

The
Monotype
Recorder

—
No. 244
—

March - April
1932

THIS NUMBER IS COMPOSED IN

"MONOTYPE" SCOTCH ROMAN

SERIES NO. 137

WITH HEADINGS IN FALSTAFF DISPLAY

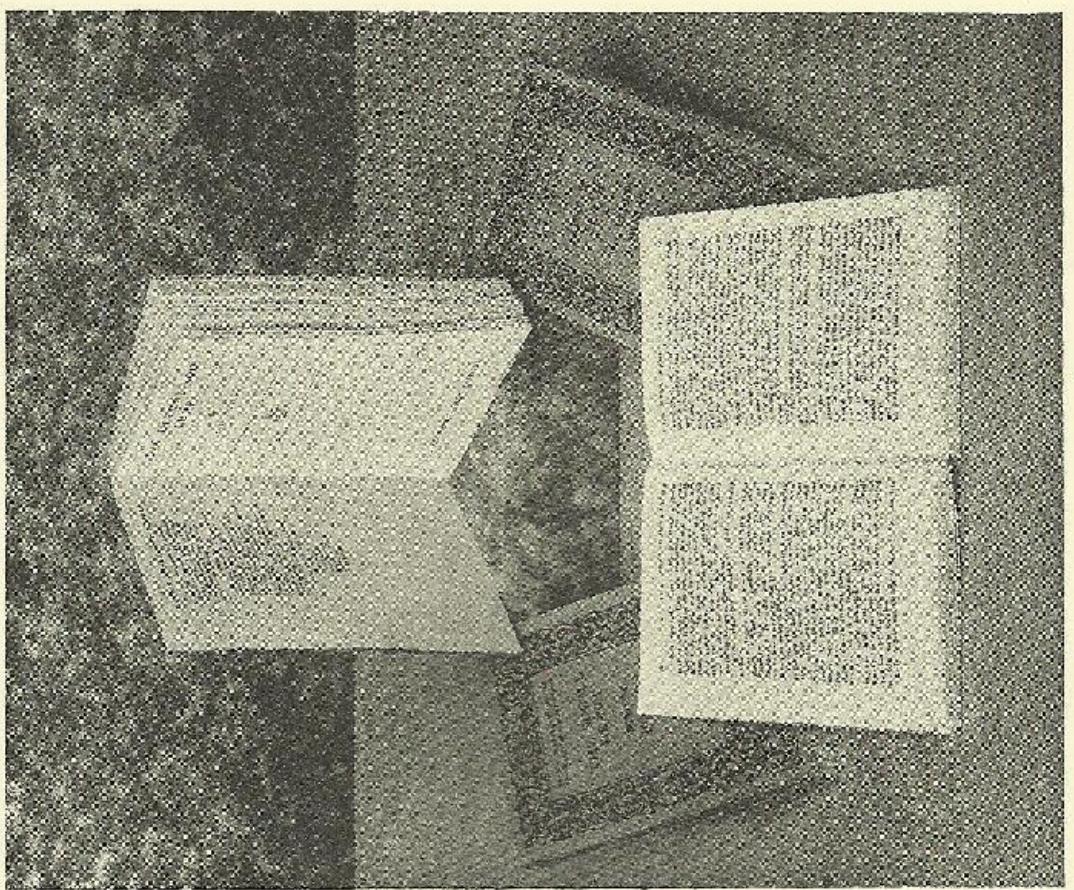
SERIES NO. 323

of which a specimen showing appears on page 17

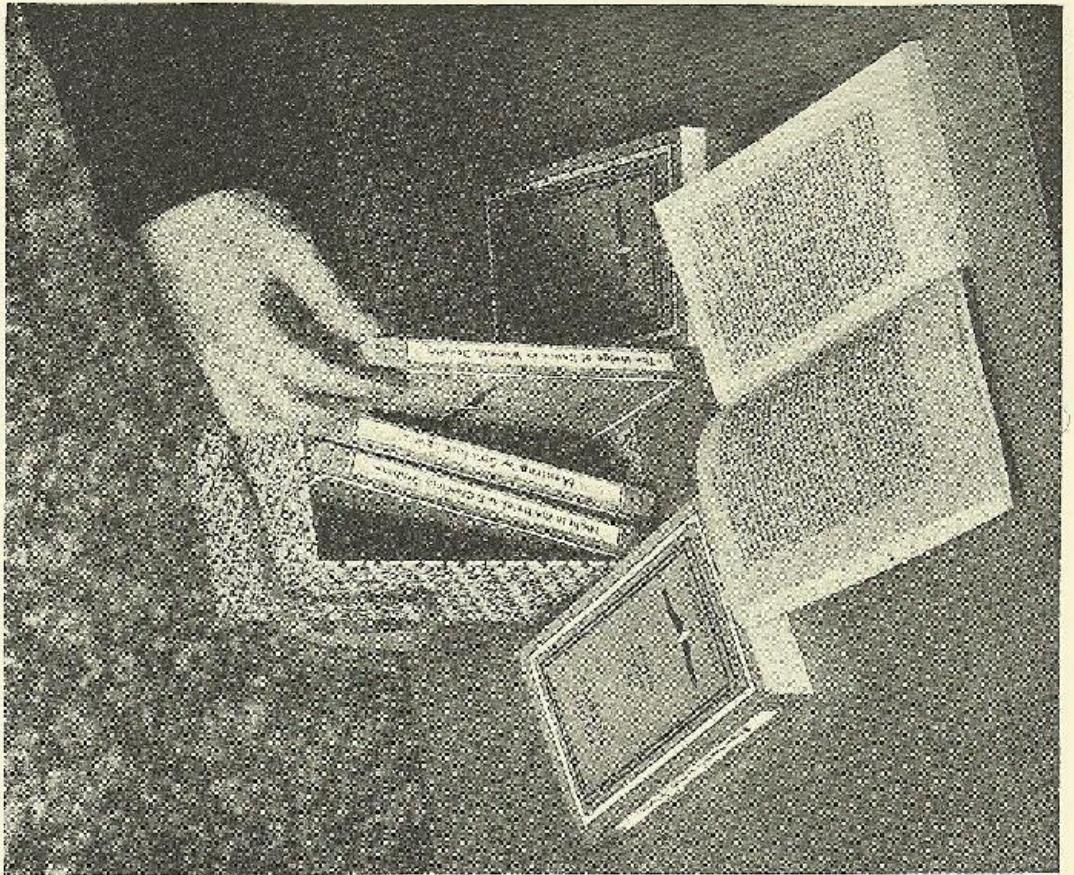
THE

"MONOPOLY PEW"

RECORDER



The first six titles of the Benn Nineteen-Novel Series include a provocative study of *The Next Generation*, by J. D. Beresford; *Broom Squires*, a tale in Mr. Eden Phillpotts' raciest vein; *Love is a Flame*, an exciting story by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, and novels by Storm Jameson, Alec Waugh and Naomi Royde-Smith.



The first ten "Albatross" Continental Reprints include novels by James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Hugh Walpole and Edgar Wallace. The variety of colours with which the jackets are bound gives a convenient classification of the kind of fiction: adventure, romance, historical fiction or biography, essays, short stories and psychological novels may all be identified by colour.

The Monotype RECORDER

Volume XXXI

MARCH-APRIL 1932

Number 244

A Journal for Users and Prospective Users
of the "Monotype"
Type Composing Machine
and its Accessories

-
- FOR THE GLORY OF THE CRAFT. Page 2
"POCKET FINE PRINTING." Page 4
RESPECT FOR LETTERS. Page 10
THE "MONOTYPE" AT OLYMPIA. Page 11
PRINTERS ON PARADE. Page 14
A RASH PROPHET. Page 15
FALSTAFF: SPECIMEN. Page 17
"THE ANSWER IS—" Page 18
NEWS AND REVIEWS. Page 20
-

LONDON

The Monotype Corporation Limited

43 FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

1932

FOR THE GLORY OF THE CRAFT

To the foreigner, and also to many Englishmen, the City of London is an enchanted town-within-a-town—a mysterious place where the finances of the world are discussed, and in which every year a pageant of mediæval splendour demonstrates that Whittington's city still has its Lord Mayor. To the resident of Westminster or any other part of that vast territory west of Temple Bar or east of Cripplegate, the city is a place which maintains its own police force and requires the king himself ceremonially to hand over his sword and receive it back from the Lord Mayor upon passing Temple Bar on a visit of state. But to everyone in the world who is in any way connected with the printer's craft, London City will always have special importance in that it is by far the largest printing centre in the world.

It is possible to walk from Fetter Lane to Printing House Square late at night and almost never be out of earshot of the busy "Monotypes" and droning presses. Ever since the early 16th century, the City of London has been the City of Printers.

At the heart of this citadel of the most important "mechanick exercise" in the world, stands the beautiful Church of St. Bride, and nearby is the St. Bride Institute, a living force

in the industrial and journalistic life around it. It is a social centre, a place where ambitious young men and women can receive physical training, technical education, and the stimulus of association under pleasant conditions. And on the second floor of this Institute there is the most important tangible possession of the printing trade in this or any other country: the St. Bride technical printing library.

