



Teenage Kicks

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A watercolor illustration of a girl with short, reddish-brown hair, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt with blue and orange stripes on the cuffs and a backpack with a rainbow pattern. She is looking down at a map of a city, which is spread out on a surface. The map shows various buildings, streets, and landmarks, including a large building with a red and white checkered pattern. The background is a high-angle view of a city with many buildings in shades of orange, yellow, and grey, with a grid-like street pattern. The overall style is soft and artistic, typical of watercolor painting.

TEENAGE KICKS

Girls growing up in Britain 1956 - 1974



TEENAGE KICKS

For Jan Burke,
who grew up as part of this
inspirational generation of women.

‘Teenage Kicks’ tells the stories of teenage girls growing up in Britain in 1956 to 1974. It was inspired by a research project called ‘Girlhood and Later Life’ (see www.manchester.ac.uk/girlhood-and-later-life). As part of this project, we interviewed women born between 1939 and 1952 about their experiences as teenagers and young women.

The stories in Teenage Kicks are based on some of the stories they told us, though we have changed some details and added others.

All these stories take place between the mid 1950s and the mid 1970s, which we often look back on as a time of great social, political and economic change. But change does not happen instantly, or equally. Some girls manage to take advantage of new opportunities and freedoms, but others get a taste of freedom that quickly dissolves or find themselves pulled into the same lives as generations of women before them.

And some details are timeless: the schoolgirl dreams, the buzz of earning your own money, hanging out with friends, 10pm curfews, the favourite songs and moving in with your boyfriend only to find that he does the washing up the wrong way.

Thank you to all the women who took part in our research: we couldn’t have made this zine without your stories and we only wish we could have included all your stories. Thanks also go to Hazel Burke and to our interviewers: Laura Fenton, Resto Cruz, Luciana Lang and to the research team at Manchester BME Network.

The project was funded by the Economic and Social Research Council.

All the illustrations in Teenage Kicks are by the talented Candice Purwin (www.candicepurwin.com). Candice brought interview transcripts to life on the page with her attention to historical detail and her uncanny ability to understand and illustrate other people’s lives,

Penny Tinkler

Professor of Sociology and History, University of Manchester

As well as a zine, Teenage Kicks is also available as an online exhibition and videos: see www.manchester.ac.uk/teenage-kicks for more.



Teenage Kicks

Girls growing up in Britain 1956 - 1974



Britain was transformed between 1956-1974 as a result of huge social and economic changes after the Second World War. Looking back, we might think life for young women at this time suddenly became a whirl of mini skirts, pop music and women's lib.



The pill was revolutionary...but it was a revolution that took a long time. Married women could take the pill from 1961 but it wasn't until 1974 that it was made free and available to all, and there could still be barriers to access for some.



The law was starting to recognise women as the equals of men. From 1969 it became easier for women to get divorced. Abortion was legalised – in some circumstances – in 1967.



Increasingly, girls were leaving their parents' homes for work and independence. A good education might help, but not all girls had an equal chance. It was harder for girls from poorer families to turn their hard work at school into a good career.



Any teenage girl with a little money to spend was spoiled for choice in the new department stores, record shops and coffee shops.



