

How To Marry a Rockefeller

by Samuel L. Blumenfeld

- 1) Find out which ones are available;
- 2) pretend you're not interested in their money;
- 3) get down on your knees and pray, grovel and beg

From The New York Times, May 6, 1974: "Mrs. Mary Rockefeller Strawbridge, younger daughter of . . . Nelson A. Rockefeller and Mrs. Mary Clark Rockefeller, was married here yesterday afternoon to Thomas B. Morgan, press secretary to former Mayor John V. Lindsay from 1969 to 1973. The private family ceremony at the bride's apartment was performed by the Rev. David W. Jewell. . . . The bride wore a dark brown suit with a white silk and ecru lace blouse for the informal ceremony."

The bride and the groom had children by previous marriages, both of which ended in divorce. The groom had also, in an earlier period of his life, been a freelance writer, which is almost as much as to say that if Thomas B. Morgan can marry a Rockefeller, so can you.

If you want to, of course. There are a few minor disadvantages, which will become apparent, but as pure ambition there is something quite laudable about wanting to marry a Rockefeller. It shows that you want to better yourself, that you aspire to the ranks of the winners. After all, the Rockefellers are one of the richest families on earth, with an estimated wealth of about four billion dollars under their control, and all you have to do to be entitled to your fair share is be one of them. John D. Rockefeller, who started it all in the late 1800's by generating one of the greatest single fortunes in history through the creation and expansion of the Standard Oil company, did his many descendants a tremendous service by making them all millionaires at birth. The result is that every direct descendant of John D. Rockefeller enters a world as beautiful and secure as the one he just came out of.

But the infant, especially if it is a male, inherits more at birth than just a trust fund and a lifetime pass to the fabulous family estate at Pocantico Hills. He inherits, to some degree, the Rockefeller winner psychology, which, in its transfer from generation to generation, along with mother's milk and grandpa's oil, may be an even greater prize. That psychology has been especially evident in third-generation Rockefellers—the five sons of John D. Rockefeller Jr. Its transfer to the fourth generation, however, has not been as successful. The psychology has been diluted in transit, and the fourth-generation members have been given the freedom to do with it what they will. The money, however, is still kept under tight supervision, and its transfer is exercised with great care. The Rockefellers seem to know that they are not particularly brilliant or imaginative, just lucky, and that without their inherited wealth they'd be like everyone else.

