

From *Memoirs* by David Rockefeller (2002)

my sister, Babs, attended.

Except for John, we all attended the Lincoln School at 123rd Street and Morningside Drive near Harlem. Father considered it important for boys to get exercise, so every morning we strapped on our roller skates in the front hallway and headed uptown on Fifth Avenue along the border of Central Park. When we were younger, Winthrop and I got only as far as 72nd Street, whereas Nelson and Laurance often went to 96th Street. Following along behind us in a Nash sedan to pick us up when our energies flagged was one of the three Irish Concannon brothers, who had originally worked as coachmen and who all learned, with varying degrees of success, to drive a car. They had difficulty adjusting to sitting behind a wheel and were happiest driving one of our electric cars, which were popular before the advent of Henry Ford's Model T, because, like a hansom cab, the driver perched on top like a coachman.