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(machine translated from German into English)

**My post horn story goes like this:**

From 1954 to 1964, my father worked for a Basel-based retail company in Nigeria, West Africa. My sister and I were born there. For the past couple of years, he's been running the subsidiary in Kano, northern Nigeria, where we also lived.

This company traded on everything from tools to Bernina sewing machines to watches and MAN lorries to GM cars like Opel, Chevrolet, Pontiac, Cadillac, and so on.

In Kano, there was (and still is) an emir. The Emir of Kano at the time was always chauffeured in a Cadillac, which he bought from my father.

At some point in the late 1950s, he must have either been to Switzerland or watched a film about Switzerland. Anyway, he heard the Postbus horn and came up with the idea that he wanted to have a horn like this on his Cadillac.

So he asked my father if he could get him such a horn, because he was Swiss. My father was able to put the horn over the Basel headquarters and had it built into the Emir's Cadillac. The people of Kano would now always hear the du-da-do when the emir was out on the road once again carrying his train.

When, as a little boy in Switzerland, I listened on holiday to the du-da-do, I shouted in excitement: "The emir is coming, the emir is coming!" I only knew the horn when I heard it from the emir of Kano.