By David Johnson

Summer Arthur Long, a native Bostonian, has scored his first professional stage performance with "Never Too Late." The basic idea of this three-act comedy is pregnant with possibilities for hilarious development. A couple, in their early forties, learn that they are going to have an unexpected baby. The fact that their adult daughter and her husband are living carefree lives as permanent guests of the parents-to-be further enriches the possibilities of a rich comedy.

The play is essentially a slight touch upon some of the many delightful results of the forthcoming birth. The second scene of Act II, however, drops just a bit because Mr. Long's script goes too deeply into a minor result of the impending event. Mrs. Lambert, the mother-to-be, begins spending with youthful abandon.

The situation is humorous, but it is carried too far.

Harry Lambert is an ultra-conservative business man in a small Massachusetts town. The role seems to have been written especially for Paul Ford. Mr. Ford is best known for his roles as a Colonel in both "Theatre of the August Moon" and the Sgt. Bilko in "The Story of My Life." This role is Harry Lambert, a combination of the characters above. Mr. Lambert is extra-thrifty, but his desperate situations roared with laughter.

The pleasant fatigue of prolonged laughter was worth more than the price of admission.

Margaret O'Sullivan as Edith Lambert does an excellent and realistic portrayal of an expectant mother. She gives her few opportunities to shine with wonderful success. She, in her visits, is expected to take on the role of a ray of light. She has played mainly in TV "soap operas" and has done part-time in radio commercials. Her role in "Take Care, Take Mine" was unimpressive. Whether it is the script, inspired direction, or plain hard work, she is a spot in a stellar company. She plays "in character" on the screen and previously did young girl roles better than any of the other leading players manage to do. Mrs. Paran has either finally become an actress, or she has finally been given an opportunity to display her talents without theatrical problem, and that is slight.

The London "Annual Shubbery" can be seen when its outside door opens, and the light coming through the curtains indicates the time of the performance. The set is well proportioned, and well placed up front.

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Harvey. This musical satire is a combination of "The Shubbery," "Our Miss Brooks," and "Gay Purr-ee." It is an interesting mixture of the three. The adaptation is a little too confusing and the music is a little too touchy.

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