The night of election ~~in 1932~~ we were in New York City, and I circulated between the State Committee headquarters and the National Committee headquarters. I brought my mother-in-law down and later managed to get my aunt, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, through the crowds when she came to congratulate Franklin.

There was one young reporter I had come to know fairly well since he had been assigned to Albany by the Chicago Tribune after my husband's nomination. He had travelled up and down from Hyde Park for weekends and had been on the campaign trips. His name was John Boettiger, and he was later to marry our daughter and to become one of the people for whom I have a very special and personal feeling. I ~~have always~~ used to tease my daughter by saying that I knew John before she knew him.

Election night, amidst all the rejoicing after the results were known, he came to me and said: "I wish I knew what you are really thinking and feeling." He showed in that question great perspicacity, for one would naturally expect the wife of a man who had just been elected President of the United States to be completely overjoyed.

I was happy for my husband, of course, because I knew that in many ways it would make up for the blow that fate had dealt him when he was stricken with infantile paralysis; and I had implicit confidence in his ability to help the country in a crisis. Naturally he had wanted to win, and he wanted this opportunity to serve his country in public life.