Triplex penthouses on Fifth Avenue, ranches on Ven-

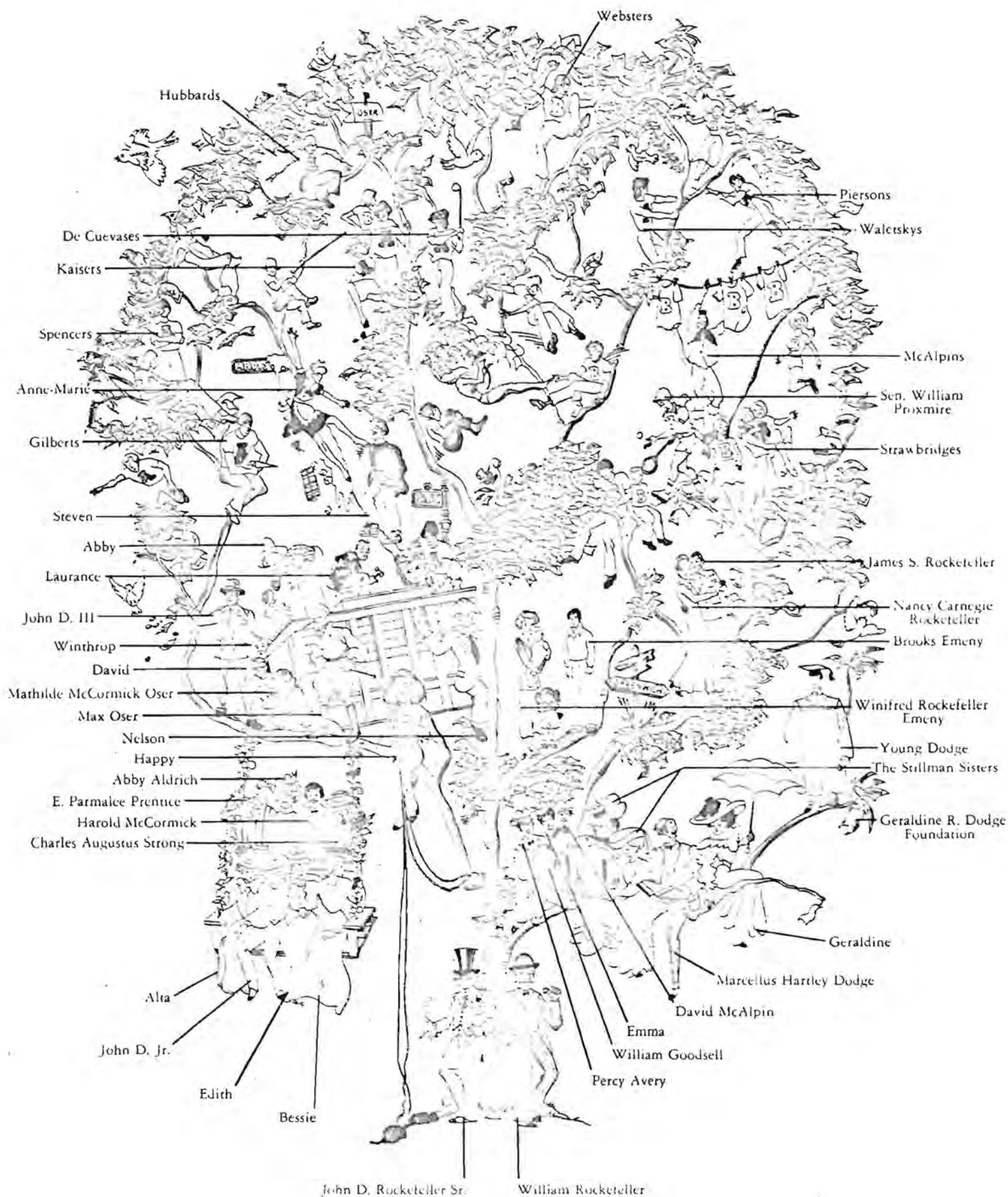
ezuelan mountaintops, plantations on Caribbean islands, private planes, yachts: for most people that's quite enough. To clip coupons, see the world in style, live in a New York town house or its equivalent elsewhere, and have filet mignon every night, if you can stand it: what more is there? Be advised that that kind of thinking is very un-Rockefeller—at least for the third generation. For them, there has never been enough, and that is why they have all continued to make more, and more, and more. Making money basically keeps them out of trouble.

Not many in the fourth generation, however, seem to have this disposition for making money. Most of them appear to be quite content with the amount they already have and are more interested in cultural pursuits. Their activities bring them into contact with a wide range of people, which means that you might conceivably arrange to meet one.

At this point it will be useful to our purposes to note that the famous Rockefeller brothers are the descendants of John D. Rockefeller through his only son. But the oil billionaire also had three daughters, all of whom married and had children of their own. The three daughters produced seven third-generation Rockefellers; three of them are quite alive. It is no easy business tracking down their children, of whom there appear to be about twenty—four of them were brought into the clan via adoption. But an intelligent Rockefeller watcher can tell who's who after becoming familiar with the names associated with the various marriages.

Then there are also the descendants of William Rockefeller, John D.'s brother and partner in Standard Oil. They are not considered as rich as their distant cousins, although there is no way of knowing for sure. Certainly, they do not control anything as big and powerful as the Rockefeller Foundation. Still, there are the trust funds created by the estimated \$200,000,000 legacy left by William Rockefeller in 1922 to perpetuate his property among his children and their descendants. Also, it's vital to know that William's two sons, William Goodsell and Percy Avery, both married daughters of James Stillman, head of the National City Bank of New York, which for years has vied for first place with David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan. When James Stillman died in 1918 he left an estate in trust for his descendants valued in a 1941 accounting at \$47,000,000. Thus, the present descendants of the Rockefeller-Stillman alliance are all recipients of trust funds from both sides of the family. (Senator William Proxmire married one of these Rockefellers in 1946.)

