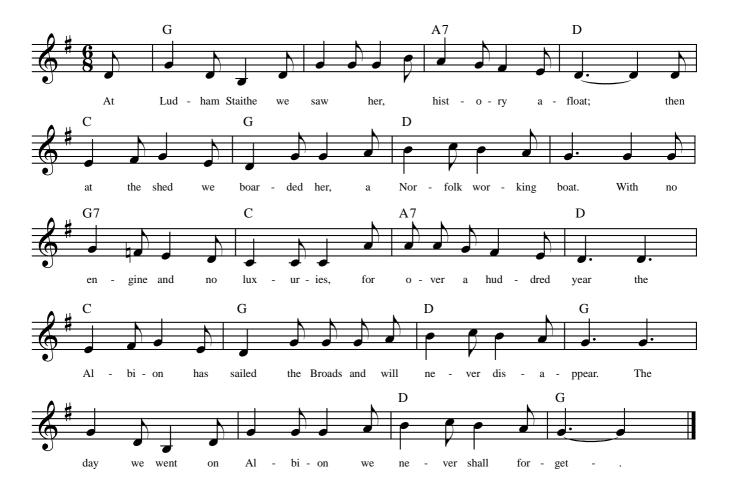
The Day we went on Albion



There's only one enormous mast and a halliard from the bow; the windlass lets it up and down by turning the handle round. The big black sail goes high above the trees, where strong winds blow, but comes down in an instant when under the bridge you go.

The day we went on Albion we never shall forget.

Among the cargoes that they took from place to place you'd find coal and carrots, pigs and porter, worstead, wheat and wine.
Barrels of beer, rope and reed, sugar beet and bricks; thirty ton of sand one day, cement or ice the next.

The day we went on Albion we never shall forget.

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We squeezed into the cuddy and we nearly banged our heads; we saw the stove for cooking as we sat along the beds. Lots of lockers everywhere for storing food and tea, but not a sink or table nor an armchair or TV!

The day we went on Albion we never shall forget.

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Along the Bure and WAveney and up the mighty Yare; on the Ant, the Thurne, the Chet, in fact, just anywhere.
Wherever there was wind enough and water free to flow the Albion and all her kind for centuries did go.

The day we went on Albion we never shall forget.

Alan Helsdon 2012