Eleanor Roosevelt began the long trip home. Slowly the long black funeral train drew south. Then down Pennsylvania Avenue to the beat of muffled drums, the President was borne for the last time to the Executive mansion that for 12 years had been his official home.

The passing of FDR from the American scene came as a personal shock to the nation. People wept openly, unashamed of their grief.

Drawn by six white horses, the flag-draped coffin was brought to the main entrance of the White House and carried into the great east room where 80 years before, almost to the day, the body of Abraham Lincoln also had lain in State.

At Hyde Park, his ancestral home in Dutchess County New York, the guns of West Point cadets rang down the final curtain on the man of destiny known around the world as FDR.