

PERMANENT
COPY

MY TRUE STORY

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1956

EPISODE 3308

CAST

- Virginia (Ginny) Lexter - the narrator. A beauty-loving energetic girl.
- Roy Lexter - Ginny's husband.
- Mom Lexter }
Dad Lexter } - Roy's slipshod, slap-happy parents.

MUSIC

- Theme and transitions
- Punctuation

SOUND

- Echo box
- Filter
- Sound of car

(MUSIC: _ _ THEME..UP AND UNDER...)

RIGGS: MY TRUE STORY...Today and every day, Monday through Friday - a complete story about people and their problems...

(MUSIC: .. VAMPS EXCITINGLY...)

GINNY: I looked around that house, seeing only the dust and dirt that was on the surface, unaware of the love that lay underneath. And Mom Lexter, following my eyes, spoke.....

MOM: You think Dad and me are strange, don't you, Ginny? You're wondering why you ever married into a family like this one!

GINNY: Yes, Mom - if you want the truth - I am wondering. This place is a pigsty, but you call it a house. How on earth did you ever manage to raise a man like my husband?

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT...)

RIGGS: And now...the story of a young slave driver, who tried to make over her in-laws.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING...)

RIGGS: And now our story for today....

(MUSIC: - - UP AND HOLD UNDER...)

GINNY: It was on a Friday night, and we were out for a drive, when Roy announced, without warning, that we were going to see his folks in Crestview. For an instant I almost protested, then..with a sigh....I remained silent. "Men are all alike," I thought, half angry and half amused, "It didn't even occur to Roy that I might want to wear a special dress to meet his parents and fix my hair just right - " (PAUSE) Oh, well, there was nothing I could do about it, now...except comfort myself with the thought that it was a good sign....Roy Lexter wanting me to meet his folks. I'd been dating him for five months, you see...I'd been madly in love with him for four months...and with each date, I'd prayed he was going to ask me to marry him! (PAUSE) I sighed and Roy asked a question...

(SNEAK IN SOUND OF CAR IN MOTION WITH
ABOVE.....HOLD AS UNDERCURRENT)

ROY: What is it, honey?

GINNY: I wish you'd given me some notice that's all - I'd have dressed differently!

ROY: For heaven's sake, you look like a million dollars!

GINNY: Ten minutes ago, I thought I was looking all right, but now...(STOPS) What are your folks like, and where do they live? In an apartment?

ROY: No, they have a small house. Actually, the house is mine...the folks had rented it for years, but about the time I got out of the service the owner decided to sell the old place..and they were so heartsick, at the idea of moving that I bought the house myself, with a GI loan. It's still in my name..not that I'd ever want it, though..I like living in town, that's why I took a room by myself, and.....(STOPS) You shivered just then! Coming down with a cold?

GINNY: It isn't that! I just chipped a fingernail...what if your mouther thinks I'm sloppy because I have a chipped nail?

ROY: That's a joke..(LAUGHS) She won't think you're sloppy...not my mother! Look, there's the house.... to the left. It's the second from the corner.

GINNY: The two storied house with the fence in front?

ROY: That's right. The two story house with the unpainted fence in front.

(CAR SLOWS DOWN TO A STOP FOR TRANSITION)

GINNY: One look at that two story cottage made me feel better. Obviously the Lexters weren't concerned with outward appearances. The house hadn't been painted in years, and its roof tilted forward like a drunkard's hat.. the front yard was overgrown with tall weeds and the gate lurched on one rusty hinge. Yet, despite being rundown, the house had charm...it looked lived in, and suddenly I felt easier in my mind.

(MORE)

GINNY:
(CONT)

The small cheerful woman who ran down the path to meet us made me feel much the same..her grey hair flew as she and Roy met like children, dancing each other around and squealing with delight. Then she turned to me, taking both my hands in hers....

MOM: Glad to meet you Ginny....real glad!

GINNY: And I'm awfully glad to meet you.

MOM: (SHOUTING) Dad, come see who Roy's brought to meet us. Hurry up..shake a leg....

(MUSIC: -- STING...)

GINNY: As we three walked up onto the sagging porch, I was glad for the minute it gave me to study Mrs. Lexter. She was Roy's mother, all right, the two of them had the same features, the same stocky frame. Roy's loose way of walking I now saw, in his mother, and his heartiness and warmth I heard in Mrs. Lexter's loud, cheerful voice! Roy's father appeared as we sat down on the porch - a surprisingly tall man, with a bony frame..he took my hand shyly, then began pumping it up and down with real enthusiasm....

