



The
**BLACK FOREST
VILLAGE**

The Land of
"Once Upon a Time"

*Story by
Clara E. Laughlin*





The BLACK FOREST

THE LAND OF "ONCE UPON A TIME" AS PRESENTED AT
A CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION, CHICAGO, 1934

CONCEIVED, BUILT AND OPERATED BY
R. J. SIPCHEN

PAUL M. FULLER, ARCHITECT

STORY BY CLARA E. LAUGHLIN
AUTHOR OF "SO YOU'RE GOING TO GERMANY AND AUSTRIA"
"SO YOU'RE GOING TO ENGLAND" ETC., ETC.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GORDON COSTER

THIS BOOK PUBLISHED BY
RUNKLE • THOMPSON • KOVATS • INC
TYPOGRAPHERS AND PRINTERS • CHICAGO
COPYRIGHT 1934



So you're going to the Black Forest . . .

BY CLARA E. LAUGHLIN



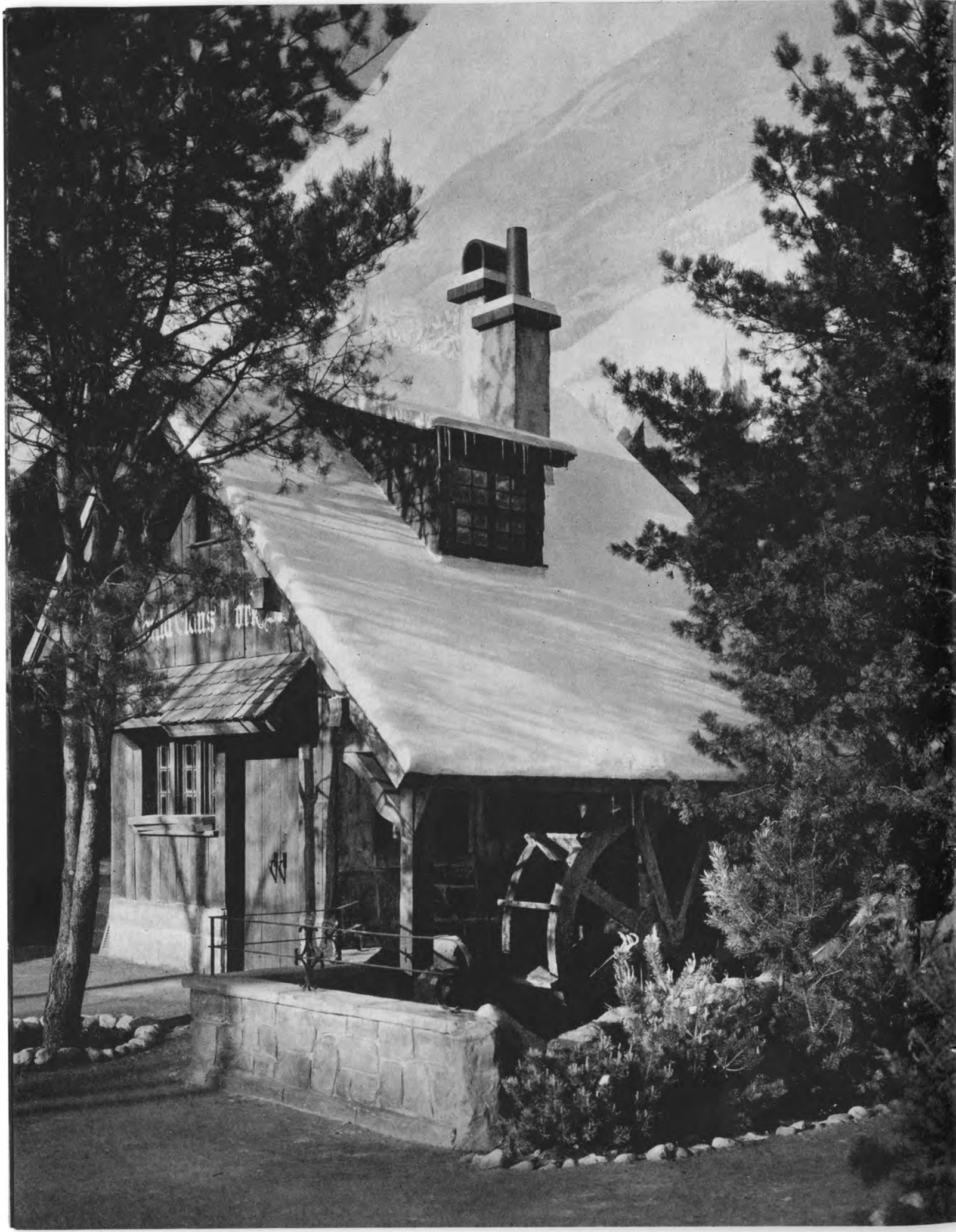
HAVE one of the most delightful jobs in the world: every day I help people plan adventures. Some people call it travel; but I think of it always, as adventure—stepping out of the routine of life, for a while, and into a world of romance we've dreamed about and read about and longed to see.

It's intensely interesting, meeting people to help them make their dreams come true; I learn a lot of endearing things about most of them; learn what stands for romance to many of them.

