my hero.

My brother's bedroom was next to Dad's and in the early part of 1986 he remembers hearing Fred, late at night, talking to people as if he was behind the bar, joking with them, and calling out to greet customers. We do not know if he was simply taking too much medication or he had had some kind of breakdown; he refused to see a GP for fear of being hospitalized again, but these spells of confusion became more and more frequent. He became severely

depressed, only turning back into 'Fred' again when he saw his little grandsons.

After one of my weekly visits, he was taking me home in the car as usual. He told me that he did not think he had long left. He said folks would no doubt say it was leaving the pub that killed him and they would probably be right. I took no notice. I had grown used to hearing these somber predictions from my dad since his stay in Walton Hospital.

A few days later, on 8th April 1986, just 5 months after their retirement, Fred passed away at home. His death shocked many, not least his family. He was 60 years old.

Fred's funeral was very well attended; Graham, the new landlord of the Shoes, had organized a coach to take customers who wanted to go to the Crematorium and pay their last respects. Two Royal Marine Cadets played the 'Last Post' at the end of the service. The crowds huddled inside the building and those that could not get in had to stand outside and listen to the service via the speakers. His name remained above the door of the Three Horse Shoes for many years afterwards as a memorial and a mark of respect.



Nameplate over the door of Three Horse Shoes

The pub was bought out by the brewery Tom Cobleigh's in the early 1990s and extensively refurbished. In acknowledgement of Fred's popularity, they took extra special care when they removed the glass plate over the door and they hung it pride of place inside the pub.

There it remained until 2010. By this time, I had three adult sons, Richard, David, and Ian. We would sometimes go out for a drink along Brampton and 'have a pint with grandad' in what was then called the Brampton Ale House. Although the eldest two, Richard and David, have only fragments of memories of Fred, all three respects, loves and are proud of him. As are all his family that remain.

So, when my eldest son, Richard, heard that a new landlord was planning to remove Fred's nameplate from the pub we set about finding out what he planned to do with it. We discovered that he had put the nameplate in the cellar. Richard cannot remember now if the landlord had plans to throw it away, or whether he had in fact saved it from being thrown away, either way the landlord did not plan to put it back on the wall and agreed to sell it to the family for £150.

As the nameplate was quite large, made of fragile plate glass and very heavy none of the family had anywhere to put it. We did not want it to be hidden away in an attic so I decided to see if the Chesterfield Museum could use it.

The museum representative said that they did not have enough space to store it or display it and suggested I get in touch with the Brampton Brewery who had recently bought a pub on Chatsworth Road, previously known as the New Inn. They were looking for 'Brampton Mile' memorabilia with which to decorate their new pub, which was to be renamed the Tramway Tavern.

I emailed Chris Radford, one of the directors of Brampton Brewery to ask if they would like the nameplate for their pub. Chris responded almost immediately. He and one of the other directors, John Hirst, were at that moment on a ferry making their way to a beer festival somewhere. At the time I had sent the email they had, just then, been talking about Fred Tipping! They had been customers of his and they were talking about his time in the Shoes and how good it would be to have something in their new pub from there. So, when they heard what had happened, they were only too happy to have the nameplate which they also willingly paid for.



As of June 2023, the nameplate still hangs in the Tramway Tavern, complete with photographs and a history of Fred's tenancy, which Chris asked me to contribute. In celebration we held a family party there soon after the Tramway Tavern opened. I remember my mum being very emotional when I told her about Fred's 'new home.'

Dorothy died 25 years after Fred almost to the day, the 10th April 2011. I asked if we could hold the wake in the Tramway Tavern and was overwhelmed when Chris told me that not only could we have the wake there but that they would provide everything we needed free of charge. I remain so very grateful to Brampton Brewery for their kindness to us at that time and for their help in keeping Fred and Dorothy's memory alive since.

It is a constant source of amazement to me that even now, 37 years after my parents left the Shoes, Fred is well and fondly remembered by his customers, especially the young crowd who used to come in for the Loony!

In 2013 Neil Anderson's book 'Dirty Stop Outs' Guide to 1980s Chesterfield' was published. Neil was among the regular crowd who used to come to the Shoes for the Loony. He dedicated a page to his memories of Fred, and those of his peers. With his kind permission I have taken excerpts from his book, and from his Facebook page, of the stories and comments people gave about Fred.

