

The Diary of a Sophomore, F. Scott Fitzgerald

Sunday—March 18th.

Felt nervous all day—temperature 99 8/10. Jim and Heck and Joe came in after dinner. We are going to stick together. Everybody says “stick to your friends”—I'm sticking like a leech—they can't shake me off. Hope I get a Seaweed bid.

Monday—

No mail—Jim, Heck and Joe not in rooms, college in anarchy—shall not leave room until I get a bid. Temperature 89.7.

Tuesday—

No mail—except a bill from Sinclair's. Sophomores wanted me to join commons club —Told them I'd like to but I'd promised to stick with my friends. Got Jim, Heck and Joe bids to commons club. Why don't they come to see me.

Wednesday—

Joe came over and said he and Heck were in the Pillbox section— Jim is going Star and Garter. I have a good chance for Pillbox—Turned down commons again.

Thursday—

We are all going Star and Garter. I'm glad I waited. We shook hands on it and Jim and Heck wept. Emotion is in the air. Temperature, 100.

Friday—

Peter Hype told me to hold off for Lung and Coatcheck. I told him I was going to stick with my friends. Hope he didn't think I meant it.

Saturday—

Bid for Lung and Coatcheck. I hate to leave Joe and Heck. Shook hands with all the “Lungs.” Was introduced to several fellows in my class.

Sunday—

Awful excitement. Temperature 102.

Monday—

Signed up Seaweed. Jim was foolish to throw away his chances. It's everyman's business to look out for himself. Heck and Joe were a drag on me. They'll be very happy in Star and Garter. Wrote Doris about it. Temperature, normal.

F.S.F.

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