For instance, it almost invariably happens, when we get to Germany, in our discussion about where to go and what to do, that one of the first questions they ask is: "What about the Black Forest? How do I get to that?"

And I've learned to look up, quickly, from our out-spread maps and papers, when I hear that question, so I may catch the look in the eyes of the questioner. Because, when people say "Black Forest" they nearly all are thinking of the same kind of thing: a fairy-tale world wherein we all lived enchanted hours "when we were very young."

There are many wonderful forests in Europe, and nearly all of them have delightful individuality. Many of them have been the background of stories the whole world loves. But the Black Forest is—well! it has a magic all its own. The merest mention of its name evokes delicious memories. Because we've all been there—"once upon a time!" In our imagination, at least. And we were all so thrilled, so believing, so happy, that we want to go back and feel that way again; we want to forget, at least for a wonderful while, all the things our worldly experience has taught us, and be child-hearted once more, as we were when we first wandered in the Black Forest in the pages of our beloved fairy tales.



I sometimes think that when people ask me, with that note of eagerness in their voices, where the Black Forest is, it isn't because they haven't looked at their maps and seen its location; but because they can't quite believe it's really there. They want assurance that they can get to it, and that when they've got there they'll find it as they *want* it to be.

The Rhine is the southern boundary of the Black Forest as well as the western boundary. Basle, in Switzerland, where the Rhine turns northward, is the southwestern gateway to the Forest. And thence the Rhine goes flowing towards Holland and the North Sea; and as it passes the Black Forest its course is through a wide valley between the Vosges mountains in eastern France and the mountains of the Black Forest on the valley's other side.

When you cross the Rhine at Strasbourg, you enter the Black Forest. When you are at Colmar or Mulhouse, in Alsace, only the Rhine separates you from the Black Forest. When you are at Zurich, in Switzerland, you're not far south of the Rhine and the Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen; and the Black Forest's just north of you.

Baden-Baden is in the Black Forest; and so is Freiburg; and Heidelberg's just to the north of the Forest. It's a "real place," you see! It's not just a fairy tale. And yet it's fairy-tale land.

The Forest is about 100 miles long, from south to north; and it's 10 miles wide in some places, 15 miles in others. The highest mountains (between 4,000 and 5,000 feet) are in the southern part. Up in the northern part, the average height is about 2,000 feet.

So much for the prosaic details that prove it's a "real" place, easy to reach. And it's full of the most delightful places to stay—many sorts of places, depend-



Courtesy, German Tourist Information Office, N. Y.

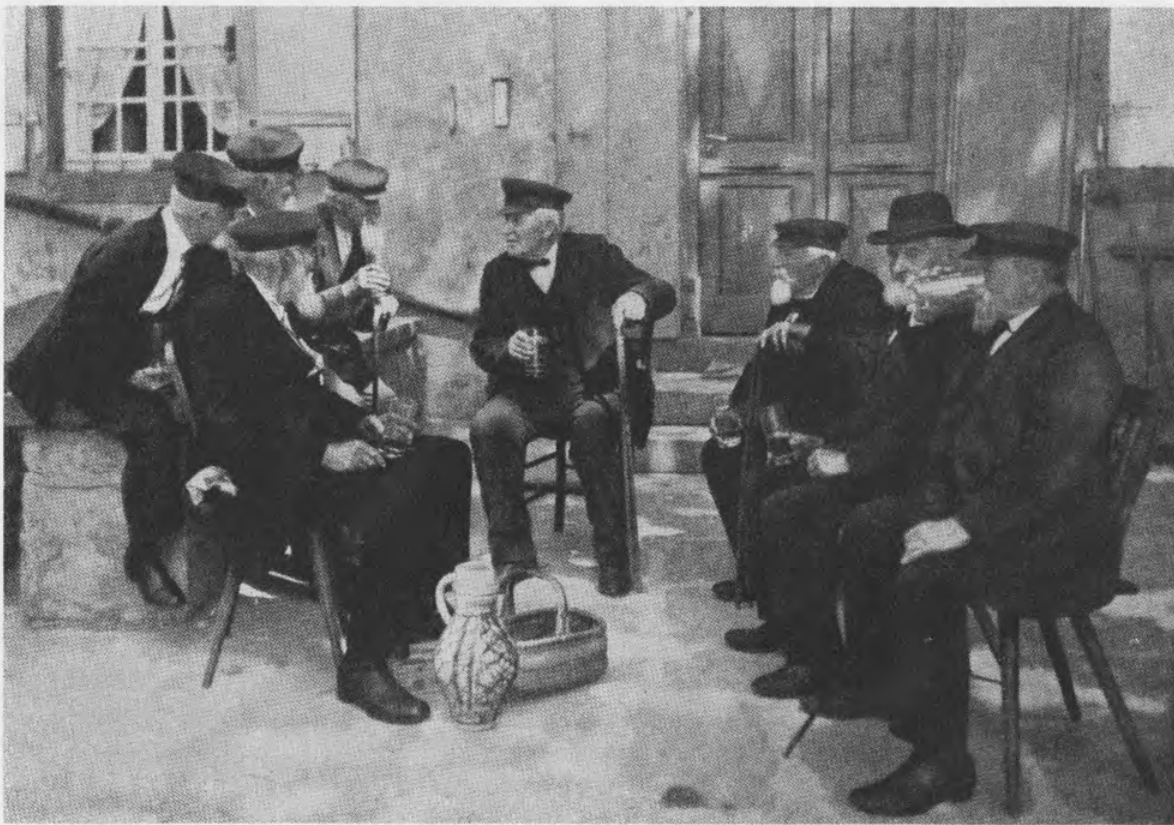


ing on whether you want to be extremely elegant and luxurious, and do your hobnobbing with ogres and nymphs and goblins and captive princesses at intervals between ultra-fashionable pursuits; or whether you want to forget your every-day world as completely as you can, and live as if you, too, were in a story-book, dwelling in an enchanted wood.

