

'Land Hunger: Belfast, 1851'

A historically scripted card game for 7 players from middle Primary school to adults.

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Published by

Port Fairy Historical Society

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INTRODUCTION

This game provides an introduction and stimulus for the study of European settlement in Australia.

It is consistent with the Victorian and Australian Curricula for History.

Teachers may also find it useful in subject areas such as:

Questioning, Drama, English, Geography and Mathematics.

The game is based on research of actual historical events and people.

The usual poetic license has been taken in the development of the script.

Educational support material is available to teachers.

For more information about this material contact Glen Foster at: gfooster2@me.com

THE GAME

Players

Governor of New South Wales: Sir Charles Fitzroy

Lieutenant Governor of Victoria: Charles La Trobe

Land Investor: James Atkinson

Entrepreneur: William Rutledge & his wife, Eliza

Squatter: John Ritchie

Ex-Whaler/Farmer: Charles Mills

Equipment: one deck of normal playing cards, including the 'Joker', per group of 7 players

The setting of this game is the Victorian coastal township of Belfast (now known as Port Fairy) in 1851.

Before reading the script and playing the game, it is recommended that players read through the short

history of Port Fairy that can be found on the Port Fairy Historical Society website.

The First People

Before reading and playing the following scripted card game about European settlement in Port Fairy, it is important to acknowledge that there were people already living in the southwest region of Victoria before Europeans arrived: the Gunditjmara Indigenous People. Archaeological evidence suggests the indigenous people arrived in Australia approximately 40,000 years ago.

There are references to the indigenous people living in the southwest region of Victoria in the journals of some of the first Europeans visiting this area.

Pioneer Hugh Donnelly wrote in his diary in 1836:

“(I will) recall till my last hour that Port Fairy and its surroundings in their natural state of 1836 were beautiful ... and the cooees of the blacks living on the north side of the hummocks. The blacks could be seen fishing and hunting in the swamps; one could see hundreds of blacks and their little townships of mia-mias.”

1851

The year 1851 was very significant in Victoria’s history.

Prior to 1851, Victoria was known as:

‘The Port Phillip District of the Colony of New South Wales’.

Also in 1851 a number of other important events happened:

- The Gold Rush began;
- A major bushfire raged from Geelong to the South Australian border:
 - Port Fairy was only saved by a fire break which was created by a wind change the day before ‘Black Thursday’, 6 February 1851;
- Victoria was defeated by Tasmania in the first inter-colonial cricket match, played in Launceston.
- Wool was first sent direct to London from Port Fairy in the barque, ‘*Sydney Griffiths*’.

The aims of 'Land Hunger: Belfast, 1851' are to:

- eliminate the other players and win the game;
- accumulate wealth by investing in town land and local produce, discovering gold, avoiding fines and bushrangers;
- find out about the early European settlement in Port Fairy and have fun with history.

Here are some important features of the game to remember

- Each player takes on the role of a pioneer.
- Each character's lines are colour-coded to help players see when it is their turn to speak.
- Each player has a mathematically equal chance of winning the game.
- Whenever the word '**Now**' appears in the script, an instruction must be carried out before continuing to read.
- If players would like to imitate an English, Irish, Scots or Aussie accent when speaking their lines, the script will help them, somewhat!
(**Fitzroy, La Trobe** - aristocratic English accent; **Atkinson, Rutledges** - Irish; **Mills** - Aussie; **Ritchie** - Scottish).
- Indigenous people are referred to as 'Blacks', a description used by pioneers at the time.

Rules of the game

Money cards

- Cards from a normal deck numbered Ace to 10 for each of the four suits represent the money used in the game:

'Ace' = £10; **'2'** = £20; **'3'** = £30; **'4'** = £40 and **'5'** = £50;

'6' = £60; **'7'** = £70; **'8'** = £80; **'9'** = £90; **'10'** = £100

(ie money value = card value x 10)

- Fitzroy and La Trobe look after the pack of money cards which are sorted and organised into number groups.
- Using two blank pieces of paper, write the following words on each piece of paper:

“On Demand / Rutledge & Co - £200”

- Rutledge is given these two **‘On Demand’** loan notes before the game starts.
- It is important players keep a running tally of their money.

Option cards

- Option cards are the **Jacks, Queens, and Kings** of the four suits, plus the **‘Joker’** - thirteen cards in total.
- Option cards are played when an amount of money is to be paid or received, or an outcome is to be determined.
- There are three options in each money or outcome situation.
- Each of the three options are linked to a Jack, Queen, or King – sometimes abbreviated as a **‘J’**, **‘Q’**, or **‘K’**, in the script.
- The **‘Joker’** is the Master Option card and overrides all other cards and gives a player a free choice of Jack, Queen or King.
- Governor Fitzroy shuffles the thirteen Option cards and places the pile of cards facedown on the table.

