

HELENA COSTA ARAÚJO

**THE CONSTRUCTION OF PRIMARY TEACHING AS WOMEN'S WORK
IN PORTUGAL (1870-1933)**

Volume III

Thesis submitted for Degree of PhD
in Sociology of Education

The Open University

Date of submission: July 1993

Te/187-6

UNIVERSIDADE DO PORTO
Faculdade de Psicologia
e da Ciências da Educação

N.º de Entrada 5470

Data 9/3/11 123

REFERENCES

Portuguese Legal/ Oficial Documents

Portaria 31 Oct 1814
Resolução Real 13 Feb 1815
Decree 15 Nov 1836
Decree 20 Sept 1844
Decree 8 Jan 1864
Decree 14 Dec 1869
Portaria 1 Apr 1870
Decree 22 Jun 1870
Decree 3 Aug 1870
Decree 3 Aug 1870
Decree 16 Aug 1870
Decree 28 Jan 1871
Decree 12 Apr 1871
Portaria 30 Aug 1871
Decree 20 Feb 1875
Decree 1 Dec 1875
Portaria 23 Feb 1877
Decrees 22 Mar, 2 May, 30 Oct 1877
Law 2 May 1878
Law 11 Jun 1880
Ofício 6 Dec 1880
Ofício 19 Apr 1881
Portarias 26, 28 Jul 1881
Decree 28 Jul 1881
Decree 28 Jul 1881
Portarias 5, 19, 23, 27 Aug 1881
Portaria 8 Aug 1881
Ofício 27 Aug 1881
Ofício 5 Sept 1881
Portarias 24 Oct, 10 Nov 1881
Ofício 11 Mar 1882
Decree 8 Apr 1882
Ofício 20 Sept 1882
Portaria 21 Oct 1882
Ofício 14 Aug 1884
Decree 29 Dec 1886
Portaria 25 Jul 1887
Law 9 Aug 1888
Decree 27 Dec 1888
Ofício-circular 9 May 1889
Ofício 1 Jul, 13 Nov 1889
Decree 6 Mar 1890
Decree 6 May 1892
Law 22 Dec 1894
Decree 27 Jun, 30 Dec 1895
Decree 18 Jun 1896
Decree 24 Dec 1901
Decree 19 Sept 1902
Decree 31 Jan 1906

Decree nº 5787 , 10 May 1919
Decree nº 6137, 29 Sept 1919
Decree nº 7311, 15 February 1921
Decree nº 7869, 5 December 1921
Decree nº 11.730, 15 June 1926
Decree nº 9721, 23 May 1924
Decree nº 11.294, 9 January 1926
Decree nº 12.425, 16 October 1926
Decree nº 12.425, 16 October 1926
Decree nº 13.616, 17 May 1927
Decree nº 14.417, 12 October 1927
Portaria nº5060, 21 October 1927
Decree nº 15.365, 14 April 1928
Decree nº 15.886, 24 August 1928
Decree nº 15.939, 11 September 1928
Decree nº 15.942, 11 September 1928
Decree nº 15.971, 21 September 1928
Decree nº 15.973, 21 September 1928
Decree nº 16.016, 10 October 1928
Decree nº 16.037, 15 October 1928
Decree nº 16.077, 26 October 1928
Decree nº 18.140, 28 March 1930
Decree nº 18.827, 6 September 1930
Decree nº 18.885, 27 September 1930
Decree nº 18.646, 7 August 1930
Decree nº 18.779, 26 August 1930
Decree nº 18.819, 5 September 1930
Decree nº 18.952, 22 October 1930
Decree nº 20.741, 11 January 1932
Decree nº 20.604, 9 December 1931
Decree nº 21.014, 21 March 1932
Decree nº 21.103, 15 April 1932
Decree nº 21.712, 7 October 1932
Decree nº 22.347, 23 March 1933

Reformas do Ensino em Portugal - Reforma de 1911

Tomo II - vol. I

Lisbon: Instituto de Inovação Educacional

Reformas da Educação - Proposta de Lei

Separata do 'Diário do Governo' 2 July 1923

Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Orçamento Geral do Estado desde 1870 - Relatório e Contas

Anuário das Escolas Normais do Porto (1909)

(1882-1909)

Oporto

Anuário das Escolas Normais do Porto (1910)

(1909-1910)

Oporto

Anuário Estatístico, 1873, 1883-4. 1884-5, 1899-1900

Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Colecção Oficial da Legislação Portuguesa, 1870 to 1910)
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Mapa Estatístico do Movimento da Escola Normal do sexo masculino, do Porto, desde a sua fundação, 1882-1892
Lisbon: Direcção Geral de Instrução Pública

Memoire sur l'Instruction Primaire au Portugal (1878),
presented to the Exposition Universelle de Paris 1878
Lisbon: Imprimerie Nationale

Ministério dos Negócios do Reino, Direcção Geral de Instrução Pública (1905)
Estatística do Ensino Normal, 1896-1905
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Relatório da Comissão Inspectoria das Escolas Normais do Porto (1888)
porto: Junta Geral do Distrito do Porto

"Relatórios dos Directores das Escolas do Ensino Normal de Lisboa, Porto, Coimbra, Bragança, Funchal, Vila Real e Viseu" (1904)
Boletim da Direcção Geral da Instrução Pública, III, (VII-XII) Jul-Dec., pp 717-818

Relatório da Escola Maria Pia do Anno Lectivo de 1885-86
(*Repport of the School Maria Pia for the academic year 1885-5*)
Lisbon: Typographia Netto & C^a

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1882-83
(1883)
Oporto: Imprensa Civilização

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1883-84
(1884)
Oporto: Imprensa Civilização

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1884-85
(1885)
Oporto: Imprensa Civilização

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1886-87
(1887)
Oporto: Imprensa Civilização

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1887-88
(1888)
Oporto: Imprensa Civilização

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1888-89
(1889)
Oporto: Imprensa Civilização

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1889-90
(1890)
Oporto: Imprensa Civilização

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1890-91
(1891)
Oporto: Imprensa Civilização

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1891-92
(1892)

Oporto: Imprensa Civilização

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1892-93
(1893)

Oporto: Imprensa Civilização

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1893-94
(1894)

Oporto: Imprensa Civilização

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1894-95
(1895)

Oporto: Imprensa Civilização

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1895-96
(1896)

Oporto: Imprensa Civilização

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1903-04
(1904)

Oporto: Tipografia Peninsular

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1904-05
(1905)

Oporto: Tipografia Peninsular

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1905-06
(1906)

Oporto: Tipografia Peninsular

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1906-07
(1907)

Oporto: Tipografia Peninsular

Relatório da Escola Normal do Sexo Feminino do Porto, relativo ao ano de 1909-10
(1910)

Oporto: Tipografia Peninsular

Relatório sobre as Escolas Normais Primárias, da inspecção do ano de 1884 (1885)
pela Junta Geral do Distrito de Lisboa

Lisbon: Tipografia Universal

Relatório sobre as Escolas Normais Primárias, da inspecção do ano de 1885 (1886)
pela Junta Geral do Distrito de Lisboa

Lisbon: Tipografia Universal

Relatório Geral do Conselho Superior de Instrução Pública (1885)

Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Relatório Geral do Conselho Superior de Instrução Pública (1886)

Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Relatório Geral do Conselho Superior de Instrução Pública (1887)

Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Relatório Geral do Conselho Superior de Instrução Pública (1888)
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

554

Relatório Geral do Conselho Superior de Instrução Pública (1889)
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Diários da Câmara dos Senhores Deputados (1870)
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Diários da Câmara dos Senhores Deputados (1871)
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Diários da Câmara dos Senhores Deputados (1872)
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Diários da Câmara dos Senhores Deputados (1873)
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Diários da Câmara dos Senhores Deputados (1874)
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Diários da Câmara dos Senhores Deputados (1875)
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Diários da Câmara dos Senhores Deputados (1876)
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Diários da Câmara dos Senhores Deputados (1877)
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Diários da Câmara dos Senhores Deputados (1878)
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

Periodicals

Revista Escolar (School Magazine) 1921-1935

Educação Nova (New School) 1924-25

O Professor Primário (The Primary Teacher), 1919-1927

A Federação Escolar (The School Federation), 1910-1933

Educação Social (Social Education), 1924-1927

Educação Nacional (National Education) 1900, nº 196; nº 197; nº 198 (8/7);
1919-1933

Alma Feminina (Women's Mind/ Soul), 1914-1933

A Mulher Portuguesa (Portuguese Woman), 1910-13

Anuário Estatístico de Portugal, 1872-1933

Portuguese Novels (1870-1910)

BRANCO, Camilo Castelo (1882)

A Brasileira de Prazins

Oporto

CAIEL (1894)

Amor à Antiga

Lisbon: António Maria Pereira

555

CAIEL (1896)

Madame Renan

Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

CAIEL (1897)

Genoveva Montanha

Lisbon: Companhia Nacional Editora

CAIEL (1900)

Testamento de Mãe

Lisbon: Parceria António Maria Pereira

CAIEL (1902)

Desgarrada

Lisbon: Parceria António Maria Pereira

CAIEL (1904)

De Longe

Lisbon: Parceria Pereira Editores

CAIEL (1908)

Retalhos de Verdade

Lisbon: Parceria António Maria Pereira

CARVALHO, Maria Amália Vaz de (1899)

Contos e Fantasias

Oporto: João dos Santos Ferreira

COELHO, Trindade (1902)

Os Meus Amores

Oporto: Porto Editora, 1988

DINIS: Júlio (1868)

A Morgadinha dos Canaviais

Oporto

OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (1898)

Infelizes (Histórias Vividas)

Lisbon: Empresa Litteraria Lisbonense

OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (1903)

Ambições

Lisbon: Guimarães, Libânio & C^a

OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (19..)

Casa de Meu Pai

Lisbon: Lusitania Ed. Lda

OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (1925)

O Direito de Mãe (Novella)

OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (1927)

Mundo Novo

Oporto: Companhia Portuguesa Ed.

PIMENTEL, Alberto (1899)

Os Amores de Camillo
Oporto

556

PINTO, Júlio Lourenço (1880)
Margarida
Oporto: Typographia do Commercio do Porto

QUEIRÓS, Eça de (1889?)
Os Maias
Porto: Livraria Chardron

QUEIRÓS, Teixeira de (1896)
Os Noivos (2 V.)
Lisbon: António Maria Pereira

QUEIRÓS, Teixeira de (1909)
O Sallustio Nogueira (Comédia Burgueza - Estudo de Política Contemporânea)
Lisbon: Parceria António Maria Pereira

TORRESÃO, Guiomar
Educação Moderna
Lisbon: José Castro Livreiro-Editor

Other Portuguese References

ACTAS DO I CONGRESSO FEMINISTA (1924)
Alma Feminina, VII (9), 8-12

ACTAS DAS SESSÕES DO CONGRESSO EXTRAORDINÁRIO DA UNIÃO
DO PROFESSORADO PRIMÁRIO (1920)
O Professor Primário, II (40), 25 January

ADÃO, Áurea (1984)
O Estatuto Sócio-Profissional do Professor Primário em Portugal (1901-1951)
Oeiras: Instituto Gulbenkian de Ciência

ALICE PESTANA - *In Memoriam*
Madrid: Imprensa de Don Julio Cosano

ALMEIDA, Ana Nunes de (1987)
Bibliografia sobre a Família e a Mulher no Portugal do sec. XX
Lisbon: Instituto Ciências Sociais (ICS)

ALMEIDA, Jaime d' (1909)
A questão feminista (esboço crítico)
Oporto: Livraria Portuguesa Edit

ALMEIDA, Luis de (1927a)
"A Coeducação - notas e comentários"
Escola Moderna, VII (325), 17 July

ALMEIDA, Luis de (1927b)
"Os Novos Programas"
Escola Moderna, VII (347), 25 December

ALMEIDA, Virgínia Castro e (1913)

ALVES Jr., José Ribeiro (1928)
Protecção à Mulher e O Império da Mulher
Famalicção: Tipografia Minerva

ALVES, Luis Alberto M. (1986)
Subsídios para a História da Educação em Portugal (1750-1890)
Oporto: Centro de Estudos Humanísticos, Cadernos Estudos Contemporâneos (4)

ARAÚJO, Helena Costa (1982)
Towards an analysis of social class and ideologies in Portuguese Teachers
MA dissertation, Institute of Education, Universidade de Londres

ARAÚJO, Helena Costa (1985)
"Profissionalismo e Ensino"
Cadernos de Ciências Sociais (3) June, 85-104

ARAÚJO, Helena Costa (1990)
"La Feminisation du Lycée au Portugal:
de la situation d'élèves à la situation d'enseignantes"
Conference "La Place des Filles et le Rôle des Femmes
dans l'Éducation Secondaire et Supérieure"
Florence, Centre de Recherche sur la Culture Européenne, 31 May-2 June

ARAÚJO, Helena Costa (1990)
"As Mulheres Professoras e o Ensino Estatal"
Revista Crítica de Ciências Sociais, 29, 81-104

ARAÚJO, Helena Costa (1991a)
"Procurando as Lutas Escondidas Através das Histórias de Vida"
Consulta Psicológica (6), 33-40

ARAÚJO, Helena Costa (1991b)
"As Professoras Primárias na Viragem do Século: uma contribuição
para a história da sua emergência no Estado" (1870-1910)
Organizações e Trabalho, 5/6, December, 127-143

ARAÚJO, Helena Costa (1993)
"A Feminização do Ensino Secundário em Portugal:
do lugar de alunas para o lugar de professoras"
Revista da Faculdade de Psicologia e Ciências da Educação, 3

ARAÚJO, Henrique C. Gomes de Araújo (1992)
"História de Vida de um Agricultor das Ardenas"
in *Actas do Encontro A Construção Social do Passado*
Lisbon: Associação dos Professores de História

AREIA, Alcina M. (1992)
A Formação Académica dos Assistentes Sociais:
uma retrospectiva crítica da institucionalização do Serviço Social em Portugal
Tese de Mestrado em Serviço Social - PUC/SP - São Paulo

ARMADA, Fina d' (1984)
"História da Instrução Feminina"
Jornal de Notícias, 27/1, 3/2, 10/2, 17/2, 24/2, 2/3, 9/3, 16/3, 23/3

- ARTUR, Faria (1922)
 "A Coeducação na Escola"
O Professor Primário, IV (150), 3 August
- ARTUR, Faria (1926)
 "Questão Social"
O Professor Primário, IX (358), 3 October
- ARTUR, Faria (1927)
 "Coeducação dos Sexos"
Revista Escolar, 7 (8), October
- AZEVEDO, João Ayres de (1905)
Estudos Feministas I - A Mulher
 Coimbra: Livraria Académica João de Moura Marques
- BAPTISTA, Luis A. Vicente (1986)
 "Valores e Imagens da Família em Portugal nos anos 30 - o quadro normativo"
 in *A Mulher na Sociedade Portuguesa - visão histórica e perspectivas actuais*
Actas do Colóquio
 Coimbra: Instituto História Económica e Social: Faculdade de Letras
- BARATA, António (1925)
 "Três Prémios"
O Professor Primário, VIII (305), 13 September
- BARREIRA, Cecília (1992)
História das Nossas Avós - Retrato da burguesa em Lisboa
 Lisbon: Edições Colibri
- BARREIRO, Abílio (1912)
O Feminismo (principalmente do ponto de vista do ensino secundário)
 Oporto: Tipografia Empresa Literária e Tipográfica
- BARROS, João de (1914)
A Educação Moral nas Escolas Primárias
 Paris/Lisbon: Livr. Aillaud & Bertrand
- BARROS, João de (1920)
O Problema Educativo Português
 Lisbon: Imprensa Libânio da Silva
- BARROS, João de & RAMOS, João de Deus (1912)
A Reforma da Instrução Primária
 Oporto: Tipografia Costa Carregal
- BARROS, Teresa Leitão de (1924)
Escritoras de Portugal
 Lisbon: Typograph, Artur, Impr. Lucas & Papel. Fernandes
- BELO, Gomes (1927a)
 "Carta Aberta às Excelentíssimas Professoras Congressistas"
O Professor Primário, VIII (385), 1 May
- BELO, Gomes (1927b)
 "A Coeducação dos Sexos e o Decreto 13.619"
O Professor Primário, VIII (591), 12 June



- BENAVENTE, Ana (1990)
Escola, Professoras e Processos de Mudança
 Lisbon: Horizonte
- BENTO, José Gomes(1978)
O Movimento Sindical dos Professores
 Lisbon: Caminho
- BIVAR, Maria de Fátima(1975)
Ensino Primário e Ideologia
 Lisbon:D.Quixote
- BOAVIDA, Ana M. Caiado(1983)
 "Tópicos sobre a prática política dos estudantes republicanos(1890-1931):
 limites e condicionantes do movimento estudantil"
Análise Social (77-78-79), 743-756
- BOTTO-MACHADO, Fernão (1910)
A queda do monstro. Pela emancipação da mulher:pela liberdade de consciência
 Lisbon: Typographia Bayard
- BRANDÃO, Fernando de Castro (1991)
A I República Portuguesa - uma cronologia
 Lisbon: Horizonte
- BRANDÃO, José (1984)
Carbonária: o Exército Secreto da República
 Lisbon: P & R, Perspectivas e Realidades
- BRAZÃO, Arnaldo (1925)
O I Congresso Feminista e de Educação
 Lisbon: Edição Spartacus
- "Breve Relato do Congresso Feminista e de Educação
 promovido pelo Conselho Nacional das Mulheres Portuguesas"
Alma Feminina, 1924, VII, May-AUGust, 21-43
- CABETE, Adelaide (1923)
 "Relatório do Congresso Internacional Feminista de Roma"
Alma Feminina, July/August
- CABETE, Adelaide (1925)
 "Discurso de Abertura do I Congresso Feminista e de Educação"
 in A. Brazão *O Primeiro Congresso Feminista e de Educação*
 Lisbon: Edição Spartacus
- CABRAL, João Pina (1986)
Sons of Adam, Daughters of Eve. The Peasant World of the Alto Minho
 Oxford: Clarendon Press (also Portuguese edition)
- CABRAL, Manuel Vilaverde(1976)
 "Sobre o fascismo e seu advento em Portugal: ensaio de interpretação
 a pretexto de alguns livros recentes"
Análise Social (48), 873-915
- CABRAL, Manuel Vilaverde (1976)
O desenvolvimento do capitalismo em Portugal no século XIX
 Lisbon: A Regra do Jogo

CABRAL, Manuel Vilaverde (1979)
Portugal na alvorada do século XX
 Lisbon: A Regra do Jogo

CAIEL (1892)
O que deve ser a instrução secundária da mulher?
 Lisbon: Typographia e Stereotypia Moderna

CAIEL (1893)
Relatório de uma visita de estudo a estabelecimentos de ensino profissional do sexo feminino no estrangeiro, para que foi nomeada por portaria de 5 Maio 1893
 Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

CAIEL (1898)
La Femme et la Paix. Appel aux mères portugaises
 Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

CAIEL (1900)
Comentários à Vida
 Lisbon: António Maria Pereira

CALIXTO, Ana (1922)
 "Organização das Escolas Móveis"
Revista Escolar, 2 (12), December, 355-359

CAMPINOS, Jorge(1975)
A Ditadura Militar 1926/1933
 Lisbon: D.Quixote

CAMPOS, A.C. (1933)
 "Professorado Primário"
Escola Moderna, XIII (628), 5 April

CAMPOS, Alfredo de (1891)
A Missão da Mulher
 Lisbon: Companhia Nacional Edit.

CAMPOS, Agostinho (1919)
Educar (na Família, na Escola e na Vida)
 Lisbon: Livraria Aillaud & Bertrand

CANDEIAS, António (1981)
 "Movimento Operário Português e Educação (1900-1926)"
Análise Psicológica, II,(1), 39-60

CANDEIAS, António (1987a)
 "As Escolas Operárias Portuguesas no primeiro quarto do sec. XX "
Análise Psicológica, V,(3), 327-362

CANDEIAS, António (1987b)
 "A Escola Oficina nº 1 - esboço de análise duma escola alternativa"
Análise Psicológica, V,(3), 387-412

CANDEIAS, António (1988)
 "Contributos para a História da Educação na 1ª República Portuguesa: a educação popular através do jornal "A Batalha", 1919-1927"
1ª Encontro de História da Educação em Portugal: comunicações

- CANDEIAS, António (1991)
"A Subversão de Normas e Valores Sociais através de um Modelo Educativo: a Escola Oficina nº 1, 1905-1930"
Ciências da Educação em Portugal: situação actual e perspectivas
Oporto: Sociedade Portuguesa de Ciências da Educação/ Ed. Afrontamento, 207-218
- CANDEIAS, António (1992)
Educar de Outra Forma - a Escola Oficina nº 1, 1905-1930
PhD dissertation, University of Oporto, Faculty of Psychology and Education
- CARAMALHO, Isolino (1921)
"Fusão de Escolas"
A Federação Escolar, 9, 3 rd phase (461), 19 February
- CARDOSO JÚNIOR (1922)
"Ensino Infantil"
Revista Escolar, 2 (11), November
- CARQUEJA, Bento (1918)
O Ensino Técnico-Profissional em Portugal
Oporto: Oficinas Comércio do Porto
- CARVALHO, Maria Amália Vaz de (1885)
Cartas a Luiza (Moral, Educação e Costumes)
Oporto, Barros e Filha Editora
- CARVALHO, Maria Amália Vaz de (1891)
Cartas a uma Noiva
Lisbon: Editora Santos & Vieira
- CARVALHO, Maria Amália Vaz de (1903)
Cérebros e Corações
Lisbon: António Maria Pereira
- CARVALHO, Maria Amália Vaz de (1904)
Às nossas filhas. Cartas às Mães
Lisbon: António Maria Pereira
- CARVALHO, Maria Amália Vaz de (1909)
No meu Cantinho
Lisbon: António Maria Pereira
- CARVALHO, Maria Amália Vaz de (1920)
Páginas Escolhidas
Lisbon: Portugal-Brasil
- CARVALHO, Rómulo (1986)
História do Ensino em Portugal - desde a fundação da nacionalidade até ao fim do regime de Salazar-Caetano
Lisbon: Gulbenkian
- CASCÃO, Rui (1986)
"Família e Divórcio na Primeira República"
in *A Mulher na Sociedade Portuguesa - visão histórica e perspectivas actuais*
Actas do Colóquio, 153-169
Coimbra: Instituto História Económica e Social: Faculdade de Letras

- CASTRO, Augusto de (1933)
Sexo 33 ou a Revolução da Mulher
 Lisbon: Empresa Nacional de Publicidade
- CASTRO, Pompeu Faria de (1925)
 "Três Prémios"
O Professor Primário, VII (301), 16 August
- CATROGA, Fernando (1972)
Os Inícios do Positivismo em Portugal
 Coimbra: Universidade de Coimbra
- CATROGA, Fernando (1977)
 "A Importância do Positivismo na Consolidação da ideologia Republicana em Portugal"
Biblos, LIII (53), 285-327
- CATROGA, Fernando (1986)
 "A Laicização do Casamento e o Feminismo Republicano"
 in *A Mulher na Sociedade Portuguesa - visão histórica e perspectivas actuais*
Actas do Colóquio
 Coimbra: Instituto História Económica e Social: Faculdade de Letras
- CATROGA, Fernando (1991)
O Republicanismo em Portugal - da formação ao 5 de Outubro de 1910, 2 vols.
 Coimbra: Faculdade de Letras
- CEREJEIRA, Gonçalves (1922/1923)
 "Da Influência do Cristianismo na Reabilitação da Mulher"
Estudos - Revista Mensal do CADC (Coimbra), ano 1 (6;7; 8; 9; 11), 161-7; 193-8;
 225-9; 257-60; 321-3.
- COELHO, Adolfo (1902)
 "Ciências Morais e Sociais - as despesas do ensino em Portugal no fim do sec. XIX"
O Instituto, 49 (8), pp.449-463
- COIMBRA, Leonardo (1926)
O Problema da Educação Nacional
 W/p & editor.
- COIMBRA, Manuel (1923)
 "Pontos de Vista"
O Professor Primário, V (174), 31 January
- COMISSÃO DA CONDIÇÃO FEMININA (1983)
Exposição Bibliográfica sobre a Mulher
 Lisbon: CCF, Presidência do conselho de Ministros
- CORREIA, Joana da C. (1919)
 "A Reforma - Desilusões"
O Professor Primário, II (34), 23 November
- CORREIA, João da Silva (1927)
A Linguagem da Mulher em relação à do Homem
 Lisbon: Oficina Tipográfica da Escola Normal Primária de Lisboa
- CORREIA, João da Silva (1935)
A Linguagem da Mulher

CORREIA, José Alberto (1991)
"Formação e Mundo do Trabalho"
unplished mimeo

CORTESÃO, Luisa (1982)
Escola, Sociedade: Que Relação?
Oporto: Afrontamento

COSTA, Afonso (1976,1977)
Discursos Parlamentares, 1911-1914 & 1914-1926
Lisbon: Livraria Bertrand, 2 vols.

COSTA, Albertina, VIEIRA, Deolinda Lopes & LIMA, Adolfo (1921)
"Escola Primária - Parecer da Comissão encarregada de apreciar as considerações apresentadas por uma Comissão de Professoras Primárias acerca dalguns pontos da nova Organização da Educação Primária"
Revista de Educação Geral e Técnica, VIII (2) December, 57-62

COSTA, António (1870)
A Instrução Nacional
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

COSTA, António da (1892)
A Mulher em Portugal
Lisbon: Tipografia Compnhia Nacional

COSTA, António (1900)
História da Instrução Popular em Portugal
Oporto: Livraria Chardron, 2nd ed

COSTA, Custódio Cunha (1927)
"A Coeducação dos Sexos"
O Professor Primário, IX (400), 14 August

COSTA, Emília de Sousa (1914)
Na Sociedade e na Família
Oporto: Tipografia Santos

COSTA, Emília de Sousa (1922)
A Mulher Educadora
Lisbon: Editora Universo

COSTA, Emília de Sousa (1923a)
Ideias antigas da Mulher Moderna
Braga: Livraria Cruz Editora

COSTA, Emília de Sousa (1923b)
A Mulher. Educação Infantil
Rio de Janeiro: Álvaro Pinto

COSTA, Emílio Martins (1928)
As Mulheres e o Feminismo
Lisbon: Tipografia da Seara Nova

COSTA, Fernando Marques da (w/d)
A Maçonaria Feminina

COSTA, Fernando Marques da (1986)
Mulheres, Elites e Igualitarismo na I República
in *A Mulher na Sociedade Portuguesa - visão histórica e perspectivas actuais*
Actas do Colóquio
Coimbra: Instituto História Económica e Social, Faculdade de Letras

COSTA, Lopes da (1919)
"Coeducação dos Sexos"
A Federação Escolar, 8, 3 rd phase (359, 360, 361, 383), 1, 8 February,
1 March & 2 August

CRISTINA, Maria (1933)
"A Influência da Mulher na Educação"
A Federação Escolar, VI, 5th phase, (283), 9 August

CRUZ, Manuel Braga da (1980)
As Origens da Democracia Cristã e o Salazarismo
Lisbon: Ed. Presença

CRUZ, Manuel Braga da (1986)
Monárquicos e Republicanos no Estado Novo
Lisbon: D.Quixote

CRUZ, Manuel Braga da (1988)
O Partido e o Estado no Salazarismo
Lisbon: Ed. Presença

CUNHA, Pedro da (1916)
O Ensino Secundário do Sexo Feminino em Portugal
Lisbon: Sociedade de Estudos Pedagógicos

CUNHA, Pedro da (1921)
"A Educação da Mulher no Nosso País"
O Instituto (68), 179-189, 240-250; 377-95.

CUNHA, Pedro da (1934)
A Educação da Mulher
Lisbon: Sociedade de Estudos Pedagógicos

CUNHA, Tito C. (1982)
"Antropologia: filosofia ou ciência? um debate entre Sartre e Lévi-Strauss"
Revista Crítica de Ciências Sociais, 9, 115-129

DACOSTA, Luisa (1973)
"Literatura de Autoria Feminina"
in Oscar Lopes *Literatura Portuguesa*
Lisbon: Estúdios Cor

DANTAS, Júlio (1916)
Mulheres
Oporto: Lelo & Irmão

DESCHAMPS, Paul (1935)
Le Portugal: la vie social actuelle
Paris: Firmin-Didot

DIAS, J. Simões (1897)

A Escola Primária em Portugal

Oporto: Edit. Educação Nacional

DIAS, Jaime Ferreira (1929)

A Mulher, Escrava do Lar e das Convenções Sociais

Lisbon: Biblioteca da Educação Social

DIAS, José R. (1926)

"À Volta da Coeducação"

O Professor Primário, XII (369), 26 December

DIONÍSIO, Manuel (1927)

"Às Ex.mas Colegas que Discordam da Coeducação"

O Professor Primário, VIII (399), 7 August

DOMINGUES, António M. (1927)

"A Coeducação"

A Federação Escolar, 1, 4rd phase (35), 25 May

DÓRIA, Joaquim (1948)

A Vida dum Professor Primário

Lisbon: Edições Gama

DUARTE, Inocêncio de Sousa (1870)

A Mulher na Sociedade Civil - Compêndio dos seus direitos, obrigações e privilegios segundo as leis de Portugal

Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional

O Estado Novo: das Origens ao Fim da Autarcia, 1926-1959 (1987)

2 vols.

Lisbon: Fragmentos

ESTEVES, João Gomes (1992)

A Liga Republicana das Mulheres Portuguesas

- uma organização política e feminista

Lisbon: Master dissertation, Universidade Nova de Lisboa

FARIA, António (1927)

"Coeducação"

O Professor Primário, VIII (389), 29 May

O Fascismo em Portugal - Actas do Colóquio (1982)

Lisbon: A Regra do Jogo

FAZENDA JUNIOR (1912)

"Sufrágio Feminino"

A Mulher Portuguesa, I (3), August, 20-1

FEIO, Maria (1915)

Calvário de Mulher

Lisbon: Tipografia Minerva

FERNANDES, Rogério (1983)

"António Sérgio, Ministro da Instrução Pública"

Revista de História das Ideias (5)

- FERNANDES, Rogério(1985)
Bernardino Machado e os Problemas da Instrução Pública
Lisbon: Horizonte
- FERREIRA, Alberto (1971)
Antologia de Textos Pedagógicos do sec. XIX Português
Lisbon: Gulbenkian
- FERREIRA, Cândida Florinda (1935)
A Mulher Portuguesa Contemporânea
Lisbon: Sociedade Nacional de Tipografia
- FERREIRA, Teófilo (1890)
O Ministério da Instrução Pública e a Centralização do Ensino Primário Oficial
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional
- FIGUEIRA, António (1920)
"Coeducação dos Sexos"
O Professor Primário, II (39), 18 January
- FLORES, Joaquina Matoso (1930)
"Deverá uma Professora Ganhar Menos que um Professor?"
Escola Renovada, I (2), 8 April
- FRANCO, Júlia (1916)
"Professores e Professoras"
A Semeadora, 2 (18), 15 December
- FREIRE, Carlota Sophia de Brito (1892)
Jardim de Infância de Lisboa (nota)
Coimbra: Imprensa da Universidade
- FREITAS, Raul Cardoso de (1924)
"A Mulher na Questão Social - na luta pelo futuro o homem a mulher devem estar unidos num ideal e numa acção comuns"
A Batalha, VI, 1837, 18 November 1924
- FRIAS, Afonso de (1927)
"Modos de Ver"
A Federação Escolar, 1 (4rd phase) (40), 15 June
- FRIAS, César de (1924)
A Mulher
Lisbon: Aillaud & Bertrand
- FRIAS, Eduardo (1925)
"O Trabalho Feminino"
A Batalha, VI (1913), 19 February
- FRIAS, Sanches (1911)
A Mulher, sua Infância, Educação e Influência Social
Lisbon: Livraria Central de Gomes de Carvalho
- GAMBOA, Albertina (1925)
"A Liberdade e a Escola"
Alma Feminina, VIII (1), 2-4

GHIRA, Mariano(1865)

567

Relatório sobre a visita de inspecção extraordinária às escolas do distrito de Lisboa, feita no ano lectivo de 1863-64

Lisbon: Tipografia Portuguesa

GODINHO, Alexandra Kolontai, SOARES, Anabela, CAMACHO, Clara F., VILHENA, José M. (1983)

"Alguns Aspectos da Produção Cultural Feminina, 1908-1912"

Boletim da Comissão da Condição Feminina, 1/ 2/3, 21-38; 21-31

GODINHO, Vitorino Magalhães (1971)

A Estrutura da Antiga Sociedade Portuguesa

Lisbon: Horizonte

GOMES, J. Ferreira (1980)

Estudos para a História da Educação no sec. XIX

Coimbra: Livraria Almedina

GOMES, J. Ferreira (1985)(ed.)