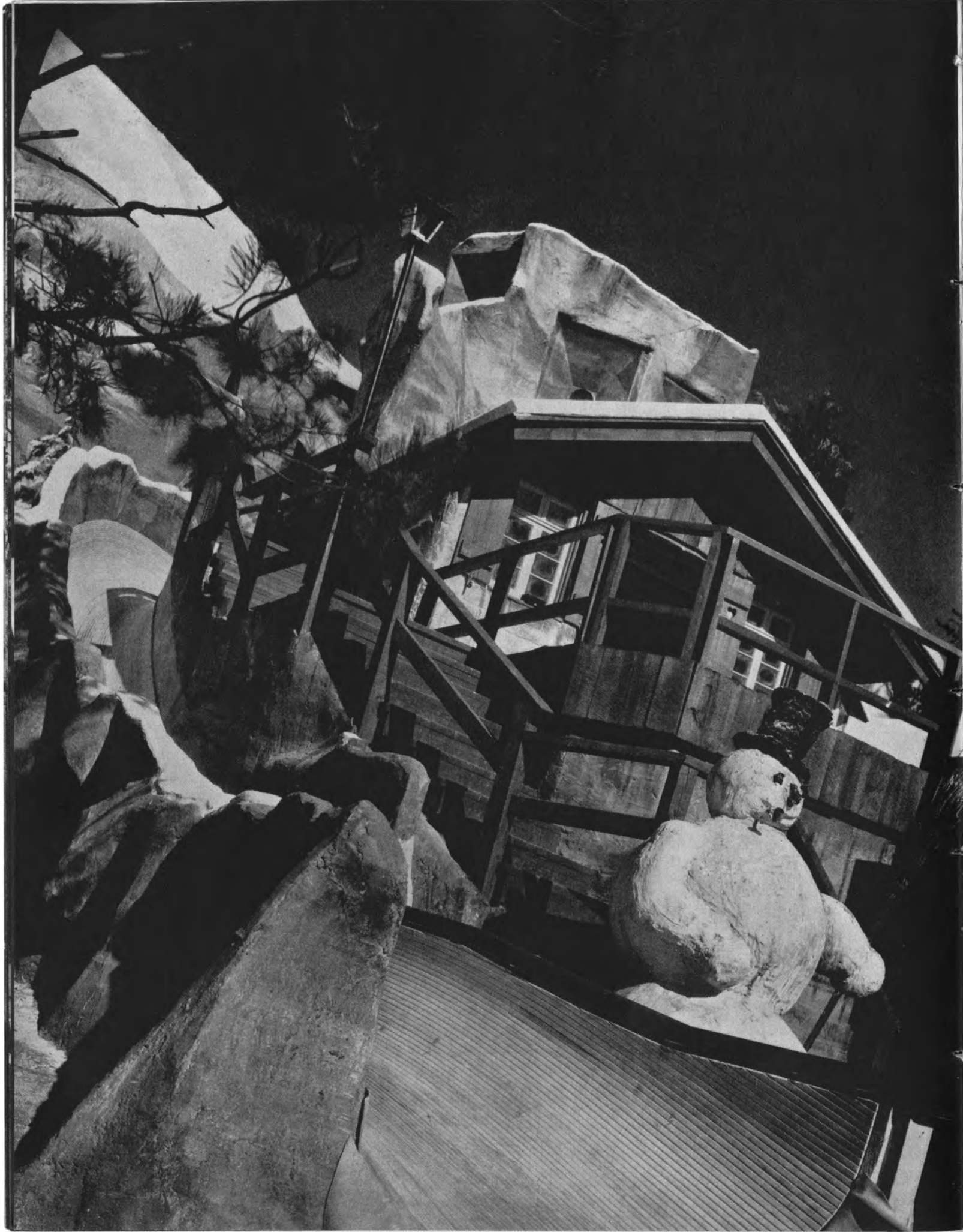
There are more than a few persons who, with all the world to choose from, have selected Freiburg as a place of residence; because of its beauty, its great cultural advantages, its exceedingly pleasant life; and because it has the Black Forest at its back door.

What matters most about the Black Forest, however, is not its *reality* but its *unreality*. It's a corner of this world (and a most accessible corner) where, though many sorts of people go, and not all of them know how to leave behind them the selves they are in their workaday lives, the atmosphere of "once upon a time" stays on and on, forever beautiful, forever potent to weave lovely spells.

You'd never be surprised, in the Black Forest, to find yourself turned



Courtesy, German Tourist Information Office, N. Y.



into a tree, or outwitting a witch, or lying in wait for a dragon, or rescuing a beautiful princess, or finding a dwarf's cave—or *anything* like that.