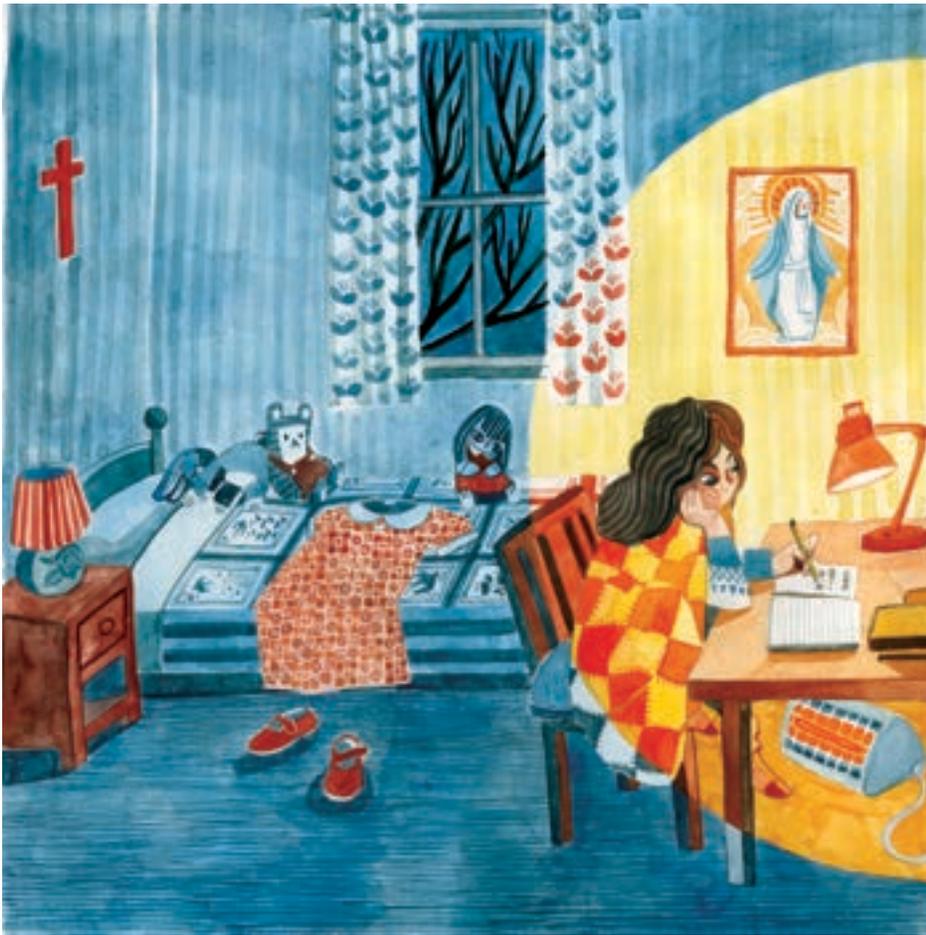
More girls got a place at university, and some of these began to get involved with the progressive politics so associated with teenagers in the seventies. Others were politically involved via trade unions.



Life for young women was changing, but not for all of them, and not at the same pace. These stories show what life was really like for a series of teenage girls growing up in Britain between 1956 and 1974.

Andrea

Born in 1951, Andrea grew up in a rural village in Gloucestershire in a lower-middle-class family.



Andrea had her own bedroom, where she did her homework, or whiled away the hours reading or dreaming. She even wrote poetry.



On Sunday she went to church in the morning and the evening, with Sunday school in between. She loved going on rambles with the church Youth Club. Andrea looks fondly on this this time, saying:

"You felt like you were part of a little community that valued you."



Her headmistress believed that girls should not have to restrict themselves to traditionally 'female' subjects. She gave Andrea the confidence to follow her passion for science. And along with aspirations to be a scientist, she dreamed about what it would be like to wear trousers, or drive a car.



While she loved her classes, Andrea's burgeoning sexuality was becoming a problem at school. She was picked on for being more interested in sport than makeup and boys.



"I was quietly suffering really, and the teachers knew...I had a crush on one of them – for years possibly – and she asked to talk to me after school. She asked me, "What do you think will happen as you get older?" but I knew it wasn't something I was going to just grow out of."



Andrea did well in her A-levels and got a place at university in London. She moved out of her parents' house to student digs.



Andrea's college was going through a 'pretty leftie' period, and like many other students in the late sixties she became more politically active, often joining in student marches. On hearing 'Lady Madonna' for the first time she says:

"I was really struck by it. It's about women's struggle. It's about poverty. It's about unfairness. That was really what my mind was turning to in those days."



Suddenly Andrea found herself a world away from life with her family: it was a time of political awakening, like-minded people and a chance to experiment with sex and drugs. She also began to venture into the city's nightlife, including the infamous Gateway Club, London's only lesbian club.



"It was down the King's Road, a crummy place really. Down in the basement and small, hot and dark. I used to go there secretly!"



Andrea spent her Sundays exploring the docks on the south side of the Thames, wandering the little alleys and wharves. Despite the freedom and experiences of her life in London, Andrea did not come out to her family, concerned that they would find it difficult to come to terms with.



Joyce

Joyce was born in 1948 into a large working-class family in Greater London



She lived with her mum, dad and five of her nine brothers and sisters in a three-bed council house. Her dad was a labourer and her mum looked after the children.



Joyce was very bright and managed to get a place in a grammar school, while her sisters went to a secondary modern. She thrived, and the head teacher encouraged her to apply to teacher training.

But she was aware she was poorer than her school friends. She wore a hand-me-down uniform and her shoes had holes. One day, they all stopped to buy sweets and she had to use the money she had been saving for a hair cut to avoid being the odd one out.

By the time she was 14, she was earning a little money doing errands for neighbours. This meant she could buy some of her own things, and groceries to help her parents' money stretch further.

