



Governor and Mrs. Rockefeller and their children gather for family portrait. Seated with their parents are Mary and Ann. Standing are sons Steven, Rodman, and Michael.

Living Like a ROCKEFELLER

by Beverly Jablons

Despite his \$100-million fortune and his job as governor of New York, Nelson sticks to a no-frills routine which even his political ambitions haven't changed

THE YOUNG MAN hesitantly approached his father, busy reading some business reports, and said, "Dad, there's a dance tonight and—well, I sort of ran out of money this week."

The father, a heavy-jawed, robust man, looked up from his papers and shrugged. "That's tough, son," he replied and returned to his work.

A typical family scene. But not a typical father and son. Dad is Nelson Rockefeller, 51-year-old governor of New York with a fortune estimated at \$100 million. Son is Michael, heir to one of the world's great fortunes but, like other offspring of the family, a young man with limited funds and definite rules to observe.

The Nelson Rockefellers live in a mansion provided by the state of New York. Nineteen state employees keep the household running smoothly. The family personally owns four homes in the United States and an experimental farm in Venezuela. Fifteen persons attend these dwellings which house an art collection worth millions.

There the "fabulous" part of Rockefeller living ends. True, there's a sailboat—one many junior executives could afford. There's a swimming pool, too—"a kiddies' pool," grumbles one guest. "Three people in it and it overflows." But on the whole, the politically ambitious grandson of John D. Rockefeller, oil mogul who gave away dimes, lives modestly and with a minimum of pretension.

Not that the Rockefellers affect a "gee, we're-just-like-everybody-else" facade. They are not like everybody else: they are like the Rockefellers they want to be.

Nelson, for example, wants to be comfortable. Newsmen kid him about wearing "out-of-date" suits with wide lapels. He doesn't care. He likes them, and if there is one millionaire's prerogative that Nelson exercises, it is not following the crowd.

Mrs. Rockefeller, the former Mary Todhunter Clark of Philadelphia, also ignores what's "expected" of a millionaire's wife. An ultra-conservative dresser herself, she is neither the luxury-

soaked aristocrat nor the cafe-society gadabout. Neither is she the "housewife" her husband's political drum-beaters would like to make her.

Her "cooking" consists of telling an expert in French cuisine what to serve and, sometimes, the ingredients to use. Yet she has a full-time household schedule to keep large staffs functioning so that her husband can settle in any of his homes at a moment's notice without interfering with the order and tranquility necessary for his demanding job as governor.

The Rockefellers' day begins at 7:30 a.m., even on week ends. Nelson's breakfast is ordinary—grapefruit, toast, boiled egg. The day is devoted to work which four generations of Rockefellers have seemed to enjoy more than any pleasure money could buy. Mrs. Rockefeller, when not keeping her household in working order, is pursuing her lifelong interest in nursing education and health. A dedicated worker, she is as well-organized and direct in her jobs as her husband is in his.

Evenings may be spent at a concert or the theater. More often, though, there are dinner guests (who may be served an elaborate menu while their host enjoys simple meat, potatoes, and ice