

11/27/70

Dear Dick,

Today's mail is inordinately heavy. There are things that require immediate attention, like legal things. However, I felt I had to write Howard immediately and at length. Please regard the attached as confidential. You know the feeling I've had. In part I seek to address that. The rest is obvious. How well or poorly I did this only time (and your impartial opinion) will tell.

Part of what I believe is involved I felt I'd best not address, especially because of the time it would require, but partly to see how he reacts first, I have a hunch Howard was both blessed and cursed with his parents, blessed because they are fine people willing to lavish whatever they might upon their son, cursed because I fear they sheltered and indulged him too much. Some do this so their children can have what they could not. Few parents can handle an intellect like Howard's without being overwhelmed by it, by pride that it is theirs, without the fear they'll somehow damage or inhibit it, and without convincing themselves it must be protected more than a more ordinary one.

I fear he has been over-protected. As a high-school senior he got hell for not phoning home to announce his safe arrival here. And he had to phone and give his schedule for returning. The first time he was met at the bus station. I think his parents are fine people, from what he has said and little things they have done.

If Howard has problems, I think he'll be turning to both of us, whether or not consciously, and that we'll both want to help. So, you know what I think and what I've said. If you think I am wrong or put anything badly or in a way he'll misunderstand, please tell me. This is something strange to me, outside my personal experience, for I am not a parent-or a teacher, who oftentimes faces such situations.

Hastily,