

TRINITY COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

28/VI/08

My Dear Father.

~~My dear~~

The exam is at last over
and I am enjoying a brief
respite.

It is impossible for me to say
how I have done - sometimes
I hope for a second - then I look
at the papers and come across
a mistake and become very
despondent.

I believe they have been much
harder questions than last
year - or so I am told by
a man in last year who

was ploughed, and in again this year.
And I agree with him after reading
last year's papers.

Not want it to drag, and though not
pleased is rather cheerful, the
papers he had been admitted to
be badly even by the examiners
themselves.

It is very sad to think that you a
bishop of souls, and one who
has lived a blameless life for
60 odd years should at this
stage of your existence begin
to tell such lies - even for a
good purpose - that you will
not mind what class I get

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do you know I have written well,
you know you will mind very much -
in fact you are already pleased I have
checked every cell chance of a 1st -
and in the second place you know
I have been a slacker.

As for me I shall be more sorry
on your account than on my own
if I drop into a third.

I admit it will be hard luck if
I don't get a second, as I have
waded hard enough for it - but I hope
not enough for a first.

In any case - a blessing to have
played ruffe for Oxford and become
against Cambridge - to have been
president of our Church Society
and to have obtained a second
in History is eminently respectable

and I fear I shall live and die
eminently respectable - with ^{an} ~~out~~
sufficient force to do anything very
bad and therefore nothing very good.
I hope to get into college on Monday
and stay here, to evening, till July 3rd
when you come to London - you
must at least come to the
opening ceremony of the Games -
I think on the 13th when we march
back with all the other athletes.
Walter Tom has told us to advise
you to put our money into
Brewery shares - he is dead
against the Bill, and has so
shaken my opinions I am obliged
to hear you on the subject.

I am
Your affec^{te} son -
Charles Charles