"I remember the year white boots came in and I saved up and bought myself a pair"

School leaving age was 15. Joyce could have stayed on for A-levels, but her mum became ill, and she left school to help with cooking, cleaning and childcare for her younger brothers and sisters. Her mum died a few years later.



Though Joyce had more freedom after leaving school and starting work, there were limits.

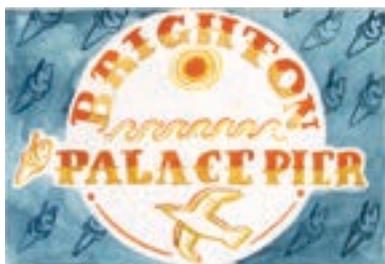
“A five mile radius of the road you grew up in, basically, that’s where you stayed.”



Joyce had to go to night school to learn short-hand typing for her job. Her sisters all learned at school, but it was assumed that grammar school girls wouldn't have jobs that needed typing.



Joyce started work as a receptionist at 16 but she and her friends still didn't have lots of money for socialising. They would walk to the coffee shop to save the bus fare, and they would make one coffee last all evening.



One time, they went to Brighton for a few days, staying in a B&B which was quite an adventurous thing to do. They also went to a nearby club called Spangles on Tuesdays but there was still a strict 10pm curfew at home!



“I was a Mod. We were all very smart. One of my boyfriends had a scooter. You felt like the bee’s knees, going around on a scooter!”



Joyce got engaged to Graeme at 20. Knowing first-hand the struggles of bringing up a family on a small budget, Joyce carried on working full-time and went on the pill while they saved up for marriage, a house and, later, children.



Cynthia

Cynthia was born in 1942 and grew up on an island in the Caribbean



"We all helped out on the farm. My brothers fed the pigs and me and my sisters planted cotton. We worked together as a family."



Cynthia was the sixth out of 12 children in her family. They didn't have much money and everybody had to work hard, including the children.

Cynthia and her family, like most of her neighbours, were regular church-goers. Church was like a second family for her.



"I was in the Girls' Brigade. It was such fun, and a welcome relief from doing jobs at home."



Cynthia didn't usually travel far from home, but occasionally she and her family travelled to the other side of the island to visit her cousins. They took gifts of food, and her uncle, a fisherman, gave them a huge lobster in return.



Cynthia's mother was in poor health, and so Cynthia left school at 15 to help look after her brothers and sisters. She also took a part-time job as a waitress.

Aged 18, Cynthia decided to go to England. Her mother went with her to the port in St Kitts. The boat journey took nearly a month and Cynthia missed her family desperately.



England was finger numbingly cold and damp. So much smoke came out of chimneys that Cynthia mistook them for factories. She was particularly shocked to see young women smoking.



Jobs were easy to find in Liverpool. Cynthia quickly found work as a machinist. She earned £3 a week working alongside other West Indian women. A work colleague noticed Cynthia's needle skills and helped her get a job making children's clothes, earning £5 a week. All the other women hated sewing the pockets because they were so fiddly, but this was Cynthia's speciality!



Cynthia went to night school to learn touch typing. Swapping sewing machines for typewriters, she eventually found a better paid job at a solicitor's office.



Two years after arriving in Liverpool, Cynthia received a telegram telling her the sad news that her mother had been taken ill on Friday and died the next day. Cynthia was 20.



Finding a church had been almost as important as finding a job when she first arrived in England. Her faith and her church gave her strength and support, particularly after her mother's death. It was here that she met her husband, Roy.



Adjusting to married life took time. For instance, do you wash the dishes in the evening (the St Kitts way) or in the morning (as Roy learned, growing up in Jamaica).

Pamela

Born 1952, Pamela grew up in Penrith, Cumbria, in a working-class family.



Pamela's family had a smallholding and as children, she and her siblings helped grow vegetables, look after the hens and sell produce on their market stall in town.



Pamela's mum thought secondary education for girls was unnecessary if they were planning to get married and start a family. But Pamela's headmaster saw her academic potential and convinced her mum to let her stay on to take CSEs.



Her strong maths skills earned her an accounting job, and her first experience of misogyny in the workplace, at a manufacturing firm. On her first day, she was made to take papers across a metal walkway so all the men working on the factory floor below could gather and look up her skirt.



On weekends, she started going to dances in local pubs where she met – and fell in love with – Paul. However with no sex education she soon got pregnant. Her mum couldn't find a doctor who would perform an abortion (this was still illegal) and herbal remedies to stop the pregnancy didn't work.



Against her Mother's wishes, Pamela arranged to meet Paul one last time to try and tell him she was pregnant but he missed his train. She thought he had stood her up. So at 17, Pamela was sent away to an unmarried mother's home.



