

TELLURLIAN pleasures, we've been told, are relative, so it's not surprising that rabbits, home towns, the three R's, bubble gum and making movies are enjoyable to Bobby Driscoll, age 9, and Luana Patten, age 8. The moppets, stars of Walt Disney's adaptation of the Uncle Remus stories, "Song of the South," were in "class" when this corner dropped around last week. Mrs. Kellaphene Morrison, the teacher who is accompanying the children on the cross-country personal appearance tour which will take them to the film's benefit premiere in Atlanta on Tuesday, explained that sandy-haired Bobby's forte was history and geography. "He's in 4-A, and Luana, who's awfully good in arithmetic, is a grade lower."

Unassuming and extroverted, the blond and blue-eyed Luana offered the information that she had received a rabbit on their arrival here (B'rer Rabbit is a principal in the Remus stories, in case you've forgotten). "I was going to call him 'Bugs,' but then I remembered that's competition (there's a non-Disney cartoon series featuring 'Bugs Bunny') so I'm calling it 'Snow White.'" Seems also that there's a monkey back home, called "Penny," but, at present, "she's in a bar near our house—she likes beer, so she ran away."

At this point Bobby declared he had "a knife this long—a fan of mine in my home town, Cedar Rapids, gave it to me. It came from Berch—Hitler's palace." Miss Patten interjected the information that her home town was Long Beach, Calif. "Aah, all the people in Long Beach came from Iowa, anyway. They call Long Beach Iowa-by-the-Sea," Bobby scoffed laughing. "I don't care," Miss Patten countered amiably, "he can be born in Cedar Rapids if he wants."

Prompted by a Disney guardian, the actress demonstrated her removable bridgework for the reporter. "False teeth?" She giggled momentarily, then in mock dignified tones, stated, "They're called partial dentures." The switch to things dental reminded the pair about bubble-gum. "Please, did you get it?" The guardian mumbled something about that commodity being rare and that maybe a black market would have to be resorted to. "No, don't go to a black market," Luana said. "No, don't," Bobby added, "but we'd like some."

Up to the moment of this writing their program had been varied and well filled. This would include a trip on a "double-decker bus" to "Park Square" (Washington Square), a jaunt to the Empire State observation tower (Bobby's comment—"I'd hate to be a window washer on that building"), radio appearances and, for Luana, a round of modeling of children's clothes at a fashionable Fifth Avenue emporium—"those things are pretty, but awfully expensive." The caller, impressed by these nice, typical kids, was moved to ask their teacher, "What are their I. Q.'s?" Mrs. Morrison was pleased and spelled out "g-e-n-i-u-s." "I know what that word is," Bobby beamed, "it's genius."