



BACTERIAL INFECTIONS OF

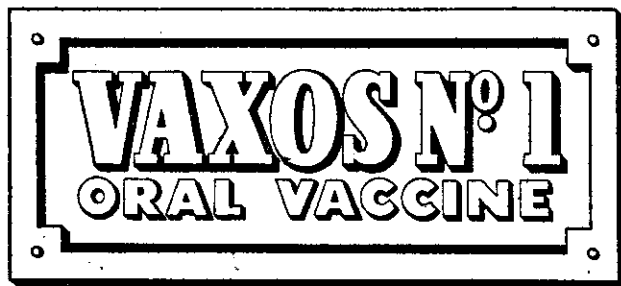
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## CASCARA TABLETS

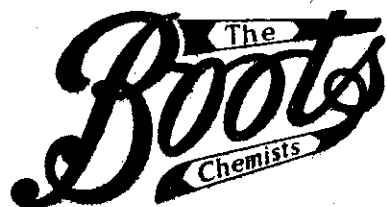
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## DR. MALCOLM SARGENT CALLED It Was A Flying Visit

"The world-famous English conductor, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, arrived in Auckland last evening on a brief and unexpected visit. He is on his way to Australia and will continue his journey to Sydney by air to-day."

IT was Tuesday, June 12, and in The Listener office in Auckland, reading the Herald, I felt very sick indeed. The conductor-in-chief of the Royal Choral Society, a Professor of the Royal College of Music, a member of the BBC Brains Trust, had been in Auckland overnight. He'd be half-way across the Tasman by now and I had missed an interview. It was a gloomy morning.

About mid-day a friend at IYA rang me.

"What do you know?" he asked.

"There was a frost and Dr. Sargent flew away," I said tartly.

"There was a frost, but Dr. Sargent didn't fly away. Try the Grand Hotel," he said. So it was the old device to keep the crowds away!

I was lucky. Yes, certainly he could see me. Would I be there about 5.30.

At 5.15 I arrived at the Grand Hotel. Mr. Holland arrived at the same time, so there was quite a crowd in the entrance hall for a few minutes. At 5.25 Dr. Sargent came, no mistaking him. He moved quickly, shook hands quickly, spoke quickly.

"Excuse me one moment. I have to fix a passport." Yes, he had a photograph we could use. I waited in the lounge at the sparsely populated end. Dr. Sargent came quickly across the room, was stopped mid-way by the pointing middle finger, right hand, of a stranger.

"Dr. Sargent?"

"Yes."

"I just wanted to introduce myself. My name's Sargent, too."

"Oh, really? Spelt the same way?"

"Yes. I've been wondering if perhaps we're related. Now, my father and his four brothers . . ." It continued for about three minutes, Dr. Sargent occasionally saying "Oh, oh, really?" and "No. Not Suffolk. My family come from Lincolnshire." "Yes, possibly." "Good." "Well, now, if you'll excuse me . . ." He was impeccably courteous. I made a reference to the incident.

"Oh, that's nothing! I'm used to it. One has to be. Just think how much worse it could be if one were a conductor touring round with Smith for a name!"

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DR. SARGENT has worked at pressure throughout the war years. All the time he was in London he averaged five concerts a week, he said; he had two six weeks visits to Sweden, one to Portugal, a stay in America, and now this tour, at the invitation of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, to conduct concerts in the Australian State capitals. He describes himself as England's "Musical Ambassador."

Dr. Sargent is by now an experienced traveller by air. One of his visits to Sweden he made by Mosquito, sitting alone in the bomb rack. He showed me how he sat. "I was cramped up like this in a box the size of a rabbit hutch, all

alone, with my oxygen gear to work myself. It wasn't pleasant." On the other hand he dismissed the Pacific flight as a pleasant outing.

"I could have gone to Australia straight from America when I finished working there, but I had to return to London to make a recording of the whole of *The Dream of Gerontius*," he said. This recording was made with the Huddersfield Choir and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, and Heddle Nash, Gladys Ripley, Norman Walker,



DR. MALCOLM SARGENT

and Dennis Noble. The work takes two hours to play; the recording, including rehearsals for it, took one week to make.

"Do you agree with all the observers who have commented on the extraordinary war hunger for music?" I asked.

"Yes. There has been a most extraordinary demand for music in England. Even in the worst time of the blitz there were full houses at all concerts every night of the week, besides the huge attendances at many newly-organised recitals such as the lunch-hour ones."

### The Brains Trust is Fun

I asked Dr. Sargent if the Brains Trust was as much fun as it sounded.

Quite as much fun, even more, he assured me. Should he give me an outline of the way a session worked? Certainly. Listeners would be most interested.

"Most people want to know: Is it spontaneous or is it recorded?" Well, it's both. It's spontaneous and at the same time it's recorded. Every Monday at 1 p.m. the members of the particular Brains Trust for the session meet for lunch at Broadcasting House. Now this is the most enjoyable and interesting part of the whole thing to me—not that it's an elaborate lunch, it isn't; it's a perfectly simple lunch. It gives the new members a chance to get acquainted in