Playing the card game of “Options”

- The game described below is referred to as “**Options**” in the script and must be played whenever the word ‘**Now**’ appears in the script.
- When it is their turn, a player turns over the top Option card from the pile of thirteen cards.
- That card will either be a Jack, Queen, King or Joker.
- When a Jack, Queen or King is turned over, an option has been selected.
- If the Joker is turned over, the player has a free choice of either the Jack, Queen or King option.
- Depending on the option, a player then usually has to pay, or will receive, an amount of money.
- When an Option card has been turned over and played, Governor Fitzroy places the used card facedown at the bottom of the pile of thirteen cards on the table.
- After each “Options” situation is completed, players continue reading the script.

Advice to teachers

Before starting to read through the script

- Players may like to dress in appropriate clothing to reflect their particular pioneer's character:
 - e.g., wearing an appropriate costume, hat, wearing artificial facial hair, wig or drawing facial hair on their face.
- Players could wear a name tag to help other players recognise which pioneer they are role-playing.
- Players make sure they understand the game of "Options" and how to use the money cards before beginning to read the script.
- Discuss the use of the different accents – aristocratic English, Irish, Scots, Aussie:
 - players could practice talking to each other using their accent before beginning to read the script.
- Money cards can be held in the hand, as in other card games, or placed on the table.

Reading from the script

- Players can share a script/ipad to read from (ie one script/ipad between two players) so there are less materials on the table.
- The game can be played from the beginning to the end with no interruptions or:
 - the game can be stopped at any point and once players have calculated and recorded how much money they have, the deck of cards can be placed back into their box and put to one side until the game is resumed;
 - the script can be read without playing "Options" (for younger students);
- The initial use of Option cards is on the first page of the script, when "Options" is first played in the 'Blind Wheelbarrow Race'. This was included to give players an opportunity to practice using the Option cards without the distraction of having to use the money cards. In all other occasions throughout the remainder of the script, when "Options" is being played, there will be three options and money will most likely be exchanged.

'Land Hunger: Belfast, 1851'

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, hello everyone! I'm feeling jolly well excited about being here today!
As you know, I'm Charles La Trobe, the first Lieutenant Governor of Victoria, our new colony!
And it gives me great pleasure to introduce Sir Charles Fitzroy, our Governor of New South Wales.

All players:

Hear! Hear!

Charles La Trobe:

Sir Charles has sailed all the way from Sydney to take part in our celebrations today. By Jove!
But firstly, as is our custom, join with me as we pay our respects to, and salute, Queen Victoria!

All players – standing and saluting:

Queen Victoria! God Save The Queen!

Charles La Trobe:

Jolly good show! Please be seated.

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Yes, jolly good. Thank you for your welcome.
And I'm jolly well excited to see you celebrating Victoria's separation from New South Wales!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, you're just in time to start our next event – the Blind Wheelbarrow race, over 200 yards!
Here's what can happen to our players in this exciting race:
"J"= Wheelbarrow breaks; "Q"= Tripped over; "K"= Went backwards; "Joker"= The winner!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

On your marks ... ready ... steady ... play "**Options**" and let's find out how you finished! **Now!**
Jolly good show, hearty congratulations to our ... hmm ... did anyone manage to finish the race?
Who else is here to play some more of these thrilling games?

Charles La Trobe:

Mr. Rutledge, the 'King of Belfast', is here - or 'Terrible Billy', as some people like to call him!
I certainly hope you're not going to be 'Terrible Billy' today, and cause us trouble in the games!
Ah, but your lovely wife, Eliza, is here to keep an eye on you – by Jove!

Eliza Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, Billy will behave himself all right – I'll see to that!
We welcome you to Belfast.

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Jolly kind of you, thank you, Mrs. Rutledge.

Now who else is here – and please tell me about yourself.

Charles Mills:

Big Charley Mills here maate, er ... Guv.

You might know me bro, the famous whaler, Captain Johnny Mills – we was born in Launceston.

I'm a farmer now 'cos there are no whales to hunt here, but Johnny still sails the seas. Yeah!

John Ritchie:

Och aye! I'm John Ritchie, Guv, a canny Scot and squatter – I came to Belfast from Launceston too.

Lieutenant Governor La Trobe might remember staying with me on his way to Portland, in 1843?

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Jolly good, I'm sure he does, and how much land have you taken, er ... squatted on?

John Ritchie:

Och aye, I've got a wee selection of 26,000 acres, not far from wee Belfast.

James Atkinson:

Hmm, delicious 26,000 acres of dirt! Irresistible!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, so the other famous Irishman in Belfast is also with us today, Mr. James Atkinson!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Hmm, just jolly wondering - didn't he buy all the land here and create the township of Belfast?

Ah yes, I remember – he paid £5,120 to my predecessor, Sir George Gipps, for 5,120 acres.

