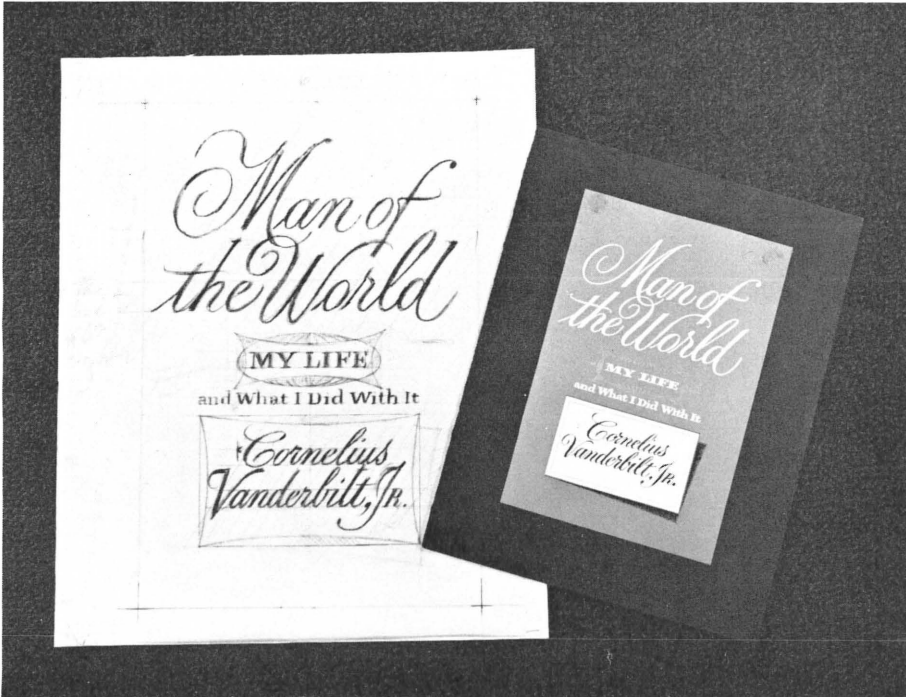


Decorative page from *Festschrift of Originals* given to and in honor of Paul A. Bennett by The Typophiles, New York City. Original strike-in on gray-line 1/2 pica graph paper.

# Calligraphy of Arnold Bank

The following selection of work is from the recent exhibition—Arnold Bank: Artist, Scholar, Teacher—held at the Hunt Library, Carnegie-Mellon University, Pittsburgh. Arnold Bank is a calligrapher and has been a professor of design at Carnegie-Mellon since 1962. The exhibition was coordinated by Ann Skoog, librarian of the Fine and Rare Book Room of the Hunt Library.



Book jacket design, 1959. Enlarged pencil layout sketch and finished printed dust jacket.

THUS SPAKE  
ZARATHUSTRA



BY FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Translated from the German by Thomas Common  
With an Introduction by Henry David Aiken  
and Decorations by Arnold Bank

New York  
Printed at The Thistle Press for Members of  
THE LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB 1964

Titlepage for the Limited Editions Club, 1964.

Preliminary and final masthead design, 1949. First printing, October 24, 1949.  
This was the first change in masthead since 1876.

# PRINCETONIAN

PRINCETON, N. J. WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1963

Page 1

## Founded 1876

# The Daily PRINCETONIAN

Vol. LXXIII No. 124

PRINCETON, N. J. MONDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1949

5 Cents

## Big Red Edges Spirited Tigers In 14-12 Thriller

**Band Performances,  
Antics At Halftime  
Provide Amusement**

By GRENVILLE GARDNER '51  
ITHACA, N.Y. — A colorful crowd of 5,000 Cornell grads and students, Pennsylvanians and native Ithacans filled picturesque Schaeffer Field to near capacity Saturday for the 2nd clash between the Big Red and the Orange and Black.  
Thundering skies which produced a light rain an hour before the 2 o'clock kickoff, then a presidentially veiled time approached.  
**Cornell Band Expert**  
The 100-piece Cornell band opened the assembly with expert



**Mighty Tiger Drives  
Match Rivals' Power  
In Desperate Fight**

By ROBERT M. LOVELL Jr. '52  
ITHACA, New York. — Flashing a high-powered running attack to the outside, Cornell's undefeated legions managed to defeat the underdog Princeton Tigers by the slim margin of two extra points, 14-12. The bare account of the facts, however, gives no indication of the fight shown by Charlie Caldwell's "spurred steers," who played the rugged Big Red to a standstill after being injured by the most fantastic series of breaks they have run up against in years.



