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(Automatic translation from German to English)

My personal “du-da-do” relationship

Our affinity for the yellow “du-da-do” coaches arose during our family holidays in the late 1960s and early 1970s in Monstein near Davos, where we spent wonderful summer holidays with our parents.

During this period, passengers travelled with the family ticket, a notebook issued by SBB with a similar size to that of a notebook. On the back of the notebook, five cancellation areas were available, each of which could be used for a day trip for all registered family members based on the Half Fare Travelcard price. At that time, a ticket could still be obtained from the counter clerk at every stop or from the “Rotkäppchen” (= management board or transport service provider) directly at small railway stations. It’s been a long time...!

The Postbus excursions offered by PostBus Davos during the peak season are wonderful memories, and we were able to use them occasionally. I recall wonderful excursions with the Saurer Postbus over the Umbrail Pass and the Stelvio Pass as far as South Tyrol. The Splügen-Maloja route through Chiavenna was also unforgettable, especially as the south side of the Splügen Pass in Italy was narrow, narrow and many tunnels meant Postbus drivers faced major challenges.

The descent from the Stelvio Pass to South Tyrol was a unique experience, as it had to cope with countless sharp bends; I mean around 80 hairpin bends at the time. They were so tight that in the 180-degree turn, the Postbus declared the difficulty of turning a corner on a train without kissing the back of the pad, even though the Saurer’s tail had taken a sloping approach to the situation. I remember about two or three exit scenarios in which we had to leave the Postbus during the bend in order to reduce the weight requirement. This occurred especially at moments when oncoming vehicles blocked the path and Postbuses could not exploit the full radius of the bend.

Of course, we loved boys above all when the traffic conditions on the pass roads were encountered wildly and rudely, for example when there were obstacles in the way of camping vehicles or passengers of cars crossing us wandering around who got off with flying sails because they had got scared at work millimetres. In very tricky situations, “du-da-do” was then also used as a small demonstration of power to show who is in the best position. Yet again and again, enviable: without exception, Postbus drivers always maintained a sense of calm and clarity. Once a driver even got out, called on a blocked German car driver who could not drive backwards or forwards to get out, sat at the wheel himself and drove the car into the next break area.

We were annoyed when – admittedly very rarely – the three-tone horn was not allowed to play its tune perfectly, as one of the horn sirens was blocked or was not adequately supplied with air. We then sang the three-tone horn ourselves loudly on the Postbus to offer support to the malatured three-tone horn.

“Du-da-do” celebrates 100 years this year, and I’m proud to be able to share just over half of this long period in this theme of recognition for the Swiss mountain post fleet, which not only connects the public with tourists, but also the local population with its public service to the fantastic network of our public transport network. For this reason, the following anthem was created, honouring and thanking us for the fact that Postbuses and their tried-and-tested drivers offer us a wonderful service with a high level of professionalism.

A love anthem for “Du-da-do”

The deer in autumn, the sucking rutted,
clamour for dominance in the forests.
Moaning and grumbling, a constant tube
passes through our mountain forests, Swiss stone pines and pines.
Top dog on the road, yellow and muscular
is impressively pompous on the pass.
Equipped with customer extras, modern and convenient,
the Postbus journey becomes an experience, a wonderful experience.
hairpin bends, hyperventilating drivers and traffic jams
The Postbus is rolling through, lofty like a peacock.
100 years of “Du-da-do”, seen a lot, experienced almost everything
many drivers shuddered at the crossroads.
Flying motorcyclists, dizzy from the view into the deep valley,
hide her face on the rock face, what a pain!
Only one person holds his nerve when passing by the centimetre:
The Postbus pilot, satisfied, after the round of applause massage!
It’s time to breathe deeply – the tunnels,
to save space, the driver is in control of it all, instantly.
The view of glaciers, streams and mountains is a pleasure,
the bus is surrounded by pure nature and feels like a soft kiss.
Dear Postbus, stay with us, another hundred years!
Carry on singing your C-sharp E-A song at every tight turn!
Join us on our journey with joy and well-being,
friendly and smart thanks to the pilots who accompany us!
When the three-tone horn sounds, it shifts into the gorges,
where the echo calls into the rocks and echoes from there.
The deer are frightened in their brood posturing,
woke up from her love dream for a moment.

But only briefly, because after the last journey, thank you, Hirsch-Hirn
and they find their way back to Amor and the love potion.

Epilogue

The above poem is in memory of an autumn hike from Buffalora on the Ofen Pass to Il Fuorn, on which I had the honour of enjoying an impressive deer mast concert with my wife Silvia for hours. Sometimes we had the impression that we really had to see the “roaring” four-legged friend just a few metres away, but we could not see it until the end of the trip, only the deafening love-lamentation got stuck in our ears. You can’t leave the paths in the National Park, and the animals obviously know and use that too.

The “du-da-do” in the background occasionally reminded us that we were not just part of this wild “theme park”, but that we were also connected to human civilization thanks to the nearby Ofen Pass road. The Postbus finally made this hiking trip possible for us.