

cream). Nelson likes to be surrounded by stimulating thinkers. Often they are invited because Rockefeller seeks their opinions and ideas in administering his office.

On Fridays the Rockefellers journey to their 27-room triplex apartment overlooking Central Park in New York City. More work here, but also time for hobbies. Nelson sculpts in bronze (but not well) and with Mrs. Rockefeller listens to progressive jazz (favoring Dave Brubeck and Dizzy Gillespie). He also moves about his priceless paintings, tirelessly seeking the "perfect spot" for their hanging.

On Saturdays the Rockefellers are off for "home." That's the 3,000-acre family estate near Tarrytown, N. Y., where each of the five Rockefeller brothers has a house. An elaborate playhouse with swimming pool, tennis court, bowling alley, and squash courts, which their father built for them as youngsters, still gets plenty of use.

FROM THIS ROUTINE, the Nelson Rockefellers formerly took frequent vacations. The press of state business has cut down their holidays, but they remain great tourists and try to get abroad yearly, usually taking one or two of their children and perhaps a niece or nephew.

Their place in Venezuela is supposedly a vacation spot, too, but the 112,500 acres actually are devoted to experimental farming, and Rockefeller is usually on inspection rides with his manager while his guests enjoy the 12-room white stucco hacienda. This year the Rockefellers made only infrequent visits to their summer home in Seal Harbor, Me., because of the heavy schedule of work in Albany.

On week-end mornings at the family estate, Nelson prepares his own coffee and toast, then vigorously lives the country life—riding, swimming, playing golf. By 11 on Sunday, he and Mrs. Rockefeller are at services at Union Church.

A deep-rooted sense of family closeness involves the other four Rockefeller brothers, sister, their respective wives, husband, children, and grandchildren. There is intra-family house-hopping on week ends, and one or more of Nelson's and Tod's children come from school or their own homes.

Mrs. Rockefeller's grandchildren are admittedly her "pride and joy." A tall (5-foot-10) woman with a stately aloofness, she reveals an unexpected warmth when dealing with children. She joins in their games and keeps playthings in each of her houses for their visits. A crib is always set up for the youngest of the group.

She understands children, and they respond to her. She recently sent a thank-you note to a school class that had invited her to its art exhibit. Her secretary had addressed the letter "Dear Children"; Mrs. Rockefeller returned it with a

scrawled note, "Please change that. Children don't like to be called children."

Mrs. Rockefeller's outward coolness is understandable for a mother who has had to protect her children against prying, scheming, and the cloud that hangs over every wealthy family—possible kidnaping. She has learned to stay out of the public eye and be a zealous guardian of her family's right to privacy.

This insistence on privacy is a characteristic instilled in the younger Rockefellers, too. In the light of the inevitable publicity surrounding Steven's marriage last summer to Anne-Marie Rasmussen, the Norwegian girl who came to the U. S. to learn English and worked as a housemaid for the Rockefellers, it is easy to forget that until their engagement was announced no one was aware of their courtship. And afterward, despite the biggest press coverage of a wedding since Grace Kelly married Prince Rainier, no one knew where the young couple spent their honeymoon. This is typical of the Rockefellers, who realize that their money makes them sufficiently interesting to the world at large without having to cultivate eccentricities to attract attention.

Recent events, however, have changed Mrs. Rockefeller. On the night her husband was nominated for governor, she experienced her first press conference, a torture for even spotlight-loving celebrities. One reporter asked boldly: "That dress of yours is pretty plain—hardly what people expect a Rockefeller to wear in triumph. Where did you get it? How much did it cost?"

Mrs. Rockefeller froze. Her husband's aides had to step in and end the conference. But as the campaign got under way, Mrs. Rockefeller caught the zest of politicking and even made an impromptu speech in Spanish on a street corner in New York's Puerto Rican section. Reporters who heard her claim that she "wowed 'em."

NELSON and Mrs. Rockefeller have raised their children much as John D., Jr., and his wife, the late Abby Aldrich, brought up the third generation. The Rockefellers traditionally start the day with a prayer (Nelson keeps a Bible at his bedside), attend Baptist Sunday schools, and learn a strict code of "economy, work, and Godliness."

The children are imbued with a deep sense of responsibility as citizens and a grave awareness that the privileges of their wealth also bring obligations. The Rockefeller brothers, for example, support charities, research, and special projects amounting to \$4 million a year.

The Rockefellers have a strong feeling for the family as a unit. Nelson told each child individually about his plan to run for governor. Each gave enthusiastic approval and subsequently helped in the campaign. When they moved into the mansion,

it was the governor, his wife, and their children who unpacked the family silver and china and helped hang the pictures they brought from the New York apartment.

The oldest, Rodman, 27, lives in Westchester with his wife, Barbara, and their two children. A credit analyst, he was graduated from Dartmouth a Phi Beta Kappa, as was his father. Ann, 25, a serious-minded student of Biblical history, lives in a Chicago suburb with her minister-husband, Robert L. Pierson, and their three children.

Steven, now living in New York with his bride Anne-Marie, received the Taylor Pine Prize as the most outstanding undergraduate at Princeton. When he was an enlisted man in the Army, he refused offers of influence, although he knew his friends were right when they said: "You'll have a tough time because your name is Rockefeller."

It was Steven who chauffeured his father to the whistle-stop rallies during the political battle for governor and was "another set of eyes and ears" for him. Steven greatly enjoyed observing his father's enthusiasm for his new role. One night Rockefeller and his press entourage stopped for gas on their way to a meeting. The candidate jumped out of his car to catch everyone within handshaking distance of the station. Steve grinned and said: "Look at him—next he'll be shaking hands with the gas pumps!"

Michael and Mary, 21-year-old twins, are studying history and literature at Harvard and Vassar, with no flashy cars or clothes to mark them as members of one of the world's richest families. (Their father didn't have a car on campus, either, because his parents considered it an inadvisable luxury.)

During the campaign, Mary worked as receptionist in her father's New York headquarters, answering phones, stamping envelopes, and generally charming the constituents.

Michael is the most artistic, and his father proudly displays among his priceless *objets d'art* a modern sculpture in metal created by his son.

Like their parents, the Rockefeller children are not interested in the night-club circuit. The nation's gossip columnists are frustrated by the lack of "personality" news from the governor's household. But despite Nelson's political ambitions and the inevitable encroachment on their personal lives, friends are willing to bet that the Rockefeller family unity will never be sacrificed to his career and that its pattern of privacy will never change.



At "Monte Sacro" farm in Venezuela, Governor and Mrs. Rockefeller and guests tour the countryside via jeep.



After wedding, Steven and Anne-Marie Rockefeller smile happily while their parents watch them with approval.