Sir George called this kind of land purchase a Special Survey – a Special Fiasco more like it!

Charles La Trobe:

Yes, indeed, the whole scheme went somewhat pear shaped! By Jove!

I mean, goodness gracious me, there just weren't enough surveyors to sort out the boundaries!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Jolly big farce really, but of course the initial idea of the scheme was quite sensible.

To raise funds to assist emigration from England and soothe investor's demands for land.

But to pay only one pound an acre – that was an appalling decision, an absolute booboo!

Charles La Trobe:

And I understand you've been buying land all over the colony, Mr Atkinson!
Land certainly seems to have a hypnotic effect on you! By Jove!
Why goodness me, it sounds to me like you've got a bad case of ... 'land hunger'!

James Atkinson:

Ahh, sweet, funny you should say that Guv.
Before we continue, I'd like to hypnotise everyone.
To help you enjoy the next game and have lots of fun - everyone OK about that?

Fitzroy, La Trobe, Rutledges, Mills & Ritchie:

Hmm yes, sounds very exciting!

James Atkinson:

Ahh, sweet, all of you close your eyes and keep them closed.

Players must close their eyes and keep them closed.

When I snap my fingers you wake up and believe the game is real life.
When I snap my fingers a second time at the end of the game, you'll come back to reality.

Atkinson snaps his fingers.

Ahh, sweet, you can open your eyes now.

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Yes, jolly good. Thank you for your welcome.
And I'm jolly well excited to see you celebrat ... er ... that's a bit odd, I think I've already said that!

James Atkinson:

Ahh, sweet, I'm feeling in a generous mood today!
I'm to receive money from some of my land sales - along the Molonglo River in New South Wales.
Let's play "**Options**" and I'll give some of my money to the squatter, Big Charley and then Billy.

- Firstly, the Guv pays me for the land: "**J**" = £540; "**Q**" = £600; "**K**" = £660 - I'll play **Now!**
- Squatter and Big Charley, here are your gifts: "**J**" = £100; "**Q**" = £110; "**K**" = £120 – both play **Now!**
- Billy, here is your gift: "**J**" = £240; "**Q**" = £250; "**K**" = £260 - play **Now!**

Mills & Ritchie:

But why should Terrible Billy get more than us?
That's so unfair!

William Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, some folk want their luck buttered!

Charles La Trobe:

But why shouldn't he, by Jove - hasn't his firm Rutledge and Co. made Belfast prosperous? Goodness me, he even issues his own currency to help the likes of you squatters and farmers. I think you'd have to agree the 'King of Belfast' deserves a little bit more than everyone else?

William Rutledge:

Fiddly dee, thanks Guv, and today I'll be acting as Jimmy Atkinson's land agent too. We've signed an agreement stating that I'll collect land rents and money from sales of his land. We also agreed that I'll give him £640 each year – I'll pay whatever I owe him, later, to be sure. So Ritcho and Big Charley, you both owe me £10 for the land you're renting off Jimmy. Pay **Now!**

Mills & Ritchie:

Whaat? 'Terrible Billy' gets even more money!
That's so unfair!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Jolly well stop squabbling – and could someone tell me where all these ships are sailing to? I saw them in the bay when I arrived - and men were loading bags of produce onto two of them.

Eliza Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, one of those two ships is taking those bags to Adelaide, for the squatter. The other ship is sailing to Melbourne with the same bags of produce, for Big Charley. And by-the-way, Billy owns a ship that's sailing from Sydney to Belfast as I speak.

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Jolly ship ahoy, but can someone please tell me what's in those bags that's so important?

William Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure Guv, Jimmy Atkinson's not the only one who bought a Special Survey. One of my two Special Surveys is near Tower Hill, where my Irish tenant farmers grow potatoes.

Eliza Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, growing and selling potatoes can be very profitable most years, Guv. So Jimmy thought the squatter and Big Charley could invest in Billy's spuds. Their ships will take the spuds to Adelaide and Melbourne where they can be sold for a profit.

Mills & Ritchie:

But we've already got other ships ready to sail.
Another one just gives us more to worry about!

William Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, worry is interest paid on trouble before it happens.

John Ritchie:

Och aye, 'cos us squatters are exporting our wee wool in the wee barque, 'Sydney Griffiths'. Don't know what you're talking about Billy, but it's the first time we're sending it to wee London from Belfast - could take a wee six months and who knows what might happen on the wee way!

Charles Mills:

Crikey, and we're exporting our wheat and flour. Yeah!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Mr. Mills and Mr. Ritchie, here are your potato investment prices: "J"= £70; "Q"= £60; "K"= £50
Mr. Mills and Mr. Ritchie each play "Options" and pay Mr. Rutledge for their investment. **Now!**

Mills & Ritchie:

Terrible Billy's getting all our money!