Relatórios do Conselho Superior de Instrução Pública (1844-1859)

Lisbon: INIC

GOMES, J. Ferreira (1987)

A Mulher na Universidade de Coimbra

Coimbra: Livraria Almedina

GOMES, J. Ferreira (1990)

A Universidade de Coimbra durante a Primeira República (1910-1926)

Coimbra: Instituto de Inovação Educaional

GOMES, J. Ferreira (1991)

Estudos para a História da Universidade de Coimbra

Coimbra: Ed. Author

GOUVEIA, Aurora Castro (1924)

"Discurso pronunciado na sessão Inaugural do 1º Congresso Feminista e de Educação"

Alma Feminina, VII (9-12), September/December, 65-69

GOUVEIA, Aurora Castro (1925)

Entrevista a aurora C.Gouveia - "A Mulher na Política e na Magistratura"

Vida Feminina

GRÁCIO, Rui (1968)

Educação e Educadores

Lisbon: Horizonte

GRÁCIO, Sérgio (1986)

Política Educativa como Tecnologia Social- as reformas do ensino técnico de 1948 e 1983

Lisbon: Horizonte

GRAINHA, Borges (1905)

A Instrução Secundária de Ambos os Sexos, no Estrangeiro e em Portugal

Lisbon: Tipografia Universal

GUERREIRO, Custódio Dias (1898)

Aspirações e protestos do professorado primário

GUIMARÃES, Elina (1927)
"A Educação Prática das Raparigas"
O Jornal da Mulher, (179)

GUIMARÃES, Elina (1969)
"Evolução da Situação Jurídica da Mulher Portuguesa"
in *A Mulher na Sociedade Portuguesa, Cadernos de Hoje* (8)
Lisbon: Faculdade de Direito

GUIMARÃES, Elina (1986)
"A Mulher Portuguesa na Legislação Civil"
in *Mulheres em Portugal, Actas do Colóquio Análise Social*, XXII (92-93), 557-578

GUIMARÃES, Elina (1988)
"A Joana de 1918 adquire autonomia"
Diário de Notícias, 6/4/1988

GUIMARÃES, Joaquim de Almeida (1923)
"Memórias do Professor Primário"
Revista de Guimarães, XXXIII (1), 19-30; XXXIII (2&3),119-42;
XXXIII (4), 247-60

HENRIQUES, Maria Rosa (1926)
"A Coeducação"
O Professor Primário, VIII (376), 20 February

HILÁRIO, Maria Glória (1930)
"Acção da Mulher na Escola Primária"
Alma Feminina, XVI (9-10), September

JANEIRA, Ana Luisa (1987)
"Bloqueios Mentais à Emergência da Mulher na Comunidade Científica"
Seminar Proceedings *A Mulher e o Ensino Superior, a Investigação Científica e as Novas Tecnologias em Portugal*
Lisbon: Comissão da Condição Feminina

LAMY, Etienne (1919)
A Mulher do Futuro
Oporto: Companhia Portuguesa Editora

LAMY, Etienne (1935)
"A Igualdade dos Sexos perante o Trabalho"
Alma Feminina, XX (5-6), May-June

LEAL, António (1933)
"As Professoras Mártires"
Educação Nacional, XXX (52), 19 February; XXXI (1), 26 February , 7-8

LEAL, Ivone (1986)
"Os Papéis Tradicionais Femininos: continuidade e rupturas de meados do sec. XIX a meados do sec. XX"
in *A Mulher na Sociedade Portuguesa - visão histórica e perspectivas actuais Actas do Colóquio*
Coimbra: Instituto História Económica e Social: Faculdade de Letras

LEITE, Luis Filipe (1892)
Do Ensino Normal em Portugal
Coimbra: Imprensa da Universidade

LEMOS, Álvaro Viana (1924)
"A Educação Ménagère"
Revista Escolar, 4 (1), 21-29

LEMOS, Álvaro Viana (1926)
"A Instrução Pública e a Coeducação"
A Batalha, VIII (2424), 26 october 1926, 1-2

LEMOS, Álvaro Viana (1931)
"Lamentável Equívoco"
Revista Escolar, XI (1), January

LIMA, Adolfo (1914)
Educação e Ensino - Educação Integral
Lisbon: Guimarães & C^a Editores

LIMA, Adolfo (1916)
*Orientação Geral da Educação. Educação Geral e Especial:
educação técnica*
Lisbon: Sociedade de Estudos Pedagógicos

LIMA, Adolfo (1924a)
"A Escola Única: seus fundamentos"
Educação Social I (2), 25 Jan., 27-9

LIMA, Adolfo (1924b)
"A Escola Única; suas características"
Educação Social, I(4), 25 Feb, 57-9

LIMA, Adolfo (1925a)
"A Escola Única: a realização"
Educação Social, II(25-26), 15 Jan, 19-23

LIMA, Adolfo (1925b)
"A Escola Única: orientação"
Educação Social, II (27-28), 15 Feb, 19-23

LIMA, Adolfo (1925c)
"A Educação da Mulher"
Educação Social, II (29-30), 87-94

LIMA, Adolfo (1926a)
" Escola Única"
Educação Social, III(1), 15 Jan, 22-25

LIMA, Adolfo (1926b)
" Escolas Primárias Superiores"
Educação Social, (12), 15 Dec, 390-8

LIMA, Aura de (1933)
"Pode ou não o Magistério Ser Exercido por Professoras Casadas?"
Educação Nacional, XXXI (1), 26 February

LIMA, Carolina de Assumpção (1892)

LOPES, Fernando Farelo (1991)
"Caciquismo e Política em Portugal - uma perspectiva
sobre a Monarquia e a I República"
Sociologia - Problemas e Práticas (9), 127-137

LOPES, Maria Antónia (1989)
Mulheres, Espaço e Sociabilidade
Lisbon: Livros Horizonte

LOURO, Margarida A. G. (1923)
"Notas Ligeiras"
O Professor Primário, V 8198), 26 July

MADUREIRA, Arnaldo (1982)
O 28 de Maio - Elementos para a sua Compreensão, 2 vols.
Lisbon: Presença

MAGALHÃES, Beatriz Teixeira (1919)
"A Professora é Reaccionária?"
O Professor Primário, I (19), 27 July

MAGALHÃES, Beatriz Teixeira (1920)
"Coeducação"
O Professor Primário, II (42), 15 February

MAGALHÃES, Maria José, FERNANDES, Larua Fonseca & OLIVEIRA, Olga Guedes de
(1991)
*História de Vida de uma Operária da Indústria Corticeira - construção das identidades
através de diferentes processos educativos*
Lisboa: Organizações Não-Governamentais/ CIDM

MARCELA, Manuel (1933)
"A Professora Casada e o seu Papel na Escola e no Lar"
A Federação Escolar, III , 5th phase, (278), 28 June

MARQUES, A. Oliveira (1981)
Guia de História da 1ª República Portuguesa
Lisbon: Estampa

MARQUES, A. Oliveira (1991)
Nova História de Portugal, vol XI : *Da Monarquia para a República*
Lisbon: Ed. Presença

MARTINS, Hermínio (1968)
"Portugal-I" in S.J. Wolff (ed.) *European Fascism*
London: Larder, Weiderfeld & Nicholson

MARTINS, Maria Clotilde Carvalho (1921)
"Cartas da Aldeia"
Escola Moderna, I (8), 18 June

MARTINS, Moisés Lemos (1990)
O Olho de Deus no Discurso Salazarista
Oporto: Afrontamento

- MATEUS, Maria de Jesus (1922)
"A Educação da Mulher Portuguesa"
O Professor Primário, V (158), 12 October
- MATIAS, Augusto J. (1989)
Católicos e Socialistas em Portugal (1875-1975)
Lisbon: Instituto de Estudos para o Desenvolvimento
- MATOS, Alfredo Filipe (1907)
O Passado, o Presente e o Futuro da Escola Primária Portuguesa
Freixo (Lousã)
- MATOS, Alfredo Filipe (1919)
"Pela Coeducação"
O Professor Primário, II (31), 2 November
- MATOS, Alfredo Filipe (1922)
"Economias no Ensino"
Revista Escolar, 2 (3), 75-79
- MATOS, Sérgio Campos (1990)
História, Mitologia, Imaginário Social - a História no Curso dos Liceus (1895-1939)
Lisbon: Horizonte
- MEDEIROS, Fernando (1978)
A Sociedade e a Economia nas Origens do Salazarismo
Lisbon: A Regra do Jogo
- MEDINA, João (1990)
"Oh! a República!": estudos sobre o republicanismo e a 1ª República Portuguesa
Lisbon: Centro de Arqueologia e História da Universidade de Lisboa/INIC
- MELLO, Carlos de (1910)
O Escândalo do Feminismo
Lisbon: A Editora
- MELO, Manuel (1927)
"A Propósito do Decreto nº 13.619"
A Federação Escolar, 1, 4rd phase (39), 11 June
- MENDES, José M. Amado (1986)
"A mulher no artesanato coimbrão no tempo das invasões francesas"
A Mulher na Sociedade Portuguesa - visão histórica e perspectivas futuras
Actas do Colóquio 1985
Coimbra: I.H.E.S., Faculdade de Letras
- MENDES, Silva (1924)
"Coeducação"
O Professor Primário, VI (251), 10 August
- MENDONÇA, G. Oliveira (1927)
"Ao de Leve..."
O Professor Primário, VIII (382), 3 April
- MIRANDA, Luisa Fonseca (1922a)
"Memórias da Professora da Cidade de Guimarães"
Revista de Guimarães, XXXII (2), 164-84 ; XXXII (3), 272-92

MIRANDA, Luisa Fonseca (1922b)
"Orientação do Ensino"
Revista Escolar, 2(10), 277-280

MIRANDA, Sacuntala (1991)
Portugal: O Círculo Vicioso da Dependência (1890-1939)
Lisbon: Ed. Teorema

MOITA, Maria da Conceição (1992)
"Percurso de Formação ou de Trans-formação"
in A. NÓVOA (ed) *Vidas de Professores*
Oporto: Porto Editora

MÓNICA, M. Filomena (1975)
"Notas para a análise do ensino primário durante os primeiros anos do Salazarismo"
Análise Social (39), 478-493

MÓNICA, M. Filomena (1978)
Educação e Sociedade no Portugal de Salazar
Lisbon: Presença

MÓNICA, M. Filomena (1980)
"Ler e Poder: debate sobre a educação popular nas primeiras décadas do século XX"
Análise Social (63), 499-518

MÓNICA, M. Filomena (1984)
O Movimento Socialista em Portugal (1875-1934)
Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional/ Instituto de Estudos para o Desenvolvimento (IED)

MÓNICA, M. Filomena (1986)
Artesãos e Operários
Lisbon: Instituto de Ciências Sociais

MORENO, Arminda (1919)
"A Mulher Educadora"
A Federação Escolar, 8, 3rd phase, (376), 14 June

MOTA, Guilhermina (1986)
"O trabalho feminino e o comércio em Coimbra (secs. XVII-XVIII). Notas para um estudo."
A Mulher na Sociedade Portuguesa - visão histórica e perspectivas futuras
Actas do Colóquio 1985
Coimbra: I.H.E.S., Faculdade de Letras

NEVES, António Joaquim das (1888)
Apontamentos sobre a educação da mulher
Lisbon: Tipografia e Litografia

NÓVOA, António (1987)
Le Temps des Professeurs
Lisbon: INIC

NÓVOA, António (1989a)
"Profissão: Professor. Reflexões Históricas e Sociológicas"
Análise Psicológica, VII (1-2-3), 435-456

- NÓVOA, António (1989b)
"Introdução/Foreword"
Reformas do Ensino em Portugal - Reforma de 1911
Lisbon: Instituto de Inovação Educaional
- NÓVOA, António (1990)
"Álvaro Viana de Lemos - um pedagogo da 'Educação Nova'"
Separata de *Arunce - Revista de Divulgação Cultural*, 3/4
- NÓVOA, António (1991)
"Os Professores quem são? donde vêm? para onde vão?"
in S. Stoer (ed.) *Educação, Ciências Sociais e Realidades Portuguesas*
Oporto: Afrontamento
- NÓVOA, António (1992a)
"A Educação Nacional"
in F. Rosas (ed.) *Nova História de Portugal 1930-1960*, vol. XII
Lisbon: Ed. Presença
- NÓVOA, António (1992b) (ed.)
Vidas de Professores
Oporto: Porto Editora
- NUNES, Franklin (1922)
A Mulher na Vida Nacional
Oporto: Imprensa Nacional
- NUNES, João Arsénio (1987)
"A Formação do Estado fascista em Portugal à Luz da
Correspondência Diplomática Britânica (1926-33)"
O Estado Novo: das origens ao fim da autarcia 1926-1959
Lisbon: Fragmentos
- NUNES, Mário Sedas (1927)
"A Coeducação dos Sexos"
O Professor Primário, VIII (396 & 397), 17 & 24 July
- OLIM, Ivone & MARQUES, Margarida (1979)
Luta de Mulheres pelo Voto
Lisbon: Editora das Mulheres
- OLIVEIRA, César (1987)
Salazar e a Guerra Civil de Espanha
Lisbon: Cadernos 'O Jornal'
- OLIVEIRA, Helena Paulo (1923)
"Notas Ligeiras"
O Professor Primário, VI (216), 6 November
- OLIVEIRA, Mário (1938?)
"Analfabetismo"
in A. Lima (ed.) *Enciclopédia Pedagógica Progredior*
Oporto: Livraria Escolar Progredior
- OLIVEIRA, Viriato (1922)
"A Educação Doméstica e Profissional da Mulher"
O Professor Primário, V (161), 2 November

- OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (1905)
Às Mulheres Portuguesas
Lisbon: Livraria Editora Viúva Tavares Cardoso
- OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (1908)
A Educação Cívica da Mulher
Lisbon: Typographia Liberty
- OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (1909)
Instrução e Educação. Crianças e Mulheres
Lisbon: Ed. Guimarães
- OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (1911a)
A Mulher no Casamento e no Divórcio
Lisbon: Guimarães & C^a
- OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (1911b)
As Operárias das Fábricas de Setúbal e a Greve
Setúbal: Ed. 'O Radical'
- OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (1912)
"A Propaganda Feminista"
A Mulher Portuguesa (1, 2 & 3)
- OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (1915)
A Mulher na Agricultura, nas Indústrias Regionais e na Administração Municipal
Lisbon: Casa Editora "Para as Crianças"
- OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (19116)
A Influência da Mãe na Raça Portuguesa
Lisbon: Cruzada das Mulheres Portuguesas
- OSÓRIO, Ana de Castro (1918)
Em Tempo de Guerra
Lisbon: Editora Ventura & C^a
- PASSOS, Maria (1924)
A Mulher nas Profissões Liberais
Revista Escolar, 4(10), 441-445
- PÉLICO Filho, Sílvio (1923)
História da Instrução Popular em Portugal
Lisbon: Empresa Internacional Editora
- PEREIRA, João Manuel Esteves (1897)
O Feminismo na Indústria Portuguesa
Lisbon: Companhia Nacional
- PEREIRA, José C. Seabra (1986)
"Perspectivas do Feminino na Literatura Neo-Romântica"
A Mulher na Sociedade Portuguesa - visão histórica e perspectivas futuras
Actas do Colóquio 1985
Coimbra: I.H.E.S., Faculdade de Letras
- PEREIRA, José Francisco (1922)
"A Coeducação"
O Professor Primário, V (168), 21 December

PEREIRA, Miriam Halpern (1969)

"Demografia e Desenvolvimento em Portugal na segunda metade do sec. XIX"
Análise Social (25-26), 85-117

PESTANA, Alice (1915)

La Educacion en Portugal

Madrid: Junta para Ampliación de Estudios e Investigaciones Científicas.
Patronato de Estudiantes

PIMPÃO, Álvaro Costa (1926)

"O Feminismo e a Igreja Católica"

Estudos - órgão do CADC (Coimbra), (55; 56;57), 503-513; 553-559; 822-829.

PINA-CABRAL, João (1986)

Sons of Adão, Daughters of Eve

Oxford: Oxford University Press

Portuguese Translation

Filhos de Adão, Filhas de Eva - a visão do mundo camponesa no Alto Minho

Lisbon: Publicações Dom Quixote, 1989

PINTO, António Costa & RIBEIRO, Nuno A.(1980)

A Acção Escolar Vanguarda (1933-1936)

Lisbon: Coop. Ed. História Crítica

PINTO, António Costa & RIBEIRO, Nuno A. (1982)

"Fascismo e Juventude nos Primórdios do Estado Novo:

a Acção Escolar Vanguarda (1933-36)" *O Fascismo em Portugal*

Lisbon: Regra do Jogo

PINTO, Maria dos Prazeres (1933)

"A Influência da Mulher na Educação"

A Federação Escolar, VI, 5th phase (287), 6 September

POULANTZAS, Nicos (1975)

La Crise des Dictatures - Portugal, Grèce, Espagne

Paris: Maspero

QUARESMA, Vitor S. (1988)

"A Regeneração" - *Economia e Sociedade*

Lisbon: Publicações D. Quixote

QUEIRÓS, José de (1927a)

"A Coeducação"

A Educação Nacional, 1, 2nd phase (1), 23 February

QUEIRÓS, José de (1927b)

"Coeducação"

A Educação Nacional, 1, 2nd phase (3), 20 March

QUEIRÓS, José de (1927c)

"Coeducação"

A Educação Nacional, 1, 2nd phase (5), 3 April

QUEIRÓS, José de (1927d)

"Coeducação"

A Educação Nacional, 1, 2nd phase (7), 17 April

QUEIRÓS, José de (1927e)

"A Coeducação"

A Educação Nacional, 1, 2nd phase (14), 5 June

RAMALHO, Albano (1921a)

"A Orientação do Ensino perante a Crise Nacional"

Revista Escolar, (1), January

RAMALHO, Albano (1921b)

"Horários, Tempos Lectivos e Programas"

Revista Escolar, (2), February

RAMALHO, Albano (1921c)

"Escolas sem Frequência"

Revista Escolar, (8), August

RAMALHO, Albano (1922)

"Método Activo"

Revista Escolar, 2 (8 & 9), August & September, 225-235

RAMALHO, Albano (1923)

"Um Apelo ao Sr. Ministro da Instrução"

Revista Escolar, 3 (1), January, 1-14

RAMOS, João de Deus (1918)

A Reforma do Ensino Normal

Lisbon: Livr, Ferreira Lda Ed.

RAMOS, João de Deus (1924)

O Estado Mestre-Escola e a Necessidade das Escolas Primárias Superiores

Lisbon: w/ed.

RAMOS, Rui (1988)

"Culturas de alfabetização e culturas do analfabetismo em Portugal: uma introdução à História da alfabetização no Portugal Contemporâneo"

Análise Social, XXIV (103-104), 1067-1145

REBELO, Maria Mercedes P. (1921)

"Fusão de Escolas"

A Federação Escolar, 9, 3 rd phase (460), 12 February

REIS, Jaime (1984)

"O Atraso Económico Português em Perspectiva Histórica (1860-1913)"

Análise Social, XX (1), 7-28

REIS, Jaime (1988)

"O analfabetismo em Portugal no sec. XIX: algumas reflexões em perspectiva comparada"

in *1º Encontro de História da Educação em Portugal - Comunicações*, pp. 75-79

Lisbon: F. C. Gulbenkian, Serviço de Educação

Report/ Relatório 'Braga da Cruz' (1988)

"A Situação do Professor em Portugal"

Análise Social, XXIV (103-104), 1187-1293

RESENDE, João A. Pinto (1902)

"As Escolas Normais do Porto"

O Instituto, 49 (3), March

- REYNAUD, Alexandrina (1924a)
"Educação Moral"
Educação Nova, I (1), June, 7-8
- REYNAUD, Alexandrina (1924b)
"Às Senhoras"
Educação Nova, I (6), November-December, 15-16
- REYNAUD, Alexandrina (1925)
"Universidade Livre do Porto"
Educação Nova, I (8), February, 11-14
- RIBEIRO, Laurinda Branco (1926)
"Educação Feminina Post-Escolar"
O Professor Primário, VIII (348), 18 July
- RIBEIRO, José Silvestre (1883)
História dos estabelecimentos científicos, literários e artísticos de Portugal, nos sucessivos reinados da monarquia
Lisboa: Tipografia da Academia Real das Ciências
- ROCHA, M. Cristina Tavares (1991)
A Educação Feminina - Entre o Particular e o Público - o ensino secundário nos anos 30
Lisbon: Universidade Nova de Lisboa, Master dissertation
- RODRIGUES, Neves (1933)
"O Meu Reduto"
A Federação Escolar, III, 5ª phase (268), 26 April
- RODRIGUES, Urbano Tavares (1969)
"Imagens da mulher na literatura portuguesa do sec. XX"
in *A Mulher na Sociedade Contemporânea*
Cadernos de Hoje (8)
- ROSA, Elzira Machado (1989)
Bernardino Machado, Alice Pestana a educação da mulher nos fins do sec. XIX
Lisbon: Cadernos da Condição Feminina (27)
- ROSAS, Fernando (1985)
As Primeiras Eleições Legislativas sob o Estado Novo
Lisbon: Cadernos 'O Jornal'
- ROSAS, Fernando (1986)
O Estado Novo nos Anos Trinta, 1928-1938
Lisbon: Estampa
- ROSAS, Fernando (1988)
O Salazarismo e a Aliança Luso-Britânica
Lisbon: Fragmentos
- SÁ, Olívia de F. Vasconcelos (1912)
"O Liceu feminino e a Reforma do Ensino"
Escola Nova, I (21), 5 Mai, 168-9
- SAMPAIO, J. Salvado (1970)
"Ensino Primário Superior"

SAMPAIO, J. Salvado(1975)

O Ensino Primário (1911-1969) vol.I

Lisbon: Gulbenkian

SANTANA, Emídio(w/d)

*Memórias de um Militante Anarco-Sindicalista -
Tempos de Luta, de Adversidade e de Esperança*

Lisbon: Perspectivas & Realidades

SANTOS, Alves (1913)

O Ensino Primário em Portugal (na sua relação com a história geral da nação)

Oporto: Companhia Portuguesa Editora

SANTOS, António Cristovão(1981)

"Ensino Técnico Médio"

in Joel Serrão (ed.) *Dicionário da História de Portugal* vol.II

SANTOS, Amélia A. (1921)

"A Coeducação"

O Professor Primário, III (78), 6 January

SANTOS, Boaventura Sousa (1985a)

"Estado e Sociedade na Semiperiferia do Sistema Mundial: o caso português"

in *Análise Social*, vol XXI (87-88-89)

SANTOS, Boaventura Sousa (1985b)

"On Modes of Production of Law and Social Power"

International Journal of Sociology of Law, 13, 29

SANTOS, Boaventura Sousa (1987)

Um Discurso sobre as Ciências

Oporto: Afrontamento

SANTOS, Boaventura Sousa (1990a)

"O Estado e os Modos de Produção do Poder Social"

in *A Sociologia e a Sociedade Portuguesa na Viragem do Século* (Actas do 1º Congresso Português de Sociologia,)

Lisbon: Fragmentos

SANTOS, Boaventura Sousa (1990b)

O Estado e a Sociedade em Portugal (1974-1988)

Oporto: Afrontamento

SANTOS, Boaventura Sousa (1991)

"Subjectividade, Cidadania e Emancipação"

Revista Crítica de Ciências Sociais (32), June, 135-191

SANTOS, Cândido (1991)

A Mulher e a Universidade do Porto - a propósito do centenário da formatura das primeiras médicas portuguesas

Oporto: Universidade do Porto

SANTOS, Raymundo (1930)

"A União e as Professoras"

O Professor Primário, XI (421), 8 February

SCHWARTZMAN, Kathleen (1981)

"Contribuição para a Sistematização de um aparente Caos Político:
o caso da primeira República Portuguesa"
Análise Social, (65), 153-162

SCHWARTZMAN, Kathleen (1987)

"Instabilidade Democrática nos Países Semiperiféricos.
A Primeira República Portuguesa"
O Estado Novo: das origens ao fim da autarcia (1926-1959)
Lisbon: Fragmentos

SCHWARTZMAN, Kathleen (1989)

*The Social Origins of Democratic Collapse -
the first Portuguese Republic in the Global Economy*
Lawrence: University Press of Kansas

SÉRGIO, António (1914)

O Problema da Cultura e o Isolamento dos Povos peninsulares
Oporto: Renascença Portuguesa

SÉRGIO, António (1915)

Educação Cívica
Lisbon: Instituto de Cultura e Língua Portuguesa, 1984

SÉRGIO, António (1917)

*A Função social dos Estudantes e sua preparação
para a Intervenção Futura na Sociedade*
Oporto: Renascença Portuguesa

SÉRGIO, António (1918)

O Ensino como Factor de Ressurgimento Nacional
Oporto: Renascença Portuguesa

SÉRGIO, António (1923)

Virtudes Fundamentais da Reforma de Educação
Lisbon: Sociedade de Geografia

SERRA, João (1988)

"As Reformas da Administração Local de 1872 a 1910"
Análise Social, 103-104, 1037-1066

SERRÃO, Delfina S. (1920)

"Juntas Escolares e Coeducação"
O Professor Primário (45), 15 April

SERRÃO, Delfina S. (1923)

"Coeducação"
O Professor Primário V(175), 8 February

SERRÃO, Joel (1951)

"Elementos para o estudo da Instrução pública em Portugal cerca de 1870"
Labor (113), 175-188

SERRÃO, Joel (1966)

"Sondagem Cultural à Sociedade Portuguesa cerca de 1870"
O Tempo e o Modo (36)

SERRÃO, Joel (1981)

"Estrutura social, ideologias e sistema de ensino"

580

SILVA, Manuela & TAMEN, M. Isabel (eds.) *Sistema de Ensino em Portugal*
Lisbon: Gulbenkian

SERRÃO, Joel (1986)

"Notas sobre a Situação da Mulher Portuguesa Oitocentista"

A Mulher na Sociedade Portuguesa - visão histórica e perspectivas futuras

Actas do Colóquio 1985

Coimbra: I.H.E.S., Faculdade de Letras

SERRÃO, Joel (1990)

Da "Regeneração" à República

Lisbon: Livros Horizonte

SILVA, A. E., PINTO, António C., OLIVEIRA, César, ROLLO, Fernanda, ROSAS, Fernando,
Ó, Jorge Ramos do, BRITO, José M. Brito, CRUZ, Manuel Braga (1989)

Salazar e o Salazarismo

Lisbon: Dom Quixote

SILVA, Augusto Santos (1987)

Formar a Nação: Vias Culturais do Progresso segundo Intelectuais Portugueses do sec. XIX

Oporto: Centro de Estudos Humanísticos, Cadernos "Estudos Contemporâneos" (5)

SILVA, João Serras e (1926)

"A Educação da Mulher. A Formação da Sensibilidade"

Estudos - órgão do CADC (Coimbra), (50), 97-120

SILVA, José Gentil da (1986)

"A Situação Feminina em Portugal na segunda metade do sec. XVIII"

A Mulher na Sociedade Portuguesa - visão histórica e perspectivas futuras

Actas do Colóquio 1985

Coimbra: I.H.E.S., Faculdade de Letras

SILVA, M. Regina Tavares da (1983)

"Feminismo em Portugal na voz de mulheres escritoras do início do sec. XX"

Análise Social vol. XIX (3,4,&5) pp. 875-907

SILVA, M. Regina Tavares da (1985)

A Mulher: bibliografia portuguesa anotada

Lisbon: Comissão da Condição Feminina

SILVA, Manuel (1927)

"Professoras - Inspectoras"

O Professor Primário, IX (411), 30 October

SILVEIRA, Joel F.(1982)

"Alguns Aspectos da Política Económica do Fascismo: 1926-1933"

in *O Fascismo em Portugal*, 341-399

Lisbon: Regra do Jogo

SOARES, Franquelim N. (1982)

Antologia - António Rodrigues Sampaio

Lisbon: Câmara Municipal de Lisboa

SOUSA, Alves de (1922)

"A Coeducação"

Revista Escolar, 2 (12), December

- SOUSA, Alves de (1927)
"Ao Acaso"
A Federação Escolar, I, 4th phase (20), 23 March
- SOUSA, Maria Reynolds de (1986)
"As Primeiras Deputadas Portuguesas"
in *A Mulher na Sociedade Portuguesa - visão histórica e perspectivas actuais*
Actas do Colóquio
Coimbra: Instituto História Económica e Social: Faculdade de Letras
- STOER, Stephen R.(1982)
Educação, Estado e Desenvolvimento em Portugal
Lisbon: Horizonte
- STOER, Stephen R.(1985)
"A Revolução de Abril e o Sindicalismo dos Professores em Portugal"
Cadernos de Ciências Sociais (3), June, 61-84
- STOER, Stephen (1986)
Educação e Mudança Social
Oporto: Afrontamento
- STOER, Stephen R. & ARAÚJO, Helena Costa (1987)
"A Contribuição da Educação para a Formação do Estado Novo"
O Estado Novo: das origens ao fim da autarcia 1926-1959
Lisbon: Fragmentos
- STOER, Stephen R. & ARAÚJO, Helena Costa (1990)
Review of "Le Temps des Professeurs" by António Nóvoa
in *Revista Crítica de Ciências Sociais* (29), 204-06
- STOER, Stephen & ARAÚJO, Helena Costa (1992)
Escola e Aprendizagem para o Trabalho num País da (Semi)periferia Europeia
Lisbon: Escher
- STOER, Stephen & DALE, Roger (1987)
"Education, State and Society in Portugal, 1926-1981"
Comparative Education Review, 31 (3)
- STOER, Stephen & STOLEROFF, Alan (1988)
"Education, Travail et État: du fordisme aux nouvelles technologies"
in A. Gonçalves et al. (ed.) *La Sociologie et les Nouveaux Défis de la Modernisation*
Oporto: Faculdade de Letras
- STOER, Stephen, STOLEROFF, Alan & CORREIA, José Alberto (1989)
"O Novo Vocacionalismo na Política Educativa em Portugal e a
Reconstrução da Lógica de Acumulação"
Revista Crítica de Ciências Sociais, 29, 11-54
- TELO, António J. (1980)
Decadência e Queda da I República Portuguesa
Lisbon: A Regra do Jogo, 2 vol.
- TENGARRINHA, José (1971)
"António Rodrigues Sampaio"
Dicionário de História de Portugal, vol.III
Lisbon: Iniciativas Editoriais

TOMÁS, Joaquim (1927)
 "Coeducação dos Sexos"
Revista Escolar, 7 (5), May

TRINDADE, Maria da (1927)
 "Ainda a Coeducação"
O Professor Primário, IX (401), 21 August

TROMBETTA, M. (1910)
A Mulher não Pode Instruir nem Educar
 Lisbon: Clássica Editora

VAIRINHO, Sousa (1919)
 "A Coeducação"
O Professor Primário, II (32), 9 November

VALE, Alexandre De Lucena e (1934)
 "Aspectos Actuais da Condição Social da Mulher"
Estudos - órgão do CADC (Coimbra), (123; 124; 125), 150-62; 201-17; 265-75)

VAQUINHAS, Irene Maria (1986)
 "Mulheres que se Injuriam, Mulheres que se Batem: alguns valores femininos vistos através de uma análise da delinquência em Coimbra, 1850-1915"
 in *A Mulher na Sociedade Portuguesa - visão histórica e perspectivas actuais*
Actas do Colóquio
 Coimbra: Instituto História Económica e Social: Faculdade de Letras

VALENTE, Vasco Pulido(1973)
O Estado Liberal e o Ensino: os liceus portugueses
 Lisbon: G.I.S.

