



The best news we've heard in a long time was last night's announcement by the Citizenship Department of the Woman's Club that Mamie Miller has been chosen New Bern's Woman of the Year.

It is an honor woefully overdue, but, as the old saying goes, better late than never. Five outside judges, secretly picked and voting individually, selected her unanimously, and their joint decision will be applauded by the many who know of her countless kind deeds.

And, when we say countless, it's not just a figure of speech. No one, not even Mamie, can accurately estimate the thousands of bouquets, get-well cards, personally-made gifts, and messages of comfort and consolation that she has been responsible for.

Year after year she brightens hospital rooms with tiny pillow corsages and flower arrangements that she grows in her own old-fashioned garden. Although her friends are legion, she wouldn't think of restricting her remembrances to them. Strangers have reason to bless her too, especially the folks who don't have someone else to really care about them.

For our part, we're proud to live in a town that Mamie Miller lives in. Every community, in varying degrees, has its angles of mercy, but we dare say that very few cities can boast of a woman who has done so much for so many. She is quietly inconspicuous about it—maybe that's why she has been overlooked so many times when the Woman of the Year was being named.

Those of us who excuse ourselves from greater service to others because we "don't have the time" ought to hang our heads in shame in the presence of Mamie. Her duties as a waitress at Williams restaurant gets her out of bed each morning before the sun comes up, and she works there until early afternoon.

Leaving her job, she continues a busy schedule that includes gardening, housework, running errands, visiting the sick and lonely, church work, talks before various groups, and the writing of her Buds and Blossoms column for The Mirror.

Somehow she manages to do a great deal of reading, and her library undoubtedly has the finest collection of books on flowers that any local citizen owns. She has a large number of religious volumes too, written by distinguished theologians.

When Mamie gives a devotional before a gathering, as she does fairly often, listeners find it an inspiring experience. She is neither prudish nor narrow. Instead of a pious, self-righteous attitude, she lives her religion without pretense or show.

At the restaurant where she is employed, she is the target for a constant flow of affectionate wise cracks. Witty and quick thinking, she has a ready answer when patrons kid her. Because a goodly number of her customers are elderly gentlemen who appreciate her thoughtful pampering, one of her friends refers to her as the "belle of the bald and bent."

Younger gents are just as loyal to her, and other women are equally fond of this gracious gal with a heart of gold. Some of her customers don't even bother to scan the menu when they come in for a meal. They leave it to Mamie to decide what they are going to eat, and don't know what's in store for them until it's served.

One of her hobbies is handkerchiefs, and adoring her white uniform each day is a suitable one for the occasion. Whatever the holiday or season, she doesn't have to worry. She has hundreds of them, and most of them are gifts from

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