

# WOODFORD BOURNE PRO

UPDATED JULY 2021

Completely redrawn, WBPRO has an additional 500 glyphs, including more alternates, ligatures, small caps, petite caps and catchwords

*A vintage geometric sans, optically adjusted for improved aesthetics and legibility*

## INSPIRED BY 19<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY TYPE

*Based on stone cast letterforms of the mid-nineteenth century Woodford Bourne building façade in Cork, Ireland*

## TRULY GROTESQUE

It could be the ideal typeface for your next design project

**MAKE A BOLD STATEMENT** *with* **WOODFORD BOURNE PRO**

Êüřópeàn çhăřăcter şeṭ with àłtĕrnăţîve şţȳłĵstîç şeṭş

Thin | ExtraLight | Light | Regular | Medium | **SemiBold** | **Bold** | **Black** | **Ultra**

# ESSENTIAL

**2 FONTS IN 1.** USE THE FULL SET OF DEFAULT CHARACTERS OR CHOOSE THE ALTERNATIVE VINTAGE STYLISTIC SET

*Switch from contemporary to vintage style in an instant*

NINE WEIGHTS | ROMAN & ITALIC | ALTERNATES | SMALL CAPS | PETITE CAPS | CATCHWORDS | 1,000+ GLYPHS

@paulogoode

Hamburgefonts

*partly ambiguous codes quoted*

MULLIGAN & O'HARE

Ted Maul reporting

YOU'RE ALL I WANT ♡

*An estimated 1,246 bistros and cafés*

NO IT AIN'T NO FUN WAITING AROUND TO BE A MILLIONAIRE

A čo majú robit ľudia?

JUNGLE BOOGIE

*aggregate score over two legs*

DON'T U JUST H8 TXT SPK?

BARNSTORMING

*To whom it may concern*

I THINK YOU'LL FIND THE YEAR WAS 1874

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WHILST WE WERE TALKING, we heard a sort of sound between a yelp and a bark. It was far away; but the horses got very restless, and it took Johann all his time to quiet them. He was pale and said, "*It sounds like a wolf – but yet there are no wolves here now.*"

"No?" I said, questioning him. "Isn't it long since the wolves were so near the city?"

"Long, long," he answered, "in the spring and summer; but with the snow the wolves have been here not so long."

Whilst he was petting the horses and trying to quiet them, dark clouds drifted rapidly across the sky. The sunshine passed away, and a breath of cold wind seemed to drift over us. It was only a breath, however, and more of a warning than a fact, for the sun came out brightly again.

Johann looked under his lifted hand at the horizon and said, "The storm of snow, he comes before long time." Then he looked at his watch again, and, straightway holding his reins firmly - for the horses were still pawing the ground restlessly and shaking their heads - the

Once upon a time  
DISCO INFERNO  
she ate four gorgeous canapés  
19<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY FAÇADE

Not only was the first song offbeat, it was offkey too!

VERSATILITY

*I know you'll be a star in somebody else's sky*

Tá an t-ádh orm inniu!

you can follow @paulogoode on Twitter

WOODFORD, BOURNE & C<sup>o</sup>

BEHEMOTH

Only \$6,000,000 to rebuild him

À WITH Ì CATCHWORDS BY ONLY TO

There are over 1,000 (one thousand) glyphs in this font

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AS HE PROCEEDED WITH HIS NARRATION, he grew more and more excited. It seemed as if his imagination had got hold of him, and he ended in a perfect paroxysm of fear – white-faced, perspiring, trembling, and looking round him as if expecting that some dreadful presence would manifest itself there in the bright sunshine on the open plain.

Finally, in an agony of desperation, he cried, “*Walpurgis nacht!*” and pointed to the carriage for me to get in.