VELLEDA, Maria (1909)
A Conquista
 Lisbon:

VELLEDA, Maria (1910)
 "O Voto às Mulheres Portuguesas"
A Mulher e a Criança, December (19), p.6

VELLEDA, Maria (1912a)
 "Orientação e Fins da Nossa Revista"
A Mulher Portuguesa, (1), June

VELLEDA, Maria (1912b)
 "Roosevelt e o Feminismo"
A Mulher Portuguesa, (4), October, 25-6

VENTURA, António & PEDROSO, Alberto (1977)
Emílio Costa e o Sindicalismo - da formação libertária à casa sindical
 Lisbon: Seara Nova

VIANA, Mário Gonçalves (1927a)
 "A Mulher e o Feminismo"
A Educação Nacional, 1, 2nd phase (8), 24 April

VIANA, Mário Gonçalves (1927b)
 "O Problema do Desemprego e a Questão do Feminismo"

VIANA, Mário Gonçalves (1927c)

"Sintomas... Desoladores"

A Educação Nacional, 1, 2nd phase (34), 23 October

VIEIRA, Alzira (1923)

Rosas e Espinhos do Professor Primário:

assuntos pedagógicos e escolares

Lisbon: Imprensa Lucas

VIEIRA, Alzira (1924)

"A Missão da Mulher"

O Professor Primário, VI (224), 21 January

VIDIGAL, Luis (1988)

Cidadania, Caciquismo e Poder, Portugal 1890-1916

Lisbon: Horizonte

Other References

ADLAM, Diana et al.(1977)

"Psychology, ideology and the human subject"

Ideology and Consciousness, 1, 5-56

ALTHUSSER, Louis (1965)

Pour Marx

Paris: Maspero

ALTHUSSER, Louis ((1969)

"Ideology and Ideological State Apparatuses"

in *Lenin and Philosophy and Other Essays*

London: New Left Review Ed.

ANDERSON, Perry (1980)

"Agency" in *Arguments within English Marxism*

London: Verso

APPLE, Michael (1982)

Education and Power

London: Routledge and Kegan Paul

APPLE, Michael (1987)

Teachers and Texts: a political economy of class and gender relations in education

Boston: RKP

APPLE, Michael (1988)

"Work, Class and Teaching"

in J. Ozga (ed.) *Schoolwork: approaches to the labour process of teaching*

Milton Keynes: Open University

APPLE, Michael (1988)

"Ensino e Trabalho Feminino: uma análise comparativa da história e ideologia"

Cadernos de Pesquisa (São Paulo), 64, 14-23, February

APPLE, Michael (1989)

"Critical Introduction: ideology and the state in educational policy"

in Roger Dale, *The State and Education Policy*
Milton Keynes: Open University Press

584

ARON-SCHNAPPER, Dominique & HANET, Danièle (1978)
"Archives Orales et Histoire des Institutions Sociales"
Revue Française de Sociologie, XIX, 261-275

ARCHER, Margaret (1984)
Social Origins of Educational Systems
(university edition)
London: Sage

ARCHER, Margaret (1991)
"Sociology for One World: unity and diversity"
Presidential Address of the XIIth World Congress of ISA
International Sociology, 6 (2), 131-147

ARNOT, Madeleine (1982)
"Educating Girls" in U222, 2nd level course *The Changing Experience of Women*
Milton Keynes: Open University

BALL, Stephen (1990)
Politics and Policy-Making in Education - explorations in policy sociology
London: Routledge

BANKS, Olive (1986)
Faces of Feminism
Oxford: Basil Blackwell

BANKS, Olive (1986?)
Becoming a Feminist - the social origins of 'First Wave' Feminism
Brighton: Wheatsheaf Books

BARON, Steve, FINN, Dan, GRANT, Neil, GREEN, Michael & JOHNSON, Richard
(1981)
Unpopular Education
London: Hutchinson

BARRETT, Michèle (1980)
Women's Oppression Today
London: Verso

BARRETT, Michèle (1988 revised ed.)
Women's Oppression Today: the Marxist/Feminist Encounter
London: Verso

BARRETT, Michèle (1991)
The Politics of Truth - from Marx to Foucault
Cambridge: Polity Press

BARRETT, Michèle & McINTOSH, Mary (1982)
The Anti-Social Family
London: Verso

BEAUVOIR, Simone (1949)
O Segundo Sexo
Lisbon: Bertrand Editora, 1987

BEECHEY, Veronica (1987)

Unequal Work

London: Verso

BENAVOT, Aaron (1983)

"The Rise and Decline of Vocational Education"

Sociology of Education, 56, 63-76, April

BENAVOT, Aaron & RIDDLE, Phyllis (1988)

"The Expansion of Primary Education 1870-1940: trends and issues"

Sociology of Education, 61, 191-210, July

BERGEN, Barry H. (1982)

"Only a Schoolmaster: gender, class and the effort to professionalize elementary teaching in England 1870-1910"

History of Education Quarterly, 22, 1-21, Spring

BERTAUX, Daniel (1981) (ed.)

Biography and Society - the life history approach in the Social Sciences

London: Sage

BIKLEN, Sari Knopp (1990)

"Confiding Woman: a nineteenth-century teacher's diary"

History of Education Review, special number *Writing the History of Women's Education*,

19 (2), 24-35

BISSERET, Noelle (1979)

Education, Class, Language and Ideology

London: RKP

BOLI, John (1987)

"Human Rights or State Expansion? Cross-National Definitions of Constitutional Rights, 1870-1970" in G. Thomas *et al.*

Institutional Structure: Constituting State, Society and the Individual
Newbury Prk/London: Sage Publ.

BOLI, John (1989)

New Citizens for a New Society - the institutional origins of mass schooling in Sweden

Oxford: Pergamon Press

BOLI, John, RAMIREZ, Francisco & MEYER, John (1985)

"The Origins and Expansion of Education"

Comparative Education Review, 29, 145-170

BOLI, John & RAMIREZ, Francisco (1986)

"World Culture and the Institutional Development of Mass Education" in

J. Richardson (ed.) *Handbook of Theory and research for the sociology of Education*
New York: Greenwood Press

BOWLES, Samuel & GINTIS, Herbert (1976)

Schooling in Capitalist America

New York: Basic Books

BOWLES, Samuel & GINTIS, Herbert (1986)

Democracy and Capitalism

Nova Iorque: Basic Books

BRADLEY, Harriet (1989)
Men's Work, Women's Work
Cambridge: Polity Press

BREHONY, Kevin (1984)
"Co-education: perspectives and debates in the early twentieth century"
in R.DEEM (ed.) *Co-Education Reconsidered*
Milton Keynes: Open University

BRODZKI, Bella & SCHENCK, Celeste (1988) eds.
Life/Lines - theorising women's autobiography
Ithaca & London: Cornell University Press

BURSTYN, Joan (1980)
Victorian Education and the Ideal of Womanhood
London: Croom Helm

BURSTYN, Joan (1987)
"History as Image: changing the lens"
History of Education Quarterly, 27 (2), 167-180

BURSTYN, Joan (1990)
"Narrative versus Theoretical Approaches - a dilemma for historians for education"
History of Education Review, 19 (2), 1-7

BURTON, Antoinette (1992)
"'History' is Now: feminist theory and the production of historical feminisms"
Women's History Review, 1(1), 25-38

CARNOY, Martin (1984)
The State and Political Theory
Princeton: Princeton University Press

CARNOY, Martin & LEVIN, Henry (1985)
Schooling and Work in the Democratic State
Stanford University Press

CLIFFORD, Geraldine (1987)
"Lady Teachers' and Politics in the United States, 1850-1930"
in M. Lawn (ed.) *Teachers: the culture and politics of work*
Milton Keynes: Open University

COLE, Michael (1988)
Bowles and Gintis Revisited
Lewes: Falmer Press

COLLINS, Randall (1981)
"Some Comparative Principles of Educational Stratification"
in R. DALE *et al.* (ed.) *Schooling and the National Interest*
Lewes: Falmer Press/OU Press

COOLE, Diana (1988)
Women in Political Theory
Brighton: Wheatsheaf

COPELMAN, Dina M. (1985)
Women in the Classroom Struggle: Elementary Schoolteachers in London 1870-1914

COPELMAN, Dina M. (1986)

"A New Comradeship between Men and Women':
family, marriage and London's women teachers, 1870-1910"
in J. Lewis (ed.) *Labour and Love - women's experience of home and family*
Oxford: Basil Blackwell

CORRIGAN, Philip & WILLIS, Paul (1980)

"Cultural Forms and Class Mediations"
Media, Culture and Society, 2, 297-312

COWARD, Rosalind (1983)

Patriarchal Relations - Sexuality and Social Relations
London: RKP

DAHL, Robert A. (1971)

Polyarchy
New Haven: Yale University Press

DALE, Roger (1981)

"The State and Education: some theoretical approaches"
in *E 353 Society, Education and the State*
Milton Keynes: Open University

DALE, Roger (1984)

"Nation-State and International System: the world-system perspective"
in G. McLennan, D.Held & S. Hall (eds) *The Idea of the Modern State*
Milton Keynes: Open University Press

DALE, Roger (1989)

The State and Education Policy
Milton Keynes: Open University Press

DALE, Roger & OZGA, Jenny (1991)

Policy-Making in Education, E 333, 3rd level course
Milton Keynes: Open University

DALE, Roger with PIRES, Eurico L.(1984)

"Linking People and Jobs: the indeterminate place of educational credentials" in
P. Broadfoot (ed.) *Selection, Certification and Control*
Lewes: Falmer Press

DALY, Mary (1969)

Le Sexe Conteste (translated from the english *The Church and the Second Sex*
London: G. Chapman)
Paris: MAME

DANYLEWICZ, Marta (1987)

*Taking the Veil: an alternative to marriage, motherhood
and spinsterhood in Quebec, 1840-1920*
Toronto: McClelland & Stewart

DANYLEWICZ, Marta & PRENTICE, Alison (1984a)

"Teachers, Gender and Bureaucratizing School Systems
in 19th century Montreal and Toronto"
History of Education Quarterly, 24, Spring

DANYLEWICZ, Marta & PRENTICE, Alison (1984b)

588

"Lessons from the Past: the experience of women teachers in Quebec and Ontario" in S. ACKER *et al.* (eds.) *Women and Education - World Yearbook of Education 1984*
London: Kogan Page

DANYLEWICZ, Marta & PRENTICE, Alison (1986)

"Revising the History of Teachers: a Canadian perspective"
Interchange, 2, Summer

DANYLEWICZ, Marta & PRENTICE, Alison (1988)

"Teachers' Work: changing patterns and perceptions in the emerging school systems of nineteenth- and early twentieth-century Canada"
in J. Ozga (ed.) *Schoolwork: Approaches to the labour process of teaching*
Milton Keynes: Open University

DAVID, Miriam (1980)

The State, the Family and Education
London: RKP

DAVIN, Anna (1979)

"Mind that you do as you are told": reading books
for Board School girls, 1870-1902"
Feminist Review (3)

DEEM, Rosemary (1978)

Women and Schooling
London: RKP

DEEM, Rosemary (1984)

Co-Education Reconsidered
Milton Keynes: Open University

DELAMONT, Sara & DUFFIN, Lorna eds(1978)

The Nineteenth Century Woman - her cultural and physical world
London: Croom Helm

DEMAINE, Jack (1981)

Contemporary Theories in the Sociology of Education
London: MacMillan

DENZIN, Norman (1989)

Interpretive Biography
London: Sage Publications

DONZELOT, Jacques (1980)

The Policing of Families
London: Hutchinson

DuBOIS, Ellen C. (1991)

"Woman Suffrage and the Left: an international socialist-feminist perspective"
New Left Review (186), 20-45

DUFFIN, Lorna (1978)

"Prisoners of Progress: women and evolution"
in S.DELAMONT & L. DUFFIN eds. (1978)
The Nineteenth Century Woman - her cultural and physical world
London: Croom Helm

- DYHOUSE, Carol (1976)
"Social Darwinistic ideas and the Development of Women's Education in England 1880-1920"
History of Education, 5 (1) pp. 41-58
- DYHOUSE, Carol (1981)
Girls Growing-Up in Late Victorian and Edwardian England
London: RKP
- FERRAROTTI, Franco (1983)
Histoire et Histoires de Vie
Paris: Librairie des Méridiens
- FINGER, Mathias (1989)
"L'Approche Biographique face aux Sciences Sociales:
le problème du sujet dans la recherche sociale!"
Revue Européenne des Sciences Sociales, XXVII (83), 217-246
- FOUCAULT, Michel (1973)
Moi, Pierre Rivière, ayant égorgé ma mère, ma soeur et mon frère...
Paris: Ed. Gallimard
- GEMIE, Sharif (1991)
"The Schoolmistress's Revenge: secular schoolmistresses, academic authority and village conflicts in France, 1815-1848"
History of Education, 20 (3), 203-217
- GEWIRTZ, Sharon & OZGA, Jenny (1990)
"Partnership, Pluralism and Education Policy: a reassessment"
Journal of Educational Policy, 5 (1), 37-48
- GIDDENS, Anthony (1979)
Central Problems in Social Theory
London: MacMillan
- GINTIS, Herbert & BOWLES, Samuel (1982)
"Contradiction and Reproduction in Education"
in R. DALE *et al.* (eds.) *Schooling and the National Interest*
Lewes: Falmer Press
- GIROUX, Henry (1984)
Theory and Resistance in Education
London: Heineman Educational Books
- GOODSON, Ivor (1992) (ed)
Studying Teachers' Lives
London: Routledge
- GRACE, Gerald (1978)
Teachers, Ideology and Control - a study in Urban Education
London: Routledge Kegan Paul
- GRAMSCI, Antonio (1971)
Selections from Prison Notebooks
London: Lawrence and Wishart
- GREEN, Andy (1990)
Education and State Formation

GRUMET, Madeleine (1981)

"Pedagogy for Patriarchy: the feminization of teaching"
Interchange, 12, 165-184

HARRIS, Kevin (19882)

Teachers and Classes: a marxist analysis
London: Routledge Kegan Paul

JENKINS, Celia (1991)

The Professional Middle Class and the Social Origins of Progressivism:
a case study of the New Education Fellowship, 1920-1950
Ph Dissertation, University of London, Institute of Education

JESSOP, Bob (1982)

The Capitalist State
Oxford: Martin Robertson

JESSOP, Bob (1990)

State Theory - putting capitalist states in their place
Cambridge: Polity Press

KATZNELSON, Ira & WEIR, Margaret (1985)

Schooling for All - class, race and the decline of the democratic ideal
New York: Basic Books

LAWN, Martin (1987a)

Servants of the State - the contested control of teaching, 1900-1930
Lewes: Falmer Press

LAWN, Martin (1987b) (ed.)

Teachers: the culture and politics of work
Milton Keynes: Open University

LAWN, Martin & Ozga, Jenny (1988)

"The Educational Worker? A reassessment of teachers"
in J. Ozga (ed.) *Schoolwork: Approaches to the labour process of teaching*
Milton Keynes: Open University

LE GRAND, Louis (1988)

"Histoire de Vie de Groupe - à la recherche d'une "lucidité methodologique"
Sociétés - Revue des Sciences Humaines et Sociales, 18, 3-4

LERNER, Gerda (1975)

"Placing Women in History: definitions and challenges"
Feminist Studies, ? 5-14

LINDBLOM, Charles (1977)

Politics and Markets
New York: Basic Books

LOURO, Guacira (1989)

"Magistério do 1º grau: um trabalho de mulher"
Educação e Realidade (Porto Alegre, Brazil), 14 (2), 31-39, July-December

MacKINNON, Catharine (1989)

Towards a Feminist Theory of the State

- MACPHERSON, C.B. (1981)
"Do We Need a Theory of the State?"
in R. DALE *et al.* (eds.) *Education and the State: schooling and the national interest*
Barcombe: Falmer Press /Open University Press
- McLENNAN, Gregor (1984)
"Capitalist State or Democratic Polity? Recent developments
in Marxist and Pluralist theory"
in G. McLennan *et al.* (ed.) *The Idea of the Modern State*
Milton Keynes: Open University
- McLENNAN, Gregor (1988)
Marxism. Pluralism and Beyond
London: Polity Press
- MARDLE, George (1977)
"Power, Tradition and Change: educational implications
of the thought of Antonio Gramsci"
D. GLEESON (ed.) *Identity and Structure*
London: Nafferton Books
- MARGADANT, Jo Burr (1990)
Madame Le Professeur - Women Educators in the Third Republic
Princeton: Princeton Univ Press
- MARTINEZ, Rosa M. Capel (1986)
El Trabajo y la Educacion de la Mujer en Espana
Madrid: Instituto de la Mujer
- MAYEUR, Françoise (1977)
L'Enseignement des Jeunes Filles sous la Troisième République
Paris: Presse de la Fondation National des Sciences Politiques
- MAYEUR, Françoise (1979)
L'Éducation des Filles en France au XIX siècle
Paris: Ed. Hachette
- McROBBIE, Angela
Feminism and Youth Culture
London: MacMillan
- MILLER, Pavla (1989)
"Historiography of Compulsory Schooling: what is the problem?"
History of Education, 18 (2). 123-144
- MILLS, C. Wright (1970)
The Sociological Imagination
Middlesex: Penguin Books
- MOCH, Leslie Page (1988)
"Government Policy and Women's Experience: the case of teachers in France"
Feminist Studies, 14 (2)
- MOELLER, Kirsten (1987)
"Danish Female Teachers and Equal Pay, 1898-1922"
in P. Schmuck (ed) *Women Educators - Employees of Schools in Western Countries*

MORAVIA, S. (1985)

Sartre

Lisbon: Edições 70

MOSCONI, Nicole (1989)

La Mixité dans l'Enseignement Secondaire: un faux semblant?

Paris: PUF

MOUZELIS, Nicos (1986)

Politics in the Semi-Periphery - early parliamentarism and late industrialisation in the Balkans and Latin America

London: MacMillan

NELSON, Margaret (1992)

"Using Oral Case Histories to Reconstruct the Experience of Women Teachers in Vermont, 1900-1950"

in I. GOODSON (ed) *Studying Teachers' Lives*

London: Routledge

NICHOLSON, Linda (1992)

"Feminist Theory: the private and the public"

in L. McDOWELL & R. PRINGLE (eds.) *Defining Women: social institutions and gender divisions*

Cambridge: Polity Press & The Open University

OFFE, Claus (1984a)

Problemas Estruturais do Estado Capitalista

Rio de Janeiro: Tempo Brasileiro

OFFE, Claus (1984b)

Contradictions of the Welfare State

London: Hutchinson

OFFE, Claus (1985)

Disorganised Capitalism - Contemporary Transformations of Work and Politics

Cambridge: Polity Press

OKIN, Susan Moller (1980)

Woman in Western Political Thought

London: Virago

ORAM, Alison (1987)

"Sex Antagonisms in the Teaching Profession: equal pay and the marriage bar, 1910-1939"

in M. Arnot & G. Weiner (eds.) *Gender and the Politics of Schooling*

London: Hutchinson/Open University

OZGA, Jenny (1988) (ed.)

Schoolwork: approaches to the labour process of teaching

Milton Keynes: Open University

OZGA, Jenny & LAWN, Martin (1981)

Teachers, Professionalism and Class: a study of organized teachers

London: Falmer Press

OZGA, Jenny & LAWN, Martin (1988)

"Schoolwork: interpreting the labour process of teaching"

British Journal of Sociology of Education, 9(3)

PARSONS, Talcott (1959)

"The School Class as a Social System"

Harvard Educational Review, 29 (4)

PATEMAN, Carol (1992)

"The Patriarchal Welfare State"

in L. McDOWELL & R. PRINGLE (eds.) *Defining Women*

- *social institutions and gender divisions*

Cambridge: Polity Press/Open University

PERROT, Michèle (1984) (ed.)

Une Histoire des Femmes est-elle possible?

Paris: Rivages

PHILIPS, Anne (ed.) (1987)

Feminism and Equality

Oxford: Basil Blackwell

PHILIPS, Anne (1991)

Engendering Democracy

Cambridge: Polity Press

POIRIER, J., CLAPIER-VALLADON, S. & RAYBAUT, P. (1983)

Les Récits de Vie - théorie et pratique

Paris: PUF

PLUMMER, Ken (1983)

Documents of Life - an introduction to the problems and

literature of a humanistic method

London: George Allen & Unwin

PRENTICE, Alison & THEOBALD, Marjorie R. (1991)

Women Who Taught - perspectives on the history of women and teaching

Toronto: University of Toronto Press

PRESTON, Jo Anne (1982)

"Female Aspiration and Male Ideology: school-teaching in nineteenth-century
New England"

in A. Angerman *et al.* (eds.) *Current Issues in Women's History*

London/New York: Routledge

PURVIS, June (1987)

"Understanding Personal Accounts"

in G. Weiner & M. Arnot (eds.) *Gender under Scrutiny*

London: Hutchinson/ Open University

PURVIS, June (1989)

*Hard Lessons - the lives and education of working-class women in
nineteenth-century England*

Cambridge: Polity Press

PURVIS, June (1991)

A History of Women's Education in England

Milton Keynes: Open University Press

- RAMIREZ, Francisco (1987)
 "The Political Construction of Rape"
 in G. Thomas *et al.*
Institutional Structure: Constituting State, Society and the Individual
 Newbury Prk/London: Sage Publ..
- RAMIREZ, Francisco & BOLI, John (1987)
 "The Political Construction of Mass Schooling: European origins and
 worldwide institutionalization"
Sociology of Education, 60
- RAMIREZ, Francisco & WEISS, Jane (1979)
 "The Political Incorporation of Women"
 in J. Meyer & M. Hannan (eds.) *National Development and the World-System*
 - *Educational, Economic and Political Change 1950-1970*
 Chicago/London: Univ Chicago Univ.
- RICHARDSON, John & HATCHER, Brenda W. (1983)
 "The Feminization of Public School Teaching: 1870-1920"
Work and Occupations, 10, February
- SASSOON, Anne Showstack (1987) (ed)
Women and the State - the shifting boundaries of public and private
 London: Hutchinson
- SCANLON, Geraldine (1986)
La Polemica Feminista en la España Contemporanea (1868-1974)
 Madrid: Ediciones Akal
- SCHWARTZ, H & JACOBS, J. (1979)
Qualitative Sociology - a method to madness
 London/Nova Iorque: The Free Press
- SCOTT, Joan (1991)
 "Women's History"
 in P. Burke (ed.) *New Perspectives on Historical Writing*
 Cambridge: Polity Press
- SCOTT, Joan & TILLY, Louise (1982)
 "Women's Work and the Family in Nineteenth-Century Europe"
 E. Whiteleg *et al.* (eds.) *The Changing Experience of Women*
 Oxford: Martin Robertson and OU Press
- SLEDZIEWSKI, Elisabeth (1989)
Révolutions du Sujet
 Paris: Méridiens Klincksieck
- SOMMER, Doris (1988)
 "Not Just a Personal Story: women's *testimonios* and the plural self"
 in BRODZKI, Bella & SCHENCK, Celeste (eds.)
Life/Lines - theorising women's autobiography
 Ithaca & London: Cornell University Press
- SOYSAL, Yasemin & STRANG, David (1989)
 "Construction of the First Mass Education Systems in Nineteenth-century Europe"
Sociology of Education, 62, October, 277-288

- STANLEY, Liz (1992)
The Auto/Biographical - the theory and practice of feminist auto/biography
Manchester: Manchester University Press
- STEEDMAN, Carolyne (1985)
"The Mother Made Conscious': the historical development of a primary school pedagogy"
History Workshop, 20, 149-163
- STROBER, M.H. & TYACK, D. (1980)
"Why Do Women Teach and Men Manage"
Signs, 5(3), 494-503
- SUTHERLAND, Margaret B. (1990)
"The Role of Women in Higher Education Teaching, Research and Administration"
EUI Colloquium Papers (167/90, col40)
Florence: European University Institute
- SYDIE, R. A. (1987)
Natural Women, Cultured Men - a feminist perspective on sociological theory
Milton Keynes: Open University
- SWINDELLS, Julia (1985)
Victorian Writing & Working Women
Cambridge/Oxford: Polity Press & Basil Blackwell
- TAYLOR, Barbara (1983)
Eve and the New Jerusalem - Socialism and Feminism in the 19th century
London: Virago
- THEOBALD, Marjorie R. (1990)
"The 'Everyday World' of Women Who Taught"
History of Education Review, 19 (2), number special "Writing the History of Women's Education", 15-23
- THOMPSON, E.P. (1978)
The Poverty of Theory
London: Merlin Press
- THOMPSON, Paul (1978)
The Voice of the Past - Oral History
Oxford: Oxford University Press
- VAUGHN-ROBERSON, Courtney Ann (1984)
"Sometimes Independent but Never Equal - women teachers, 1900-1950: the Oklahoma example"
Pacific Historical Review, 39
- VICINUS, Martha (1985)
Independent Women : work and community for single women 1850-1920
London: Virago
- WALBY, Silvia (1986)
Patriarchy at Work -patriarchal and capitalist relations in employment
Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press
- WALBY, Silvia (1990)
Theorising Patriarchy

WALLERSTEIN, Immanuel(1979)
The Capitalist World-Economy
Cambridge: Cambridge University Press

WALLERSTEIN, Immanuel (1989)
The Modern World-System III
-the second era of great expansion of the capitalist world-economy, 1730-1840s
London: Academic Press Inc.

WEEDON, Chris (1987)
Feminist Practice and Postructuralist Theory
Oxford: Basil Blackwell

WHEELER, Douglas L. (1978)
História Política de Portugal 1910-1926
Lisbon: Europa- América

WIDDOWSON, Frances (1983)
Going up into the next class: women and elementary teacher training, 1840-1914
London: Hutchinson

WILLIS, Paul (1977)
Learning to Labour
London: Saxon House

WILLIS, Paul (1990)
Common Culture
Milton Keynes: Open University Press

WILSON, Brian (1962)
"The Teacher's Role"
British Journal of Sociology, XIII, 615-32

WRIGHT, Erik O. (1979)
Class, Crisis and the State
London: Verso

ZACHARIAH, Mathew(1985)
"Lumps of Clay and Growing Plants: Dominant Metaphors of the Role of Education in the Third World,1950-1980"
Comparative Education Review vol.29 (1), 1-21

APPENDICES

Life History

Luisa

I was born in Covilhã in 1899 where I went to primary school.

My father owned a bakery. My mother was a housekeeper and owned a farm near Covilhã.

With the advent of the Republic, my mother, who had strong Catholic beliefs, sent me to a convent in Spain, in Ciudad Rodrigo. In this convent, the majority of the girls were Portuguese. There I learnt music, French and other subjects until 1915. With the First World War, the peseta started to become more and more expensive and my sister and I were sent back to Covilhã, since it was impossible for my family to keep us there. I returned to Covilhã, where I had nothing to do.

My family used to consider me as a 'child prodigy' ("menina prodígio"). I was able to recite poetry with great facility, from a very earlier age. I think that this was one of the reasons for the expectations they had about me in the sense that they expected I would have a different destiny from the other girls. Thus, one day, a woman peasant who worked for my mother asked me why I was not doing anything, why I was not teaching children. My mother also advised me to go to see someone we knew who could inform us whether the studies made in Spain would enable me to teach in a school. This person advised me to take the entry examination to the Teacher College at Castelo Branco, which I did. I was successful in the exam and entered the Teacher Training College.

My parents did not oppose my living in another town to attend the Teacher College. My father had to go to Castelo Branco often, since he had a flour mill there. Therefore he came to visit me quite often. I was living with a lady to whom I had to pay a sum of money.

The Teacher College at the time was called 'Escola de Habilitação para o Magistério Primário'. I started there in 1915 and finished my studies in 1918. I studied Portuguese, French, history, mathematics, sciences, geography, pedagogics, music, gymnastics,

drawing and needlework (which was only for girls). During the last year, we had to give lessons to the children of the primary school (it was called 'escola anexa'). The woman teacher in charge never called me to give the lessons. I think that she was afraid of me, I was known for being a 'joker' ('trocista' is how she described me). I used to have an independent mind.

I remember some lecturers. For instance, Dr. Xavier, who taught Portuguese, and was a republican and 'anti-clerical'. He used to discuss republican topics in the classroom.

The quality of teaching in the College was not good, with the exception of 2 or 3 subjects. Our teachers were primary teachers without special training. There were only two teachers from the Lyceum, Dr. Elói Cardoso, who taught Portuguese and pedagogics. He was a teacher in the Lyceum and also a lawyer. The other one was Dr. Sousa Vieira, who taught music, and later became headmaster (Rector) in Liceum D. Manuel II (in Oporto). The maths teacher was a woman and a good teacher. She also taught needlework.

With regard to pedagogics, I never understood clearly what it was about. I never understood its importance and relevance to teaching. There was a book which the teacher used to follow, but I do not remember the name of the author. We did not learn anything with regard to didactics. There were no track suits for gymnastics and we used to do it fully dressed (with tight dresses, corsets, etc.). This was not gymnastics at all. There was a choir in the Teacher College and we used to go to other towns to sing there. We used also to go to Tomar to do theatrical presentations.

In my opinion, there was nothing specially republican in the way things were taught in the Teacher College. There was the Day of the Tree, when the headmaster asked both our collaboration and also the support of teachers. I did not participate because I was rebellious and I liked to joke.

