

Lance Reventlow:

Misunderstood Millionaire

Despite his immense wealth, Barbara Hutton's son is a level-headed, serious-minded young man, says his starlet girl friend in this exclusive story.

by Jill St. John

I'VE KNOWN Lance Reventlow for three years.

We've dated steadily for nearly a year. But only now do I feel that I understand him.

I don't think many people do. Certainly not the newspapermen who refer to him as "Barbara Hutton's poor little rich boy." Not the phonies who try to befriend him for what they can get out of him. Not his father, Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, to whom he hasn't spoken in 10 years.

Lance is envied and pitied for his money: envied because people think he can spend any amount whenever and however he pleases; pitied because it has made him lonely and distrustful.

From what I can tell neither is true.

I've never asked him directly whether he really inherited \$1 million on his 21st birthday two years ago, and can draw up to \$500,000 a year in advance on the \$50 million to \$100 million inheritance that someday will supposedly be his.

If this is true it doesn't show in his living.

According to one recent story, he owns a \$200,000 hilltop mansion in Beverly Hills, an airplane, three expensive cars—a Rolls Royce, a Ferrari, and a Scarab—has a cook and butler, and buys me presents that would have made Diamond Jim Brady look like an unemployed orange picker.

What the story failed to mention is that the Rolls Royce is 23 years old and was a gift from his mother; that he'll keep the Ferrari at least five years—he drove his Mercedes six before he turned it in; that the Scarab was built by his own company for professional racing purposes; that the Cessna 310 is used primarily to fly his mechanic-drivers from one race to the next; that his cook and butler work part time, and that the jewelry I wear was purchased almost entirely by myself.

Don't get me wrong. Lance is no pauper. He doesn't pretend to be. "Some people are born with brown eyes. I was born with money," he once said.

He spends his money cautiously. A few months ago, for instance, his company, the Reventlow Automobile Corp.—which builds and races his Scarabs—was invited to participate in a Honolulu competition. When Lance learned the cost of shipping the car to Hawaii, he refused to enter.

He runs his company on a strictly business basis, although he is conscious of his financial advantage. He is no hungry racer who has to accept any competition that promises monetary rewards, or take chances in those he does accept.

Lance spends money on himself even more carefully. Some time ago I practically dragged him to his tailor because he hadn't bought a new suit in months. When I was at Lake Meade, Nev., as hostess and queen of the Sahara Cup Races, he refused to go near a nickel slot machine. He considers gambling a waste of money.

However, no matter how he feels about it, being Barbara Hutton's son makes him the object of money-grabbing schemes. So far no one has put



Jill St. John and Lance have dated a year amid speculation of marriage.