

and men. He set out to get perfection and so earned a martinet's reputation. Leaving Wellington Harbour the battalion band struck up, on the adjutant's orders:

Then of a sudden the band struck up! Too cheap for anything. Most unharmonious . . . I called [my officers] together and told them that the spirit of the Regiment was to be a doing of its work grimly and quietly without any beating of its chest or banging of drums! That to any right thinking soldier the striking up of our band with [a] tune, I think 'Everybody's Doing It' or some such blatant air was shocking. I am afraid that they didn't all agree with me, but they will learn.³⁸

On another occasion he noted regarding a Sunday concert,

I didn't go. I don't think the average soldier's comic song should be encouraged on Sunday. It is generally a bit risqué. Sunday with its three or four Divine Services to wind up [in] the evening with double entendre canticles is wrong.³⁹

And just three days later,

I am sorry to find that the sports people have put on an event called a 'Bun and Treacle' race. One of those more or less degrading things that the world still thinks is good fun. I hate scrambles etc. They sort of teach the competitors to act like brute animals.⁴⁰

On reaching Colombo Malone was thrilled with the colour, the bustle and excitement:

Tremendous movement and life. We are in the world now right enough. After my thirty years in Taranaki I am now seeing the world and taking part in its affairs. . . . Took my batman Okey to carry my haversack. . . . Colombo is white, brown, red and green, most beautifully green in the rainy season. The streets full of natives, rickshaw men, pony phaetons motor cars and bullock carts. The native dresses in all colours, whites, purples, reds, browns, blues, greens, yellows, khakis. . . . One has seen all the sights in pictures etc but one has not realised before. It was most fascinating to watch the crowds. The streets are streaming with people and vehicles. . . . All shades of whitey brown faces. Mixture of Portugese, Dutch, Tamil, Sinhalese, Indians, Malays, no negro apparently and British. . . . I stalked around and had a good look at the natives. A small hump backed boy about one and a half feet high came up behind me and gave me a little pluck and held out his hand. I couldn't resist giving him half a rupee. Then of course plenty of wee brown mites, some quite naked, flocked along and plucked or touched me so gently and held out their hands; not a word. I soon got rid of my small coins. Quite sinful I suppose, but I couldn't help it.⁴¹

It is difficult to tell from Malone's diary alone whether the subsequent Gallipoli experience had diminished his excitement and his ardour for the Empire's cause. His letters are more intimate and revealing and one finds in them some of the strain and weariness that is evident in writings and recollections of other New Zealanders on Gallipoli. Before Chunuk Bair, he was aware of the exhaustion of the troops, and if he had been able to, would have gained them a spell of rest. He wrote to his wife: 'The men are run down; three months fighting and work, big nerve strain, heavy casualties, not much rest bring the best of men to a point dangerously near that of breaking.' His loyalty to his men