The building in which the Teacher College was located was very poor. We were in a dependency of the Lyceum and only some rooms were provided for the College. There were only some tables with benches. There was neither a library nor workshops.

The classes were mixed, approximately with the same number of boys and girls, near 35/40 students per class. Both

sexes were taught the same subjects, except needlework. In the gymnastics classes, boys and girls were taught together.

I remember very well the official inquiry about one of the teachers who was republican and very much assertive. He used to discuss republican politics in the classes. The political ambiance in Castelo Branco was very conservative and anti-republican, probably due to some families related to the cork trade, who were quite powerful in the town. This teacher was investigated. He was accused of being rough with the students. With me, for instance, one day he grabbed the medal of the Holy Lady I had around my neck and asked me: "is this clown of some use?" I held onto the medal firmly and he did not say anything more. I told this to the inquiry. The teacher was dismissed along with two others, and was substituted by dr. Diói Cardoso.

In Covilhã, there was a sanctimonious ambiance in the town. People lived in fear of the republicans. In my house, we did not read the newspapers except the "Notícias da Covilhã" (which was controlled by the Roman Catholic Church). Although the jesuits were expelled by the Republic, they maintained their influence in the town. My mother had strong Catholic beliefs and did not allow us to leave the house without taking great care and we were always chaperoned. My sisters stopped their studies at the secondary level. We used to stay at home most of the time doing needlework, cutting garments, and doing the trousseau for my youngest sister, who married very young. Also we used to embroider and crochet. On Sundays, we used to go to the main square ('passeio público') where everybody walked. We were not allowed to read novels, but I did secretly. I used to read in my room, in the morning, before my mother called me to go to her room. I read Eça and Camilo, who were excommunicated authors. Near our house, there was a library and I used to get books and take them to my room.

Only much later did I hear about António Sérgio. People did not talk about women like Irene Lisboa or Ana de Castro Osório, probably disliking them. In Covilhã, at the time, there were no educational associations. UPP (the teachers' union) had no influence there. The 1920 strike by civil servants had no effects in Covilhã. There were some strikes in the textile factories, in the later

republican years. There was no hunger in the town but children used to work in the factories from the age of ten years of age, if other members of their families worked there. I remember very well that in the 1960s I found similar situations in Custoias (near Oporto).

I still remember some episodes of the republican years. For instance, one day I saw a group of soldiers saying to a factory worker that it was very easy for them to finish him off. I also remember the political republican demonstrations. In my house, my mother was very afraid of demonstrations and all the windows were closed when one was taking place. My father was not afraid, he was republican. My mother always kept her strong Catholic beliefs and was always afraid of republicans.

My first salary was 300/320 'escudos'. In 1919-1920 and 1920-21, I taught in the central primary school of Covilhã. I was a relief teacher ('professora interina'). There were many teachers in this school, aged between 15 and 18. My first class was a boys' class. I had two republican guards also as pupils. They were adults, older than me as I was only 18. I did not know how to behave with them. I spoke to the headmaster and they were moved to another class.

At that time, I do not think that teaching in Covilhã was guided by republican concerns. I think that probably the new republican educational practices were only adopted in Oporto, Lisbon or Coimbra but in villages and other towns, it was more difficult to apply them.

I stopped teaching in 1921 - I was a relief teacher and I was made redundant. To get a new post I had to leave Covilhã. My father opposed it. So I stayed at home and married with an industrialist in 1923. We went to live in Lisbon. I still remember the fight between two military barracks and the sound of shots during one of the military coup.

I returned to teaching in 1930-31, in Carril (Tomar). In 1934, there were the first elections of 'Estado Novo'. I was ordered to "promote the elections" i.e. I had to call the population and explain what was going to happen, I had to promote the propaganda of the regime. I decided to call the population on a Thursday because I expected nobody would come. I told the school inspector that nobody came except a man who suffered from incontinence and

could not stay long. In the middle of the year, 'they' closed my school and I was sent to Lamarosa, Coruche, which was in the middle of nowhere. I asked the school inspector about the reasons for closing the school. He told me that there were not enough children. But my pupils numbered around 35-40. I think that they closed the school to punish me for not doing what I was told to do.

After that, I went to Alpendurada from 1935 until 1937. Between 1937 and 1942 I did not teach, I asked for unpaid leave and returned to teaching when my older daughter started to attend the primary school, at the age of seven. I did not want another teacher to teach her.

When I had to live in a village far away from my husband, I had one of my children living with me always. For instance, in Lamarosa, my daughter was living with me, while my son stayed at Tomar studying. The only exception was when my son was only 2 years of age, when a lady took care of him. My children were always with me when they were very young, for instance, my daughter, when she was four, stayed at the back of the classroom, at a desk and amused herself. When they were of school age, they followed the lessons.

I left teaching when both my children finished primary school. I did not need to work since my family was relatively affluent. When I was living in a village, my salary was not enough to live there with my children. My husband had to deposit some more money in the bank. I decided that it was better to stop working in a school. If I had continued to teach, I would have had to go from one village to another every year. It would be necessary to pay for two houses, since my husband at the time was already working in Oporto and I would have to pay also for the house in the village where I would be teaching.

I only returned to teaching in 1942 because it was necessary to pay the costs of my son's legal studies at university. There was conflict in my family, and my husband stopped paying my son's studies. It was for this reason that I returned to teaching. After that, I stayed in teaching until I retired.

When I returned to teaching in 1942, the Catholic prayers were introduced again. I did not agree with this. Thus, as they were other teachers in the school, when it was time for prayers, I

used to open the door of my classroom and my pupils prayed with the other class. With regard to the reading texts, I never selected the reading texts where there was propaganda for Salazar and the political regime. I used to tell the pupils: we will read them later. I never returned to them.

In the villages where I taught, I was able to maintain a good relationship with the people. Quite often, they used to give me gifts. For instance, when they killed the pig, I was offered some. I was well accepted by the population.

I was able to keep a certain distance from the political regime. Salazar was as the dinosaur about which Cardoso Pires wrote about. I always refused to send telegrams, letters or any other form of support for the regime. I was neither persecuted nor incriminated by the regime, apart from that time in Lamarosa. I also did not feel that my colleagues avoided me. I think that they would have liked to adopt the same attitudes but were afraid to do so. One day, the headmaster of one of the schools where I taught, presented me to an inspector in the following way: "I present you X who before being as she is, was already like this". He was saying this because I was known to be strict. In fact, I was always able to avoid compromising my political beliefs ("sempre me conservei sem dobrar a espinha").

What I enjoyed teaching most was Portuguese and Arithmetic. However, generally, I did not like teaching although I'm not sure what I would rather have done with my life. Probably I would have liked to study at the university. To do this, I would have to leave Covilhã and go to another town, and my parents would not have allowed me to do it. I think that this was the main reason why so many women went into teaching as there were so few work opportunities for women of a certain social status. One could become a seamstress, for instance, but within a specific social level, there was nothing for a woman to do.

Life History

Isaura

Contexts and Pathways

My older sister was my teacher

I was born in 1901 near Carrazeda de Ansiães. I attended the primary school nearby. My older sister was my teacher, she was fifth in the family. She was an exceptional teacher. She was 11 years older than I.

My parents had 16 children. My two eldest sisters did not study. But those who followed, did study to make a living in their adult lives.

My parents were rich landowners. They were republicans and very much liberal and felt that the family land was not enough to provide a living for all of us. It was necessary for each of us could pursue higher education to be able to make a living. As they were republicans, they sent the daughters to Oporto to attend the lyceum. Even before the Republic, some people were already thinking that girls should study and a precedent was very important: "Mister X sent his daughter to the school, I will send mine also".

In 1914 , I came to Oporto to study in the lyceum, with one of my sisters. We rented a house, where both of us lived with another sister, who was a primary teacher, and a brother, who later became a secondary teacher. I attended the lyceum up to the 5th grade, between 1914 and 1919. At the time I wanted to pursue my studies through to university. Meanwhile, I had a boyfriend. If I applied to university, this would take too long, at least 5 years to finish the course. It was for that reason that I went to the Teacher Training College, where it was quicker to complete a course.

My parents' house was a republican centre

I met many republicans in my parents' house. It was a republican centre. Every republican in the neighbourhood used to go to our house. All of them were honest people, people who behave decently.

My uncles were republicans, all of them graduated from Coimbra University. I think that even my grandparents were also republicans, although at the time they were not called republicans but liberals.

The Teacher College provided an intense training

In 1919 the Teacher Training College in Oporto was reorganised. Previously, we could enter after the 3rd grade of the lyceum and a minimum age of 15. In 1919, it was necessary to pass the 5th grade. I entered the Teacher College from the 5th grade.

With this change, the College provided a more intense training and education for students. There were also more subjects: Portuguese, Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry, History, Methodology, Pedagogics, Psychology, Law, Music, Gymnastics, Hygiene, Craft Shop activities.

Young men and women were taught separately at the College, with few opportunities to be together. There was only one mixed class, but students could only enter the classroom when the teacher was already there. They were always scrutinising the behaviour and relationships of male and female students. One day the headmaster met me outside the College with my boyfriend. He called me to his room and he reprimanded me. They were also very severe about the way girls dressed and behaved. At the time a girl did not wear make-up on her face. I remember that a colleague of mine used to dress garishly. Also she used to put on a lot of make-up. The headmaster - who was a strict person, guided by the view that girls could not look at boys - ordered her either to put away her make-up or to leave the College, so she left. In those days, public opinion was that women primary teachers should not teach children dressed pretentiously and wearing make-up.

Let see whether I can remember the lecturers I had in the College. Major Ricardo Nogueira - he taught Mathematics, everybody liked him very much. He was a friend. but he was murdered in the 1920s, during the Republic, in Boavista street. He was also employed in Carris (the tramways company). There was a strike and he was ambushed. I do not remember why they did this. All the College went to the funeral. Then, there was:

- dr. Bernardino Vilar (he was a good lecturer)
- mr. Henrique Santana - Methodology
- mr. F. Cardoso Júnior - Pedagogics
- dr. Tobim - Sciences
- dr. João Nascimento - Law
- mr. Joaquim Gomes de Oliveira - Music
- dr. João Gomdes de Oliveira - Gymnastics (he went to Belgium or France to follow a special course)
- dr. Ribeiro - Psychology
- dr. Queirós de Magalhães - Hygienics
- mr. Ribeiro da Silva - Drawing
- mr. Cândido Umbelino Branco - Craft Workshops
- mrs. Leonor Baltar - Needlework
- mrs. Elvira Santos Silva - Home Economics
- mr. Francisco Alves - Portuguese

There was an ambiance of good comradeship amongst colleagues at the Teacher College.

In the final year, we had to make plans for each lesson we were to give. I also attended the nurserie. From the first year in the College, we used to attend the training school.

There was basketball and I used to play. I also participated in shows with poetry recitals and songs, and plays. I also enjoyed the gymnastics (she describes the special suits they wore for this) which was well taught.

I finished the course in 1922, with a grade of 16 (out of 20).

**"I want to gain my pocket money":
- the first experience of teaching**

I started teaching in January 1923, in a private school near Oporto. I want to work for my pocket money, I told my mother, who was already a widow. I also taught adults.

**"My marriage was disastrous":
the teaching years in Africa**

In February 1923, I married and went to Angola with my husband to teach. It was a disastrous marriage. My family did not come to the ceremony, only my brother and my sister were present as the best man and bridesmaid.

I was in Angola when Norton de Matos was governor. He pursued colonial politics which I think were adequate. As soon as I arrived there, I got a job in a Boer community. My salary was paid immediately. I was paid three times as much as I would have been paid in Portugal.

My closest neighbours lived half an hour away - two widows and their brother. They spoke very basic Portuguese. When my husband was away, I was completely isolated. Once I heard the animals making a noise. I awoke and went outside with the pistol that my husband used to leave with me. There was no electricity, only gas. In the middle of the sunflowers I found a black man who had escaped. When my husband returned he told me: "That was a great risk, you could have been caught!" Afterwards, he never left me alone again. We returned to Luanda.

We had to return to Portugal or else we would lose our right to the tickets. By then, my older daughter was seven months. She had been born in Luanda.

The painful years after returning

We returned to Oporto. I was missing my mother very much, and she was also missing me although we were not in good terms with each other. A friend of mine got a job for my husband in a shop, it was something temporary. Later, he got a teaching post in Lisbon, teaching police men. I went to Lisbon as well and also

got a post in a primary school as a relief teacher. I worked there for two years. When my second child was born, I came back to my mother's house because it was not possible to live in Lisbon. I never had enough money, although I had my salary. In the following year, I got a new post in Lisbon, this was in 1928. At this time, my husband and I were separated already. Sometimes we were living together, but other times we were separated. We were like this: we separated, and we were living together again. My mother advised me: "You are going to become pregnant again". I answered: "No, I will not". I had to leave the school in the middle of the year. I was not feeling well. The headmaster was friendly and gave me permission to leave. I ran away from Lisbon because of my husband. When I arrived in Oporto, it was raining heavily, we stopped in a hostel, and I ran away. During this year I was at my family house and I decided not to return to Lisbon. I had my older daughter with me. In the following year, I applied to a post as a relief teacher. As such, I was not paid during the holidays.

I went to Vinhais. In that way I increased the distance between me and him. He was in Lisbon and I was in the North. This was before the divorce. My second child was born in 1926, so, for that reason was only a few months, I don't know how many. I stayed a few months in this school, I was replacing a colleague who gave birth. Afterwards I returned to my mother's house. Some months later, I was teaching again in another parish of Vinhais where I stayed two or three months.

Divorce

I got the divorce in 1929.

I got a tenured post

I got a tenured post in Barcelos. I stayed there for several years.

Afterwards I changed place with another colleague and I came to Penafiel, in 1935-6. I stayed there for many years, I don't know exactly how many, perhaps 10 or 12. Later I came to Oporto and here I ended my professional life. The rest remains to be seen but probably I will die here.

Mu daughter was like a bodyguard

In the villages, I always kept my older daughter with me. The younger one stayed with my mother. And my mother liked my daughter to be with me, she was like a bodyguard.

As my daughter was small, I used to take her to the classroom.

My children were all raised within the school where I was teaching

My daughter was in the classroom, she didn't disturb the pupils. Even when I was in Lisbon, she was one year old, or two, she was already two, she was very smart and I used to take her with me. It was a school with accommodation for the headmistress. The headmistress was married to an inspector. He was quite often in the corridor close to the classrooms. Sometimes the pupils were coming out of the room and telling me: "The inspector is outside". Sometimes the inspector entered the room and my daughter was there. "So is Isabel behaving well?" "Yes, Isabel is well behaved as you mr. Inspector may see". In fact, she behaved well. Sometimes she played with the pupils but she was able to understand the situation.

All my children were raised in the school. All of them, I never handed them over to anybody. When I was in a village, I would employ a servant girl to take care of the children in the schoolroom. I didn't want parents to complain that the schoolteacher sent her pupils to look after her children. Thus the servant girl could play with them and to carry them, if necessary. When they were babies, I had a basket with a cushion, where the child could sleep.

I was never absent. I never failed in my duties as teacher due to my children. If I was late, I would stay later in the school. Sometimes, it was already 3 or 4 p.m. and I was still in the school. One day, a colleague passed by and asked me: "Still in school? This is too much". I never failed my duties with regard to my children either. I took lots of care with the children of other people but with my own children I took even more care.

I wasn't the teacher of my children

I was not the teacher of my children, because I wanted my children to be smarter than the other children. As they were not, I would lose my temper with them. Hence I would send them to colleagues. My third child was not successful in the 3rd grade. I said to his teacher: "Mr. Ribeiro, I was not expecting this result". He answered: "What were you expecting? It's better that his mother took him in charge, since it is your duty". It was like this that he answered me. Afterwards I sent him to another teacher and she would punish him physically. Mr Ribeiro thought that I would be angry if he slapped (lightly) my boy. I wouldn't because I was also a teacher and knew too well that sometimes children need to be slapped. The child was behaving badly and he would let him to do and afterwards he would say: "Go to your mother, it is her duty to educate you".

My second child went to Montemor in the South of the country, where she attended the primary school. My brother was there, he was in charge of a nursery and my daughter went there. At that time, I was near Lamego.

Our lives were similar to those of the gypsies

Our lives were very difficult. They were similar to those of the gypsies. In my life, there was an additional circumstance: I had children, I had married against the will of my family. I had a sense of pride and as a result I felt that I had to endure everything, I didn't want to appear weak or frail. I never complained to my family of my difficulties. Besides they knew the difficult conditions in which I lived.

I had a difficult life as a relief teacher

Working in schools at that time was very difficult. During holidays we had no salary, I was only able to get maternity leave and the Carnival days paid. But I needed money in my pocket. So I accepted to go to anywhere. I always carried with me a palliasse to

fill with straw in case the house lacked a mattress. It was never used. I have always found people who were kind to me.

In the village near Vinhais, I was in the house of the woman teacher who I was replacing. In the other school parish, I was in the house of a widow of a military man in WW I. She gave me the best room in the house, she did her best for me. One night I was in bed with my daughter and I felt something dripping on us. The following day, I asked my landlady: "What was that, I felt some water dripping on us". "There must be a small rat in the attic of the house".

These villages were very cold during the winter. The snow could last for 8 or 10 days. Once, I was carrying an oil lamp. I had to pass from the dining room to the bedroom through an open air passage. The wind was strong and the glass cover of the lamp blew off without any sound. When the snow disappeared, after one or two weeks, the cover was there, it had fallen in the snow and was not broken.

My life was like that. I had neither newspapers nor a radio. I only stayed in this village one year because there was too much snow during the winter and I couldn't bear it.

I made the acquaintance there of a man who was a former immigrant from Brazil, he was the most literate person in the whole village. This man received a newspaper daily and I used to go to his shop everyday to see the newspaper and talk with him. After my classes, I used to go to his place. He had been in Brazil and we were able to talk of different things, and he liked to tell stories of former times. He was a good old man. I had only this man with whom I could talk. It was a very small village.

This was the place where the houses were thatched. The villagers had a very primitive way of life. They all dressed with coarse cotton cloth that was produced by themselves. Girls were in charge of the cattle and they were dressed with this kind of material. They used aprons when they spun the wool. With this wool, they would make cloaks, called 'capuchas'. They also made other capes of rush or straw to protect them from the snow. They also produced a kind of gaiters of the same material and socks with turned-up toes and heels with a large spike to avoid slipping in the snow. The first time I went to church I saw the special

clothes and garments, which I had never seen, the capes and the gaiters, which are very safe against cold and the snow. Gaiters were covering the top of socks. I was very astonished because I had never seen nothing similar. Everybody was dressed with this kind of sack cloth. Only when they went to town, would they wear something different, they would put on a cotton shirt. Otherwise they would dress in sack cloth.

Sometimes the snow was so deep that we couldn't see anything. For this reason, when I had to call for school, I rang a bell three times. When it was snowing, pupils wouldn't come, but I had to signal that I was in the school. When it was not snowing, children would come. The school was close to the church.

I had 20-25 boys and girls. During the winter, children wanted school to be in the morning since the snow was still on the grass and the cattle could not reach it. During the hot summer, they asked for the classes to be held in the afternoon, because the fresh mornings were more tolerable for working in the fields. One day the school inspector came to visit the school and I told him this and he said: "You need to ask special permission from the Minister for 'Instruction' to be able to proceed like that. This is not the official timetable". Then I told him: "Look, I came here to teach the children. If I am going to proceed like this, I'll lose what I've achieved". He said: "Do as you wish, but you have to ask permission to be able to keep this timetable". Afterwards I decided that I wouldn't write asking for permission, I continued to do as before. I was doing nothing wrong. I was acting in conformity with the working demands of the local community, otherwise my pupils would not come. I was quite young, for me it was the same to give classes in the morning or in the afternoon. But they liked it as it was.

However in the following year I ask to change to another school. I couldn't stand so much cold and snow.

The school was separated from the house where I lived. But it was not a proper building. It was a landowner from Lamego who lent it to serve as a school. When it was very cold I taught in the kitchen, with a great fire and the pupils sitting around, to resist the snow and cold outside.

This year for me was a great sacrifice.

Once in May it started to snow. I was very astonished. They told me: "Yes, sometimes it's like this, we are collecting rye and we have to go to pick up our cloaks because it's snowing".

At weekends, I used to go to my brother's house in Lamego. He was already married. I would go by coach, it was a distance of about 30 km. At that time, there was a daily coach between Viseu and Lamego on roads with very bad conditions. I had a domestic employee and when she had to go to Lamego she would ask some driver passing in the road, in that way she was able to spare some money. She didn't mind, she would ask the first person passing in the road.

At night, I used to read. It was always for me a kind of 'vice' I had. Nowadays, because of my sight, I have some difficulties in reading. Even so, I still continue to read. I can't read in bed anymore. At that time, I used to read whenever I could. It was like this that the time was passing by. I awoke early in the morning and, in that way, I didn't notice time running away.

When I was in this kind of village, most of my time was passed in school. I had no other work there. It was not possible to get anything else.

In the following year, I moved to a place further down and life was not so difficult. Nevertheless as a relief teacher, life was much too difficult. The young teachers nowadays, when they are placed in such places, if they don't like them, they refuse to stay there. They say they are ill and they expect to be placed in another village. But at that time, things were not like this. I had my children, I had to endure. Today things are different.

Coming to a town

It was only when I came to town, to Penafiel, I could have other jobs besides teaching. I worked in many different things. I used to embroider and to crochet at piece-work rates to be sold by small firms from a well-known village nearby ('bordados da Lixa'). I worked hard, at everything that appeared. I embroidered very often for 'bordados da Lixa'. I even finished lots of pairs of socks.

When I came to Oporto, I also taught in public schools and on adult education courses. I gave private lessons to different

people, I also taught some young women, some of whom were not well received by my colleagues. These women were mistresses installed in accomodation by wealthy men who also paid for their studies. I was not shocked with such situations. I needed the work, hence I was not in a position to find any work distasteful.

Many times I was an examiner, even of policemen. I had many policemen as my pupils. They were in a difficult position and they needed to pass their exams. I was their examiner several times. I can remember episodes with two of them. They were both funny creatures. One was flirtatious, the other applied himself more to study. He paid attention to what I explained. One day, someone knocked at my door, it was a young woman, with a blue and white apron. She asked me: "Do you give lessons to a man called X?" I said "Yes". "I'm here to know whether he is profiting from the lessons or not. I want to know if he's telling me the truth, because I'm paying for his lessons". I realised then that he was married and that this woman was his lover.

I married for the second time

Later I married again, after being single for many years. When I married the second time, I already had a grandson. This was in 1940.

Teaching in a working-class school and retirement

As a teacher, I spent many years in a school in a working class area, more or less about 20 years. Yes, more or less 20, since I worked as a teacher for 45 years.

Once in this school a father appeared complaining that I punished his daughter with 12 strokes on her hand with a ruler. "She said that you have beaten her with a stick". "I have beaten her with a stick?" I called the girl and asked her: "So you say that I have beaten you with a stick! Go to pick this stick with which you say I have beaten you". She came with a ruler "Look, so this was the stick with which I have beaten you?" "Yes". "How many times?" She didn't answer. "If it was 12 as she said, I don't know, because I didn't count. Look, I never gave more than 2 strokes, one on each

hand, and it's enough. If it was 12 I would be so tired! This is not true. Tell the truth". The child did agree. "So it was not 12, but 2. Let me ask a question: do you think she's in good hands or not?" "I think she's in good hands" "So, if you have confidence in me, let the child stay and do not interfere in my business; if you do not believe in me, take her with you, we'll not miss her here, there are so many". He never returned.

Another time, it was a mother who came to the school. She wanted her daughter to have a special place in the schoolroom, taking her small chair there to sit near me. I told her: "This is not possible. If it were be like this, I would have to put all the girls on chairs near me and there would be no possibility of any movement". "Ok, so could it be a place close to the first rank". I said: "This won't be possible either because in the first rank should sit those who have difficulties with their hearing sight". "I am saying this because my child is somewhat different from others". "Oh, if she is different, it's better to take her to another type of school, there are schools which are specialised". She was furious. "She is not abnormal!" "I didn't say this, you, madam, you have said that she was not like the others. In this case, it's better if you take her to another school". So she did. Besides these two cases, I never had to confront parents causing difficulties.

I also remember another story, and this one was funny. The girl was living with her uncle and aunt. Her uncle had just taken his 4th grade exam and remembered very well what he had learned recently. I used to give out some school exercises in order that the children could do them at home. This was not because I thought that this was very important but because I knew that the families liked the children to have something to write at home. Hence the girl took an exercise to complete it at home. On the following day I used to correct them. In her exercise, I wrote 'wrong'. The following day I receive a small message in her exercise book: "Could you tell me whether there is any change in the metric system and its equivalences". It was signed by the girl's uncle. I read this and told the girl: "Can you ask your uncle to come to the school to talk with me?" He came to the school and I said to him: "I have received your message. In fact, there is no change in the metric system. What happened was that your niece didn't copy

correctly the exercise that was on the blackboard". And then I added: "You didn't behave in a delicate way with me, this was not a correct way of making observations to me. As you learned knowledge to be able to be successful in your 4th grade, you could also have learned to be delicate with other people. I would like also to say something more: you were hurt because the evaluation I made was not of your niece, but of you. Isn't that true?" He agreed. "Well, I knew that the exercise was made by you and not by your niece. It's due to this that I don't give too much importance to the written work done at home. I only ask children to do this at home in order to make the parents happy. I know too well that the exercises are done by the families. I'm more pleased with the pupils who do not know much, because they come here and they really learn. Please, next time, do not make such observations!" I had two or three cases like this one.

Another occasion, I slapped a girl lightly on her face. Immediately she had a bleed. I was very concerned. I washed her nose but the blood was too much making her white blouse red. She told me: "It's quite usual, any small slap and I'm be like this". I sent her home. Some time passed and her mother appeared. I thought to myself: "Let's see what it's going to happen". Her mother told me: "I came here because probably you are worried, but I tell you that if someone touches her, it's like this. So don't worry." So, from then onwards I never touched her. If she had done something wrong, I used to put her in the corner.

I retired in 1971, well before the 25th April. Sometime before, an inspector asked me why not retire since I had spent so many years in teaching. I told him: "It's because I heard that we are going to have some salary increase. It's because of this that I didn't ask for retirement. I'm waiting for this salary increase". This was in dr. Marcelo Caetano's time and we were going to have substantial increases. The inspector told me: "It's funny, I'm expecting the same". If I had retired before, I would come home with a meagre pension. Then, with Caetano, things changed a little. I retired on my birthday when I was 70. I ended my professional life, they wouldn't let me in teaching any longer, so it was over.

Teachers' economic difficulties

Teachers earned too little and had great difficulties. It wasn't enough for either their personal expenses or the needs of their families. We had to pay the rent, it was necessary to pay the doctor and we had no social security. We had nothing at that time, we had only our salary which was meagre, 600\$00 is too little. I started to earn this. Afterwards in Africa, it was 1.600\$00, more or less three times as much. When I returned here, I earned the normal salary for a teacher here. It was so little, imagine that my share of the rent was 400\$00 since the flat was very large and cost 800\$00. I rented half and my niece the other half. So from my 600\$00 salary, after paying the rent I had only 200\$00. With this money I had to survive with my son who was still living with me, since he had no job, he was still studying. My daughter was already working but she too earned very little. My other daughter was already married here in Oporto. 200\$00 was too little.

Teachers were really badly paid. It was like this since the time of King Carlos I when the 1^o Minister was João Franco. Once he received a group of primary teachers and he told them: "We don't need to ask for salary increases. In your villages you should cultivate potatoes or cabbage in your backyards. You can have some hens, some pigs and the State still pay you 14.000 'reis'". At that time they were paid by another kind of money. So he send them away, saying that they were not in need of more money, they had enough to live. Well, at that time, if you we're living in Oporto, you would receive double, since you would receive a subsidy from the Town Hall, and another from the State to pay the rent. I know all of this because I had a sister working as primary teacher here in Oporto

I was badly paid. We had so many difficulties. It wasn't only me, all of us. I had a colleague, she is dead already. Her name was Maria da Conceição, she was very funny. She had 8 daughters and used to say like this: "'My happiest days are between the 20th and the 30th of the month, because during this time everybody knows that I have no money and therefore no one asks me to pay my debts". It was the same with me and with all my colleagues. I had a family, well, with me, only two children were living, and I was

bearing my life with great sacrifice. I accepted it because it was me who chose this profession, no one compelled me to follow it. So if I had chosen it, I had to endure it. I had children, I had to work. The State was not going to pay more. During the 'Estado Novo' we had a salary increase. Someone who I knew, a director of a Laboratory wrote sending me his congratulations. I told him: "I thank you, but I don't think that there is any reason for congratulations, since I'll receive 25 'tostões' less, since they have also increased the taxes." This was in the 1930s.

We couldn't be absent from school

Women teachers at that time couldn't be absent from schools by medical order. Nevertheless they did. I remember a colleague, she is already dead so I can talk about it. She was teaching in a village in the mountains. On thursdays there was no class. So she used to come to the town on thursdays and she only returned to the school the following monday. She complained of the cold and she was also quite young. She had to pass my door to go to her village. The coach would leave me near my door, but she had to walk for more or less one hour to arrive at her village. I was in a better situation than her.

At that time, it was difficult to talk to a doctor due to distance. And my daughter had a sore foot and I had to go with her to the doctor. The inspector came on that day and saw the door of the school closed. The following day, he returned there and I was there. I told him what had happened. He told me: "You should write a letter saying what happened to justify your absence." Things today are easier, you can be absent without having to telling any lies. This state of things was maintained till the 25th April.

The inspectors' visit

Inspectors didn't use to come very often to schools. Rarely did they appear in villages and here in town also they didn't appear regularly. I think they trusted us.

The value of formal education and the exam

Once, something funny happened to me. I heard a bell in the street. It was the man who came to sell fruit in his car. I saw the car, many people around buying fruit and I went out to buy oranges. They were cheaper. I asked for two kilos. I didn't look carefully at his face. He kept throwing oranges into my bag after having weighted them. I said again to him: "Look, I only want 2 kilos". He said: "I know very well what I'm doing!". In the end, he said: "It's free". I said: "You must be out of your mind!". He said: "I still owe much more to you, Madam, if it was not you, I wouldn't be able to keep this business. You helped me to prepare for the 4th grade examination and with it I was able to get my driving licence". Of course, other people had helped him too, it was not only me, I helped a little.

Teaching methods

There are many ways to teach reading. One day, there was a conference at Lamego for the primary teachers of the region. I attended it. It was in the 1950s. A writer also attended. Each of the speakers presented his point of view. The inspector in the end said that all roads led to Rome, what was needed was good will in pursuing it. Some debated the behaviouristic method, others were talking about the method of João de Deus. I always taught to read and they learned well. It was the textbook of Domingos Sequeira which is very colourful, with plenty of drawings. I never used the book selected by the Ministry ('livro único'). Until later. Children would use it only after having learnt how to read.

I never enjoy teaching the 1st grade much. I used to promise them a small gift at Christmas to stimulate them a little. Those who had learned how to read would receive a prize. During the week I gave them a kind of ticket and each one represented a caramel. At the end of the week I used to bring with me lots of caramels and children would receive them depending on the number of tickets they had. Those who had learned even more would receive a small anthology of tales. I would buy them with my money since nobody gave me anything. This had to be like this, because I had little, but the children had less.