"It was horrific. We were all in dormitories. They made us do chores. I had to polish this big bloody staircase."

Despite the violence at home, Pamela's career took off. She got promotion after promotion, working her way into management.

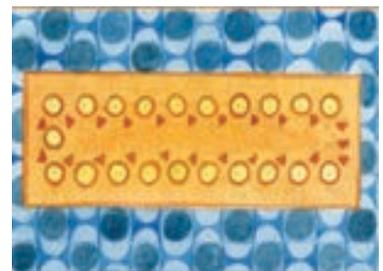


Her baby girl was adopted six weeks after birth and Pamela returned home alone. She met Mick the Mod at 18. Sadly, Mick turned out to be a possessive and manipulative boyfriend. Pamela felt pushed into getting engaged at 19, and married at 20.



Mick's granddad paid for Pamela to have driving lessons. It was to stop Mick drink-driving. But now Mick was also being physically violent. Pamela made excuses for the bruises.

"I'd say, 'I've had a filling' or 'I was playing blinking squash and gone right into the wall.'"



Pamela went on the pill, determined not to have children with Mick. She vowed to herself that the next time she got pregnant it would be in a caring relationship where she could look after the baby.

With two full-time incomes, plenty of money and a new car on the drive, most people would have thought that Pamela led an idyllic life. Eventually, benefiting from the Divorce Act of 1969, Pamela divorced Mick and by 24, she had secured a mortgage on her own house.

"Just having that key to my own door. Being able to bolt my own door."



Liz

Born 1948, Liz grew up in a small middle-class family in Basildon, Essex.



From her Basildon bedroom, Liz dreamed of travelling the world. She wrote to P&O to enquire about becoming a ship's nurse, and she dreamed of being an air hostess, until she realised she was too short.



She was an only child and always fiercely independent. She had a paper round by the time she was 13.

Her father was a manager in a large railway company. His family got free train travel across the UK. Taking advantage of this free rail travel, Liz would go with friends to Southend where they would browse the department stores, go for coffee, and go to the cinema.



Liz failed the 11+ and went to a secondary modern, where she was in the A stream. Female pupils were funnelled into nursing, office work, factory work or maybe teacher training. But Liz had other ideas.

Taking inspiration from a magazine article about a young woman called Tilly, who travelled the world with her job as a writer, Liz stayed on at school for an extra year to take French and short-hand typing.



Liz travelled much more, and much further, than most girls her age. She saved up any money she earned and went on holiday to Spain and France with friends. At 17, she went to Greece: her first aeroplane flight.



“There was so much going on. I wanted to experience the world. I wanted to be able to tell my future grandchildren I’d had a life.”



Liz’s first job after leaving school was with the railway company. After some training, she was posted to far-away Humberside. She was lonely and found it intimidating being the only girl working in an office full of men.



Liz’s father soon became ill and died. She returned home to look after her mum, keeping her company and going to church with her on Sundays.



By this time, London was swinging! Liz went to clubs and shopping with friends. They loved browsing the new C&A department store, where you could try on clothes off the rack – a fun new way of shopping in the sixties.



But Liz still had itchy feet. She went to night school to get more qualifications and quickly gained a promotion, becoming a personal assistant. Aged 19, searching for a job in the US or Canada, she was hired as a PA at a travel company based in Boston, Massachusetts.



At 21 she met and married an African-American serviceman. Despite going on the pill she soon got pregnant but the marriage fell apart quickly. Soon Liz was a single mother and an immigrant in a foreign country. At 24, a divorcee with a two year old mixed-race son, she reluctantly returned to the UK.



Valerie

Born in 1946, Valerie grew up on a dairy farm near Portsmouth.



The family farm was in the middle of nowhere, ten miles – and a long bus journey – out of Portsmouth. The children helped on the farm. Valerie was up early to do the milk round.

“Every day. Weekends, Christmas Day. You name it, we worked it!”



Valerie and her sister, Maureen, were born after their dad came back from the war. There was a big age gap between them and their four siblings born before the war.

“As kids, we were always looking for a way of making money. You’d pick up fizzy pop bottles and take them to the shop to get the 3p back. Or we’d go out at 5am, picking mushrooms in the woods.”



She went to a brand new secondary modern school on the outskirts of Portsmouth. It was a long journey on the school coach.

Sometimes Valerie bunked off school dinners with her friends and went to the cafe for chips and (free!) batter bits. They loved the jukebox.