To avoid lineal confusion, I have found it useful to designate the descendants of John D. Rockefeller as the A Rockefellers and the descendants of his brother Wil-



liam as the B Rockefellers. Of the twenty-eight or so Rockefellers in the *New York Social Register* (1973), eleven of them are A Rockefellers and seventeen are B Rockefellers. So you see how careful you must be. You might spend months chasing a B Rockefeller thinking that he or she was an A Rockefeller. The difference might mean a million or two—in either direction. One quick way to identify a B Rockefeller is to ask him if he went to Yale. Just about every B Rockefeller male has gone there. In fact, one of them, William Rockefeller McAlpin, married Yale president Angell's daughter in 1926. Or you might ask him if he lives in Greenwich, Connecticut. Most of the B's do. The A's are ensconced mainly in Manhattan.

Do the A Rockefellers ever get together with the B Rockefellers? Yes. A couple of years ago there was a big family reunion at Pocantico Hills at which everyone walked around with name tags. There was also a huge family tree painted on a billboard to help everyone see his place in the genealogical scheme of things. I suppose there must have been some curiosity over which cousin was the richest, and whether he was an A or a B.

In any event, don't sell the B Rockefellers short. When Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge, a daughter of William Rockefeller, died on August 13, 1973, at the age of ninety-one, she left an estate valued at \$85,000,000 for which there were no heirs. Her only son was killed in an auto accident in France in 1930 while on a holiday after graduating from Princeton. As of this writing, a Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation is in the process of being created; it will be devoted to a wide range of charitable and cultural causes. Some \$45,000,000 of the assets is in stocks and tax-exempt bonds. Another \$30,000,000 is in land. Undoubtedly, some of that wealth came from Mrs. Dodge's late husband, Marcellus Hartley Dodge, once chairman of the Remington Arms Company.

In addition, some of the third-generation B Rockefellers have married particularly well. For example, James S. Rockefeller, son of William Goodsell Rockefeller and Elsie Stillman, married Nancy Carnegie, granddaughter of Andrew Carnegie, thus bringing into one stream Rockefeller, Stillman, and Carnegie money. Unfortunately, none of the fourth-generation members of this lucrative line are available for marriage. However, their fifth-generation crop is just about reaching prep-school and college age.

The B Rockefeller line, however, seems to have some inherent physical and psychological weaknesses. In 1922, William Rockefeller, at eighty-one, caught a cold and died shortly after of pneumonia. Five months later, his son, William Goodsell, caught a cold while watching the Harvard-Yale game and died a week later of pneumonia at the age of fifty-two. Percy Avery, William Rockefeller's second son, died after an ulcer operation in 1934 at the age of fifty-six. The following year, the two brothers' wives (the Stillman sisters) died within four months of each other. Then, in 1938, Geraldine McAlpin Webster, one of William Rockefeller's granddaughters, died while giving birth to twin sons, who survived. But the real tragedy for the B's occurred in 1951 when Percy's daughter, Winifred Emeny, killed her two children and herself by locking them all in the garage of their Connecticut estate and filling it with carbon monoxide.

Getting back to the A's, naturally none of the fourth-generation descendants of J.D.R. through his daughters bear the name Rockefeller, except occasionally as a middle name. They have names like Oser, Prentice,

Gilbert, Hubbard, and De Cuevas. And the fourth-generation girls through J.D.R. Jr.'s sons have picked up such names as Spencer, Kaiser, Strawbridge, Pierson, Waletsky, and others equally nondescript. Keeping track of the fifth generation is going to be a real problem. But it will be worth the bother.