DAD: Pleased to meet you, Ginny....

GINNY: And I'm pleased to meet Roy's father!

DAD: Roy's talked about you lots..we've been wondering when he was going to bring you out. Shall we sit here, Mom, or go inside?

MOM: Let's stay outdoors as long as it's light..then we'll go inside and have some coffee. Roy, you didn't tell us she was so pretty!

ROY: Didn't think I had to - you know I wouldn't go steady with a girl who wasn't pretty-

GINNY: (SHYLY) Has he gone with a lot of girls, Mrs. Lexter?

DAD : (LAUGHING) Don't you answer that question, Mom, or you'll be letting our son down! What's past is over and done with.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATION. . .)

GINNY: Dad Lexter's smile was broad and candid, his laughter booming, and I tried not to stare when I noticed that three upper front teeth were missing. We sat on the porch until the thick darkness settled down, and then we stepped into the house - and as long as I live I'll remember standing by that door, peering in disbelief into the living room. For an instant I thought I'd wandered into a fun house in a circus. A naked bulb hung from the ceiling, lighting three almost totally different patterns of paper slapped casually on two walls. One was a plaid, another striped and the third a floral design. The other two walls were painted a screaming lemon yellow. The archway between the living room and the parlor had been broken through to make one big room, but the job had never been finished... Mom, following my gaze, spoke without the slightest apology-

MOM: We're always starting things, but we never finish, Ginny!

DAD: One thing we finished was that big son of ours - we sure finished him! We ain't got much furniture in this room, Ginny-

MOM: We got enough! Who wants more'n a sofa and two or three chairs, I'm asking you? (PAUSE) Dad, when are we going to put up curtains?

DAD: I don't know. Some day.

MOM: I got the stuff to make 'em with, Ginny, but I can't seem to get around to it - there's so much else to do. My goodness, I'm as busy as a bird dog. That's right, ain't it, Dad?

DAD: Sure is. You're always flying from hither to yon.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATION. . .)

GINNY: "Flying from hither to yon doing what," I asked myself? There was dust on everything, the linoleum in the center of the floor had a covering of thick grit. Two plaster carnival dolls rolled eyes at one another atop the cluttered mantel, and between them stood a bulky bronze stallion with a clock for a stomach, and I noticed that Roy sat quickly on the bare spring of the sofa, hoping I wouldn't notice it... Mrs. Lexter had disappeared into the kitchen, but Roy's father proudly pointed to the most unexpected sight in the entire room - a massive mahogany cabinet, housing a giant-sized radio, television, phonograph combination. It was the most expensive-looking set I'd ever seen-

DAD: Well, how do you like that, Ginny?

GINNY: It's lovely, Mr. Lexter - just lovely.

DAD: And you haven't seen nothing, yet! Just look in the dining room. (PAUSE) Hurry, now - come along. (PROUD) Well, what do you see?

ROY: Oh, Dad, not five! What do you know, Ginny - five parrots!

DAD: We got the cages for a song. They're pretty big, but it gives the birds a lot of leg room. They plumb fill up all the space- (LAUGHS) Cute little devils, ain't they?

ROY: Do you like parrots, Ginny?

GINNY: I don't know. I never really got acquainted with one.

DAD: (LAUGHING) Wait until you get to know Roy's mother - she can out-parrot a parrot when she puts her mind to it!

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATION. . .)

GINNY: Those five huge cages, crowding the dining room to capacity. They had every imaginable dime store gadget in them - bird baths, toys, feeding pans, water dishes, spangled trapezes. I glanced at Roy - he was watching me, and I could read every line in his strained face - "Can you take it, Ginny?", he was asking silently, "They're my folks - they come with me!" Well, I knew, in that moment, for sure, that Roy Lexter was my guy! I smiled at him and he smiled back, and then Mrs. Lexter came in with a tray full of ill-assorted food, and a huge pot of coffee. It was late when we got into the car and started home, and neither of us said a word until Roy had parked the car in front of my apartment house. Then his arms closed around me, and -

ROY: (LOW:) Ginny - oh, honey, you're perfect! A beautiful, wonderful girl. I love you, Ginny-

GINNY: And I love you! So much.