For 3 or 4 occasions I had 'retarded' children, we couldn't call them anything else. We use to put them in the same group as all the pupils who failed often in their school results. We used to do a kind of lottery to see which of us would stay with the that class during the year. I stayed with them during three years.

Memories from the Republic

In 1919, it was Monarquia do Norte ('North Monarchy'). Many republicans were ill-treated. My uncle was civil governor in Bragança and Paiva Couceiro entered with his troops very near, in Covilhã. Here in Oporto republicans were imprisoned in the Eden theatr. They were tortured there. A lady in Bonjardim street, I do not remember her name, used to play piano in the theatre. When the republicans were emprisonned in the theatre, she continued to play while they were being ill-treated. I've been told this, I don't know if it's true or not.

Afonso Costa was a great man. He was a close friend of one of my uncles, the youngest. My uncle was also a republican. He studied at Coimbra many students were republican and contributed to the onset of the Republic. His name was João José de Freitas. António José de Almeida, dr. Duarte Leite, dr. Daniel Rodrigues, my uncle, all this generation, all of them were republicans, all young with the same political ideals. After the onset of the Republic, they were divided by different republican parties, in such a way that each party couldn't stand one another. Afonso Costa behaved differently from my aunt. They became distanced from each other and even enemies. My uncle became senator. In those days there was the Senate and the Deputies Chamber. There were many heated debates, sometimes things were quite disagreeable. Once dr. Sousa Júnior, who was doctor and senator, slapped my uncle. My uncle had a pistol. Other people came to separate them but he tried to beat my uncle again. There were many incidents like this one. With dr. Afonso Costa, my uncle did not have a good relationship at all. When the 14th May happened, I think that it was in 1916, my uncle and Afonso Costa had a case in courts, and it was in Covilhã. My uncle returned by train. In the same train was also coming dr. João Chagas, with his wife, and dr. Carlos Falcão, I don't know who else.

At Barquinha station my uncle entered the wagon where the others were and didn't talk to them. One of the men said to the other: "I don't understand why this monkey doesn't talk to me". There were some words exchanged. My uncle had his pistol and he shoted João Chagas who was hurt in the eyes. My uncle was taken to the main station to go to prison. Suddenly a shot came and my uncle was immediately killed. Nobody ever got the truth about who killed him. Some said that the shooting came from another train. Others said that it was the Republican Guard. At the time, as it wasn't like today, we only became aware of this event by the newspaper which arrived some days later. He was already buried when we received the newspaper. He was buried in Barquinha without a box, wrapped only in his coat. Only 5 years later, was the family allowed to give him a proper burial. Was this murder ordered by his political enemy? We don't know, we had such contradictory information, everythin so misterious. My uncle was very excitable since his wife's death. He never wanted to marry again. He had a son.

**My aunt was a member of 'Liga Republicana de Mulheres'
(Women's Republican League)**

A aunt of mine, married to my uncle who was civil governor of Bragança, was a member of 'Liga Republicana das Mulheres'. She was an interesting person to talk to, but she was changeable. For instance, when it was very posh go to church, she was there everyday. When the opposite was the case, she will act accordingly. She was not very consistent in her opinions. My uncle who was killed, used to say jokingly that she belonged to the League of Frightened Women. He was saying this not to be unkind to her. Everybody in the family liked her.

II

World Views

I always felt that I was able to keep my independence through my work as teacher

I never intended to leave teaching. Also I don't advise anyone to stop working. It helps to keep our independence. I have always felt this throughout my life. It's something which keeps us independent living from our work. It gives us happiness. The most important is this feeling that we are able to live through our own work and effort. And work is a human condition. I can't understand people who do not work. Work is always something new.

With regard to women, I can't agree - and this is probably due to my education - that women should be submissive to their fellows. If she wants to obey by her own will, but to be compelled to submission, I can't agree. I can't accept impositions from anyone. Many women had difficult economic situations and due to this they had to obey. Their work was less well paid because they were women and they had difficulties in paying for their children alone. They would depend upon their fellows.

The woman teacher and the village
"I had to keep myself in my rightful place"

Villagers used to give me wood, it wasn't necessary to ask them, they would bring wood, each one would bring a portion and would put it at the door. Also 'broa' (a kind of bread). They also slaughtered the pig and gave to me pieces of pork. We could think that they were very poor, but each of them would kill his pig every year.

I never went to the 'slaughter of the pig'. We must maintain a certain position, I had to keep myself in my rightful place. When people become so used to one another, they have difficulty in maintaining respect. They depended on me for everything during that year... if they needed a certificate it was written by me and then signed by the local government officer. Whatever they needed to be written, I was always asked to do it. "Will you do it?" "Yes I will". Besides, who else knew how to read?

So there were no special festivities, they places were much too primitive. Later on, when I got a tenured post, always had too much to do to be able to attend.

I never let my children living through difficult economic conditions

To raise my children I sold land which I inherited from my parents. It was good land. I had an olive orchard, which produced two barrels and it constituted a solid revenue. Also I had a orange orchard and some land to cultivate. I sold it. Nowadays I'm sorry for having done it but I had no choice. I never let my children live through difficult economic conditions. I also worked in private schools. In this way I was able to have another salary which was as much as the one I got in official schools. So we were able to survive, it was necessary to make many economies.

In my opinion, the most difficult was to teach the first grade

The work of the primary teacher is much more difficult because it is the basis of all future learning. Children at this age are too small. For me, it was more difficult to teach children in the first grade than in the fourth for several reasons. Firstly, because the child comes out from the family to an unfamiliar place. So she is already having to adapt herself, though nowadays nurseries help to adapt more easily. Secondly, in general in our villages and also in towns, the family ambience is too backward, it can be said that the child comes with her eyes completely closed. Besides, she sees the woman teacher as an enemy, since parents at home, without realising what they are doing, say, when the child does something wrong: "When you go to school, the schoolmistress will put you in the right place". So they frighten them instead of saying "You are going to school, where you are going to learn things". Moreover, children have also problems of malnutrition, a child with such problems has more difficulties to reach the same achievement as a child without them. Even hygiene care is important for the health of the child and for her school achievement. So, when the child comes for the first time into school, she has lots of difficulties, of course later she is going to adapt to the school, she already

likes the school, has her friends. She is also able to see that the schoolmistress is not the beast that her parents led her to think, she may even be a friend, and the child sometimes tells the teacher her small secrets.

So I didn't like teaching children in the first grade. They are too small and it's difficult to teach them. Once in a poor urban school, where I had been teaching for many years, I was calling the pupils in the morning, and I forgot to call one girl. Some moments later I saw some liquid on the floor. I followed the stream and it was coming from a girl. I said: "So you were there, my 'mijona'?" The girl never forgot that I called her this name and never said a word to me. From then onwards, she never asked me her bread at tea time.

Rural children are more responsive

To teach children in villages is sometimes easier since they know natural life very well. If you talk to them about animals, plants, how to cultivate, they know all about this, they are used to seeing the sunrise, or sunset, and therefore they do not need a great explanation to understand the phenomena of night and day. Those natural things they understand very well. In contrast, they don't know the tramway or the urban processes. I think that rural children are more responsive, while urban children have their attention more dispersed, when they are crossing a street they have to see the car coming from one side, then the other, they have to pay more attention to the movement of things.

Schools in working class areas -

"these places represent hunger, plague and war!"

I was in a school attended by the poor working class, in the historical part of the town, Oporto. These places represent hunger, plague and war! There are unbelievable things. My second husband was a primary teacher in another working class area and people there were more amenable, more stable. In the school where I was, things were much more difficult. My husband even attempted to convince me to change school. I never accepted. I liked those

children and they liked me. I was convinced that these people primarily needed education. They needed education even more than 'instruction' and I took every opportunity to guide them in the right direction.

Professional pride

Of course when I retired from this school they could survive well without me. I think that we have a kind of professional pride in the sense that we think: while I'm here, I need to do my best". Probably I wasn't doing anything great. When some colleagues would telling me how their pedagogical practices were producing good results, I remember thinking that I wouldn't be able to obtain the same results. I wasn't able to be as successful as they said they were. I was doing the best I could.

The changes in formal education after the 28th May 1926

On the 28th May 1926 I was in Portugal but I was very ignorant of politics at that time..

Clearly, there were changes after the military coup of 1926. We had to teach Catholicism. We had to talk about the 'Estado Novo'. I didn't agree with these practices.

With regard to the curriculum, some topics were more convenient, children were better prepared than nowadays. I think that children were better prepared for life, with the fourth grade exam than today. I'm not saying that they would be prepared to occupy a highly qualified job, but they were well prepared to become shop assistants or clerks. Nowadays with the 4th grade they don't know too much, they know how to sign their names and not much more.

Women's situation

In former times, men considered themselves as masters of women. A woman for her husband was his property, she was not a partner. Nowadays, it's a different thing, this doesn't mean that

men are no longer masters of women, but they hide themselves. They do not act so openly, they are ashamed.

When a woman had a job in those days, other people used to say: "Ah, she's working! Poor thing!" Others would advise that it was better if this woman stayed at home looking after her husband and children. I remember very well listening to these things. "She should be at home, looking after her family, instead of being in an office". There were also other people who said: "Poor thing! She needs to work, her husband doesn't earn enough to be able to manage without her salary, and therefore she has to work". In my case, I wasn't pressed to stop working. On the contrary, they were saying: "Do work to avoid starving!"

I remember two women doctors in those days. Before that women were not admitted in universities. Here in Oporto there was no girls' lyceum, the first was in 1914/1915.

There were more open conditions for women in the Republic. Until then, there was no divorce. It was dr. Afonso Costa who established divorce. Also, women were allowed to enter the professions which were forbidden until then. For instance, to become an engineer, who would have thought about this before? It was forbidden. With Law, it was the same thing.

Life History

Ana

I

Pathways

My Parents worked very hard

I was born in 1901 in Bragança. I attended the primary school in Macedo de Cavaleiros. My teacher was my eldest sister.

My father worked extremely hard to feed his 9 children. He worked in the Republican National Guard. My mother also worked very hard but at home. Both were very brave. My mother never went out of the house. I was even convinced that she didn't know how to walk in the streets. A young girl often come to look after my baby brothers, because my mother simply could not cope with all there was to do.

My mother was very skillful with her hands. She made clothes for us out of anything with her sewing machine. I cannot explain it, she had a special gift. Funnily enough I never had any ability for such work. When I was younger I did some needlework but I lacked the natural gift of my mother and her brother for crafts. I was also different from her in the ability for reading and writing. Both my mother and my uncle were quite thrifty. They were very nice, simple people. My father was a bit prouder and enjoyed the good things of life because from a very young age he had look after himself, earning money and spending it because his father was too poor. My father didn't spend much time with us, just during the meals. On Sundays, when we were children, the whole family would go out for the day. We liked him and my mother, they really were something... I was under tight control, always at home. I did whatever needed to be done, doing the housework and other domestic duties.

Myself and 3 of my sisters, we all became primary school teachers. My younger sister chose teaching because she liked children. My older sister was very intelligent. She had been a

brilliant student. She wanted to have the maximum grade, 20 out of 20. But one teacher gave her 19 saying that was the grade he gave to those who knew as much as him, keeping 20 only for someone who knew more than him.

My elder sister was very short-tempered because she was very intelligent. She used to kick me a lot, in the hands, face, pulling my ears. She was a learned person because she devoted her life to reading. I believe she read everything there was to be read in the libraries of Bragança (which by the way were not very rich). Everybody liked her because she was a very interesting person. She passed the final exam of the primary school when she was 7. In those days it was possible to do this, there was no minimum age to do the exam. She was studying with a woman that had her own private school. Her name was D. Martinha Navarro who was very friendly to her because my sister was very hard-working. D. Martinha remained a friend of her. She put her in the more advanced classes. One day she asked if my parents wanted her to take my sister to the final exam. My father was astonished because she was only seven, but finally agreed and she passed the exam with 'distinction'. In those days the final primary school exams took place in secondary schools and the oral examination was carried out by the secondary school teachers. When I did mine, it was already in the primary school. The oral examiner could be our own teacher. After passing the exam she stayed at home and also had some embroidery lessons with a teacher, and my mother taught her to sew. She stayed at home until she was 16, the entry age for the Teacher College.

My brother Albino and I we had the biggest age difference - 4 years. No, it was Jorge, who was 6 years older than me, he went to study to become a priest. He was already in the 3rd year when he told my father that he didn't want to be a priest and that he even preferred to any kind of manual work. He did the O levels and went to Brasil with some rich relatives of my mother's who wanted to arrange his marriage with a cousin. But he didn't want to get married and died a single man, at the age of 50.

I lived in Chassim, a small place today but at the time was more important than Macedo de Cavaleiros. I travelled by horsecoach. I was only 3 then. I was brought up by my uncle and his

sister. He was a priest. I was spoilt by them. I lacked ability for housework. We lived later in Salcelas where my uncle was the parish priest.

Going to the liceu in Bragança -

"It was really big news that 24 girls entered the lyceum that year"

I went to the lyceum. My father was not a republican but wanted to give all his children some kind of professional ability, which was unusual at the time. We were a big family and he wanted to give a position to everyone of us, and he succeeded. "Only in this way can you survive", he used to say, and he was right. So it was him that put me in the lyceum.

A lot of girls entered the lyceum, which was not a religious school. But as soon as it became possible I went to the Teacher Training College because what my father wanted was a profession to make a living since we were 9 children.

My elder sisters did not go to the lyceum since it was most unusual then. My eldest sister was 16 years older than me. She had a reputation in Bragança of being very intelligent. It was more or less established that she should go to the Teacher College. As soon as she reached the minimum age she declared she wanted to pass the entry examination, and she was successful. My second eldest sister did not go to the lyceum. Beatriz who was my younger also went to the lyceum. My mother appreciated that she went. My parents' plans was that we got a job, that we could become independent, and they succeeded.

In Bragança it was really big news that 24 girls entered the lyceum that year. There was a lot of talk about it. I was 10. It was in 1911, already at the time of the Republic. It was a mixed lyceum. In my class in the first year there were 3 boys. There was a big increase in the number of girls in that year. In the second year there were less than 10 girls, in the fifth only one and no one in the 6th. People were astonished that we were 24, almost a full class. Of the 3 boys one was deaf, another lame and the other I don't remember what was the trouble with him. There were other classes but boys' only.

At that time there were 2 lyceums in Bragança. The original lyceum was already not big enough and with the Republic, the government took hold of the seminary and we went there. The seminary was close to the cathedral. There was a new corridor, possibly made for us, because the old corridor had been turned into the priests' dormitory. When the seminary was closed, the lyceum was established there. This new lyceum only had the first years, the more advanced years were in the other one. Only later they joined.

I left the lyceum because I failed the second year.

"If you do not go to the Teacher College, everything is lost"

I entered the Teacher College having passed the admission exam. I finished in 1919, when I was 18, with 12 as the final grade. My eldest sister finished with 19, she was clever, while I wasn't. I did not work very hard, I didn't enjoy studying. I found it boring.

Everyone who wanted to get good grades went to Braga, where everybody passed and got good marks. When I was in the third year I was asked if I wished to go to Braga to get higher grades. I said I didn't. It is possible this was not true, just what people said.

In Bragança there were people with merit. Some teachers for instance, like Augusto Moreno who had no other occupation. He was a great teacher, slightly deaf. His wife was also a teacher. She taught needlework and handwriting. There was also D. Judite Pires who taught French and D. Candida Florinda. They were the women teachers at the Teacher College. D. Judite was very proud of her French. D. Candida was quite clever and I believe she finished the lyceum when she was already teaching. Her family was very poor. D. Judite's father was the manager of the local agency of the Bank of Portugal.

A son of Augusto Moreno was also a teacher of mine. He was taking a degree at the University but fell ill, came back home and was given the job. Alda Moreno, one of his daughters, was my music teacher, she played the piano well.

I thoroughly enjoyed the Teacher College. I felt comfortable there.

There were a lot of students at the Teacher College. There was no other school in Bragança. For a long time we could only study up to the 5th year at the lyceum for a long time. The 6th year was created there only later.

There were many more women than men. Men always sat at the back. There was a very strict discipline for men and women. The headmaster was an engineer, Olimpio Dias, who was very rich. Women were not allowed to approach windows. Just across the road, there was a pub and the young men from the lyceum used to come and sit there to watch us. The lyceum teachers got mad at that. Inside the lyceum, there was a very strict surveillance. The young men could never stay indoors. I don't know if there was a roof where they could shelter from the rain. They had separate playgrounds. The women usually stayed in the room and the men went outside. When a woman needed to go out they had to ask for permission. When school was over we had to go straight home. We were not allowed to date. Today things are very different, I don't know which is best. Now people are allowed to show their feelings and a lot of things can be prevented. Then, people might be holding silly thoughts that we could not guess. We could not take a bit of fresh air between classes. The room was crowded with people, and yet it was a very big room indeed. Our class was the largest one, there were others.

At the time it was badly thought of a young man that went to the Teacher College, so there were very few young men there. In my time a lot of people gave up the idea of becoming primary school teachers, as though they abhorred the idea. Later the situation changed and lots of young women went to the Teacher College. They were attending the lyceum and were told to go to teacher college and people would said "if you don't go to the Teacher College everything will be lost".

Looking for work in schools

When I finished the Teacher College I went to Salcelas (Limãos was the name of the closest main village) to live with my uncle who was a priest.

I only got a post in 1927. The school building belonged to my uncle who rented it to the state. That was how I got a post. I stayed there more than 10 years. I got married while teaching in Limãos.

In Sortes: the intertwining of professional and family life

I had already got married when I moved to Limãos. Limãos was my husband's birthplace. He owned the biggest house in the village.

There I supplied meals to the students, because many came from far away. I had someone who cooked. Dr. António Quintela got the financial support for the refectory. His sister used to say that they were the ladder over which everybody climbed. They were good people. Later I stopped supplying meals because the Government did not give any more subsidies and I didn't want to ask the parents... My mother-in-law, during her lifetime, supplied large quantities of soup. I only provided meals while my husband was alive. He died in 1945, he didn't live long.

Initially there were 2 schools, one for boys and the other for girls. When my sister, Isaura, was a teacher in Sortes there were two teachers, a man and a woman. I believe my sister only taught girls. Later the school became mixed. It was difficult to find 30 girls and 30 boys. The school served 3 villages, Sortes, Lanção and Videvedo. The man teacher was old and died in Sortes. There ceased to be a school for boys and another for girls.

I was teaching the same things to boys and girls. As for needlework I did not take seriously, I did not care. And boys were not taught agriculture.

I had two daughters and a son. The eldest stayed with my uncles in Bragança. I was teaching at a village at the time. She stayed all the time in Bragança with my uncle and my aunt. My uncle was a priest. The other girl and the boy always lived with me. My second daughter also became a teacher. She teaches now at Rio-Tinto. The boy became an agriculture technician and also teaches at a school here. He makes a good living.

In Limãos I had a difficult life. Limãos was where I went to live immediately after I got married. When I had the first child I

left her with my uncle and aunt, who lived nearby in Salcelas, and went by foot or on horseback to the school which was 5 km from there. I returned home in the evening. Later my uncle retired and moved to Bragança and took my daughter with him. My other daughter, who was two years younger, stayed with me. I had a domestic servant and went to live with her and my daughter in a house lent by a friend of mine. Later I went to live in Bragança and my daughter grew up and didn't need me any longer. She stayed with my uncle and aunt in Bragança and I lived alone from then onwards.

It was very difficult to live alone in Limãos with my small daughter. I only managed to get a girl to look after the child, not a woman. I didn't know if she treated the baby well. I was acquainted with two or three nice ladies in Limãos and they kept a look on how my daughter was being looked after, but I worried all the time.

The family of my husband was rich. The family house in Sortes is now in ruins... The fortune was my mother-in-law's. She had the money, the land and the house that was the largest in the area. Her father was a great administrator, but not so her husband (my father-in-law). He had been studied to be a priest and was convinced that one of his sons would be a priest. He was wrong. The family also had a house in Bragança. My mother-in-law went to live there with the children when they got into the lyceum. They all did their A-levels. The 2 elder ones, my husband André and his brother Luís, went to Lisbon to attend the University. Luís married one of my sisters and became a civil servant.

My mother-in-law went through a lot of suffering. This affected her seriously and she even became somewhat disturbed mentally. She had 6 children, 3 boys and 3 girls. The boys lived there till they were adults. The 3 girls died young of tuberculosis. The youngest died at the age of 14, the eldest died when she was preparing the O-levels at the lyceum, and the third one during her second year at the lyceum. The eldest, Maria das Neves, was a very nice girl, Glória, the middle one, was rather unattractive and the youngest, Aninhas, was very beautiful and good natured.

My husband's two sisters caught tuberculosis. According to the public opinion they got the disease because of their charity and their lack of hygiene. When a villager got ill they took him or

her to their own home. The house was small and they shared the bedroom with the sick. The bedroom had just a small window. For their mother it was a great shock to lose her two daughters. The younger one was taken away and was spared by TB but died of a heart condition.

When the girls died, their mother, who was quite authoritarian, ordered her sons to come back home, because she wanted all her family with her. She was half-mad at the time. Her husband had to force them to come back home because they did not want to do it. The two of them came back without a degree. They had stayed 2 years in Lisbon.

After that they stayed on at home, and that was a mistake. An old lady, who was the teacher in Sortes at the time, used to say: "how can these two boys stay here, doing nothing!". The younger of the two managed to become a civil servant. André, my husband, could have done the same. He stayed at home where he was badly needed. He didn't work on the land because there were 7 or 8 servants for that. He supervised their work, telling them what to do. There was an old Spanish maid who run the household because his mother was not able to do it.

My husband died at the age of 43, in 1945, after we had been married for a few years. He was 3 years younger than me. If he had lived on I would also have continued working because life in agriculture became very difficult. We had a lot of land and up to this day it has not been divided.

I stayed there until my retirement in the 1960s, 15 or 16 years in all.

Sortes was the last place where I taught. It was just half an hour by train. But from Bragança to Salcelas it was quite a journey, with a lot of stops. I made this journey many, many times. One becomes well known by repeating the same journey. The people from all those villages where the train stopped got to know me. At the time to be a teacher was quite prestigious...

Once pedagogic lectures

Once there was a conference for teachers which lasted for 3 days, in Mirandela. I already had a daughter then. She stayed

with my aunt, but I asked permission to go home every night. From Mirandela to Salcelas it is quite a long way, but I was granted permission because of the baby. The baby was already used to be fed on milk bottles by my aunt. I had to go but got no subsidy for that. Thank goodness people rebel now, for it forces the state to put down the money...

I never had received the visit of an inspector

The school was never visited by an inspector. The school was 4 or 5 km far from Salcelas where there was a small railway station. It was there that I used to take the train to go to Bragança and back.

II

World Views

To become a woman teacher due to the lack of other opportunities

I became a teacher due to the lack of other opportunities. I didn't particularly like teaching. I did not have a vocation, but the vocation was acquired afterwards.

I could have been a clerk of some kind, I would have been able to do it, I would have performed the tasks and gone home. People who really have a vocation for teaching, like my younger sister, can do great things, but I never really liked dealing with children.

Life is like that. It went by for me.

The relationship of the woman teacher with the rural community

I felt very isolated in the village, although there was a lot of work to be done. Besides the reading I had a small child then.

In the village there were no shops, nothing. In Salcelas there was a railway station, but Limãos was 5 km away. The train was a great means of transportation at that time.

Teachers did not use to meet frequently then. They didn't pay visits to one another. In Salcelas I got on very well with a very

fine lady and excellent teacher, D. Cecília da Soledade de Figueiredo. I liked her very much. She worked for a long time in Salcelas. She died recently when she was 94. A short time ago, there was an article in the "Jornal de Bragança" by an immigrant in France, that did not even know her, describing her contribution to the well-being of the community. She had 6 children and worked very hard in the school. It is comforting to remember people like her.

I lived most of the time in Salcelas before going to the primary school in Macedo, where my sister was a teacher. I stayed most of the time in my uncle's house because we were 9 at home. The people from Salcelas were very nice to me. The people from Limãos were alright, although after I grew into adulthood I preferred to keep a certain distance. When I was a child in Salcelas a lot of children would come to play with me by the house. I liked Salcelas and Limãos very much, and I became very friendly with some of the people from Limãos. In Salcelas I also had friends but now they do not remember me any more.

In Salcelas my uncle and my aunt reigned, I a mere subject, whereas in Limãos I was the authority at home because most of the time my husband was away in Sortes, where he had a lot of business to do. Later on I moved to Sortes. I liked the villages where I stayed very much.

The killing of the pig was a big event in the village but I didn't take part because I didn't enjoy it, but I had very good relations with the people.

In Limãos I did not live in the school, I lived in a house quite far from the school. In Sortes as well I lived in a house and taught in another one. Both houses belonged to my father-in-law who rented them to the local authority. The house where I lived was quite new and pretty. It used to be the school for girls, when there were separate schools for boys and girls. When my sister taught there she had four rooms for her, but the children had to pass through the house, along a corridor, to get to their classroom. The classroom was turned into my dining room. There was a kitchen and three other rooms, a bathroom, which was quite unusual at the time. The boy's school was just a single room connected to a tenant

farmer's house that was also the property of my father-in-law who rented it to the local authority.

I had a greater familiarity with the Salcelas people for I had lived there as a child. In Limãos I only talked with the ones that specifically came to talk with me at the school, although I got along very well with them. It is best to keep a certain distance. Very few people could read in Limãos. There were some ladies that could but they spent their lives at home. Times were different then.

There was massive immigration everywhere. In Salcelas everybody went away. They sent money back to invest in the homes. They liked their houses to be very nice, while in Limãos people didn't even think about that, at the time.

The pupils did not come to classes very often and I could not register the absences in the book!

In Salcelas it was easier to teach the pupils. They were more sociable and spoke better. In Limãos people were very backward. In Salcelas there was the train. A lot of people spent their summer holidays there. These contacts improved the cultural level of the locals.

The children enjoyed to go to school but there was no strict rule about going to school. There was a lot of absentism because of different activities. It was very difficult for the teacher. We could not even register the absences in the book. Had we done that, there would have been more absences than presences.

The parents liked the school. They particularly liked exams, but the problem was the day-to-day of the school. I had to go to the parents and tell them: "Your child did not come to school. He must come. Make him come". A lot of parents would hide when I was on my way to school. People lived in very bad conditions then, much worse than today.

In Salcelas, people cared more about the school because they had more personal ambitions. There were a lot of people who had got degrees. Most people there were quite intelligent and could express themselves quite well. I believe that was due to the train and the large amount of visitors it brought, people from different

places, with a varied vocabulary and new ideas. On the contrary, Limãos had stopped in time, like Valderejo, a small village in the same region. In Valderejo nobody went to school. Later, when the immigration to France started, the immigrants made their children go to school to study, but I was no longer there, then.

There was hunger in the village. Very few were well fed. But there was also more charity than nowadays. Illiteracy was incredibly widespread but there was absolutely no support for the children of poor families to attend school. How could large families send all their children to school? They were undernourished, very badly dressed and barefooted. What is different nowadays is that clothes and the all rest come from France...

A village child is much more difficult

I no longer understand the primary school now. I did not understand it either, when my grandchildren attended it. At the time my two oldest grandchildren, Luís André who has already got a job but is still at University, and Maria Eduarda, who works in a bank, were in primary school, I could still understand it. André, when he was back from school used to sit at the kitchen table doing his homework near me. Nowadays they are taught different things. It may be better. Things used to be taught quite superficially.

It was very difficult to cope with the rural children. They pronounced words incorrectly, substituting "o" for "r" and vice-versa... It is much more difficult to teach them than city children because these already have a clear notion of how to speak. In the villages it is not so. We dictate a certain word and they write something completely different. The railway lines were a big problem for most children, because it is something abstract for someone who has never travelled. Why force all that into a child's mind? It was quite a challenge for a teacher. To correct the language errors over and over again and yet they persisted! Anyway for me it is over now.

I used to leave Limãos, at 4 or 4.30 in the morning to go on horseback to Macedo, to accompany the students to the exams.

At 9 in the morning the children were already sleepy. It was the 4^a classe exam. The children had to wash, dress and prepare for the journey. It was more than 10 km on horseback. I was always afraid that someone might fall. I was very tired to get up so early and I always wondered how the children might feel, considering how tired I myself was. But nobody cared about that.

The children were restless. At the smallest opportunity they changed seats. They wouldn't keep still. Once there was a girl that was very lively and quite intelligent. She collected all the ink pots from the tables. It was funny. The children were really quite funny and we grew quite fond of them. It was painful to see them hungry, almost fainting. It was not possible to slap them.

The children used to drink brandy in the morning, mainly in Limãos. In Salcelas they were able to understand that it was a bad habit. A priest with a strong personality that is able to recriminate a boy that he sees in the bar makes a lot of difference, and at the time there was not such a priest. In Limãos almost no one could read. In Salcelas many people were literate, thanks to D. Cecília.

The poor salary of a schoolteacher

My salary as a teacher was very small! Everybody was of the same opinion, we earned very, very little. We managed to survive because we were extremely thrifty. It was characteristic of most people at the time to spend as little as possible, without any luxuries. If I lived in town the salary would not have been enough. In towns, practically every teacher had a second job including women teachers, if they managed to do it. They got jobs as secretaries or as accountants, mostly.

Schooling after the 28 May

When I started in 1927 schooling was different from, for instance in the 40s when I was a teacher in Limãos. It was stricter but the subjects were the same. We had the knowledge needed to teach what was in the books.

I recall that those that were active in politics had to be very careful, I mean in the towns.

The Republic had a certain impact in the village, people's minds were already in rebellion. Now I have no longer a clear picture of that... I remember that some teachers who were more committed republicans, had some activities... Anyhow I never understood the political movements well, I always kept to my place.

After 1940, if my memory is correct, the teacher training colleges (Escolas do Magistério) were closed. In Bragança, where there were a lot of teachers, and in Braga, where there were even more.

Boys and girls at school

There was a lot of differences between primary school boys and girls. Now, it is no longer like that, it is all the same. I knew some boys liked school, as well as some girls. The girl I mentioned before, she is a secondary school teacher now, well, from the moment she entered the school one could see that she was intelligent and would become someone. The others, not. To start with we believed in their capabilities but then their minds progressively became more closed.

It is possible that parents were more interested in sending boys to school than girls, but I never had any evidence of it.

I was very happy to see my pupils pass but sometimes I had to fail them. And there were many annoying things.

Some teachers abandoned their posts

Some teachers were often absent from schools and some even abandoned their posts, as for instance D. Cecília. I wondered how she did that. School started at 9 and sometimes she was not there on time. She had 6 small children, who are all now well in life. She must have been quite intelligent, although she was not very sociable. She worked a lot. At home she made lace, and at school as well. She needed it, but she was a good teacher. But she always arrived late in the morning. People talked about that. But

she was very hardworking. She had a maid and her mother-in-law was also living with her most of the time. She was a nice person and knew what she was doing.

Women writers

There was a woman in the village who was a writer. There were 3 sisters, quite exotic. They were rich. One of them was very much a country person. The lady writer, D. Maria Augusta, was very tall. She was of my father-in-law's generation, and I recall her visiting him. I didn't even approach her.

