

January 22.

*Dear Judy:*

This letter has nothir g to do with the John Grier Home. It's merely from Sallie McBride.

Do you remember when we read Huxley's letters our senior year? That book contained a phrase which has stuck in my memory ever since: "There is always a Cape Horn in one's life that one either weathers or wrecks oneself on." It's terribly true; and the trouble is that you can't always recognize your Cape Horn when you see it. The sailing is sometimes pretty foggy, and you're wrecked before you know it.

I've been realizing of late that I have reached the Cape Horn of my own life. I entered upon my engagement to Gordon honestly and hopefully, but little by little I've grown doubtful of the outcome. The girl he loves is not the *me* I want to be. It's the *me* I've been trying to grow away from all this last year. I'm not sure she ever really existed. Gordon just imagined she did. Anyway, she does n't exist any more, and the only fair course both to him and to myself was to end it.

We no longer have any interests in common; we are not friends. He does n't comprehend it; he thinks that I am making it up, that all I have to do is to