AFTER after perhaps long after  
the next war, *~~~~~*  
I will sit sit beside a brook,  
if there is a brook, *~~~~~*  
and hammer hammer out of copper  
a horse, if *~~~~~*  
I can remember.

Public Domain Poem  
Design: Arnold Rose  
Copyright © 1975 by Donald Petesch  
Published by the University of Pittsburgh  
and the Carnegie Endowment  
for the Arts. Copyright © 1975  
The University Press, CMU.

Design and calligraphy for the Bus Poetry Series, Pittsburgh PAT System, 1975.  
Car card, 11 x 28 inches, white on copper orange. Poem "After" by Donald Petesch.

Headings and initial letters. *Life*, 1952.

THE EDITORS OF LIFE PROUDLY PRESENT FOR THE FIRST TIME AND IN FULL  
A GREAT NEW BOOK BY A GREAT AMERICAN WRITER

# THE Old Man AND THE Sea

by Ernest Hemingway

**H**E was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with four sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat.

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-seated scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a tabless desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago," the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money."

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him. "No," the old man said. "You're with a lucky boat. Stay with

"He hasn't much faith."

"No," the old man said. "But we have. Haven't we?"

"Yes," the boy said. "Can I offer you a beer on the Terrace and then we'll take the stuff home?"

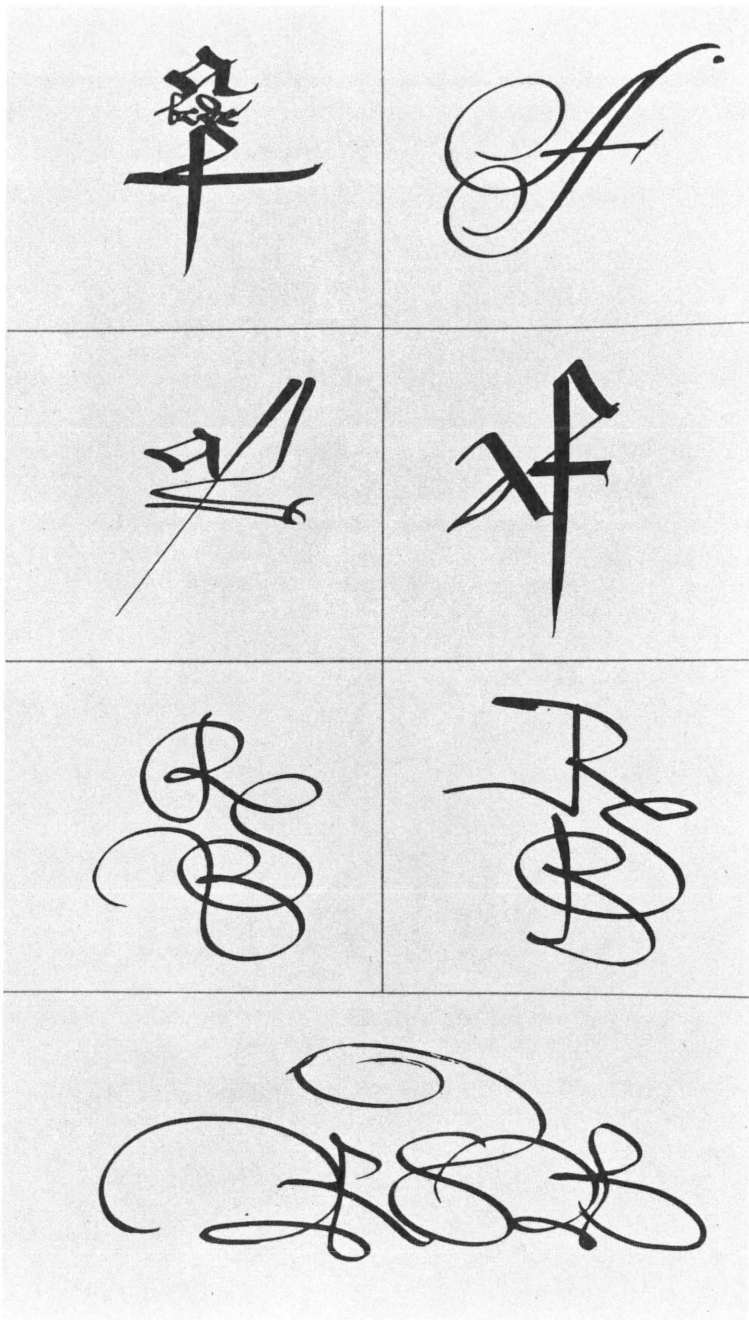
"Why not?" the old man said. "Between fishermen."

