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# Good Ol' Freda

By Jessica Hargrave

Hello, this is John  
speaking with his voice.  
We're all very happy  
to be able to talk to you  
like this on this  
little bit of plastic.  
This record reaches you at the end of  
a really dear year for us,  
and it's all due to you.  
I'd like to say thank you to all  
of the Beatle people  
who have written to  
me during the year.  
I'd love to reply personally  
to everyone,  
but I just  
haven't enough pens.  
This is Paul here.  
We're all dead pleased by the way  
you've treated us in 1963,  
and we're trying to do  
everything we can to please you  
with the type of songs we write  
and record next year.  
Well,  
I'm running out of my time  
and people are  
telling me to stop...  
Stop! Stop! Stop!  
Stop shouting those animals!  
So I'll finish now  
with wishing everyone  
Happy Crimble,  
and a merry new year.  
Ya Ringo!  
Hello, Ringo here.  
As you know,  
I was the last member  
to join The Beatles.  
I started to play  
gongs in the group 1962.  
Thank you Ringo, thank you Ringo.  
We'll phone you.  
I'm George Harrison!

Nobody else has  
said anything yet  
about our secretary,  
Freda Kelly in Liverpool.  
Good old Freda!  
So on behalf of us all,  
I'd just like  
to say a great  
big "thank you"...

I was just  
a secretary then,  
and, funny enough,  
I'm still a secretary now,  
and who would want  
to hear the secretary's story?  
Millions  
of girls around  
the world wanted

**this dream job:**

they wanted to  
be the secretary.  
She epitomized all their dreams  
and all their hopes,  
and all these girls wanted  
to be Freda Kelly  
and to be that  
close to The Beatles.  
Well, I didn't expect to talk,  
maybe grab one of them,  
but I wouldn't hurt 'em,  
I wouldn't hurt 'em,  
I'd just talk to them maybe,  
but I wouldn't, you know, grab...  
like,  
everybody says they're gonna  
cut their hair  
and everything...  
we wouldn't do that.  
If you look  
at what is history now,  
The Beatles were  
together ten years.  
Freda worked for

The Beatles for eleven.  
She was there right  
before they made it,  
and right after they finished,  
so that says it all,  
basically.  
Tell me, when you hear  
a Beatles record,  
what thoughts run  
through your mind?  
Beauty, sheer beauty.  
The Beatles bring  
joy into the world:  
they're happiness; we forget our cares  
when we hear Beatle records.  
Freda was far more than  
a secretary to the Beatles;  
she was a family member.  
She's never had  
the same recognition  
that a number of people  
within the inner circle have had,  
simply because she  
never pushed herself,  
she never wrote a book,  
she never agreed to do interviews,  
she's always kept a very very  
confidential existence.  
We came  
here at 6 o'clock  
in the morning,

**5:**

and all they do is push you  
farther and farther away  
and then they don't even  
let you see them!  
A lot of people didn't take  
these girls seriously,  
but I did, because, you know,  
I was one of them...  
I was a fan me self.  
So I knew where  
they were coming from.

We grew up with them.  
You know, they started  
when they were younger  
and we were younger.  
And all through  
these years, we've just  
developed with them  
and grown up with them,  
and they belong  
to us, you know?  
But there could  
never be another Beatles.  
Never.  
She's one  
of the last survivors  
of the whole Beatles era,  
and you know,  
this story of Freda Kelly's  
will be, surely,  
one of the last true stories  
of the Beatles  
that you'll ever really hear.  
I've been a secretary  
for half a century,  
fifty years,  
and that's quite frightening.  
This job is interesting,  
but it's not as exciting as my last job.  
I don't get the phone calls  
that I did in the 60's,  
like, you know,  
an invite to a premiere,  
you know, "Roy Orbison's  
having a party  
and we've managed  
to get a few tickets,  
do you want to  
come to that Fre?"  
And I'm like "Yeah, okay,  
I'm on the next train!"  
I left school  
when I was sixteen,  
and my first job was  
at a firm called Prince's.

I was in  
the middle of a typing pool,  
which is rows of secretaries  
just typing away.  
The lads from  
different levels of law  
would come down  
and give me work to do,  
but most of my day was just  
spent typing contracts,  
typing letters...  
it wasn't the most glamorous of jobs,  
but I was a working woman now.  
One day,  
two guys from upstairs  
came down and  
came over to my desk  
and just said "Come on Freda,  
we're going to take you out for lunch. "  
I didn't know where I was going,  
and I ended up in The Cavern.  
Now, I'd never been  
to The Cavern before,  
I didn't even know what I was going into,  
because it was a cellar.  
It had a unique smell:  
there was no ventilation,  
and sometimes the toilets overflowed,  
and it was  
opposite a fruit market,  
so it was probably a mixture  
of disinfectant,  
rotten fruit, and sweat  
all rolled into one.  
There was three archways,  
and in the middle archway  
was wooden seats,  
all different  
types of wooden seats,  
they weren't all in rows  
and all the same.  
There was a little  
wooden stage at the back,  
and The Beatles were playing on the stage

when I first walked in.  
And I'd never experienced  
anything like that...  
it was everything about them,  
it was just the way they dressed,  
with all this leather gear,  
they were larking about,  
and dancing on stage,  
and mucking about  
with the audience,  
and on top of everything else,  
there was the music.  
It was just unlike anything  
I'd ever heard.  
I was hooked.  
I just was amazed  
by everything I saw,  
and I thought "That's it,  
I'm going to go tomorrow. "  
Well I think  
it's put down that  
they played something silly  
like 294 times.  
Out of that, I would say,  
I probably saw them about 190 times.  
Freda was definitely  
a staple of The Cavern,  
she was always there,  
and she always  
sat in the same seat.  
I used to like the second arch  
on the left hand side,  
because it was  
just that handy.  
You could pop in and out the  
band room all the time.  
There was about two  
rows in the front,  
they would leave  
their rollers in  
until before  
the lads would come onstage,  
and then they'd  
take their rollers out

and doll  
theirselves up and everything.  
It was conversation all the time  
with the audience.  
Somebody came in, a different hairstyle,  
they'd pick on them.  
They'd go "Have you been  
the hairdresser's?"  
or "Who got you up this morning?"  
But he answered them back.  
They liked the razzmatazz  
between you and them.  
People used to  
write down a number,  
give it to them, and ask them  
would they right play that number.  
Now, if you gave it to John,  
Paul always went over to John  
and leaned over his shoulder  
and read the request out.  
I thought "Can  
John read, or...?"  
He looked pretty arrogant,  
to be honest...  
he'd look at  
the crowd like that  
as if he was going to kill  
everyone in the crowd.  
And then I  
mentioned it to somebody  
and they said "Oh, no, no,  
John's as blind as a bat.  
He wears glasses and he  
never wears his glasses,  
so he can't see further  
than his nose. "  
I liked George singing Three Cool Cats,  
I loved that one.  
Or The Sheik of Araby, because  
he used to do a little dance  
and I liked him  
doing the little dance.  
He used to sort of kick his feet  
along the stage.



A few times I rang Paul up,  
because one of my  
friends fancied him  
and I wanted him  
to sing for her.  
We used to just dial Garston  
and then the number 6922.  
He'd say "Hello," and you'd go,  
"Oh hi Paul, it's Freda.  
It's Linda Shepherd's birthday  
on such-and-such a day,  
can you play Love of  
the Loved for her?"  
"Yeah, okay. "  
I got to know them personally  
through just talking to them,  
going in the band room,  
because when they came off-stage,  
they used to either  
sit in the band room,  
talking to different people  
who ever came in,  
and then you would  
just sit by them,  
and you would just ask them  
where they were playing,  
or how come you  
weren't here yesterday.  
Paul was always nice  
and always friendly,  
and any time you'd ask Paul to  
sing something, he would do it.  
John... a man of many moods.  
It depended on what side of the bed  
he got out in in the morning.  
He could be really grumpy,  
but he was always himself,  
he never put an act on.  
People say George  
was the quiet Beatle,  
and I suppose he  
was in one way,  
but he was  
never quiet with me.

