

Arlt

PampaType Digital Foundry

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz 0123456789 abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz ABCDEFGH
IJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 0123456789 ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 0123456789

ARLT BLANCA 8.5/11

Not looking at one another now, rigidly fixed upon the task which awaited them, they separated at the cabin door. She was to follow the trail that lead north. On the path leading in the opposite direction, he turned for a moment to watch her running, her hair loosened and flying. He ran in turn, crouching among the trees and hedges until, in the yellowish fog of dusk, he could distinguish the avenue of trees which led up to the house. The dogs were not

ARLT BLANCA ITALICA 8.5/11

Not looking at one another now, rigidly fixed upon the task which awaited them, they separated at the cabin door. She was to follow the trail that lead north. On the path leading in the opposite direction, he turned for a moment to watch her running, her hair loosened and flying. He ran in turn, crouching among the trees and hedges until, in the yellowish fog of dusk, he could distinguish the avenue of trees which led up to the house. The dogs were not supposed to bark, they did not bark. The estate manager

ARLT GRIS 8.5/11

Not looking at one another now, rigidly fixed upon the task which awaited them, they separated at the cabin door. She was to follow the trail that lead north. On the path leading in the opposite direction, he turned for a moment to watch her running, her hair loosened and flying. He ran in turn, crouching among the trees and hedges until, in the yellowish fog of dusk, he could distinguish the avenue of trees which led up to the house. The dogs

ARLT GRIS ITALICA 8.5/11

Not looking at one another now, rigidly fixed upon the task which awaited them, they separated at the cabin door. She was to follow the trail that lead north. On the path leading in the opposite direction, he turned for a moment to watch her running, her hair loosened and flying. He ran in turn, crouching among the trees and hedges until, in the yellowish fog of dusk, he could distinguish the avenue of trees which led up to the house. The dogs were not supposed to bark, they did not

ARLT NEGRA 8.5/11

Not looking at one another now, rigidly fixed upon the task which awaited them, they separated at the cabin door. She was to follow the trail that lead north. On the path leading in the opposite direction, he turned for a moment to watch her running, her hair loosened and flying. He ran in turn, crouching among the trees and hedges until, in the yellowish fog of dusk, he could distinguish the avenue of trees which led up to the house. The

ARLT NEGRA ITALICA 8.5/11

Not looking at one another now, rigidly fixed upon the task which awaited them, they separated at the cabin door. She was to follow the trail that lead north. On the path leading in the opposite direction, he turned for a moment to watch her running, her hair loosened and flying. He ran in turn, crouching among the trees and hedges until, in the yellowish fog of dusk, he could distinguish the avenue of trees which led up to the house. The dogs

ARLT SUPERNEGRA 8.5/11

Not looking at one another now, rigidly fixed upon the task which awaited them, they separated at the cabin door. She was to follow the trail that lead north. On the path leading in the opposite direction, he turned for a moment to watch her running, her hair loosened and flying. He ran in turn, crouching among the trees and hedges until, in the yellowish fog of dusk, he could distinguish the avenue of trees which led up to

ARLT SUPERNEGRA ITALICA 8.5/11

Not looking at one another now, rigidly fixed upon the task which awaited them, they separated at the cabin door. She was to follow the trail that lead north. On the path leading in the opposite direction, he turned for a moment to watch her running, her hair loosened and flying. He ran in turn, crouching among the trees and hedges until, in the yellowish fog of dusk, he could distinguish the avenue of trees which led

ARLT BLANCA VERSALITA 8.5/10

NOT LOOKING AT ONE ANOTHER NOW, RIGIDLY
FIXED UPON THE TASK WHICH AWAITED THEM,
THEY SEPARATED AT THE CABIN DOOR. SHE WAS
TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL THAT LEAD NORTH. ON
THE PATH LEADING IN THE OPPOSITE DIREC-

ARLT GRIS VERSALITA 8.5/10

NOT LOOKING AT ONE ANOTHER NOW, RIGIDLY
FIXED UPON THE TASK WHICH AWAITED THEM,
THEY SEPARATED AT THE CABIN DOOR. SHE WAS
TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL THAT LEAD NORTH. ON
THE PATH LEADING IN THE OPPOSITE DIREC-

ARLT NEGRA VERSALITA 8.5/10

NOT LOOKING AT ONE ANOTHER NOW, RIG-
IDLY FIXED UPON THE TASK WHICH AWAITED
THEM, THEY SEPARATED AT THE CABIN DOOR.
SHE WAS TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL THAT LEAD
NORTH. ON THE PATH LEADING IN THE OPPO-

Hamburgefonts *Hamburgefonts*

246 HAMBUR 246 GEFONTS 246

© 2008-2013 PAMPA TYPE FONT FOUNDRY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. ARLT IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF PAMPA TYPE.

Arlt

PampaType Digital Foundry

ARLT 7 LOCOS 1, JOROBADITO 8.5/10

Waiting for him were the director, a short squat man with the head of a wild boar, grey hair cropped short in the style of Umberto I of Italy, and an implacable gaze that filtered through grey fish eyes; Gualdi, small, skinny, sweet-tongued, but with a calculating stare; and the assistant manager, son of the man with the boar's head, a handsome young fellow of thirty, with a shock of white hair and a cynical aspect, his voice gruff and his look as harsh as his father's. Only the assistant manager lifted his head and said: "We've been told your're a swindler, who has robbed us of 600 pesos."

