on that

efforts,

the soil

still

our

All

of

us

mortal,

To others

Found Tuerong too hard, all

and Andrews,

brought

Paton’s

Memories

And broken so easily,

not

of

visit,

life

savings

it

cost,

it

seems,

are

bare,

‘twas

Clark,

Pitt

Expect

fruit

The

Dobie

We

respect

so your

done

more.

all

I

have

named,

us,

just

dry!

On Tuerong’s spent pastures, with lifeless grey sands,

Jack Edgar was social, thought milking just right,

So many have farmed, all burning their hands.

Sold up in a hurry, when the money got tight.

From grazing to milking, then grapes in the bin,

His polo was central, enlivened this place,

Slowly, but surely, our Tuerong does win.

The climax of that, was Prince Phillip’s fresh face.

Sheepsick and hungry, exhausted and dry,

Harcourt slipped in, met worst of the drought,

Tuerong prevailing, and you wondering why?

Chequebook burnt badly, of that is no doubt.

The driest of years, and his springs lacking life,

Ralph struggled early, borrowed more cash,

Nothing but dirt, and that won’t sustain life.

Sucked in his friends, made promises rash.

A farmer of substance, a Peninsula name,

When sold all his stock, his cash flow thus ended,

He never could change, our Tuerong’s bad name.

With top lawyers and silks, his empire defended.

Case hopeless, the bagmen moved in at a pace,

Sheepsick and hungry, exhausted and dry,

Bankrupted our man, who lost all saving face.

Tuerong prevailing, and you wondering why!

Final victory was his, but it came all too late,

Lawyers and the bankers, they picked his estate.

David’s

grand vision, his

Tuerong destroyed him, life needlessly lost.

The Wilson’s with sheep, they ended up broke,

so fragile

Forget your Rich Pastures, this land was a joke.

when lost

dreams.

Hard working their tenure, the longest of all.

when cupboard was

Crops counted for nothing, twice went to the wall.

Unseen, that

Blackdog,

feeding in there.

No matter their effort, or how hard they tried,

Fortune eluded, left only with pride.

‘Bewitched’,

Tuerong Park fame,

Lost now to history, as quick as it came.

Crook’s flock was his vision, with superior breeds

sheep tenders

them all,

He faded out quietly, land can’t meet his needs.

pushed to the wall.

Top lines of Shropshire, the greatest of care,

A legend in Faith, but the cash flow was rare.

Sheepsick and hungry,

exhausted and dry,

Blessed of the Lord, touched all through his gate,

Tuerong prevailing,

and you wondering why!

So strong with his prayer, yet Tuerong his fate.

The corporate men, with their corporate wine,

Sheepsick and hungry, exhausted and dry,

to succeed, with this

of the vine.

Tuerong prevailing, and you wondering why?

country’s

hungry,

very poor,

Tuerong still fights us, do not expect more.

Brighton’s Betty and Margaret, they threw in Smith’s cash,

Dry years in the forties, burned that in a flash.

mentioned, Matthews

and Moore,

True believer was Murray, with fifty fresh cows,

could not have

Escaped the drought’s climax, but not family rows.

Tough life

Station, for

Truth is our Tuerong, will never been tamed.

The Wards stayed the longest, on their side of the Park,

Gil’s Swanston Street business, was their Noah’s Ark.

Sheepsick and hungry,

exhausted and dry,

He hopefully bought up more parcels of the land,

Tuerong did beat

Planned subdivision, but project was canned.

bled us all

Freeway extensions, his plans they did mock,

To break east side up, just your five acre block.

 Peter Ward, 2016

Sheepsick and hungry, exhausted and dry,

Tuerong prevailing, and you wondering why?