

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

DEAR "John."—The first job I had to do in Blackboy Hill Camp after I got stripes, was to march out of camp the smartest man that ever went into it. That was Jack Blurton.

At the time he was our scratch marker for the State in professional foot-running, was a topnotch league footballer, a capable horseman and a clinking bush rifle shot. All that knew him will agree with me and if anyone thinks he had anything on Blurton for smartness, or athletically, they are deluding themselves. There could be no finer Australian enlisted. The reason for all aborigines and half castes being discharged was because one weedy full blood returned to camp after leave with a disease. I could understand the bar against the colour in cases of natural uncleanliness.

Blurton was a half caste, clean and neat to the point of dandyism and there was no finer chap to look at or to know anywhere. At the time Blackboy held such a lot of poor specimens of whites and why such a classy recruit was dumped beat me.

The rest of the sorry joke is that when we boarded the troopship we found it three parts full of Queensland troops and a quarter of them abos, and half castes and the way they wiped the floor with us at sports and boxing was shocking. Jack Blurton would have done me for a side kick.

SIXTEENTH.
