#### Theinhardt Compact

#### **About Theinhardt Compact**

Theinhardt Compact is the most impactful family in the Theinhardt collection. With strong vertical lines that stand out in word compositions, this family has a very graphic quality. Its greater x-height reduces the counter space, allowing for uncompromising typographic compositions. Originally commissioned by *The New York Times Magazine*, Theinhardt Compact outstandingly expresses display and headline information.

A milestone in the development of grotesque type design, Theinhardt was designed by Francois Rappo, after studying the origins of sans-serif typefaces emerging from the late nineteenth and the early twentieth centuries. The typeface is named after Ferdinand Theinhardt, whose visionary approach significantly shaped modern typography as he opened a new range of possibilities for the grotesque genre-scholars are continuing to uncover details about this fascinating typographic saga. Theinhardt was released nearly fifty years after the revolutionary arrival of neo-grotesque typefaces, which thrived in the Swiss-style context, Looking at this fantastic line of descent, François Rappo meticulously created a new typeface, valorizing the quality and heritage of its sans-serif ancestors.

Theinhardt is composed of nine complementary weights, each masterfully drawn with their corresponding italics and offering a wide range of possibilities. A solid and well-proven typeface Theinhardt combines the best historical features of early grotesque typefaces in a contemporary adaptation fit for extensive modern usage. It is "the original grotesque" par excellence.

→ Released in 2020

#### Designed by François Rappo

François Rappo lives and works in Lausanne, Switzerland. Rappo studied graphic design in the early 1980s at the École cantonale des beaux arts (ECBA) in Lausanne, where he specialized in typography. After years of graphic design practice in both the cultural and the corporate fields, he became active in design education.

Since the mid-1990s, he teaches editorial and type design at the École cantonale d'art de Lausanne (ECAL), where he established the art direction master's degree program in 2009, which became the type design master's degree program in 2016. Additionally, Rappo frequently lectures about his typographic practice in Europe, Russia, and the USA.

From 2001 to 2007, he was the president of the jury for The Most Beautiful Swiss Books competition. He was awarded the prestigious Jan Tschichold Prize in 2013 for his outstanding achievement in editorial design through his influential typeface designs.

Theinhardt Compact Heavy 254 pt

Theinhardt Compact Hairline/Italic 110 pt

A2

Theinhardt Compact Ultralight/Italic 110 pt

Aa

Aa

Theinhardt Compact Thin/Italic 110 pt

Aa

Aa

Theinhardt Compact Light/Italic 110 pt

Aa

Aa

Theinhardt Compact Regular/Italic 110 pt

Aa

Aa

Theinhardt Compact Medium/Italic 110 pt

Aa

Ha

Theinhardt Compact Bold/Italic 110 pt Aa

Ha

Theinhardt Compact Heavy/Italic 110 pt

Ha

Aa

Theinhardt Compact Family 18 Styles

Theinhardt Compact Hairline Theinhardt Compact Hairline Italic Theinhardt Compact Ultralight Theinhardt Compact Ultralight Italic Theinhardt Compact Thin Theinhardt Compact Thin Italic Theinhardt Compact Light Theinhardt Compact Light Italic Theinhardt Compact Regular Theinhardt Compact Italic Theinhardt Compact Medium Theinhardt Compact Medium Italic Theinhardt Compact Bold Theinhardt Compact Bold Italic **Theinhardt Compact Heavy** Theinhardt Compact Heavy Italic

Theinhardt ® Compact Character Map

Uppercase

Lowercase

Standard Punctuation

Symbols

Standard Ligatures

**Proportional Lining Figures** 

Oldstyle Figures

Slashed Zero

Mathematical Symbols

Currencies

Fractions

Numerators

Denominators

Superscript/Superiors

Subscript/Inferiors

Ordinals

Arrows

Accented Uppercases

Accented Lowercases

Stylistic Alternates

ABCDEFGHIKLMNOPORSTUVWXYZ abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz .;;...---\_()[]{};i!¿¿?""",,,""、 $\sim$ ~ $^{\parallel}$ ••@ 6%%0080%113456789 0123456789 00  $+-\pm \times \div = \neq \approx <> \leq \geq \neg \infty \sim ^{\prime} \ U / \pi \partial \Delta \Pi \nabla V$ 