But if you don't care for magic or the supernatural, you'll never meet any of it. For it's there only for people who want to find it. The fairy world never reveals itself to one who's not seeking it. And the path to the Child World gets to be a tangled, bramble-grown way, with some people who don't know how to keep it clear so they can go back "for a visit" when they need to.

I don't believe there are many persons who want to *stay* grown-up all the time. But I think there are some who need to be *led* back to Youth's world; they have lost the art of finding their own way.

It's a great delight and privilege to be able to wave a wand and transport people back to Once Upon a Time.

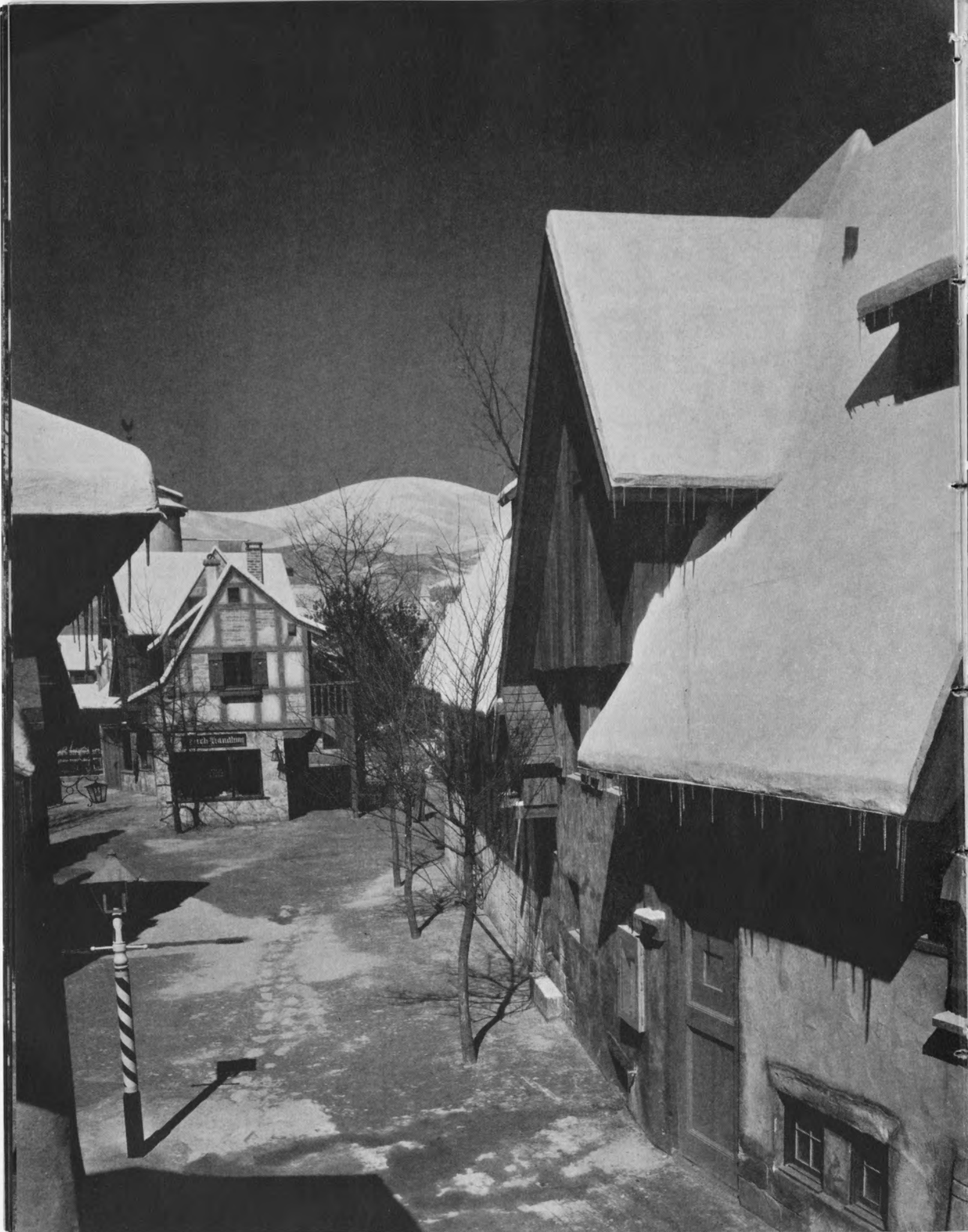
Some can work this magic for us without moving us from our favorite reading-corner. Others can do it for us in a theatre, for the price of a ticket. To both these enchantments I pay my deepest reverence and warmest gratitude.

But you won't be surprised to hear that the magic I like best of all is to be taken *bodily* to Where It All Comes True. I like to *walk into my story-books*, and feel their ground beneath my feet. It has been my great good fortune that I could do this. And that I could *not* do it without much hard work to make it possible, and the sacrifice of innumerable things I value less, than travel, though many people value those same things more.

There are millions of people who love the lands of Once Upon a Time as much as I do, but can't, by dint of any amount of hard work and sacrifice of other joys, get to them more than once in a lifetime; others can't manage even *that*.