All my English blood rose at this, and standing back I said, “You are afraid, Johann – you are afraid. Go home, I shall return alone, the walk will do me good.” The carriage door was open. I took from the seat my oak walking stick – which I always carry on my holiday excursions – and closed the door, pointing back to Munich, and said, “Go home, Johann – *Walpurgis nacht doesn't concern Englishmen.*”

The horses were now more restive than ever, and Johann was trying to hold them in, while excitedly imploring me not to do anything so foolish. I pitied the poor fellow, he was so deeply in earnest; but

# Divine intervention ESCAPOLOGIST

do you want to stop at quacking plums

## ADAGIO IN D MINOR

*Inside every man (there's a machine waiting to come out)*

STATE OF LOVE AND TRUST

## TYPORNOGRAPHY

dumb all over—a little ugly on the side

IMPORTERS OF WINES | FRUITS | SPICES | COFFEES | TEAS

## DAMAGE INC

A QUIET NIGHT IN WITH LESTER CORNCRAKE

*synchronised swimming and philately*

THIS WILL BE TOO SMALL TO READ FOR MOST PEOPLE, BUT IF YOU CAN MANAGE IT WITHOUT ZOOMING IN, WELL DONE!

## MANKIND-REDEFINED

Backs\ash and forward s/ash

*THE MORE YOU'VE FOUND, THE LESS YOU'VE BEEN AROUND*

24,679 Xylophones, Glockenspiels & Marimbas

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THERE WAS NOT THE SLIGHTEST REASON, that I could see, for his objection; and I daresay I tramped for a couple of hours without thinking of time or distance and certainly without seeing a person or a house. So far as the place was concerned, it was desolation itself. But I did not notice this particularly till, on turning a bend in the road, I came upon a scattered fringe of wood; then I recognized that I had been impressed unconsciously by the desolation of the region through which I had passed.

I sat down to rest myself and began to look around. It struck me that it was considerably colder than it had been at the commencement of my walk – *a sort of sighing sound seemed to be around me with, now and then, high overhead, a sort of muffled roar.* Looking upwards I noticed that great thick clouds were drafting rapidly across the sky from north to south at a great height. There were signs of a coming storm in some lofty stratum of the air. I was a little chilly, and, thinking that it was the sitting still after the exercise of walking, I resumed my journey.

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# Handgloves

MONA LISA OVERDRIVE

*I'm Howard Moon, there's a simple truth to me*

Back of the net

AT WITH OF  
BY ON

[www.paulogoode.com](http://www.paulogoode.com)

\*THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

*Damien Knöx wants to see my portfolio*

SCORPION FROG

*DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?*

“Peter, you’ve lost the news!”

AROUND THE WORLD IN A TEA DAZE

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DARKER AND DARKER GREW THE SKY, and faster and heavier fell the snow, till the earth before and around me was a glistening white carpet the further edge of which was lost in misty vagueness. The road was here but crude, and when on the level its boundaries were not so marked as when it passed through the cuttings; and in a little while I found that I must have strayed from it, for I missed underfoot the hard surface, and *my feet sank deeper in the grass and moss*. Then the wind grew stronger and blew with ever increasing force, till I was fain to run before it. The air became icy-cold, and in spite of my exercise I began to suffer. The snow was now falling so thickly and whirling around me in such rapid eddies that I could hardly keep my eyes open. Every now and then the heavens were torn asunder by vivid lightning, and in the flashes I could see ahead of me a great mass of trees, chiefly yew and cypress all heavily coated with snow.

I was soon amongst the shelter of the trees, *and there in comparative silence I could hear the rush of the wind high overhead.*

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# The Truth Beyond

£1,875 for a cup of coffee and a flapjack

## HOLOGRAPHIC

Without giving too much away, think *Planet of the Apes*

## MEDITATIVE CHAOS

A<sub>A</sub>A<sub>A</sub>a<sub>a</sub>³M<sub>M</sub>M<sub>M</sub>mM<sub>M</sub>M<sub>M</sub>OO<sub>O</sub>oo<sub>o</sub>°OO<sub>O</sub>oo