She was very well known as a teacher, unlike her sisters. The younger sister was very old fashioned and the other sister looked like a lady, probably due to ill-health. My father knew her well.

At the time the people that knew how to read were friendly to each other. My father-in-law, who had been studying to become a priest, was quite intelligent. My mother-in-law knew how to read and write but had no further studies. She was very rich and had a big family house, almost a manor house. Her father hired a governess to teach her.

Women's condition

Women were happy then, probably more than they are nowadays. Life now is a turmoil, always in and out of the house. The cafes for instance... I only started going regularly to a café here in Porto after retiring. And only because there were 4 or 5 teachers about my age that also went there regularly. There is D. Ester from Mirandela, whose husband was also a primary school teacher, both in Porto. D. Orlanda who was very elegant, Maria Albertina Campilho who lost her husband and moved to Lisbon to live with her son, an engineer, D. Maria Alice. We were all regulars at the café. We sat at a table in a corner, talking...

I believe most women were happy at the time. I did not have much to be happy, becoming a widow so young. When I came to Porto I accepted Albertina Campilhos suggestion that we meet every afternoon at café Ceuta. She has been my colleague in

Bragança. This is not like socializing in the country, where people visit each other in their homes very formally. We enjoyed going to the café together. D. Ester a D. Orlanda, who are younger than the others, keep on going there. I no longer go there, I will be 90 this year...

Primary women school teachers and the permission to marry

I had to ask the Education Ministry for permission to get married. I was allowed to marry because he had some property. I do not know if people accepted this restriction willingly. I believe there were teachers that could marry men that had no means of living. They lived in great poverty. There were young women who went to the villages very young and then they developed strategies (to catch a husband). In general young women at the time were not cultured.

A primary school teacher was considered to be a good choice for a man. It was someone who had a fixed salary and there was a lot of unemployment and economic hardship. My colleagues were all married sometimes badly married to men that were even illiterate...

Life History

Laura

I

Contexts and pathways

If it weren't for my teacher Jacinto I wouldn't have become a teacher.

I was born in 1906, in S. Clemente de Sande (Taipas). I attended primary school in the village, at the state school for girls. My teacher was Mrs. Amélia. She wore a shawl about her shoulders and an apron but she was a lady, an elegant lady.

Mrs. Amélia was my teacher until the third form. Then in the fourth form I became a pupil of Mr. Jacinto, her husband, who was rather ill-natured. He was my father's friend. They were such good friends to me... I took my final primary school exam in Guimarães. I was a very good pupil and got a very good result. As a reward I went to Vizela to see the train.

My parents were landowners in S. Clemente with eight children. Five were boys and I was the only one to attend the fourth grade. Out of all my brothers and sisters I was the only who studied. I became the first woman in the family to go out to work. I carried on with my studies because teacher Jacinto advised my father to let me continue. This happened in 1919, the year in which the 'higher primary' schools opened and without which I wouldn't have continued ... well, I don't know.

Mr. Jacinto didn't recommend anyone else, only me. My brothers and sisters had not been his pupils. In my parish there wasn't any school at first so the eldest had to go away to study. They went to Taipas which wasn't very far away, at about 3 kilometers. If it weren't for my teachers Jacinto and Amélia I wouldn't have studied. I would have stayed at home and learnt sewing and embroidery like my sisters. So, when I finished the fourth form, I moved to Guimarães to attend Teacher Training College. I was thirteen years of age then. I have the feeling that neither my brothers nor my sisters felt sorry for not having studied.

Originally my family was of landowners

My family background was all farmers and landowners. My mother's father owned seven farms. His house was known as the House of the Tower, he was therefore an important person. Both my grandfather and my grandmother were very rich.

They worked the land on their own account but they had many servants and many labourers. My father worked too., he pruned and did whatever work was necessary. My mother didn't work the land, she worked at home, but had several servants. She always had two servants to feed the cattle. There were lots of cattle. The house wasn't rich but it was very big.

When my mother got married my grandmother's family estate was very important, much more so than my father's. But my father only had one sister so comparatively, they owned a lot. At my grandfather's from the Tower, there were eight children and they married the wealthiest families in the village.

My mother had a 3 " contos " dowry which was a fortune at the time. But my mother-in-law received 12 " contos ". " Contos " was a lot of money in those days, a real fortune.

My mother grew a lot of flax, the tillage of the flax was like a feast at my mother's. She spun yarns. We didn't spin them ourselves at home but people went there and asked " I want a yarn to spin ! " My mother would give them the strikes of flax equivalent to a yarn which they took home. Then, together, they set a date for the delivery. She would prepare a feast and would wait at the top of the stone stairs that belonged to the house. She called it "cesto arreleiro", it was a basket made of strips of oak and there she stood watching over. " Look at my yarn. Do you think it is well spun ? " " Is it beautiful, is it well spun ? " Each one tried to take the most beautiful and well spun coil of yarn.

My mother paid the people that had done the spinning. It was so little money. It was just the excuse to go to those meetings. One ate and drank. It was a good rest. Afterwards, those yarns became a source of work. My mother had them bleached. They were spread out in the sun. My mother went about bent over and so did the servants, the daughters who were at home and the aunts. It

was difficult to get those yarns ready. A yarn is to 1.5 metres when uncoiled and is laid in the sun to bleach all morning and afternoon. Then it is necessary to coil it round again everyday and then the cloth.

When my mother died, we didn't divide any linen, but we did when my father died. My mother died when she was just over 70, my father was almost 90. We took everything out of those huge chests kept in a room and put it in the middle of a room. There was a pile of linen cloth. I don't know how many meters of yarn but there were lots I still have some remainders: bed-sheets, tablecloths, towels. Both my sisters embroidered well. My sister is such a good embroiderer. She's also a superb dress - maker. My brothers worked on the farms, but my brother Flávio didn't work on the farm, he was the third child. He went to Brazil when he was young because my father's brother who was also my godfather had some relatives there. Those relatives who were in Brazil were very rich, they were in Rio de Janeiro. He went to Brazil but he came back as an adult. He didn't bring any money. Eventually he married a friend of mine who was from a village near Bragança, an important village. She had been appointed to work in a parish, my brother already had a business in Taipas and they got married. But she died young the poor thing. She left two children.

I have been totally impartial

You can't imagine how impartial I have been. My mother used to give her children a bride's outfit of clothing. Sometimes better, sometimes worse, but both to the boys and the girls. A golden chain and some gold things which were fashionable at the time and a dowry in money. The boys received the same. Oh, there was also the custom in the country to give the eldest child a third of the real estate and also an equal share to the other children. So when my mother told me " do you want it, girl ? " I replied " No, I don't want the trousseau " " I don't want to deprive my brothers and sisters, ever." And she added " I'll give you at least a set of bed - sheets. " I didn't accept the trousseau, or the dowry or the gold chain, all those things. I had studied. Therefore I didn't deprive the family of anything. It was a real nonsense I must say.

I have happy memories of the Teacher Training College

I went to Braga to attend Escola Normal in 1922. I have excellent recollections of that school which I attend for 3 years. Of course I had good teachers, indifferent teachers and worse teachers. There was one that has never given me a good mark. He taught pedagogy. Dr. ... I don't know, I don't remember his name very well. He was more a mocker than strict. He was always mocking everyone and you can't imagine how I hated that. I didn't like pedagogy on account of the teacher, I didn't like handicrafts either, Mrs. Gabriela was the teacher and God knows how unfriendly she was. We learnt a lot in handicrafts, needlework and woodwork mainly. That teacher was really bad tempered. When I took my examination on pedagogical practice at the end of the year we had to teach a lesson. We drew lots for everything. There was a boy and I there and we both taught the first form in two different rooms. I said to myself I'm doomed, Mrs. Gabriela will surely give me a bad mark.

Our headmaster who was a very nice man, wished me good luck, I said " Mrs. Gabriela is going to flunk me ", " Don't you even think that " he answered " Be calm ". There was a 10 minute break and we were 50 minutes with the class. They registered everything we did, wrong or right. So he said " Don't you worry, I'll be in your classroom most of the time and I'll draw the teacher's attention away so you'll be able to teach as you want ". And so it happened. During the break I asked him: " How is it going? " and he answered " Oh! Everything is all right. " " You're just saying that! " I insisted " No I'm not. Look! Everything is well. " Later on, the teacher didn't give me a bad mark. She was as mean as she could be to me and the teacher of pedagogy couldn't stand me either. When I took my final examination at the end of the school year I did an excellent examination in pedagogy. I remember that very clearly. It was the first day, the oral examination. I only remember getting in the very first day. We waited until both classes finished otherwise two marks would have to be given. The truth is that I did such a good examination that my schoolmates told me on the way out: " My! Laura, you did an excellent exam. " And that teacher of pedagogy also said: " By Jove! You've been a stranger to me all these years. " I

replied that he had met me just in time. He gave me a good mark 87.5 % but I deserved a 90% my other teacher told me. I was a rather good student. I had very good marks. Our headmaster was a really good man. What a nice person! Such a good friend of mine. He was everybody's friend but it was something special with me. My daughter wasn't a teacher yet but attended the Teacher Training College when she met him in the post office in Braga. He told her " Oh, I remember your mother very well. " and he started to recall all those moments of the past as he spoke. He was a very elegant man indeed. We used to say as a joke that he had been ironed in his suit, as he usually dressed up. He wasn't young then but he was still very handsome. He was married to a younger lady. He was a good looking man though., always well dressed. It was a real pleasure to look at him.

I used to sing very well when I was young but Judite's mother sang better I didn't sing as well as she did. I was a soprano in the choral society and we had a good choirmaster. We organized many parties there and gymnastics. We got together with the high school friends, those days it was up there in the private school. We brought together all the secondary schools.

Those parties were opened to the public. We threw a party and I even have a photograph but it doesn't show everybody. It took place at a time of year which I cannot remember now but it was a great party. It was an operetta and a scutch , a village party held at the theatre. It really was a very nice party, we all wore made up, boys and girls. There was a man and some women whose job was to make us up and we looked at one another and we didn't recognise ourselves (she shows me the picture). This picture was taken in the cloister of the teacher's college in Braga. Some of these people, unfortunately, I don't know anymore, but others, I know very well. There are some schoolmates in the picture, both boys and girls that I don't know anymore.

This was our modest white dress. I already had my white dress, it's the one I'm wearing in the picture. It was in 1925. This is the teacher I talked about, the one I didn't like. In this picture there are many boys, all schoolmates, except this one. He is the rehearsaler. To be honest I only know that one here. Alberto was his name. We used to take the examination in alphabetical order. And

here it is Darlinda S. that girl from Fafe, and Rosa C. also from Fafe, she was a singer. My, she was frivolous!

The party at the end of the school year took place at the Hotel Elevador in Bom Jesus in Braga. I believe that it still exists. We had a very big party, the teachers went and we danced and sang. The manager of that hotel was Dutch, he spoke Portuguese. He was the manager of one of those chains of hotels. He took to me and we started a conversation. He told me: " Look, I know you can sing well, why don't you sing us something? " And I sang. He played the piano by ear and I followed him. So that was the party at the end of the year. I still remember a schoolmate from Ponte de Lima. We went boating in the lake of Bom Jesus and she fell out of the boat, cutting her head, so she danced with her head bandaged.

The schoolboys and schoolgirls from Teacher Training College had a good relationship. We were friends and felt comfortable together. The secretary however kept watch over us. Not the headmaster, who was a wonderful person, but the secretary. I don't remember his name anymore. He used to go about inspecting us and the cloisters. These had curtains and we used to sit there studying. The librarian kept a close watch on the cloisters. He went back and forth watching, listening and spying. We had our secrets with the schoolmates and we threw small notes disguisedly.

We didn't wear make up then, not that it was forbidden. I wore a hat to school but not in the classroom. I took it off and left it in the cloakroom. It was a nice little bordeaux hat.

The people in Braga weren't shocked by the fact that boys and girls studied together in teacher's college. There was a good relationship between the boys from the high school and the ones from teacher's college. The first used to come to the school gate to flirt with the girls. I didn't have very good taste but I had a navy blue suit. The skirt and the jacket were very well made and I wore them with a sort of white crepe waistcoat with pearl - like buttons. And they used to say. " Little girl with the white breast! " Many boys came from the high school to watch us go in and come out and there we went all self - possessed. The classes were very big with more than 30 pupils. There were many of us. I didn't study much, but I wasn't stupid. I learned a lot listening to the teacher

and I also studied, of course. The course was interesting and I liked it.

I finished the course at Teacher Training College on the 20 July 1925 with 85 %. Everything that I learnt at the Teacher Training College was important to my career. I developed working habits and I learnt what was necessary to be able to teach. On my diploma is written: " Qualified to be a primary teacher and to receive the advantages and prerogatives given to her by law; All authorities and corporations are to recognise her as such. Signed, the headmaster, 3 August 1925. "

My first experience in the villages as a relief teacher

It was only in January 1926, still during the Republic, that I got a post as a relief teacher. In the first year I worked in Friastelas, Cabanelas and Avides. My first post was in Friastelas. My former teachers and friends, Mr. Jacinto and Mrs. Amélia and I kept kept in touch even when I went to Avides. When I moved to Vila Verde's school in Parada de Gatim, he and my father went with me. We went in a cart drawn by oxen and it got stuck in the mud. The school in Friastelas was a state school. It was a good school, though a bit far from the house where I lived. The village was small. I was covering for a teacher who was going to have a baby.

The house where I lived was good but the people poor, they didn't know anything. I didn't dress very well but was always clean and tidy of course. We didn't earn much then, almost nothing. Almost opposite the house where I lived, were some girls from the village and they took to like me, they even used to show up on my way to school. "Here!!? who told you I was here?" to which they replied "we followed your scent". I didn't wear any perfume only soap which I still use today although I'm a decaying old woman. They really liked to talk with me those girls. One was Antónia, I don't remember the name of the other. They didn't say Antónia but Tóna, excuse me Tóna. They worked on the fields. There weren't any industries in that village and the villagers' main occupation was agriculture. They owned lands. Near Friastelas there was a tradition at night during lent. At 9 o'clock, all the villagers in the evening went to the windows and sang what they called "set the

souls free". I don't remember the lyrics any longer but it ended like this: "Alert, alert, life is short and death is sure". This only happened during lent and it was called "gaifar". The landlady used to say: "Girls, it's time!". They opened all the windows. I believe the house had five. That parish wasn't much more than a street with houses on both sides. There were many girls and they sang. Everybody in the parish sang at that hour. We heard it all over the village. It was near Friastelas my first school.

Then I moved to Cabanelas my second post as relief teacher again to substitute for a teacher who was going to have a baby. She was from Braga. "Do you know how they greeted us when we arrived to school? ". Give me your blessing!" This was instead of good morning or hello madam. They were used to that but I soon taught them differently. I never allowed them to keep that habit. I found temporary accommodation in a manor - house. It belonged to the previous teacher's family but for some reason they couldn't lodge me there and so I moved to a farmer's house. A very good one in fact. Another teacher, one I got along very well with, was also staying there. She worked in another village. They gave me a very good room and I paid something for it. I ate alone. They cooked the meals I ate them and paid as arranged. I no longer remember how much it was.

Before I got married I lived alone in one of the villages for 3 or 4 days. I've been advised to go there and so I did. It was the house of some emigrants. The house wasn't bad, but living alone, God! I nearly lost my reason. An old couple, Mr. Manuel and Mrs. Antónia who kept their house very tidy told me: "You're not well there all by yourself", to which I replied "Don't even say that, I don't want to think that I'm all alone", then she said "Do you want to come and live with us?" And I answered "I only wish I could! ". "Look! our house is over there. It's only 100 meters along the road, if you want to go and have a look at it !..." "Mr. Manuel I'd move this very day". Mrs. Antónia cooked very well. She prepared my meals and I had everything I needed. But they gave me a room with a huge balcony. On one side, there was a room and a bathroom, on the other, a bed room and a staircase. I felt afraid. "Are you afraid? you can move your bed to our living - room". And so I did. They didn't have very good furniture so they brought the furniture from

the house of a rich person. Mr. Manuel and Mrs. Antónia were tenants there and with their landlord's permission they brought the furniture I needed to feel cozy. They were very honest. I didn't eat with them. They ate in the kitchen and I ate in the dining-room.

The villagers from that region used to offer the teachers many things. They slaughtered lots of pigs and offered all the different parts of the pig, the ribs, smoked sausages, loin and Mrs. Antónia seasoned everything and kept it. "Cook whatever you want" I said. She cooked very well and she was very clean and tidy.

Then I had to move to Geraz de Lima. I also stayed with a family but they exploited us tremendously. We earned 640 escudos a month at that time. It was my first salary. They took 300 escudos for the accommodation. "It's too expensive!" "Yes, but we had to hire a cook." The food wasn't that good though. Poor food! Opposite, just across the road there was another manor-house. In Geraz de Lima, the land of the manor houses, they were simply fantastic. When I was there a colleague from Ponte de Lima who is still my friend was appointed to Carvelos, her parents were primary teachers. I sometimes went to the school where she worked. I just had to cross the river in a boat. I amused myself a lot there. The boatmen were by the river and transport was by boat. They came from Arcos de Valdevez and made huge loads of things, fruits, cereals, potatoes, wood and trunks, in big boats, sailing boats. In that place where I lived the water seemed to be still. Everything was very beautiful in Geraz. I really had a nice time there. I only went to Viana when I had to do some shopping or to go for a walk. I didn't go by boat to Viana, I went by coach. There was one in the morning and another one in the afternoon. The road was full of holes and the coach never missed one. We arrived at Viana completely worn out.

In Geraz de Lima there were male and female teachers. One was from Lindoso. As for the men there weren't many. When I went to Avides I said "Mr. Jacinto I have been appointed to Avides and I know that you are from Famalicão I'm not sure whether you or Mrs. Amélia can find me accommodation there?" Then she said "I'll get you accommodation. I won't go to Avides but I've got a cousin who is the physician in Famalicão. Since he is the doctor for all the villages in the area he will surely find you accommodation." Then

she went with me to the house of that doctor. I remember there were many lilacs, his wife had the house full of flowers. She found me accommodation. I stayed in the house of a primary teacher who was married to a wealthy widower. She owned a farm very near the school. From the gate of the farm to the school was about 50 meters. The farm had a wall around and a wide avenue that went up to the main building where they lived. They had a son who attended the Teacher College. He was an only child. The owner of the house was a teacher in S. Miguel de Seide. In Seide there is the big Camilo Castelo Branco's library. In the morning, that teacher went to school on foot through the fields. There wasn't any other means of transport. It was a bit far. It was he who brought me some books. I've read almost all the collection. He asked: "Which books do you want to read? Look, let's start with this" and he brought it to me.

My father took me to the house in Avides, we went to Santo Tirso by train and then he rented a car, which was already possible at that time, and drove me there. It was an old house, there wasn't any electricity but they had a gasometer, a special light, that we used when we wanted to light the house but it was very expensive. The main room was very well lit. There were straw chairs and it had a long glassed-in veranda which ran the length of the room. I stayed in that house. Mrs. Adelaide, the landlady used to wait for me when the weather was good, but she always accompanied me to the gate when I left school. She took a small blue silken umbrella to protect me from the sun. I couldn't get any sun or rain for that matter. God forbid! She guessed my every wish.

That avenue that went from the gate to the house was very wide and long. It had benches scattered every 1.50 meters. I used to say to Mrs. Adelaide "Let's sit down here for a moment." She had two maids, one took the lunch to the teacher everyday, she was a young girl. The other was older, she was the cook. We had dessert everyday. Cake, pudding or something sweet and fruit if it was in season. We didn't eat much fruit at the time, it wasn't a habit. We three had our meals in the glassed - in veranda, there was a small table against the wall there. Mrs. Adelaide, Mr. Nogueira and I used to sit there. My room was rather big. It had some salient stones inside where we could sit. I only lived there for a couple of months but I really felt well there. I was also

replacing a teacher who was about to have a baby. Mrs. Adelaide was really a good friend. There were lots of roses there. There was a garden full of roses. The maid went with the scissors and I went with her and she told her "Cut this one" and I answered "I'll do it". "No, not you, you are going to hurt yourself". And the maid cut all the roses: "Cut me this one Felicidade, and that one!" then I adorned the house with those roses, she didn't know what to do with me that lady. The son, who attended the Yeacher College used to go home on Sundays. Sometimes he brought a friend with him, I still remember the words of one of them. I was in the garden reading books from Camilo Castelo Branco and he told me: "You are a rose among your sisters roses". She liked paying visits and receiving at home and I was the apple of her eyes. She then wanted me to inscribe my name on the back of a chair in the sitting-room and later in the church and that's what I did.

How I got to know about the 28th of May

I was in Cabanelas. As I recall it the word spread that a movement had started in Braga. Gomes da Costa was the name involved. I dated a boy and he used to walk a bit to see me. He went by bus to a certain point and then he walked. He was an elegant boy. It was he who brought the news. The people in the village didn't know anything as there was no radio or telephone, nothing! No one could have a telephone there, nor did we have daily newspapers either. Where could we afford to have a daily newspaper? So he brought the news. We were on fire and I came to Braga as soon as I could.

The marriage

I was 25 and a half years old when I got married. It was in 1931. I also have to count because my daughter Maria was born 10 months later. I got married in August and she was born in June from the following month. Let me see if I recall it correctly. I spent my honeymoon in Viana do Castelo in the Hotel Aliança. I stayed there for 8 days or something like this.

I was my own children's teacher

I was my daughter's primary school teacher as well as my son's. I suppose they liked me as their teacher. I was rather strict with them too. My son has studied in Vila do Conde, in Saint Maria Maior's College and my daughter in Doroteias in Póvoa. They were sent there because they were a bit lazy, especially my daughter who was rather absent-minded. She went to Doroteias which was a first rate college. She attended the lyceum until the second form and then she went to the private school. It was very painful to me, to have both my children boarding at college. I didn't have a good financial situation. I had to spare a lot. When I went to pay the monthly fees, I took a piece of bread and jam and sat on the doorstep of a church in Póvoa de Varzim. I ate my bread and I paid the monthly fee which was very high. Then I went to Vila do Conde to pay the other one.

My husband's family and memories of the Republic

My husband's father was a lawyer but, due to political misfortunes, he went to S. Tomé e Príncipe, where he died. It isn't a secret family secret but I cannot tell you exactly why he went there. I didn't meet him although he was my uncle. He was my mother's brother. I didn't know him because he was neither a good husband nor a good father although he was a man of wealth. My father-in-law was a lawyer in Guimarães. He was a republican. I don't know which party he belonged to. He was one of the most progressive and bold. Near the castle of Guimarães there were many witches (that's how they were called) he hated them terribly so he went there and ordered his subordinates to burn all their witchcraft, and they were said to have cursed him. He could no longer live in Guimarães and neither could his descendants up to the fifth generation. And the truth is that he went to S. Tomé and so did all his children. The eldest made a fortune there. My brother-in-law has also been there followed by the grand-children and the great-grand-children.

He went voluntarily to S. Tomé to practice law. He didn't like to live in Guimarães. He had the reputation of being a very

smart man. He and my mother were very good friends. My mother used to say that he never went to bed at night without checking if anyone was hiding under the bed waiting to attack him, even because he shouldn't be a very good lot. In election periods, he went in his cart with a pistol in each hand. He expected to be attacked on the way. This happened during the republic and the parties then... Afonso Costa was the prime minister if I'm not mistaken... He was even his friend. Afonso Costa has been to his house, but they were adversaries, not politically but in court, they defended opposite causes. My father-in-law was only a defense lawyer he didn't dare to accuse anyone. He was said to be a saint according to my mother. He went to Africa and they all followed him. My husband didn't go to S. Tomé. The others didn't either, they went to Fernando Pó that was in the Gulf of Guinea. Fernando Pó was a land discovered by the Portuguese but then the Spanish took over. One earned a lot of money there.

Life as a married woman

When I got married, my husband, who was the son of landowners and didn't work, used to have a jolly good time, hunting, fishing, strolling and philandering with all the girls in the village; he was a bit of a philanderer, just like his brothers. There were several of them and he was one of the youngest. When my husband realized that there was no future in that sort of life, he decided to go to Fernando Pó to work, as all his brothers were there. I also worked, but I stayed in the village. My husband used to come here every two years. I went to Fernando Pó but I only stayed there for three months. When I was there I sighed for my school and my country. My husband wanted me to go there just because I used to tell him "you are there having a jolly good time" and he wanted to show me how he used to spend his time there. He worked as an administrator, he wasn't boss, just the manager of the Colonial Company of Africa. Fernando Pó's capital was Santa Isabel town, a very small but beautiful town. The Company was rich in coffee and cocoa. They grew a lot of coffee there but cocoa was the main cultivation.

In Portugal, my husband didn't work. He stayed with me for about two years. He came for holidays but he wanted to make them last and as he had lots of hounds and the land was rich in hunting full of rabbits, he used to spend most of his time hunting the rabbits or the partridges. I had my kitchen full, I ate as many rabbits as I wished, because my husband hunted all the time. His friends went only on Sundays, but he went alone. Then we had six dogs of all pedigrees but mainly rabbit hunters and there he went equipped with all that junk, his dogs and a big horn blowing to keep them all. They went in pairs, along the road, so that they couldn't escape, until the top of the hill. As my husband didn't work, he got to know all those people. After having hunted he used to go to their houses to eat fruit and talk and I stayed at home doing the housework, so I worked at school and at home, then the children came, both were born at home.

I even used to say I was like a Brazilian woman

I lived without my husband. I always had very good servants. It was easy at the time to have servants, we only had to pick them. They knew how to cook, to wash, and I even used to say I was like a Brazilian. Not because I didn't work, in fact, I worked very very hard. Every time I bought something for me, I always bought something for my servants. They dressed well. I bought them a golden chain which was a very good present.

Even a girl from a very rich family, whose father had ruined, came to my house. That girl lived with an aunt whose husband was a bad-tempered, severe man who was always nagging that poor girl. Her aunt said once: "I've got a niece who is simultaneously my god daughter, living with me at the top of the hill, but I can't have her at home with me because of my husband." Then I said: "I need a maid. Don't you want her to come to my house?" "I wish I could see her there" she replied. So the girl came and she was the best person who ever came to my house. She was there 16 years. She married a young boy from the village and I organised her wedding party. She had an aunt, a very rich woman who wanted her to move to her house. So when I moved here she

said: " Madam, I'd like to go with you, I didn't want to leave you but I wouldn't like to upset my aunt". "It's up to yo" I replied.

Even at that time I had two servants. As I had two children, I considered myself a Brazilian with these two servants. They earned 30 escudos, you know, but they were well paid, that was a good salary for that time. Maria left to live with her aunt but before leaving she told me "Madam, if I don't get well with my aunt, can I come again?" "Of course" I replied. I'll keep both servants as long as I need. Maria went on living with me till the age of sixteen, then she married a boy from this village and after her marriage she also decided to go to Brazil. Her brother Joaquim was already there. She has already come back to Portugal three or four times. Her eldest son has graduated, he is a psychologist, and leads a very comfortable life.

Civil war in Spain

In Fernando Pó, we received our salary in pesetas which is the Spanish currency. I still remember I received money, pesetas, from Fernando Pó, which made people surprised in the Public Treasury. But soon came the civil war in Spain and it was invaded by communism, it was terrible. I had a book, it must be somewhere, I don't know, that was horrific, people were easily shot, they were spied on and then executed, they used machine - guns, that was such a plundering!

Then General Franco of Spain who came from Canary Islands, smashed the communists. It took him many years. Yes, it was a real tragedy, you know, communism practically invaded the whole world. You know that belonged to that time, things are changing now, it is being swept away but there are still communists everywhere, unfortunately, everywhere.

My life as a tenured teacher

Távora was the first school where I got a tenured post.

I started a habit at my school, when I settled down, not before as I was three months here, three months there. All the

girls and only them should wear a white uniform. They were all alike and the proudest ones wore monograms, not the others.

Távora, as a village, was well developed, a beautiful land, a land with a school, a saloon and two rooms! The school where I taught was only for girls. It wasn't mixed but I always had little boys who had more difficulties in speaking correctly. Their mothers asked me to let them attend my school so that they could correct their language and I accepted.

In the village there was a very wealthy family. They lived in Oporto but they owned a house in the village and I taught two boys from that family. They even had a French tutor whose name was Marta. The boys her pupils called her "Mené, oh Mené". There were pigeons in the house where I was with my husband, as he also was fond of pigeons. When the boys arrived, there was turmoil, all the pigeons and birds flew away. Then they came to my house to have some tea once a week. We got on very well. There they had a wonderful house with a chapel and a big garden near the river Lima. There was a road which crossed the wood. They had a foreman who went everyday to Arcos to fetch teachers who gave private lessons at their house.

Besides they were very rich and owned the Palace of Brejoeira in Monção and harvested Alvarinho wine which gave as presents. Now and then I received some bottles of that wine, which was wonderful. He was a man with big business in Oporto, he belonged to the "Ferreirinhas", an ancient well known family in the town. And the boys were very fond of me. I also taught them in their house and they came to my house once a week.

I stopped teaching in Távora in 1934. It was when my son was born. I left Távora and came here. I came in a lorry of Fafe, a very big lorry.

My life as a teacher in S. Marçal

I've worked very hard under very bad conditions. When I came here in 1934, the school which was a big private house wasn't very nice, it had an enormous lake and a chapel. A new building was needed for the school. Space was no problem, as there were many fields there. The problem was the lack of nails, paint,

on account of the war, but finally we managed to get everything. I had a good relationship with Mr. Almeida who was a very rich man, so I talked to him. He had lots and lots of new houses built here. So it was he who paid for the building of the school, then he rented it to the Town Hall which paid him a rent of 200 escudos per month. At the time, this was a big sum. The school was 12 metres long and about seven metres wide. It also had two toilets, and a wash basin. The stairs from the main door were made of stone. There was a big room. First it was only a room but later he had another made for the boys, this wasn't in the contract. It had a very good basement underneath so that the wood wouldn't rot. The room had four windows at the front and two at the back. Later, still in my time, the population rose and there weren't enough schools. So we divided the rooms and made two rooms instead of only one, but I didn't like them much anymore.

When Mr. Almeida had the school made, the Town Hall supplied it with the furniture, and the school was very beautiful. I even remember that I offered some drinks to the Town Hall men as they came by loaded with all that furniture and how pleased they were!

But there was a lot of land and that wealthy man who was extremely enthusiastic went about digging, wanted to build me a house beside the school. "Mr. Almeida, I'm all right down there". "But Mrs. Laura, you'd be really well here". So he had a house built for me. The house was built but I never lived there. It had a big room and a small kitchen upstairs and he rented the downstairs.

The local priest came to school everyday to teach songs and other things to the children. He also brought a young Austrian girl to my house. He usually went there. I used to start school by singing the national anthem. I didn't know if it was a good custom, but I always did it, and as the school was situated in a high place it was heard at a great distance.

I worked in that school until I retired. The school was mixed, they were already mixed. At first there was a school for boys and another for girls.

Later, I worked in Egas Moniz college, I worked overtime, I taught here and also there, to earn a little more, because what we



earned, with classes only in the afternoon was 1500 escudos monthly.

It was a pile of money, wasn't it (joking). But I also spent 22 centavos in a return ticket by coach and now it costs 75 escudos. At that time it was 11 centavos, it was not much in fact. One tried to make some profit, of course I wanted this and that and the money I earned wasn't enough.