How much money does each one of them have? Since the Rockefellers have always been cagey about their worth, the size of the individual fortunes was largely a matter of conjecture until Nelson Rockefeller was forced to spill the beans about his own family's finances at the Senate Rules Committee hearings on his nomination as Vice-President. Rockefeller testified that he had total holdings of \$218,000,000, mostly in trusts, with an average annual income over the last ten years of \$4,600,000 before taxes. His second wife, Happy, is the beneficiary of securities and trusts totaling \$3,800,000, and his six children hold assets, in trust or outright, totaling \$35,600,000. While the wealth of only these eight Rockefellers can be pinned down with some certainty, we can get an idea of how rich the others are through the stories about wills and litigation over trust funds which have appeared in the press over the years. It is not easy piecing it all together, but neither is mining for gold.

We know, for example, that in 1917 J.D.R. set aside in trust funds for his two living daughters, Alta and Edith, 12,000 shares each of Standard Oil of Indiana. During their lifetimes, the girls were to live off the income of the trusts, while the principal was to be passed on to their children after death. In the period from 1917 to 1930, those 12,000 shares, which became 356,350 shares by stock splits and dividends paid in stock, yielded an income of more than \$6,000,000, or over \$450,000 a year for thirteen years. When Edith Rockefeller McCormick died in 1932, the trust was divided between her son and two daughters. When one of the daughters, Muriel McCormick Hubbard, died in 1959, the portion of the trust fund she had inherited from her mother was worth \$9,000,000. A legal fight over the nine million was initiated by the guardian of Mrs. Hubbard's four adopted children to prevent the trustees, headed by John D. Rockefeller III, from giving most of the nine million to Lincoln Center. By the time an agreement was reached in 1965, the fund had grown in value to \$12,700,000. The final disposition was \$8,900,000 to Lincoln Center and \$3,100,000 to the four adopted children. Not bad for a branch of the family largely ignored when one speaks of the Rockefeller dynasty.

If you are more attracted to the assertive side of the family, the ones with tentacles reaching into every corner of American cultural life, you have to address yourself to the Rockefeller descendants through J.D.R. Jr. We are all familiar with the sons: John D. III (philanthropist and builder of Lincoln Center), Nelson (ex-governor of New York and President Ford's selection for Vice-President), Laurance (conservationist and builder of exquisite island and mountain resorts), Winthrop (rancher and governor of Arkansas, who died in February, 1973), and David (president of the Chase Manhattan Bank and prime mover behind the World Trade Center). All five were listed by *Fortune* in 1957 as being worth between \$100,000,000 and \$200,000,000 each. When asked by Walter Cronkite on a 1973 TV special to reveal how much he was worth at that time, David Rockefeller demurred. The matter was too personal, he said.

The five energetic boys and one girl (Abby Rockefeller Mauzé) have produced twenty-four fourth-generation Rockefellers, who call themselves "the cousins."

(One member of the fourth generation—Michael, son of Nelson—was accidentally killed in 1961 while on an anthropological expedition in New Guinea.) The cousins in turn have already produced at this writing some thirty-seven fifth-generation Rockefellers. That number is bound to increase substantially in the years ahead since the Rockefellers tend to like large families, their concern for the population explosion notwithstanding. They like large families probably because they can afford them.

So, if you want to marry a Rockefeller, you ought not to think merely of your own benefit. Think of what it will do for your children. They will be born winners. The best example of such a winner is Winthrop Paul Rockefeller, son of Winthrop and Barbara (Bobo) Rockefeller. Bobo was an immigrant miner's daughter who won a beauty contest at the 1933 Chicago Century of Progress and played minor roles in a few Western movies. Her first marriage to a New York socialite ended in divorce, but it brought her into the social circle of the rich. She met Winthrop at a dinner party, married him in 1948, and gave him his only child—a son. She left him about a year later to live with her mother in Indiana, taking her child with her. When the marriage was dissolved in 1954, she won a \$5,500,000 divorce settlement: two million in cash plus \$3,500,000 in trust funds and allowances for the support of herself and the boy, whose custody she was awarded. A year later Bobo bought a five-story town house in Manhattan on East Sixty-seventh Street, with a two-story drawing room, squash court, three terraces, and an elevator. (Before she married Winthrop she had lived in a Third Avenue walk-up.) Meanwhile, Winthrop senior had moved to Arkansas where he built his magnificent cattle ranch, Winrock Farm, and eventually became governor. Winthrop junior was brought up and educated as befits a Rockefeller, and at age twenty-two was wed in aristocratic splendor to Miss Deborah Cluett Sage, daughter of Louis Davidson Sage of New Canaan, Connecticut, and Mrs. Nicholas Chryssicopoulos of London and Athens. The fashionable wedding was held at Colonial Williamsburg, which the bridegroom's grandfather had restored at a cost of \$80,000,000 and of which his father was then chairman of the board. In February, 1973, Winthrop senior died of cancer, his son at his side. As an only child, Winthrop Paul has inherited the bulk of his father's fortune, making him one of the richest of the cousins.