*If it ain't broke, don't fix it*

## GO AWAY AVATAR!

I've been doing fjords all my life

## POLYmORPH

Kedže celý náš život je bohužiaľ

## VESTIBULE

*How long is a piece of string?*

unquestionably totally absolutely 100% definitely

$12^{34/37} \div 21.095 + 63,048 =$

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

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NOW AND AGAIN, THROUGH THE BLACK MASS of drifting cloud, came a straggling ray of moonlight which lit up the expanse and showed me that I was at the edge of a dense mass of cypress and yew trees. As the snow had ceased to fall, I walked out from the shelter and began to investigate more closely. It appeared to me that, amongst so many old foundations as I had passed, there might be still standing a house in which, though in ruins, I could find some sort of shelter for a while. As I skirted the edge of the copse, I found that a low wall encircled it, and following this I presently found an opening. Here the cypresses formed an alley leading up to a square mass of some kind of building. Just as I caught sight of this, however, the drifting clouds obscured the moon, and I passed up the path in darkness. The wind must have grown colder, for I felt myself shiver as I walked; *but there was hope of shelter, and I groped my way blindly on.*

I stopped, for there was a sudden stillness. The storm had passed; and, perhaps in sympathy with nature's silence, my heart

THANK G<sub>OD</sub> I'M AN ATHEIST

GOAL!

That was liquid football

*What's all that shouting? We'll have no trouble here!*

świętych

COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWN, IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME

LUNAR INDUSTRIES LTD

LONDON, ENGLAND. ESTD 1976

FALL IN LINE

I stand up next to a mountain and I chop it down with the edge of my hand

→*This is a tight squeeze, it might not fit in*←

JONATHAN ♡ ELIZABETH

*Your mother was a hamster and your father smelled of elderberries!*

23 SKIDOO

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THE STORM HAD PASSED; and, perhaps in sympathy with nature's silence, my heart seemed to cease to beat. *But this was only momentarily*; for suddenly the moonlight broke through the clouds showing me that I was in a graveyard and that the square object before me was a great massive tomb of marble, as white as the snow that lay on and all around it. With the moonlight there came a fierce sigh of the storm which appeared to resume its course with a long, low howl, as of many dogs or wolves. I was awed and shocked, and I felt the cold perceptibly grow upon me till it seemed to grip me by the heart. Then while the flood of moonlight still fell on the marble tomb, the storm gave further evidence of renewing, as though it were returning on its track. Impelled by some sort of fascination, I approached the sepulchre to see what it was and why such a thing stood alone in such a place. I walked around it and read, over the Doric door, in German – COUNTESS DOLINGEN OF GRATZ IN STYRIA SOUGHT AND FOUND DEATH 1801.

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# Angelify

*May I have the pleasure?*

THERE'S TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE

## Crêpes & Waffles

Go and boil your bottoms, you sons of a silly person!

**21<sup>ST</sup> CENTURY SCHIZOID MAN**

€24.99 | \$28.49 | £20.17 | ¥3079.59 | ₣51.00

**FROM RUSSIA WITH L♡VE**

**Vous êtes le Phénix des hôtes**

**©MMXVI ®2016 ®2016**

*The Creeping Moss from the Shores of Shuggoth*

~~IN THE ONLY~~ **CATCHWORDS** ~~WITH AND ON~~

## McBRIDE & Cº

## McBRIDE & Cº

## RAY BLOODY PURCHASE

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**O**N THE TOP OF THE TOMB, seemingly driven through the solid marble – for the structure was composed of a few vast blocks of stone – was a great iron spike or stake. On going to the back I saw, graven in great Russian letters: “*The dead travel fast.*”

There was something so weird and uncanny about the whole thing that it gave me a turn and made me feel quite faint. I began to wish, for the first time, that I had taken Johann’s advice. Here a thought struck me, which came under almost mysterious circumstances and with a terrible shock. *This was Walpurgis Night!*

Walpurgis Night was when, according to the belief of millions of people, the devil was abroad – when the graves were opened and the dead came forth and walked. When all evil things of earth and air and water held revel. This very place the driver had specially shunned. This was the depopulated village of centuries ago. This was where the suicide lay; and this was the place



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# BACK IN BLACK Magick

*Here I go out to sea again, the sunshine fills my hair*

**Who knows the secret?**

## SABBATH

*And now my bitter hands cradle broken glass of what was everything*

## THE MYSTERONS

**FRÍÐÄY | PAÑTHER | SWAN**

**won't you come and wash away the rain?**

## CHRISTMAS

***Bernard, Manny & Fran***

*even Pluto began to experience the effects of my ill temper*

## FILM NOIR

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**NOTE:** Stating the blatantly obvious—Black weight is *not* recommended for body copy.