Too often it is impossible to measure the value of knowledge in terms of money. But in this case it is not enough to say that all the important printing text books, specimen books and some of the finest examples of both ancient and modern printing are gathered together in Bride Lane, and that this is a good thing. The fact is that in one day intelligently spent in this reference library any master printer, any printer's representative, or any ambitious journeyman can acquire enough interesting information to save his firm a very considerable amount of money—or to instil into his work a finer spirit of craftsmanship—or to equip the firm with ideas for advertising which will definitely expand its business. Were the library difficult of access, or were the staff grudging of help, the value to the trade would be less; but there is probably no one who has ever done any

FOR THE GLORY OF THE CRAFT

research into printing archives, and few who ever needed to gain knowledge quickly as to some new development in printing affairs, who cannot testify to the personal and willing co-operation which can be counted upon from the St. Bride's librarian, Mr. W. Turner Berry. This Corporation has the greatest pleasure in acknowledging its constant indebtedness to St. Bride's for the information and advice it has been able to pass on to printers generally and in specific cases. The library is a treasure house, and its doors are open to all whom it can enrich.

For the first time in 40 years, St. Bride Institute has been compelled to appeal to the public for money. A fund of £4,000 will make it possible to put in hand urgently-needed work of repair and improvement. Those to whom the printing craft means far more than a means of livelihood, those who have

everything to gain by its increased prestige and dignity, will assuredly welcome this opportunity of giving concrete expression to their gratitude for all that the St. Bride Institute, both through its library and through its social activities, has done for the British printer, journalist and publisher.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Clerk of the Governors, St. Bride Institute, Bride Lane, E.C.4, and cheques made payable to "St. Bride Institute Renovation Fund." At this time, when the financial future of the country appears brighter and more stable than some might have believed possible a few months ago, contributors to this worthy cause will have the pleasure of knowing that they are investing in a "security" which no passing storm can sweep away, and that their generosity will bear fruit in eager young minds for years to come.

"POCKET FINE PRINTING"

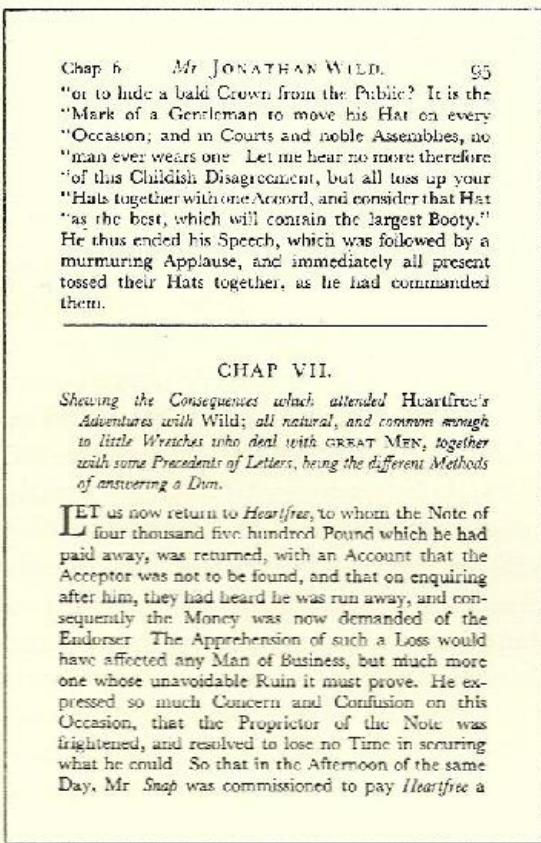
SEVEN centuries elapsed between the signing of the Magna Charta and a complete democratization of this country by giving almost every adult man and woman a share in the government in the form of a vote. All that time the idea of liberty implied in the fundamental document signed by King John (when there were English slaves) has been working downward through the social scale and broadening in application. Democracy generally starts as a movement to free the aristocracy from a single tyrant, but once freedom has been won, it cannot be confined to a class or group; eventually it must apply to all humanity.

If for the word "humanity" one substitutes the word "books," and for "liberty," "fine typography," a somewhat similar tendency will be observed in the printing history of this century. The manifestos of William Morris and his group worked out in practice to the improvement of the luxurious limited edition, somewhat as the first benefits of Magna Charta accrued chiefly to the interests of the powerful barons. But during this century the movement has affected, in turn, the medium-priced limited but comparatively large edition, the ordinary seven-and-sixpenny book, and the cheap reprint; and it now reaches the widest available public

through various enterprises in England and on the continent, which would seem to be the final democratization of beautiful printing.

The word "beautiful," dangerous as it is in any discussion of an applied art, is used here advisedly. There was well-designed and even elegant printing before the Kelmscott Press, but Morris taught or rather re-taught the world to take an actual delight in the shape of type impressions, in their management on the page, in their suitability for their purpose. He spoke at a time when, if you wanted something more than an ordinary Caslon or Scotch Roman face, you had to send the design of the face to a hand punch-cutter, and acquire a private fount. But the appetite for really pleasurable printing which he aroused amongst wealthy connoisseurs has now become part of the ordinary book-buyer's attitude towards what he buys.

The most famous reprint library is *Everyman's* (J. M. Dent), which now boasts 880 titles. These classics at 2s. are "Monotype" set. But in the past decade the reprint series has become a phenomenon of English publishing which is envied by book-buyers in foreign lands. A member of our staff recently spent a rainy half-hour in a small book-shop, and came away with



A page from *The World's Classics* series published by the Oxford University Press (2s. a volume). Reduced from $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

sixteen excellently printed volumes for which he paid only £2 11s. 6d. He had "sampled" different series by as many different publishers, and his list included the following (all "Monotype"):

Wilder: *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (Garamond), The SWAN LIBRARY, Longmans & Green, 3s. 6d. Gogol: *Dead Souls*, Benn's ESSEX LIBRARY, 384 pages in 8 point Garamond for 3s. 6d. Henry Fielding Jones: *Diversions in Sicily*, which is number 120 of the Jonathan Cape's TRAVELLERS'



The World's Classics (yellow and black) Jacket

LIBRARY, 3s. 6d. Gosse: *Aspects and Impressions*, Cassell's POCKET LIBRARY, 3s. 6d. Gerhardi: *Pretty Creatures*, in Duckworth's NEW READER'S LIBRARY, 3s. 6d. (set in Garamond with particularly good margins); C. E. Montague's *Disenchantment*, in Chatto and Windus's PHOENIX LIBRARY, with its pleasant dust-jacket, at 3s. 6d. *Quaint Specimens*, by E. V. Knox, in the GATEWAY LIBRARY, published by Methuen & Co., at 3s. 6d. A well-printed and illustrated volume of the HOW AND

THE MONOTYPE RECORDER

WHY series, published by A. & C. Black at 2s. 6d.; and volumes of the NAUTILUS LIBRARY (Philip Allan & Co., 2s. 6d.), SHORT STORIES OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY (Harrap & Co., 3s. 6d.) the inviting HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF MODERN KNOWLEDGE (Thornton Butterworth, 2s. 6d.), and CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY (Constable & Co., 3s. 6d.)

There was also a book of short stories from the KINGFISHER LIBRARY (Edward Arnold & Co., 3s. 6d.); another from the ENGLISH HERITAGE series, published by Longmans Green & Co., 3s. 6d. (well set in Garamond); and W. H. Hudson's *Nature in Downland*, a distinguished piece of setting in "Monotype" Centaur illustrated by E. F. Daglish, the editor of Dent's OPEN-AIR LIBRARY, and costing only 3s. 6d. Finally there was a volume of the Oxford WORLD'S CLASSICS, which could be shown to any modern bibliophile as representative of the finest English typography, in "Monotype" Baskerville; its price was only 2s.

It must be remembered that this list was compiled from books actually bought from one small shop, and many of our readers will at once think of other volumes to add to this collection of books of low price as good examples of first-rate separate type composition such as the *Week-end Scott* (Baskerville), published by Alexander Maclehose & Co., 3s. 6d.; and Sheed & Ward's well-designed ESSAYS IN ORDER.

Of the foreign well-printed low price books which are "Monotype" set, our

readers are probably familiar with the INSEL-BÜCHEREI; and a new continental enterprise with British backing has just appeared.

"THE ALBATROSS"

We have just had the opportunity of inspecting a set of books which are not on sale in Great Britain or the U.S.A., but which travellers on the continent will find displayed in many bookstalls. The price of this new series, which is called The Albatross, is the equivalent of 1s. 9d. (at par) in the various continental currencies. The books, like the well-known Tauchnitz editions, are all English reprints of leading English and American fiction. But the important thing about the books is not so much the price or the interesting list of authors as the fact that these cheap pocket editions are genuine examples of beautiful typography—not merely neat and legible, but alluring and desirable in every detail of production.

