

“The Lucky Seventh”

What a genuine pleasure Royal Chappell, Everett Quinn, and their brilliant confreres gave old Armour on the evening of May ninth. If Tech Days was “a distinct innovation”, the Lucky Seventh was a bomb placed under the hard beaten path of college dramatics. “Old stuff” disappeared in a cloud of dust, and left a bright, sparkling, and snappy hit. It has been many years since such exceptional character drawing, such flawless diction, and such magnificent ensemble delivery has been the result in performance by seekers of the B.S.

The Quinn document itself, while a masterpiece, would fare hideously touched by less illuminating intelligences than those provided by the splendid company at the Central Music Hall that evening.

Ralph Rusk and Harold Shotwell as Ruth and Blanche Morgan, won the hearts of the audience immediately. They subdued their voices to the feminine tone without perceptible exertion; and played true characterization throughout.

The appearance of Everett Quinn as Jack Lane was greeted with hearty applause from an appreciative audience.

Richard Mann appeared as Bob Higgins, Jack’s chum. As a warbler Richard needs no introduction; his rendering of Watchful Waiting was characteristic of his usual good work.

Donald Cable came forth as the Reverend John Frothingham. He ably presented himself as a real stage clergyman who decrees eternal punishment for those who take pleasure in syncopated movements of the feet, etc. to the rythmical accompaniment of a jazz. In spite of this his wife Martha, who is brought to us by the person of Allen Dryden, soon has him whirling with the merry-makers.

Stanley Evans as John Morgan, Impresario, delivered his lines in good style, never boring his audience by an unfaithful imagination which persists in adding to a character qualities entirely extraneous.