

SCHOLASTIC RECORDS SC 7670

THE DOWNTOWN STORY

The Department Store • The Super Market

conceived, narrated and sung by

Helen Gene Purdy



Rosenberg

THE DOWNTOWN STORY

Now we are going riding
Revolving door song
Elevator song
Here comes the bus
Home again
Escalator song

The cash register song
We are carrying our bundles
Label song
What shall we buy at the store today
Basket on wheels

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The Downtown Story

Written and performed
by
Helen Gene Purdy



THE DOWNTOWN STORY

Once upon a time there was a Little Girl. She was such a Little Girl that she had never been shopping Downtown.

One morning at breakfast her Mommy said, "Do you know what today is? Today is Downtown Day!"

And the Little Girl said, "What's Downtown, Mommy?"

And Mommy said, "Downtown is a place where people buy things they need for themselves and their homes."

The Little Girl was so excited she could hardly wait for breakfast to be finished. Then her Mommy dressed her in her best dress and Daddy took them Downtown in their car.

NOW WE'RE GOING RIDING

Lively Tempo

Now We're Go - ing Ri - ding, ri - ding,
 Now we're go - ing down - town, down - town,
 ri - ding. Now We're Go - ing Ri - ding in
 down - town. - Now we're go - ing down - town in
 Dad - dy's cor!
 Dad - dy's cor!

On the way Downtown they looked out of the car window at all the other cars and busses in the streets. They passed houses and schools, and stores and people walking, and children playing. After a while the Little Girl saw lots of big, tall buildings.

"Where are we now?" she asked.

"We are Downtown," said Mommy, "and those great big buildings are called Department Stores."

Daddy stopped the car in front of the biggest store of all.

"Goodbye," he said. "Have a good shopping trip."

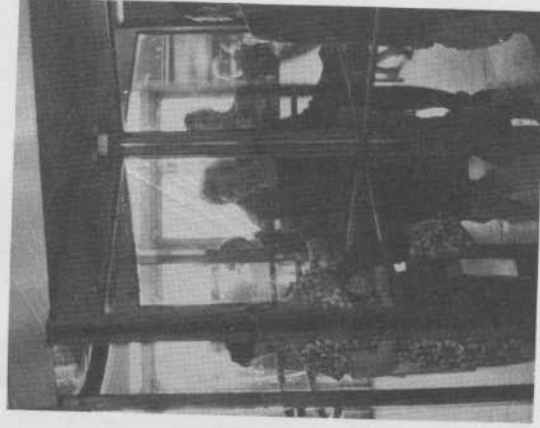
"We will," said the Little Girl as she and Mommy walked toward the store. Then the Little Girl began to laugh.

"Look at those funny doors!" she said. "Why, they're going around and around instead of in and out. Are they broken, Mommy?"

"No, dear," said Mommy. "Those doors are called revolving doors. At the same time the door is taking us around to the inside of the store, it will be taking other people around to the outside."

REVOLVING DOOR SONG

Peo-ple are go-ing a- round and a- round as they push re- volv-ing doors.





Now they were inside the big Department Store, and my, what a hustle and bustle! People were hurrying and scurrying everywhere! Some of them stopped to buy things at long tables.

"Those tables are called counters," said Mommy. "The windows underneath are there so people can look at the pretty things the salesladies are selling. We will go upstairs for our shopping. Come along, and I'll take you for a ride on an escalator."

"That's an escalator, Mommy?" asked the Little Girl.

"Escalators are steps which move. Here we are," said Mommy. "Step right on. Use one hand to hold the railing and I will hold your other hand. We will stand still while the stairway moves us upstairs. Then we will step right off at the end of our ride so there will be room for the people behind us to step off."



ESCALATOR SONG



"That was fun!" said the Little Girl as they finished their escalator ride. "Now where are we going?"

"We're going to buy a present for Grandma. Then we will look at some toys," said Mommy.

So they picked out a new pocketbook for Grandma's present, and then they found the toy department. In the toy department Mommy and the Little Girl looked at beautiful new dolls, and baby carriages, bikes and wading pools. They saw books and games and little toy trains. The Little Girl remembered not to touch the toys, only to look at them, because they were not hers. She remembered her store manners so nicely that Mommy surprised her with a new book to take home for her bed-time story.

