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I graduated from South by the skin of my teeth. Emotionally ill-equipped to be successful in college, I failed at my first attempt. After a bit of therapy and a stable relationship I finally earned a pretty much worthless degree in English and a certificate to teach. The competition for positions was fierce since America was awash in English teachers in 1973. My methods Prof. wrote a recommendation that described me as a 'diamond in the rough.' That was probably accurate since I was bright enough, but showed up at interviews wearing a vintage seal skin jacket and hair flowing free. The truth was I never really wanted to teach English. That was my dad's idea.

Which brings me to my hippie phase. I wasn't very good at being a hippie. I didn't like going barefoot and I couldn't stand tea. I enjoyed some of the drugs though. Mostly pot, a few magic mushrooms and a couple acid trips. Thank God I was deathly afraid of needles. Injecting drugs held no interest for me.

By the early '80s I realized that since I'd been working in various factories for 15 years I needed to 'up my game' if I wanted to earn a decent salary so I spent a year in LA training to be a machinist. I returned to Portland ready to put on an apron and turn some handles, but a weak economy in 1980 put a damper on my plans. The new recession limited opportunities for apprentices, but I had an extra challenge. I'd heard that women were having a tough time entering male dominated trades, but hadn't taken it seriously ... until experiencing it myself. I eventually took a job as an operator at a small machine shop where I met my future husband, Jim. I never actually worked as a machinist, but that training in my background helped to get me a job at Boeing, Gresham, in 1997. I retired from there in 2011.

Almost finished... We married in 1986. The first eight years we faced and overcame lots of bumps and a couple crevasses in our relationship. Things smoothed out when we both sobered up. We retired. We don't travel much. We never had kids (Jim had two grown sons). Both of us are in remarkably good health considering the abuse we've heaped on our bodies.

Last fall we moved into a single level rancher w/a nice view of Mt. Adams in The Dalles. We spend about 1/3 of the time at our cabin, near White Salmon.

I'm really looking forward to seeing everyone!!