He was more quietly-spoken,  
I think, than the others.  
He was very thoughtful.  
Ringo hadn't joined the group yet;  
Pete Bass was on the drums.  
Pete was very shy,  
and he was also very handsome,  
so he had a big following  
around town, from the girls.  
They loved Pete.  
They all lived my way home,  
on the south side of Liverpool,  
and Paul and George had cars,  
and then they'd say  
"Do you want a lift home?"  
My father wasn't keen  
on them, he saw them  
and what he saw  
he didn't like.  
If they'd had  
suits on, or somebody  
had a suit with  
a collar and tie,  
he probably  
would've approved of them,  
but he didn't  
approve of The Beatles.  
But I was always  
late back from work,  
I was always pushing  
and puffing and panting  
and sitting down  
and starting to type.  
I couldn't say I  
was somewhere else  
or I got held up in a restaurant  
or trying to get some food  
because I had  
the Cavern smell on me,  
so they knew  
exactly where I'd been.  
The girls in the typing pool  
had photographs up on the wall  
of Pat Boone and Elvis

and Tommy Steele and Cliff Richard,  
and I didn't like any of them,  
so I found a little picture  
of The Beatles,  
but it was only dead small,  
and I remember  
putting it up on the wall,  
and the personnel  
manager caught me  
when I was putting it up on the wall,  
Mr. Mold, and he said,  
"Oh, what are you doing,  
who are they?"  
and I said "Oh,  
they're The Beatles,"  
and he went  
"Who's The Beatles?"  
and I said "They're  
a Liverpool group,"  
and he went  
"Never heard of them,"  
and I said "Oh,  
you will one day. "  
Bobbie Brown was the girl  
who went to The Cavern  
and started a fan  
club for The Beatles.  
Now, I couldn't understand why  
The Beatles had a fan club,  
because they were  
just a local group,  
but I eventually  
ended up helping Bobbie,  
and then Bobbie  
got a boyfriend  
and lost interest in running  
the Beatles fan club,  
so I took over from there.  
I was buying stamps  
and salve in the beginning,  
and I remember being in the  
band room one day lunch time  
and saying to Paul,  
"You owe me seven six for stamps,"

and he went "I  
haven't any money. "  
And then Bob Waller paid them,  
and I sat in the band room  
until Bob Waller paid them,  
and I said  
"You've now got money. "  
So he give him  
his due and paid me.  
I just had this faith  
... and there wasn't just me...  
you just knew they were going  
to be famous one day,  
but I couldn't visualize  
the fame that they got.  
To me, being famous  
was playing on The Empire,  
having a record in the charts.  
Cliff Richard was  
big in those days,  
and being as big  
as Cliff Richard,  
that was as far  
as my vision went.  
Everything was new, nobody knew  
what was going to happen.  
People who ever  
say to you, "We knew  
they were going  
to be a success,"  
they're lying  
through their teeth.  
Nobody knew it was going to be  
the world phenomenon that it became.  
I got to know Brian Epstein  
through The Beatles.  
I was going to see The Beatles  
all the time,  
and then Brian Epstein  
started to come to see them  
and that's how we  
became friendly.  
Everybody in  
Liverpool knew who he was,

because he was manager of NEMS Ltd.,  
the biggest record shop in  
the north of England.  
I do remember it was by  
St. Barnabas's Hall in Penny Lane,  
it was a Saturday night,  
I walked in,  
I just know Eppy  
coming up to me,  
and he then told me that he  
was signing The Beatles  
and he was starting his own firm  
and he needed a secretary.  
Then he said, did I want to  
come and work for them,  
and I said "Oh, go on then. "  
I just remember saying, "Oh go on then. "  
And I was so excited because  
I was starting my dream job,  
working for The Beatles.  
I think what Brian Epstein  
saw was somebody who was a fan  
without being  
an over-the-top fanatic.  
I would call her  
more of an admirer;  
she appreciated The Beatles,  
and that fitted perfectly, I mean,  
Freda was there on the scene  
and ready to take over.  
We had a lot of  
respect for Brian,  
obviously, we thought he was  
really posh, you know,  
we were all Liverpool screw-offs really,  
but Brian was very posh,  
and for him to choose Freda  
to be the secretary,  
we thought "Hey, wow,  
she must have something,"  
you know,  
he could have picked anybody.  
That's when I  
had to tell home,

'cos I didn't want to tell home,  
'cos I just knew the reaction.  
My mother died when I was eighteen months,  
and she died of cancer.  
I had a good  
relationship with my father,  
but also he was very protective towards me  
because I was his only child.  
I was 17, so I managed to  
pluck up the courage  
this particular  
night at tea time,  
and I just said casually  
"I'm starting a new job on Monday. "  
And I do remember  
him saying "Has it got  
anything to do  
with The Beatles?"  
and I just blanked it,  
I must have turned it back  
'cos I know I didn't lie,  
but I didn't answer the question,  
and all I remember was the teapot  
going down with a big slam.  
We used to call him  
Daddy Eppy;  
he was Brian Epstein's father,  
and it was his business.  
We were on the top  
floor of his shop.  
The first floor was  
what we used to call  
the "white goods":  
it was televisions  
and washing machines  
and things like that,  
and then on the second floor,  
that was Brian Epstein's office,  
and then there was a store room  
behind his office,  
so I worked in the store room.  
They changed that  
into an office for me.  
In the beginning,

the lads were  
in the office  
nearly every single day,  
you know,  
they just popped in and out.  
They would sit by  
my desk for a chat  
or while they were waiting to go  
into Eppy's office,  
so I got to know them more.  
I was 17, so naturally  
I did have crushes on them.  
The way I describe it,  
and this is the truth,  
if Paul looked nice or sang  
a song for me or something,  
I was in love with Paul that day,  
I fancied him that day,  
but then the following day,  
if Ritchie asked me how me dogs were  
(because he knew I  
had Yorkshire Terriers,  
he'd say "Oh,  
how are the dogs?")  
I'd think "Oh,  
yeah, I fancy Ritchie,"  
and then I think, if George offered me  
a lift home from work,  
I'd be in love  
with George that day,  
and I'd think "Yeah, yeah,  
I definitely fancy George. "  
But then if John came in  
and started talking about various things,  
I'd think "I like his nose,  
I like the Roman nose,"  
but it would only  
be for a day or two.  
Did you go out  
with any of them?  
No.  
Pass.  
No stories there?  
Oh, there is stories,

but I don't want anybody's hair  
falling out or turning curly.  
That's personal.  
It was the end  
of a working day,  
and Eppy just  
came in and said,  
"Come on Freda,  
put your coat on,  
I'm going to  
take you somewhere. "  
I had no idea where.  
And next minute we  
were at The Empire,  
and then next minute  
we were in the box,  
I'd never been in the box of The Empire.  
It was this one on the left.  
He'd managed to  
get The Beatles  
a spot on  
the Little Richard show,  
and I think somebody  
was sick or something  
and he'd managed  
to get them on.  
And I remember  
sitting in the box,  
it was just Eppy and I,  
and I was to the left,  
and then I looked  
down on the stage  
and the whole theatre and the stage  
were in darkness,  
except for this light  
shining on Paul's face,  
and he was singing  
A Taste of Honey.  
I don't cry,  
but my eyes sort of filled up  
and I just couldn't believe  
that The Beatles were on The Empire,  
the biggest  
theatre in Liverpool,



and I thought  
"This is it. They've made it.  
They're going to  
be famous one day. "  
The Beatles' first hit, as far as I'm  
concerned, was Love Me Do, I mean,  
I was one of  
the ones that bought it,  
and I didn't have  
a record player,  
and there was  
loads of girls like me  
that didn't have  
record players,  
but we bought it  
just to boost the sales.  
You didn't have  
pop stations then,  
but we had one station  
called Radio Luxembourg,  
and they used  
to do the charts,  
and I remember  
staying up late,  
sitting by the radio,  
holding the knob,  
trying to keep it on  
the same wavelength,  
and waiting to hear  
The Beatles' record.  
And when it got to 17,  
that was amazing.  
I know it only stayed the week,  
I think, but it didn't matter.  
They were in the charts.  
I was working for Brian Epstein,  
doing a normal day-job,  
but I also had to do  
the fan club overnight.  
Silly me, I gave out my home address  
as the fan club address.  
The postman  
knocked on the door  
and he said to me,

