

'Land Hunger: Portland, 1843'

A historically scripted card game for 6 players from middle Primary school to adults.

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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 George Gipps

Superintendent of the Port Phillip District: Charles La Trobe

Portland's Police Magistrate: James Blair

Squatter: Edward Henty

Whalers: William Dutton and Alexander Campbell

Equipment: one deck of normal playing cards, including the 'Joker', per group of 6 players

The setting of this scripted card game is the Victorian coastal township of Portland in 1843.

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

short history of Portland that can be found at 'Australian Heritage': heritageaustralia.com.au.

The First People

Before reading and playing the following scripted card game about European settlement in Portland, 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.

However, recent evidence suggests that the time of their arrival might have been much earlier, at 65,000 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.

The aims of 'Land Hunger: Portland, 1843' are to:

- eliminate the other players and win the game;
- accumulate wealth by investing in town land, exporting local produce, hunting whales, avoiding fines and sleuthing;
- find out about the early European settlement in Portland 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!
(**Gipps, La Trobe, Henty** - aristocratic English accent; **Blair** - Irish; **Dutton** - Aussie; **Campbell** - 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 - apart from the Aces, money value = card value x £10.

'2' = £20; **'3'** = £30; **'4'** = £40; **'5'** = £50; **'6'** = £60;

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

'Ace' = £200

- Governor Gipps and Superintendent La Trobe look after the pack of money cards which are sorted and organised into number groups.
- It is important players keep a running tally of their money.
- If Governor Gipps and Superintendent La Trobe run out of money, use cards from another deck or print your own 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 Gipps 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 Gipps 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.

Suggestions for players and 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 'Fly 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: Portland, 1843'

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 Superintendent of the Port Phillip District.
It is my pleasure to introduce my good friend Sir George Gipps, our Governor of New South Wales.

All players:

Hear! Hear!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, Sir George has travelled all the way here from Sydney to see how Portland is developing.
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 George Gipps:

Yes, yes, jolly good. Thank you for your welcome.
I'm jolly well looking forward to playing this game of yours, Mr. Blair.

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, Mr. James Blair is here!
It's so nice to see my old Irish friend again.
You're doing an excellent job as Portland's Police Magistrate – what were your first impressions?

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure! Thank you, Superintendent.
When I arrived in 1840, Portland had one good house, six decent cottages, a few huts and no pier.
The population was about one hundred. There were about six hundred in the surrounding district.

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly good. But I understand in this small town of yours, there has been a lot of trouble – how so?

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, it is a rough and lawless town!
Those riotous crews of whalers cause most of the trouble! Fiddy dee!

Sir George Gipps:

Not so jolly good. I shall send some military men to help you, as well as convicts and prisoners!

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, er ... thanks ... I'm doing my best to keep law and order here. Fiddly dee!

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly good show, old man, keep a stiff upper lip, what!
But what sort of trouble do these naughty whalers stir up?

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, one of the problems is heavy drinking, Guv ... and the other is gambling.

Sir George Gipps:

Goodness gracious me, I can understand drinking being a problem, but gambling?

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, they'll bet on anything – even flies crawling up a wall – then they argue and fight!
They'll even lay a wager with their most prized possession – rum!
Let me show you – each player chooses a fly on the wall and this is what might happen:
“J”= Spider eats fly; “Q”= Fly flies off; “K”= Fly doesn't move; “Joker”= Fly wins race!
Flies, on your marks ... ready ... steady ... play **“Options”** and see how far your fly crawls. **Now!**

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, there was a real buzz of excitement in the air, wasn't there – or was that just the flies?

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, they love the game and when I threatened the whalers with a ban on all gambling games involving flies, forty men with firearms swarmed together to oppose me and the Police.
Two of our men were badly bitten and had their heads laid open! Fiddly dee!
We managed to swat down the riot, without much bloodshed, but I need more support.

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly well done you, but I make no apologies: I sent you here because you're one of our best Police Magistrates and I have no doubt Portland will prosper under your intelligent and strict guidance.

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure! Now you've approved the appointment of a scourger here in Portland, I can use the lash to encourage a little bit more cooperation, shall we say! Fiddly dee!

Sir George Gipps:

A jolly good thrashing will do some of them the world of good, what!
Do you employ any other methods to control these riotous whalers?

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure! If all else fails I sometimes cast an Irish blarney spell over the worst of them. It has a kind of hypnotising effect, and puts them into a calmer, happier place!
Would you like me to cast a spell over everyone – it'll help us enjoy today's game. Fiddly dee!