And shipping spuds is risky - some of them will probably rot!

William Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, living at risk is like jumping off a cliff and building your wings on the way down.

John Ritchie:

Och aye, and what's in your wee ship, Billy - spuds too?

Eliza Rutledge:

Ahh to be sure, Billy imports all sorts of things, like ale, wine and spirits, tobacco and cigars, machinery, ovens, nails, paint, meat, salt, oil, shoes, cheese, fish and fruit, pots, rope, candles, crockery, pumps, spades, clothing, furniture, gunpowder ... but there are no potatoes on this trip!
Billy pays extra for any lost or damaged cargo, or if his ship is wrecked and people's lives are lost!

William Rutledge:

Fiddly dee, and that's why I also import tombstones – never know when you might need them!
I trade all these goods, and lots more, here in Belfast and also in Portland and Warrnambool.
My goods will cost about £400, but I pay nothing until they arrive here in Belfast!

Mills & Ritchie:

But why can't he pay now?

That's so unfair!

William Rutledge:

Fiddly dee, criticism is something you can avoid by saying nothing, doing nothing, being nothing.

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, do stop all this squabbling!

And Mr. Ritchie, it's high time you paid your Squatters' Licence fee.

John Ritchie:

Och aye, why should us squatters have to pay that wee fee?

We supply meat and wool to the wee colony but can't properly own the land.

James Atkinson:

Hmm, delicious land and dirt! Irresistible!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Well, you're jolly well not going to get 26,000 acres for £26,000 – no more Special Surveys!

So stop your squabbling, squatter: pay me the £10 Licence fee so we can continue. **Now!**

Charles La Trobe:

Mr. Atkinson tells me Mr. Ritchie has agreed to build a home on the land he's leasing.

I understand this is part of his lease agreement with Mr. Atkinson? By Jove!

John Ritchie:

Och aye, but I don't have much wee money left - I won't be able to pay!

So what am I supposed to do?

Charles Mills:

Crikey, stop squabbling squatter!

You Scots are all the same when it comes to money.

You're as tight as a Yeah!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Yes, yes, that's so jolly typical of the Scots!

If anyone needs more money, you'll just have to borrow some!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, Mr. Rutledge, give your firm's 'On Demand' loan notes to these two squabblers. **Now!**

And please explain how to use them.

Eliza Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, if you need more money, give your loan note to the Guv.

He keeps it and gives you a bank loan of £200.

When you can, pay back £240 to Billy.

The Guv then gives Billy the loan note and he pays the bank £220.

William Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, there's to be no borrowing or lending of money between players.
Fiddly dee, I'm not missing out on my £20 interest!

Mills & Ritchie:

But why should we pay any interest to Terrible Billy!
That's so unfair!

John Ritchie:

Och aye Billy, you're like a rooster who thinks the wee sun rises to listen to you crow!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

For goodness sakes, jolly well stop all this squabbling!
Mr. Ritchie, give me your 'On Demand' loan note and I'll give you your £200 loan. **Now!**
Mr. Ritchie, here are your home prices: "J" = £80; "Q" = £70; "K" = £60
Play "**Options**" Mr. Ritchie, so you can pay me for your home. **Now!**

Charles Mills:

Hey maate, er...Guv.
I'm going to need one of them loans too.
Wanna buy part of the land we've been leasing.
For me bro, Captain Johnny. Yeah!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, is that right? Can he buy a reduced allotment of the land he's been leasing?
Anyway Mr. Mills, pass me your 'On Demand' loan note and I'll give you your £200 loan. **Now!**

Eliza Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, yes it is and yes he can, Guv - for £250!
That's part of his agreement with Jimmy.
But the contract for the sale only requires him to pay a portion of the £250 today.
So listen carefully Big Charley.
Billy will read out the three options for what you have to pay.

William Rutledge:

So, Big Charley, that's "J" = £170; "Q" = £150; "K" = £130.
The remainder can be paid off in a couple of years.

Eliza Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, Big Charley, play "**Options**" and pay Billy. **Now!**

John Ritchie:

Och aye, want to buy some cattle - they're better suited to the wet land here than the wee sheep.
By the way Guv, I understand transportation might be coming back?

So does that mean I could use free convict labour on me wee farm and to work on me wee house?

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, no it does not!

No more convicts are coming here!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Was jolly well annoying when the Squattocracy tried to have transportation reintroduced!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, it was - but I put a stop to that!

And them!

When a convict ship tried to dock in Port Phillip Bay, I sent it straight back to Sydney! By Jove!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Jolly good show, and I'll wager the Squattocracy didn't like that one bit!

Charles La Trobe:

It was one of my finest moments!

I was a hero of the Port Phillip District, by Jove!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Yes, and I'm jolly well sick of hearing "I was a hero of the Port Phillip District" over and over again!

