11.50 Pm

967

Jan. 9, 1942

MALACAÑAN PALACE

MANILA

Sunday

Am at the Palace while the children are giving a party, ~~at the lounge~~ on board the 777 with the mothers supervising from the sidelines.

This has been a series of parties to introduce the children to their contemporaries in Manila. I am sure that the children have enjoyed their holidays.

But the report cards of Bongbong came in yesterday and I had to scold him for being reported as being lazy by his tutor and not at all working hard, although talented.

Imee insists on going to Harvard where there may be too much freedom. She finds Wayfield is devoted merely to passing O level exams and getting good grades — not good education. Or so she says.

So we spent the whole afternoon after lunch in a ~~bull~~ session (before I left for the NBC Channel 11 inauguration at 5:00 pm) wherein Imee cried again that we do not understand her in her wish to go to Oxford. Irene cried quietly with her.

968
Jan. 9th (Cont'd)

MALACAÑAN PALACE

MANILA

I had to explain that I am concerned because my children are showing the instability that I have discovered is one of the main flaws in the character of the Marcoses — including me. I had to tell them of my own experience — in athletics, in college at P.U. — law — and in the war. And the story of their great uncle, Antonio Marcos, who had better grades than Jose Rizal (he had the best grades ever obtained in Ateneo) and he was IN everything he went into seriously but to fail to concentrate on it. Yet when he left scholarship for politics, he was a complete flop.

So all I asked was that each one learns to concentrate." And, I said, "I have a feeling that you are all turning into rolling stones. You have no roots."

"You, Imee, said you were discontented with Assumption College. You wanted to go to Ateneo. You have become impulsive. You are never satisfied."

"But is that not necessary for progress?" she asked in argument. The girl is fragrant and sharp, whatever her deficiencies.