"Who gave this address out?  
You've got 200 letters here. "  
And I said, "Sorry,  
won't do it again time. "  
Little did he know,  
within the next  
few months The Beatles  
became more famous,  
and instead of just 200 letters,  
they were coming in bundles,  
and those bundles came in sacks,  
so the van rolled up.  
My father wasn't keen  
on The Beatles anyway,  
and his own  
personal mail, you know,  
your telephone bill,  
electricity bill,  
your gas bill,  
all in the fan mail.  
So he just  
looked at me and said,  
"You've got to  
put a stop to this.  
What possessed you to give  
our home address out?"  
I didn't think at the time.  
My mother has never  
played the fame game.  
If she had, things would be  
completely different now,  
and she might not be working  
six days a week  
9 'til 5 o'clock at night,  
very stressed,  
when other people have retired,  
and she hasn't got that joy.  
These are all  
Christmas decorations.  
Oh, success.  
I kept a couple of scrapbooks  
with theatre tickets in,  
and newspaper cuttings in.  
A few fan club letters.

Yeah, they're old.  
I think it's records,  
and, oh, me scrapbook.  
Yeah. Cuttings book.  
I mean I have a lot of these.  
I don't know.  
Forty years since  
Rachel was born.  
I could have been  
a very very wealthy woman,  
could be a millionairess  
if I'd have kept everything.  
I had loads of autographs,  
photographs,  
all the fan club stuff,  
Apple stuff, fan club records,  
but over a period of time,  
I gave it all away.  
But I don't regret that,  
because I know when I gave  
the majority of the stuff away,  
I gave it in 1974,  
and I actually handed the stuff  
to Beatle fans myself,  
so I knew the Beatle fans got  
all the fan club stuff that was left.  
I've got these  
four boxes anyway.  
I didn't even  
think I had four boxes.  
As I'm flicking through,  
there are so many memories  
coming back to me.  
I'll just pick something up,  
and I'll remember that day.  
Oh, this is George  
Harrison's real hair.  
A few months after Love Me Do,  
the lads had their first number one hit,  
which was Please Please Me.  
We were gradually  
getting letters,  
from 50 a day,  
200 a day, to my home,

and then it worked up  
to about 800 a day,  
and then eventually  
we didn't even count them,  
we just threw  
the mail in the corner.  
I would put loads of photographs  
in front of them,  
and they would go in to Eppy,  
and they would take the photographs  
in with them,  
and while they  
were talking to Eppy,  
they were all signing.  
But they never complained  
about signing things,  
never ever.  
I think it was  
because it was early days  
and they were all  
excited by it all,  
so nothing was a problem.  
Out of all The Beatles,  
I'd say George  
was the best one  
for signing things.  
He would come in and he'd go,  
"Do you want me  
to sign anything?  
What have you got  
in your cupboard?"  
The Beatles called  
him Eppy, we all did,  
but to his face, he asked us  
to call him Mr. Brian in the office.  
He was the boss  
so it was Mister.  
He had an aura about him.  
I know he was  
probably only 27 then,  
but he was old. Ten years was  
a big difference in those days,  
where I'm 17, he's 27.  
He came from a well-off family

and he had nice clothes  
and spoke with a posh accent,  
so you had respect for him.  
He threw a few  
tantrums in the office,  
and you just  
kept out of his way.  
Well, I did.  
Probably that's why  
I lasted ten years.  
Some people didn't,  
or retaliated,  
and they were  
sacked on the spot.  
He was the boss, and he  
was the boss.  
Brian Epstein was notorious for  
his dreadful tantrums.  
He would hire and re-fire  
his top executives  
at the drop of a hat.  
Freda was sort of immune,  
if you like,  
to the temper tantrums.  
She was never hurt by them.  
We had a new dictaphone,  
and he gave me this tape to do  
while he was out,  
and I'd done about two letters  
and the tape got stuck.  
So Neil Aspinall  
came in and I said,  
"Oh God, I've got this tape and  
I've got it stuck,  
and there's  
a load of work on it. "  
We pressed two things, and we  
erased all the work.  
He came in the office,  
and I just saw John at the back of him,  
and he went to  
hang up the coat,  
and he said,  
"Have you finished the tape?"

and I just said "No.  
I'm sorry, no.  
I've wiped it by mistake. "  
He just looked at me, and then  
shouted "You stupid girl!"  
and John Lennon saved the day,  
because he was behind me,  
and he must have  
seen how shaken I was,  
and Eppy about to erupt.  
He started laughing, and going  
"Oh, what have you done, Kelly?"  
and when a Beatle laughed,  
Eppy laughed.  
But it wasn't a proper laugh.  
He wasn't amused at all.  
And I just  
remember looking at him  
and saying "I'll  
stay late to do it. "  
and he said, "I know you will,  
you'll definitely stay late,  
until all this work is done. "  
I was very  
naive for my age;  
I just came into the music business  
when I was 17,  
up until I was 16, I'm camping with  
the Guides and things like that.  
Once I joined  
the Beatles organization,  
I grew up overnight  
in more ways than one,  
and I remember saying to John,  
"You know what? I don't know  
what it is about him... "  
I said "I can't  
put me finger on it,"  
and I know I was  
rabbiting on for England,  
and John started laughing,  
and then he went  
"Have you no idea?"  
and I said,

"No idea about what?"  
He put it to me  
very innocently,  
and I always  
respect him for that,  
he said,  
"Well let's say this, Fre,  
if you're on a desert island with him,  
you'd be safe. "  
And the penny dropped.  
Where nowadays it's legal,  
and quite rightly so,  
but in those days they had  
a lot to put up with.  
Probably that had a lot to do  
with his mood-swings as well,  
and trying to keep  
it from his parents  
and other people.  
The music industry was  
a man's industry in the '60s.  
In The Beatles' circle,  
there wasn't any  
high-ranking women.  
Women, or girls,  
worked on the admin side,  
but the highest  
you can go in admin  
is just be  
secretary to the main guy.  
I was secretary  
to Brian Epstein,  
but there wasn't  
a hard road to climb,  
you just had to stay there.  
There was a lot to get done,  
so anybody that  
came into the office,  
I would put them to work.  
I would get them  
slicin' the envelopes,  
tearin'  
the foreign stamps off,  
stickin'

photographs in envelopes,  
and groups around town  
...because they never had any money,  
musicians around town...  
they used to come into my office  
for a free cup of tea,  
or if it was raining,  
or to hear the records,  
so while they  
were sitting there,  
nobody sat  
there doing nothing.  
They all used to help out.  
I bumped into  
the lead singer of  
The Cryin' Shames,  
Ritchie Routledge,  
and he had a big  
post bag on his back,  
and I said  
"Where are you going?"  
he said, "I'm going  
to the post office,"  
I said "What for?", he said,  
"I've got all The Beatles' vinyl stuff  
in the bag, Freda told me  
... not asked me, told me...  
to go and post it. "  
She just had  
this way about her,  
a bit like  
a schoolteacher really.  
You know, you had to do  
what the schoolteacher said,  
and you had to do  
what Freda said, really.  
Well, you didn't have to do it,  
you wanted to do it for her,  
'cause she'd just  
give you a little smile,  
and you did it.  
When Ringo first  
joined the band  
...I think he was only in the band about



two weeks or something...  
I came into the office,  
he said  
"I'm getting  
letters to my house,  
and if I bring them in,  
will you do them?"  
And I went "No, I won't," I said,  
"I've got too much to do. "  
I said "Get your  
mother to do it,  
you know all  
the other parents do,"  
and he went "Oh, me mum  
doesn't know what to do. "  
He put the sad  
eyes on, and just like  
"Oh, go on, please?  
You know, I don't get many. "  
To shut him up I went  
"Oh go on then, bring them in. "  
He brought about nine letters  
in this little poly bag,  
and he actually put  
the answers to the  
questions that they'd  
asked in the letters  
on the top of  
the letter to help me,  
'cos he said to me,  
"If you don't know the answers  
I've put the answers down  
for you and everything. "  
He must have  
thought I was terrible,  
'cos I looked at him and I said  
to him "Is this all you get?"  
I couldn't believe... he must  
have wanted to shoot me,  
and I went, "You've only got  
nine letters. "  
He said, "Will you help me?  
Will you come and  
show me mum what to do?"