So squatter, here are your cattle prices: "J" = £80; "Q" = £60; "K" = £40.

Play "Options" Mr. Ritchie, and pay me for the cattle. **Now!**

William Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, what a shame there won't be any convicts to work on your farm land, squatter!

James Atkinson:

Hmm, delicious farm land and more dirt! Irresistible!

William Rutledge:

Ahh, you see squatter, Jimmy wants to donate some of his dirt ... er ... land to the churches.

And also to donate a sum of money to help the priests build a chapel.

So Jimmy, if I pay your donation as part of what I owe you, I'll square up with you later.

And also, squatter, this donation of money pays for any labourers working there! Fiddly dee!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, squatter, sounds like there aren't going to be any labourers for you to employ!
So Mr. Rutledge, here are your donations: "J"= £170; "Q"= £160; "K"= £150.
Play "**Options**" Mr. Rutledge, and pay me for Mr. Atkinson's donation. **Now!**

John Ritchie:

Och aye, as for you giving money to any wee labourers working there - och aye, Billy, you're a ...

Charles Mills:

Crikey squatter, stop your squabbling!
Blimey, Billy's one of our Magistrates and our first Member of Parliament.
And he gives real good advice when you need it - like those quirky insights into life!
Real hilarious - yeah!

Eliza Rutledge:

Thanks Big Charley, for supporting Billy - next thing we know you'll be talking with an Irish accent!
Ahh, to be sure, but that would be a crime!

Charles La Trobe:

Speaking of which, I've just found out you've all been charged with committing a crime!
"James Atkinson, you have been charged with stealing dirt and eating the evidence."
"William Rutledge, you have been charged with discharging a fire-arm whilst watching your wife, Eliza Rutledge, furiously riding through the town, sitting on her horse, backwards."
"John Ritchie and Charles Mills: Both of you have been charged with allowing your dogs to attack each other, yourselves and other innocent folk, causing chaos in the town."

Here are the three possible verdicts:

- **Jack:** Player is 'Guilty' and also commits perjury. Player pays me a £20 fine.
- **Queen:** Player is 'Guilty'. Player pays me a £10 fine.
- **King:** Player is 'Not Guilty'.

To find out your verdict: in turn, play "**Options**" and pay me the fine if you are found guilty. **Now!**

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Jolly poor form all of you, but aren't dogs fun to watch – all that barking, sniffing and tail wagging!
I especially love how they get so excited digging up their bones – it's like they've discovered gold!

Charles La Trobe:

Speaking of digging up gold, I well remember my good friend Governor Gipps once saying:
"If the convicts find out about the gold, we shall all have our throats cut"! By Jove!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Jolly scary stuff – but I say, let’s have an exciting adventure and go looking for gold!
Everyone else is, so why not us!
But let’s not tell any of the convicts, shall we?

Charles La Trobe:

Well, I visited the Ballarat goldfields recently.
While I was there, five men found 136 ounces of gold ... in a single day!
All together it was worth about £400.
Now that’s what I call exciting! By Jove!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Jolly lucky weren’t they, but Mount Alexander might have even more gold than Ballarat!
I hear that gold nuggets are lying just under the surface waiting to be discovered!

James Atkinson:

Hmm, delicious nuggets! Irresistible!

Charles Mills:

Crikey, hang on, I reckon all them underground nuggets will be gone – he’ll have eaten them all!
So we’ll have to pan for gold in creeks or streams.
But I don’t wanna dig a mineshaft – they’re real dangerous! Yeah!

John Ritchie:

Och aye, or we could use a wee cradle.
So we can wash a lot more soil or sand.

Eliza Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, well then, we’ll do a bit of puddling for you.
To separate the gold from the clay.
You boys can pan or cradle what’s left and hopefully find some gold. Fiddly dee!

William Rutledge:

Fiddly dee my foot, haven’t you all forgotten something really important?
If everyone goes off to the goldfields, who’s going to be left to work on my potato farms?
And I hear Warrnambool’s like a ghost town these days.
Everyone’s rushing off looking for gold!

Charles Mills:

Crikey Billy, isn’t that why everyone’s calling it a ... “Gold Rush”? Yeah!

Charles La Trobe:

Well, we all jolly well know how you solved that problem, don't we ... "Terrible Billy"?
You kidnapped 70 migrants who were going to be settled in Portland!

William Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, it was just a lucky coincidence that my ship the *Black Pearl* just happened to be anchored in Portland Bay.
Right next to the *Runnymede*.

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

That sounds like a load of nonsense to me.
I jolly well don't believe in coincidences!

William Rutledge:

Ahh to be sure, we boarded the *Runnymede* and woke the gentle English folk from their peaceful slumber and told them about Belfast.
"Gosh", they said, they'd love to live here instead!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, that's balderdash!

William Rutledge:

Fiddly dee, and luckily by chance we had enough blank forms of agreement for all of them to sign!