**A**ND NOW A PERFECT TORNADO BURST UPON ME. The ground shook as though thousands of horses thundered across it; and this time the storm bore on its icy wings, not snow, but great hailstones which drove with such violence that they might have come from the thongs of Balearic slingers – hailstones that beat down leaf and branch and made the shelter of the cypresses of no more avail than though their stems were standing corn. At the first I had rushed to the nearest tree; but I was soon fain to leave it and seek the only spot that seemed to afford refuge, the deep Doric doorway of the marble tomb. There, crouching against the massive bronze door, I gained a certain amount of protection from the beating of the hail stones, *for now they only drove against me as they ricocheted from the ground and the side of the marble.*

As I leaned against the door, it moved slightly and opened inwards. The shelter of even a tomb was welcome in that pitiless tempest and I was about to enter it when there came a flash of

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**ULTRAMEGA OK**

*Probably best used as a display face...*

**WITH LOVE AND RESPECT**

**TOTALLY  
PHAT**

I don't watch television, but I hear *Breaking Bad* is very good

**+353 (23)022-2467**

**GARGANTUAN**

**ATLANTIS**

**SCHADENFREUDE**

**#waffle #offtrack**

**Schriftgießerei**

**THIS IS THE END, BEAUTIFUL FRIEND**

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**NOTE:** Stating the blatantly obvious—Ultra weight is *not* recommended for body copy.

**T**HE WHOLE THING WAS SO SUDDEN THAT, before I could realize the shock, moral as well as physical, I found the hailstones beating me down. At the same time I had a strange, dominating feeling that I was not alone. I looked towards the tomb. Just then there came another blinding flash which seemed to strike the iron stake that surmounted the tomb and to pour through to the earth, blasting and crumbling the marble, as in a burst of flame. *The dead woman rose for a moment of agony* while she was lapped in the flame, and her bitter scream of pain was drowned in the thundercrash. The last thing I heard was this mingling of dreadful sound, as again I was seized in the giant grasp and dragged away, while the hailstones beat on me and the air around seemed reverberant with the howling of wolves. The last sight that I remembered was a vague, white, moving mass, as if all the graves around me had sent out the phantoms of their sheeted dead, and that they were closing in on me through the white