“Going to the pictures in Portsmouth was a mission. We couldn’t get there til after 6pm and we had to be back on the 9pm bus. We never saw the whole film!”

Returning home after a night out, Valerie and Maureen would walk back across the moors. “It was pitch black! Absolutely pitch black. Just us and our little torch, no lights.”



By 21, Valerie was living with Andy and their two children in a house on a new estate. There were lots of other young families and ex-service people.

“It was lovely, really sociable. We’d play cards, have friends over and we’d watch each other’s kids. We were all in the same boat.”



“I left school at 15 and started work as a counter girl at Woolworth’s. After a while, I moved up to the office, counting all the money and the wages.”

At 16, Valerie moved in with her big sister in Portsmouth. It was a bit of a squeeze, but it felt liberating. It was so much easier getting to work and socialising than it was when she lived on her parents’ farm.



At 17, Valerie met Andy, a sailor in the Navy. They were soon married, living together in a little flat and with a baby on the way. Andy went back to sea soon after the baby was born.



With Andy away at sea for over a year, money was tight. Valerie remembers feeding her son and eating only his leftovers. But when Andy came home life was easier. They had more money and saved up to buy and furnish a house. Valerie learned to drive.



After the children were born, Valerie started selling Avon cosmetics to bring in extra money, and for company. She went back to part-time shop work in her mid-twenties.



Sarah

Born 1944, Sarah and her sister grew up in a middle-class family in Bangor, Wales.



Sarah spent a lot of time at the beach with her friends during the summer holidays.

“When ‘naughty’ things happened this was often behind the beach huts, away from the grownups.”



Her parents wanted Sarah to go to university and become a grammar school teacher. When she passed the 11-plus they took her to a Beethoven concert as a treat.

Once a month she was allowed to go to the cinema and the ice cream parlour. Her mum would know the exact show she was seeing and which bus she would get home. Sarah remembers listening to Eleanor Rigby by The Beatles:

“It’s this business of wearing the face that she kept in a jar. Respectability and outward appearances were vital in my family.”

At 16, she went on a school exchange to Germany. It was her first time abroad, and she went on the train on her own. It was a fascinating experience. But things remained controlled back at home. One Saturday, Sarah was out driving with her boyfriend in his mum’s convertible. Spotted by her teacher, who thought she should be studying, she told her mum, getting Sarah into trouble.

In sixth form during the Cuban Missile Crisis, Sarah and her friends were convinced they would all be blown up before the summer exams. With the future suddenly much less certain, to her parents’ horror, Sarah abandoned plans for university and switched to nursing training.



“Looking back, I was totally sheltered by my parents. This is not to denigrate them, because they did their best. But I had been controlled, and when I left home I was a bit lost.”



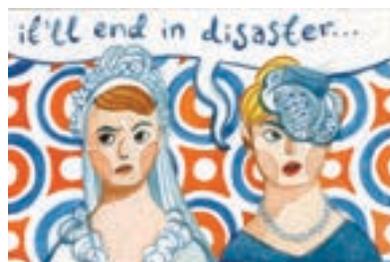
At 18, Sarah left home to start nursing training in London, living with the other students in a nurses' home. It was like being at boarding school, the matrons even measured their skirts to check that they were the regulation length.



When she wasn't in class or on shift, Sarah had a taste of freedom and leapt at the chance to explore the sights of London. But this moment of independence was short-lived.



Nurses often dated male medical students, but the girls were treated far more harshly by the staff if they broke the rules. One Sister would pour water from a watering can onto any couples who lingered too long when saying goodnight.



Sarah started dating James and they got engaged when she was 19. They married a year later (they had to ask her father's permission as she was still a minor).



Her mum had wanted a career for Sarah, so marriage was a bit of a blow and Sarah herself was unprepared for married life. ***“I had no idea. I can remember trying to cook chops and asking ‘How does the oven switch on?’”***

Meg

Meg was born in 1950 and grew up on a farm near Halifax



Eventually, Meg saved up enough to buy a smart second-hand bike, cycling to and from work even in the snow. She rested her radio in the bike basket and listened to music on her commute.



Meg's family lived in squalor. Her father was a poor farm labourer. When Meg's sister was born, her mum developed post-natal depression and couldn't take care of the house or the children properly.

At junior school Meg's teacher humiliated her in front of the whole class:

"She ran her finger round my collar, said I was filthy and sent me out to the cloakroom to wash".



By secondary school, Meg had a few good friends. Money and soap were still scarce at home, but Meg felt less alone.