Then Mommy said, "Now we've seen all the toys. Let's go downstairs on the elevator."

"An elevator? What's that, Mommy?" asked the Little Girl.

"Do you see those big doors over there?" said Mommy. "They are the doors to the elevator. We will push a button, just like ringing a doorbell, and we will watch the light above the elevator door. The light tells us which elevators are going up and which ones are going down. Would you like to push the button for our elevator?"

"Oh, yes!" said the Little Girl, as she pushed the button.

ELEVATOR SONG

MODERATELY FAST



Soon the elevator doors slid open and the Little Girl and her Mommy stepped into a room with lots of other people. When the doors closed, the elevator room went down and the people told what floor they wanted. When they came to the main floor, Mommy and the Little Girl stepped out. They were careful to watch that they didn't trip over their feet on the little step at the front.

Now they were ready to go home.

"Let's take a bus," said Mommy.

"Oh, goody!" exclaimed the Little Girl. "I can watch the cars go by while we wait."

So they waited a little while.

"I see a bus coming! Is that our bus, Mommy?" asked the Little Girl.

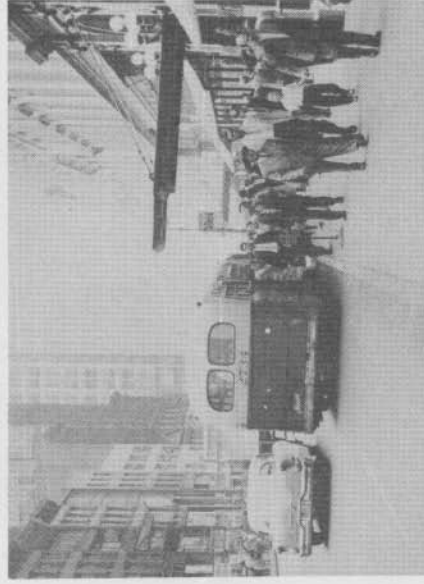
"Yes, it is," said Mommy.

The Little Girl felt so happy all over that she jumped up and down singing --

HERE COMES THE BUS



Here Comes The Bus! Here Comes The Bus



They stepped up to the bus and dropped their money into a fare box which tinkled when the change fell in. Then they found a seat near a window. They rode

UP the streets, and

DOWN the streets,

A-ROUND the corners, and

UP the hills, and

DOWN the hills.

Before long Mommy said, "Now you can reach way up and pull this cord. It buzzes to tell the Bus Driver we want to get out at the next stop."

The Little Girl pulled the cord and the bus stopped at their corner. They stepped off the bus and walked down the street to their own cozy home.

HOME AGAIN

LITTLING



Home A - gain — Home A - gain Hel-



lo lit - tle house, Tho' we like to go out if's so



nice to come home, Home to our own lit-tle house.

"Now we'll be ready for a nice, quiet rest," said Mommy.

So they put away their best clothes and got ready for their nice, quiet rest.

And the last thing that Little Girl said before she fell asleep was, "Mommy, when are we going downtown again!"

The End

Department Store and Bus photos
by Ed Badeaux.

THE SUPER MARKET STORY

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Helen Gene Purdy

Next door to the Little Girl who liked to shop downtown, there lived a Little Boy. He loved to go shopping, too, but his favorite store was the Super Market. Whenever his Mommy said they were going to the food store, he would wriggle and squiggle and jump for joy just thinking about it.

WE'RE GOING TO THE SUPER MARKET



We're go - ing to the



Su - per Mar - ket, Go - ing to the Su - per Mar - ket,



Su - per du - per Su - per Mar - ket.

"Not so fast!" his Mommy would say. "We can't go shopping without first making a shopping list. What shall we buy at the store today?"

"What SHALL we buy?" asked the Little Boy.

WHAT SHALL WE BUY AT THE STORE TODAY?



What shall we buy at the store to-day?
We will need lots of good fruit to eat,



store to - day, The store to-day? We'll make a list then be
Then some meat and for a treat We'll buy some corn that is



on our way to the Su - per Mar ket Store.
fresh and sweet at the Su - per Mar ket Store.

