WO years ago two New Zealand girls living in London shifted from a lightly suburban flat in t. John's Wood to somening much more exciting nd artistic in a mews ear Hyde Park. ttle flat—like most of hose in the mews that onevcomb the West End had orginally been a table for one of the grand ouses in the neighbourood, and the only means f getting the big pieces f furniture into the flat vas through the orginal pening where the horse-

The carter was one of the ost cross-eyed men in London nd, when the exertion of haulng in the grand piano was over, he looked more cross-eyed han ever.

eed was once brought in

or storing.

Surrounded by all the grime of a long-empty flat, packing eases littered about, their hair intidy and their smocks grey with dust, the two girls sudenly sat down and laughed. lere they were, thousands of niles from home, sitting in a ittle flat in a London mews, and with a cross-eyed carter oushing up their furniture hrough a hole in the floor!

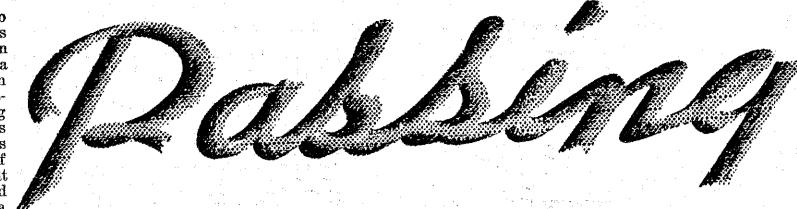


ONE of the girls had an inspiration . . . opened the piano, propped a suitcase on end for a seat and ran off a tune that seemed to fit the mood of that crazy after-



CUSTOMS ST. EAST

OPPOSITE WAVERLEY HOTEL AUGKLAND, C.I.



Enterprise . . . that's the word

that fits these two sisters whose

adventures with a cross-eyed

carter in London gave them

material enough to entertain a

big audience in Wellington the

other night. They are Betty and

Vivienne Blamires, attractively

pictured below by Spencer Digby.

Read about them in Passing

Pageant to-day.

It was her own composi-tion, and she called it "The Cross-Eyed Carter."

The other night in Wellington I heard those two girls play that same tune to a well-dressed audience of several hundred.

Betty Blamires no longer had untidy hair, nor was her sister Vivienne in a dusty smock. Betty—for she was the composer—had her dark hair sleek and shining and wore a rich red velvet dress; her sister, Vivienne, was in cool silvery-purple, interesting and serene as a winter's sunset in the Alps.

These two girls were in London for four years, studying hard, meeting people . . and probably watching the pennies, too. They came back to New Zealand a few weeks ago and the other day they sent me an invitation to a recital.



NOW, if there's one thing in the world that has me thinking up excuses for not being there, it's a recital. You go along as a rule to find a hand along as a rule to find a handful of relations and really staunch friends in the front three rows, a couple of disconsolate ushers hang round in the gloom at the back of the hall, the curtain doesn't work properly, the stage is bare and the aspiring performer is usually about as talented as an iceberg in a choppy sea.

So, when I found a queue half-way down the Town Hall steps the other night, I was quite certain I had come to the wrong place. But no—the tickets distinctly said concert chamber. The hall was crowded and the audience buzzed with an excited expectation that made one think of a first night at Covent Garden or something



T HE grand piano on the stage reflected the glow of amber lights, a tall bowl of white lilies on one side of the stage was balanced by a lower bowl of scarlet flowers on the other.

Betty Blamires, with grace and fine feeling, played a Chopin ctude, something of Debussy's and something of her own—'which I have dedicated, although they don't know it, to my mother and father, because they have always been so wonderful to

Vivienne Blamires, colourful peasant costume, sang some fascinating little songs that came from the Appalachian Mountains, from the simple folk there.

The two girls played a sonata for piano and violin. Betty Blamires came back and proved herself a younger edition of Ruth Draper in a scene from the famous play,

I don't know enough about music to tell you whether their

hours these two young New hours these two young New Zealanders, daughters of a Wellington elergyman, entertained a critical audience, and entertained it with the grace and charm of two polished Old Morld arrises.

Snould be heard over the air. If I were organising programmes for broadcasting here's a half-hour that I could fix in just as long as it takes me to put this down.

Debussy's Toccata, played World artists.

FOR nearly two and a half should be heard over the air. If I

by Betty Blamires.
Three Appalachian folk songs sung by Vivienne Blamires.

Scene from "Viceroy Sarah," by Betty Blamires.

Two violin solos, "Hun-garian Dance," by Brahms Joachim, and "Berceuse," by Cui, played by Vivienne

I looked round for Professor Shelley in the audience that night. He should have been there-he might have changed his policy about not sending our own New Zealeanders on a tour of the national broadcasting stations.



BY the way, that's one of the most stupid things I've ever heard. Did you know that, even if you're a local Menuhin or a budding Galli Curci, it is against the policy of the broadcasting people to send you on tour?

But if you're a middling singer from Peru or Pretoria or Little-Puddle in the Marshes and you get an en-gagement with the NBS your travelling expenses are paid as you move from one station

to the other in New Zealand.
The fact that you might be
a New Zealander who has
studied in London, broadcast over the BBC, played in the Queen's Hall, and eventually come back to your own country to give your own people the benefit of your know-ledge and skill is sufficient to earn you scant attention from the people who control broad-casting.



THE other night I dropped into the Majestic Cabaret in Wellington and found several hundred young things thoroughly enjoying themselves to the music of Summy Lee's band.

The tune?—Yes, the Lambeth Walk.
The Lambeth Walk, which the "Record" feels kind of responsible for putting on the New Zealand entertainment map, is one of the most get-under-your-skin tunes that I've heard in a long time.
I saw "Mc and My Girl," the

every town in the country, who shabbiest music hall a fortnight



"Viceroy Sarah." She was doddering old Queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough at one and the same time, and she drew the two characters with exquisite skill. Vivienne Blamires played some violin solos, including the one I've already mentioned . . . "The Cross-Eyed Carter." arpeggios were technically right —and you probably wouldn't read this if I did—but I do know that I thoroughly enjoyed the evening's entertainment.



HERE are two girls who should tour New Zealand, who show to which the Lambeth should be seen on the stage in Walk belongs, at London's