Gipps, La Trobe, Campbell, Dutton & Henty:

Hmm yes, sounds exciting!

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, all of you close your eyes and keep them closed.

Players must close their eyes and keep them closed.

James Blair:

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.

Blair snaps his fingers.

Fiddly dee, you can open your eyes now.

Sir George Gipps:

Yes, yes, jolly good. Thank you for your welcome.
I'm jolly well looking forward to playing this ... er ... that's a bit odd, I think I've already said that!

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, you were saying ... what a commendable job I'm doing and were about to pay me.

Sir George Gipps:

What a commendable job I'm doing and were about to pay me ... er ... you, of course! Jolly good!
Play "Options" and I'll pay you your annual salary: "J" = £370; "Q" = £430; "K" = £490 - play **Now!**

Campbell, Dutton & Henty:

What about us? We haven't got any money! That's so unfair!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove! Speaking of rioting whalers, here we have three whalers, wailing before our very eyes!
Mr. Dutton, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Henty - please introduce yourself to Governor Gipps.

William Dutton:

Fair dinkum, Billy Dutton here maate, er ... Guv. Born in Sydney. Yeah.
Grew up in Hobart Town but first came to Portland Bay in 1828 hunting seals, off Blacknose Point.
Visited the bay on and off for the next few years and got involved in whaling.
Built a house here and grew vegies for myself, well before Henty and his mob turned up. Yeah.

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, Guv, my name is Alexander Campbell – but people just call me wee Scotty. In 1826, I walked across Scotland and caught a wee ship sailing for Hobart. Me mate, Johnny Griffiths set up a wee whaling station here in 1832 and asked me to run it. But I preferred deep sea whaling so I took off for a wee few years and came back here in 1836. Caught seventeen wee “fish”, or whales, that year, but Billy caught eighteen – just pipped me! And Billy, the Mills brothers, Johnny and Big Charley, might’ve visited Portland Bay before you!

Edward Henty:

I beg your pardon, and with the utmost respect to both of you, I must correct a slight inaccuracy! There may well have been other people in this district before I arrived, but I am sorry to have to inform you of this: they weren’t the first settlers here – because, you see, I was the first settler. Or more specifically, the first *permanent* settler. If Dutton or the Mills boys were here before me, they most definitely weren’t permanent, like me.

Campbell & Dutton (speaking in unison):

Och aye, Teddy! The Mills lads were here before you!
Fair dinkum Teddy, you’re not the first settler here – it were me! Yeah!

Edward Henty:

I beg to differ, that’s simply not true – I’m the first!
And my name is not Teddy ... it is Edward.

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly queer argument! Haven’t seen a bigger barney brewing since John Batman had a ginormous hissy fit when he realised the Wurundjeri elders would only sign a Treaty for 600,000 acres!

Edward Henty:

So, having corrected that historical mistake let me introduce myself to Sir George, our Governor. I am Edward Henty – my family settled in Portland Bay in 1834, *permanently* ... not seasonally.

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly good, old man. But remind me of how you got here in 1834!

Edward Henty:

We sailed here in the schooner ‘*Thistle*’ which was sadly wrecked in Port Fairy Bay in 1837. And guess who was skippering the ship – it was one of the Mills brothers, Captain John Mills! Oh, and by-the-way you two, I am not a whaler now. However, my brother Stephen and I did have a partnership in whaling for a couple of years. And, um ... er ... we did catch 57½ fish during that time.

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly good fishing, what! But how can you catch half a whale?

Anyway, there's only one thing I know of, that will snap you lot out of this bad temper ... money!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove! Of course – how about I give each of you ... £120?

Campbell, Dutton & Henty:

Make it £240!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove! Oh ... alright ... possibly. Anything to stop your arguing with each other.

Play “Options” and I'll give you some money: “J”= £220; “Q”= £240; “K”= £260 – each play, **Now!**

Campbell, Dutton & Henty:

We're itching to buy some town land, please Boss!

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly impatient, what. They don't waste any time, do they!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, no they don't. Look at their rashes ... and twitching ears – real signs of 'land hunger'!

But one hopes they won't have to pay the insane prices of the first land sale here in 1840!

Edward Henty:

Yes, I suppose they were a trifle high - although I bought a Suburban Allotment for a mere £307!

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, Teddy, but your bro Stevie paid a wee £506 for one town lot and a wee £1,260 for three!
And a further wee £145 for a Cultivation Allotment at that sale!

Edward Henty:

Oh yes, indeed Stephen did, but that money only put a relatively small dint in the Henty finances!