But Bobo's marriage to Winthrop was the exception to the rule. Most Rockefellers marry other heirs and heiresses. If sometimes there is not much money in the match, there is a lot of old American pedigree, and pedigree can be an asset in forging good future connections. This is not to say that the Rockefellers are undemocratic in their choice of mates. It's just that they don't make it a point to look for poor people to marry. Who does? Besides, if you are a born winner, your instinct is to keep winning. So John D. III married Blanchette Ferry Hooker, a Hooker Chemical and Ferry Seed heiress; Nelson married Mary Todhunter Clark, a Philadelphia Main Liner; Laurance married Mary French, whose grandfather, Frederick Billings, had been president of the Northern Pacific Railroad; and David married Margaret McGrath, whose father was a partner in the Wall Street law firm of Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft.

Most of the fourth-generation cousins—of whom there are nine males and fourteen females—have already married. As of this writing, seven have yet to marry. Some have even been divorced and remarried. Which means that one Rockefeller may be eligible sev-

eral times. Are they accessible? No more, no less than anyone else in that stratum of society. The family has always tended to guard its privacy, and, unlike the Kennedys, the Rockefellers are decidedly publicity shy. In this unsettled age of hijackers, kidnappers, terrorists, and other assorted lunatics, their best protection is anonymity. So it will not be easy to know where they are, when they are there, or how to meet them—however, once you find out, if you are successful, you may get one of them to fall in love with you.

Here is a list of the fourth-generation eligibles, not including Nelson's two small sons by his second wife, Happy:

	Age	Status	Parent
Sandra Rockefeller	39	Single	J.D.R. III
Steven C. Rockefeller	38	Divorced	Nelson
Hope R. Spencer	36	Divorced	J.D.R. III
Abby Rockefeller	31	Single	David
Laurance Rockefeller	30	Single	Laurance
Alida Rockefeller	25	Single	J.D.R. III
Eileen Rockefeller	22	Single	David

Would you believe that three daughters of John D. Rockefeller III and two daughters of David Rockefeller, two of the world's richest men, are unmarried? Why? Women, as all men know, are mysterious creatures. Rich women are the most mysterious creatures of all. They will assume that you want to marry them for their money. Can they be convinced otherwise? Only if you've got more money than they have.

Nevertheless, some Rockefeller women have made unusual matches. Back in the 1920's, Edith Rockefeller McCormick's sixteen-year-old daughter, Mathilde, fell in love with her forty-three-year-old Swiss riding master and married him without her mother's consent when she turned eighteen. Shades of D. H. Lawrence. Edith herself was quite a woman. In 1895 she married Harold McCormick, son of Cyrus McCormick, inventor of the reaper and founder of International Harvester. The two had a stormy marriage but managed to dominate Chicago social life as well as promote grand opera. It is said that *Citizen Kane* was in part modeled after Harold McCormick.

Edith had what has been described as an "imperial complex." She filled her Lake Shore mansion with objects from royal households, including Napoleon's complete dinner service. In 1918, she went to Switzerland to undergo Jungian analysis and met a young man with whom she formed a lifelong "platonic" relationship. Her husband divorced her in 1921 and married a Polish opera singer. Her son, Fowler, at age thirty-two, married his best friend's fifty-three-year-old divorced mother, the former wife of James Stillman, brother of those two Stillman sisters who married into the B Rockefellers.