As *The Times* said in its review of March 1st, "There is no such series in existence which produces its books anything like so well as these six are produced." One of the most effective features is the choice of five different colours for the stout paper board covers, each colour identifying a particular kind of fiction. Green is for stories of travel and foreign peoples; orange, books of short stories or humorous works; light purple distinguishes a biography or historical novel; blue, a love story; yellow, essays; and a pleasant brick-red denotes that the story is one of

"POCKET FINE PRINTING"

adventure and crime. The books are all "Monotype"-set in such fine faces as Baskerville and Garamond; and the volumes in hand were printed and bound by the firm of Mondadori, in Verona.

As the Albatross is backed by British capital it has fittingly chosen a typographic style which reminds the reader of good British book-work rather than of the typical continental "paper back." The question of actual production in this country must wait upon more immediate initial problems, but as a venture in "cheap fine books" the Albatross will surely aid the prestige of English literature abroad.

THE BENN "NINEPENNIES"

Meanwhile in England the announcement by Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd., of a series of new novels by leading contemporary writers, to be sold at 9d. each, has been closely followed by the first six volumes of the series; a glance at these demurely-bound pocket-size books is enough to indicate that the word "cheap" has once more been held down to a purely economic meaning. Set in 11-point of the beautiful "Monotype" Garamond face, these books average 160 pages, and the convenient pocket size, 6 $\frac{2}{3}$ in. by 4 in., allows a margin which, though not lavish, is sufficient and well-balanced. The standardized title pages are of commendable simplicity, and make good use of the publishers' device between two thin transverse rules.

The stout paper jackets of these 9d. novels present a decorative appearance with their blue arabesque border (from a 16th century Lyon title page) on light grey paper. While there will always be a section in the English-reading public which thinks of a book as a cloth-bound book, there has also undoubtedly been a large public to whom 7s. 6d.—or even the subscription to a library—represented a large expenditure. For this "mass" public is now offered a new "class" literature set in typography worthy of it, and the fortunes of the new endeavour will be watched with sympathy on that account by all who would welcome a rival to the Shilling Shocker in the Ninepenny Novel-ty.

Sir Ernest Benn has been kind enough to give us some interesting information as to this series. "Critics and booksellers," writes Sir Ernest, "have both shown an enthusiasm over this venture which is exceptional and refreshing, and we are already able to say that it has surpassed every publishing record since the war."

In order to demonstrate "the old economic doctrine that the buyer settles the price" Sir Ernest states that "If, for instance, half-a-million enthusiastic readers were willing to queue up outside the binders' warehouse on the morning of publication and themselves take away 500,000 copies, thus saving all packing, carriage, shopkeeping, advertising, booking and finance charges, and could be relied upon to go to the same personal trouble week by week, arriving at the proper hour, taking

"It's I—Nan Paveley."

"I thought it was George," the chirp was there again. "He often rings me up about this time to try and make me go out with him. But one can have too much even of a good thing—can't one?"

"Indeed one can!"

"I thought you had no telephone?"

"We haven't. But I'm in Nutsfield Yard, and I wondered if you'd come round here—I mean now—for a few minutes?"

Should she add, "I've something important to say to you"? No. Instinct bade her wait till she and Doris were face to face.

"I'll come round at once." She heard again the joyous lilt in the younger girl's voice. "It will be fun to see that dear little place again! But I musn't stay long; I've such dozens of things to do. Presents are already simply pouring in—how many d'you think I had yesterday?"

"A million?"

"Don't be so silly, Nan. I don't think I'll tell you—" Then, in a triumphant voice: "I've had a hundred and thirty-three! Aunt Emmy says I ought to begin answering the more important people at once. Otherwise, she says (not that I'd do it) that I'll have to spend hours every day during my honeymoon just writing, writing, writing!"

It seemed a long time to Nan Paveley, though it was only a few minutes, before she heard the ping-ping of the bell come through from the tiny landing. Now that the moment of revelation had come, there swept over her a feeling of sincere pity, nay, more, of deep commiseration, for Doris Langton.

She walked downstairs slowly, and when she opened the door, the girl who stood on the cobblestones

away the exact quantity printed, leaving the exact money, incurring no selling expense whatever, and relieving the producers of all risks of over-production or stock, the price of these wonderful little books would not be more than THREEPENCE each, and the authors, publishers and printers would all make more profit than is possible by any existing scheme."

The price of ninepence is based upon a prompt sale through the regular channels of not less than 100,000 copies of each book: "For every ten thousand below the 100,000, it will be adding threepence to the proper price, until it gets down to an issue of ten thousand copies at three shillings each."

"Per contra, the public can force the price below the modest NINEPENCE by buying still larger quantities. When therefore I ask 'Why Ninepence?' the answer is with the public."

The answer, if it is favourable, will also apply to the author's query as to whether very low price books allow sufficient royalties. It would indeed be a tragedy for literature if the 7s. 6d. bound book became a thing of the past. Some authors write for the intellectual élite, and some books which are successful in small editions would be almost impossible to sell to more than 20,000 people at any price. Some people, again, hold that a book without a cloth binding is not a book at all. It is necessary therefore to stress the fact that the Ninepenny Novels are in a distinct category and are in many ways a single phenomenon. In the first place

A recto page from Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' LOVE IS A FLAME, one of the new NINEPENNY NOVELS published by Messrs. Ernest Benn. Printed in "Monotype" Garamond by Mackays, Ltd.

"POCKET FINE PRINTING"

they are shorter than the average 80,000 word book. In the second place, they are "pioneering" a brand-new public, rousing an appetite for the possession of good books where that want is not now felt. And what publisher shall say that it is not a good thing for his whole industry that scores of thousands of new readers should desire to *buy and own* books by first-rate authors? If some philanthropist went about distributing free concert tickets to 100,000 people whose idea of entertainment was restricted to music halls and cinemas, it is certain that every impresario in the vicinity would benefit for years to come, for at the moment it is useless to advertise a symphony concert to a mass of the people. It has never once entered their heads that the word "concert" has any relation to their lives! But once a man realizes what a curious excitement there is in concert-going, he never again relinquishes the habit. He has gone over from "canned music" to very real music. People can be lured from "canned fiction," ground out for the millions, into very real fiction, and they will find that the latter is by far the more exciting after all, because it

forces the reader to participate in a genuine experience, rather than to sit back and watch mechanical dolls perform routine actions.

We are strongly tempted to pass on from the immediate news of these two new "economy-with-quality" enterprises, to a more adequate review of other first-rate British publishing activities which demonstrate what has been made possible by the British reader's intolerance of dismal typography on the one hand, and on the other hand, by the economy of the "Monotype" separate-type method, and the ease with which it will do first-class work. But a more complete review must await a subsequent number, in which we hope to give interesting statistics and reproductions of outstanding examples. Meanwhile, the Monotype Corporation wishes to record these new proofs of the modern belief that, just as every single human being deserves to be free, so every book that is worth printing deserves to be well and truly printed, irrespective of its price; and that a beautiful book can be fitted, without any particular strain, into a pocket that has been nearly emptied by the tax-collector.

RESPECT FOR LETTERS

THERE is a curious and significant misuse of words in the phrase "Please print your name in the indicated space." The word "print" here means no more than "write in order that the letters can be read, instead of writing to express your own personality." This is a sad indication of the fact that the world has almost forgotten that writing can be as beautiful, decent and legible as printing type. Luckily there has been a widespread revival of calligraphy, and this has been very much aided by the refusal of intelligent people to be impressed by the very intricate form of lifeless lettering which one associates with the more pretentious and vulgar "illuminated presentation addresses" of the past.

One can look with suspicion upon any would-be typographic expert who writes a slovenly and ill-formed hand. Such a man is so inconsistent as not to realize that any lettering is either good design and legible, or vulgar and meaningless, whether it be a hasty signature or the printed colophon of a book. No one remotely connected with printing, advertising or publishing can afford to overlook that subconscious training in good taste which comes when a good square-pointed pen is inked, rested

without pressure on a sheet of paper and allowed to practise the discipline of immortal shapes of letters.

Students of typography and type design will therefore welcome the appearance of two very convenient sets of writing cards with directions for forming the fundamentals of a good hand, which has just been published by the Dryad Press, Leicester and London, at a shilling. The Woodside Writing Cards are prepared by Alfred J. Fairbank, author of a helpful *Handwriting Manual* issued by the same publishers. The other is by Mr. Graily Hewitt, author of *Lettering*, *The Oxford Copy Books*, etc., and designer of a calligraphic type which the Monotype Corporation cut for the private use of the Oxford University Press. These are first aids to beginners. If it is true that one never appreciates a work of art until one has tried to create something of the sort it is certainly true that practice in the fundamentals of calligraphy will give a designer the training which he lacks now that punch cutting itself is done by machinery. Mr. Fairbank's book and the two sets of writing cards are given the benefit of very pleasant typographic presentation in the new "Monotype" Bembo.

