We were to ask a group of people to serve as judges. The judges, with a committee of girls, were to draw up a statement concerning manuscripts to be submitted. Only women students could submit manuscripts. President Wheeler approved the plan, and we were off! Judges were selected. The form was left open—it might be a play, a pageant, a dance, an operetta. The subject must concern something important to women, past or present, and could be based on fact or fancy. Over twenty manuscripts were submitted. Most of them were of high quality, showing imagination and a sense of form.

A manuscript in blank verse with lyrics, called *The Parthenia* [sic], submitted by Nan Rearden, was chosen. It was an original and exquisite piece of writing and it came from a shy girl with great dark eyes and a mass of dark hair setting off her pale face. What she wrote was a rhythmic, dramatic masque of great historic women and what they cared for and fought for. At the end, these women in the play appeared in a long procession and left an offering on an altar of hope. We made a real study of historic costumes and props with the help of various professors and museums. Iphigenia carried a genuine amphora loaned by our museum; Jeanne d'Arc dashed in on a white charger; Héloïse, in her nun's gown, held an ancient crucifix. These are a few characters whom I remember. We gave *The Parthenia* under the great Le Conte live oaks on the campus. More than a thousand girls took part in it, and many more helped off stage. One wonderful chorus of fog maidens did a running dance with billowing gray skirts and gray capes over their heads. When the
sun came out, the gray billows floated away, and there stood a whole chorus of yellow-gowned, yellow-haired girls. Another chorus of sea-maidens all had red hair. With some two thousand girls to choose from, we could do anything we dared to. [The number is slightly exaggerated, as the record shows an enrollment in 1911-12 of 1,573 women students, both graduate and undergraduate, and 2,539 men students.]
. . . The first *Parthenia* was a huge success. Crowds came from San Francisco. A performance was given for several years after I left the University almost with the spirit of a rite. . . . *The Parthenia* meant a great deal more to me than just a successful show. It meant a big co-operative undertaking,