Edith's second daughter, Muriel, dabbled in the theatre, then in 1931, at age twenty-eight, married Elisha Dyer Hubbard, a fifty-three-year-old gentleman farmer from Connecticut. When informed of Muriel's engagement a day before her marriage, brother Fowler told reporters, "This is news, I never heard of Hubbard." The marriage lasted five years until Hubbard's death in 1936. They had no children, but in 1939 Muriel adopted two. During the war she joined the WAC's and became a sergeant. Meanwhile, Fowler went to court to get the adopted children away from her on the grounds that Muriel was unfit to be a mother. One of the children described to reporters how his adopted mother had thrashed him with a switch on bare skin. The court ruled against Muriel and she lost the children. A few years later, she adopted four (Continued on page 158)

HOW TO MARRY A ROCKEFELLER

(Continued from page 117) more, the ones that wound up splitting her fortune with Lincoln Center.

Rockefeller's oldest daughter, Bessie, married Professor Charles Augustus Strong, son of a Baptist clergyman, in 1889. She died in Cannes, in 1906, at the age of forty, half mad. The one child of the marriage, Margaret, became estranged from her philosopher-writer father, who spent the rest of his life in his villa in Fiesole, Italy. In 1927, Margaret married the Marquis de Cuevas, whose title *The New York Times* snidely reported was not listed in the *Almanach de Gotha*. He later had a ballet company, though.

Of all the Rockefeller marriages, the De Cuevas marriage is the one most shrouded in mystery. When Margaret's father was asked to confirm a report that his daughter had been married secretly to George de Cuevas, he said, "I'm not in close touch with her. She is able to take care of herself." *The Times* (June 6, 1937) further noted: "When Miss Strong was married to George de Cuevas, it was reported that he had been an associate in a business venture with Prince Youssouf, one of a group of Russian noblemen who killed the monk, Rasputin." De Cuevas died in 1961, but no notice of his death or obituary appeared in *The Times*.

It was to Margaret de Cuevas and her two children that John D. Rockefeller bequeathed his residual estate when he died in 1937 at the age of ninety-seven. It wasn't much, considering; only \$25,000,000. Explaining the bequest, Rockefeller wrote:

"I am setting up this trust for my granddaughter Margaret and her descendants to the exclusion of my other grandchildren and their descendants because, when the time came that I felt it wise to place upon my children the responsibility of owning and administering substantial sums and for

that purpose made large gifts to and for them, my oldest daughter, Bessie, the mother of my granddaughter Margaret, was not living."

J.D.R.'s third daughter, Alta, married E. Parmalee Prentice, a Chicago lawyer who later also made a name for himself breeding milk herds on the couple's 1200-acre farm in the Berkshires. When Mrs. Prentice died in 1962 at ninety-one (her husband had died in 1955 at ninety-two) the principal of her trust fund was divided among their three children. One of them, J. Rockefeller Prentice, had achieved notoriety in 1925 for working his way through Yale as a switchboard operator. He finally became a Chicago lawyer like his father and in 1941 married his office receptionist. In 1968, his daughter, Abra, a working reporter with the *Chicago Sun-Times*, married Jon Stephen Anderson, a fellow reporter. So you never know where you're going to find a Rockefeller. At the next desk, perhaps.

Of Rockefeller's three daughters, Alta seems to have been the most sensible and serene. And she seems to have passed on these traits to her own daughter, Madeline, who married Benjamin deRacey Gilbert in the late 1930's. In a phone conversation with Mrs. Gilbert, I learned that she has instilled in her own six children a deep respect for work and a sense of self-reliance. Her two daughters are involved in the arts and her sons are in construction and toy manufacturing. On the matter of marriage she has advised them to marry people they love. Certainly not to marry for the wrong reasons: money or advancement. What about people who may want to marry them for their money, I asked. "They're very intuitive about that," she replied. And, she continued, "this sort of thing tends to reveal itself, don't you think?"