I ended up going 'round,  
knocking on 10 Admiral Grove,  
and Elsie opened the door,  
and I said, "I'm Freda from the office,"  
and she went, "Oh, thank God for that,  
come in, love, come in. "  
And I said, "Well,  
I've just brought stuff  
for you,  
to show you what to do. "  
She said,  
"Have you had any tea?"  
And I said "No," and she went,  
"Would you like egg and chips?"  
and I said, "Oh, I'd love  
egg and chips, yeah. "  
And then we started talking,  
and we got on like a house on fire.  
Every week, for years,  
I went to that house.  
Will the neighbors  
not become envious  
of all the wealth that's been  
accumulated by the Beatles?  
No, not  
the neighbors 'round here,  
they're all very good  
and all quite proud.  
Comin' back now,  
just everything is flashing in me head  
about just how  
much joy and happiness  
and laughter went  
on in this house.  
I had a great time here.  
I loved it,  
I loved coming  
here every week.  
It's probably...  
I haven't been in this house  
for about 46 years.  
I spent a lot of my life here.  
I used to stay 'til about  
1 or 2 in the morning,

going through the mail,  
and talking, and laughing,  
things about my life as well,  
and who I was going out with at the time.  
And it's not one of The Beatles,  
before you start.  
Elsie'd give me advice,  
motherly advice.  
She was very jolly,  
very outgoing,  
and a really strong laugh.  
I told her all my secrets  
when I was a teenager.  
Maybe she looked on the daughter  
that she didn't have,  
maybe she  
looked on me as that.  
She decided I wasn't getting  
enough money, wages,  
and she was at a party,  
and Eppy was there,  
and then she, few drinks down,  
and then she starts in on him  
and said "You don't know  
what you've got there,  
you've got  
a good worker there. "  
And she was going on and on,  
and I was going "Well, shut up. "  
And she was going, "You should pay her  
some more money, you know.  
You don't pay her enough money.  
You should give her a rise. "  
I really got a rise,  
two weeks later.  
His words were,  
"We've reviewed your wages, Freda,  
and we've decided  
to give you a rise. "  
Well, you asked me about  
a mother figure before...  
she was the nearest  
to a mother figure for me.  
I just adored her.

Once

The Beatles were in London  
and criss-crossing the globe,  
Freda became probably  
the link  
between the Beatles' families in Liverpool  
and each individual Beatle.

I was surprised  
when I met her,  
because I thought, to have taken on  
this mammoth, ridiculous job,  
she must have been  
some 50-year-old,  
settled-in-her-ways  
old secretary  
with bad feet and a large bosom,  
but she was anything but:  
she was vivacious  
and fun and just a snip  
of a teenager,  
this young, thin girl.

I suppose you could say that  
The Beatles saw her as a sister,  
and the families  
saw her as a daughter.

NEMS used to close  
on a Wednesday afternoon,  
but I never told home that I was off  
on a Wednesday afternoon.

We used to go out with Paul's dad,  
we used to call him Uncle Jim,  
we used to go to a place called  
the Bassnett Bar.

He was trying to educate me  
on the cures and cheeses  
and coffee and things like that.

Well, I would stay  
there and get sozzled,  
you know, 'cos I'd be trying  
all these different things with them,  
and then they would  
just put me in a taxi  
and I'd go home and  
go straight to bed.

Now, John's family...  
he only had Mimi.  
Mimi was John's aunt.  
She took John in when he was about five,  
when his parents split up.  
Mimi didn't let anybody in that house;  
very few people got in.  
You had to go 'round the back,  
you know, like the tradesmen's entrance,  
but I actually went up  
and knocked on the front door,  
and I got in the front door.  
It wasn't that you were  
frightened of Mimi,  
you just watched  
your Ps and Qs.  
To me, Mimi was like my father,  
she was old-school.  
Any time I saw her with John,  
which wasn't very often,  
she was quite stern  
but he did obey her.  
I think  
the Harrisons enjoyed the fame  
more than any of  
the other parents.  
Mr. and Mrs. Harrison loved it.  
They took to it more.  
She was  
excellent with the fans,  
would let them into her house,  
would give them a cup of tea,  
you know,  
every day, she just sat down  
and wrote letters  
to all these kids.  
But they were very  
protective of George,  
maybe it was because he was  
the youngest Beatle.  
Mr. Harrison... Harry Harrison...  
was always saying to me,  
"You should learn  
to dance properly,"

and I said "I don't  
wanna learn ballroom  
dancing,  
I don't really like it,"  
and he said "No,  
I'm going to teach you. "  
He would get me up to dance  
and show me how to do the quick-step  
and the waltz and everything.  
So we were like there...  
I was really self-conscious about it,  
I just did not want to learn  
to ballroom dance.  
You know, all the families  
and all the boys believed in her.  
She was 'good old Freda' to them,  
in other words.  
Seeing them on  
a regular basis, coming in  
and out the office,  
going to their homes,  
it didn't hit me how big they were  
or worshipped they were  
until the civic reception,  
which was at  
the Town Hall in Liverpool.  
The only people that  
were invited really  
were The Beatles themselves  
and The Beatles' families,  
and that was it,  
but Ritchie's family put me down  
as one of their family.  
We were picked up in a car  
from the counsel,  
we must have come  
in the back way,  
and the lads  
were already here,  
and we had a meal,  
so we were all relaxed and everything,  
and then next minute,  
they then had to go out onto the balcony  
and, just as they

opened these doors,  
the noise hit us,  
with the shouts and the screaming,  
and then I came to  
behind the door here  
and I just couldn't  
believe Castle Street.  
It was just full of people;  
as far as the eye could see  
was people, everywhere.  
I mean, the noise was deafening,  
there was chaos in the street,  
girls were wriggling and pushing  
to get through the crowd,  
and they were fainting,  
and the ambulance men and police  
were just passing  
them over the crowds  
to get them  
into the ambulance.  
It was unbelievable.  
I think the penny  
actually dropped  
with me then,  
how big they were,  
'cos it hadn't really hit home  
until I saw that amount of people,  
it was about 200,000 people...  
I couldn't even visualize 200,000 people  
until I saw it that day.  
I think now,  
and I think the parents  
must have been  
so proud of 'em,  
that their sons were  
out on the balcony,  
and Liverpool was  
reacting to them.  
I'm very proud that  
I worked for them.  
So what was Beatlemania  
to you at the height of it,  
when it was its busiest,  
what, 1964, '65?

No sleep  
with all the mail.  
How many letters a week  
were you getting, roughly?  
Oh, God, thousands,  
two to three thousand a day.  
Must have sat up 'til 4,  
5 o'clock in the morning  
just answering... I used to do all  
what we call detail letters...  
I used to just  
bring all them home  
and then go back to work with  
me little parcel the next day.  
I don't know how I lived.  
In the wake of the outbreak  
of Beatlemania,  
there was a very very sudden increase  
in interest amongst fans,  
people writing in,  
asking for autographs,  
asking to join  
the Beatles fan club, etc.  
Brian Epstein decided  
that we would have a stamp.  
It looked like  
a proper signature.  
And I remember, sometimes,  
I would roll it across the autograph book,  
and only half of  
it would turn out,  
or it would smudge.  
I ruined so many  
kids' autograph books.  
And of course,  
I'm a Beatle fan,  
so I'm thinking  
the way they're thinking,  
and I thought "I'd go  
mad if that was me. "  
I know I was against them  
and John Lennon was against them as well,  
I think he thought because  
of the falseness.