+-±x+-≠~<>≤≥¬∞~ μ/ πυΔη≥ νν \$¢£¥€ƒ¤ ¼ ½ ¾ ⅓ ⅔ ⅓ ⅓ ⅓ ⅓ 5/8 ⅓ 12345/67890 H0123456789abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz()[]

H0123456789abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz()[] H0123456789abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz()[]=-+

Ho123456789abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz()[]=-+ Hao

 $\leftarrow \rightarrow \leftarrow \rightarrow \downarrow \leftarrow \leftarrow \rightarrow \leftarrow \rightarrow \downarrow \leftarrow$ 

ĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĒĆČČĊÇĎĐĒĒĒĒĒĒĒĒĒĒĒĒĒĠĞĠĢĤĦĬĪĪĬĬĬĮIJĴĶĹĽĻŁĿĹŃŇÑŅ ŊŌŌŌÖÖŌŎØØŒÞŔŘŖßŜŠŞŞŤŢŢŦŪŪŪŪÜŪŬŮŪŲŴŴŴŴŸŶŶŸŹŹŹ āāāāäāāååaææċcčċçďđēēēēëēēeēġġġġĥħìīīīīĭĭĮijĴjķĬľļłŀſňňň ņōōōööŏŏøøœŕřŗßsŝšşşťţţŧùūūūüūŭůūųwwwwÿýŷÿŹŹŻŋðþ eèēēĕëĕġææġĝġġijijĴjpayŷýŷÿ

Language Support

Afrikaans, Albanian, Asu, Basque, Bemba, Bena, Breton, Bosnian, Catalan, Chiga, Colognian, Cornish, Croatian [Latin], Czech, Danish, Dutch, Embu, English, Esperanto, Estonian, Faroese, Filipino, Fijian, Finnish, Flemish, French, Friulian, Frisian, Galician, Ganda, German,Gusii, Greenlandic, Hawaiian, Hungarian, Icelandic, Inari Sami, Indonesian, Irish, Italian, Jola-Fonyi, Kabuverdianu, Kalaallisut, Kalenjin,

Kamba, Kikuyu, Kinyardawanda, Latin, Latvian, Lithuanian, Lower Sorbian, Luo, Luxembourgish, Luyia, Machame, Makhuwa-Meetto, Makonde, Malagasy, Malay, Maltese, Manx, Maori, Meru, Morisyen, Moldavian, North Ndebele, Nothern Sami, Norwegian Bokmål, Norwegian Nynorsk, Nyankole, Oromo, Portuguese, Polish, Quechua, Provençal, Rhaeto-Romanic, Romanian, Romansh, Romany, Rombo, Rundi, Rwa, Samburu, Sango, Sangu, Sámi [Inari], Sámi [Luli], Sámi [Northern], Sámi [Southern], Samoan, Scottish Gaelic, Sena, Serbian [Latin], Spanish, Shambala, Shona, Slovak, Slovenian, Soga, Somali, Swahili, Swedish, Swiss German, Taita, Teso, Tagalog, Turkish, Upper Sorbian, Uzbek, Volapük, Vunjo, Walser, Wallon, Welsh, Western Frisian, Wolof, Zulu

Unicode Blocks and Codepages featured in the Optimo Latin Extended Character Set

Adobe

Adobe Latin-1

Apple Macintosh

- MacOS Roman (Standard Latin)
- · MacOS Central European Latin
- MacOS Croatian
- · MacOS Iceland
- · MacOS Romanian
- · MacOS Turkish

ISO 8859

European

-8859-3 Latin-3 South European

· 8859-4 Latin-4 North European

8859-9 Latin-5 Turkish

8859-13 Latin-7 Baltic Rim

- Microsoft Windows · 8859-1 Latin-1 Western European
- · MS Windows 1250 Central European Latin ·8859-2 Latin-2 Central European · MS Windows 1252 Western (Standard Latin)
  - · MS Windows 1254 Turkish Latin

  - · MS Windows 1257 Baltic Latin

**Encoded Glyphs** 

- Basic Latin
- Latin-1 Supplement
- Latin Extended-A

· Latin Extended Additional

Latin Extended-B

8859-15 Latin-9 8859-16 Latin-10 South-Eastern

ON

OpenType Features



All Caps [cpsp]

Case Sensitive Forms [case]

This function formats the text in uppercase and adjusts spacing between all capital letters. It also applies the 'Case Sensitive Forms' feature which replaces certain characters with alternates that are better suited for all capital text, especially related to punctuation.