Having dwelled on Rockefeller's daughters, it is perhaps well to note that the Rockefellers are very much a patriarchy, with male chauvinism given a somewhat royal coloring. Take John D. IV, for example, who married Senator Charles Percy's daughter in 1967. He has been singled out of the twenty-three fourth-generation cousins for special "crown prince" treatment, strictly on the basis of traditional patriarchal succession. He is the only son of J.D.R. Jr.'s oldest son. Actually, he is younger than Nelson's two sons, Rodman and Steven, and all have exactly the same amount of Rockefeller blood in them. But John D. IV has been programmed from birth to understand that the name he bears carries with it certain social and family significance, a significance in no way lessened by the fact that he is commonly called Jay.

"As a boy," he says, "I was told that I should make up my own mind whether I wanted to carry on the full name, which I think stands for public service, a sense of responsibility, and a high standard of demand on oneself. When I was twenty-one, I wrote a letter to my father saying I wanted the name and responsibility."

It is probably this sort of thing which led Abby Rockefeller, thirty-one-year-old daughter of David, to become a fiery women's libber. You might as well strike her off your list of eligibles. She has been quoted as saying that "love between a man and woman is debilitating and counterrevolutionary."

What's it like to be a Rockefeller? Laurance's daughter Lucy told a reporter in 1969, "I think my first awareness of being a Rockefeller is associated with going to school in our Cadillac. I used to slide down onto the floor when we got near Brearley and stay hidden until the chauffeur gave me the signal, and then I got out. I was very self-conscious about being a Rockefeller."

Lucy never studied American history because she didn't want to sit in a class and risk hearing her grandfather described as a robber baron. Another unmarried female cousin has gone so far as to change her name to escape being a Rockefeller.

Hope Aldrich Rockefeller Spencer, Jay's younger sister, has expressed the problem this way: "In many ways, in growing up as a Rockefeller, I lived with a tag, just as a Jew or a Negro. I sensed what it was like to be discriminated against and have people ignore or accept you as part of a class or group rather than as an individual. I'm not suggesting by any means that I was discriminated against in the same way, but I think this is why I have an empathy for certain kinds of people. I felt often that when people heard the name Rockefeller, they never saw the person named Hope."

In describing her cousins, Hope went on to say: "Our generation has all the elements of the new American melting pot. There is diversity and independence. And there is this very strong sense of social equality. We're walking

on the sidewalks—not riding in Rolls-Royces. We're not going to skip any long roads because we have money."

David Rockefeller's son David Jr., who is now an arts administrator for the Boston Symphony Orchestra and active in other cultural organizations, described the cousins' situation from the male point of view: "In my generation, the girls mostly want to lead private lives and we boys haven't yet been overcome by a feeling that we should give our lives to the family. The family as a family is a good thing, but the family as a business is inclined to be puzzling. Basically, it's a very curious operation. My father has never put any pressure on me to get involved in the family affairs, though he has hinted that there would be plenty to keep me busy if I felt inclined. The one thing he has stressed is that whatever anybody does he'll enjoy it if he does it hard enough. Hard work, my father believes, is the essential."

For most of the cousins, being rich simply means having the additional burden of doing something with all the money they've got. Nelson's oldest son, Rodman, who is president of the family's diversified investment company, International Basic Economic Corporation (I.B.E.C.), put it this way: "After the first million, you learn you have all this money, and you buy what you need, and then you know that you have to do something with it."

One gets the impression that some Rockefellers consider it a moral duty to take the fun out of being rich. The fourth generation is being carefully steered in the direction of philanthropy by a new Rockefeller Family Fund started in 1968 for the benefit of the younger members of the family. The first year's program started with a modest \$350,000 awarded to projects of interest to the cousins. Members of the fourth generation, or their spouses, were given five places on the board of trustees. The object is to manage a smooth transfer of power and financial responsibility to the fourth-generation heirs, so they don't blow everything their elders created. Also, it sustains in the family a sense of togetherness and concerted purpose.

What's it like to fall in love with and marry a Rockefeller? The public record provides few clues. The only fourth-generation Rockefeller romance which received extensive press coverage was the one between Nelson's second son, Steven, and Anne-Marie Rasmussen.

