

HIGHLIGHTS OF LILA COPLEY'S LIFE, as per request of Sidney Telegraph.

According to the records, I was born on a farm four miles north of Ft. Lupton, Colorado, a few years after the turn of the century. I received my early education in the Ft. Lupton schools, and traveled to and fro in our own private school bus, better known as a "back board", drawn by old "Flossie", our faithful, and very gentle mare. How very well do I remember my very first day in school. My two older sisters had dressed me all up in my best "bib n Tucker", pigtails and all and very proudly whisked me off. Soon, as was the custom, the school bell rang and I was assigned a seat up near the front. Silence and quite soon prevailed. Suddenly I turned my head and saw Joy, my very best friend. All emotional and very excited, I stood up, raised my arm and said aloud "hi Joy". This was a grave mistake. The very stern male teacher was soon at my side, reaching for my hand and whacked it across my knuckles with his ruler.

While in High School, basketball was "my thing". Of course this was an all girl team, consisting of six players. I was their "Captain", and since my maiden name was Smith, to the town folk, I was known as "Captain John Smith".

This was in the early twenties and basketball for girls was just beginning to "catch hold". We had an outstanding team, and went on to win the girls Colorado State Championship. I loved to play tennis, too, winning a loving cup as the champion of Ft. Lupton.

My first year of teaching, was in a little town in southern Colorado. My pupils were of various nationalities, Italian, Polish, Spanish American and Mexican, along with a few Americans including my own baby brother. It was while teaching this year that I met my husband who had recently come to Colorado from West Virginia and was employed by the Victor American Fuel Company as paymaster. Some two years later we were married. I taught school three years before he and I were married, one year there and two years in northern Colorado. After our marriage it was some twenty years before returning to the class room at Arvada, Colorado. There I entered the five year old world, better known as "Kindergarten".

After moving to Sidney in the fall of 1948 to join my husband who was employed in the merchandising business, he and I had mutually agreed that I would never return to

teaching. However, teachers were then hard to come by, and later in 1948 while in attendance of a parent-teacher meeting here in the Sidney schools, I just happened to open my big mouth, regarding some problem which the schools here were having, and then Superintendent Weymouth discovered I was a teacher. His kindergarten teacher at the North Ward was being married and leaving the system. He pointed out the need for my services, and made me an offer, which was \$2,200.00 per annum. The position would be open the first of January 1949. I promised him that I would talk the matter over with my husband, who very reluctantly agreed ^{to} along on a trial basis for the remainder of the school year.

The "so called" trial basis is now ending after 24 years. Joyous years, I might add. The little five year old is so very interesting, both eager and innocent. They have contributed so very much to my own life, and I hope during all these years that I have made some contribution to their little lives, which will make life fuller for them. I will miss them.

Now, since I will have the time, I will first take an inventory of my husband's pantry, dig out the old pastry cloth, and try my hand at one of his favorite custard pies. Then, too, for the past couple of months, phone calls have been coming in fast and furious from the kids. Dr. John in Longview, Washington. Marge in Lancaster, California and Annette in Lusk, Wyoming. All reminding us they are expecting us at their home the day after school is out. It's wonderful to be loved and wanted, especially at the age of retirement. However, just between our good friends here in Sidney and the Oscar Copley's you will be able to reach us most of the time right here in Sidney at 412-12th Avenue.

Dated: May 22, 1972.