What, then, shall we say for the magicians who wave a wand (and spend a great deal of thought, money and skill and labor) to bring us the enchantment we haven't the time or money to go to?

The inspiration to create the Village (and I think no one can feel about it other than it *was* an inspiration) came to Mr. R. J. Sipchen, builder of some of Chicago's great skyscrapers. Last year, it was Mr. Sipchen who erected for the Century of Progress the wonderful Lama Temple; the Golden Pavilion of Jehol, whose "putting together" was such a triumph of skill. He built Fort Dearborn, too; and had much to do with "Wings of a Century."





Courtesy, German Tourist Information Office, N. Y.

This year he conceived the idea not only of a Black Forest village, but of showing it in its winter garb, with some of its winter sports. It was a brilliant thought!

Mr. Sipchen procured as architect for his project, Mr. Paul M. Fuller, distinguished architect and decorator, who is himself a Black Forest man, knows his countryside intimately and lovingly, and has put into the undertaking an enthusiasm matching Mr. Sipchen's own.

Mr. Fuller designed, and Mr. Sipchen built—and built so cunningly that the Village looks as if the Black Forest fairies had come to help him, o' nights, when the gates of the Fair were locked and all

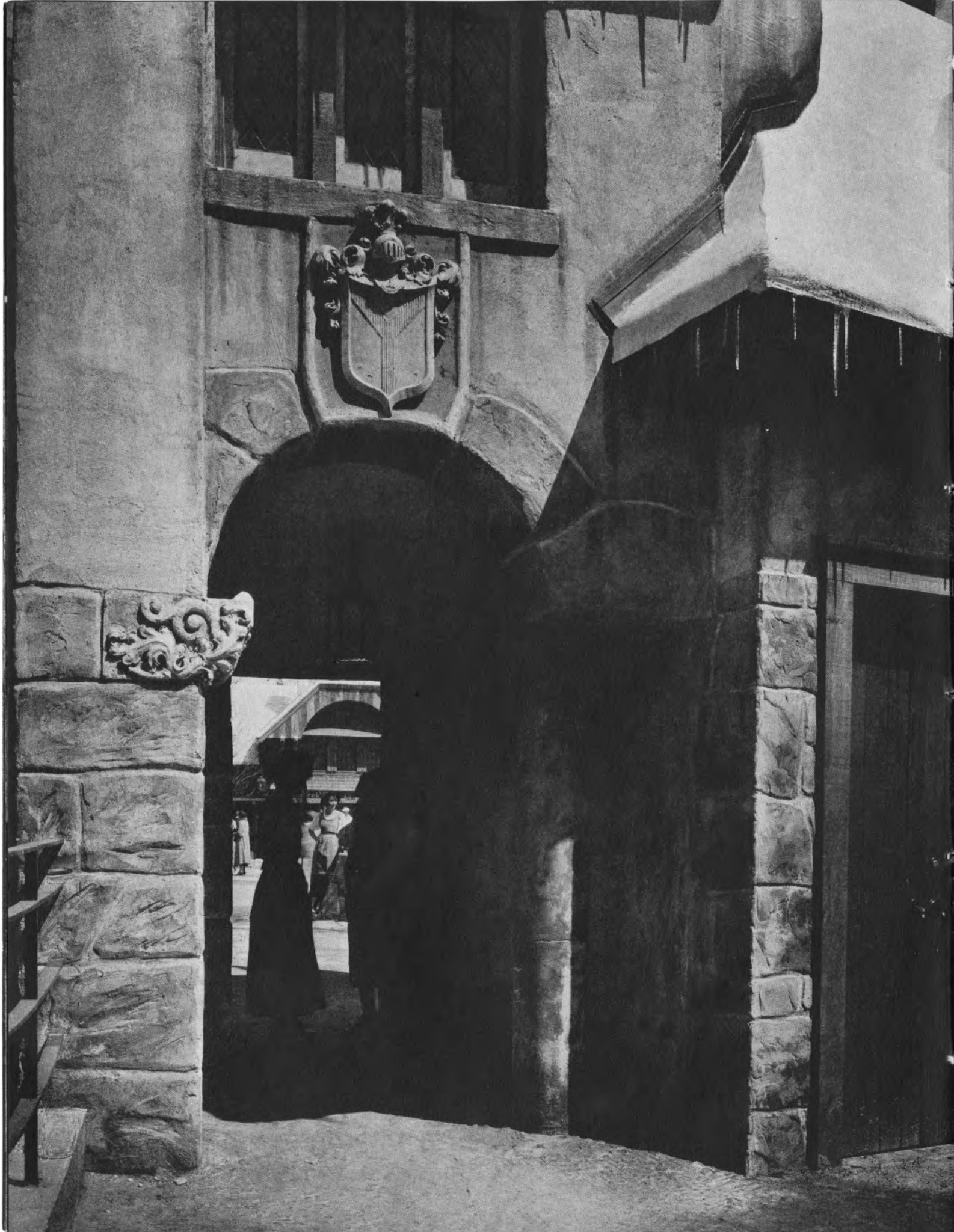
the humans had gone home. But there are many "touches" on it that look to me as if the Little People had been on the job, helping Mr. Sipchen.

I saw it first when very human workmen were still busy with its construction. But the magic was very evident.

