* Holiday Wishes *

A to Z Illusions, The Story of Lettergraphs

Original, unique and personal are three words that seldom go together; however, David Matthews has captured that and more with his imagination and talents as a photographer. He has just launched his new line that he calls "Lettergraphs," which can be seen on his web site: www.atozillusions.com.

This user-friendly site enables you to create your own name or special word. even if you think you don't have a creative bone in your body.

David has spent his entire career in photography, including photojournalism and industrial commercial photography. Over the past few years, he has enjoyed compiling a library



of, to date, over three hundred photographs of everyday objects taken from different angles to capture letters and reproduces them in sepia 4 x 6 prints.

From his home in Manitoba, David said, "The idea is not an original one; it is something I did years ago for fun. While volunteering at the local school. I had a student who was baying

in the literacy programme, I had a student who was having trouble forming the shapes of letters. So I invented a little game to find letters among the desks and chairs of the classroom. That was the 'aha' moment, recalling the past, and approaching the subject from a different angle,"

Since the web-site launch, the response has been wonderful. David said, "I am now sending L-O-V-E and H-A-P-P-I-N-E-S-S to customers in every corner of the world".

Some letters are infinitely tougher to find than others. While Q is surprisingly easy to find, anyone with a lead on capitals R and Z is welcome to contact him. The word LOVE has proved very popular. Runners-up are first and last names



Create and personalize any word or name using our unique

Photographic Alphabet www.atozillusions.com

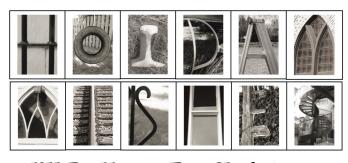
Website allows you to try various styles of letters for any word prior to ordering.

as well as inspirational words like Laugh, Smile and Hope.

Friends and family are now looking out for letters and phone him to say, "Hey, David, there is a great "A" at such and such a place."

The library is forever expanding, and you can create your own on the website, and keep up with the latest letters and places they will be setting up in their exhibition booth.

Further details can be obtained on the site at www. atozillusions.com or by emailing atozillusions@ymail.com



I'll Be Home For Christmas

by Jim Nelson

It was late at night on December 21, 1954, in a Boston bar, when I first heard the song, "I'll Be Home For Christmas." I couldn't help myself; I set my Knickerbocker beer down on the table and started to cry. My five buddies all dressed in the khaki uniform of the US Army, as I was, looked at me in surprise. After all, we were part of one of Uncle Sam's finest units, bloused combat boots and all, and we certainly didn't cry in public.

My friend Bill looked at me and said, "What is wrong with you, Nelson? You're going home tomorrow, discharge in hand."

"I know," I replied, "I guess it's just been so long since I've been there and there were times when I didn't think it would ever happen."

They all grinned, hoisted their Knickerbockers in salute and said in a chorus, "Well it did, and we're here to see you put some wings to that song, "I'll Be Home For Christmas."

By this time, I was laughing and all was right with my world once again.

Early the next morning, I boarded a silver-colored DC-3 with Mohawk Airlines emblazoned on the sides and tail. It was the prettiest plane I had ever laid eyes on, I thought as we raced down the runway headed for New York. I had confirmed reservations to LaGuardia, but after that I was flying standby in the busiest time of the year. Just two days before Christmas. Maybe, just maybe, I would make it home for Christmas after all, I reflected. The flight was uneventful, but bumpy, characteristic of the DC-3.

After landing, I bought a black stuffed poodle for Lois, my fiancée, and then headed for the ticket counter of an airline I was familiar with. The maze and confusion of the Christmas rush were all around me. I crossed my fingers and said to the ticket agent, "I need a ticket to Spokane, Washington."

The smiling ticket agent said, "Going home for Christmas, soldier?"

I looked at him and said, "I'm not sure, as I'm flying standby and I've got three thousand miles to go."

While he stamped my ticket he said, "Throw your duffel

Continued on next page...