



The NEW BERN MIRROR

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"People always assume it's race horses we're pulling in our covered trailer as we tour the country," said the Bill half of the Medleys, concert duopianists. The Pat half finished the sentence, "and we don't bother to tell them differently."

"It's our two tons of piano and our wardrobe," they chimed in together. The Medleys are like that. One starts a sentence and the other finishes it--no interruption, just the same train of thought. That's what has made them so successful as duopianists.

They'll appear here next Thursday night, at the New Bern High School Auditorium, as the first presentation of the New Bern Community Concert Association. Admittance for local music lovers is by membership card only.

The Medleys have no children. Married 15 years, they formed their piano team while still in college. They are now on their seventh concert season and fourth transcontinental tour. They have played concerts in every state but one, and before long that one will be added to make it unanimous.

Last year they had a precarious drive across the frozen McKenzie River to reach Yellow Knife, Northwest Territory, Canada, where they gave the first piano concert ever in that isolated place 250 miles from the Arctic Circle.

It was February when Bill and Pat Medley dragged \$12,000 worth of concert grand pianos across the frozen wasteland on a road that frequently couldn't be found beneath the snow, and in temperatures that would have killed them in 30 minutes if their car had stalled.

They traveled hundreds of miles to keep an engagement they had been foolish enough to make. "Before it was over, I felt more like a missionary than a musician," says Bill. "Now I think I must have been a plain idiot."

The Medleys arrived in the little Canadian town and at the school auditorium just three minutes before they were scheduled to play. Bill quickly dressed in his wrinkled concert tails, and Pat attired herself in a gown of shimmering white.

They were greeted by a thundering ovation. After all, nobody drove the long route they had traversed in weather such as this except trucks that carried food, and the trucks went in pairs. Natives were astounded by the spunk of the couple from Fayetteville, Arkansas.

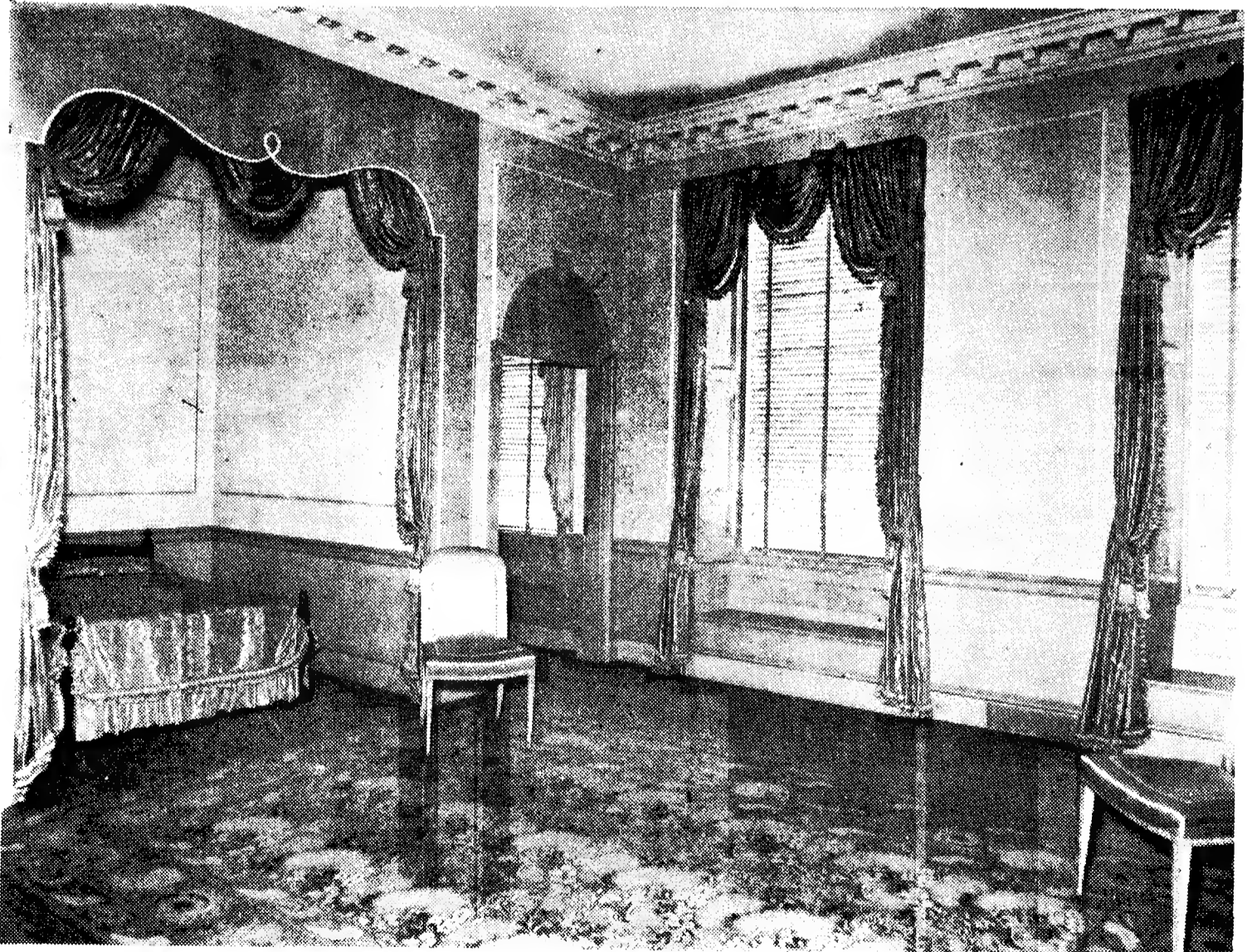
Bill was somewhat astounded too, when he glanced at Pat as they bowed and smiled in the center of the stage. Through clenched teeth, Bill whispered to her, "What do you think you are doing?"

She gasped in panic when she discovered what Bill had discovered. "I had my gown on," she says, "but I forgot to take off my galoshes." A mistake like that was understandable for a Southerner who only moments



EVER THE SAME—Children are children the world over, and these Bern youngsters viewing a miniature reproduction of the Swiss Alps could easily pass for some of New Bern's small fry. They are understand-

ably proud of the land of their birth. New Bern and its surrounding countryside has no mountains, but it does share with its mother city a deep desire for peace and keen of freedom.



FOR SLUMBER SWEET—Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care, the death of each day's life, sore labour's bath; balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast. Thus did

Shakespeare describe the rest that comes when day is done. Surely, this alcove bedroom in New Bern's Tryon Palace extends such repose to the imaginative visitor.—Photo by John R. Baxter