

## FOUNDERS' DAY PROGRAM IN SONG

*An interactive program with all chapter members participating in a sing along*

### **HATTIE BRIGGS (When You and I Were Young, Maggie)**

We're thinking today of that gate, Hattie,  
Where you told Franc your plan.  
To form your own secret society,  
That's where P.E.O. first began.

In music and art you excelled, Hattie,  
So cheerful, bright and gay.  
Your time on this earth was too short, Hattie.  
We honor your name on this day.

### **ALICE COFFIN (School Days)**

Alice Coffin, dedicated teacher,  
Gave of your talents for twenty years.  
Loved by her students and by her peers.  
So many children she has blessed.  
Both charm and beauty she possessed.  
She chose the pin, our shining star,  
That lights us wherever we are.

### **ELLA STEWART (Just a Song at Twilight or Love's Old Sweet Song)**

Ella gave her life to  
Teaching wayward boys.  
Music and service (mu-oo sic)  
Were this founder's joys.  
Through a troubled life she  
Kept her spirit bright.  
She picked out our colors – yellow and white  
For purity and light.

### **ALICE BIRD (Bye, Bye Blackbird)**

Who was their first president?  
Who was wise and confident?  
That's our Alice.  
Always busy, cheerful too  
Nothing much she couldn't do.  
That's our Alice.  
She it was who wrote their constitution  
She was also skilled in elocution.  
Who was intellectual, always so effectual?  
Our Alice Bird.

**FRANC ROADS (I Want a Girl)**

Franc was a girl, a striking girl, of vision and strong will.  
 She was a pearl, quite a lovely girl,  
 An artist of great skill.  
 Franc was serious and quiet, too;  
 Fought for women's rights her whole life through.  
 If here today, we're sure she'd say  
 "Hurrah for Women's Lib!"

**SUELA PEARSON (You Are My Sunshine)**

She was their sunshine, Suela Pearson,  
 She was the fairest of the fair.  
 The girls all loved her gay laughing manner  
 And she had more beaux than her share.

She entertained them with her singing  
 In her own delightful way.  
 And when she married and moved to Cleveland,  
 She took some of their sunshine away.

**MARY ALLEN (Mary, Mary)**

Then there was Mary Allen,  
 Gracious girl with lots of poise.  
 Her hospitality, vitality  
 Were constant joys.  
 She was a lovely lady;  
 Home and children were her fame.  
 She led a long, full life; this loving wife  
 Earned her grand old name.

**FOUNDERS' SONG (Far Away Places)**

In a faraway place, in a long ago time,  
 With a vision young girls seldom show,  
 Seven girls met in secret, and a sisterhood formed  
 And they called it P.E.O.

They had lofty ideals, high objectives and aims,  
 For their emblem they chose a bright star.  
 Even they never dreamed their beloved P.E.O.  
 Would go on to spread near and far.

Now this star sheds its radiance o'er all this great land,  
 It's weathered storm and strife.  
 It's more than a club, with its objects and aims.  
 It's almost a whole way of life.

Now we honor these founders each year at this time  
 And we know that wherever we go  
 We will never be strangers, we will always find friends  
 Among sisters in P.E.O.

*Written for Akron Reciprocity Founders' Day  
 by Carolyn Coons, Chapter DO*

### **MY SISTERS**

To the tune of "My Guy"

Nothing you could say  
 Could tear me away from my sisters.  
 Nothing you could do  
 Cause I'm stuck like glue to my sisters.  
 I'm sticking to my sisters like a stamp to a letter  
 Like birds of a feather we stick together  
 I'm telling you from the start  
 I can't be torn apart from my sisters.

Nothing you could do  
 Could make me untrue to my sisters.  
 Nothing you could buy  
 Could make me tell a lie to my sisters.  
 I gave my sisters my word of honor  
 To be faithful and I'm gonna!  
 You best be believing  
 I won't be deceiving my sisters.

As a matter of opinion, I think she's tops.  
 My opinion is she's the cream of the crop.  
 As a matter of taste, to be exact,  
 She's my ideal, as a matter of fact!

Nothing you could say  
 Could tear me away from my sisters.  
 Nothing you could do  
 "Cause I'm stuck like glue to my sisters.  
 I'm sticking to my sisters like a stamp to a letter  
 Like birds of a feather we stick together  
 I'm telling you from the start  
 I can't be torn apart from my sisters.

*Written by Pam Mosser – 01-20-2000*

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