Sir George Gipps:

I say, you're jolly wealthy, old man, what? Your family must be dripping in money!

William Dutton:

Fair dinkum, Teddy, maate, didn't you own that land you bought - when you came here, after me!
I'd be kicking up a bit of a stink if the Government took the land off me ... and then sold it! Yeah!

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, Teddy, shouldn't you be entitled to a wee bit of compensation!

Didn't Batman and Fawkner get a wee something from Governor Bourke to cover their losses?

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly well no chance of that happening!

Besides, Mr. Batman's situation was slightly different to this situation, Mr Campbell, because ...

Edward Henty:

I fully agree - it's outrageous that we had to bid at a public auction for land we had pioneered!

Charles La Trobe:

Enough, by Jove - Mr. Blair, please read out the possible amounts to pay for these town lots.

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, I'll buy some town lots too – in for a penny, in for a pound.

Here are the land prices for the first town lots: "J" = £80; "Q" = £70; "K" = £60

In turn, we'll play "Options" and pay the Superintendent for our land. **Now!**

Here are the land prices for another set of town lots: "J" = £60; "Q" = £50; "K" = £40

In turn, we'll play "Options" again and pay the Superintendent for our second town lot. **Now!**

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, Teddy, these prices are a wee bit lower than what you Hentys paid, at that 1840 auction!

Edward Henty:

Ahh yes, but as I elucidated previously, only a piddling difference, my dear man ... to a Henty!

And my name is not Teddy ... it is Edward.

William Dutton:

Fair dinkum Teddy, but don't forget, you're a common whaler ... just like the rest of us.

And you caught 57½ fish, didn't you Teddy! Yeah!

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, and by-the-way, Superintendent, speaking of whalers

I was wondering if it might be possible to allow the whalers a certain quantity of spirits and tobacco duty free – like the whalers in Sydney and Van Diemen's Land?

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, certainly not!

In 1839, I sent my Government Surveyor, Mr Charles Tyers, over here to sort out the 141st degree of longitude, so we could define the boundary between New South Wales and South Australia.

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, but what's that got to do with us wee whalers wanting duty free smokes and wee grog?

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, at the time, I left a note for Mr Tyers to also ‘find out what people are doing in Port Fairy’. Because the whalers in Port Fairy weren’t paying any duty on their spirits and tobacco either! Gracious me, they were breaking the law - just as your whalers will, if they don’t pay their duty!

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, we’ll pay our duty, and you can put the money to good use and build a pier here.

Sir George Gipps:

I jolly well suppose so. But do you really need a pier? How many sailing ships enter Portland Bay?

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, shipping numbers are increasing all the wee time.

In one year about 50 wee sailing ships put into the bay and this wee year it might be over 100.

William Dutton:

Fair dinkum, maate, er ... Guv, and the wild weather from the south-east or south-west makes it real hard to load and unload our ships. Yeah!

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly well not surprising! Speaking of sailing ships, please tell me where your ships are off to?

William Dutton:

Fair dinkum, sure thing maate, er ... Guv.

Reckon they sail mostly between Portland and ... Melbourne, Hobart and the Old Dart. Yeah!

Charles La Trobe:

Well then, you’ll have to pay your insurance for those ships, won’t you, by Jove?

Because anything can happen to your ships sailing between those distant ports, I should say.

Here are the premiums for your insurance: “J” = £40; “Q” = £30; “K” = £20

In turn, play “Options” and pay me for your shipping insurance, by Jove. **Now!**

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly good show, old man. But what’s in these ships that’s so terribly important?

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, my ship’s sailing with hundreds of bushels of wheat from my properties.

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, Guv, and we whalers export wee whale oil and whalebone to London.

Exporting wee whale oil and bone can be very profitable - isn’t that right, wee Teddy?

Edward Henty:

I beg your pardon, please listen to me carefully and read my lips ... I am not a whaler anymore. My ship is carrying bales of wool from my Muntham Station and sending them to London too. Muntham is my glorious 57,000-acre property, just north of Merino Downs, which, by-the-way, is another stunning Henty property too, overseen by my brother Francis. Oh, my goodness me, Muntham has such a gorgeous vista, its beauty makes me weep with joy. And my name is not Teddy ... it is Edward.

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, you don't have to be so pompous, Teddy!
Crikey, I've my Clunie property near Harrow and others at Trawalla and Narrawong too. Fiddly dee, I don't boast about them all the time, like you do – and Teddy, you were a whaler.

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, Teddy, a wee whaler, a wee squatter – next thing we know you'll be a wee politician!

