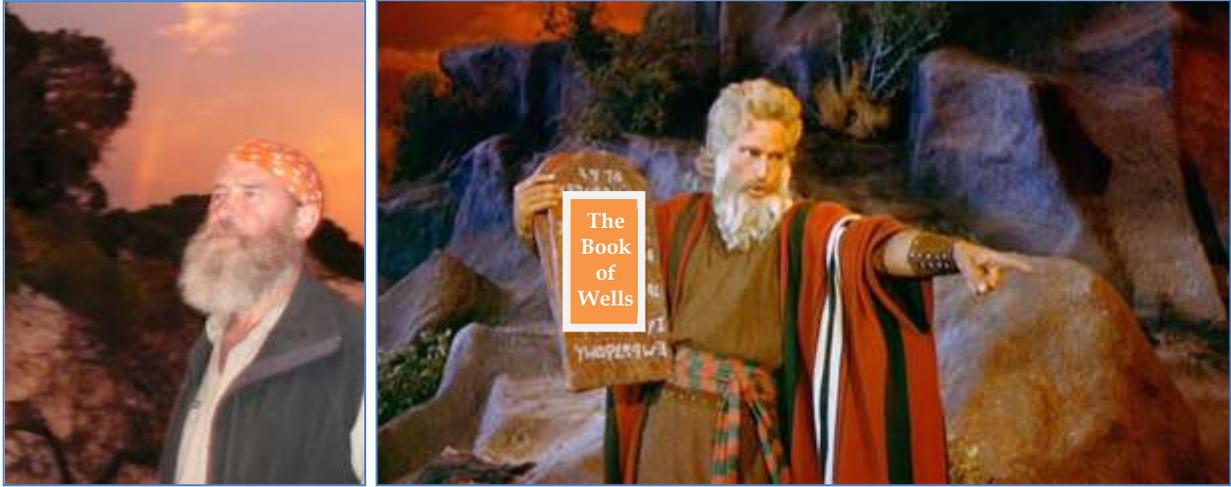


# THE GENESIS OF GLOBAL GYPSIES & THE CANNING STOCK ROUTE



In the beginning there was God and all that there was was God. God wanted something to fill in his time so he created Bunnings and in six days he made heaven and earth. On the seventh day he rested before creating man and woman. God looked at his wondrous works and they were good.

God commanded his prophet Jeremiah to begat a company called Global Gypsies and go forth into the desert, verily even to the corners of the earth. Thus began one of man's great geometric conundrums; the desert was flat, the earth had four corners, yet it was a globe.

Before that time the Lord sent Canning, the misinformer, to build wells that the land might flourish, its offspring be abundant and feral animals be spread throughout the land.

God saw the results of Canning's work and was sorely disappointed. The Lord summoned up the forces of nature and a huge wind blew to create a large lake 15 cubits in depth. He filled it with salt so it would never bear fresh water and neither fish nor fowl nor fruit could exist. He named it Lake Disappointment in memory of Canning. Despite the bounteous gifts the Lord had provided, Canning was a wastrel who built only 40 wells and took a lifetime to do it.

The Lord then sent another prophet into the wilderness to summon up water from the depths of the earth. His name was Snell who was known as 'The Misunderstood One', or 'Snell the Unwell'. Snell did not waste the Lord's time building occasional wells. In two summers and winters he brought 33 wells to abundantly spout forth water. God saw this and was mightily pleased.

Jeremiah the prophet disobeyed the Lord's instructions and formed a company called Fornication Tours and the Lord was mightily displeased. He instructed the Tag Alongs, one of the lost tribes of Israel, to follow Jeremiah, even to the ends of the earth and to punish him heavily for his misdemeanours the Lord created a Sergeant at Arms.

After six long days of sweat and toil the Tag Alongs cried out, "Jeremiah! Jeremiah! Tomorrow is the Sabbath and we want to rest, to observe the Lord's Day as it is written!" Jeremiah turned his back on them and said, "You have not duned enough. Gird your loins and I will give you wisdom. In a few short days I will give you rest".

The followers were a dirty, unkempt lot with a special hairstyle called matted. They were pleased to hear that their days of toil were over. Many had suffered badly for their misdoings, tormented by flies, spiders, ants and the eternal howling of the Dogs of Hell from the Land of Dingo.



The Lord upon hearing of Fornication Tours decided to punish Jeremiah and the Tag Alongs. "Ye shall never rest and are destined to 40 years wandering in the desert looking for water for you and food for your chariots.

"It is the same deal I gave to Moses," saith the Lord, "and Moses led his people through the Valley of Death to enter the land of milk, beer and honey at the Creek of Halls".

And the Lord being eternally generous forgave Jeremiah for his errant ways because Jeremiah read to his disciples from The Book of Wells every day. The Book of Wells was a Holy Book, only understood by Tag Alongs and other Holy Men called Tourists.

God provided camels in the desert to help his people as beasts of burden and to photograph. Thence he provided wild dogs to help guide those who were blind and afflicted from flies and dust. The people wept with joy at God's creations and their eyes became red from the sand. The disbelievers cried "Bulldust!" and their mouths were filled with dirt.