"Please. Mommy, can't we GO NOW?" said the Little Boy, hopping first on one foot, then the other.

"Yes," said Mommy. "You get out our shopping bag while I get our coats."

Soon they were on their way, singing as they walked:

WE'LL SOON BE AT THE STORE



We'll soon be at the store. The for
Where food is on the shelf.



Su - per Mar - ket Store!
You to help your - self.

Everything about the Super Market was exciting. They could smell all kinds of good smells. There were fresh coffee beans being ground up in a coffee grinding machine. Fresh bananas, too, smelled as good as they looked. The Little Boy sniffed balogna ... and cheese ... fishy smells ... and even sweet flower smells at the part of the store where they sold plants and flowers. It was fun just sniffing ... and snuffing ... trying to guess what each smell came from.

"Come on," said the Little Boy's mother. "You must stay near me because it's crowded. Besides, do you see this basket on wheels? I need my helper right here to push the basket and help to load it with the things on our list."

"Here I am," said the Little Boy. "May I have a ride on the seat behind the basket, too?"

"Of course you may," said Mother. "When the basket gets too heavy for you to push, then you can hop in for a sliding, gliding ride."



"Easy now," said Mommy, as they pushed along. "We must be careful not to bump into anybody else's basket".

Now Mommy was very busy, looking for the things on her list.

"I see the Lettuce and tomatoes over there, Mommy," said the Little Boy. "I'll put them in the basket for you."

"Thank you!" said Mommy. "While we're here, I'll take these apples and bananas to be weighed on the scale."

Next they wheeled the basket up and down the rows of canned foods.

"Let's see," said Mother, "I wonder where the canned peas are."

"Over there," said the Little Boy. "I can tell which ones are peas by looking at the pictures on the cans!"

"Why, so you can!" said Mother. "Maybe you would like to pick out all of the canned food on our list by looking at the pictures."

BASKET ON WHEELS



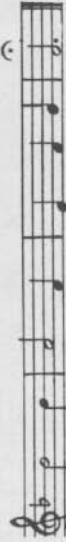
Gli - ding, sli - ding, Bas - ket on Wheels.
Chil - dren ride in Bas - ket on Wheels.



Push your gli - ding Bas - ket on Wheels.
Gli - ding sli - ding Bas - ket on Wheels.



Fill it up with food for good meals,
Bet - ter than our out - o - mo - biles



As you push your Bas - ket on Wheels.
are our rides in Bas - ket on Wheels.

LABEL SONG



You don't have to read if you know this trick. You can



tell by the LA-BELS Then take your pick just look at the pictures on



all the cans at the Su - per Mar - ket Store.

In no time at all, with such a fine helper,
the basket on wheels was so full that not another
can or box or bottle or jar or package would
fit inside without dropping.

They took their place in line to wait their turn at the cash register. The Little Boy didn't mind waiting at all. He liked to watch the cashier push the numbers on the register's keys to add up the bills. Every time she pushed the buttons, he watched a slip of paper jump a little farther out of the side of the cash register. Mommy told him that the paper showed how much people had to pay for each thing they bought. When everything was added up, the cashier pushed another button and the drawer popped open for her to change the money for the customers. Ding went the bell on the cash register! Jingle jangle went the coins! And rrrrip went the piece of paper with the bill as she tore it off and put it in with the packages.

CASH REGISTER SONG



Ding goes the reg-is-ter bell, The



drawer pops o - pen wide.



Jing-le jang-le goes tie mo-ney as it drops in-side

When it was their turn, the Little Boy watched as their groceries were packed in big paper bags.

UP UP DOWN DOWN

went the packer's arms, as he filled the bags. One bag was for the Little Boy to carry. He felt very grown-up as he held the door open for his Mommy when they left the store.

WE'RE CARRYING OUR BUNDLES



We're car-ry-ing our bun - dles



thru the o - pen door. We'll shop an-oth - er



day at the Su - per Mar - ket Store.

"Gee", said the Little Boy, as he helped to unpack the food, "I think Super Markets are simply super-duper, don't you?"