Charles La Trobe:

Poppycock, you pirate!

Eliza Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, Portland's Police Magistrate, Mr. Blair, got very upset with Billy.
He wrote some very unkind and hurtful things about Billy in a letter he sent to you, Lieutenant Governor La Trobe.
But Billy didn't mean to cause any harm to anyone - honest! Fiddly dee!

John Ritchie:

Och aye, so now I'll have to pay a wee Miner's Licence fee as well as the Squatter's Licence fee!
Reckon that wee mining fee will cause you some wee trouble in the future, Guv!
'Cos the miners don't like it!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, stop your squabbling, squatter.

And thank you for reminding me.

Each player pays me £10 for a Miner's Licence. **Now!**

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Here are three jolly possible discoveries for what we find on the goldfields:

- *Jack: Fool's Gold - £0!*
- *Queen: £30 gold nugget.*
- *King: £50 gold nugget.*

Charles La Trobe:

To find out what you discover: play "**Options**" and I'll pay you for your gold nugget ... or not. **Now!**

Charles Mills:

Crikey, but we'll have to watch out for them bushrangers when we travel back to Belfast.

They rob people, banks and stagecoaches looking to take any money, jewellery or gold. Yeah!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove you're right, so here are three possible outcomes for our dangerous trips back to Belfast:

- *Jack: Bushranger holds up player and takes £20 from player. Guv keeps money.*
- *Queen: Bushranger holds up player but escapes with nothing.*
- *King: Player captures bushranger. Guv gives player £30 reward.*

To find out what happens on your trip: in turn, play "**Options**". **Now!**

Eliza Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, bushrangers are becoming a major problem in our colony.

They've even held up the mail coaches! Fiddly dee!

Charles Mills:

Crikey, that William Green bloke: wasn't he a bushranger who held up the Belfast mailman? Yeah!

John Ritchie:

Och aye, I thought his wee name was Codrington Leviston?

Or was it Carrington Gessington?

William Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, I know him - he was brought before me and I sent him off for trial at Geelong.

Charles Mills:

Crikey Billy, didn't he say to you ... "I'll be back!"? Yeah!

William Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, he did say that, the cheeky scoundrel. Fiddly dee!

And yes, he escaped from my ship, stole a horse and held up the same mailman in the same spot!

John Ritchie:

Och aye, he told the wee poor mailman that the police were as tough as a “set of apple-women”!

James Atkinson:

Hmm, delicious apples! Irresistible!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, I offered a reward of £30 for Green’s capture.

And then he put an advertisement in the *Belfast Gazette*!

He offered a £100 reward for my carcass so he could beat the shine out of my backside!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Very jolly funny, ... er ... how outrageous of him!

John Ritchie:

Och aye, but there’s only one thing worse than the wee bushrangers ... and that’s the Blacks!

William Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, we’re all sick and tired of hearing the squatters’ pathetic excuses for hunting down the poor souls.

Like “If dingoes didn’t kill my sheep, the Blacks did! And some of us too!”.

But the Blacks had nothing to match their guns. Fiddly dee!

Eliza Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, and the children weren’t spared either.

They’d burn or bury the corpses, to hide the evidence.

And it would all happen at night and then they’d all keep quiet about it.

The silence was deafening!

‘Cos they were all scared stiff of being found out, knowing they’d be hanged for their dirty deeds.

Ahh, fiddly dee, dee!

Charles Mills:

Crikey, you're right Miss Eliza. Yeah!

And us whalers were no better.

A lot of Blacks were slaughtered along the coast.

Like the massacre near Portland, on the Convincing Grounds beach, back in 1834.

It happened just because the Blacks were eating a beached whale the whalers had harpooned.

The whale ended up getting washed ashore!

The stories of bloodshed there keeps me awake some nights - and I wasn't even there at the time!

Yeah, oh yeah!

John Ritchie:

Well, I'm not apologising for what us wee squatters did.

The government told us the wee land belonged to nobody – '*terra nullius*' they called it.

So we've just taken what's been legally up for grabs.

Och aye, life wasn't meant to be easy – for them or us!

William Rutledge:

Fiddly dee ... life?

It's a dream for the wise, a game for fools, a comedy for the rich and a tragedy for the poor.

Eliza Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, and an unspeakable tragedy for the Blacks too!

Dear, oh dear, man's inhumanity to man! Fiddly dee!

Charles Mills:

Crikey, yeah well, because I was a whaler, I would like to apologise for the mistreatment handed out to the Blacks, by the whalers, in the past, here in Belfast and in Portland.

I know this won't fix all the wrongs that have been committed, but it might be a start. Yeah!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

That's jolly well ... er, decent of you Mr Mills.

But I've heard enough!

So there's to be no more talk about the Blacks!

