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Our Ballinger family continues to grow with the addition of 16 condensed and extra-condensed styles. Their shared DNA is visible in the generous counters and x-height, forthright forms, and air of cheery efficiency. And like their wider relatives, they have their roots in 19th Century jobbing faces. While the eight Condensed styles were designed for impact, we took care to balance them for continuous reading, making them ideal for applications where clarity is key but space is at a premium. In contrast, the eight radically smooshed X-Condensed weights are ideal for movie credits, legal disclaimers, and lists of side effects. Featuring case-sensitive delimiters, as well as lining, oldstyle, proportional, and tabular figures. Winner of an ICAD Gold Bell.

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Ballinger Condensed Thin

Ballinger Condensed X-Light

Ballinger Condensed Light

Ballinger Condensed Regular

**Ballinger Condensed Medium**

**Ballinger Condensed Bold**

**Ballinger Condensed X-Bold**

**Ballinger Condensed Black**

Ballinger X-Condensed Thin

Ballinger X-Condensed X-Light

Ballinger X-Condensed Light

Ballinger X-Condensed Regular

**Ballinger X-Condensed Medium**

**Ballinger X-Condensed Bold**

**Ballinger X-Condensed X-Bold**

**Ballinger X-Condensed Black**

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16pt

THIS BEING WELL KNOWN TO SECOND LIEUTENANT COURTENAY, HE, AFTER COLLECTING himself, his cycle, and his scattered wits from the ditch and conscientiously cursing the road, the dark, and the wet, duly turned to bless the luck that had brought about an accident right at the doorstep of a section of the Motor Transport. There were about ten massive lorries drawn up close to the side of the road under the poplars, and Courtenay made a direct line for one from which a chink of light showed under the tarpaulin and sounds of revelry issued from a melodeon and a rasping file. Courtenay pulled aside the flap, poked his head in and found himself blinking in the bright glare of an acetylene lamp suspended in the middle of a Mechanical Transport traveling workshop. The walls—tarpaulin over a

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THIS BEING WELL KNOWN TO SECOND LIEUTENANT COURTENAY, HE, AFTER COLLECTING HIMSELF, HIS CYCLE, AND his scattered wits from the ditch and conscientiously cursing the road, the dark, and the wet, duly turned to bless the luck that had brought about an accident right at the doorstep of a section of the Motor Transport. There were about ten massive lorries drawn up close to the side of the road under the poplars, and Courtenay made a direct line for one from which a chink of light showed under the tarpaulin and sounds of revelry issued from a melodeon and a rasping file. Courtenay pulled aside the flap, poked his head in and found himself blinking in the bright glare of an acetylene lamp suspended in the middle of a Mechanical Transport traveling workshop. The walls—tarpaulin over a wooden frame—were closely packed with an array of tools, and the floor was still more closely packed with a work-bench, vice and lathe, spare motor parts, boxes, and half a dozen men. The men were reading newspapers and magazines; one was manipulating the melodeon, and another at the vice was busy with the file. The various occupations ceased abruptly as Courtenay poked his head in and explained briefly who he was and what his troubles were. “Thought you might be able to do something for me,” he concluded, and before he had finished speaking the man at the vice had laid down his file and was reaching down a mackintosh from its hook. Courtenay noticed a sergeant’s stripes on his sleeve, and a thick and most unsoldierly crop of hair on his head plastered back from the brow. “Why sure,” the sergeant said. “If she’s anyways fixable, you reckon her as fixed. Whereabouts is she ditched?” Ten minutes later Courtenay was listening disconsolately to the list of damages

12pt

THIS BEING WELL KNOWN TO SECOND LIEUTENANT COURTENAY, HE, AFTER collecting himself, his cycle, and his scattered wits from the ditch and conscientiously cursing the road, the dark, and the wet, duly turned to bless the luck that had brought about an accident right at the doorstep of a section of the Motor Transport. There were about ten massive lorries drawn up close to the side of the road under the poplars, and Courtenay made a direct line for one from which a chink of light showed under the tarpaulin and sounds of revelry issued from a melodeon and a rasping file. Courtenay pulled aside the flap, poked his head in and found himself blinking in the bright glare of an acetylene lamp suspended in the middle of a Mechanical Transport traveling workshop. The walls—tarpaulin over a wooden

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16pt

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32pt

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that had brought about an accident right at the doorstep

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Courtenay, he, after collecting himself, his cycle, and  
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Oldstyle Figures 1234567890 → 1234567890

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Tabular Figures 1234567890 → 1234567 890

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Tabular Oldstyle Figures 1234567890 → 1234567890

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Arbitrary Fractions  $1/9$   $3/8$   $25/32$  →  $\frac{1}{9}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{25}{32}$

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Superiors & Inferiors Estuarial<sup>3</sup> H<sub>2</sub>O → Estuarial<sup>3</sup> H<sub>2</sub>O

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Ordinals 23<sup>a</sup> 65<sup>o</sup> → 23<sup>a</sup> 65<sup>o</sup>

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Case-sensitive Forms (NON-COM) «OBOE» → (NON-COM) «OBOE»

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Ligatures Define flee office afflict ruff Kafka surfboard fjord  
→ Define flee office afflict ruff Kafka surfboard fjord

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Stylistic Set 1 Great days → Great days

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Stylistic Set 2 €23.75 → €23.75

Uppercase

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ ßÆŒØ  
ÁĂÂÃÄÅ Æ Ā Ć Ĉ Ċ Ď Ě Ĕ Ė Ę Ğ Ġ Ĩ Ī Ĵ Ľ Ŀ Ń Ñ Ñ  
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Lowercase

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Ligatures

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Figures

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Alternates

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Punctuation & Delimiters

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Math

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Symbols

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Designed by Max Phillips.

Many thanks to Scott Burnett at aad  
and Rainer Scheichelbauer.

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