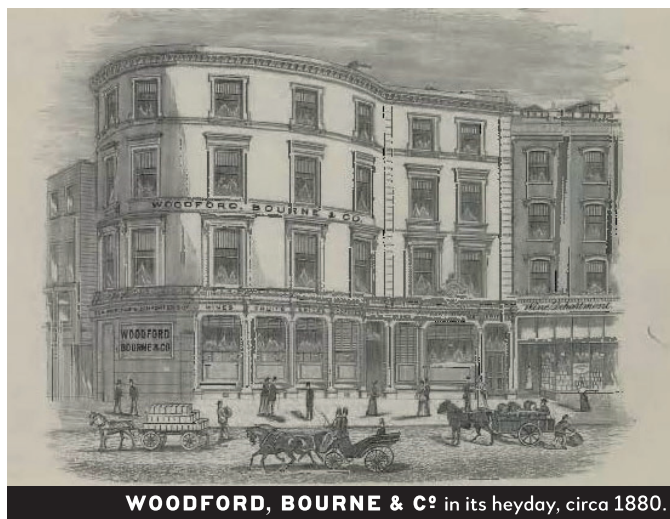
## Woodford Bourne PRO Glyphs

## Woodford Bourne PRO Glyphs

Ligatures	fb ff ffb ffh ffi ffk ffl ftt fh fi fj fk fl WWW www
Catchwords & Discretionary Ligatures	
Stylistic Set 6	AND AT BY FOR IN OF ON ONLY THE TO WITH
Stylistic Set 7	AND AT BY FOR IN OF ON ONLY THE TO WITH (not available in italic)
Stylistic Set 8	CO INC LTD NO ND RD ST TH
Stylistic Set 9	CO INC LTD NO ND RD
Figures & Fractions	0123456789
Includes Regular, Old Style, Small Caps, Numerators, Denominators, Superiors & Inferiors	0123456789
	0123456789
	1/2 1/3 2/3 1/4 3/4 1/8 3/8 5/8 7/8
	1234567890 / 1234567890
	H <sup>1</sup> 1234567890H <sub>1</sub> 1234567890H
Punctuation	*·,:;,...! : !i?¿?¿?¿"/\_{ }[]()--- ---«»<>,,“”“”„””
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Symbols	@&#¶©®©§™°^♥†‡←↑→↓↔↕↖↗↘↙
Diacritics	˘˙˚ ˆ˜˘˙˚˘˙˚ ˚˘˙˚ ˚˘˙˚

### UPDATED JULY 2021

- Redrawn /S/s/ achieving a more balanced structure
- Redrawn italics
- Improved diacritics
- Additional glyphs to cover all European Latin languages.



WOODFORD, BOURNE & CO in its heyday, circa 1880.



The buildings are still a commanding presence in 2015.

## HISTORY

The former Woodford, Bourne & Co. buildings on Patrick Street and Paul Street, Cork City, Ireland, are synonymous with the city's heritage. The original Woodford, Bourne & Co. was a grocery and wine and spirit merchant established in 1850, with the Woodford's original family business dating back to 1750.

Although they ceased trading in these buildings in the early 1980s, their distinctive landmark remains intact—as you can see from the photographs above. These stone cast letterforms, an early, architect-designed grotesque, have inspired the creation of my font family in honour of the esteemed Woodford Bourne name.

## DEVELOPMENT

I had long admired this historic sans-serif, but, could I create a whole typeface based on a collection of those 12 characters? I chose the letterforms above what is now the entrance to The Woodford Bar, in Paul Street, as the basis for my new font—see top of *this page*. I created a full alphabet of capitals that complemented the original castings, this became the 'black' weight for my font. I added a lowercase character set, figures, punctuation marks, diacritics and more... the first release totalled 500 glyphs in 9 weights. With the Woodford Bourne PRO update in 2016, there are now 1,000+ glyphs.

When first experimenting with the typeface it became clear that while the historical aspects\* of the font were drawn faithfully to the original, it would be great to have more contemporary versions of those letterforms in the font too.

*\*For example, the curved leg of the R, the slightly condensed O and the extended E and F, plus the less so, D and B.*

The type on the façade of the Patrick Street building is an extended version of that used at Paul Street. I may return to interpret this when furthering the Woodford Bourne font family.

## PRIDE

*Woodford Bourne* emerged after countless bleary-eyed late nights of intense glyph making. The first release had nine weights in both roman and italic. By selecting **Stylistic Set 1**, you can change the look of your typography from contemporary to vintage in an instant, this adds a lovely *2 fonts in 1* appeal.

I feel immense pride that I can sit here and type these words with my own creation.

## INFLUENCES & DESIGN STYLE

Naturally, the influences for the origins of *Woodford Bourne* are clear enough, however, I do feel it is important that I acknowledge the work of Tobias Frere-Jones and Mark Simonson in particular for creating *Gotham* and *Proxima Nova*. Both have been an influence for Woodford Bourne's contemporary character forms.

I have added very subtle rounded corners to my glyphs, I believe this takes the edge off the "industrial harshness" of these early grotesques and, as a consequence, is a more friendly face to use.

## USING WOODFORD BOURNE

I see Woodford Bourne as primarily a display typeface for titles/headlines in printed materials. I would also love to see Woodford Bourne being used for branding, packaging and promotional material and am keen to hear from designers who use it in their own work. I'd like to compile a gallery for "*Woodford Bourne in use*".