

# The Fairy City of Madurodam



**B**ETWEEN The Hague and the seaside resort of Scheveningen, only a mile or two from the North Sea coast of Holland, there is one of the most remarkable cities in the world. It has crowded streets, motor highways with lots of traffic, mansions lining quiet canals, and modern buildings as well as ancient castles. There are windmills with whirling sails, a harbour full of shipping, and an up-to-date airport where planes stand waiting for permission from the Control Tower to take off.

These and many other features are all that we should expect in a Dutch town, but the aircraft have empty cockpits, on the bridge of the ocean liner in the harbour there is no one in command, and nothing is sold in the shops and houses. Churches, picture houses, trains, trams and schoolrooms are all empty. The whole scene in fact is lacking in life—except for giants walking about the streets like so many Gullivers in Lilliput.

This all sounds mysterious, but no doubt



Visitors to Madurodam admire a characteristic scene in rural Holland.

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by this time every reader will have found the solution to the puzzle. Yes, the city is a miniature one, in which everything is only a twenty-fifth of the scale on which ordinary cities are built.

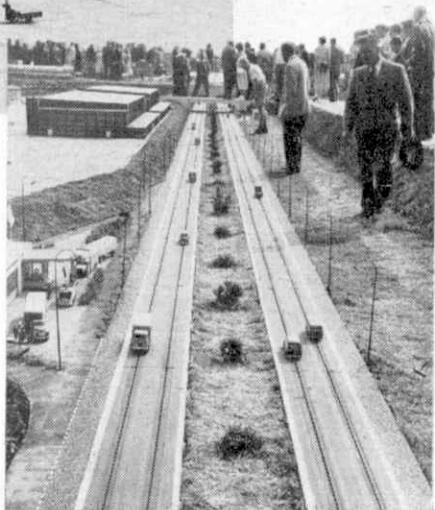
This fairy tale city is Madurodam. Its

ships are moving and there is a lift bridge that anyone can operate.

Madurodam consists largely of donations from Dutch firms, large and small, who have contributed voluntarily because the city exists for a good cause. The entire



On the left "the Convair arriving from London has just landed" at the airport of Madurodam. The roads of the city are busy too, as the scene below shows. For our photographs of Madurodam we are indebted to K. L. M. Royal Dutch Airlines.



name honours the memory of George Maduro, a scholar of Leyden University who showed conspicuous bravery when Holland was invaded in 1940, and who later died in Dachau Concentration Camp. It was opened last Summer after two years of hard work and immediately became an outstanding attraction, 50,000 people visiting it during the first three weeks.

Madurodam is full of wonder for all who see it during the day, when they can examine closely its buildings, canals and railways, but in the evening, when darkness is falling and the lights are switched on, it becomes truly a fairyland. There are warming gleams from the stained glass windows of the churches, and from its old world houses and modern flats. The shop windows are brilliantly illuminated, and so are trains and aircraft, and the airport beacon flashes the code letters MA . . . . MA . . . . MA . . . . in green light.

Every corner of Madurodam is full of marvels. One of the most attractive of these is an electric railway laid out among hills and valleys, across bridges, through tunnels and past a picturesque village and an oil field where drilling is continually in progress. The trains stop for a moment at one of the modern railway stations near the large church, in the tower of which there is a magnificent clock that not only tells the time, but also shows the day and the month and the signs of the Zodiac. In the harbour radio-controlled

proceeds from the thousands of visitors who will come to it from all parts of the world are to go to the Netherlands Students' Sanatorium. It covers an area of 18,000 sq. yds., across the road from one of Holland's largest office buildings, the Head Office of K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines. Its airport indeed is the contribution of K.L.M. and resembles Schiphol Airport.

Madurodam has a real Burgomaster, who is none other than the Crown Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands. The Crown Princess is 14 years of age and takes her duties very seriously. In them she is assisted by a Deputy Burgomaster and members of the City Council, all of whom are schoolchildren.