ARLT 7 LOCOS 3, AMOR BRUJO 8.5/10

Waiting for him were the director, a short squat man with the head of a wild boar, grey hair cropped short in the style of Umberto I of Italy, and an implacable gaze that filtered through grey fish eyes; Gualdi, small, skinny, sweet-tongued, but with a calculating stare; and the assistant manager, son of the man with the boar's head, a handsome young fellow of thirty, with a shock of white hair and a cynical aspect, his voice gruff and his look as harsh as his father's. Only the assistant manager lifted his head and said: "We've been told your're a swindler, who has robbed us of 600 pesos."

ARLT 7 LOCOS 5, ASTROLOGO 8.5/10

Waiting for him were the director, a short squat man with the head of a wild boar, grey hair cropped short in the style of Umberto I of Italy, and an implacable gaze that filtered through grey fish eyes; Gualdi, small, skinny, sweet-tongued, but with a calculating stare; and the assistant manager, son of the man with the boar's head, a handsome young fellow of thirty, with a shock of white hair and a cynical aspect, his voice gruff and his look as harsh as his father's. Only the assistant manager lifted his head and said: "We've been told your're a swindler, who has robbed us of 600 pesos."

ARLT 7 LOCOS 7, RUFIAN MELANCOLICO 8.5/10

Waiting for him were the director, a short squat man with the head of a wild boar, grey hair cropped short in the style of Umberto I of Italy, and an implacable gaze that filtered through grey fish eyes; Gualdi, small, skinny, sweet-tongued, but with a calculating stare; and the assistant manager, son of the man with the boar's head, a handsome young fellow of thirty, with a shock of white hair and a cynical aspect, his voice gruff and his look as harsh as his father's. Only the assistant manager lifted his head and said: "We've been told your're a swindler, who has robbed us of 600 pesos."

ARLT 7 LOCOS 2, JUGUETE RABIOSO 8.5/10

Waiting for him were the director, a short squat man with the head of a wild boar, grey hair cropped short in the style of Umberto I of Italy, and an implacable gaze that filtered through grey fish eyes; Gualdi, small, skinny, sweet-tongued, but with a calculating stare; and the assistant manager, son of the man with the boar's head, a handsome young fellow of thirty, with a shock of white hair and a cynical aspect, his voice gruff and his look as harsh as his father's. Only the assistant manager lifted his head and said: "We've been told your're a swindler, who has robbed us of 600 pesos."

ARLT 7 LOCOS 4, BUSCADOR DE ORO 8.5/10

Waiting for him were the director, a short squat man with the head of a wild boar, grey hair cropped short in the style of Umberto I of Italy, and an implacable gaze that filtered through grey fish eyes; Gualdi, small, skinny, sweet-tongued, but with a calculating stare; and the assistant manager, son of the man with the boar's head, a handsome young fellow of thirty, with a shock of white hair and a cynical aspect, his voice gruff and his look as harsh as his father's. Only the assistant manager lifted his head and said: "We've been told your're a swindler, who has robbed us of 600 pesos."

ARLT 7 LOCOS 6, ERDOSAIN 8.5/10

Waiting for him were the director, a short squat man with the head of a wild boar, grey hair cropped short in the style of Umberto I of Italy, and an implacable gaze that filtered through grey fish eyes; Gualdi, small, skinny, sweet-tongued, but with a calculating stare; and the assistant manager, son of the man with the boar's head, a handsome young fellow of thirty, with a shock of white hair and a cynical aspect, his voice gruff and his look as harsh as his father's. Only the assistant manager lifted his head and said: "We've been told your're a swindler, who has robbed us of 600 pesos."

ARLT LANZALLAMAS 20/13

Waiting for him were the director, a short squat man with the head of a wild boar, grey hair cropped short in the style of Umberto I of Italy, and an implacable gaze that filtered through grey fish eyes;

ARLT 7 LOCOS 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, AND 7, 14

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 0123456789
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 0123456789
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 0123456789
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 0123456789
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 0123456789
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 0123456789
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 0123456789

Arlt

PampaType Digital Foundry

ARLT TITULO BLANCA & TITULO BLANCA ITALICA

Waiting for him were the director,
a short squat man with the head of a wild
BOAR, GREY HAIR CROPPED

ARLT TITULO NEGRA & TITULO NEGRA ITALICA

short in the style of Umberto I of Italy,
and an implacable gaze that
FILTERED THROUGH GREY FISH EYES;

ARLT TITULO HUECA

GUALDI, SMALL, SKINNY,
sweet-tongued, but with a calculating
stare; and the assistant manager, son of

ARLT DECO 1, 29

THE MAN WITH THE BOAR'S HEAD,

ARLT DECO 2, 33

A HANDSOME YOUNG FELLOW
OF THIRTY, WITH A SHOCK OF