Mr. Rutledge, I hear you still have to pay for that land you bought in Melbourne?

James Atkinson:

Hmm, delicious Melbourne dirt! Irresistible!

Eliza Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, Billy's got a great memory for forgetting!

Charles La Trobe:

So Mr. Rutledge, here are your land prices, by Jove: “J”= £270; “Q”= £260; “K”= £250.
Play “Options” Mr. Rutledge, and pay me for your land. **Now!**

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Oh dear me, Mr. Rutledge, I’ve just received a jolly exciting ... er, distressing message.
Goodness gracious – the bankers say you owe them hundreds of pounds!
So the bankers are insisting I give you those two ‘On Demand’ loan notes. **Now!**

William Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, I don’t have enough money to pay these bankers!
Sadly, I have but one choice.
I’ll have to declare my firm Rutledge & Co ... insolvent!

John Ritchie:

Och aye, but why would the wee banks want to do this to Billy?
Those bankers were supposed to be his wee friends, not enemies!

Charles Mills:

Hey maate, er ... Guv, come on maate, how about we sell our spuds to help out Billy? Yeah!

Charles La Trobe:

Oh, all right! I suppose we can buy your potatoes.
And your land or lease too.
And yes, you can use the money to pay off your loans from Mr. Rutledge. By Jove.

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

Some jolly recent news has just come in.
Your ships have possibly made it to their destinations.
So I will pay Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Mills for their bags of potatoes.
•Mr. Ritchie, your prices are:
 “J”: some bags contained rotten potatoes, £140; “Q”= £210; “K”= £280 - play “Options” Now!
•Mr. Mills, your prices are: “J”: Ship wrecked, £0; “Q”= £90; “K”= £180 - play “Options” Now

Charles La Trobe:

And I’ll pay Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Mills for their land or lease.
• Mr. Ritchie, your lease prices are: “J”= £100; “Q”= £120; “K”= £140 - play “Options” Now!
• Mr. Mills, your land prices are: “J”= £240; “Q”= £250; “K”= £260 - play “Options” Now!
Mr. Mills and Mr. Ritchie each pay back Billy £240 for your ‘On Demand’ loan note, by Jove. **Now!**

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

It's jolly well your turn, Mr. Rutledge.

First, you pay me £440 for both of the 'On Demand' notes I gave you. **Now!**

Next, I'll pay Mr. Rutledge for his land.

• Mr. Rutledge, your land prices are: "J" = £630; "Q" = £640; "K" = £650 - play "Options" **Now!**

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, more shipping news has just come in.

Mr. Rutledge's ship has anchored in Port Fairy Bay.

So Mr. Rutledge, pay me for your shipping costs.

Mr. Rutledge, your costs are: **Cargo lost**, "J" = £570; "Q" = £560; "K" = £550 - play "Options" **Now!**

Finally, Mr. Rutledge, you 'square up' with Mr. Atkinson and pay him, as you previously promised!

Mr. Rutledge, you pay Mr. Atkinson: "J" = £100; "Q" = £50; "K" = £0 - play "Options" **Now!**

James Atkinson:

Ahh, sweet, there's only one thing left to do – find our winner!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, Mr. Atkinson has finally stopped raving on about eating dirt, for goodness sakes!

Rightly or wrongly, people have accused you of being an 'absentee landlord' in Belfast.

Because, apparently, you're hardly ever here!

Well today, you have been here, but you've been our 'absent minded fruitcake', by Jove!

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

You're jolly well right about that.

Fortunately for you, Mr Atkinson, you keep a very low profile!

However, thank you all very much for meeting us today.

It's been jolly well, really fun!

James Atkinson:

Ahh, sweet, I'll be doing plenty of talking now!

I'm going to explain how you can win, so do the following.

Add up all your money and read out your total. **Now!**

Next, the 13 Option cards are collected and shuffled by Sir Charles Fitzroy. **Now!**

Governor Fitzroy deals the following number of cards to each of us:

• 2 cards each to La Trobe, Mills, Ritchie, Rutledge and me; 3 cards to Governor Fitzroy. **Now!**

James Atkinson:

Ahh, sweet, I'll read out the five rules of the game before we start playing:

Rule 1: The Option cards are ranked: Jack (lowest), then Queen, King and Joker (highest).

The four suits of cards are also ranked: Diamonds (lowest), Hearts, Clubs, and Spades (highest).

Rule 2: One Option card is placed **face-up** on the table by each player in the following order:

- From the player with the **lowest** amount of money to the player with the **highest** amount;
- Next, Charles La Trobe plays one of his Option cards;
- And finally, Governor Fitzroy plays one of his Option cards.

Rule 3: The player with the lowest ranked card is **eliminated**.

Rule 4: The eliminated player collects the Option cards played, shuffles them and deals out one replacement card to each of the remaining players.