Quotes taken from 'A Dirty Stopout's Guide to 1980s Chesterfield', Facebook posts by those who remembered Fred & the Loony Juice:

".... this place (Three Horse Shoes) run by the inimitable Fred Tipping, attracted a bizarre mix of pensioners, punks, rockers and goths. The Three Horse Shoes boasted one great leveler – 'Loony Juice'....."

"I remember having two halves of Loony Juice. Felt fine until I walked outside!!! Night over!" Deborah Newsam

"Oh my word! My partner ruined a pair of Bally shoes after 2 halves of Loony Juice. I did a 2 pint challenge to beat the pub record and remember nothing else from the night." Andrew Richard Mottershaw

"Fred mixed Triple Vintage cider with sherry and limited us to only 2 pints... lethal stuff, made great nights though" Jan Frobisher

"Fred got me and my mates in some right messes a good few times I'll tell you. Crackin' drink The limit was 2 pints but if he thought you looked alright he'd give you another. Now that's OK, you might look alright, but Jeez, when you've had the extra couple and you go

outside in the fresh air – SHERBANG! What a buzz!” John James Ford

“Myself and mates used to go in every Friday for his famous scrumpy. He only allowed us to have 3 halves then said, “2 pints, no more”. We didn’t need anymore – was a legend” Lisa Slater

“I worked at Robinsons when Fred was working there, I think Fred was a ‘grinder’. I was in the ‘Carding’ room at Walton Worksmy mother also worked at Walton and was a friend of Fred’s. He was a handsome guy and most all the ladies liked Fred. I occasionally visited him at the Three Horse Shoes”. J. Sherwin

“Fred gave me away at my wedding in 1970, great man...he was a friend of my husbands and I didn’t have anyone to give me away so Fred offered to.” L. Pegg

“I remember [Fred] giving me my first record player, a blue one with a white lid. I was over the moon!” Lorraine Anson.

“My dad.... Was really good mates with Fred and used to help out in the pub. I remember him as well, always smiling and having a laugh” Lorraine Anson

“I used to come in the pub when [Fred] had it. I remember coming in with my mate soon after the Falkland War. When [Fred] saw my mate’s Royal Marine tattoo on his arm he got free drinks all night!” Leslie Hodgson

“Pub was always packed at dinner and night. A lot of ‘Robos’ went in at dinner times. Fred was a good landlord and a very handsome fella” L. Spolding Mitchell.

“.... The next pub, the Three Horse Shoes, was regularly a crossroads for intrepid explorers. Whilst the majority of the hostelries were deemed ‘old men’s pubs’, this place, run by the inimitable Fred Tipping, attracted a bizarre mix of pensioners, punks, rockers and goths. The Three Horse Shoes boasted one great leveler – ‘loony juice’. A vile, 8% strength cider that could regularly fell a man at a thousand paces (hence it was only ever served in halves).

The liquid seemed to be responsible (or certainly blamed) for a multitude of sins: violence, adultery, larceny, getting arrested, being sick, kicking the living daylights out of the fruit machine at the back of the pub when it didn't pay out, and keeling over, being a few. Fights regularly broke out in the 'games area' – the space at the back of the pub Being banned from the Three Horse Shoes for a spell wasn't uncommon but it never normally lasted long – Fred was a much loved and a forgiving soul.” (Page 50)

In Neil's book one girl remembered her birthday celebrations there; “Upon turning 18, the landlord of the Three Horse Shoes down Brampton asked me, “So, how many years have you been coming in here Diane?” – it was of course where we filled up on Loony Juice (what the hell was that stuff?) before catching the bus into town – if you could still walk.” (Page 82).

In '**Chesterfield Pubs: A directory of past and present pubs of Chesterfield and surrounding district**' by John Hirst, the Three Horse Shoes and Fred get a mention;

“The Three Horse Shoes can be traced back to 1842 when Joseph Watts was licensee and also a blacksmith, working behind the pub..... A full license was granted in 1961, when Sam Beresford was licensee. Another long serving landlord was Fred Tipping who ran the pub from 1962, until his retirement in 1985. A great character who could often be found accompanying the pub pianist on the drums.”

Fred Tipping 1925 - 1986



NOTES & UPDATES

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