William Dutton:

Fair dinkum, Teddy, Johnny Batman an' Jimmy Fawkner reckon they're the first settlers too. Yeah!

Edward Henty:

Yes, they do, but let me tell you ... they are wrong ... I am the first settler in the Port Phillip District. And my name is not Teddy ... it is Edward.

Campbell & Dutton (speaking in unison):

Och aye, Teddy! The Mills lads were here before you!
Fair dinkum Teddy, you're not the first settler here – it were me! Yeah!

Edward Henty:

I beg to differ, that's simply not true – I'm the first!

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly well here we go again, what!
There hasn't been so much squabbling since John Batman went into a right tizzle because he had to give the Wurundjeri extra handkerchiefs, shirts and a flannel jacket for 600,000 acres of land!

Charles La Trobe:

There's only one thing I can think of that will snap them out of this argument money!
By Jove, how about I give each of you ... £65?

Campbell, Dutton & Henty:

Make it £130!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove! Oh ... alright ... possibly. Anything to stop your arguing with each other.

Play “**Options**” and I’ll give you some money: “**J**” = £100; “**Q**” = £130; “**K**” = £160 – each play, **Now!**

Campbell, Dutton & Henty:

We’re jumping out of our skin to buy some more town land, Boss!

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly good gracious! They don’t waste any time do they!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, no they don’t. Look at their flaring nostrils and bulging eyes – serious land hunger, I’d say!
Mr. Blair, please read out the three possible amounts to pay for their town lots.

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, I’ll buy some more town lots too – in for another penny, in for another pound.

Here are the land prices for our third town lot: “**J**” = £70; “**Q**” = £60; “**K**” = £50

In turn, we’ll play “**Options**” and pay the Superintendent for our land. **Now!**

Here are the land prices for our fourth and final town lot: “**J**” = £60; “**Q**” = £50; “**K**” = £40

In turn, we’ll play “**Options**” again and pay the Superintendent for our land. **Now!**

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, I do wish all of you would stop arguing amongst yourselves!

Buying all this land doesn’t seem to distract you enough from getting on each other’s nerves.

But goodness gracious me, I know how to distract you all ... a team bonding adventure, by Jove!

I’d like all of you to take me, and Sir George, into Portland Bay, in a whale boat, on an expedition to capture a fish, er ... whale!!

William Dutton:

Fair dinkum, no worries maate, er ... Boss.

But we need a crew of six for the whale-boat ... but that’s exactly how many we’ve got here. Yeah!

Reckon Sir Georgie and Charlie’d make real good Oar Pullers – the smaller oars of course. Yeah!

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, and Billy and wee Teddy can be the other two pullers ... wee Teddy on the longer oar.

I’ll be the wee Headsman and steer the boat and control the wee sweep-oar.

William Dutton:

Fair dinkum, Scotty, no worries maate.

Well, the Bow Oar is mine and Harpooner is me - they don’t call me Bullseye Billy for nothin’!

Captured and killed more whales than anyone else. Yeah!

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, so you and me, Billy - we'll swap places so you can make the kill with the wee lance. Straight into the wee fish's heart, close to its wee fin.

William Dutton:

Yeah Scotty, no worries maate. Will do the job for us.

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, but that could be hours after the wee harpoon's gone in – these fish don't tire easily.

William Dutton:

Fair dinkum Scotty, yeah, just remember when the harpoon hits home, 'Starn all!' is the call and then we let the fish tow us - so we can exhaust the fish and lance it!

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, but we don't want the wee fish diving real deep on us!

Or we'll have to cut the rope so we don't get pulled under and be sent to Davey Jones' Locker!

William Dutton:

Fair dinkum, Scotty, maate, we'll have to be careful watching out for them flashing fish flukes too! They can smash the boat and kill us all, real quick. Yeah!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, all this sounds incredibly intoxicating and thrilling ... and downright dangerous too! These are the possible outcomes for our expedition:

- **Jack:** *Player loses his oar in heavy seas. Player pays £10 to me for a new oar and boat repairs.*
- **Queen:** *Whale is harpooned, but after a day's towing, the whale is lost in a gale.*
- **King:** *Player is first to sight a whale. I pay player £10 as a reward.*

In turn, play "**Options**" and find out what happens when you go whale hunting. **Now!**

Edward Henty:

Well, what a most enthralling, albeit drenching, experience - one whale caught and six tons of oil! That translates to between £120 and £200 for the whale oil and bone: our share of the spoils is, "J" = £30; "Q" = £40; "K" = £50: The Governor pays us for our booty - in turn, play "**Options**", **Now!**

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly well invigorating and treacherous, what!