I fairly gasped when I entered, through the main entrance tower, which looks as a tower should look that stands guard at the gate of a fairy-tale town. Up in the belfry is the cuckoo clock (for the Black Forest is the home of the cuckoo clock); but it wasn't that which amazed me. There was no sentinel to demand the password, before permitting me to enter the enchanted city; but I knew there'd be sentinels later. What almost took my breath away was the mountain! There was the Feldberg, soaring skyward, its broad flanks bearing many of those mountain villages, airily perched, which make the Black Forest so captivating.

I could hardly believe my eyes. Closer scrutiny revealed it to be painted on canvas stretched over a most cunningly devised skeleton of probably not-so-many feet in height. But the illusion is one of the most remarkable that I've ever known. So very, very cleverly is the perspective handled and the painting



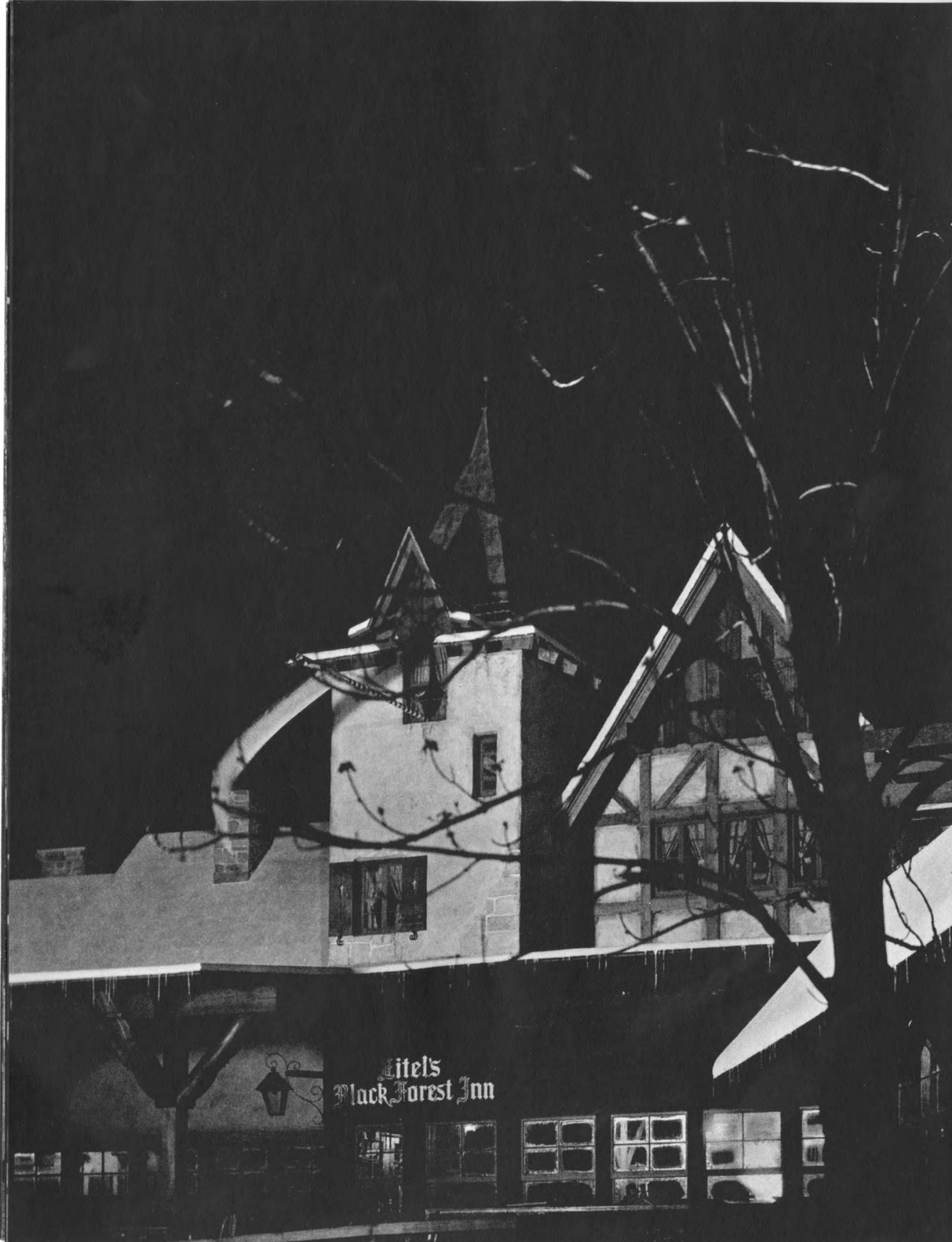


done, that the effect is as if we had rubbed an Aladdin's lamp or turned a wishing-ring three times on our finger, with the incantation that evokes magic.

We have stepped out of flat, prairie streets, into the mountains; out of the realm of skyscrapers that go all the way up from the ground, to the realm of skyscraping cottages with sloping roofs, upheld against cloudland by fir-clad slopes nearly 5,000 feet high.