I remember John coming in,  
and I asked him to sign something,  
and he said, "I did that,"  
"You don't normally  
sign it that way,"  
and he said "I've decided to sign that way  
from now on,"  
and I said,  
"Is that because our stamps  
look like you  
wrote the signature?"  
He went "Yeah. "  
In the end, I thought,  
"Oh, I'm dumping them. "  
I never told Eppy,  
I just thought, "Right,  
I'll just keep all  
these autograph books  
and photographs  
in the cupboard,  
and when the lads come in,  
I'll still carry on. "  
I would know when they were staying  
at home in their own houses,  
I would know in advance that,  
oh, George is coming home tonight,  
so I'll nab him, I'll go from the office  
straight to Mackets Lane,  
so I would go  
'round and get them  
to sign stuff in  
their own house,  
say, "Oh,  
while you're sitting there,  
watching the telly,  
do us a favor.  
Can you just  
sign that bagful?"  
So, if some of the fans,  
especially in the foreign countries,  
they didn't have the address  
of the fan club,  
so they just knew that they lived  
in England somewhere,

so they would just  
put 'To Paul McCartney'  
or 'To George Harrison,  
England,'  
but it would come  
through the system.  
The post office, give them their due,  
were very good,  
they just knew where  
the fan club existed.  
The type of  
questions kids would ask  
in the fan club  
letters was, you know,  
'Can I have  
a piece of Paul's shirt?'  
or 'If I send you a map,  
can you ask  
Paul to come  
'round at 6 o'clock?  
Because I'm having a party  
and I'd like him to come. '  
But then it got  
a bit out of hand,  
because then  
people wanted hair,  
and it was  
the same barber that cut  
their hair,  
it was always this one guy.  
I mean, it was their hair,  
they'd probably do DNA on it now.  
He would have  
a mat down on the floor  
or something,  
and cut their hair...  
'cos he thought I was mental.  
And he'd just say "There you go,  
do you want that bit?"  
I'd go "Yeah, yeah, thanks. "  
Somebody sent a pillowcase in  
and said "Can you get Ritchie to  
sleep on this pillowcase  
and then send it back to me

and get him to sign it?"  
I must have known that he was going to  
be home for three days,  
so I just threw that in the bag  
and took it to his house  
and said, "Will you sleep on that tonight  
and sign it then?"  
And I remember saying to Elsie...  
that was his mum...  
"Can you make sure  
he sleeps on it?"  
Anyway, he brought it in,  
just said "Here,"  
and then I just  
sent it out again...  
whether she believed me or not  
that he'd slept on it, but he did,  
he put his head  
on that pillow.  
Honestly, if I could  
do it, I would do it,  
'cos I was one of them,  
I was a fan me self,  
so I knew where  
they were coming from.  
There was one particular fan  
that stowed away on a ship  
from America to Liverpool docks,  
finished up on our doorstep.  
Freda had many episodes  
like that to deal with,  
of fans that were just crazy.  
They would just open the mail  
and flip through the mail,  
and go "Oh, this kid  
wants such and such,"  
or "This girl wants  
a piece of my shirt,"  
they'd just laugh, and I said,  
"Oh, just leave it there,  
'cos I've got a bit of your shirt,"  
and they'd go "Good. "  
When I typed the wages,  
the balance went in the bank Fordham,

and they all got  
50 pound in an envelope, cash,  
for them to play around with  
whatever way they wanted.  
Now, I used to take  
that money sometimes:  
if they didn't come in that week,  
Eppy'd just say to me,  
"Now you go to one  
of the bookings. "  
I knew they were  
playing at The Empire  
and I was trying to  
get through the crowd,  
and in those days,  
policemen were always big,  
and this guy was a big guy  
and he was on a horse  
and I was trying to wriggle  
through the crowd,  
and I just said to him,  
"I need to get into The Empire. "  
He just blanked me.  
And I said "No,  
no, I work for them,  
honestly,  
I've got their wages,  
I need to get  
into The Empire. "  
And he went, "You and  
thousands of others. Hop it. "  
Which one is this? Oh,  
it's a Beatle one.  
My mum is the most private person  
I've ever met in my life.  
She would never sit down  
and put dinner on the table  
and discuss just  
idle chitter-chatter  
about what's gone  
on with The Beatles  
in the past,  
or anything like that.  
That's just not her nature.

You know,  
Freda, unless you knew her,  
you would never  
know what she's done,  
'cos she never  
tells anybody at all.  
We did a gig the other month  
in New Brighton  
and Freda was in the audience.  
I saw her come in, and I was  
on the microphone,  
I said "I'd like to welcome Freda Kelly,  
The Beatles' secretary,"  
and she just turned around  
and walked straight out,  
so nobody knew who she was,  
they're all looking 'round  
but she wasn't there;  
she'd walked out.  
A lot of people  
in my mother's life  
don't even know  
her previous life,  
so to speak, i. e. her job,  
and she's always kept it like that.  
It was a time of her life,  
and things changed,  
and then she became a mother  
so things moved on,  
so if they do happen  
to find out, they are  
rather surprised,  
to say the least.  
You know, some  
things are very personal,  
and I do respect the word privacy.  
I like my own privacy,  
and I think even The Beatles,  
they're  
entitled to  
part of their lives  
that really people  
shouldn't invade.  
Ritchie started going out

with a girl called Mo Cox  
who was from Liverpool,  
she was a hairdresser,  
and we just got on  
very well together, Mo and I.  
I think it was  
because she was just  
an ordinary girl  
from Liverpool.  
Mo and Ritchie  
got married in '65,  
and then she had Zak  
in the September, I think.  
I happened to be in London  
the day he was born,  
and I was in the office,  
and Ritchie called into the office,  
and he said,  
"I'm going to see Mo now,  
and Zak.  
Do you wanna come with me?"  
and I went "Oh yeah, yeah,"  
So I think I was  
the second person  
to see Zak,  
soon after he was born.  
John's girlfriend  
... well, she was  
his wife when I got  
to know Cynthia...  
she was out of the picture,  
she was very low key.  
We were told... but  
that we weren't to say  
anything... that  
John was married.  
Brian Epstein was sitting on it  
for as long as he could.  
I even had a friend  
that was going out with John,  
and she would go to bookings  
and he would take her home,  
but I couldn't tell her that,  
"Oh please, end this now.

It's not gonna go anywhere. "  
You really want to say something.  
You're dying to say something,  
because it is your friend,  
but you work for a company  
that have asked you  
not to say things,  
so you have given your word.  
Freda had this  
Liverpool trait of loyalty  
in her love life  
and other people's love lives.  
Relationships  
were amongst the top  
priorities of  
being personal things  
that you did not publicize.  
You certainly did  
not kiss and tell.  
I was out with Paul,  
walking somewhere,  
maybe he gave me a lift home  
or he walked me to the bus stop,  
somebody saw us, and then it was,  
you know, I was marrying Paul,  
and then they got a quote  
"Well, Paul McCartney  
is not marrying Freda Kelly. "  
When it was released  
that Paul had got married,  
because people didn't know  
that he was getting married,  
phone call after phone call  
was all Paul fans, crying down the phone,  
"Why didn't you tell us  
he was getting married?"  
"We didn't know  
he was getting married!"  
and, oh, some of them  
that wanted to kill themselves,  
and "Oh, I'll never be  
a Paul McCartney fan again!  
He's gone and  
married somebody else!"