TWELVE TYPES

WITH the present interest in type faces extending very far beyond the printer's realm, it is not unusual to find the layman attributing to some particular design a quality more subtle than weight or legibility. The fact is that types, like people, seem to connote different personal characteristics in the cast of their "faces," and while the same copy may look equally good in Centaur and Imprint, it will not look like the same copy. Messrs. Henderson & Spalding, Ltd., have just issued a book of 12 types at the Sylvan Press. Two-colour full page drawings

by Mr. Norman Janes, A.R.E., depict familiar types of a great city, from the policeman and applewoman to the stockbroker and stenographer. Opposite each of the drawings is a page set in an 18 pt. "Monotype" face. The faces chosen are Gill Sans-serif, Bodoni, Baskerville, Goudy Modern, Centaur, Imprint, Plantin, Garamond and others—all "Monotype." The recipients of this handsome book will find a pleasant diversion in seeing whether or not their own choice of face for their subject agrees with that of the designer of the book.

THE "MONOTYPE" AT OLYMPIA

Our Publicity Department is particularly fortunate in the number of volunteer "scouts" who, rightly thinking that any new information about the "Monotype" is information about the progress of good British printing, come and tell us much that is interesting about the attitude of the general public toward the "Monotype." One of these friends has given us the story of the effect of our stand at Olympia upon three typical members of the British public, and as many thousand members of that public may have had similar experience, we feel it is worth putting on paper.

Our informant was pushing through the crowded aisles of the British Industries Fair midway through its very successful fortnight. On the way to the printing machinery section he was held up in a "traffic jam" of visitors eager to see all that was on view. He was crowded close to a man and his wife and a small boy, who were gazing earnestly at a window of new leather handbags. Presently the woman looked up. "What's that noise coming from over there?" she asked; "Listen, you can just hear it. It sounds sort of exciting—let's go and see."

Sure enough, through the wailing of the wireless sets and hum of the chattering crowd there drifted a faint but unmistakable clash of machinery—not loud as machinery noises go, but with a curious note of urgency, a swift complicated rhythm, that promised something interesting. Our scout unobtrusively attached himself to the party,

and guided by the sound, they came eventually to a very large open stand on the back of which was a pavilion in black, white and silver which entirely dominated that portion of the hall. On the platform were several "Monotype" machines hard at work. Towering 11 feet from the floor, and 16 feet wide, was a huge capital M, and over it the word "Monotype" appeared in black-and-white letters.

"Look," said the man, "that M is made out of real metal. It says here that it is all cast on this machine."

"Coo!" said the small boy...

They pressed forward through the crowd that stood three deep all the way round the 47-by-27 foot area of the stand, and elbowed their way to the centre front, where on a table stood a powerful microscope and a bowl full of 12 point types. A smartly uniformed page boy gave them a leaflet which explained that the entire text of the Lord's Prayer had been cast on the face of this small printer's type, thanks to the marvellous mechanical accuracy developed by British engineers at the "Monotype" works at Redhill, Surrey.

"That's right," shouted the small boy as he applied his eye to the lens, "you can read it as clear as anything!" The woman looked up with a gasp and pointed at the word "Monotype" at the top of the pavilion.

THE MONOTYPE RECORDER

"It's changed," she whispered, blinking incredulously.

They had approached the stand from the left, and saw M O N O in white-on-black, T Y P E in black-on-white, making up the word. Now as they looked from the front, the letters all seemed to be striped grey on grey; and as they pushed on towards the right, there was M O N O black-on-white and T Y P E similarly reversed in colour.

"Coo!" said the small boy.

Inside the roped-off platform of the stand were a number of visitors, evidently printers, seriously watching the demonstrations which were taking place. On large silver placards placed at frequent intervals they read what the machines were and what they were doing. This one was a "Monotype" Super Caster, producing types to 72 point, and had produced the very leads, rules and long strips of spacing material which glittered in the gigantic M. There was the D keyboard, its big bank of red, white and blue keys making one of the few touches of colour on the stand. A man was tapping the keys at the speed of a fast typist, and at every tap perforations were made in a roll of blue paper. Here was the Composition Caster, on which the blue roll was miraculously enabling an unattended machine to cast brand-new separate types and set them into words and lines ready to print. There was the DD Keyboard; and it was explained that on this uncanny machine two different settings for automatic casting could

be recorded from the same copy, in two sizes, two different faces, and two entirely independent measures! Here, too, was the "Monotype" Display-type Caster, being examined with interest by a printer who had discovered that he now had too much composition in hand to allow him to make full use of his display attachment.

Pushing through the crowd, our party of three, or rather of four, re-crossed the front of the stand and paused for a minute on the right hand side before a four-sided revolving screen, to which were fixed not only specimens of the latest "Monotype" faces, but examples of the propaganda which had been recently issued to advertisers and buyers of printing, pointing out the good value in really effective typography and the economic waste that comes with blind price-cutting. Finally they came to the side of the pavilion, and paused for the last time before a very modernistic spiral made up of strips of spacing material; a pyramid-like structure built up of all the different thicknesses of leads, and other ingenious confections showing the accuracy and quality of the "Monotype" and Super products.

"They sell this machine in Calcutta . . . Sydney . . . Shanghai" the man was reading a description on the pavilion. "And it says 'Manufacturers of the only British-made, British-controlled and British-owned type composing machine'."

"Coo!" said the small boy . . .

THE "MONOTYPE" AT OLYMPIA

Leaving the laymen to wander off, a little wiser and certainly more impressed by the miracles of modern science in the printing industry (and every printer knows that the attitude of the general public toward printing is by no means a small factor in combating price cutting), our friend entered the platform in response to a nod from one of our representatives, who recognized an advertiser who had always shown a practical interest in the details of production.

Down the centre of the pavilion he found a full set of all the different sizes of "Monotype" matrices, laid out to show the jewel-like perfection and finish which British printers have learned to expect, and which, indeed, is known throughout the trade as the "Monotype" finish"; there, too, were examples of printing ranging from some of the most famous limited edition work of 1932 to full page advertisements in daily newspapers, entirely "Monotype" set. There were examples of tabular and catalogue composition which either could not have been done at all without the "Monotype" or would have represented many hours of laborious hand-work instead of a straightforward operation on the keyboard. He was particularly interested

by a "picture in type" of the stand itself, a print of which we sent out with our invitation to the Fair. This striking piece of "stunt" composition was actually tapped off on the "Monotype" keyboard, and automatically set and cast on the composition caster. A few copies still remain of the prints taken from the actual types, and these are available at no charge while they last. The print measures 17 in. by $12\frac{1}{2}$ in., and is in black and silver.

As this is written, the British Industries Fair has just closed after an extraordinarily successful two weeks. It is, of course, too early to report on the results as regards sales, but the number of inquiries has passed our expectations, and not the least point on which The Monotype Corporation feels that it can congratulate itself is the fact that the stand (which was not the conception of a professional architect or decorator, but the original work of a member of our own staff) demonstrated not only to printers but to the public at large, that British control and ownership, coupled with the best British engineering skill, could produce something which had attained an unique and dominating position in the printing industry of the world.

PRINTERS ON PARADE

CHARING CROSS Underground Station is at the centre of the most complex and efficient municipal transport system in the world. When, therefore, its spacious booking hall is partially given over to an exhibition and demonstration of machinery, hundreds of thousands of people need only stop on their way to or from work in order to find fascinating entertainment aided by the most scientific lighting and presentation.

In February, the London Underground put this remarkable space at the disposal of the British Federation of Master Printers, and thus made possible an educative demonstration of modern printing as a "first aid to trade" which will doubtless be of permanent value to the industry. No layman in any way connected with British trade could fail to realize, seeing the actual machinery at work, that the up-to-date printing office was the home of scientific production and management; and these glimpses are of the utmost importance in maintaining that industrial prestige, for the lack of which the peril of price-cutting becomes intensified.

The passer by, even if his eyes had not been drawn by an extremely clever illuminated sign, would have decided to miss his usual train upon hearing the curiously exciting, rhythmic clash of the "Monotype" caster hard at work. The composition units of the "Monotype" occupied the centre of the stand, and, together with the latest Linotype, and a Dawson, Payne & Lockett Standard High Speed Stop Cylinder Machine, were the object of fascinated interest by a crowd which often stood four deep around the railings. Once the layman's passion for seeing moving machinery was satisfied (and that passion is never more evident

than in the case of machines that produce the printed word) he could inspect a representative exhibition of modern British commercial printing, arranged in upright windows, not according to process, but simply according to what task a particular form of printed literature was expected to perform for British trade. These exhibition frames were so constructed and indirectly lighted as to give the maximum effect to the specimens, and the Underground Company is to be congratulated on their design. The specimens had been selected, not for their luxury and novelty of process, but for their qualities of salesmanship, and very few buyers of printing could have passed by these frames without thinking "My firm could use something like that." From the smallest leaflets, labels and envelope fillers to the liberally illustrated travel booklets and complicated catalogues, it was evident that the standards of ordinary commercial typography in this country have risen to an almost incredible extent during the past four or five years. No ugly type faces marred the general effect, and "Monotype" users who visited the exhibition must have been heartened by the very large proportion of exclusive British "Monotype" designs like Plantin, Gill Sans, Garamond, etc., which were put to such distinguished use. No imprint appeared on any specimen, as the whole effort was a fine co-operative gesture for the benefit of the trade. One of the most distinguished-looking groups of printed literature was, suitably enough, that issued by the London Underground and London General Omnibus Company. A concise guide to the exhibits, and a daily-printed circular pointing out the necessity of printing to industry, were distributed to all visitors.