Nor is this all! We've stepped from summer into winter! It's a great land of winter sports, is the Black Forest, as well as a summer paradise of cool shade, rushing trout streams, multitudinous wild-flowers. And our clever sorcerers in transporting us have foreseen that, much as we'd love the Black Forest in its summer dress, we'll get a completer sense of magic in being whisked not merely from *here* to *there*, from the prairie to the mountain, but from the summer pleasures prevailing everywhere else in the Fair, to frosted windows, and snow-laden roofs from whose eaves sparkling icicles hang; to a village skating pond where we may see some marvelous skating; to a toboggan slide, down which we may rush; and so on.





Titel's
Black Forest Inn

The cottage industries of the Black Forest are world-famous; and we may see them being carried on in the old way that was so entertaining and so wholesome—before nearly all production was taken out of the home and put into factories. Think how much more interesting, and instructive in certain ways, life used to be when all the arts and crafts were plied at everybody's elbow! And how much more sociable was industry when followed in the midst of the community life rather than in "regulated" whirring factories.

The world can't go back, I dare say; shouldn't go back, if it could, probably.

But it's refreshing to know that in some parts of it, like the Black Forest, industry still goes on in the sociable fashion of "Once upon a time"; and people get a great deal of happiness out of living, even if they don't make a great deal of money. It's a good world for us to visit, and gives us a lot to think about.

I could stop almost indefinitely, watching clocks being made—especially those wherein the little cuckoos are being imprisoned, and trained to come forth punctually each quarter-hour and tell the world what time it is. I'm still fascinated, as I was when a child, thinking how quietly he sits within his little "house", that cuckoo, and yet keeps track of the minutes passing in the world outside and comes out four times an hour to remind people what time it is.

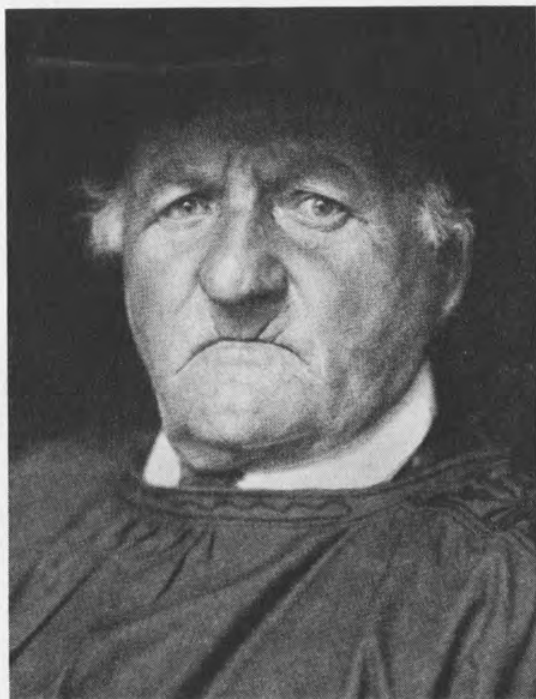
I love all these sweet, homely industries, and I'm sure *you* will, too, and be grateful for this lovely opportunity to introduce them to the children and talk with them about how things are done *here* as contrasted with *there*.

That high tower with the stork's nest atop recalls the story of the storks of Marbach. When it was time for the storks to migrate, one fall, there was one that was injured and could not fly with the others. Children found it, brought it frogs to eat, and cared for it tenderly. So the stork stayed with them always,



Courtesy, German Tourist Information Office, N. Y.





Courtesy, German Tourist Information Office, N. Y.

and brought the village good fortune in many ways, besides lots of babies.

Your ravished gaze which has soared to the mountain top, and descended to the storks' nest, now comes to rest upon some of the people in the quaintly, charming streets.

Here comes the Burgomeister, to have a look about and see that all's well in his village. And yonder's the night watchman with his lantern and his stick; and the town crier, blowing his horn so we may gather about him and hear the latest news. (Of course, they actually hear it by radio, in the Black Forest nowadays. But there are villages which keep

their town criers partly for tradition's sake and partly for purely local news such as doesn't get on the ether waves.)

And have you ever seen anything so like an operetta as the whole scene?

There's the rotund, rosy innkeeper, the principal comedian, whose beautiful young daughter is going to captivate the prince, traveling incognito. All these charming girls in costumes unbelievably picturesque, are the feminine part of the chorus. The male part of the chorus? It is these mountaineers in their quaint togs; and these men of the wedding party—they sing in the choruses, too.