Meg left school at 15 and got a job in a cotton mill. Earning her own money changed Meg's life. Now she could afford essentials, like toothpaste and soap to wash her own clothes. She even treated herself to a huge black umbrella.



Having a job not only helped her financially, it also enabled her to gain social confidence and independence outside of her claustrophobic living situation.



Meg had a second child at 23 and started working part time after he was born: vegetable picking, cleaning and factory work. She loved being a mother, taking the children on long walks and fitting her paid work around childcare.



At 15, Meg started dating Alan. She was allowed to see him on Tuesdays, Thursdays and weekends. There was a strict 10pm curfew. Meg remembers a rare moment of freedom, when Alan drove them to the seaside for their first holiday.



When Meg was 17 her father became terminally ill, dying soon after. Life at home had always been tense, but now it became unbearable.



Meg's options for escape were limited. In a bid to leave home, she got pregnant, and the young couple moved into Alan's parents' living room.



Sadly, her new home was not much better. Alan's mother was a bully. Alan himself was more and more controlling and their relationship became abusive.



Meg learnt to drive. She was only allowed to use the car for the weekly shop. Meg would take her best friend Sue, turning what would have been a chore into the highlight of her week.



Where are they now?

As a teenager it is hard to imagine the path your life will take. All these girls who were teenagers between 1956-74 are now women in their seventies and eighties.

Here is a little more about how their lives turned out.



Andrea stayed in London which she felt gave her the space to be openly gay. She had her first serious girlfriend in her late twenties. She met the love of her life, Linda, in her thirties and they are still together.

Andrea started work in pharmaceutical research, later retraining and moving into charity work. Looking back, she feels that a combination of workplace sexism and her own anxieties sometimes held her back.

Andrea was pleased to retire at 65, and she and Linda moved further out of London to enjoy their retirement. Andrea spends a lot of time at her allotment and volunteers at the local foodbank. She is still politically active and campaigns against climate change. She was arrested for the first time in her life at an Extinction Rebellion protest, aged 69. Andrea celebrated her 70th birthday with a walk and a picnic with Linda and her friends.

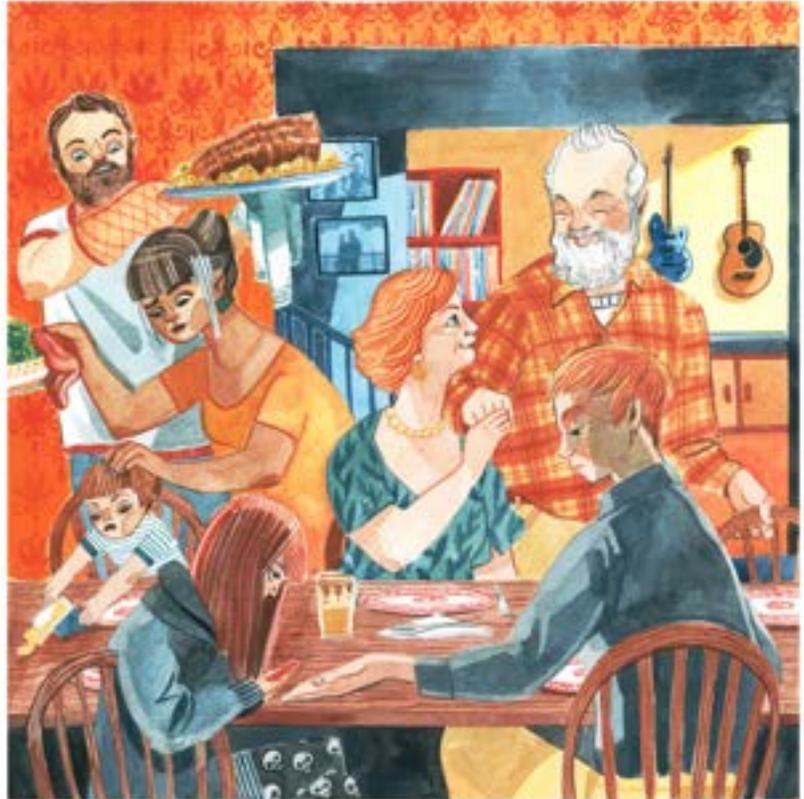
'I'd tell my younger self to be bolder...I'd say "You've got a good sense of who you are and your worth, now be bolder in the way you deal with the world, and don't be lazy about your other talents!"

Joyce Thanks to their careful saving, Joyce and her husband, Graeme, were much more comfortably off than her parents by the time they had their two boys when they were in their late twenties.

Joyce gave up work to look after the children when they were small. Later, she started work again, taking a part-time cleaning job. Meanwhile, Graeme worked his way up to a managerial role.