so you just had  
to calm them down  
and say, "Well, you know,  
he's still Paul McCartney,  
he'll still be  
making his records,"  
and they'd be  
"No no no, but he's  
got married now and  
it's not the same. "  
I do remember the guy  
from one of the papers.  
He lived near me, you know,  
he knew what my job was...  
that I was working  
for The Beatles...  
and I remember him saying to me,  
could I tell him anything?  
"Freda, you just  
have to put an envelope  
through my door with  
things written on it,  
and then there will be an envelope  
through your door. "  
This was just before  
George got married,  
'cos I thought  
"Well I ain't telling ya  
that George is  
going to get married,"  
but I just looked at him,  
and then I just said,  
"Oh no, I wouldn't do that. "  
Everybody needs money,  
and we all like money,  
or we'd like to  
have more money  
than we have,  
but not to that extent.  
I'm not prepared to sell me soul  
to the devil for a few pounds.  
That's just me though,  
isn't it? You know  
everybody



doesn't think like me.  
Maybe some people think  
I'm silly or stupid or...  
She was a girl  
and then a woman  
with absolute  
integrity and faithfulness.  
So many otherpeople have,  
over the years, told, I would say,  
dirt digging type stories,  
and Freda never did do that  
and never would.  
In the beginning, you know,  
I was just a fan and everything like that,  
but once I started working for them,  
the loyalty set in.  
It wasn't there from day one,  
'cos I'm just a seventeen-year-old,  
but then, as I'm maturing with them,  
the loyalty is setting in,  
and you don't break loyalty.  
I think if you're loyal to something,  
you should stay loyal.  
If she had to be tough,  
she would certainly be tough;  
if she had to be sweet,  
she was sweet anyway,  
and she was intent on  
getting the facts right all the time,  
and lo and behold,  
if you didn't get the facts right,  
you were in her bad books,  
and I wouldn't like to be  
in Freda's bad books.  
I think that Freda's  
motto in life  
was "I'll be nice to you,  
but don't cross me.  
I'll not deal with you,  
in fact, if you're  
trying to tell  
lies about my boys. "  
I was quite  
nervous around Freda,

'cos to me she  
was like an idol.  
I was about 14, there was  
three of us worked together,  
oh it was just  
absolutely an amazing  
thing to do at the time,  
you know,  
to think that one of The Beatles  
could possibly walk in,  
it was just... oh,  
I just can't explain it  
now.  
It was amazing at the time.  
They would put photographs  
in envelopes  
and they would  
open certain letters,  
and then bring the letters in  
for me to answer,  
and I would really  
frank in the mail,  
and this particular day,  
one of the envelopes  
that I put through  
the franking machine  
was a bit bulky,  
so I opened it,  
and when I opened it,  
there was hair fell out,  
and the girls were  
still in the office,  
and I just said,  
"What's going on here?"  
She was absolutely livid.  
I mean,  
being the innocent party,  
I didn't know  
nothing about it,  
and then my friend Lorraine,  
she owned up and said it was her.  
It materialized that she'd cut  
her sister's hair  
and put her sister's

hair in the envelope  
and pretended it was  
going to be Paul's,  
and I just said,  
"Well, I just can't trust you after this. "  
I still remember thinking,  
"I've done nothing wrong,  
it wasn't my fault!"  
I just done a clean sweep,  
didn't just sack the girl that done it,  
I said, "That's it, sorry.  
Can't trust you anymore. "  
That was the only  
time I've been sacked.  
Wouldn't wanna live that day again,  
that's for sure.  
It was horrible... awful day.  
The thing about Freda  
is that if she found out  
that somebody was telling lies  
about somebody,  
it'd just be "Come here you,"  
in front of everybody  
and she would castigate them  
right down the banks,  
and so she's a bit judgmental,  
if you like, but so? That's Freda.  
The bottom line was,  
I had to run a tight ship...  
I had to answer to Apple  
and to The Beatles,  
and if anything went wrong,  
it was my head  
that went on  
the chopping block,  
nobody else's.  
It was August 1965,  
and The Beatles were playing on The Empire,  
and The Moody Blues were also  
on the bill, with them.  
I had popped in  
to see the lads,  
I just opened  
the door slightly

and their band room  
was just full of relations,  
so I thought, "Oh,  
I'm never going to get in here,"  
so, I was involved  
with one of The Moodys at the time,  
so I went into their dressing room,  
which was next door,  
that was just them and they had  
alcohol and drinks,  
so I decided to  
stay there for a drink,  
but probably I stayed a bit longer  
than I shoulda done,  
and then I realized  
that I had to get autographs signed  
and photographs signed,  
so anyway,  
I came back, knocked on the door,  
and I just walked in.  
And as I walked in,  
John said to me, "Where have you been?"  
And I said,  
"Oh, I've been next door,  
I've been in  
the Moodys' dressing room,"  
and he went, "Whose fan club  
secretary are you?"  
and I went "What are  
you talking about?"  
I said, "I'm your  
fan club secretary,"  
and he went "Not anymore. "  
He said, "You might as well  
go back to The Moodys  
and be their fan  
club secretary,"  
and I said "What are you talking about?"  
and he went "You're sacked. "  
And then I looked  
at the other three,  
so I said,  
"Are you sacking me as well?"  
and they went,

"No, we're not sacking you. "  
So I got on my  
high horse then,  
probably because of the drink,  
and I looked at him and I said,  
"Well, I'll just work for the other three;  
I won't do your mail anymore. "  
He said "Oh, I was only joking,"  
I went, "No you weren't,"  
and he went  
"Oh, I'm begging you, come back!"  
and I said, "Well, I'll tell you what,  
get down on your two knees  
and beg me to come back,  
you dumped me. "  
He said, "If I get down  
on one knee?"  
and I said, "Go on then,  
get down on one knee,"  
and he did, and I said, "Oh, all right,  
I'll come back to you. "  
There has been quite a degree  
of loss in her lifetime  
which not many  
people have gone through,  
so, obviously, her mother dying  
when she was very young,  
my brother dying,  
then my mum and dad getting divorced...  
A lot of people have gone under  
for less, and she hasn't.  
She's a strong character,  
and she's come out fighting every time.  
Over a period of time, people have said  
"Oh, why don't you do a book?"  
or "You know,  
you should do a book,"  
and my son did ask me  
... Timothy did ask me...  
to do a few things,  
and I just...  
it was because I never talked about  
The Beatles, or my past,  
and then something would

come on the television  
and it would jog my memory,  
and I would say, "Oh, I went to that,"  
or, "Oh, I remember  
the civic reception,"  
or "I remember this,"  
and Timothy used to say,  
"But mum,  
you never talk about it,"  
and I said, "Timothy, I haven't  
got time to talk about it.  
I'm more  
interested in going to shops  
and thinking what  
to put on the table  
tonight for dinner,  
not to sit down  
and talk to you  
about The Beatles. "  
And he just shook  
it off, and then,  
when my grandson  
came along, I thought  
"Well,  
I didn't do it for Timothy,"  
and then Timothy passed away  
a few years ago,  
and then when Nial came along,  
I thought, "Well,  
I'm definitely going to do it now. "  
Shh, I can hear  
the birdies singing,  
yeah,  
can you hear them singing?  
You know, because one of these days,  
he might just look at me  
in the corner with  
the shawl and the grey  
hair and a cat  
sitting on me knee,  
and probably think,  
"Oh, you know,  
she never done anything,  
or... "

I would like him  
to be proud of me  
and see how  
exciting my life was  
in the '60s,  
and the fun I had.  
If I hadn't 'a done it now  
... and this is the truth...  
If I hadn't 'a done it now,  
I know I wouldn't ever have done it.  
She could always say tomorrow,  
tomorrow,  
and she'll never sit  
down and sort it out.  
When Nial was born,  
things definitely changed,  
and I think that when anybody  
has a child in that respect,  
it does open a lot  
of doors for people  
and changes their position  
in life in general,  
and you can suddenly reinvent  
yourself to a degree,  
because Timothy  
isn't around now,  
and you don't know  
what tomorrow brings.  
When they came  
back from America,  
Brian Epstein decided then  
that we had to move to London,  
and you did, because in those days  
everything happened in London,  
wasn't happening up north.  
We were planning on where  
we were going to live  
and what we were gonna do,  
and what clubs we would visit,  
and we were just...  
all the excitement and the adrenaline  
was, ooh, we're going to the big city,  
the capital city.  
So I went home and said,

