~~As a matter of fact~~ But for myself, I was probably more deeply troubled than even John Boettiger realized. As I saw it, this meant the end of any personal life of my own. I knew what traditionally should lie before me; I had watched Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and had seen what it meant to be the wife of the President, and I can not say that I was pleased at the prospect. ~~I had~~ By earning my own money, I had recently enjoyed a certain amount of financial independence ~~for a short time only~~, and I had ~~in consequence~~ been able to do things in which I was personally interested. The turmoil in my heart and mind was rather great that night, and the next few months were not to make any clearer what the road ahead would be.

Life began to change immediately. As soon as my husband's election was established, the Secret Service assumed responsibility for his protection. Our house in 65th Street was filled with secret-service agents, and guests were scrutinized and had to be identified when ~~he~~ Franklin was in the house.

Herbert H. Lehman had been elected governor. We turned the Executive Mansion over to him and Mrs. Lehman on Inauguration Day, January 1, 1933, and drove to Hyde Park. The work of ~~being~~ the governorship was very familiar to Mr. Lehman, so he took over with complete confidence.

I had grown very fond of many of the people who worked for us in the Mansion, ~~and whom we had inherited from Governor Smith~~. The major-domo, ~~Mr~~. Harry Whitehead, was very able, and ~~Every year after we left Albany~~ we kept in touch with him every year until at Christmas time. He died in 1946, ~~and I was glad that I had seen him on a visit to Albany a couple of months before.~~