OFF

All Caps (278) «Theinhardt Compact»

Hal¦()[]{}¿j‹>«>>--- $H \leftarrow \uparrow \rightarrow \downarrow$ 

**ALL CAPS (278)** «THEINHARDT COMPACT»

H@|¦()[]{}¿|‹›«»---•  $H\leftarrow \uparrow \rightarrow \downarrow$ 

**Tabular Lining Figures** [tnum-Inum]



**Proportional Lining Figures** [munt-mund]



Tabular oldstyle Figures [tnum-Inum]



Proportional oldstyle Figures [pnum-Inum]

This typeface includes lining and oldstyle figures available in tabular or proportional spacing formats. Lining figures have an invariable height comparatively to oldstyle figures who have varying ascenders, descenders and x-height. For contexts in which numbers need to line up such as columns or tables, the tabular setting is perfectly adapted as all numerals width is uniformized. Proportional setting generates numerals suitable for text; each number has an appropriate width based on its shape.

H0123456789 H0123456789 H0123456789 H0123456789 H0123456789 H0123456789 H0123456789 H0123456789

Α-

Contextual Alternates [calt]

This feature adapts the position of a glyph after its surrounding context. For instance, a dash placed between two uppercase letters or numbers will be replaced by an uppercase version of the dash, slightly higher. This feature is usually active by default in Adobe applications.

A-B-G-D 1-2

A-B-G-D 1-2

Standard Ligatures [liga]

Standard ligatures replaces a sequence of characters with a single ligature glyph, they are designed to improve kerning and readability of certain letter pairs.

ff ffi ffl fi fl

ff ffi ffl fi fl



Fractions [frac]

With this feature, any numbers separated by a slash will automatically turn into a fraction. To fit in fraction configuration, numerals have been designed smaller and their weights have been adjusted to suit the typeface.

1/2 1/3 2/3 1/4 3/4 3/8 5/8 7/8

1/2 1/3 2/3 1/4 3/4 3/8 5/8 7/8



Ordinals [ordn]

This feature replaces any letter following a numeral with its matching superior letters. French language uses the ordinal indicators such as 'er' for 1er premier, while Spanish, Portuguese and Italian require the feminine and masculine ordinals 'a,' 'o' for 1°, 1°. Ordinals are designed to match the weight of the typeface.

2a 2o 1er

2ª 2º 1er



Slashed Zero [zero]

Originally created to avoid the confusion between the '0' and the '0', this feature substitutes all zeros in a selected text by a slashed form of the zero.

00



Numerators [numr]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates. The numerators are the same glyphs that are used to create fractions, their vertical position remains within the capital letters height. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789 Habcdefghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz()[] H0123456789 Habcdefghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz()[]



Denominators [dnom]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates and low position glyphs. The denominators are the same glyphs that are used to create fractions, their vertical position remains within the base line. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789 Habcdefghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz()[]

H0123456789 Habcdefghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz()[]



Superscript/Superiors [sups]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates which are set slightly above the height of the capital letters. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789 Habcdefghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz()[]-+= H<sup>0123456789</sup> Habcdefghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz()[]-+=



Subscript/Inferiors [subs]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates which are set slightly below the baseline. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789 Habcdefghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz()[]-+= H<sub>0123456789</sub>
H<sub>abcdefghijkImno</sub>
H<sub>pqrstuvwxyz()[]-+=</sub>



Stylistic Set 1 [ss01]

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).



Stylistic Set 6 [ss06]

This feature activates alternate lowercase positioning of mathematical symbols.



Stylistic Set 20 [ss20]

This feature substitutes the letter "x" into the multiplication sign.



Discretionary Ligatures [dlig]

This feature activates discretionary ligatures which are specific to the type-face. It applies all other designed ligatures that are not classified as standard ligatures.



