JIMMY'S DAILY TALK
Dear Reader:
With Jimmy's consent, we open a new column in this issue. In this column we shall publish, along with Jimmy's full name is James Livingstone, but everybody knows him as Jimmy. Jimmy may be just like you. He is a middle school student, 17 years old in November. His English is so good that he has been in America for six years. I wish that all my readers might be as fortunate as Jimmy. If there is any criticism or suggestion, I (Jimmy, you are too) will appreciate it.

The Editor
Now Listen in to Jimmy's Daily Talk.
It is 7 o'clock in the morning, but our Jimmy is still in bed, although he is due in school at 7:15 A.M.
Mother: Getting the breakfast from the kitchen? Jimmy-umm! Jimmy-umm!
Jimmy: Yes, yes, mother, I will be right away. Marnese.

A few minutes later Mrs. Wong seeing Jimmy, hearing no sound, enters his room.
Mother: Jimmy! Marnese... are you not even out of bed? Do you know what time it is and this is your day of exams... remember?

Jimmy: Oh! Marnese... remember how late I studied last night? (Tumbling out of bed, dragging all the bedding from after him) Where are those slippers? They're like slippery eels! (Kicking his bare feet around the floor.)

Mother: (stooping to pick his slippers to him) Jimmy, you'll never pass your exams by examining the night before; you believe it's the day to work. For yesterday, you'll realize the results!

Jimmy: I know, I know. I will study this afternoon. But Marnese! With all my extra-curricular activities I seem to get behind by the way. And then I can't eat. Be with you in a jiffy (coughs and spits). (Running water, scrubbing of tooth, and humming comes alternately from behind the closed door. Suddenly the bell rings and Jimmy emerges looking fresh and cool, and of course, with a cigarette in his mouth. He grabs Marnese, pushes her against the wall and, grabbing her in a tight embrace, she is taking off her clothes.)

Mother: (angrily) Jimmy, be sensible! I want you to pass your exams with flying colors, not just to get by... anyone without brains can do that. You HAVE brains, use them.

Jimmy: I know, mom. You just say a little prayer for me, that always helps. Now run along and I'll be right with you in a jiffy. (Mrs. Wong gives him a smile and as she goes out to 'engineer' a breakfast that will be eaten in stream-lined haste, she does see him up a little later. But Marnese who has given Jimmy an alert mind for the task of the day).

Jimmy: (having eaten and ready to run) Bye Marnese, be seeing you!

A Guide to Correct English
(7) MISUSE OF PRONOUNS (continued)
It is a mistake to say I have a bad reason for using of PEW and A FEW. Wrong: I am glad that I have made a few mistakes. Right: I am glad that I have made a few mistakes.
Wrong: I intend to stay here for a few days. Right: I intend to stay here for a few days.
Few is a number that is not enough (numeral adjective). Few is not many. It is less than many. For example: He has read few books. Few is not many. For example: He has read few books. Few is not many. For example: He has read few books.
Wrong: He can not buy another fountain pen for he has little money left. Right: He can not buy another fountain pen for he has little money left. Wrong: I can buy this book, for I have little money left.

IDIOMS (16)
1. to cut one's words short (Are you going to cut your words short and by me?) 2. make a clean breast of it (Are you going to cut your words short and by me?)

RESULT OF THE ESSAY CONTEST
1st Prize: Peter Sung, Queen's College, A Trip To Shatin.
2nd Prize: Stephen Lee, school work, A Trip To Silver Mine Bay.
3rd Prize: Catherine Sung, Science Heart School, Macao, My Family Life.
Other best entries: Kai Kwong, Shing Sun Kwun Nam, Ng Kai Hong, Ng Hing Fong, Mui Leung, Fu Sec Lo, John Yau, Mei Lai Chi, Betty W. H. Hu.

Please come to the weekly for your prize.
The writing of Mr. Peter Sung will be published in P.I.E. next week.

ANSWER TO LAST GAME
Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, was a strong man. It is hard to tell whether he worked and fought because he loved his country, or whether he did so purely selfish reasons. Probably, the two theories were mixed in his mind. In one case, he was one of the cleverest soldiers that the world has seen. When you have read this story, you will be able to judge whether he was a good man or not. You may perhaps think that, after all, his work was done at the cost of too many lives.

LETTER FROM JOHN
Dear Miss Koo,
I take the liberty to write this letter to you. You may not remember me; since we have met each other only once at Mary Hee's birthday party, and it was almost a year ago.
Bob, my cousin, introduced me on that day, and I am sorry to have had only one chance of dancing with you, as you were always busily engaged in dances with other gentlemen for the whole night. I have heard about you from Bob oft'n, and it is for his recommendation that now I am a faithful reader of the Student Weekly, especially of P.I.E. Having read your answer to Bob and your other articles, I cannot help admiring you and desiring to write to you. Would you kindly answer me and correct the errors in my letters? I have to confess that my English is very poor.
I have the pleasure to say that P.I.E. is very interesting and beneficial to me. I like your topics on Letter to a Young Artist and A Guide to Correct English has also given me much useful information. As for the column of conversation, I esteem it highly interesting; I hope that column may be resumed soon.
Some day I may write a few pieces of short story to P.I.E., but I do not know whether they will be acceptable.

Sincerely yours,
John H. Chen