A RASH PROPHET

ONE of the outstanding problems of the printing trade today may thus be paraphrased: "To dis. or not to dis., that is the question," and it may come as a surprise to many to learn that thirty-five years ago a writer had the temerity to suggest, apparently in all seriousness, that perhaps some day, with the aid of the recently-introduced "Monotype," "comps" might become superfluous in bookwork and every author might become "his own printer." That was looking ahead with a vengeance, and the suggestion went a few degrees further than any made by the hottest of our "no-dis." protagonists.

In the local library the other evening, I was browsing among the older books in the "General Literature" section, and, by chance, took down one with the not very inviting title of *Things seen; Impressions of Men, Cities and Books*, by G. W. STEEVENS, a well-known journalist of the 'nineties. (Blackwoods, 1900).

An examination of the chapter-headings in the index showed the following:—

*The New Humanitarianism
From the New Gibbon
What Happened in Thessaly
The "Monotype"
The New Tennyson, etc.*

Now, any printer would be interested to find such a typographical island in a

sea of—well, philosophy, if you care to have it so, and the book went home under my arm for further perusal.

The article on the machine is stated to be a reprint from *The New Review*, of November, 1897, and begins in a somewhat humdrum fashion with technical details that one would imagine to be of little interest to the general reader. Further on, the writer gives a brief summary of the machines in use prior to the advent of slug machines and the "Monotype." There were two families of the earlier setting machines, he says, namely, the "spout" type and the "wheel" type. With the first variety, the letters, lying in grooves, were released by the touch of keys "to travel through devious passages, which all united in a spout. Thence they issued in an endless line, and a second operator sat at the end of the spout to cut them up into lengths as they emerged, and justify the lines so made. It was magnificent, but it did not work . . . An "m" and an "i", for instance, are of very different sizes and weights. The spout had to be broad enough for an "m," and so the "i" slewed round and stuck in the middle, and had to be prized out with a bodkin. If the type was sticky or the passages damp, this trouble became worse . . . The wheel type of machine was born in 1858, its inventor being a journalist, Dr. Mackie. In this variety

of machine, the types were arranged around a wheel which spun round and arranged so that the right type stopped opposite the receiver and slid in. "Despite the irrelevant suggestions of Monte Carlo and the Buddhist praying-machine, this was a much faster and more practical machine than the other." But it wore away the feet of the type and caused excessive breakage of the letters. Next came the Linotype, and then—apparently to the mind of Mr. Stevens, as a grand climax—the "Monotype."

"All other machines," he says, "are limited in their capacity by the endurance of their human operators; when your machinists are tired out, you must let your machines stand idle while they sleep"; (apparently night-shifts had not been thought of in 1897!), "your monotypists, in the meantime, with their whole attention fixed on the mental processes of the keyboard, with no distraction to the mechanical processes of casting, may be presumed to have held out longer, at higher pressure, and to have punched more than the other men have linotyped. When they go home to bed, the casting machine will click serenely on all night; it wants no food but copy and metal, and no sleep at all. And now for the most wonderful dream of all. No compositor at all, but every author

his own printer. If the divine fire can be struck out on the keys of a typewriter, why not on the keys of a 'Monotype'? The sage of the future will unlade his wisdom in the form of little round holes in a brown paper roll. He will send down the roll to his editor or publisher; it will be put on the machine, and the machine will turn it into print without the touch of any hand but his own. If this can be, our valued friend, the compositor, turns out to be only a superfluous middleman after all. His profit must be cut off; he must go. After all, in this literary age, it is increasingly easy for him to become a popular author—a profession *sometimes* cleaner than his present one, and *very often* better paid." (The italics are mine).

Yet another rosy hope is held out by the writer to the doomed race of "comps."—"Still, there will always remain one place for the compositor: he will make the authors' corrections in the columns which the 'Monotype' has set up."

And this is perhaps an appropriate note on which to close; the "comps" correcting from the case the errors made by the authors in setting up their own matter on "Monotype" keyboards! Monotypists themselves will probably be best qualified to judge all that is implied in these last few words!

W.E., JR.

Falstaff ::

New Fashions in Type do
not penalize Printers
who can count on the
Mono. "Monotype" Display
Casting attachment
or the "Super" . . .

Display At little cost, such a printer can
hire matrices of all the latest and
most Fashionable Display Faces,

Series No. 323 and "melt down yester-
day's Fashion to cast up
tomorrow's new rage"

The Matrices may be hired



Announcement: The Monotype Corporation Limited, in response to many requests from printers, will issue a **Monthly News-Letter** to all Users of the "Monotype", giving informal specimens of all designs cut and issued during each month. This "news service" is additional to the issue of the loose-leaf sheets for the Official Specimen Book, and is meant to obviate delay in acquiring specific information as to the latest type-faces available.

"THE ANSWER IS—"

Considerable interest has been aroused by H. W.'s article "Hundreds of Hours Saved," which appeared in the September-December issue of THE MONOTYPE RECORDER, and we print below the most valuable of the several suggestions which we have received from our readers on the subject.

THE writer of this article asks if a way is known to save the tapping of the figures 000000 to 300000. The following points will help him next time:

For spools that have to be run a number of times on the easter, fix up on the keyboard another spool of paper, hanging directly under the other, and thread both papers through on the spur wheels, so that two spools will be perforated simultaneously. (If a DD keyboard was used four spools would be perforated in this manner).

For the tapping of the figures there must be three positions for the figure 0, say "A" for the first 0 in 000000; "B" for the second 0 in 000000; for the remaining figures use the complete set of figures called "C".

Then proceed to tap 000000 to 009999, for the first 0 in all cases use the 0 called "A"; for the second 0 in all cases use the 0 called "B"; then use the other set called "C" for the

remainder. From the spools tapped, thirty castings are required.

To produce these figures by this method two complete sets of figures with the addition of 0, 1, 2, will be necessary.

To cast the first spool three 0's must be put into the matrix-case, one called "A"; the other called "B". After this spool has been cast, take out the 0 called "B" and put in its place a figure 1, then run the spools again; then exchange figure 1 for figure 2, cast again, and so on to figure 9. This will have produced 099999. Next, take out 0 called "A" and put in figure 1, replace 9 called "B" for figure 0, and so on until 299999 is reached. Care must be taken that the matrices are in their correct positions. The spools will also require careful handling and re-winding.

By this method only one thirtieth of the tapping would be necessary to produce 299999.

W.W.

SPECIMEN No. 1

Spool with Fig. 0 in "A" and "B" positions

000000	001000	002000	003000	004000	005000	006000	007000	008000	009000
000001	001001	002001	003001	004001	005001	006001	007001	008001	009001
000002	001002	002002	003002	004002	005002	006002	007002	008002	009002
000003	001003	002003	003003	004003	005003	006003	007003	008003	009003
000004	001004	002004	003004	004004	005004	006004	007004	008004	009004
000005	001005	002005	003005	004005	005005	006005	007005	008005	009005
000006	001006	002006	003006	004006	005006	006006	007006	008006	009006
000007	001007	002007	003007	004007	005007	006007	007007	008007	009007
000008	001008	002008	003008	004008	005008	006008	007008	008008	009008
000009	001009	002009	003009	004009	005009	006009	007009	008009	009009
000010	001010	002010	003010	004010	005010	006010	007010	008010	009010
000011	001011	002011	003011	004011	005011	006011	007011	008011	009011
000012	001012	002012	003012	004012	005012	006012	007012	008012	009012
000013	001013	002013	003013	004013	005013	006013	007013	008013	009013
000014	001014	002014	003014	004014	005014	006014	007014	008014	009014
000015	001015	002015	003015	004015	005015	006015	007015	008015	009015
000016	001016	002016	003016	004016	005016	006016	007016	008016	009016
000017	001017	002017	003017	004017	005017	006017	007017	008017	009017
000018	001018	002018	003018	004018	005018	006018	007018	008018	009018
000019	001019	002019	003019	004019	005019	006019	007019	008019	009019
000020	001020	002020	003020	004020	005020	006020	007020	008020	009020

"THE ANSWER IS--"