Rule 5: Rules 2, 3 and 4 are repeated in the same playing order minus the eliminated player(s), until there is only one player remaining - our winner! So let's play. **Now!**

When there is a winner, Atkinson snaps his fingers for the second time – to end the game.

Ahh, sweet, congratulations to our winner!

Fitzroy, La Trobe, Rutledges, Ritchie & Mills:

Whaaat?

But we haven't started playing yet!

THE END

After the game, players are invited to read out the following brief passages about their characters:

Sir Charles Fitzroy:

I arrived with my wife and second son in Sydney on 2 August 1846. In 1847 my wife was tragically killed in a carriage accident and I suffered leg injuries. As the Governor of New South Wales, I have been given credit for my tact, humanity and moderation. But I have to agree that I also had a jolly high opinion of myself and was self-indulgent!

I returned to England in 1855 and died in 1858, aged 61.

Charles La Trobe:

I was a man of a thousand occupations; I was a botanist, a geologist, a hunter of beetles and butterflies, an amateur musician, a half decent sketcher and a sports tragic. I loved riding horses and walking through the countryside and enjoyed over 90 journeys in Victoria. Although accused of being indecisive I faced challenging issues such as a lack of money given to the district by our Government in Sydney, the possible resumption of transportation and the gold rush.

I was married twice and fathered six children.

In 1854 I sailed back to England where I died in 1875, aged 74 years. By Jove!

Charles Mills:

Maates, I hunted whales until about 1846 when I obtained a grazing licence for 416 acres near Belfast. I grew wheat and potatoes and grazed cattle and sheep on my 'Woodbine' farm and was the go-to man when there was a wreck in the bay and people and cargo needed rescuing. I died suddenly in 1855 on my farm, at the age of 43, leaving my wife and seven children. Yeah! Me older bro, Captain Johnny Mills, became the town's first Harbour Master and Pilot. Yeah! He continued to live in Belfast until 1871 when he moved to Echuca where he died in 1877, aged 67.

John Ritchie:

Och aye, in 1839 I brought 2,000 wee sheep and two ex-convicts from Launceston to Port Fairy. My selection of 26,000 acres was between the Shaw and Moyne Rivers and was called 'Aringa'. But the land was too wet for sheep anyway so I had to change to wee cattle, which I later sold. I disliked horse-riding and active station work so I rented out my wee land and lived off the proceeds. I sold my property and returned to Scotland. After returning from Scotland I settled on another property. I became a wee Magistrate and Councillor in Belfast. When I was 51, I married 18 year-old Sarah Davis and we had seven wee children. I died in Belfast in 1887, at the wee age of 86.

William Rutledge:

Ahh, to be sure, I was born in Ireland in 1806 and arrived in Sydney in 1829. In 1840 I married Eliza Kirk and we had two sons and five daughters. In 1862 my competitors caused my firm Rutledge & Co. to become insolvent while I was away in England. This had a devastating effect on Belfast's progress and allowed Warrnambool to surge ahead. I left Belfast and lived on my farm, taking an interest in the progress of Warrnambool. But I made another fortune breeding Lincoln sheep! I never fully recovered from an accident when I fell off a buggy - I died in 1876, aged 70. My wife **Eliza** was 'beloved for her kindness and hospitality' - and she had to put up with 'Terrible Billy' too! Eliza died on our farm near Warrnambool in 1888, aged 68. Life is the game that must be played. Fiddly dee!

James Atkinson:

I travelled around the colony and regularly sailed back to England and Ireland. I donated money and land to the town and worked to establish Belfast as a prominent town and port. But there's little information about me and no known portrait or photograph of me has ever been found! I married my cousin Emily Macartney and we had eleven children. After returning to Australia from Ireland in 1864 I died in Sydney later that year, aged 60. My family returned to Ireland. In 1887 the name of my town was changed to Port Fairy. Ah, sweet!

Acknowledgements

I would like to acknowledge that when writing the script for this game most of the historical information was sourced from:

- “Port Fairy – The First Fifty Years” by Jack Powling.
- “The Belfast Fantasy” by Marten Syme.
- “Harpoons to Harvest” by J. R. Carroll.
- The Port Fairy Historical Society.
- The Australian Museum: [australianmuseum.net .au](http://australianmuseum.net.au)
- The Australian Government: australia.gov.au
- The Australian Dictionary of Biography: adb.anu.edu.au
- State Library of Victoria: slv.vic.gov.au
- “i never metaphor i didn’t like” by Dr. Mardy Grothe

I would like to thank Marten Syme and Lesley Foster for their proof reading and suggestions.

I would also like to thank staff from the following schools for the opportunity to trial this scripted game with their students:

- Camberwell Grammar School, Melbourne
- St Patricks Parish Primary School, Port Fairy
- Port Fairy Consolidated School
- St Pius X Primary School, Warrnambool