

# Mrs. Celebrezze:

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great part, where you get such a concentration of unpredictable dealings with personalities. You never can tell what will happen next.

But please don't ask me, "What's it like to be the mayor's wife?" My feelings depend on what's happening at the moment—we've had many hours of joy and we've had many hours of stress. Of course I'm not involved in civic problems but I definitely live along with the settling of them.

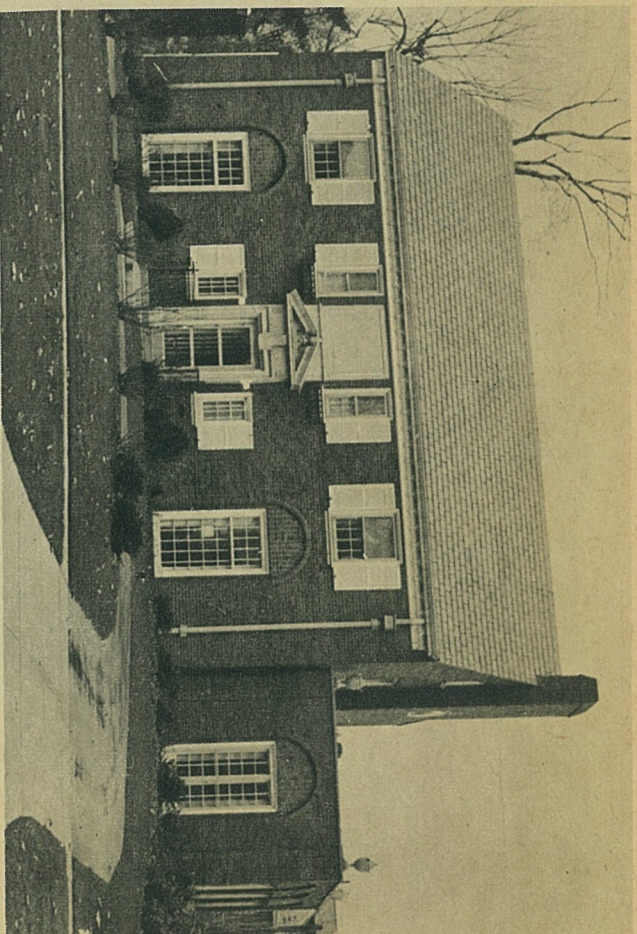
THE mayor is one of the most even-keeled persons I've ever come across, but I do know when there's something milling in his mind. He becomes exceptionally quiet—just the opposite of most people—and I suffer. I become quite tense until there's a break in the situation, and then I'm relieved.

But I do think that over the years we've both become more relaxed. Things that seemed strange at first have become fairly routine. We know, at least in general, what to expect with certain groups and situations.

I still don't believe you'd call me an extrovert. There still are times when the limelight bothers me, and I still get butterflies in my stomach when I'm called upon to give a greeting. But I find that if I don't think about what I'm going to say until just before I'm going to speak—after I have the feel of the group—I'm all right.

I've learned that there are things I can handle and things I can't. I don't speak publicly at length because of the preparation involved. It's almost impossible to fit it in along with taking care of the house and family and civic responsibilities. I find there are times when the only thing to do is say "No" to groups and activities—to take on only as much as I can do well. I keep a daily, weekly and monthly schedule—I started it when I was a teacher, but not in as close detail—and follow it.

The Celebrezzes bought their Georgian Colonial home at 9918 Lake Avenue N.W. three years ago. It was built in the 20's.



Being presentable at all times always has been a rule with me. But ordinary good grooming, if you want to call it that, and dressing for an active public life aren't exactly the same, and at first I was very conscious of wanting to be appropriately dressed for official occasions. Over the years I've learned to take it in stride.

I've found that as long as I stay with simple things—fairly tailored suits and dresses in black or solid colors—I'm very comfortable. So I've gathered a basic wardrobe and can get ready even for a formal dinner in 10 minutes because I always can go into the closet and pick out something that will be right.

Hats do sometimes present a minor problem because of picture-taking. They always stand out. You wouldn't think people would be particularly concerned about things like that, but if you repeat—if you wear the same hat to two functions in a row—people seem to notice. About the only thing to do, short of running a millinery shop, is to have a few good hats for the season, remember to change around with them as much as possible, and forget about it.

I don't mean to imply that the hat thing has been any real criticism because it hasn't. I would hear about it only indirectly, and then in fun.

WE'VE been lucky. Criticism has been a very small consideration in our lives. I remember, the first time I went to the City Club Anvil Revue as the mayor's wife, I thought it would be a terrible ordeal. It wasn't at all and it hasn't been in the years since. The mayor and I have felt that any criticism dealt us was fairly kind, and we've been able to take it as intended, with good humor.

Naturally, we get less friendly criticism, too, some justified and constructive, and some not. Most of it goes to the mayor's office, but now and then we get a letter or call at home. Sometimes even a delegation. I'll

never forget the Sunday morning a few years ago—a very rainy year—when a group of outraged men who had been cleaning up the aftermath of floods in their cellars came to the door.

They hadn't even stopped to change clothes and they demanded to see the mayor about the city sewer system. Of course I could fully sympathize with them. I said, "Please come in—the mayor will be right down." They said—very politely and seriously—"Oh, we can't come in, Mrs. Celebrezze. We'd track up the carpet."

I've been amused, too, at the way a person who is of minor note for one reason supposedly becomes an authority on everything else imaginable. It's the leader image, I suppose. I've had requests from women for advice on child care, cooking and problems of every sort. It's very flattering.

Another question I've been asked repeatedly and never have felt qualified to answer has been about my husband's political plans. "Is he going to run again?" I'll admit that sometimes I'd like to have been able to say, "No, he isn't." I think most candidates' wives occasionally must feel that way.

When the fifth term came along, people said to me, "Isn't this getting to be pretty much the same thing?" "Isn't it old hat?" "Aren't you tired of mayoralty campaigns?"

No. Once I'm committed, I love them. Every campaign is different and exciting. There is a completely different situation, different opponents, a different atmosphere. I've always had a feeling that my husband would win, but there always is the big question mark, and no way of telling until the votes are counted.

The time I felt happiest about the results was this last November, because he won by such a majority of the vote. It was a real morale booster and he needed it—he'd been working so hard. It was gratifying to see him have the confidence of the people now that things are beginning to move.