ROY: I - I had to take you to meet my folks, so you could see for yourself, Ginny - (QUICK) Not that I'm apologizing for them, but - well, I know they need some explaining to an outsider.

GINNY: I don't feel exactly like an outsider - right now.

ROY: (AS IF HE HASN'T HEARD HER) Mom and Dad have had a rough life, Ginny! Dad isn't a go-getter - not being trained in any special skill, he always just eked out a living. And Mom isn't the best housekeeper in the world - she doesn't seem to care much for cooking or cleaning.

(MORE)

- ROY:
(CONT) Together they're kind of like a couple of kids, playing house. Their life was so hard for so long that the only way they could stand it was to make a game of it, and they've never gotten out of the habit...Even now, living on Dad's little pension, they're still the same-
- GINNY: Some people live one way, some another. If they're doing what they want to do - it's okay-
- ROY: They are, that's for sure...As far back as I can remember they were forever up to goofy stunts, like buying me roller skates one Christmas, when I needed shoes, and taking me to the circus for a big blow-out, and then having to live on oatmeal and canned hash for the next two weeks because they'd spent all the food money! (PAUSE) Maybe Mom isn't neat, honey, but she's always cheerful - and maybe Dad isn't a world-beater, but never in his life has he said a harsh word to me or Mom. They're crazy-acting and foolish, and sometimes they're as irresponsible as children - but I hope to heaven I can give my kids the warmth and love they've given me.
- GINNY: Warmth and love are the most important things in the world, Roy.
- ROY: Yes - (LONG PAUSE) But while I was in the army, Ginny, I got used to things being clean and neat, and I knew I couldn't go back to their style of living -that's why I took a room in town. (PAUSE) But being away doesn't mean I don't love them. I do, Ginny - and I always will. They're my folks, and if you marry me you marry them.

GINNY: If I - marry you? You love me that much, Roy?

ROY: (AS IF SURPRISED) Of course - didn't you know? That's why I took you out there, tonight - I figured it wouldn't be fair to ask you until you'd met the family - (HUSKY) Well, how about it, Ginny? Will you?

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATION . . .)

GINNY: It was in October, less than six months after we'd met, that Roy and I quietly slipped away to a neighboring state where we became husband and wife. We phoned his parents directly after the ceremony and then we forgot the whole world in a beautiful week of honeymooning. At the end of the week we came back to my tiny two-room apartment in town. Everything in my flat was inexpensive but in good taste, and Roy was crazily proud of our home - he was proud of me, too, when, after six months, I told him a baby was coming. I thought it would be all right to go on working for a while, but I overdid and lost my baby in the fourth month, and I was so weak, afterwards, that I needed constant care, so our savings dwindled - we even went slightly into debt. And it was then that Roy came home, one night, happy and worried at the same time -

ROY: Look, honey, I've news for you -

GINNY: Good news?

ROY: Good and bad...I've a chance to save more money than we ever dreamed of saving, and pay off all our debts, besides -

GINNY: Roy! How?

ROY: The company I work for has always - (HESITATES) well, sort of liked me, and now they want to make me a foreman of a special construction crew. They have a big job scheduled, you see, and -

GINNY: Roy, it's wonderful. It's like light after darkness.

ROY: But - you haven't heard it all yet, honey. It's a highway construction in Alaska. If I take it I'll be gone a year.

GINNY: Have you - (LONG PAUSE) told them that you'll take it?

ROY: No, I haven't. I said I'd leave it up to my wife. You see, dear, the wives aren't permitted to accompany their husbands.

GINNY: I think I'd die, being separated from you for a whole year, Roy. I'd die - without you.

ROY: I've been asking myself, all the way home, if I could get along for a whole year without you. And yet we would be building for the future, Ginny.

GINNY: Yes.

ROY: It's the chance of a lifetime, of course - and a year goes fast when you're young.

GINNY: But a year can be awfully long when you're young and in love - and thousands of miles away from each other.

ROY: Hang it all, I won't take the job.

GINNY: Oh, yes, you will. I'd be a selfish little beast if I held you back. (HUSKY) You'd better start shopping for red flannel underwear, dearest.