"Oh, well, I'm going to London,  
the fam's going to London,  
and I'm going  
to London with  
the fam and everything,"  
and I'm all bubbly,  
and me father,  
he just sat in the chair  
and he was just listening,  
and he said, "London is a city  
of vice. You're not going. "  
I knew I could go, you know,  
he couldn't stop me going,  
but when I started  
looking in me own mind,  
he wasn't very  
well at the time,  
so that's when I thought  
"No, I can't do this to me father.  
A job's a job, even if it is  
The Beatles, a job's a job. "  
And that's why I  
handed in my notice.  
He had a beautiful desk in the office,  
really big desk,  
he didn't even look  
up when I walked in,  
I just stood in front of him,  
and I said, very quietly,  
"I want to hand in  
my notice please. "  
He'd never heard that before,  
and he went,  
"Don't you want  
to come to London?"  
I said, "Oh, I desperately  
want to come to London,  
I'd love to come to London,"  
and I said,  
"But I can't come to London,  
'cos me father  
won't allow me. "  
I know for a fact that Brian Epstein  
was seriously concerned,



and I also know  
that the individual Beatles  
were most upset that  
she wasn't coming to London.  
And then Eppy sent for me.  
He said, "I've had  
a talk with the lads,  
and we don't  
want to you leave. "  
And I was just stunned.  
He said, "I've had a word  
with your father, and you can come  
to London on a regular basis.  
You stay up here. "  
And he said, "You can go back to NEMS,  
let me see it done,  
you can have my old offices  
in White Chapel. "  
And that was how  
I didn't leave.  
Before they moved to London,  
I wanted to get their autographs,  
so, George was in  
this day, and I had  
autograph book  
upon autograph book  
for him to sign,  
and I slipped mine in the middle.  
So he's signing them,  
and I'm saying, you know, "That's to Rita,  
that's to Barbara, that's to Steve,  
and he gets to mine, and he said  
"Who's this to?" and I said,  
"Well, just sign that,"  
'cos I just wanted  
it out of the way,  
and he went,  
"Well, no, who's it to?"  
and I think it was  
because I was going,  
"Oh, it doesn't matter,  
just sign it,"  
and I remember  
saying to him, "Oh,

just sign the book,  
just sign the book,"  
and he flicked it to the front,  
and he went, "Is this yours?"  
and I went,  
"Yeah, I haven't got your autograph,  
I just want your autograph  
before you go to London. "  
So he signed it, and he pocketed it,  
he took it,  
and I went,  
"What are you doing with me book?"  
and he went,  
"I'll get the others for ya. "  
And then next time he came in,  
he just threw it on the table,  
he went, "There you go. "  
And they'd all put little comments in it.  
Oh, Beatles Monthly.  
Before the days  
of the internet and  
Twitter and  
Facebook and everything,  
the way we got  
news to the fans  
was through  
the Beatles Monthlys.  
I would get information  
from their parents,  
little gossipy snippets,  
I would also ask them what was going on,  
and little bits  
of juicy information from them,  
and I would put it  
in my newsletter,  
that was,  
in The Beatles Monthly.  
Dear Beatle People,  
I'd really like to thank each  
and every one of you  
who have sent presents  
for John's birthday.  
John was really pleased that  
so many of you remembered him.

During his 10-day  
trip to America,  
Paul looked in on a Beach Boys  
recording session.  
Tarrah for now, Freda Kelly.  
Dear Beatle People, July 1964  
will go down in Beatle history  
as a hard day's month.  
At last the first feature film  
starring our fabulous foursome  
is ready for showing,  
and will be coming  
to your local  
cinema quite soon.  
At the beginning of March,  
you will see, Beatles at Shea Stadium Show,  
filmed in New  
York last August,  
when the boys starred in the  
largest-ever concert of their career  
before 57,000 fans.  
Thank goodness  
the rumors about Paul are over.  
Paul is still with us,  
and is likely to be with us for a long time.  
Congratulations to  
Ringo and Maureen,  
who are expecting  
their second baby  
shortly after  
Maureen's next birthday.  
George has been to  
the dentist again.  
Dear Beatle People,  
after nearly four months  
of solid session work,  
the new LP, called  
Sergeant Pepper's  
Lonely Hearts Club Band,  
is ready.  
Beatles are hoping to acquire  
their own private recording studios  
at a secret  
location in central London.

New Beatles  
recording every week.  
In one short  
period of just over  
four months,  
The Beatles have released  
no less than  
sixteen new recordings.  
John hated his  
passport photograph so much  
that he tore it up  
and had a new picture taken.  
Dear Beatle People,  
quite a lot of letters sent in  
discussed John,  
Cynthia, and Yoko Ono.  
At least as many members have  
written about Paul and Jane.  
Everyone has dozens  
of questions to ask,  
and many of you  
have only been too  
ready to put  
forward your opinions.  
Here at the fan club,  
we believe  
that The Beatles deserve their  
separate and individual private lives,  
which should remain their business,  
and no other people's.  
I am sure both  
John and Paul will  
work out their  
problems in their own ways,  
and I think they should be  
allowed to do so  
without the help or hindrance  
from millions of Beatle People.  
Tarrah for now, Freda Kelly.  
Over the years,  
we could see the effect  
that his job was  
having on Eppy.  
It was taking its toll.

The odd time that I went to London  
and saw him, he was just changing,  
you know, you could just see  
things weren't right.

He became obsessed  
with trying out, initially,  
experimenting  
with drugs, and then  
becoming very  
reliant upon them,  
and becoming more  
and more of a mess.

The 27th of August,  
1967, I was at home.

There was something  
up with our phone,  
and I know I had  
to use a neighbor's phone,  
and the neighbor  
came over to me  
and said,

"There's a call for you,  
there's a girl, Pat,  
wants to talk to you,"

and Pat said,

"Oh, have you heard about  
Brian,

have you heard about Brian?  
He's just been found dead. "

The media were on this one  
that he committed suicide,  
and I just didn't believe  
that he committed suicide.

Somebody said that he  
choked on his vomit,  
and I tend to  
believe that tale.

The Beatles were  
actually in Wales,  
they'd gone there  
to see the Maharishi,  
and they were informed there,  
and I just remember John,  
out of all of them,

he was the one that  
was sorta stunned.  
Although I was still young me self,  
I could still visualize  
the devastation  
that it was going to cause.  
He was  
the anchor for everything,  
and it was just...  
where do we all go from here?  
What happens now?  
So Paul had this meeting set  
for September the 1st,  
within a couple of days of Brian Epstein's  
very tragic, premature death,  
and when I got there,  
nobody else had arrived yet,  
and he said, "Before the others get here,  
I just want to tell you,  
I think that if The Beatles do not  
get together and work together  
very very quickly now,  
the group is going to disintegrate. "  
Magical Mystery tour,  
it wasn't the best-organized thing,  
well, it wasn't organized,  
because Paul had a rough idea,  
but just a very rough idea.  
This coach rolled up,  
and there was all  
different types of  
people milling around,  
like a guy dressed up  
as a bit of a clown,  
and he had a spotty,  
funny-type suit,  
and I thought  
"What's going on?"  
and then this man... I didn't know him,  
I found out his name then,  
it was called Ivor Cutler...  
and he come over to me  
and he just said to me,  
"You've got a nice-shaped head. "