I always had non-paying guests

I always had guests but they didn't pay anything. My sister in law sent me a girl who attended the college of Póvoa de Varzim. I don't know why, but she wasn't enrolled in the right class which corresponded to her level. She came here: "Laurinha, my Maria Emília is in the third form, the teacher says she knows enough to attend the third form but she can't pass because she has not been enrolled". "And what can I do?" I asked. "If you enrolled her here" she replied. The school year was already ahead. "Well, bring her here" I said, after all I couldn't refuse. The girl passed the examination then she wanted to attend the fourth form here. My sister in law was a very good person but she spoiled her daughters. They were so pigheaded that they didn't eat anything. "This is rubbish, I don't want to drink milk in this cup, I want another cup, I don't want this one " she used to say. "Fernanda, I can't take care of this girl, I don't have the time or the patience to do it " I said. But the girl came and got along rather well although I didn't make anything special or different, only what was usual, we eat what was usual. We didn't eat fancy food, but we didn't starve either. My sister in law said: "What sort of food is prepared in your house? My daughter has put on weight when she comes here..." "Everybody eats the same, really " I replied. "Oh, I wished I could go to school again", she got on very well here, that girl, she even picked up better eating habits. I raised them properly: "You must eat this".

Her cousin had also been here, another sister-in-law's daughter. That girl climbed up the trees tore up her clothes, got dirty. Her father was a real dandy. "I would like you to take care of my girl, she has to make 4th form at primary school and pass the exam to enter secondary school," he said. "No, I won't" I replied. The

girl had had an infection and my house is by the river. "But you have to, I beg you, well let's take her to the doctor that we both know, and if the doctor says that it will not be good for her, I'll give up; but if he doesn't, I won't give up, you've to raise her. She really needs it". Then I went to a doctor, who had been my boy friend when he was a boy. Then he said " I know your house very well, yes, the girl can stay there". I was always worried, but the girl got on very well here. She stayed a whole school year.

We had our rules here, you know, for example, once a week we used to eat a golden crisped, well decorated meat pie and she used to say. "I want all the crust for me". "Eat it all if you wish, but then you must eat everything that is in the oven pan". " Oh, but I can't". "If you can't, then you take only what you can eat, then if you feel like anything else you'll take a little more but you must eat everything, nothing must be left in the plate". She obeyed and learnt. That's how I raised her. She behaved like a boy climbing up the trees but she changed a lot. She had lots of clothes, she was also born in Fernando Pó. When she was born, her mother died and her father who was rather vain, ordered a complete set of clothes from Barcelona, which ought to last until she was ten. Each set consisted of seven pieces of luxurious clothes. When her mother died she didn't come to my house. She was very, very clever. I taught her the harshness of life, I mean not harshness, because I wasn't strict but they adapted to my way of living and they did it with interest.

She asked me if she could till a piece of land, and she dressed in trousers; the girls didn't wear any trousers before, only dresses. She wore my son's trousers, put a cap on her head, and tilled her vegetable garden. This, because she was very clever. She didn't have to study all the time. She also did some tasks for me on the garden, not because I needed help, I had gardeners always, but she liked it that way. She did everything, I told her: "Look, you come to my house but you'll spend the weekends with your father". And she went there twice, and came back with a bad cold. She asked me: " Little aunt, it makes me cough, let me stay here ". She longed to stay here. Like her, many other girls came.

After the war, came the Austrian girl. The priest came here and told me: " I have seven Austrian children in my car and I

wanted to know if you'd keep one ". I told him: " Look, I can't. I have my children in the college I have lots of expenses ". But he insisted so much that I finally agreed. So I went outside to see the children. They looked very frightened. There was a little fair haired girl and I picked her. Her name was Sofia. She didn't speak Portuguese and I couldn't speak a word of German. But we got to understand each other through mime. She lived with me for many months.

I started to take her to school and she started to play with the other children. Then she went back to her mother in Vienna and for a long time we kept in touch. She wrote to me in German and I asked someone here to translate and then to write what I dictated.

I I

World Views

The changes in education after the 28 th May

What we did at the time of the Republic wasn't bad. I don't think so. Of course I lived at that time. I was born in 1906, then I went to school at the age of eight. The educational system was not bad and kept improving. It's true that the schools had very bad facilities. Those from Ponte de Lima I have mentioned, there were awful rooms; to one of them we entered through a foot path belonging to some farmers and it had a small window. In some parishes there was no school at all.

When I was attending the Teacher Training College during the Republic, I learnt important things. It had a republican orientation.

The political regime changed, but the educational system didn't for a long period of time. In the beginning nothing changed and things kept like this for many years.

Then new books started to appear, it all began with the educational system. I remember when the national official book was issued. I can't remember my reaction very well, not only because there was a national official book, but also the work books issued by the booksellers. I was highly regarded as a teacher. The

booksellers usually came with lots of books not only during those examination periods, they came loaded with books. So there were mathematics books, arithmetic books, drawing, composition, history, etc. At the time, school was very demanding, I confess that they demanded more from children of fourth form in primary school than in the fifth form of high school. The eleven plus examinations were very, very difficult. I still remember that the arithmetic examinations had three problems and then twenty, no, not twenty; let me see, sixteen geometry questions; everything was varied. They were tested in all types of arithmetic and it was really difficult. Geography was frightful, they brought world maps and asked pointing to the dot and a boat upside-down. Which town is that? Which continent is it? Which country? To pass such examinations, good preparation was required and that demanded a lot of work both from the teachers and from the children, of course.

From the Republic to the Estado Novo there weren't many changes, at least not in my teaching methods. But they demanded a lot from the teachers, we were assessed at the end of the year through our work and to have a good classification, we had to pass 75 % of our pupils. It was very demanding, you know. I managed that 75 %. As you know, not every pupil is clever, there are some very intelligent or even hardworking children but others don't have either time or family environment. It is even worse in the village. The girl who works in my house, took the fourth form examination. She is 34, so a young woman, but one day I told her something related with some plates that I have to put under the glasses that are from Azores with the name of all its islands, I asked her: "Haven't you ever heard of Azores?" She answered: "I have a vague idea but I've never heard of them. "Can you imagine, still a young woman but she doesn't know anything. And why? She didn't have any family environment. Her parents are farmers and when she had to do her homework, she did it squatted near the road on her way to school. She was never my pupil.

As I saw life in Fernando Pó

During the Spanish civil war in Fernando Pó we didn't receive any money and they expelled everybody; not my husband, because he left in time, but everybody else. It was one of the most productive islands of cocoa and coffee in the world. Cocoa is like a pine cone, a little smaller than this, about this, then we open it in the middle, the black people opened it with an axe, they stroke and then that amount came out, they were real broad beans! Many times I went through the wood where my husband worked in the colonial company. I had a driver, a Spanish man, who used to collect the coffee and cocoa with the lorry. I knew all those fields. One of those was full of roads, large enough to let two lorries go by each other, and it was enormous, though I'm afraid I'm not sure about its area. It also had some furnaces, one was almost the size of this house. Those furnaces burnt night and day; on the top they had a slate plate, I don't quite remember what it looked like. They put the firewood under it and it was always burning! You had to rotate it constantly to prevent the cocoa from burning. So there were about ten men in that furnace, five on each side, and they had a kind of rake.

When there was a raise in salaries during Estado Novo we even used to say "it is not enough for a pair of stockings"

Teachers received very low wages during the Estado Novo and when there was a raise, we used to say "it's not enough for a pair of stockings". At the time of Salazar, who was a great statesman whatever people may say, but as he was rather stingy, we hardly earned anything. The salaries were very low and one lived badly. I didn't live badly because my husband owned a reasonable farm, his father was a landowner and my husband inherited three quarters of a farm, the rest belonged to a brother who was in Angola.

When I needed money to educate my children I sold some pines. I lived comfortably though I hadn't much money. I had two maids. I had the necessary at home, but I used to be a sparing person. I still am. I even wear my old clothes. I've lots of clothes, sometimes I fill a crate with old clothes and give them away. Some

time ago I gave away ten huge bags full of old clothes to a woman from the neighbourhood. I also sent to S. Clemente where there was and still is a nuns house that sheltered many young orphan girls. I sometimes send them clothes.

Pedagogical practice

Amélia, who is very intelligent, is also a teacher. She was the one who gave me Gorky's books, as she was a communist. I got on very well with her, she was extremely nice. However, there was no discipline in her class, it was like a circus. The children came from her school to mine and I slapped them often, when they talked. I slapped them and their parents came to school and said: "Look, here is my child, treat him as if he were your child". And I treated them as if they were my children. I loved my pupils but I had to punish them whenever it was necessary.

Once I had to go to Amélia's school to give her a message. I left my children at school and I went there. When I was in her classroom one of her pupils jumped onto a desk near me and started jumping up and down and I immediately slapped him. Then on the following Sunday, I called her mother, who was in the church: "Look, I'm sorry to have punished your son!" "Madam, I wish he could be your pupil, he is completely insane". In fact he wasn't insane, he only behaved badly but he was very clever. Now he is a great man. The fact is that his teacher wasn't demanding, she taught very well, besides they only wrote very badly, but all my pupils wrote very well. They all had a beautiful handwriting. When they went to take an exam, everybody said: they are always the best who come here, in knowledge and in appearance. They meant good handwriting. If I had to teach again I'd do it the same way.

Women as teachers

Many women become teachers, maybe they are more patient than men, I don't know, we have to be very patient, women are more mother like.

I enjoyed teaching

I really enjoyed teaching, but I worked hard to get those 75 %. It was difficult you know, during many years I could not have obtained those 75 % through the exam, but if I didn't get them, I'd get a bad classification and I couldn't afford that. It was a question of professional pride, I never regretted being a teacher.

There were lots of pupils. I wasn't infinite. How could I manage to solve the problem? I did it by teaching all day at school in groups. I was very demanding with the 4th form pupils. I brought home a group of pupils mainly those who attended the fourth form and I used to be the whole afternoon with them, but I've never received a penny for that. I can even say that I still gave some soup to those who came from very far away. In the beginning I gave them a bowl of hot soup and they brought a piece of bread. But only those who were attending 4th form and lived far away. Now they are living very comfortably and they are very fond of me. Therefore I don't think there is a flaw in my professional life, that certainly not. I can tell this and the proof is that when I reached retirement age I was given a party, I still have the photos. I was a widow at the time, my husband had died six months before and I was still in mourning when I was given a noisy party outside my house. Everything had been planned secretly, so I really didn't know anything at all. It was on Saturday, 14th February 1976, it was my birthday.

Our school principal came to the school and I told him "Look, I'm going to retire as I have reached the age limit; but I love the school, can I sometimes come round?" "Look madam, you can come everyday if you wish". "I also wanted to ask something else. I know a girl, she's already a teacher, but she doesn't have a post, and I'd like her to replace me, in my school". "I cannot promise that." But I insisted. "She is on a big list of teachers who haven't been placed yet, she is x number, she isn't far, if you could do something, I'd be very, very grateful". So, he managed to give her my job.

There are some photos there that don't do me justice, all dressed in black. They prepared my good-bye party secretly, as I told you. There is a very big and good room with a large stage that belongs to the parish. It also has a reasonable kindergarten. They paid a subscription of 100 escudos each, at the time it was a lot of

money for a party, and they prepared a banquet there. At my party lots of people spoke, the school area supervisor and the priest who also had been a pupil of mine (she points to several people in the photos). They gave me that Christ's supper and the teachers gave me the Russian writer Maximo Gorky's book collection. Many pupils from different generations, my relatives and children came. My son was the Mayor of the Town Hall at the time. The children offered me carnations. It was hard for me to leave the school.

Life History
Teresa
Context and Pathways

Family Environment

- "I was four years of age and could already read"

I was born in 1910.

My father was a teacher at the Teacher Training College in Braga where he taught Comparative Legislation. My mother was a housewife, she was, as I usually say, a real nineteenth-century lady.

My father had six children: two by his first wife, a boy and a girl and four by my mother - one girl and three boys. The girls graduated as primary schoolteachers, and the boys went to the university: two became engineers, one, an army officer and one, a pharmacist.

My brother, from Daddy's first marriage, was an army officer he got to be a Colonel. He admired Salazar and liked the regime. My father used to say that his eldest children had degenerated, and he was right. This brother was a member of the Portuguese legion, the legionaires, he was a regional director of the Portuguese legion. But he was already dead by the 25th of April. He had another position, I don't know which, also important, and he was a soldier when in France in World War I.

I was four years of age and could already read, but I don't know who taught me. I assume it was my mother, at home. Because I could read and then wanted my brother also to read, a small boy two years younger than me. I used to sit him by me and said: "Look, read, read this: Julinho Vitorino cried and cried, because Janota ran away; Janota was a beautiful puppy his father had presented him with. Read". And he, poor thing, very little, at my side. I remember this. I remember it. I was 4, I could read.

When we came to Braga, we used to stay here in this country house till long after Summer, because my mother liked it here very much. My mother hadn't been born here but her mother was born right here. My mother liked this place very much... She even made poetry. She was crazy about this place.

My grandparents on my father's side were wealthy farmers and my father was to be a priest. My father knew a lot of Latin, a lot of French and other things. Then he married. My father did not live in the seminaries, they didn't, as they do now. My father was lodged at a boarding house, they attended classes in the Seminary, but lived in a boarding house. In this house there was a lady, rather older than my father. I saw her in a picture that used to be here. My father with her, and you could see she was a lady of a certain age, I mean older whilst my father was a young man, you could see it in the picture. She was a lady much older than my father. And then some priests I came to meet them too, they had told my mother: "Poor Zé he was still very young, fell in, and married that woman when he was so young." My mother told me this in secret.

When there was any festivity here, my father liked festivities, parties very much. On his birthday, he took the pretext of his birthday to invite his children by his first wife to come together with his grand children and everybody would gather here, we wouldn't even eat in the dining-room. Generally this happened in Summer and so we usually sat outside, once it was in this yard, a very long table and we played and played, the little girls with one another.

Memories of the primary school

- "people used to see boys and girls in the same classroom as natural"

I attended primary school, in Oporto, at a school, where my father was also the headmaster. It was a big school. Later we came and lived in Braga.

At that time, my sister's school was for boys and girls, I think it was, because my brother attended it too and there were other boys there. There was also a male teacher, but the girls went to the female teacher, because she taught and he made little things with a pocket knife, he was very skillful. The boys made nice little things, a top, things like that. He was a teacher without the least capacity to teach. He became a teacher because he had an accident and afterwards became a primary teacher. The school building was pretty, it is the prettiest house around this town. It was a good house, big and pretty. It had a residence for the teacher. My sister lived there.

My sister used to come here frequently, she got on well with my mother, her stepmother, but she would come here and talk. I would play around with my niece, older than me, my nephew played with my brothers. We wandered about. I overheard them chatting. And I remember some of their chats. One of them, I remember perfectly... "They aren't very clever. I have a boy then", so there it is, she taught boys, "I have a boy there who is very intelligent, he's the most intelligent. I've seen around here". And this is true, just like his descendants today, his father was clever and I remember her stressing it: "he's very intelligent". So the school had boys and girls, so it was mixed.

I remember now another talk. She was talking about her school, but I recall my father once went there, entered the classroom and sat on the teacher chair. In schools there were those very old-fashioned desks, very long ones, there are no such things any longer. Four children sat at each desk and the top could be lifted and we put the books and everything we wanted there. And then, my father went in and sat at the teacher desk and called me to go to the blackboard. "Come here. Go to the blackboard". and told me to draw a triangle. I can't remember whether I drew it, maybe I did, because he then told me to find its area and I couldn't do it. My father got angry at his daughter, not at me, but I cried. I thought it was at me, since my father spoke angrily about the way children were taught. I recall this, I recall it perfectly, he was angry with his daughter. But she taught well, because there were people here who had sent her pupils and said she was a good teacher. But that day, my father taught her a lesson and I remember it well. All the pupils were there at the desks and my father said, so this is the way you teach, and said other things. He got angry and scolded, scolded at her.

At that time, people used to see boys and girls in the same classroom as natural. I never heard anyone criticising it. It was natural. We, the children, found it quite natural, there wasn't anything to say. My sister had also a son who was in the classroom and as he was the teacher's son, would get into mischief. I recall him going out whenever he felt like it and staying out. When I was around, my sister taught us. Sometimes after summer holidays we were here because my father was still working in Porto. He would

go by train, early in the morning and would come back in the afternoon.

This is why my father had the opportunity to call me to the blackboard. Perhaps he realized I wasn't learning well or something and unexpectedly came into the classroom and it was worse than an inspector's visit, because he scolded. At that time, in the primary school there were five grades, and it was my sister who taught me for the fifth grade exams, well, fifth grade, what year were we in? The fifth grade was first taught in 1919, I was nine. I started school in 1917, at seven. It was in 1922 that I was at school attending the 5th grade. The 5th grade was very interesting. One had to go to town, to Braga. The 5th grade exam was in Braga and lasted for a week, from monday to saturday.

My sister used to come to this house a lot. Another story I'm going to tell, a funny one, I remember her telling it. Her husband was also a teacher at a primary school. not here, in another village. He was here once telling my father, there were some wealthy farmers and they had a son who they had decided would become a priest - how I retained this story in my memory and I was a little girl, I was playing around and my sister said to my parents "but now they want him to be a priest but he is dumb", he was one of the pupils of my sister's husband, so they knew him well. "He's too dumb, he may not be allowed to become a priest. He's rather stupid, he'll achieve nothing, nothing, that's too difficult". But he got there and he's the present priest here in the village. What a coincidence, he's even made lots of mistakes, not that I meet him, but I know the people here don't like him much but he's been living here for many years. He's rich for his parents were rich farmers and at that time, these rich farmers liked to have a son to be a priest.

The Teacher Training College
- "I was very much at ease"

I was very young when I entered at the Teacher Training College. My schoolmates were older, I was younger, I wasn't sixteen yet, I was still 15. At The Teacher College at Braga, teaching was not good with the exception of a few teachers. My father, for instance, who was a very well prepared person, an exceptional person. What I learned from the others was not of great value. I

don't know what the teacher of Pedagogics was teaching. With regard to another teacher, his classes were the appropriate time for us to talk with one another. We would talk in low voices in order not to disturb his colleagues in the nearby classrooms.

I had two teachers who were military: one of Maths, Physics and Chemistry. Another of Geography, History and something else. There was a woman teacher who taught Portuguese. There were lots of military men teaching at that time. They had nothing else to do and for that reason they came to teach.

I got my degree after 3 years. I was a quite talented teacher and so it was easy for me to teach at the primary school attached to the Teacher Training College. I used to cut a fine figure teaching, right from the beginning. I was very much at ease. There were some colleagues, of my age and older ones, who cried when they had practice lessons and had to go into a classroom, full of children, sitting at the desks and they had to contact the children, speak to them, teach, they even cried. I witnessed it because I was there. There were some colleagues who even took sweets to keep the children quieter, and then the result was even worse. Not me, I was not disturbed at all, maybe it was because I was used to going to the school where my sister taught. I used to go often to the school and spent many hours during my holidays. I was perfectly accustomed to a classroom full of children. School was something familiar to me, so I wasn't disturbed at all and felt very happy in my practice classes. When I was teaching, I liked it, it was when I most liked to go to the Teacher Training College, when I had practice classes.

I was very lucky in my final exams. The fashion at that time was the 'centre of interests', therefore there was one topic and all the lessons were about it. Some ability was needed because it was rather difficult so I chose the birds. The birds, maybe my father had helped, I can't remember, it was the birds. A maid went there carrying a cage with a canary for me, and the cage was hung in the classroom. The children were happy at once. We were called the student-teacher. I remember I had to teach History, I recall, I had to fit with History lesson too, speaking about birds and on the blackboard there was written BIRDS in capital letters. A lecturer from the Teacher College was present. This teacher didn't get on

very well with my father, because he was very incompetent. There were people there who, like today, got a job for which they have neither talent nor preparation. He was the Pedagogy teacher, which was an important subject for us. My father, Ms Teresa F., Mr Abel A. and some others were teachers with some experience, they had already been teachers in primary schools, who really taught us how to teach.

It was that Pedagogy teacher who entered my classroom and sat in the chair to watch my exam performance. The exam lasted from 9 to 12, then we had a break for lunch and afterwards we came back. He was sitting and watching, from time to time he would stand up, went outside and came in again, he was there watching the exam. And after the examination was over, there was a long period of time during which teachers talked, and after that we would go into the schoolroom and the examiner would make an appraisal of the lesson. He didn't criticise much, the only thing he said was that I had written BIRDS on the blackboard, with which he didn't agree. We had the right to reply and I didn't, but could have. I replied to all the remarks he made afterwards, that was public.

There were people who were present, family, friends, etc. This was in 1929. And my father, I was told afterwards that my father even had tears in his eyes when I defended myself. I should have replied that it was appropriate because it was the center of interest and therefore that word had to be distinguished from the others written nearby and I wrote it in capital letters. But it didn't occur to me. It was the only thing I didn't reply to. In the end, he said - "you are really going to be a good teacher, which doesn't surprise. because your mother is a school mistress". I replied - "No, my mother isn't a schoolmistress". "Well, if not your mother, then your aunts". It happens I have no aunt teaching. Only my sister who was a teacher and then me. What criticism did he make? I defended myself from everything he said and replied in such a way that everybody was surprised. Then he marked me 16 (note) but my father was very, very distressed. He even retired soon afterwards. He was annoyed. He felt deep sorrow. I got a diploma marked 16, but my father felt deeply annoyed because I was very talented to teach. My father expected me to be marked 18 or so, or even higher. At

that time marks were generally around 13-14, 13, 14. After all, it wasn't at all important.

I got a position immediately, I finished College in July and got a position in October. There was unemployment at that time. Those who had low marks, waited to be appointed. Some of them had months to wait.

Inside the Teacher Training College, I realise it now, there were conflicts after the 28th of May, but it was only among the teachers. There were those who applauded, who were Salazarists as they were called, and there were those against, because I know through stories which don't come to mind now... Ah, for example, on one occasion, one of the teachers of Hygiene or of something else... It came, by the way, in the lecture he was giving and all of the students were sitting quietly listening. He was referring to the three 'kingdoms in nature', and how they were inter-related, the animal kingdom, the vegetable kingdom and the mineral kingdom, and he asked me a question and I stood up and presented the explanation. I explained that there is in fact a relation between the three kingdoms of nature and he said like this, he turned to all the others and said these words, "That's it, whether like it or not, is is exacty like this". At the time I didn't even think anything, because I was young. I can't today explain well what he meant, but this remark was loud and clear. I very often remember this, I've even told my daughters what he might mean: you naturally think that between the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom there is no relation, they've perhaps put catholicism in this. In the Teacher College there was no debate, about anything ever, not the slightest word about those things. The political conflicts among teachers were well hidden. And we didn't speak about those things or anything. It was just the lessons...

Changes in education post-28th May:
 - "co-education it was so hot an issue"

During the Republic, there was the religious question, praying in schools stopped, and so did religious teaching, as well as in churches. This was during the Republic but afterwards... I never prayed.

As for co-education it was so hot an issue, it was when priests started ordering men to go to the upper part in the church, during the mass and women to stay in the inferior part. They even accused some teachers of abusing little girls. They said that only female teachers should be there, because men ended up harassing girls... I remember that people talked about that at the time. I was already teaching. Now something is coming up to my mind, there was a teacher who was accused of it by many people. There was a scandal, therefore, a teacher... I can't say for sure, but I even knew who he was, he was even rather old.

With regard to the more 'nationalistic' education, that is a much more nationalistic Portuguese History, around the heroes, the Fatherland. The books changed, or rather books were put on the shelf and others had to be bought, much more according to what the Government wanted. I remember the books having been changed and they had religious texts. I am still from the time the books did not include things on religion and afterwards started including them. Afterwards there came the textbook chosen by the government ("livro único"). The one for the first grade I thought was very badly organised, it was very bad, it was compulsory, It was the textbook when Salazar was Minister for the first time, I should be 17 or 18. I was very young, I didn't see the importance of those things and at school no one would debate anything.

I didn't discuss politics with my father, women didn't discuss politics. But my mother was quite smart and intelligent. My aunt, my mother's sister, she wouldn't discuss politics, she was afraid of communism and reproached my brothers for this and for that, for all reasons. But she was very kind. One day she came and said: "I am going to send a blanket to Mr. António, poor man, he's so cold". My brother said to her: "This is communism, sending him a blanket that's communism. He should have one, but since he doesn't, now you share your things with him, you're doing well, that's what things should be like". "Don't say so, don't say so". Fear, so much fear, and that aunt was so frightened. That I remember well, and I remember the political police, how afraid of the political police people were! When we travelled by train, and were saying things, it was necessary to speak in a low voice. "Speak in a low voice!" (she murmurs). That I remember, everybody was afraid. My aunt once

used to say this to us: (she imitates in a low voice): "Look, if the Inquisition comes back, if Salazar brings the Inquisition back, you'll be the first". We were frightened. I was young, I was quite naive till very late. At the time, certain things should not be said between us.

First years of teaching
- I missed my family very much

My first position as a schoolmistress was in Portal. This was in 1929, I was not yet 20. I was living in a house with a maid and some cousins, who had attended a private school up to the 4th grade, but no more, because they were rich. I was appointed to a school in October, and started immediately. I had never lived away from my family. I missed them very much. My father left me there. My father had a recommendation for a family, a Mr. R. who was the author of some school books, he was very well known. That teacher was very nice, very kind, he took us to some relatives where I could stay two or three nights so that I could find a home. My father left when I had found a small house. This small house is still there, I like passing by and looking at it. A maid went to keep me company until Christmas and after Christmas one of my cousins went to stay with me and later another cousin... I was never alone. They all liked going.

I used to go out in the evening to visit a family I was friendly with and today I am amazed, because I had to go through a pinewood to get there with whoever was staying with me. I wasn't scared. I used to play cards at this family in the evening and later, we would come back home, slept, and in the morning I would get up and go to school. It was a long walk from home to school.

I cried a lot because I missed my family. Later a gentleman whose descendants I still visit today... I said: " Mr. C. , I'm going back home. And I'm quitting, I'm leaving school". This gentleman had a great influence on me and advised me to stay.

In the second year, I was appointed to be teacher in a parish village. I still had no tenure. There I was lodged at a family's. Boys and girls attended the same school. The boys in the morning and the girls in the afternoon. I only taught girls. The conditions in this school were no good: when we started lessons in

the afternoon, the air was foul, and the classroom was dirty. The girls were all enrolled in a 2nd grade class but they couldn't read. I informed the school authorities about this fact. Only one pupil could read. This was in 1930, my second year as a teacher.

The next year I taught at Girão I walked from the town where I lived in a boarding house to school. I had my meals in the dining-room of the boarding house. I taught 4th grade boys and girls. It was there that I prepared a girl for the 4th grade examination for the first time.

At first, in my first years at school what I wanted was to teach, to capture the attention of children and begin to exercise my knowledge. I had my profession, I lived for the children, I felt very well among them. I was joyfully happy. I used to read the newspapers a lot. My father told me to always subscribe to a newspaper and I did, it was *Escola Moderna*... I used to read books, but I didn't read much, a little. Today I read more, I like reading, but at that time, I was rather young.

The first love/dating

- "It was exactly as in *A Morgadinha dos Canaviais*"

It was exactly as in *A Morgadinha dos Canaviais* (a famous novel by Júlio Dinis) when I was at P.C. It was very amusing because a very young man, he happened to be a person of rank, he used to come to see me and I talked to him from a small low window, in my house. He always came on horseback, I heard the horse's hooves, clopping along the road, I opened the small window and we courted.

In the holidays, my mother was very strict and I wasn't allowed to date. I was afraid since my mother could beat me. It was like that in older times. I was very respectful, God forbid! And so the summer holidays came and my father, who was always around me, went there to take me home. This was just in my 1st year as a teacher. I was about 20 and my father went and took me. So we arranged that the man would write letters to me. Once he came here (to my parents' house) and we met outside. I was still very young and wasn't prone to those things, I didn't feel like falling in love, and wasn't in love. I did it for the fun of it. He would write everyday. He would send the letters through a man of my

acquaintance, I was his child's godmother. He would bring me the letters hidden in his clothing. I would go out then and the man would pass the letter to me. At night, after my parents had gone to bed, I used to write him back. The following day, it was the same. The post office wasn't like today; it was at some distance from here, there was a shop and there letters were read out. It was exactly as in *A Morgadinha dos Canaviais* by Júlio dinis. It was like this around here and in local villages. One day, the man came here and brought nothing. He said to me: "nothing, no mail". "No mail?" I was annoyed. The next day the man made the same gesture, he brought nothing. Again? He didn't write? All right. I wouldn't write to him ever again... I broke with him definitely.

He had given me a piece of jewelry, a pair of diamond earrings and my ears weren't pierced and I was even sad. My ears weren't pierced because my father thought it brutal, for, he used to say, if we were born perfect, why pierce our own body... and my father didn't want it, my daughters' ears aren't pierced either. In our family we don't wear earrings. And we feel well. And he gave me a pair of earrings, I brought them with me, hidden, and went to a woman who used to pierce the babies' ears and asked her to pierce my ears. "Don't do that, miss, you won't let me do it. When I'll pierce one, you won't let me pierce the other, it hurts too much". In the end, she pierced my ears. I had the earrings with me and she put them on me". I wanted him to see them on me. "Put them on my ears". "But before you should wear a thread (through the holes)". "I don't want it, I want the earrings on the ears now". At home, I told my father: "Father, I've got a pair of earrings and would like to pierce my ears" "Look, girl, up to now I decided about you, now you decide yourself. If you want to pierce them, do it...".

In the end, the ear holes got swollen, had to be protected and the holes closed again, couldn't be otherwise, but I came to him with the earrings on me, and then he didn't write for two days. I don't know what happened to him, because I never wrote to him again. Then, there came 2 letters by the same post, 2 or 3 days later, I don't know how much later, I can't remember any longer, one saying he had got behind, or something like this, and the other giving some other excuse. But my judgement was that he wasn't

interested any longer or something like this. I didn't write any more. Over.

About ten years ago, maybe not so long ago, my husband was still... he died 8 years ago, it was short before he died, but maybe 2 years before he died, so about 10 years ago. It was Sunday and my husband asked: "Where are we going for a ride? Let's go to Bom Jesus. When we go out, the house is obviously closed, everything closed. Nobody stayed at home and we went to Bom Jesus with the kids and spent the afternoon there. So I wasn't here. Some days afterwards, I was in the square waiting for the coach to go to Braga and there comes a man, sits by my side and says to me: "Madam, I've got a message for you, but I've always seen you with Mr. R. (my husband) and I wanted to tell you and couldn't, it is that" - he took a wallet from his pocket - I've got a note here, a man came here who wanted to see you, but I've lost the note, I had it here, because he told me he has was once your fiancé and would like to see you. He walked around here on the road, I walked with him because he wanted to see the house and walked around on the road.

