

Albert Goes to Quindalup

By Jane Laws 2007

The Ramsbottoms went out one day,
Looking for a Fremantle pub.
A wrong turn here and a right one there,
And they found themselves at the Sailing Club.

"Look ere" says father
"they got small boats to rent,
Says a fleet leaves Fremantle on Boxing Day,
Could be money well spent."

"Where they going" says mother
"Not too far away?"
"Bunbury and Quindalup" says father,
"We were down there just the other day."

"Isn't sailing ard" says mother
While Albert does a little jig.
"Nothin's hard if you set your mind to it" says father,
"Look its only got a little rig!"

"Don't worry mother" says father
"with all those boats around,
There's sure to be help on hand
Before anyone can be drowned."

They were up early on Boxing day,
Albert was jumping with glee.
"look they're all leaving " says Albert.
"Hurry up Mother, finish that cup of tea."

"Don't take your eyes off them yachts" said father
"I've left all the charts behind."
"Just keep Australia on the left", says mother

"Mandurah can't be that hard to find."

As they left the marina
Someone called "watch out for the reef."
Mother said "look ere father,
I think they're offering us roast beef."

Beginners luck is a wonderful thing
Kept them safe all day.
Mother just hung on tight
Albert wasn't phased in anyway.

Same again next day,
Another light easterly breeze.
With a bit of luck they'd make Bunbury
Before mother could feel queasy.

Pa said "you know what mother,
I'm getting the hang of this.
They call it Cruising in Company
But they like to race a bit."

"Race" said Albert, "Race"
A little twinkle in his eyes.
"Lets be first to Bunbury
And take them by surprise."

"All right then" says father
"If that's how you want to play.
When we get to Bunbury harbour
You can swim the rest of the way."

Father new the way to go faster
Was to get rid of some of the crew
Seemed an easy way to win races
And Albert could swim quite well too.

As soon as they reached Bunbury Harbour
Father pushed Albert over the side.
Best get it over with quickly
Before the little lad could change his mind.

They watched the little lad surface,
Saw him thrashing about
Clutching his stick with the horses head handle
And they thought they heard him shout.

"Don't worry mother" says father
"Won't be long and we'll have you a good stiff drink."
"And I remembered the insurance papers
Just in case Albert should sink."

The anchor was down in no time
And with no sign of Albert about.
They turned in for an afternoon nap
It had been a long day no doubt.

At least an hour or two later
There's a rat-a-tat-tat on the hull.
It's Albert and his stick with the horses head handle
"Father, give my arms a big pull."

"Did we win then?" says Albert
Wiping away a little tear.
"No son," says father,
"Tomorrow we're Quindalup bound and you'll be swimming from ere."