We all eventually got on the bus,  
and I dived for the back,  
I thought, "Well, I'll go  
on the back seat,  
and, you know, you're not really  
seen on the back seat,"  
and then Paul  
eventually got on the bus,  
and he sat by the driver,  
and then he called my name,  
and he went,  
"Freda, where are you?"  
and I went,  
"I'm here, I'm on the back,"  
and he went,  
"Can you come up the front?"  
and I went, "Do I have to?"  
and he went, "Come up the front. "  
I thought, "Well, he's getting severe  
here now, do as you're told. "  
You couldn't book the hotels  
in The Beatles' names  
because they  
wouldn't have you,  
so you always had to book them  
under false names,  
and Neil was doing  
some of the hotels,  
and I said to him, "Why don't you book it  
in the Women's Institute  
or the Catholic Women's League  
or something like that?"  
and he went,  
"Oh, that's a good idea,"  
so I had to go up  
to the counter in the hotel  
and say, "Hello,  
you've got a reservation  
in the name of  
the Women's Institute,"  
and then they went, "Oh fine,"  
I said, "Well, we're just come in now. "  
The shock on  
people's faces when we all

trooped in...  
because it was The Beatles,  
it was people dressed weird...  
it was a very mixed bunch,  
very odd bunch,  
and I was one of them.  
But where, I think,  
Paul was decided to do it there and then  
was 'cos it was so quickly  
after Brian Epstein's death.  
He thought it might hold us all together,  
or hold them all together,  
but I don't think it worked.  
That's just my opinion.  
You know, you don't wanna  
think about that,  
you can be big-headed,  
and say,  
"Yeah,  
we're gonna last ten years,"  
but as soon as you've  
said that, you think  
"We're lucky if we  
last three months. "  
Well obviously, we can't keep playing  
the same sort of music  
until we're about 40.  
When I as at 40, we  
may not know how to  
write songs anymore.  
I hope to have enough money  
to go into a business of my own  
by the time we do flop.  
I've always fancied having  
a ladies' hairdresser.  
I string them, in fact, and strut 'round  
in me stripes and me tails,  
you know,  
"Like a cup of tea, madam?"  
The Beatles stopped touring in  
roughly 1966, I think,  
then Brian  
Epstein died in '67, and  
Magical Mystery



Tour was in '67,  
and Apple had started by then.  
In the beginning,  
when Apple first opened,

**it was great:**

the fun and the madness  
and all different nationalities  
in the press office.  
People didn't  
act as if they were  
working in  
an office or a business,  
and then it became more settled down,  
more normal,  
and there wasn't as much fun.

I loved  
the beginning part of it,  
'cos it was fun  
in the beginning,  
and it was fun for them,  
they enjoyed it so much.  
Every group wants to be in the charts,  
or wants a hit record, or...  
Everything was exciting in the beginning:  
they got a number one,  
and then they  
were asked to appear  
on the Royal  
Command Performance,  
and they saw the queen,  
and they were a hit in America,  
and the civic reception,  
and it was all these landmarks,  
and... where does it stop?  
You can't keep carrying on  
like that, can you?  
Towards the end of the '60s,  
it wasn't what The Beatles were doing  
as a group anymore,  
it was what they  
were doing individually.  
I know Paul's was... he was  
bringing out his own LP,

John and Yoko were doing  
the peace movement,  
and George was  
doing things, I think  
with Clapton,  
I can't remember,  
Ritchie had two sons by then,  
and he was more interested  
in, sort of, a family life.  
And then the penny was  
dropping with me,  
that we aren't gonna be Beatles  
as a group anymore.  
Are you still the Beatles' fan  
club secretary? How's business?  
Fine, except for the post day.  
They don't have  
a group anymore.  
Well they've still got four members,  
haven't they?  
I don't like to lie,  
but it was trying to bend the truth,  
when people were asking you questions  
about what was going on,  
you had to more or  
less say, "Well yes,  
The Beatles are  
still together,  
and everything's great,"  
but it wasn't great.  
And now,  
what's the arrangement today?  
Well last August,  
Paul rang me up  
and said he didn't want people  
to be writing about him as a Beatle,  
which I was doing, and he wanted to split  
this word, Beatles, up.  
They are four individual people now,  
recording and everything,  
and we'll write all  
about Apple artists,  
so we're still writing about  
the four Beatles

'cos Paul is  
still an Apple artist.  
Is the atmosphere today  
anything like it was ten years ago?  
No, no.  
What's missing?  
The closeness.  
It was all fun when we were teenagers,  
but your life changes,  
and my life had changed,  
I was then 27, I mean,  
I was married now,  
had a baby son,  
and I wanted more children,  
and I was, we'll say,  
concentrating on that.  
I then found out  
I was pregnant.  
I'd been trying  
to get pregnant for a while;  
I desperately  
wanted this baby,  
and I just wanted to make sure  
that everything was gonna be all right,  
so that was more important  
to me than my job,  
was my married life, my son,  
and the baby on the way,  
and then that's when I thought,  
"Well, I'm out here. "  
I went to London,  
had a discussion  
with Neil Aspinall,  
the head of Apple,  
who was their road manager  
in the beginning,  
and George and  
Ritchie were there;  
it was just... that was all,  
I remember we were 'round a table.  
I told them that I was pregnant,  
and they said,  
"Well, do you think you would  
be going back to work?"

and I said, "I won't be  
going back to work,  
you know,  
I'll have two children then. "  
And then George  
finally spoke up  
and said,  
"Freda, you were there in the beginning,  
you're there at the end,  
let's call it a day.  
Let's end the fan club. "  
You're still  
involved in the fan club?  
Well, I'm sorta  
trying to wind it up.  
This is what I wrote:  
"Well, this is it.  
John, Paul, George,  
and Ringo have each  
gone their separate ways,  
and they are no  
longer collectively  
an item.  
There it is. Eleven years.  
Eleven years in which  
we have become a very strong,  
happy,  
and close circle of friends.  
There will not be  
another official fan club  
for The Beatles as  
individual artists.  
Please do not write again.  
Yours faithfully,  
Freda Kelly. "  
I haven't read that  
since it went out.  
I actually felt  
quite sad, reading it.  
With me being  
a Beatle fan myself,  
I just knew that  
this is going to  
break a lot of

girls' hearts, so I musta  
put a lot of  
lights out for people.  
Well, the lights  
went out, didn't they?  
At the back of  
all this, I am still  
...or was... am  
still a Beatle fan,  
so I do think  
the way they think.  
We were still getting  
a lot of letters every day.  
I took them all home with me,  
'cos I couldn't leave them in the office,  
and although I said I  
wouldn't write again  
and I wouldn't  
answer any letters,  
between running  
my home and doing  
the normal  
things a mother does,  
I did answer the letters.  
Slowly.  
You know,  
I'd maybe do three one night,  
I might do none  
the next night,  
I might do five  
on the Saturday.  
But it took me,  
on average, about  
three years to  
answer all those letters.  
Once I ended  
the fan club, that was it.  
I was then not  
Freda Kelly anymore,  
and I just lived a normal life  
like everybody else,  
nothing to do with  
The Beatles anymore.  
When I look back, it is shocking

how many people that have gone  
that I knew from those days.  
Well,  
we lost Eppy first of all.  
You've got the main two...  
you've got John and George,  
you've got two wives...  
Mo Cox, Linda McCartney,  
you've got all the parents,  
you've got Neil Aspinall,  
Derek Taylor,  
my friend Laurie McCaffrey...  
it brings it home to me.  
I think fame and money  
doesn't mean anything.  
All the wealth  
doesn't cure cancer, does it?  
I worked with a lot of good people,  
I did, I loved them.  
Giving a job like that, to what  
became the biggest band in the world,  
to a girl of 17, that was  
an unbelievable thing to do,  
and she never let 'em down.  
The tide washes  
the sea in every day.  
Freda was the tide  
... you saw the effects  
of the tide like you see  
the effects of Freda...  
but you never actually see a tide as such,  
it just happens to be there,  
and Freda was,  
so tell the story.  
I don't know why  
Eppy picked me.  
Maybe it was just fate.  
And I was taken along  
for this ten-year,  
exciting ride,  
and then dropped off  
on the corner where I started it.  
You know, I'm not famous,  
I'm not wealthy,

I'm still working for a living,  
I'm still a Beatle fan,  
so although there's a 50-year gap  
since I started it,  
I still like to think that I'm back  
where I was in the beginning.  
I don't ever have to  
tell this tale again.  
It's down now,  
on record, isn't it?  
End of.  
Peace and love.  
My name is Ringo,  
and this is a message  
to all of Freda  
Kelly's grandchildren.  
Freda was a great friend to The Beatles,  
she was the fan club leader,  
and we've known  
her for a long time.  
Anyway, we all loved Freda.  
She was great,  
and Freda was like part of the family,  
and she knew all our families,  
she was just one of the best.  
Peace and love. Peace and love.