ROY: If you hadn't been so ill, if you weren't so - so sort of frail, now, darling, I'd feel differently. I'll worry my head off, thinking about you alone all the time. Look, why don't you go and live with Mom and Dad? You can sublet the apartment, and you can save all that rent - (HESITATES) I know Mom and Dad's ways may get on your nerves, honey, but you can put up with them for a year-

GINNY: You'll be having it hard in Alaska, living in unheated cabins-
in tents, maybe.. You're giving up a lot, Roy - so I can, too.

ROY: You're the best sport in the world, dearest. There's only
this - (A BIT HUSKY) be gentle with the folks. Remember that
they're old people, set in their ways - and that they can't
change.

(MUSIC: UP TO CLIMAX...)

(COMMERCIAL)

RIGGS: And now back to the story of Ginny Lexter, who was facing her first separation from her husband-

GINNY: And it was a year's separation, for Roy was going to Alaska to be foreman of a construction crew - that was the worst thing about the deal. We'd save money, Roy would climb several rungs of the ladder in one step, but we'd be separated. The second worst thing was that I'd have to live with his untidy, slap-happy parents, who made a game out of life and gloried in doing strange things. (PAUSE) I'll never forget the morning Roy left - I'd made him go while I was still in our own little home - when he was out of sight I cried until I was weak and shaky, and then I put things to rights and took a cab out to his parent's place. They welcomed me with open arms -

MOM: My goodness, it'll be nice to have you live here, Ginny. Always did want a daughter I could talk to and confide in, somebody who saw things my way. And dad always wanted himself another girl to baby- one isn't enough for him. (PAUSE) Reckon you're going to miss my boy an awful lot.

GINNY: (SIMPLY) I don't know how I'll live without him.

MOM: I felt that way when dad had to go off. Only time he ever left me alone.

GINNY: How long was he gone?

MOM: A week, and I'most went out of my mind. Well, Dad and I will see what we can do to cheer you up. And now I'll take you to the room that used to be Roy's - it'll be yours, now-

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATION. . .)

GINNY: Roy's room, that would be mine, now, gave me something to occupy my mind for the first week in the Lexter's house. First I scrubbed and cleaned, then I papered and shellacked - I did the entire room, even the ceiling. I made brilliant red monk's cloth curtains, I painted the aging furniture white. I didn't let the folks see what I was doing until it was all finished, and then I called them in. For a moment they just stared, open-mouthed, and then -

MOM: Land sakes, child, aren't you the clever one. This old room sure looks pretty.

DAD: Don't know how you finished it, all by yourself. Beats me that so much energy can be in one small girl.

MOM: Beats me too. Makes me feel tired, just looking at all she's done. Well, come on - time for that big quiz show.. Seems like you need some rest, Ginny.

GINNY: Wouldn't you like me to fix up your room, next, Mom? And Dad, don't you think it would be nice if I refinished the living room?

MOM: Shucks, dearie, it would be a waste of time.

DAD: We're happy enough, like we are - like we've always been.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATION. . .)

GINNY: I felt a moment of defeat, but I was a determined woman and I didn't stay defeated for long. "What did you expect," I asked myself. "As Roy said, 'Mom and Dad are set in their ways - they're not going to change overnight.' I must be patient and gentle - they'll catch on eventually." (PAUSE) And, a few days later, it seemed as if they were catching on. Deliberately casual, I suggested that we should get out more into the lovely autumn weather -

MOM: So we should, so we should.

DAD: You've got the right idea, girl.

GINNY: Don't you think it might be fun to give the fence around the yard a new coat of paint? We could make a regular game of it - each of us could take one side, and see who's finished first.

DAD: Say, that's a fine idea, Virginia! I always liked to paint.

MOM: It would do us all a world of good. Dad can pick up the stuff tomorrow, and we'll start right away.

(MUSIC: STING. . .)

GINNY: Well, we spent the entire night talking about the fence and the house. Once they'd gotten into the spirit, I hinted that redecorating the living room might be wonderful fun, and they quickly agreed. I was bursting with self-congratulations as I started up to bed - eagerly I waited, the next morning, for Mom and Dad to return from shopping in Crestview. They came in just before noon, laden down with packages - but no paint cans. When I asked about the paint, Mom gave Dad Lexter a playful shove-

MOM: See! I told you we forgot something.