You were not here, the house was all closed, no one was seen and he walked back and forth and told me, and what I can't remember is his name, I can't remember and I had the note here, I don't know how the hell I lost the note". I don't know what he might tell me in the note. I said: "Was his name D.?" "That's it". I said: "Oh, poor man, and sent me his regards? How is he, has he white hair?" "Yes, his hair is white, he came by car. He parked the car here, down there in the square, parked the car here and then we went forward and there he walked on the road". I never saw him again, he must be very old. Then I told my husband. My husband said: "What a pity we weren't here, for I would have spoken to him. I would like to meet him and tell him a couple of things, what did he want?" "He wanted to recall things for sure. It happens he was my first date, that was the first".

Marriage and the birth of children
- "Professional life went on"

Professional life went on. In my 4th year as a schoolteacher, I taught at Frias (during the years 1932-1942). There I got a tenure.

I lived in a house with a maid. My mother and father went there frequently to visit me. I was the teacher but also as a headmistress. I answered for my actions, for everything, I didn't have anything to do with the schoolmaster, I didn't have to give explanations to him.

There I met the man who later became my husband. On one of the occasions, my mother came to see me, he asked my mother if he could marry me. My father had told her to meet the young man and decide as she thought it was best. When I became engaged, I left the house where I was living and went and lived at a family known to my parents until the wedding.

The wedding took place there because it was much cheaper if it took place where the bridegroom or the bride lived. All my family came.

I didn't become pregnant after the wedding for 5 years and I thought I wouldn't conceive, we thought we would never have children, since I didn't conceive for 5 years. but then I did and this son was born. And later I had another boy and the two girls.

**Breastfeeding my first child
and always running to school**

In that village I experienced something unpleasant when I gave birth to my children. I breastfed my first child for one year, this was not usual and then with the others I did it differently, alternating with bottled milk. These things began to appear and I did it like this, breastfed him around nine, so that he might wait until noon. By then I would come home for lunch and breastfed him again. There was a shop in the floor above the school. Someone from inside the shop used to say everyday: "What time is it?" "Nine ten." "Ah! So it's after 9!" I was very angry. The next day I would do the same thing, I had to feed my son, he couldn't stay so long without sucking. He sucked every 3 hours. That happened almost everyday, for the baby had to suck to his content. When he was satisfied, I would lay him down. The maid took care of him and I would run to school which was nearby. Sometimes I went at 9 sharp. I ran, always went running to school. "What time is it? nine fifteen already?" "Yes, yes, it's nine fifteen."

My pupils' parents care for me very much, they appreciated me. I taught all my pupils with care. It was only that woman of the shop who behaved like this. One of her sons graduated in Maths. They were half Brazilian or had lived in Brasil. At that time, pupils would only sit the 4th grade examination if their teachers wanted them to. It was Salazar who changed it. When their younger son finished the 3rd grade, I can still remember his father entering the classroom bringing him by the hand to enrol him in the 4th form. And I said: "No, I won't enrol him. I won't teach him any more." "Well, his brothers did the 3rd grade". "No more. I won't teach him any more because I don't have to. I will if I want to, and I don't".

Today I feel sorry because they were smart. And my daughters still say: "Oh! mother", because later my daughters met that boy as a teacher at the secondary school in Guimarães, he's got a degree in Maths. Well, the boy got on, he had to be enrolled in town and it was about 8 miles to town, he was lodged there. He would come home on Saturday and I saw him pass with his small schoolbag hanging from his hand and I was sorry. I was sorry that I did that to him, I really was. Then, he had to be lodged in town, they had to pay for his lodging, had to pay for the coach, for him to come home on weekends and had to be separated from him. Just because they were rude to me. I had already taught some of them and they did that to me, they saw me pass at nine ten, nine ten, everyday, as soon as they saw me, it was like an old clock: "What time is it?" But I took advantage of it. I don't think it was right, what Salazar did was wrong, that was something deeply wrong. One day at the secondary school in Guimarães he said to his students: "This girl's mother was my teacher, she taught me how to read and now I teach her daughter". I invited him to us, and I prepared a festive dinner with champagne. I reproached myself for not having prepared him for the 4th grade and grammar school entrance examinations, I was offended... I was shocked too. He must have known, he had to go to town for the 4th grade. That year none of my pupils sat for examinations.

The Inspector's first visit
- "don't follow your colleagues' example"

The first time an inspector came to my classroom, at that time they were real inspectors. Only later with Salazar did they become school directors. But when I started working they were inspectors and there was one who was feared for being very nasty and strict. He used to scold and was harsh. Let's imagine, the school is this room, the door was over there through which everybody came in and out. I was here, sitting at my desk, and there his silhouette appears at the door. I was so scared, so frightened, I tried to speak and couldn't, I couldn't speak, I stayed there in suspense, I felt extremely distressed. Why should I be frightened because he was said to be very nasty, very wicked, entering classrooms and immediately start teasing the schoolmistress, and then he would rate her performance low, and my performance had never been rated low. I saw that figure, I had never had an inspector in my classroom, it was the first time, this was perhaps in my 4th year in the job, after 4 years' work.

As soon as I saw his silhouette, I tried to speak and he certainly noticed all this, he saw everything, and I can remember it as if it were today. He started walking between the desks, slowly, let me calm down and then he looked at the blackboard and I happened to have a task for the students written on the blackboard, for those in the 3rd grade, It was the relation between volume measures, capacity and length measures, etc. He passed along the gangway, looked at the board and liked it... he liked it very much and then I was calmer, I calmed down. He didn't scold me, people told he usually entered scolding, he was silent, very nice and sat on my chair... I walked around, I usually taught standing I was always either sitting on a desk, very often I climbed the seat and sat on the desk top, so that I could see them all. I began to realise that he wasn't annoyed on the contrary, he was all right, he felt all right then. Then he started talking with me and looked at the blackboard and saw what was written there, that he didn't see in other school. He usually saw incompetence and found I was competent. On the board I had a systematisation of the metric system. In the end he told me: "Look, I liked this here very much and I see you're working very well. So don't follow your colleagues' example because they

don't know how to work or want to. They don't know and don't want to. He said goodbye.

This was the 1st time an inspector came to me. And this I don't forget, I too was happy. Go on like this, you're doing very well, it's very well, he looked at the blackboard, as if saying, here you have a piece of work that he naturally didn't see in the other school because teachers taught very sadly, they usually didn't take students for examinations in town or anything, I had a lot of pupils because they would come from other villages. One year, I had a girl, who is also a teacher today, who had to leave home at 7 in the morning to be in school at 9, because in the village she had to go through, the school mistresses didn't teach well, she came to my school from very far, and I taught her, she passed the exam.

Inspectors were always respectful with me. There were inspectors who entered the schools and made remarks. It was because of service. Possibly the inspectors, who were all men in those years, maybe that made them feel superior. They never used that power with me. They used to come in a rented car, obviously that cost the government dear. There were no women inspectors. They were men. They treated the teachers well but if they had remarks to make they would do it. To me they never made unfavourable remarks.

It was very cheerful in Arcos
- "At Carnival, I was crazy"

In Frias we had a newspaper, you could buy it, my husband went to town everyday and bought the paper, we read it. Later when I was in B. we had our first radio. It was amusing, we would sit down on a sofa in the evening listening, there was a very nice evening show for workers, and we would sing, my husband and me. We would go to the pictures, even to Arcos, the town was very lively and we had a dress box at the time, I don't know if he paid for it yearly. We saw all the pictures. That was a time in which we amused ourselves very much.

At Carnival, I was crazy, I amused myself terribly. Even when I was married. I was crazy. I had a lot of friends, they were housewives. At Carnival, I'd do all sorts of things. I had some friends, very nice ladies. Carnival was still a long way off, but we'd

already be trying to find out where we'd go to get the fancy dresses. Once we disguised ourselves as ladies of ancient times with those silk skirts that rustled, there were 5 of us, all dressed like that, the small hats, everything ancient, and we went out to the street. I was married, but it was as if I weren't. I didn't have any children and my husband let me free.

One evening I was taken together with my friends to a house where I had never been before. I entered and saw a long table, a party reception with sweet dishes, everything, very merry and then the hosts, young ladies and their parents in the big party but I, they didn't know, who is she. I was in a fancy dress and mask. I would go out to the streets in disguise. My husband said to me one day: Carnival is almost here, you are not going get dressed and I would always joke: "no, I'll go around naked, I'll be naked, all the time, don't worry". I could not resist and Carnival was very amusing. One of my husband's workers would always go with us to protect us and one night I went to a family's house where I'd never been before, where there was a table laden with food, and the family asked "who's she?" You're not leaving this place today without revealing who you are. I had a satin mask that covered my face completely, my hair was covered and everything hidden, hence they couldn't recognise me. Then we started eating sweets and everything. The masqueraders couldn't eat because of the masks but that party lasted to 3 or 4 a.m. Then at 4 we went away, the ladies brought me home, to the house that at the time, belonged to my husband's parents where we were staying.

On Sundays, weekends, commemorations, and so on, we used to go to town, we left the village. I came home and my sister-in-law said: "Ah, Teresa, Z. (my husband) is crazy, looking for you, he has already been to all of your friends, has been everywhere in town". I heard that and I went to my room and got undressed. Only then, I noticed that there was lots of confetti on the floor, lots of it, I had plenty that had been thrown inside my clothes. People did all sorts of things and so did I, all sorts of merrymaking and I quickly slid into bed. Then he came up the stairs, all breathless, to see if I was already in bed, and I was and he said: "That's nice!" He only said this, this was his only reprimand, only this. "Nice hours for a married lady to stay out". Nothing else. I had my head under

the bed clothes, not a sound. My husband didn't like Carnival. Later in B. I stopped doing those things because I already had my older son.

**The years in Burgos (1942-1952), where I was the headmistress
- "I taught in a different way"**

Some years later I went to teach at Burgos. There I was the headmistress. We were two teachers, one taught the boys and I myself taught the girls. The other teacher did not teach well. She was the Priest's sister, she was no good, an old fashioned teacher. Her pupils didn't learn. The only thing she used to ask her pupils was to copy. I was there for eleven years. I taught in a different way. I organised chestnut parties. I organized school festivities. I asked the former school teacher to listen to pupils' singing and to help prepare them for the show. He listened to them, said which of them had a good voice but refused to collaborate. I think that this was out of envy, since he, while he was a teacher there, had never chosen anything of the kind. The people who were most interested (in those things) came to the show.

It was there where my two sons started school. I taught the oldest, and he was in the girls' class. But my colleagues were always telling me that I should not do that, and that if an inspector came I'd be punished. I didn't want him in the boy's class because the teacher didn't know how to teach. Then we decided to send him to Alamedas, where my sister-in-law, also a teacher, was teaching. The boy attended there for some months to sit for 4th grade and entrance examinations to the grammar school. He passed the exam but could be better prepared. My other son, I taught him from the beginning to 4th grade, and this was the best way for him to get well prepared as well as my two daughters.

With regard to my stay in Burgos, people there organised a commemoration in my honour in August 1991. (Teresa shows the photographs of the commemoration and the messages she received). First we heard mass for my husband and former students who had died already. Then there was a festive meal during which some speeches were made. The present teacher, a former pupil of mine, also made a speech. Of my family, one of my brothers was present, together with his wife and my two daughters.

While I was in this school an inspector came once for a visit. It was Saturday, the day for 'Mocidade Portuguesa' activities (official youth organisation). The boys' teacher began by saying the beads with the pupils, in the presence of the inspector. This was what she usually did. I was upstairs and never prayed with the girls, which many teachers did. I wouldn't do it, just because the inspector was downstairs. You could hear everything, because the school was old and there were big chinks. Then I decided to speak about the "Obras de Misericórdia" (Charity deeds); feed those in hunger, quench one's thirst. Later, when it was the time for the 'Mocidade Portuguesa' activities, I decided to take the girls to the playground and play games. In the end, the inspector was watching from the door and came and spoke to me. He congratulated me for what I was doing and said he couldn't accept what the other teacher did.

I was very interested in my pupils. Parents, in general, didn't think girls needed instruction and especially because school wasn't compulsory after the 3rd grade, they said: "She has already learnt enough, more than us, it's enough for a girl". For example one day I was insisting with Micas' father, a farmer, she was one of my pupils and was very capable, to let her continue studies and he finally accepted and said: "Well, she'll go to school, to do you a favour!"

The years in Guimarães (1954-1970)
 - "I lost my autonomy"

After that school at Burgos, I was placed in Guimarães and there I lost my autonomy. The headmistress was a fascist. I had to ask permission to do any non-routine activities. She was an inspector's daughter. People in general thought she was a good teacher, but did not like her. They even said: "A. teaches well, but she's not a mother".

I think that many of the school activities the principal approved of were not right. For instance, she ordered the girls to leave the classroom in a special formation. As far as my students were concerned, I refused to do it. They always sang the National Anthem, which the headmistress didn't approve of. Once, the schoolmistress and other teachers, I wasn't present, decided to

organise a school trip to the cemetery, where a so-called "saint" was exposed whose body was intact (unadulterated). I found the trip meaningless and stupid. Some years later, I had already retired, I met one of my colleagues at that school, and we spoke again about that. She said that, though many didn't agree with the headmistress's proposals, they didn't feel like opposing her due to the costs involved because "we had to endure her schemes..".

I was known in town for my teaching.

Memories from the Republic

I have very interesting memories from the Republic. I remember, for example, and this I find very interesting, we were living in Oporto and I might be, at the time of the 'Monarquia do Norte' (North Monarchy) in 1919, so I was 8 or 9 years old. I remember Sidónio Pais being killed, we were living in Oporto and my father liked Sidónio. I realise it today, he liked him. The North Monarchy lasted for 25 days, it was called the "quarteirão monarchy" (Note: quarteirão - popular term for 25 = a quarter of a hundred), this I know, I remember, I didn't forget it.

My father was deeply republican, and I remember this. Let me begin at the beginning. We were having dinner, as usual, it must have been dark, and someone knocked at the door and the maid went to see who was knocking and came back and said: "It's a policeman or two policemen", I'm not sure, "who want to speak to Mr M". My mother was terrified. My father stood up naturally and came to the door to hear what they wanted. And then he came back quite calm to the dinner table, sat and then "oh, it's nothing, they want me to illuminate the school, to put some luminous things in the windows. They told me to put it in the windows and to hand over the green and red flag". They'd play tricks with the flag. And my mother asked: "What now?" "I won't do anything of the kind". My father was the schoolmaster.

My father did nothing, absolutely nothing. Everything went on the same, and they used to sing the National Anthem at school, in the morning before classes. The children formed and respectfully sang the anthem and then went into the classrooms. Well, the Republicans were very ill-treated during those 25 days, they were

taken to the Palace, I have an idea it was a theatre, the Baquet Theatre, and then they beat the republicans, and arrested and barbarously treated them, it was a real crime. And my father, acted as if nothing was the matter, he would go to school everyday. I remember him always calm and quiet. If he was frightened I was very young, we didn't notice it. At home, we played as usual and were merry together with our mother. My mother, she must have suffered a lot and feared something might happen. My father went downtown to see what the monarchists were doing, those barbarisms, he saw the cudgellers who beat and arrested. And my mother said: "One day, you'll go and won't come back home, won't come back, they'll arrest you". Then the Monarchy came to an end, I can no longer remember what it was like. There was a lot of shooting...

The Monarchy was finished and my father held a big party at the school which became famous, when the Republic was restored. My father celebrated. The flag was hidden in our house and only then the flag was taken. I saw my mother take it from a suitcase and told me "They didn't spit on ,or mock, or tear this flag. They wouldn't find it even if they had come here". They searched the houses, really, but my mother said "Here they wouldn't find it". It was a large flag and it was taken to school in procession with me taking one corner, my brother another and ,in front, two other children were took the others, and then it was hoisted amidst fireworks, feasting and music. The republican population flocked to school and I remember they lifted my father and cheered him, the men were so enthusiastic . All the day long, from morning to night, there was singing, so beautiful, so joyful, such a grand celebration.

Ana de Castro Osório was famous, I remember that people talked about her. She was a very committed republican. Here at home there were pictures of Bernardino Machado she had given my father. There were here so many pictures of very important republicans, I even told my grandchildren about it some time ago and now I don't know where the pictures are. I had one of Afonso Costa, he was very highly praised. The impression I have is that he was a person who was very, very important, of great worth and my mother herself spoke often about him. People in my family talked a

lot about him. And Bernardino Machado and Teófilo Braga, Manuel de Arriaga. Of them, I still have some documents here.

II

World Views

The condition of a teacher

- "It was hard only because we earned very little money"

Women teachers had a rather easy life, I can't remember that anyone stoned a teacher's house or ill-treated her or insulted her, nothing. It was hard only because we earned very little money, salaries were very low. I had four children, they were rather well dressed and fed and they attended school. It was me and my husband. My husband was a car salesman and oh, what I had to endure. The young ladies of nowadays, they don't feel like leading this sort of life. It was hard, and how I cried when I went to Portal my first place.

My husband never told me I might stop teaching, on the contrary. My brother next to me was a civil engineer, he was arrested several times, I went to visit him whenever I could. After classes I went to Oporto, went to the political police, PIDE and visited him. I was daring, and no one harmed me ever. My husband told me: "Look, you can do what you like, if they remove you from your position" - I once feared they might do it - "we won't die, we'll be able to survive". Our salaries were so low. My husband, poor man, had some better months and some worse, it's like that with salesmen. My salary was very low, I lived anxiously, it was very low.

Placing a distance between me and the political regime

- "I was passed over in several situations"

There came an order once, when I was in Guimarães. The President of the Republic was to come soon, I think it was Tomás. He was coming to Guimarães and the school was told to go with the pupils and wait for him at the town's entrance. I did not go. I closed my house in Guimarães which was situated just at the town's entrance if you go there from Braga, it was the first house. I told the girl pupils : "You go and wait for the President of the Republic

who is coming tomorrow . You go, those of you who want". I had some pupils, daughters of parents who thought like me and who didn't like Salazar and I thought they would not go. "I am not going because I have something important to do and can't go but you, girls, if you want to go and wait for the President, go together with other teachers, the school employees and the other pupils". My house was just where the reception took place, just in front of my house. I closed the windows, left everything dark because I let people know I was leaving the town, it was something that required my presence. And my children didn't go to grammar school either, they missed classes. We all stayed hidden inside our home except my husband, because he wasn't at home, I don't know where he had gone to... But I was there and the children. I let the maid go home to visit her mother. Everything was dark, as if there was no one in the house and silence all over the place. My children said, they were no longer so small: "Mother, let me just take a peep through a little window opening, to see all the people and movement, mother please open a little". "Don't put the lights on". We acted as if we weren't at home.

They knew what I thought. I never prayed at the beginning of class. I was critical of what was going on in the colonies, when I had to speak about those territories. As a consequence, I was passed over on several occasions. For instance, when a competition was opened for the school annexed to the Teacher Training College, I applied and the local educational authority even told me I was in a good position to apply. I did but wasn't selected. I was never accepted onto the adults' boards. Salazar's aides claimed in their speeches that there were no illiterate people in Portugal. Exams for adults were a mockery. In order that everybody could pass the banality of the questions was totally unacceptable. I wouldn't comply with it. I thought that if they were 4th grade examinations, people had to be required to know what was fundamental. As my ideas were public, I was never contacted for those exams, except on 2 occasions when I was new at the schools and they didn't know me .

When Catholic Religion and Moral Instruction was introduced in schools, I can't remember when, but I never taught it. Many years ago, I was still at Frias, when the crucifix was placed

on the classroom wall and I organised a school celebration. I took the opportunity to hold a nice, big celebration, and the children received their first communion, but they were rather grown up and hadn't learnt any catechism since people weren't very religious there. It was therefore around 1935 or 1936 that crucifixes were placed in classrooms.

The women' situation -

- "If a girl of my generation wanted to work, what could she do?"

If a girl of my generation wanted to work, what could she do? None of my friends was a telephonist. Of those who wanted to have a job, almost all of them were school teachers. I lived at a time when there were only two girls among the grammar school pupils at Braga, one in Sciences and the other in Humanities, all the other pupils were boys, only boys attended school. And then my mother didn't want me to be a school teacher.

When I went into a shop ,there were always male attendants. Later girls began to be typists. But when I was a child there weren't any typewriters at all.In the office at the Teacher Training College you could see only men writing. Female attendants were there, to clean and to stand around in the corridors for something that might be needed. In the hospitals, there were female nurses already. In general ,nurses came from families from a different social background. In my social group, we wouldn't go in for nursing. Many stayed at home, the Costa's girls all stayed at home, only one of them, much later, became a school mistress, she is retired now. Otherwise they stayed at home. My brothers' wives, beginning with Amélia, she left the private school, met my brother here at my uncle and aunt's, began dating and got married. She never worked outside the home. There you see, she was a private school girl, and then she got married and it happened she couldn't even do the housework. Well, then comes José, who has a degree in Pharmacy, he married a dressmaker, the one who has just died. She worked all her life ,even after she got married. She had good clients and liked her job. I only met her after she began dating my brother. My brother met her and married her. Well, in fact, she did not belong to our social group... My father liked it, just because she was hard working and had a job. There was, for example, the engineer's wife,

they were the first to get married, she didn't work, until recently, because she needed to. My brother was frequently arrested and had to interrupt his work. Once we asked the PIDE's agents to let him finish some projects but they wouldn't let him, so she had to give private lessons, in English and French that she had learnt at private school. But she didn't have a job. My youngest brother, who is an electronic engineer with a higher degree, his wife is English and does nothing, she stays at home. I don't know what she has studied. I can't tell, because she only speaks English and doesn't talk to me because she told me: "Teresa, you're got to learn English" and I told her: "No, I am too old to learn English".

There were opinions, after the 28th of May (1926) that women should stay at home. Some people said so in political speeches...In these political speeches, men were put forward, women were always cast aside. In villages, few people minded if the girls only reached the 3rd grade diploma and they accepted this view.

My cousins had only the diploma of primary instruction and nothing else except embroidery and things they had learnt at the private school. I had a niece, curiously, older than I, a daughter of my first sister from my father's first marriage, she was a teacher; and she had a sister, also a teacher, now retired too. My cousins, whom I mingled with more frequently, didn't pursue their studies. I met most of my friends at Teacher Training College.

The daughters of my parents' friends stayed at home. I didn't have any friends. Girls my age ... M. da Glória, for example, did nothing. except get married and is now dead. She had children. My uncles and aunts had no children. We lived in Oporto for many years near a painter's, his daughter was much older than I, stayed at home and died young.

I didn't got to parties very often. I would go to the Teaching Training College, and could hear any colleagues say: "ah, it was so nice yesterday, this and that". I wouldn't go any where on Sundays, I'd stay home. Girls stayed at home or played with one another. Sometimes we used to come here, at the most. I was happy if we were allowed to dance in the evening with my cousins. They could play the piano and I never learnt.

I remember an episode. I was about to go out to some class or private lesson, or something and, in my Portuguese textbook, there was a text by Gil Vicente, if I'm not mistaken. There it was written: "you, son of a bitch, you royal son of a bitch". I was scandalised by the word, I wasn't used to hearing such a word at home or anything and showed it to a maid: "Look, Emília, look what is in my book". My maid was surprised because her young mistress was saying such a thing and told my aunt. My aunt called me, believe me, and said: "You are going to study your books, you're going to keep learning from your books, and you are going to read many ugly things in the books. You won't say anything to anybody. You are going to continue to study as your father wishes, but you won't tell anyone about what you read". It was because I showed it to the maid. Hence you can see what education was like in those times and how we lived. I'm very old, I'm over 80, and so you can see how much has changed so that people, like my daughters, don't know about this. Many did not even get to the 4th grade diploma. They did not even get to the exam stage, and then, those who were wealthy enough, like my cousins, would go to a private school, they attended an English school. My cousins' parents were landowners and rich... My aunt didn't work, kept maids, one in the kitchen, Joaquina, she only cooked, one who ironed the clothes, another who tidied the rooms, another maid who waited at table, it was like this. I was the one who worked, I got a degree to be a school mistress and so did my nieces, not my cousins.

Teaching practices

- "only one passed with distinction, just one among so many I taught!"

My eldest daughter passed with distinction, but not the other one, because Salazar put an end to distinctions. I totally disagreed and still do, because we liked our pupils to pass with distinction. Many of my pupils did. When I went to town it was no longer like this, it was over, only satisfactory, children in exams could get satisfactory or good marks, or failed. To pass with distinction was something that was stimulating in some cases. We liked to have our pupils pass with distinction but they put an end to it.

I used to make many trial tests, with mock papers two weeks before the examination. We'd do it everyday and I used to say: "even a comma makes a difference, you won't pass with distinction, not like this". To make it more formal I used to tell them: "It's your first exam, for example, now, see that you come, carefully dressed". I would make it formal in a way.

Some teachers used to give presents to the president of the examination jury to get distinctions. Distinctions influenced the teacher classification. However, at the time when there were no more distinctions, our teaching practice was marked just satisfactory or not satisfactory. I remember that a colleague of mine used to give gifts to the jury or the local school authority and like that she had distinctions. But once I was on the jury, I was a member of the jury, I was in charge of arithmetic, and the girl at the blackboard. I chose fractions, convert them into decimal numbers, decimal into fractionary numbers, those things in the programme, and this colleague was in the room at a desk. She made signs to me, very worried because the girl couldn't answer. I changed the subject and the girl didn't fail, she passed. When we met afterwards, this colleague said: "What questions you asked the girl!" "Amélia, for God's sake, that's in the programme, isn't it?" "Yes, it is, but I never felt like teaching it". We spoke no more about it. However, that colleague had lots of distinctions and I didn't, my pupils just passed.

At Frias, only one pupil passed with distinction, just one among the many boys and girls I taught. Some of them even took university degrees. Frias today is the village in its municipality with the greatest number of people with university degrees. At home I told my husband. I knew who the members of the jury were just at the time of the examination and I told my husband: "So, is that the way it is done?" My husband was a hunter and sent half a dozen partridges to a man from the school authority who was on the jury that was going to examine my pupils. Then my first pupil passed with distinction. The partridges went in and the boy got the distinction. There, I just got one distinction. In Guimarães there was nothing of the kind. People didn't give presents or anything. This colleague used to do it, she used to give to the school authority lots of presents, electrical devices, such as electric

shavers. When they first appeared, she bought one and gave it to the local authority. Those things, they were not part of my natural disposition, I wasn't accustomed to it.

I had a colleague who lived in Frias but her school was in another village. She was a bad teacher, an extremely bad teacher, she had a daughter who didn't prepare for the fourth grade examinations, not even her own daughter. And I was surprised when the girl came to town for the exam, to be taught in town. In town there were teachers, but in villages things were very bad. She sent her for the 4th grade exam, her own daughter. I asked her: "Are you not going to teach your daughter?" "Well, I don't want to, I don't feel like it, I'd rather have her taught in town". I only heard about what she used to do later: the pupils missed classes very often because school was not compulsory then. So when they didn't feel like it, they stopped coming, and that's that. Well, this Mrs. J., to proceed with the story, I think she was teaching at a school for girls, and girls missed classes very frequently, girls were absent more than boys, even with me, they sometimes came back crying: "My mother didn't let me come yesterday because she was busy, and I had to stay home". What did this teacher do? She registered the children's presence, even when they were absent. At the end of each month, we had to send a register to the Education Department and she filled in the register as if the children attended school regularly. At the end of the school year, she would pass them, but then there were the final tests. Well, that lady Mrs J., she herself did the final tests. At the end of the school year, for instance in the case of a child who had stopped going to school, but she had never registered the fact, she did as if the child had attended regularly and then would write the test herself with her left hand, because she herself told me one day: "It works out well, when we want to mimic a child handwriting, we do it with our left hand and the effect is good". Inspectors never detected it. She was much older than I, but the tricks she played, and she even wanted to teach me that one. No one ever complained about her or anything. it's unbelievable but true. She herself would write the tests, falsified all that and then those tests were kept at school as if the child had attended and the child hadn't. She didn't like teaching, she had half a dozen girl pupils. Inspectors didn't visit schools very often,

because I had only one inspector who even advised me not to follow my colleagues' example.

The relationship of village communities with the teacher
 - "he's going to school everyday and he'll complete the 4th grade"

I had boy students who've also remained friends of mine to this day. I had one, at Frias, whose family didn't want any more school for him: "It's enough, he knows enough". His name was Pedro, I don't know if he is still alive. It was complicated to sit for examinations, they had to have a birth certificate. Documents were required to sit for... How many birth certificates I paid for at Frias I'd pay for them, because they couldn't afford it, they were very poor. If they didn't have one they couldn't sit the examination. Their families wouldn't mind at all. I was the one who wanted it, and then this boy called Pedro, his aunts said: "What he's got to do is to take the cows to the fields, you have him at school, it can't go on like this, he can already read, he already reads, he already knows more than I do. It would be funny, he already knows more than I, I don't know any of that and I never needed it". Well, you can see how we've progressed in this aspect. They told me and I said: "Look, he'll go on, he's going to school everyday and he'll complete the 4th grade" and so it was. Well, that boy later got a job in Oporto, working at a baker's, and every year at Christmas he sent me a "Bolo-Rei" (cake). He was very grateful and understood why he got a job.

I remember also a girl who wants to visit me these days. When we meet, she hugs me: "If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have a job", because it was I who cared, families wouldn't mind in those times, as you see, it was like this. Many were grateful and once in Guimarães a lady, I wasn't yet retired, told me: "Madam, I'm very grateful to you" and began praising me so much that I told her I didn't know why she was saying those things: "Because if it were not for the teacher my daughter had, she'd not be what she is today". She told me that her daughter got a degree, in Humanities, and she had a very good position. That girl came to my class from a private school, she wore glasses, and sometimes she cried and tears would run down the glasses and I'd say, "don't cry", because she saw the others who were already with me. I remember she didn't know the metric system, she had difficulties in

mathematical operations etc, and sometimes she cried and tears ran down... I taught her everything.

It was like this, very difficult, we had to fight very hard. I'd pay for my pupils both their certificates and lunch in town, because they had to go to town on examination day and the town was some four or five miles away. I'd take them to town in my car, my husband had a car. They'd sit for examinations in town all the morning and part of the afternoon and I'd pay for their birth certificates and lunch. With my big salary (!) at the time, I didn't have any children for five years, what I earned was just for myself. Sometimes I even bought them shoes, they were very poor.

When I was in Caldas, I applied for a position in Guimarães, but I didn't want anyone to know because they said: "Madam, you don't need to buy groceries, we'll bring everything to you, you won't leave us ever", see how they liked me, I don't know why.

"How I enjoyed teaching"

We used to call a mixed school because there were boys and girls been taught at the same time. I would teach the same things. I was rather young at the time and in one of the first villages where I taught people warned me they were disobedient and rude. Later I missed them very much, they were gentle and loving. It's the way we dealt with them. And there were only two fourth grade girls and only one stayed and sat for the exam. She was the first girls student I prepared for examinations and she passed. Her name was Isaura... I'd teach the same things. For example, in the 1st grade there were so many boys and so many girls. When I was teaching them to read, it was the same for both boys and girls.

Needlework teaching was in the programme, but I'll tell you frankly, I didn't have the patience to teach needlework. I never taught needlework. And inspectors never blamed me for that. I never taught needlework but I am always making something. Now I can no longer make thin thread lace, only with thick thread, but I have here nice things that I made... I couldn't teach needlework. I did teach, but it was letters, reading, writing, written

compositions an explaining and understanding, etc. That I did teach. When I was teaching it was pure joy, the girls were happy and I was also happy.