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen. The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin out and carried them laid full length across two planks, with two men staggering at the end of each plank. To the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were bled on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting.

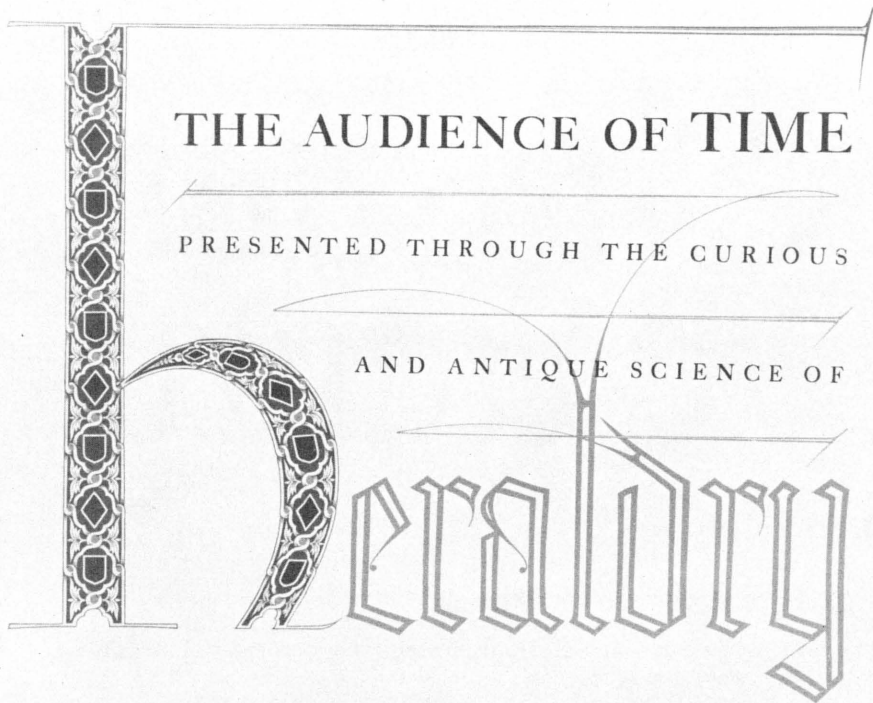
When the wind was in the east a smell came across the harbour from the shark factory; but today there was only the faint edge of the odour because the wind had backed into the north and then dropped off and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace.

"Santiago," the boy said.

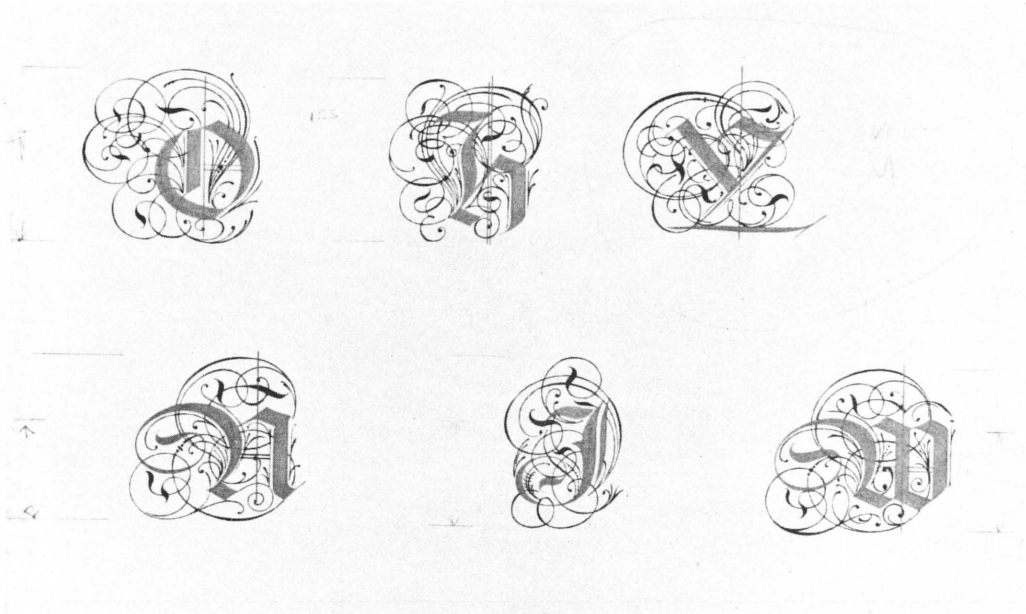
"Yes," the old man said. He was holding his glass and thinking of many years ago.