DAD: That old fence ain't been painted in years, honey - another day or so won't matter,

GINNY: I've - I've set my heart on starting today. I'll go back to Crestview and get the paint.

MOM: Goodness, honey, you mustn't be so impatient.

GINNY: But you said it would be such fun to get started.

MOM: It's fun to think about it, too, before we start. You agree with me, don't you, Dad?

DAD: I sure do, honey - I always do.

(MUSIC: . . . PUNCTUATION . . .)

GINNY: I bit back hot words and headed for the door - I'd walk to Crestview and buy the materials myself. But after I'd lugged two gallons of paint and a bundle of brushes and turpentine back to the house, I fell exhausted across my bed, and when I awakened it was dusk, and my in-laws had won - we wouldn't begin painting until the next day, after all - (PAUSE) But we did get started on the following morning - we laughed and joked and ran a race for the first hour, and then -

MOM: Don't know when I've enjoyed myself so much! But I'm beginning to get kind of tuckered out.

DAD: You're a sissy. Well, I'm going to stick until the front of the fence is finished.

GINNY: I'm going to keep at it until the whole fence is finished.

MOM: I don't see why we have to paint the back of the fence, Ginny - nobody'll see it, from the street, that is -

GINNY: We'll see it.

DAD: But we're family, we don't matter - (CHUCKLES) not to the fence, anyhow!

GINNY: Maybe you're right, Dad, but I always like to finish what I start. You don't mind if I give the back a quick coat, do you?

DAD: Of course I don't mind, but - well, it seems kind of foolish!

(MUSIC: . . . PUNCTUATION . . .)

GINNY: At the end of two hours we'd stopped laughing and joking and running races. Mom gave out by noon and Dad dropped his brush in the mid-afternoon, but I kept on and on, and when the fence was finished I was so tired that I stayed in bed for a whole day. I should have learned a valuable lesson from the fence-painting episode, but I didn't. A good look around the house would have taught me that same lesson - the Lexters were dreamers, mostly they talked about what they were going to do - (PAUSE) The fence finished I turned next to our diet - Mom Lexter hated to cook, so almost all the food was prepared by Dad - cold, soggy eggs for breakfast. Soup and baloney sandwiches for lunch, and either macaroni or spaghetti and fried potatoes for dinner. I stood it for ten days and then I suggested that I do the cooking for a change.

MOM: Now, honey, why should you cook when you don't have to?

GINNY: Trouble is you're spoiling me so that I may forget how to cook by the time Roy gets home.

DAD: She's got something there, Mom -

MOM: Maybe so, but we don't want our neighbors to think we're making a slave of Ginny.

GINNY: But I was the one who suggested it - don't forget that!

DAD: She did for a fact, Mom. And to tell you the truth, I'm looking forward to eating somebody else's cooking besides my own.

(MUSIC: . . . PUNCTUATION . . .)

GINNY: During the next week I planned and shopped and cooked like a demon - Instead of eggs fried as hard as bricks, we had fluffy omelets, the soup and sandwiches were replaced by salads and fresh fruit - every night for dinner I prepared a different kind of meat tastefully surrounded by a green vegetable and either baked potato or rice. Mom and Dad raved over the food - they kept saying "Real Tasty, dear." But on my sixth day as chef, Mom spoke shyly -

MOM: Say, Ginny, do you know how to fix spaghetti and fried potatoes? (QUICK) Not that we ain't been enjoying the stuff you've made, but, well, Dad and me are used to eating one way -

GINNY: All right - you win.

DAD: I hope we haven't hurt your feelings, Ginny.

GINNY: Oh, no, not at all! (UNSTEADY) Can't hurt my feelings.

MOM: Then everything's all right, isn't it, Dad? We've been wanting to take this up with you for two, three days, Ginny, but - we haven't known how to get started.

(MUSIC: . . . PUNCTUATION . . .)

GINNY: I spent the next week in my room mostly. I wasn't sulking, I was just discouraged, but loneliness ate into me and gradually I drifted downstairs to join Mom in front of the television-radio combination. Without realizing it, I adopted an air of "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em!" I took less pains with my clothes, I seldom washed my hair - my nails became cracked and I gained weight on Dad's cooking, but dieting was unthinkable - for I'd become a Dexter through and through. (PAUSE)

(MORE)

GINNY:
(CONT) And then the dollar-a-week man came to the house and Mom rushed up to my room -

MOM: I buy most everything for a dollar a week, dearie - the man comes every Saturday! I have lots of costume jewelry and a closet full of dresses -

GINNY: You never wear them.