Now retired, Joyce feels lucky that she is still happily married, unlike friends whose marriages ended in divorce. She is pleased that her family have done well for themselves, and that her sons are both homeowners.

“Sometimes I wonder if I could have carried on at school and been a teacher, because I would have loved to have taught. But I was too young to realise how important the exams were, and life has different things in store for you.”



Valerie As a teenager, Valerie's dream was to have children and travel, and she has done both. Looking back, she feels that 18 was too young to become a mum, though she knows it wasn't unusual at the time. When her children were 10 and 12, Valerie went back to full-time office work.

'I'd not worked since I was 19 and so when I went back to full-time work, and I was good at it, it surprised me. It was a real confidence boost.'

Valerie wishes she could have had more of a career, but a few years later Andy retired from the Navy and the family moved to the Midlands with his new job. Shortly afterwards, Valerie fell pregnant. They went on to have two more children, and Valerie gave up work to look after them. Motherhood in her late thirties was quite different. She felt more in control and could enjoy it more.

She went abroad for the first time aged 30, and has since been all over the world, from America to Zimbabwe.

Now in her mid-seventies, Valerie has lived alone since Andy died seven years ago. She still has the travel bug and goes on regular adventures with her sister Maureen.





Cynthia had her first child at 26 (1969), and after a short break, she returned to full-time work. Two years later she had her second child and stopped full-time work, later becoming a part-time cleaner. At this point, she and Roy bought the modest terraced house in the Manchester area where they still live.

They have a modest working-class standard of life. Cynthia feels fortunate in later life to be supported by her family and is still actively involved in her church community, as is Roy.

Her philosophy has been to live life one day at a time. She went on to have 6 boys and girls who've all been upwardly mobile – social workers, entrepreneurs, professional musicians - and has one grandchild.

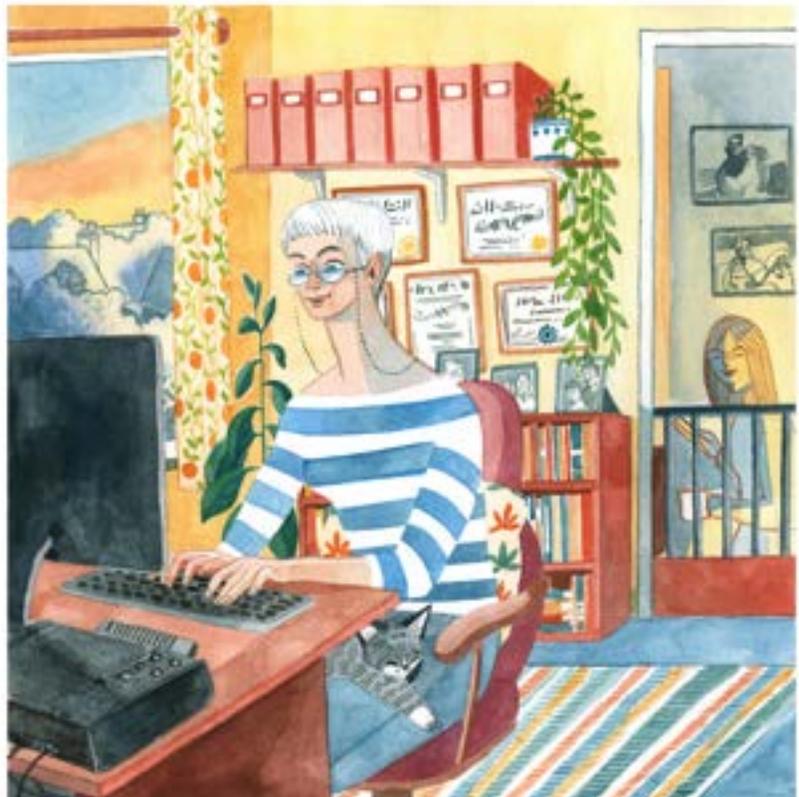
While her husband spends time on their allotment growing produce that they share with friends in the church and neighbourhood, Cynthia now devotes more time to her long-standing love of singing and writing her own songs. She made her first gospel album when she was 60.

Pamela later met and married her second husband, John. This was the loving relationship that she had hoped for. They had two children, and in her late thirties Pamela was reunited with the daughter who had been adopted.

Pamela gave up her successful management career to look after her children while they were young, later returning to work part-time.

After coming up with a genius idea, Pamela became a very successful entrepreneur. She formally retired in her sixties, but is still involved in the business.