It all started in 1956 when Anne-Marie, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a retired Norwegian grocer and ex-seaman, came to the United States to learn English. In New York, she soon got a job as a maid in the twenty-seven-room triplex penthouse apartment of the Rockefellers. Steven, twenty at the time, took a liking to the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Anne-Marie, dated her and fell in love.

Anne-Marie stayed with the Rockefellers for about a year, then got a department store sales job and later

worked for an insurance company. In April, 1959, she returned to her home in Soegne, a tiny fishing village on the southern coast of Norway. When Steven graduated from Princeton that July, he bought a ring and took off for Norway to ask Anne-Marie to marry him. Anne-Marie agreed.

"My mother said," she told the press, "that 'if it really is love between you and Steven, and if you think marriage to him will bring you happiness, we will not dream of standing in your way.'"

One of the local townsfolk, on getting her first look at a real live Rockefeller heir, told a reporter, "You certainly wouldn't think he was a millionaire when you look at his clothes. His shoes especially. They are awful—old, dirty tennis shoes."

The marriage took place on August 22, with Nelson and his family flying to Norway for the church ceremony. After a honeymoon on the family yacht, the Norwegian Cinderella settled down to the business of creating little millionaires, while Steven enrolled in the Union Theological Seminary.

In May, 1960, Steven's grandfather, J.D.R. Jr., died at the age of eighty-six, leaving a residual estate of \$160,000,000. Two months later, Anne-Marie gave birth to Steven Jr. Then in November, 1961, came the bombshell. Her in-laws (Nelson and Mary) had decided to split up after thirty-one years of marriage. The following year, Steven's sister, Ann, and her militant minister husband, Robert Pierson, who had been arrested in a Mississippi sit-in, were dropped from the *Social Register*.

In May, 1963, Anne-Marie's father-in-law married the former Mrs. Margaretta Fidler Murphy, better known as Happy. Mrs. Murphy, then thirty-seven, was another Philadelphia Main Liner. In 1948 she had married Dr. James Slater Murphy, whose family had been associated with the Rockefeller Institute for forty years. The Murphys were often invited to Rockefeller parties in Pocantico Hills. In 1958, Happy went to work as a volunteer for Nelson during his election campaign. In 1959, she became a paid member of his staff. Somewhere along the way it happened. In April, 1963, Happy got an Idaho divorce in which she agreed to give her husband custody of their four children. It was a painful choice for a

mother to make, but it was the only way Dr. Murphy would free her to marry the governor. Later attempts by Happy to regain custody of the youngest child failed, but better visitation rights were agreed on.

In 1963, Anne-Marie gave birth to a daughter, Ingrid. In May, 1964, Happy gave birth to Ingrid's uncle, Nelson Jr. Later that year, Anne-Marie, not to be outdone, produced another daughter, Jennifer, and Steven entered Columbia University to get his doctorate in geology. In 1966, Ann Rockefeller Pierson left her husband and got a divorce in Mexico. In 1967, Happy presented the governor with another boy, Mark Fidler.

That same year Anne-Marie decided to become active in helping the governor win the Republican nomination for the Presidency. She organized a Scandinavian-American committee for Rockefeller and traveled across the country getting fellow Scandinavians to support her father-in-law. During a stop in Madison, Wisconsin, she met an official of the local Rockefeller committee, a businessman of Norwegian extraction who manufactured ice-vending machines and walk-in coolers. Whether it started merely as a strong yearning for something Norwegian or whether it was love at first sight, we have no way of knowing. But seventeen months later, Anne-Marie's separation from Steven was officially announced, and in June, 1970, she got a Mexican divorce which awarded her custody of the children. The following June she married her recently divorced compatriot from Wisconsin.

If your avarice is strong enough to leave you undaunted in the face of such chancy marital bliss, if you still want to marry a Rockefeller, you should study the *Social Register* carefully (available in any large reference collection), get to know who's who, and try politics as your way into the fold. Who knows how many eager, democratic (small "d") fourth- and fifth-generation eligibles will be running around committee headquarters between now and 1976. Be imaginative, work hard, do something for them, and you may make the connection that counts. Someday you too may be able to walk around Pocantico Hills with a name tag and gaze up at your own special place on the billboard. #