The food at Savoury Creek was a mirage but there was plenty of salt. Jeremiah ascended the Holy Mount Sand Dune and came back to earth with the scrolls bearing secret markings so his tribe could safely cross the desert before their day of trial.

On the day of the moon called Monday, St Peter and St Paul appeared in a vision calling out to Jeremiah who was anointed with insect repellent, "Beware of the oasis at Kunawarritji on the Ides of July! All is not well there and your chariots will go thirsty. The Lord will scatter you to the ends of the earth to quench your thirst and assuage the emptiness of your chariots. And all night long ye shall hear the sound of running water and the shrieking of the Dogs of Hell!"

Jeremiah saw the error of his ways and as penance, offered to dig dunnies and wells for as long as he should live. He rested on Tuesday and the Lord welcomed him back into the fold.

And the Southern Cross rose in the firmament, the Lord looked down from Heaven and it was good.

*Chapter 51, Verse 2  
Book of Corrugations  
(Courtesy of Tony Shields)*

## ODE TO THE CANNING

Jeremy spoke to me & I have been lumbered  
To write these verses whilst you all slumbered  
The well depths & replacement rates I can't remember  
To learn all that would take till December.

Terry & Jeremy I've heard tell  
Travelled Canning Stock Route from well to well  
They were deep or shallow, some were salty as well  
And others even had a sulphuric smell.

We started our first day at Gunbarrel Lager camp  
With a welcome roast & lots of wine.  
The unexpected midnight rain left me damp  
And our slow packing stopped us leaving on time.

Diana & Helen were made to suffer  
With a cantankerous fuel line when the going got tougher.  
It was sad to lose them but we were soon delighted  
When four days later we were reunited.

The cappuccino Sydney Boys raised the bar  
With the most ambitious camp cooking by far.  
Les & Paul & Andre & Peter,  
Your culinary skills proved to be a world beater.

Hayley & Neil always had wine with their meal  
And happy they were to share it.  
As Tail End Charlie I threw them a toilet roll  
But I didn't mean Hayley to wear it!

The second of the Neils locked his freezer full at meals  
And drove to Newman to sort it.  
Driving 1600 wasted k's  
He wished he'd never bought it.

*(Sing next stanza to the tune of "Bob the Builder")*

John Ripp the builder can he fix it  
John the builder, yes he can!  
Each day he rolled up our air matters  
John, you are our favourite man!

Poor old Bruce set fire to his fuse  
After a lifetime working with power  
But the man's an electrical genius  
And had repaired his fridge in an hour.

Leader Jeremy & sidekick Terry  
Were great help when the going got hairy  
Dunes, rocks, dust & broken vehicles  
Were some of the traps for the unwary.

In the Antarctic Tony met Alan Bray  
Before their hair turned grey,  
The white car was so clean it was Alan's pleasure machine  
But now it's nearly all rattled away.

Haley she sped like a comet  
Her accelerator always had her foot on it.  
What a lovely addition to our expedition  
When Alan drove she sat on our bonnet.

I am sure we've learned lots from our trip  
And made friendships that are certain to stick.  
Our cars are battered & worn & our gear looks forlorn  
But it's great that no one got sick.

Now we'll all go our separate ways  
With new friends & adventure over 21 days  
Every night we could hear neighbours snore  
Next week we'll long for the outback once more.

Tony Shields  
July 2019  
Canning Stock Route

## MEMORIES OF THE CANNING

A mob of Global Gypsies trekking down the CSR  
This particular group has come from near & far.  
Our poor cars are rattling & our butts & backs are sore  
Us virgin CSR folk haven't seen such corrugations before.

Jeremy's our fearless leader - or some say *Jeremiah*,  
He fixes cars, shows us stars & makes a damn good fire.  
He has the trusty Book of Wells  
From which come the tales he tells  
The book is big on Canning  
But we're all converted fans of Snell.

We're snapping sticks on our windscreens  
And swerving away from sharp rocks.  
We've got dust & dirt all over us & spinfex in our socks.  
We trek through red dirt, rocks & sand  
Termite mounds, salt lakes & claypans,  
Camels here, dingos there, the occasional fly or two,  
Bush turkeys, fearsome bullants, an emu & a roo.

Flat tyres & flat batteries see the convoy slowed,  
The only thing we want to be flat is the bloody road.  
Loose roof racks, bumper bars, nuts & bolts & more  
The only thing we can't get loose is Neil's bloody back door.

Bulldust, washouts & chopped up dunes  
Made worth it by stargazing & rising full moons.  
Bucket wastes, campfires & makeshift clotheslines  
Nightly briefings from the boss and, of course, the dreaded fines.

Wood stops, well stops, lunch & morning tea,  
See Gypsies scrambling to find a spot to pee.  
Photo stops, tie down stops all comm'd on Channel 18,  
The radio always abuzz with where we're going & what can be seen.

And as this dusty bumpy journey ends  
Strangers have become new friends.  
As we head home on journeys large & small  
Here's hoping for running vehicles for us all.

And as Jeremy leaves us to wander back down the track  
With Terry, Douglas & his spade  
We thank him for this Gypsy adventure  
And the wonderful memories he has made.

Haley Allan  
Canning Stock Route  
July 2019