Studies for marks and monograms. Top four for Alfred Fairbank; three for Rose S. Bank.



Book titlepage (above) and drawings for colored initials. Time Advertising Promotion Department, 1947.



# The Christian Century

Sketch for periodical masthead. Broad pen and ink, 11 x 8-1/2 inches.

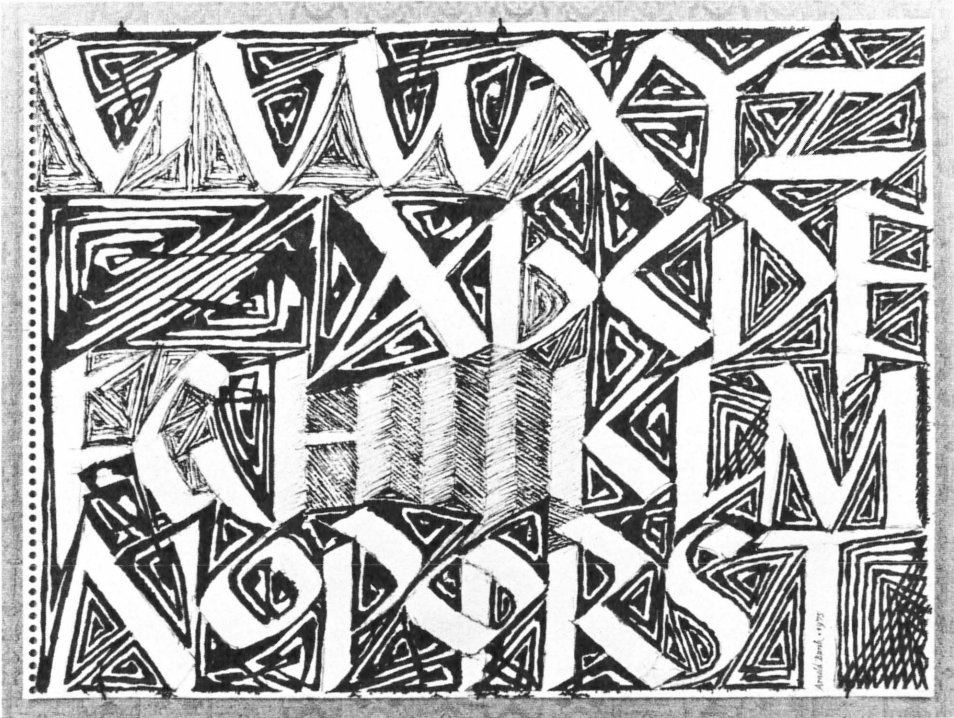
Study for a mark for Alfred Fairbank. Strike-in with broad marker on foolscap, black and white, 9 x 8-1/2 inches.



Calligraphics

Titling for exhibit. Hunt Library, Carnegie-Mellon University. 22-1/2 x 13 inches.

Alphabet, 1975. Broad pens and ink on watercolor paper, 15 x 11 inches.



Count  
TEN  
STORM  
Longmans

Romantic  
REBEL  
The Life and Times  
of  
GEORGE  
SAND  
SEYD  
VIKING

A  
NEW  
DESIGN  
for  
WOMEN'S  
EDUCATION  
Constance  
Warren  
STOKES

Dickens  
His  
Character,  
Comedy  
&  
Career  
Hesketh  
Pearson  
Harper

SUEZ  
and  
PANAMA  
Siegfried  
Harcourt, Brace  
and Company

Spine designs for book jackets.

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MAN  
A life of  
CHRIST  
in the  
form of  
a Novel  
Toyohiko  
KAGAWA  
Harper

HERE  
LIES  
The Collected  
Stories  
of  
DOROTHY  
PARKER  
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POLLY  
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Sinclair Lewis  
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The Danger  
of Being  
a  
Gentleman  
&  
Other Essays  
VIKING