Stylistic Set 2 [ss02]

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).

S

ſ

4-7×8 up+down

4-7×8 up+down H+±×÷-=≈≠≤≥¬∞

32x50 cm

32×50 cm

-> <-

 $\rightarrow$   $\leftarrow$ 

egjpqy ēēēĕëēĕeęææĝġġġijĵjyýŷÿ egipay èéêĕëëéeææâġġġijĵıŷŷŷÿ

Theinhardt Compact Hairline 60 pt

# The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible,

Theinhardt Compact Hairline

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the listened to the big engine idle,

Theinhardt Compact Hairline 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in

Theinhardt Compact Hairline

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriffs vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "Ive never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Mai Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception, He would let her into Heaven In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the

Theinhardt Compact Hairline Italic

#### The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible,

Theinhardt Compact Hairline Italic 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the listened to the big engine

Theinhardt Compact Hairline Italic 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in

Theinhardt Compact Hairline Italic 12 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "It've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like Itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a forry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting

Theinhardt Compact Ultralight

# The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible,

Theinhardt Compact Ultralight

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the listened to the big engine idle,

Theinhardt Compact Ultralight 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in

Theinhardt Compact Ultralight 12 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "Ive never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Mai Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception, He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the

Theinhardt Compact Ultralight Italic

#### The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible,

Theinhardt Compact Ultralight Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the listened to the big engine

Theinhardt Compact Ultralight Italic 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in

Theinhardt Compact Ultralight Italic 12 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "Ive never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a slihouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like liself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting

Theinhardt Compact Thin

# The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible,

Theinhardt Compact Thin

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the listened to the big engine

Theinhardt Compact Thin 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in

Theinhardt Compact Thin

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "It've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven, In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up

Theinhardt Compact Thin Italic

#### The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible,

Theinhardt Compact Thin Italic 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the listened to the big engine

Theinhardt Compact Thin Italic 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in

Theinhardt Compact Thin Italic 12 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "Ive never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale.

Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up

Theinhardt Compact Light

# The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisi-

Theinhardt Compact Light 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the listened to the big

Theinhardt Compact Light 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my

Theinhardt Compact Light 12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center; just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth

Theinhardt Compact Light Italic

#### The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisi-

Theinhardt Compact Light Italic 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the listened to

Theinhardt Compact Light Italic 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent

Theinhardt Compact Light Italic 12 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my four-

Theinhardt Compact Regular

# The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisi-

Theinhardt Compact Regular 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the listened to

Theinhardt Compact Regular 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city

Theinhardt Compact Regular

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would

Theinhardt Compact Italic

#### The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisi-

Theinhardt Compact Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the lis-

Theinhardt Compact Italic 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city

Theinhardt Compact Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an

Theinhardt Compact Medium

# The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisi-

Theinhardt Compact Medium 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the listened

Theinhardt Compact Medium 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city

Theinhardt Compact Medium

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would

Theinhardt Compact Medium Italic

#### The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisi-

Theinhardt Compact Medium Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the lis-

Theinhardt Compact Medium Italic 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city

Theinhardt Compact Medium Italic 12 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man."

Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace.

All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would

20

Theinhardt Compact Bold 60 pt

# The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisi-

Theinhardt Compact Bold 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the lis-

Theinhardt Compact Bold 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city

Theinhardt Compact Bold

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Theinhardt Compact Bold Italic

# The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisi-

Theinhardt Compact Bold Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the listened

Theinhardt Compact Bold Italic 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city

Theinhardt Compact Bold Italic 12 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the hay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings.

Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog. but I didn't gray when Emily

22

Theinhardt Compact Heavy 60 pt

# The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisi-

Theinhardt Compact Heavy 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the listened

Theinhardt Compact Heavy 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city

Theinhardt Compact Heavy

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man."

Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would

Theinhardt Compact Heavy Italic

# The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisi-

Theinhardt Compact Heavy Italic 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the listened

Theinhardt Compact Heavy Italic 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the hig engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city

Theinhardt Compact Heavy Italic 12 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the hig saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings.

Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead doo, but I didn't pray when Emily