It was touch-and-go at times, but I was so very brave ... wasn't I?

And when Teddy, er ... Mr. Henty fell overboard - well, I haven't laughed so much since William

Wentworth asked me if he could squat over the entire South Island of New Zealand for a pittance!

Hmm, is it true the Blacks ate a beached whale, at the Convincing Ground in Portland Bay in 1834?

William Dutton:

Fair dinkum maate, er ... yeah Guv, the Blacks started feeding on the fish, all right. Whalers got annoyed cos they'd harpooned it – so they went looking for a bit of a fight. Yeah. They wanted the oil and bone, but didn't understand the Blacks only wanted the fish's meat. Some claim the Blacks got slaughtered and ...

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly well don't want to know any more about that incident!
So apart from that incident, have the Blacks been fairly treated in this district?

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, you're kidding me? Eh?
Just recently a group of Blacks sleeping in a Tea-tree scrub were barbarously murdered by gun or pistol shot - and that included three women and a child!

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly shocking, what!
And did you find out who the scoundrels were that committed these atrocities?

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, we increased the reward for information about the massacre from £50 to £100. But nothing came of it even though it included a pardon for a free passage back to England! Because everyone just keeps quiet about all these killings.

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, Sir George and I have fought hard to protect the Blacks - but, sadly, we are failing. I instigated the formation of a Native Police Force in an effort to establish friendly relations between the Blacks and settlers - a Native Police Barracks was even built near Mount Eckersley.

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly good idea, but we can't change the hatred that many of the colonists feel towards them. Why, I had to order the hanging of seven men for murdering a group of twenty of the poor souls!

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, Guv, I can sympathise with the wee squatters over the wee 'war' against the Blacks! 'Cos if dingoes didn't kill their wee sheep, the Blacks did! Broke their wee legs and cut them up!

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, but you can't blame them can you - they were probably starving!
Don't forget they were hunted off their land and some squatters gave them poisoned food to eat!

Edward Henty:

And a number of sealers - some later became whalers - even thought it was an acceptable practice to take possession of their women and keep them as wives!
And they were appallingly treated too - some were even murdered!
How unsavoury and disgusting!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, and there is little we can do to stop the continued outrages by Blacks upon the property of settlers in this district, and the danger to life and limb – it is with great regret that I hear all this.

Sir George Gipps:

It's a great pity that more Blacks can't be encouraged to work on farms or for the whaling parties!
So, are there enough immigrants coming into Portland to work for all of you pioneers, Mr Dutton?

William Dutton:

Fair dinkum, no maate, er ... Guv, always on the lookout for strong men to join our whaling crews.
It's not a piece of cake catching a fish – as you found out before! Yeah?
And we need men to help fix up our damaged whale boats and equipment. Yeah!
You know, don't you Teddy, cos you caught 57½ fish, didn't you? Yeah!

Edward Henty:

I beg your pardon, please listen to me carefully and read my lips ... I am not a whaler anymore.
But I, too, have expenses - running my sublime farming property at Muntham.
And, by-the-way, I am the first settler in the Port Phillip District.
And my name is not Teddy ... it is Edward.

Campbell & Dutton (speaking in unison):

Och aye, Teddy! The Mills lads were here before you!
Fair dinkum Teddy, you're not the first settler here – it were me! Yeah!

Edward Henty:

I beg to differ, that's simply not true – I'm the first!

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly well not again - I can't remember so much moaning and bickering since John Batman threw a hairy canary when he realised the Wurundjeri elders were treating his Treaty as a tanderrum!
And that meant he could only have temporary access to their 600,000 acres!

Charles La Trobe:

There's only one thing I can think of that will snap them out of this ill temper money!
By Jove, how about I give each of you ... well not £130 ... that didn't work ... so how about ... £30?

Campbell, Dutton & Henty:

Make it £60!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove! Oh ... alright ... possibly. Anything to stop your arguing with each other.

Play “Options” and I’ll give you some money: “J” = £50; “Q” = £60; “K” = £70 – each play, **Now!**

Campbell, Dutton & Henty:

We have to pay for some of our expenses, Boss!

James Blair:

Fiddly dee, I’ll pay for some costs on my properties too, but it’ll be more than a penny or a pound!

Ahh to be sure, here are our costs: “J” = £40; “Q” = £30; “K” = £20

In turn, we’ll play “Options” and pay the Superintendent for our expenses. **Now!**

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, just a wee second Boss, we’re sick and tired of asking you to send us wee immigrants.