MOM: But I have them - it's a comfort to have things...I want you to see his line, dear - he has catalogues. You ain't got half enough clothes for a young girl.

(MUSIC: . . . STING . . .)

GINNY: So, at Mom's urging, I began to buy sweaters and skirts and shoes and dresses. And then, for three mornings, I waked up dizzy and nauseated, and Mom insisted on my going to the doctor and I learned that I was pregnant. Roy had been gone exactly fifteen weeks - why, my baby'd be born in six months! It was then that I reverted to type, and became the old Ginny, returning the clothes that I hadn't worn, going into a furor of cleaning, rearranging my diet. I worked so hard that once again I almost miscarried and the doctor, hastily summoned, told me that I must stay flat on my back for the remainder of my pregnancy. After the doctor'd left, Mom drew a chair over to my bed -

MOM: Ginny, Dad and I know why you've been working yourself so hard, and I swear that we'll continue what you started -

GINNY: Please, Mom - please do! You'll see - everything'll be so much cleaner and nicer! I want my baby to live in a real home -

MOM: Shush, honey - shush! We'll work our fingers to the bone to have things the way you and Roy's son would want 'em. The main thing is, though, that you've got to stay put, and relax in mind and muscle.

(MUSIC: . . . PUNCTUATION . . .)

GINNY: And, believe it or not, for six weeks, they did try! I heard busy active sounds coming from downstairs - hammering, plastering, and the swish of paint brushes were music to my ears. And then, slowly, the sounds of busy people were replaced by the blare of Rock 'n Roll on the phonograph. The ever-present stubble of beard reappeared on Dad's chin, and Mom again wore the same faded kimonas. When I asked how the plastering was going, or what color curtains she was hanging in the living room, I always got the same answer - "Now don't you fret, child!" (PAUSE) And then, at last, my baby was born! Mom and Dad Lexter were mad about him.

MOM: He's just like Roy -

DAD: He sure is a buster!

MOM: That's what we'll call him - Buster. Good name for a baby like him. (PAUSE) We sent Roy a wire, honey - and he sent us a wire back. He's going to phone you the night you're home from the hospital.

GINNY: Roy's going to phone me all the way from Alaska? It'll be a dream come true!

MOM: And how! It'll be wonderful hearing his voice, won't it?

(MUSIC: . . . PUNCTUATION . . .)

GINNY: So the night I came home, to a house that was full of half-finished painting and plastering and papering jobs, there was Roy on the phone and the baby in the crook of my arm. I lived in a dream for two weeks - remembering - and then the dream became a nightmare. I'd taken Buster into the kitchen for a feeding and as I waited for Mom to fill the bottle with formula I saw her drop the nipple on the floor and pick it up and hold it under the water tap and fix it on the baby's bottle. With stunned disbelief I watched as she came close, and then she caught the expression in my eyes, and stopped -

MOM: What is it, Ginny?

GINNY: You can't put the nipple on the bottle without sterilizing it first, Mom Lester!

MOM: Oh, now, you're all wrapped up in this new-fangled sterilizer fad. Maybe I ain't the neatest person alive, but believe me -

GINNY: (DEAD LEVEL) Don't talk to me about neatness, Mom. You turn your house into a pigsty - you never comb your hair - never cook a decent meal - but this business of sterilizing the nipple is the end! Heavens above, it's a wonder Roy lived to grow up! (PAUSE) Roy fought and slaved to get you this house - but look at it! I almost lost my baby trying to make it decent, but it's just as it always was - you're hopeless, you and Dad! (STOPS) I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said what I just said.

MOM: Don't you fret, Ginny - everything you've said I needed to hear...I think I'll go out on the porch for a minute if you don't mind.

(MUSIC: . . . PUNCTUATION . . .)

GINNY: Quietly Mom crept out of the room and I sterilized the nipple and put it on a new bottle and fed my baby. And then I laid him in his bassinet and slowly went out onto the porch where Mom and Dad were sitting, together. And when she saw me coming, Mom started to speak.

MOM: Dad and I have been going over the situation, Ginny. Look, dear, we've been selfish without realizing it. We haven't acted like we appreciate this house, and we don't deserve to have it! You and Roy should have had it, long since.

