

On Shipboard lying in Bay of Cadiz,  
April 15, 39.

Blessed Benzfactor!

What a joy was your  
letter. I try not to answer so soon  
as to make you feel oppressed  
with always owing a letter to the  
insatiable. But don't! I am on  
guard not to be a sucker from  
just because — Well, you and I S.  
I are the only people I know that  
who give me what I fear I prize  
most in life, contacts that meet my  
mind and extend my mental  
horizon; and that means a  
good deal too in other values. It  
can't be done as a merely mental  
— at least the mental has to —  
I think I better stop. Kitty — yes,  
various people do push back the  
horizon a bit here and there.  
But I want you to be  
here

down it for many when I am <sup>very</sup>  
and deplore the way you push  
yourself without my adding a  
touch. We got here  
yesterday (from Malaga) on the  
big Republican holiday - no  
unloading etc of this cargo  
vessel possible. Today Sunday  
- nothing doing. No abundance  
that men will work to-morrow.  
When work is done we rail on to  
Seville. A number of big ships  
in harbor when we arrived  
- all dressed up in the  
news in flags and pennants.  
We have reason to believe  
that we then act selectly  
in tardily putting on our festive  
ornaments. (The whole display  
on this great green bay  
against the deeps of the  
sunny sky very beautiful.)  
We never yet have run onto