We’ve plenty of work for them, but our wee big Immigration Depot stands empty at the moment!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, the “Ellen and Elizabeth” has taken 150 immigrants to Portland in the last couple of years.

Isn’t that enough immigrants to satisfy your needs, Mr. Campbell?

Ahh, but that’s not the whole story is it, Mr. Campbell?

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, it wasn’t our fault that 17 prisoners were sent back to you on the “Ellen and Elizabeth”.

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, they were a fly-blown, motley bunch of miscreants!

Three for trial and the rest under sentence to iron gangs and hard labour! Despicable!

And the single females had been lead down the garden path by those disreputable whalers. Urgh!

Wonder where they picked up their bad habits – hanging about, watching flies crawl up walls? Eh?

James Blair:

Fiddly dee, speaking of being disreputable, you’ve all been charged with committing a crime!

“Edward Henty, William Dutton and Alexander Campbell: you have all been charged with making rude gestures and using obscene language, towards each other ... on a Sunday.”

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, I haven’t heard so much blasphemy since John Batman chucked a monster wobbly when he suddenly remembered he didn’t have to give the Wurundjeri elders anything for their land.

Because of the “terra nullius” English law!

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, and, er ... um ... I've been charged with not controlling my horses in town!

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly naughty of you Mr. Blair, horsing around like that - ha, ha - here are 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'.*

In turn, play "**Options**" and pay the Superintendent any fines. **Now!**

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, and speaking of crimes and fines, we need a gaol instead of the present wooden crib that a few stout fellows could carry off on their shoulders.

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, Jimmy, but not next to the wee Savings Bank reserve, where a new gaol is being planned. Having a wee bank next to a wee gaol doesn't really make a lot of sense, now does it? Hmm?

William Dutton:

Fair dinkum, heard three prisoners were able to escape from our gaol when a saw, tools and fire were passed to them between the spars of the window by me, er ... by their maates! Yeah!

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, is that so Billy – we'll have a little talk about that later. Fiddly dee!

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, Jimmy, it were just a wee slip of the wee tongue by Billy? No worries, eh?

James Blair:

Ahh, to be ... not so sure!

And, Guv, we also need a proper Court of Law. Fiddly dee!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, speaking of law courts and crime, have you solved the bank robbery of those sovereigns? What was it - £500 of the coins were taken from under your very noses, by Jove?

James Blair:

Ahh to be sure, our police have made every effort to trace the thief, but so far without luck!

Alexander Campbell:

Och aye, Boss, we're good at catching wee fish.

So maybe we could catch a wee thief?

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly good of you to offer, Mr. Campbell, so let's fish around for clues and hook in our thief, what? Here are three possible outcomes:

- **Jack:** *Player stumbles upon thief: thief robs player of £20. I keep the £20.*
- **Queen:** *Player finds thief but is attacked: thief escapes. Player pays me £10, for treatment.*
- **King:** *Player finds evidence linking thief to a local man. I pay player £30 reward.*

In turn, play “**Options**” and see if you can help catch our thief. **Now!**

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure our Court of Law is a rickety wooden room that's not much bigger than a coffin. Speaking of which, we also need a coroner and a cemetery too!

Edward Henty:

Well, my family had a private cemetery but the Government deprived us of that land too! It would become a grave matter if the current cemetery is changed!
Because you'd have to advertise for tenders to tenderly remove the bodies, no less!

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, Superintendent, we also need a Post Office, a Flagstaff, and a regular mail service. And while I'm at it, add to my list a Customs House to make sure you three whalers can pay your duties on spirits and tobacco - and that includes you Teddy, seeing as you went whaling today! Not too much to ask for, eh Superintendent? Fiddly dee!

Edward Henty:

I beg your pardon, please listen to me carefully and read my lips ... I am not a whaler anymore. However, I am the first settler in the Port Phillip District.

Campbell & Dutton (speaking in unison):

Och aye, Teddy! The Mills lads were here before you!

Fair dinkum Teddy, you're not the first settler here – it were me! Yeah!

Edward Henty:

I beg to differ, that's simply not true – I'm the first!
And my name is not Teddy ... it is Edward.

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly well can't stop themselves, can they, what?

There hasn't been a bigger bun fight since John Batman spat the dummy when told by Governor Bourke his Treaty with the Wurundjeri elders was “void and of no effect”.

Because of the “terra nullius” English Law!

Edward Henty:

John Batman wouldn't have known what "void and of no effect" meant – what a philistine he was! Of course, there is no doubt he and Fawkner founded Melbourne – but that was in 1835! Sadly, Batman went to his grave not believing I was the first settler - but 1834 does precede 1835! And as for wanting to name the land there 'Batmania' – what on earth was he thinking?

