

Ernst Hunziker, Matten

(automatic translation from german to english)

Du-da-do, not "Däää."

The sun is shining, the birds are chirping and the bears are bursting with joy. I'm sitting in front of my cottage on the bench to laugh. I am smiling, because it seems quite perceptible to me today, I am as kitsch as our advertising message for Switzerland Tourism shows. But it is. And it's not kitsch at all. No, it's time. One of those offers, which I very much welcome.

But it should be dealt with differently. Hikers and cyclists. From my bank, I can indeed see the valley. The village is located far down below. From there, a narrow road crosses the pass and climbs up to the mountain. The pass, a privileged access point for hikers. As we are lying in the house at the top of the pass, I can observe the hikers well. But also the cyclists who leave the road wriggling. And if I had to walk past a lot of people, I would tell them to turn around and go and have a beer in the village. It would improve their health. But I never say anything.

'Däää...'

What is that? I see the Postbus in the distance in the first corner. Like every day, the Postbus climbs the mountain. Day after day. Four up, four down. How many times have I followed his route? I can hardly count him anymore.

Sometimes I make a game out of it. A special game My game "You-Tut". I don't see the Postbus the same way when it goes up to the collar. There are lots of fir trees and stones in front of it. And he comes back sometimes, and then he comes back. The game is to strike. And this is at the very moment when I feel that the driver is sounding the three-tone alarm. Du-da-do- The famous postal court. Sometimes I get there. And sometimes, because the Postbus has to take a bicycle back to the street because there is no place, I don't know. And then there are also different conductors. That's why I also look with the binoculars who are the drivers. Then I get the "tu" better.

But today! 'Däää...'. That is not possible. And why only "Däää..."? His tone is bad. Since I've been playing this game for a long time, I know the right tone. And because I also know a little bit about music, and Dr. Google says the three-tone horn of William Tell's opening is by Giacomo Rossini.

What I have heard now is not from Rossini. It's just a horn, a bad horn. And that is not good for the Postbus or for a mountain. Something has to be done. Everything else is out of place.

Nor is it true that two of the three Postbus gate alarms failed. No, I know the sound well. That does not seem to be the case. It's a different story.

'Däää...'

Once again. At least I managed to seize the moment. But the sound is painful for my ears. Yes, it is painful, the tone is bad.

'Däää...'

Once again. As long as I think about it, I've missed the moment to hit full throttle. Next time, I'll close my ears. The Postbus is at the top of the collar and another horn is heard. But he's coming back. Until then, I can listen to the radio. I still have to think about what I would do if the Postbus gave up the three-tone 'Du-da-do' warning because of economy measures and used 'Däää' instead. I believe I would launch an initiative to maintain the "Du-da-do" of Postbuses on mountain lines. And you know what? I'm sure I have 100,000 signatures. Because the "Du-da-do" is simply part of the Postbus. Like the sun, the birds and the mountains to my house.