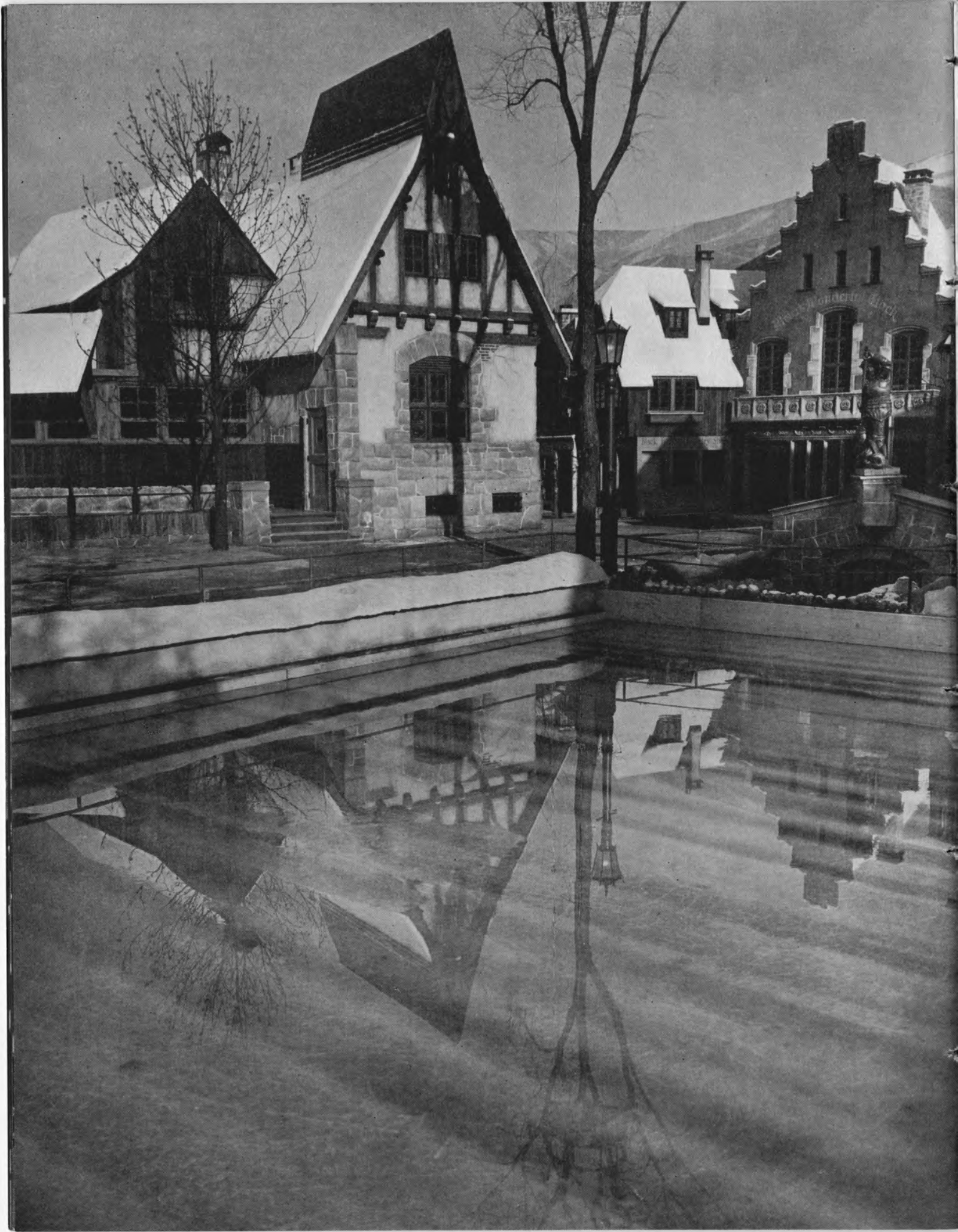
Eating outdoors in Germany is one of the many delights. It can't be done—much—in the season of winter sports. Except here, in the land of magic, where we sit out on the Gasthaus terrace or in the cozy Weinstube, and enjoy comfortable temperature whilst eating our good German food and drinking our good German wine or beer, and watching the ice-skating, the tobogganing, and the glittering icicles pendant from snow-laden roofs.

The band plays; the colorful crowds come and go; celebrated skaters cut their graceful capers for our entertainment; we eat, drink, and are exceedingly content with life, lifting our gaze often to the majestic, to the summit of the *real*



Schwartzwald Bazaar

Gasthaus Z. Schwemmer



Feldberg, some day, and look south to the snow-clad Alps; southwest to the Jura Mountains; southeast to the Tyrol; northwest to the Vosges.

Whilst our eyes are turned towards the Feldberg's crest, strange things have been happening close at hand. A few moments ago we were watching skaters on the frozen millpond. Now, there is no longer an icy surface, but—in its place—a fine dance floor to which eager couples are hurrying from the shops, the Gasthaus, and the quaint streets.

Irresistible rhythms, produced by the German band, have set feet to tapping, impatiently. And soon the floor, which has been rolled across the ice, is full of gay figures weaving in and out to dance tunes new and old.

Folk dances alternate with general dancing. The daylight fades; lights begin to twinkle in the windows of villages so far up on the Feldberg they seem close to the stars that come peeping out, above. The music plays on. Many voices are heard singing the songs of a people who love fatherland and home, music and good cheer, children and fairies.

We have been a long, long way from the world of our workaday routine. We have dwelt for a while in a land of whispering pines, of crisp, invigorating mountain air, of warm, human kindness, of simple faith and clear vision of the things in life that are really worth while.

The tension in which we live has relaxed, and set us free to think, to feel, to enjoy. It has been a blessed experience. We shall repeat it as often as we can.

We wish that as we pass out, through the gate in the tower, we might find there the men who made this experience possible, for us; so we might shake their hands and say: "Good night; and thank you, with all my heart, for your lovely magic."



Courtesy, German Tourist Information Office, N. Y.



raiwurst löckli



Dartzweiler Bretzel Backerei

12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19
20 21 22 23
24 25 26 27

1 2 3 4
5 6 7 8
9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16

1 2 3 4
5 6 7 8
9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16

1 2 3 4
5 6 7 8
9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16