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, how about I give you just a jolly second, no more money for you lot ... it's quite obvious giving you money, or going whaling together, hasn't stopped your arguments!

Campbell, Dutton & Henty:

That's not fair Boss, we want some more money to buy some more town land!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, look at these three whalers ... they just won't stop wailing!

Edward Henty:

I beg your pardon, please listen to me carefully and read my lips ... I am not a whaler anymore. However, I repeat, I am the first settler in the Port Phillip District.

Campbell & Dutton (speaking in unison):

Och aye, Teddy! The Mills lads were here before you!

Fair dinkum Teddy, you're not the first settler here – it were me! Yeah!

Edward Henty:

I beg to differ, that's simply not true – I'm the first!

And for the last time, my name is not Teddy ... it is Eddy ... er, Edward.

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly well enough, I say - haven't seen a bigger tantrum since John Batman had a sooky sooky la la when told Edward Henty was the first settler in the Port Phillip District, not him and Fawkner!

Edward Henty:

There you are, told you so, I was right all along – it's true, I am the first settler, here in Portland! Our honourable, truly noble and esteemed Governor, Sir George Gipps says so – bless his soul!

Sir George Gipps:

I jolly well give up – I've heard enough of this drivel – it's all poppycock!

Thank goodness, a message recently arrived asking that Charles and I leave Portland immediately.

Charles La Trobe:

Apparently, I am to meet two wealthy Irish gentlemen with land hunger – just like our whalers! One of these Irishmen is a Mr. James Atkinson from Sydney. Do you know him, Sir George?

Sir George Gipps:

Yes, yes, jolly well do – I was obliged to grant him 5,120 acres of land in Port Fairy for £5,120. The government back home called this scheme a Special Survey.

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, and the other Irishman is William Rutledge. I understand he has interests in two of these Special Surveys – and one of them is near Tower Hill. And Sir George has to return to Sydney to meet with his friend, a Mr. Clarke. Mr. Clarke has apparently found several specimens of quartz rock ... containing gold!

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly well worrying news - I shall be telling Mr Clarke to hide his gold specimens somewhere safe. Or we shall all have our throats cut if the convicts find out!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, let's instruct these whalers to sell their town lots, before you and I leave? I am very interested to see what prices they'll achieve, given the current deterioration in the colony's economic fortunes at the moment.

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, at your service, Superintendent.
For each town lot: in turn, play "**Options**" and the Superintendent will pay you for your land.
The first town lot: "**J**" = £20; "**Q**" = £30; "**K**" = £40 – each play, **Now!**
The second town lot: "**J**" = no sale; "**Q**" = £30; "**K**" = £40 – each play, **Now!**
The third town lot: "**J**" = no sale; "**Q**" = no sale; "**K**" = £40 – each play, **Now!**
The fourth and final town lot: "**J**" = no sale; "**Q**" = £30; "**K**" = no sale – each play, **Now!**

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, I wasn't surprised to see those sale prices for the town lots drop so low, or not sell at all! We certainly are experiencing a worrying decline in our economic situation in the colony. I heard one Melbourne squatter, who has been hit hard by the depression, say there is no money, no credit, no trade, nothing but failures ... land is worthless and cattle and sheep little better!

Sir George Gipps:

Jolly calamitous, what, and it's very clear our Government is being deprived of additional income by establishing this so-called Special Survey scheme, so investors only pay one pound per acre. In the public land auctions seen here in Portland, sometimes £50 per acre was being paid!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, you're right: it's scandalous those Irishmen could purchase land at one pound an acre!

Sir George Gipps:

Our English Government has clearly made a jolly big booboo. So, I shall be writing to the Secretary of State for the Colonies outlining my objections to their Special Survey Scheme.

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, and when you write to the Secretary, inform him that our worsening economic climate has drastically lowered the expected number of applicants for the Special Survey scheme too!

Sir George Gipps:

Yes, yes, jolly good, what ... I shall do that!
Goodness gracious me, one of the problems was not enough surveyors to sort out the boundaries. 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 no, no, the scheme just hasn't jolly well worked!

Charles La Trobe:

By Jove, I've just received some more news - your ships have possibly made their destinations. Or they may in fact have been lost or shipwrecked – the message is not clear. Here are three possible outcomes:

- **Jack:** Ship lost at sea – insurance claim rejected, player receives £0.
- **Queen:** Ship wrecked near destination – player receives salvaging and insurance of £70.
- **King:** Ship arrives safely but cargo is sold below expected price – player receives £150.