SPECIMEN No. 2

Same spool with Fig. 1 in "B" position

SPECIMEN No. 3

Same spool with Fig. 1 in "A" position

100000	101000	102000	103000	104000	105000	106000	107000	108000	109000
100001	101001	102001	103001	104001	105001	106001	107001	108001	109001
100002	101002	102002	103002	104002	105002	106002	107002	108002	109002
100003	101003	102003	103003	104003	105003	106003	107003	108003	109003
100004	101004	102004	103004	104004	105004	106004	107004	108004	109004
100005	101005	102005	103005	104005	105005	106005	107005	108005	109005
100006	101006	102006	103006	104006	105006	106006	107006	108006	109006
100007	101007	102007	103007	104007	105007	106007	107007	108007	109007
100008	101008	102008	103008	104008	105008	106008	107008	108008	109008
100009	101009	102009	103009	104009	105009	106009	107009	108009	109009
100010	101010	102010	103010	104010	105010	106010	107010	108010	109010
100011	101011	102011	103011	104011	105011	106011	107011	108011	109011
100012	101012	102012	103012	104012	105012	106012	107012	108012	109012
100013	101013	102013	103013	104013	105013	106013	107013	108013	109013
100014	101014	102014	103014	104014	105014	106014	107014	108014	109014
100015	101015	102015	103015	104015	105015	106015	107015	108015	109015
100016	101016	102016	103016	104016	105016	106016	107016	108016	109016
100017	101017	102017	103017	104017	105017	106017	107017	108017	109017
100018	101018	102018	103018	104018	105018	106018	107018	108018	109018
100019	101019	102019	103019	104019	105019	106019	107019	108019	109019
100020	101020	102020	103020	104020	105020	106020	107020	108020	109020

NEWS AND REVIEWS

HOLIDAYS FOR SIXPENCE

THE benefit of a holiday begins long before the first whiff of sea air reaches the lungs; the sense of freedom to choose a habitation, the review of all Britain's beauties before one place proves its claims—all these are as healthful to the jaded, routine bound mind as is sunshine to the bloodstream. One must pity the townsman who never spends anxious hours poring over maps and time-tables, and being coaxed by a dozen illustrated handbooks; he can go to one place, but the wise man has gone in spirit to at least twenty charming spots before he has bought his ticket.

This desire to pick and choose in fancy is being pampered by British railways, especially now that it is financially wise to realize what scenic treasures lie behind the white cliffs of Britain. We have just been sent a review copy of *The Holiday Handbook* of the L.N.E.R. Between its trim yellow covers, glassine-wrapped, it contains two folding maps, six key-plans of towns, nearly 400 illustrations (some from fine direct-colour photographs), and about 800 pages of information, from bits of local history to hotel rates. Almost every letter of the entire book—including the hundreds of displayed advertisements—is "Monotype" set, the text showing a very effective combination of Plantin, No. 110, with Gill Sans, No. 262. It is, therefore, an all-British volume about the glories of the East Coast of Britain, and it is attractive enough to start thousands of holidays with the right thrill of anticipation.

RETAIL RESEARCH REPORT

A BOOK has recently appeared which is of equal interest to advertisers and to typographers, namely, the *Retail Research Report*,

published by the Publicity and Research Department of the *Daily Express*, London. Like all publications containing new specific information about marketing outlets, the price of this book, two guineas, is set at a figure considerably over production cost in order to eliminate any waste in distribution. The report itself consists of tabulations of the newspapers read by retail shopkeepers in Great Britain, arranged first by town and second by trade, and the tabulations are models of lucidity.

But it is of particular interest to us in that it represents a piece of genuine modernism without any of the Teutonic extravagance usually connected with that much abused word. The type is Gill Sans, with the bold weight very deftly used to clarify important points. The paper is a pleasant pale grey and the use of the new Spirax binding, providing an absolutely flat opening, adds the last touch of efficiency. The use of Gill Sans exclusively makes the book look not only modern and compelling, but genuinely English, for this is one sans serif face which stands out against all the rest by retaining the normal and sensible shape of lower case g, a and f to which we are accustomed in the classic roman lower case. In this connection it should be noted that, although there would not be the present wide vogue for sans serif had not the German type-founders enthusiastically worked out in type the lead given them by the London Underground, still the fact remains that German type-designers suffer from one handicap of which they are hardly aware.

It is this: roman and italic have not existed in Germany as text faces in ordinary use long enough to be taken absolutely for granted. Bismarck preferred fraktur because he could read it much faster, and he could read it faster because fraktur was the standard German face.

NEWS AND REVIEWS

If an English designer were to attempt a fraktur or any other form of gothic letter, he might produce something very interesting, but his experiments might very light-heartedly ignore traditions which would seem quite sacred to the German. He would be working in an exotic face, and the alteration of one or two strokes in a design which was, after all, something abnormal to begin with, would not mean as much to him as if he had read the books and newspapers of his childhood in that face.

Now roman, or antiqua, as it is called in Germany, is by no means as unfamiliar in that country as gothic type is to us, but its growing popularity has not come about without struggle, and the fierce debate which always attends a novelty in that most conservative of crafts, typography. When a German type designer looks at a roman lower case "g" his admirable Teutonic consistency tells him that the problem of cutting it in sans serif would be very much easier if he were to use a simplified or calligraphic shape of letter. There is no one to tell him "Yes, but from the time of my great-grandfather down to my own time, that code which we call the roman alphabet has been such that this character with a double twist, and only this character, means lower case 'g'." To be working in roman at all is to be breaking relatively new ground; that is why we have so many extremely interesting and valuable novelties in the way of display types emanating from Germany, and why also we have practically no classic book face. Again and again one finds a fine letter in which there is some little oddity, some yielding to the temptation to experiment, which immediately brands the face as "exotic."

Now Gill Sans, whatever use it may be put to, is quite obviously an English design, and it is just as obviously a classic roman letter stripped of serifs. Amongst the many good things which can be said about this face, the very best compliment is that one can read such a book as we have described without having it forced upon one's attention that the setting is in sans serif. If the text, the

message, of printing has any importance, then nothing about a type face ought to clamour for attention. The German designs might, and may, outdo Gill Sans in publicity effectiveness —in Germany. But as the vehicle for English words and through English eyes, the vast superiority of Mr. Gill's design can hardly fail to be apparent.

THE FACE OF LONDON

WERE we to mention in these columns all the recent "Monotype"-set books, or even those of unusual typographic beauty, THE MONOTYPE READER would have to become a bulky fortnightly journal devoted to no other purpose. Occasionally, however, we have pleasure in calling our readers' attention to some volume which is of economic importance in the value it gives for the price. When, in addition, the book takes the reader through the heart of London, there is a special reason for talking about it.

The Face of London. By HAROLD P. CLUNN (London: Simpkin, Marshall, Limited, 1932), is a royal 8vo, containing 547 pp., and nearly two hundred illustrations in photogravure by the Sun Engraving Co., Limited. The colophon says: "This volume is set in 'Monotype' Bembo based on type cut by Francesco Griffo in the 15th century. It was printed and bound at the University Press, Oxford, by John Johnson, Printer to the University."

The illustrations include reproductions of fascinating old prints and modern photographs. The pages are packed with interesting and detailed information for the rambler through London, and, despite the necessary economy of space, the Bembo 12-point is not only very readable, but lends additional distinction to the presentation.

The almost incredible price of this book is 7s. 6d., and the only drawback is that the edition is not unlimited. There is no city in the world which has so many collectors, but it is obvious that not every lover of London would

THE MONOTYPE RECORDER

be fortunate enough to procure a copy unless popular demand produces another edition of this enthralling volume.

PENROSE'S ANNUAL

The Process Year Book and Review of the Graphic Arts. Vol. XXIV, 1932

IT would be a waste of time for us to review *Penrose's Annual*, if by review one means summarizing and criticising the contents. It may be taken for granted that any printer who takes a creative interest in his craft will have acquired this latest volume, and will by now have investigated its contents; the articles moreover are by experts to readers whom practical experience has made expert, and in most cases cannot be abruptly summarized. We may, however, call the book to the attention of that minority of our readers who are not engaged in actual printing operations, for it would be difficult to find one volume in which the layman could get a better understanding of the great intricacy and enormous variety of the modern printer's work.

Penrose's is always a thing to be proud of typographically; that is a thing which the British printing industry can see travelling to offices on the Continent and America with the consciousness that English typography and illustration have not been misrepresented.

This present volume is generously thick, and the setting of the articles in double column is an aid to legibility and economizes space which was needed for the wealth of examples. The type face chosen is "Monotype" Bembo, undoubtedly the "type of the year" in book printing circles, and no less surely beginning an even wider sphere of usefulness. As usual, the pleasant sobriety of the pages is not marred by pretentious display headlines. The paper is of both pleasant colour and texture.

The Editor's review passes rapidly over the outstanding innovations of the year and contains a plea to the British paper makers—one which seems to be generally endorsed in the

printing industry—for British super-calendered papers entirely without wire marks. Fine typography is represented by an article on "Lettering and the Printer," by Mr. B. H. Newdigate, an important inquiry into the history of "Modern Face Type in England," by Mr. A. F. Johnson, a plea by Mr. Pat V. Daley for Italic small capitals, in which the Monotype Corporation, Ltd., is challenged to break with tradition, and a word of wisdom from Mr. Peter Hood, A.R.P.S., addressed to those who assume that hand cutting of type punches is the only way of getting a good design.