GINNY: Mom, please -

DAD: She's right, Ginny!

MOM: I'm never going to be much of a housekeeper, but maybe with a small little flat to tend I'll be better - there won't be so many rooms to get dirty -

GINNY: Mom, please -

MOM: The way you fussed over this house, wanting it to be clean and neat and perfect and all - well, I guess you've been wanting it a long time. Only a stupid old woman wouldn't have guessed!

DAD: And that goes for a stupid old man, too. You deserve this house, Ginny - we'll get out as soon as Roy's home.

GINNY: (SLOWLY) You say that I've been wanting this house for a long time - well, maybe I have, but it was a subconscious wanting and not a real one. I - I'm tired, I'm going to lie down -

MOM: Yes, you'd better, dear! You look all in -

(MUSIC: . . . PUNCTUATION . . .)

GINNY: So I went upstairs and sat in my room and as I sat there - as clearly as if he were beside me - I could hear Roy's voice.

ROY: (ON FILTER) Maybe Mom isn't neat, but she's always cheerful. And maybe Dad isn't a world beater, but never in his life has he said a harsh word to me or Mom. They're strange-acting and foolish and sometimes they're childish, but I hope to heaven I can give my kids the love and warmth they've given me.

(MUSIC: . . . STING . . .)

GINNY: Oh, as I looked back over the past year I cringed with shame! Mom and Dad had taken me into their home, never complaining when I tried in a dozen different ways to change their pattern of life. They'd offered me only love - asking nothing in return. This was their house, their scheme of things, and I had no right to interfere.

(MORE)

GINNY:
(CONT)

I waited until I heard Dad Lexter shuffle into his room, and then I went downstairs and there was Mom, rocking in the broken chair, and when she saw me -

MOM:

Come sit with me a while, Ginny.

GINNY:

Mom, forgive me - I've been so selfish!

MOM:

No, honey - no! Dad and me, we never lived like other folks. I should have realized our ways would upset you. I should have -

GINNY:

Stop talking, Mom - and listen to me - listen hard. You and Dad are responsible for Roy - and he's perfect! Will all my fussing and slave-driving make Buster half the man his father is?

MOM:

You'll have me crying, Ginny, if you go on - that way!

GINNY:

I'm crying now...Mom, you and Dad are staying here, where I want you to stay. And you're going to live just like you've always lived. People have a right to be as they want to be -- as long as they don't hurt other people! (VOICE BREAKS)
Just love me, Mom, if you can - that's all I ask of you!

MOM:

But I've always loved you, Ginny - you've made my Roy happy!
And happiness is all the counts.

(MUSIC:. . .UP TO FINISH..)

RIGGS: Well, ginny was right about so many things that you can hardly blame her for being wrong about one thing (PAUSE) She's here now - very anxious to talk to you (PAUSE) Ginny, will you tell us what happened after Roy came home?

GINNY: Why, Roy had saved enough to make a first payment on a little house of our own, Mr. Riggs - it's very close to the house in which Mom and Dad live - we run back and forth all the time, and we're happy together - all five of us.. For I've learned a lesson in live and let live.

(MUSIC: . UNDER)

RIGGS: The lesson that Ginny learned is a hard one for anybody to learn, believe me. When people have a way of life, when it's ingrained, we mustn't try to change them (PAUSE) Trudy Calder learned a lesson from watching three other ladies at work on a man! She learned that selling ones-self can be a mistake. As she explained it - "I made myself different from the other girls. I didn't exploit myself - I played dumb, and when there was any selling to be done I sold myself short!" You'll wonder if Trudy will be proved right or wrong, when you listen tomorrow - to MY TRUE STORY - brought to you every day, Monday through Friday.

(MUSIC: . UP_AND_OUT)

RIGGS: If you have enjoyed the program which you have just heard the editors of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE who supplied the material from which it was adapted are sure you will also enjoy reading _____

in the _____ issue of the magazine now on the newsstands.... Today's story was adapted for radio by Margaret E. Sangster... Featured in the cast were

_____.

Glenn Riggs speaking.

(TWO SECOND PAUSE)

(COMMERCIAL)

(TWO SECOND PAUSE)

This program came to you from New York.

NETWORK SIGNATURE.

lj-fh-pk-hz
12/10/56
10:00 am