Now 68, she lives alone after her husband passed away. Looking back, she doesn't regret not becoming a secretary, though she does wonder what would have happened if she had been able to stay on for A-levels and go to university.



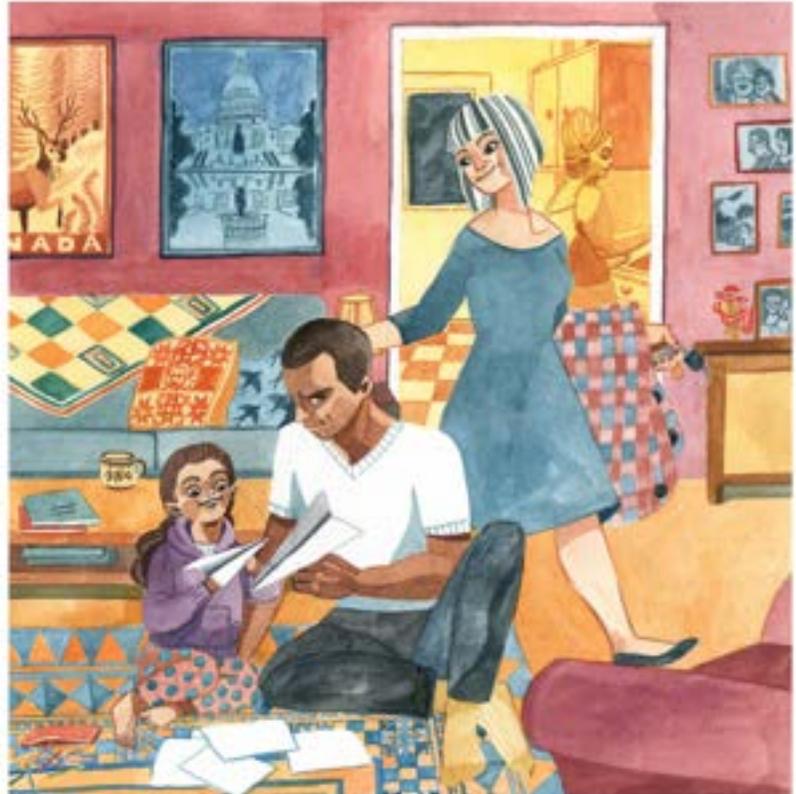
Liz

felt a responsibility to provide a good life for her son, Michael. She felt guilty about being a single mum and because Michael was the only child in his class who wasn't white.

Determined to better herself, Liz bought a house on the verge of collapse and did it up to make a home for her and Michael. She worked hard, and is proud of her career as a paralegal.

Liz regrets her marriage to the 'wrong man' and having a child with him, even if her son has been a joy. But she doesn't regret following her dreams to America.

Recently retired, Liz had planned to continue her travels but this hasn't happened yet, with the Covid-19 pandemic making it seem less likely.



Michael recently moved back in with her, together with his girlfriend and daughter, so home is quite full. Liz would like her own space, but has always tried to provide security for her son to make up for him not having a father.



Meg volunteered in her thirties and later worked in a school for children with Special Educational Needs. Meg enjoyed this work and decided to build a career for herself. She took courses at her local further education college, gaining qualifications in health and social care. Here she made new friends.

Sadly, Meg's marriage became increasingly stormy. Fearing for her life, she left her violent husband but this meant leaving behind her teenage children. Meg eventually rebuilt relations with one of her children but remained estranged from the other. A second marriage followed, but this was short-lived.

Meg now lives with her third husband in a council house on the same estate where she raised her children. Since her forties she's had several serious health issues, including cancer twice. Meg now uses a wheelchair and her husband is her carer.

Despite her limited mobility, Meg enjoys occasional trips away. She gets great pleasure, and a boost to her self-esteem, from her role as treasurer at the local social club.



Sarah had three children by the time she was 27. The family lived abroad for a while because of James' work.

She stopped nursing because shift work did not fit round caring for young children, later retraining as a teacher. She was good at her job and worked her way up to being a headteacher. Sarah loved teaching and retired at 60, before becoming a magistrate and working part-time until 70.

With two well-paid jobs, Sarah and James bought a large house in a desirable village, within an easy commute of town. They love travel and going to the theatre and Sarah loves spending time in her garden. Her children are in their forties now with children of their own.

'It took me longer than most to gain in confidence. I love seeing my children, especially my daughters, being so much more sure of themselves.'



Teenage Kicks tells the stories of eight teenage girls, all growing up in Britain between 1956 and 1974.

www.manchester.ac.uk/teenage-kicks