Mr. Edward Carrick pleads for better guidebooks and supports his plea with sound sense and very attractive illustrations. The article by Mr. G. M. Ellwood on "Labels as Decoration" deserves many more illustrations. After numerous articles on the technique of reproduction, Mr. F. Thevoz compares printing processes from various standpoints.

We must return to Mr. Daley's because he says: "I am going to make as a basis the supposition that book printers, as a rule, use the 'Monotype', and that the estimate for printing a book is for straightforward casting, i.e., that the italic and black type, if utilized, are those which are in the matrix case of the fount used, and that they have not to be inserted by hand. It will also be granted that the 'style of the house' for most book printing houses, when printing names of books, periodicals, etc., is to put their titles in italic type. Now what happens when a book title constitutes part of chapter title when the latter is in capitals and small capitals?" Mr. Daley goes on to remark that the ordinary diacritical marks are not suitable for small capitals, and that many cases arise when an italic small capital would be useful. He concludes: "I repeat my opening question: Is the printer, using modern methods of production, always to blame for the distinctly unesthetic appearance of some of his work? And I answer definitely, No! It is often due to circumstances beyond his immediate control. Therefore, I call upon The Monotype

NEWS AND REVIEWS

Corporation Limited (for most bookwork is set up with their machines) to review these matters in the light of the foregoing, and to introduce italic small capitals into their founts, as well as figures and the punctuation marks concerned, that are also in proportion, or align with the small capitals. That the matter of italic small capitals does not present any preposterous technical difficulty, and that the figures and punctuation marks could be cast as 'extras' (*i.e.*, put on units of equal value not in use), are, I am assured, true statements."

THE TIME MACHINE

By H. G. WELLS, New York: Random House, 1931

THIS journal has more than once deplored the practice of certain well-meaning entrants into the printing and publishing world of expending the maximum energy upon design and the choice of type face, and only secondarily and at the last moment asking that most vital question of all, "What shall we print?" If this attitude has been more common in America than in this country, one can at least set against it the recent publication by Random House, New York, of a book which constitutes a remarkable tribute of the famous American designer to a modern author and to one particular story: *The Time Machine*, by H. G. Wells. Mr. W. A. Dwiggins has cherished for years the prospect of setting forth this strange and exciting short novel in a form which should bring out to the full those qualities of intellectual tantalization, enshrined in an almost unique mixture of credibility and wonder, which make this book one of the earliest and greatest romances of scientific speculation. When we know that every technical problem connected with the actual typography, decoration and illustration were studied as a longed-for opportunity to create the perfect interpretation, we realize why this book bears the authentic sign of true craftsmanship—the appearance of having been done joyfully.

In order to distinguish the body of the tale from the introductory part, which is mainly concerned with establishing the credibility of what follows, all the story told by the Time Traveller is printed in black, while the prologue, epilogue, and one parenthetical comment by his friend is printed in a purplish-red ink. The decorations are in a style and technique invented by Mr. Dwiggins, consisting of small stencil units grouped in patterns, and the illustrations also call upon a new technique which gives very vivid play of light and shadow in flat colours.

Our readers will be glad to hear that for this book which will doubtless be considered the masterpiece of one of the leading American designers, the type face chosen after many experiments was Fournier, composed and cast from "Monotype" English matrices. Fournier has made many appearances in American fine printing during the last few years, notably in books printed by the Lakeside Press, but its choice in this connection may be considered particularly gratifying to those who follow the influence of English typographical efforts in other countries.

STRAWBERRY PIE

THE house organ of Messrs. ANDREW REID, Ltd., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, traces in its February-March number the evolution of a piece of printing from raw material to bound copy. It shows a particularly good photograph of a "Monotype" Caster with the caption which is worth recording: "A breath of air through perforated paper works miracles in this machine . . . and a lead type soldier is born from a bowl of molten metal. Faster than you can count, his brothers join him, a glittering river of lead, of letters, of words. The advance guard of knowledge marching to conquer the Earth."

The number is well designed with a modernistic use of the "Monotype" Plantin and Gill Sans,

THE MONOTYPE CORPORATION LIMITED

43 FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

Telephone: Central 8551-5 Telegrams and Cables: "Monotype, Fleet, London"

Representatives of the Monotype Corporation stand ready at any time to advise on methods of increasing output, special operations, etc., of the "Monotype" and its supplies, and to furnish specimens, trial settings and advice on new type faces

PROVINCIAL BRANCHES

BRISTOL	West India House, 51 Baldwin Street. <i>Bristol 24452</i>
BIRMINGHAM	King's Court, 115 Colmore Row. <i>Birmingham Central 1205</i>
DUBLIN	39 Lower Ormond Quay. <i>Dublin 44667</i>
GLASGOW	Castle Chambers, 55 West Regent Street, C.2. <i>Douglas 3934</i>
MANCHESTER	6 St. Ann's Passage. <i>Manchester Blackfriars 4380</i>

OVERSEAS BRANCHES AND MANAGERS

AUSTRALIA	G. S. Inman, 117 Birrell Street, Waverley, Sydney, N.S.W.
CHINA	The Monotype Corporation Ltd., 17 The Bund, Shanghai
INDIA	The Monotype Corporation Ltd., 27/5 Waterloo Street, Calcutta; P.O. Box 305, Bombay; P.O. Box 336 Mount Road, Madras
NEW ZEALAND	C. J. Morrison, 210 Madras Street, Christchurch
SOUTH AFRICA	Monotype Machinery (S.A.) Ltd., Kodak House, Shortmarket and Loop Streets, P.O. Box 1680, Cape Town

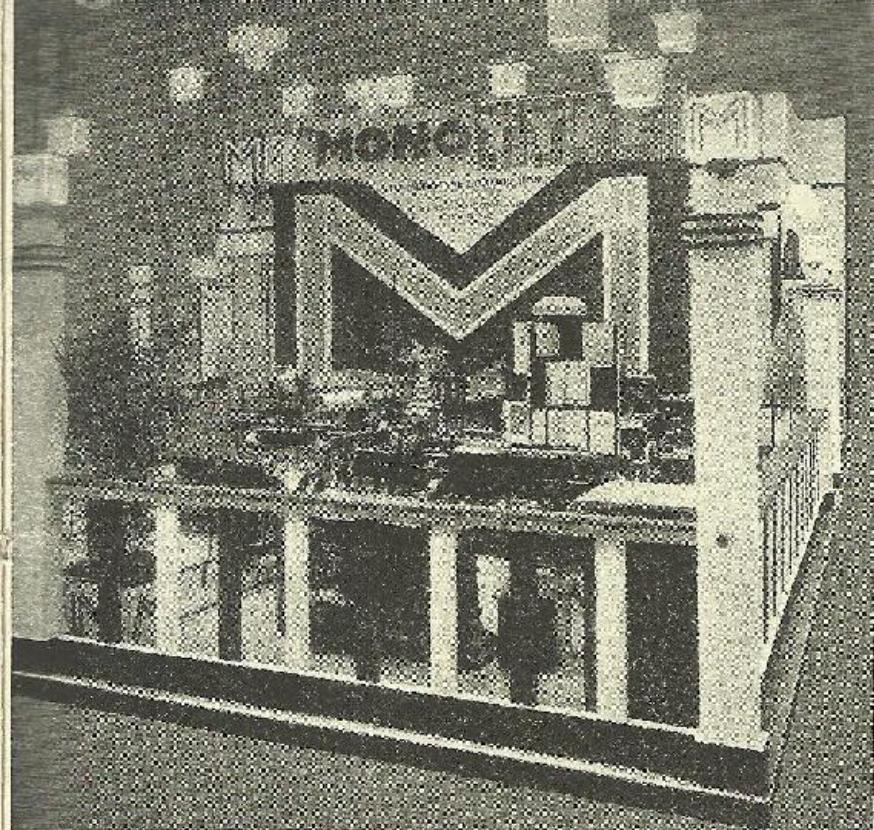
FOREIGN CONCESSIONNAIRES

CONTINENTAL EUROPE

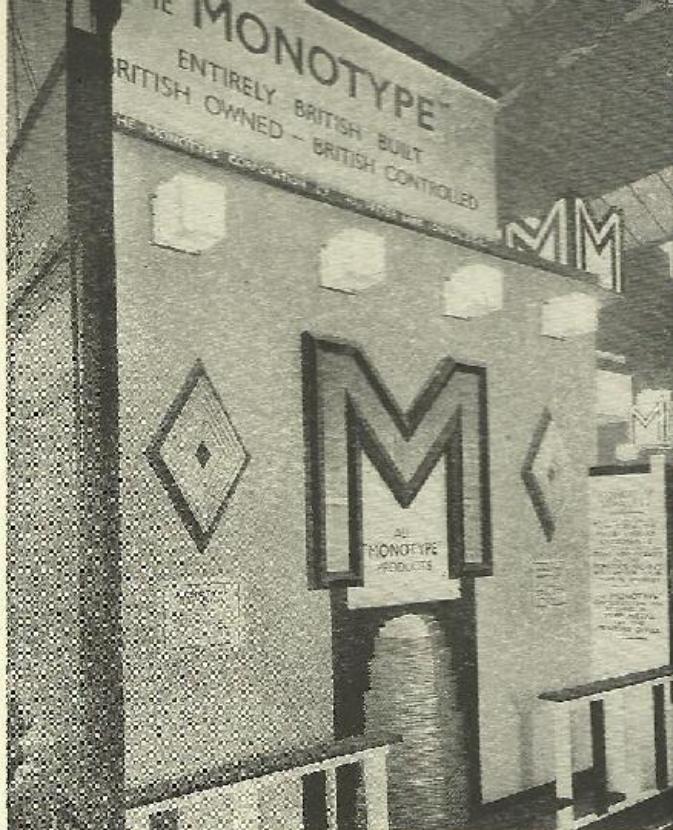
Continental Monotype Trading Company Ltd., Basle, their subsidiary Companies and Agents:

Amsterdam	Continental Monotype Trading Company Ltd., Keizersgracht 142
Berlin	Monotype-Setzmaschinen-Vertriebsgesellschaft m.b.H., Kreuzberg Strasse 30, S.W.61
Brussels	3 Quai au Bois de Construction
Paris	Compagnie Française d'Importation "Monotype," 85 Rue Densert-Rochereau
Rome	Silvio Massini, Via due Macelli 12
Helsingfors	Kirjateollisuusasjoiomisto Osakeyhtiö, Kalevankatu 13 (Agents)
Oslo	Olaf Gulowsen, Akersgaten 49 (Agents)

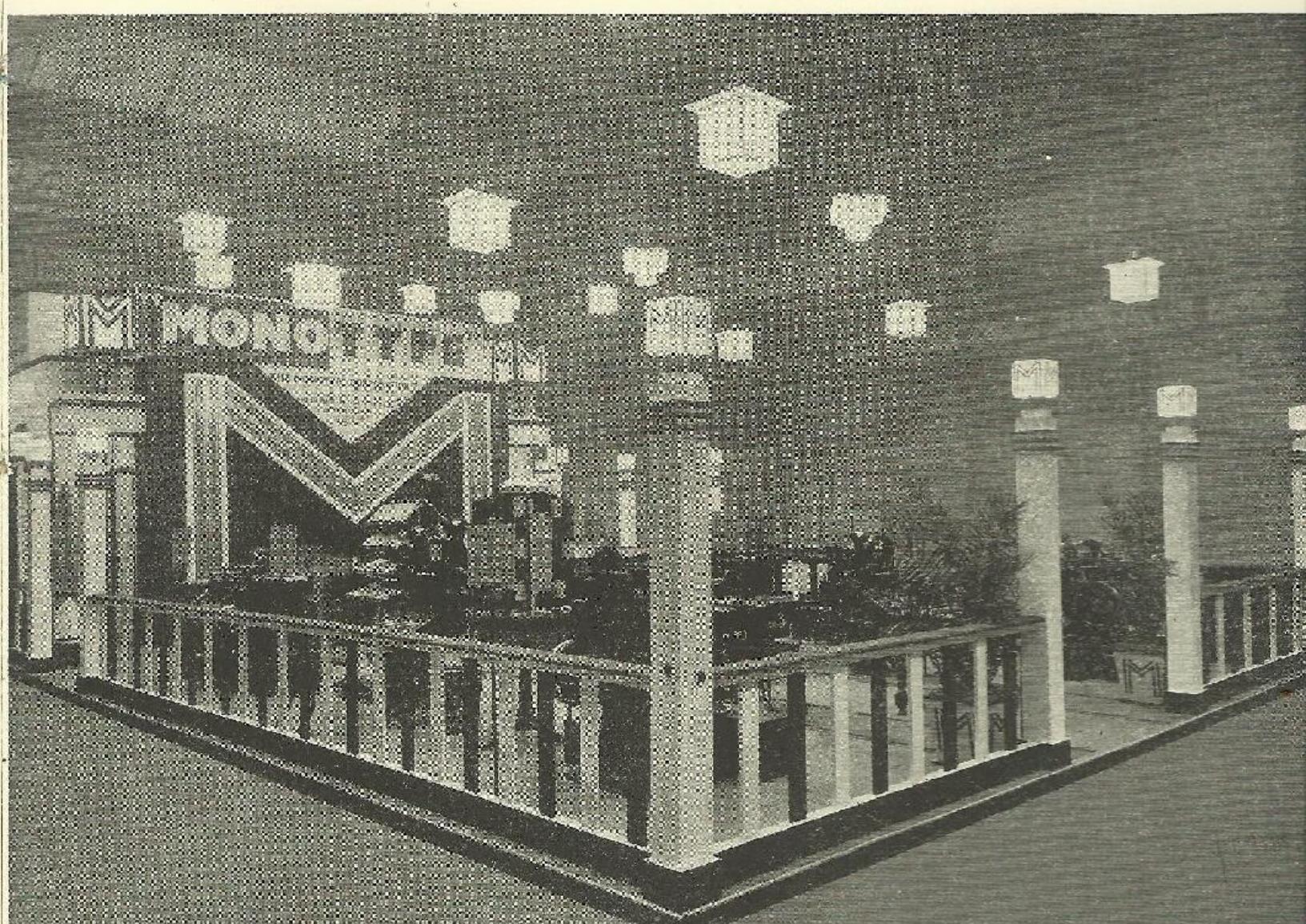
We beg to remind our friends and the Trade generally that the name "Monotype" is our Registered Trade Mark and indicates (in this country) that the goods to which it is applied are of our manufacture or merchandise. Customers are requested to see that all keyboards, casters, accessories, paper, and other goods of the kind supplied by us bear the said Registered Trade Mark, which is a guarantee that the same are genuine.

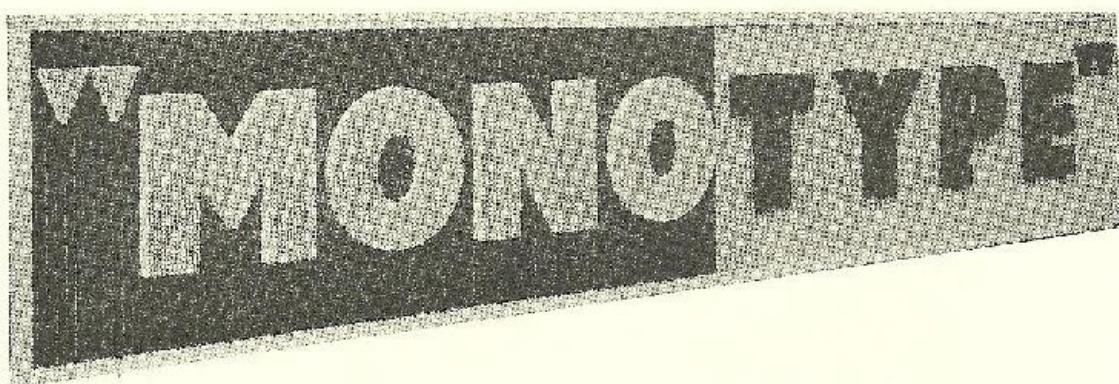
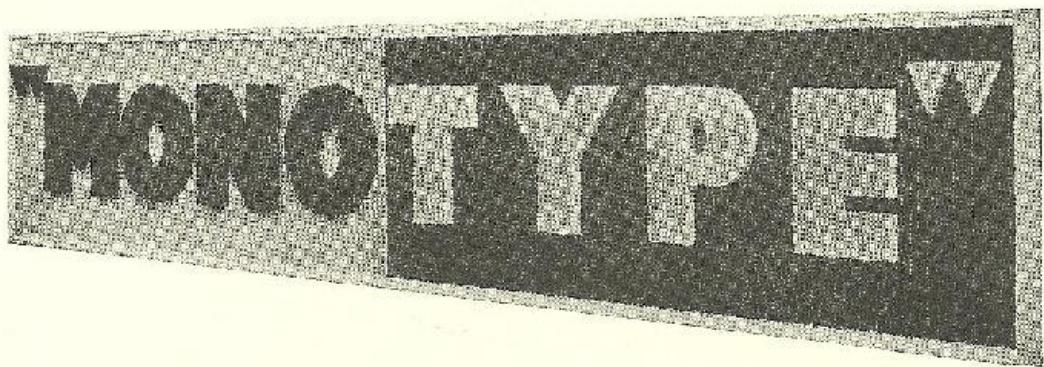


BELOW: The "Monotype" Stand at Olympia. See article, p. 11
ABOVE: Part of the same façade from another angle



ABOVE: A side view of the "Monotype" Stand, showing products in decorative use





SEE ARTICLE ON PAGES 11-13

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
AND PUBLISHED BY
THE MONOTYPE CORPORATION LIMITED
FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

