

TWO years ago two New Zealand girls living in London shifted from a tightly suburban flat in St. John's Wood to something much more exciting and artistic in a mews near Hyde Park. This little flat—like most of those in the mews that honeycomb the West End—had originally been a stable for one of the grand houses in the neighbourhood, and the only means of getting the big pieces of furniture into the flat was through the original opening where the horse-dreed was once brought in or storing.

The carter was one of the most cross-eyed men in London and, when the exertion of hauling in the grand piano was over, he looked more cross-eyed than ever.

Surrounded by all the grime of a long-empty flat, packing cases littered about, their hair untidy and their smocks grey with dust, the two girls suddenly sat down and laughed. Here they were, thousands of miles from home, sitting in a little flat in a London mews, and with a cross-eyed carter pushing up their furniture through a hole in the floor!

It was her own composition, 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.

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,

FOR nearly two and a half hours these two young New Zealanders, daughters of a Wellington clergyman, entertained a critical audience, and entertained it with the grace and charm of two polished Old World artists.

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

should 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 by Betty Blamires.

Three Appalachian folk songs sung by Vivienne Blamires.

Scene from "Viceroy Sarah," by Betty Blamires.

Two violin solos, "Hungarian Dance," by Brahms Joachim, and "Berceuse," by Cui, played by Vivienne Blamires.

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 Zealanders on a tour of the national broadcasting stations.

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.



"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 should be seen on the stage in every town in the country, who

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 Fern or Pretoria or Little-Puddle-in-the-Marshes and you get an engagement 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 knowledge and skill is sufficient to earn you scant attention from the people who control broadcasting.

THE other night I dropped into the Majestic Cabaret in Wellington and found several hundred young things thoroughly enjoying themselves to the music of Sammy 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 "Me and My Girl," the show to which the Lambeth Walk belongs, at London's shabbiest music hall a fortnight



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