In turn, play "**Options**" and we will pay you for your cargo ... or not! **Now!**

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, before you two go, there's only one thing left to do – find our winner! Fiddly dee!

Sir George Gipps & Charles La Trobe:

Jolly well thank you very much for meeting us today, what – it has been jolly good fun. By Jove!

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, 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 George Gipps. **Now!**

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

- Superintendent, Henty, Dutton, Campbell and me: 2 cards each; Governor Gipps: 3 cards. **Now!**

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, Superintendent La Trobe plays one of his Option cards;
- And finally, Governor Gipps 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, Blair snaps his fingers for the second time – to end the game.

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, congratulations to the winner of our game! Fiddly dee!

Gipps, La Trobe, Campbell, Henty & Dutton:

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 George Gipps:

I arrived in Sydney in 1838 with my wife and son. My administrative skills were tested to the full while I was Governor as my duties were difficult, challenging, and sometimes unpleasant. Particularly in my dealings with those greedy and wealthy squatters and settlers in the colony. I continued to be opposed by those powerful people. But I tried to be fair in all my decisions as Governor. My efforts were highly regarded by the Colonial Office and they asked me to serve a further two years as Governor - a wonderful compliment indeed! But my health eventually began to fail under the stresses and pressures of being Governor. I left Sydney in 1846 a very sick man. I died in England in 1847, aged 56.

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 married twice and fathered six children. In 1854, I sailed back to England. I died in 1875, aged 74. By Jove!

William Dutton:

Spent my youth in Hobart Town before beginning my life as a sealer in Portland Bay in 1828. Built a house at Portland in 1829 but was always coming and going, travelling along the coast hunting seals and then whales. In 1831 and 1833 worked for John Griffiths hunting seals and living in my house for twelve months at a time. Eventually established a whaling fishery in Portland Bay, about 1833. Was considered to be a splendid seaman and the most expert whaler on the coast! Married Mary Saggars in 1843, but we had no children. However, we did adopt two children. Eventually took up 640 acres at Narrawong - died there in 1878, aged 67. Fair dinkum, yeah!

Alexander Campbell:

I hunted Pacific sperm whales before joining John Griffiths' whaling station in Portland in 1836. My wee "Whaling Laws" kept the peace between rival whaling crews in Portland and Port Fairy. I was a strong swimmer, keen sportsman and a fine shot - kept up duck shooting until I was 80. My motto was "rule over all the land and ... on those who dislike me, lay a strong hand"! Married and had a wee daughter. Sold a lease that included the site of wee Warrnambool for £80! Became wee Harbour Master for Melbourne, in 1851 - at the start of the gold rush! Och aye! Was known as 'Port Fairy Campbell' but I moved to South Yarra, where I died in 1890, aged 85.

Edward Henty:

In 1829 my family left England and travelled to the Swan River settlement in Western Australia. Because the sandy soil there was unsuitable for our farming pursuits we moved onto Van Diemen's Land, or VDL. But land grants were no longer available in VDL: so, we turned to the land surrounding Portland Bay which was more suitable - we also became involved in the whaling industry. After settling in Portland in 1834 we built our homes, businesses and township at Portland Bay. In 1856, I was elected to the Victorian Legislative Assembly as a Member for Normanby. And I was the first permanent settler in Victoria! I married Ann Maria Gallie in 1840, but we did not have any children. I eventually moved to Melbourne where I died in 1878, aged 68. And my name was never Teddy, or Eddy ... it was always Edward.

James Blair:

Ahh, to be sure, as well as being the Police Magistrate, I was also guardian of minors, a director for local banks, a patron of many charities, immigration agent and deputy sheriff! I was described as a severe man who managed to keep law and order for twenty-five years among the rough and lawless population in Portland during the 1840s - by ruling them with the proverbial iron-rod! I married Margaret Le Maistre of Dublin and we had six children. After retiring I moved to Melbourne in 1867 and died in 1880 at my home in Toorak, aged 67. Fiddly dee!

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- "The Belfast Fantasy" by Marten Syme.
- "Harpoons to Harvest" by J. R. Carroll.
- "In Their Own Words" by Cecil James Hardy.
- "Gipps-La Trobe Correspondence 1839-1846" edited by A. G. L. Shaw.
- "Letters from Victorian Pioneers" edited by Thomas Francis Bride.
- "The Hentys" by Anne Grant, Portland Past and Present Series
- The Australian Dictionary of Biography: adb.anu.edu.au

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