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The Laundry Story

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MOTHER:

One day Mommy said to her Little Girl, "Today is Laundry Day. We must put the clothes which are not clean in a bundle with our other laundry for the Laundry Man to take in his truck."

As the Little Girl helped Mommy change the beds, she asked:

LITTLE GIRL:

Where will he take the bundle of clothes? Will he bring it back?

MOTHER:

Of course, he will. But when it comes back, it will be all ready to use again. Let's write our laundry list next, so we will know everything that we send in our bundle.

SONG - CHECKING OUR LIST

Mother: -1.) We will count the sheets we
Little Girl: -2.) towels
Together: -3.) Shirts and dress Too
send to the laun - dry, Pill - ow case - s next, Let's
Write the num - ber down and
Put them in the bun - dle.
check them off the list.
check it off the list.
check them off the list.

MOTHER:

They piled all their laundry inside a laundry bag. Soon the doorbell rang. "That must be the Laundry Man," said Mommy. "Will you please open the door?"

LITTLE GIRL:

Yes, it is the Laundry Man. Hi!"

LAUNDRY MAN:

Hi, Little Girl! Do you have a bundle ready for me?

LITTLE GIRL:

Yes, we have it ready. Some of my clothes are in there. What will you do with them?

LAUNDRY MAN:

I will take your bundle to a building where great big laundry machines get everything clean and fresh. Then I'll bring it back to your house. Why don't you and your Mother come to visit our Laundry? Then you can see for yourselves what happens to your clothes.

LITTLE GIRL:

Oh, Mommy, please - may we go?

MOTHER:

We'll see. The very next day Mommy said to the Little Girl, "I have a surprise for you ... We're going to visit a Laundry."

LITTLE GIRL:

We are? Oh, Mommy, I can hardly wait!

MOTHER:

On their way the Little Girl was full of questions. She hardly had the answer to one before she asked another.

QUESTION AND ANSWER SONG

Little Girl:
1. What's a Laun - dry like in - side?
2. Who hangs clothes a - cross the line?
Will I see the clothes get dried?
Do they hang them, Rain or shine?
Mother:
All a - long the wall you'll see.
No one hangs them on a line.

Mother: (Spokes) after 2nd. Stanza
Repeat
Wash - ers wash - ing bus - i - ly. Now you tell me the answers
Dry - ers dry them, Rain or shine. and I'll ask you the questions.

Mother:



3.) What's a Laun - dry like in - side?
4.) Who hangs clothes a - cross the line?

Girl:



Will we see the clothes get dried?
Do they hang them, Rain or shine?



All a - long the wall you'll see
No one hangs them on the line.

Mother spoken



(3) Wash - ers wash - ing bus - i - ly. — "Good"
(4) Dry - ers dry them Rain or shine. — "That's right"

MOTHER:

That's right! ... Here we are ... And there's the Laundry Man waiting for us.

LAUNDRY MAN:

Why, hello there! I'm glad you decided to pay us a visit. Just follow me and I'll show you what happens inside the Laundry.

MOTHER:

Soon they were in the laundry room. The Little Girl wrinkled up her nose.

LITTLE GIRL:

What do I smell?

LAUNDRY MAN:

You smell soap and other things they use in the water to clean the clothes.

MOTHER:

The Little Girl looked and listened. She watched a lady pick things out of a bundle and hold them up to a machine.

LITTLE GIRL:

What's she doing?

LAUNDRY MAN:

She is putting a laundry mark on every piece in the bundle so that your laundry won't get mixed up with anybody else's.

LITTLE GIRL:

Does our laundry have a mark on it, too?


MOTHER:

Yes, it does ... Look over there. Can you guess what that worker is doing?

The Little Girl saw two carts side by side. In one went all the white pieces. In the other went the colored ones.

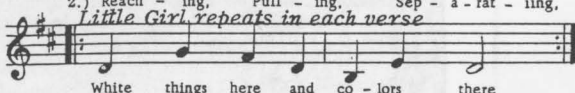
SORTING SONG

Mother



1.) See the work - er pile the laun - dry,
2.) Reach - ing, Pull - ing, Sep - a - rat - iing,

Little Girl repeats in each verse



White things here and co - lours there
Be - ing care - ful not to tear.

MOTHER:

The Little Girl knew all about sorting clothes.

LITTLE GIRL:

We do that at home, don't we, Mommy?

MOTHER:

You're right.

LITTLE GIRL:

We never mix my colored socks with my white ones.

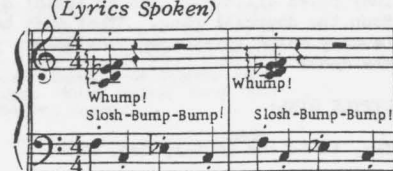
MOTHER:

Next they came to a wall lined with washers bigger than any they had ever seen. "Listen," said Mommy. "Soapy water makes clothes heavier, and they bump against the sides of the washer as they slosh around."

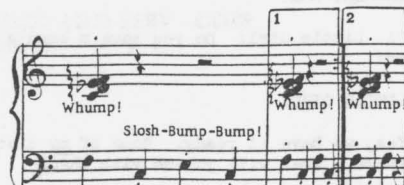
They listened and this is what they heard:

WASHER SONG

(Lyrics Spoken)



Whump! Whump!
Slosh-Bump-Bump! Slosh-Bump-Bump!



1. 2.
Whump! Whump! Whump!
Slosh-Bump-Bump!

LITTLE GIRL:

What happens to the clothes now?

LAUNDRY MAN:

They are put in extractor machines. As the extractor machines spin, they squeeze the water out. Come over here where you can watch.

LITTLE GIRL:

I wonder if our laundry is in there.

LAUNDRY MAN:

It could be. But some of it might be over there being dried in the tumbler.

MOTHER:

She watched the tumbler and listened to the song it sang.

TUMBLER SONG (very slowly)

Adagio

Whirl - ing, Whirl - ing, Twirl - ing, Twirl - ing,
Laun - dry's up - side down and swirl - ing,
Hot - air puff - ing, blow - ing, fluff - ing
rit. mo - tor's slow - ing down to stop.

Whirling, whirling, twirling, twirling,
Laundry's up-side-down and swirling,
Hot air puffing, blowing, fluffing,
Motor's slowing down to stop.

MOTHER:

Now they were ready to watch some rollers press some sheets. The Little Girl saw two ladies pick up a damp sheet, pull it straight out, and put it between long rollers. The rollers kept turning round and round and round and round, until the sheet was all gone. The Little Girl looked puzzled.

LITTLE GIRL:

Where did it go? Is that magic?

LAUNDRY MAN: (chuckling)

Not at all. Now, come around to the other side and you will see what happened to the sheet.

MOTHER:

They walked around to the other side of the sheet presser, and there were two more workers. The same sheet from the first side was coming through the rollers freshly pressed. The workers caught it as it came out and folded it neatly.

SHEET ROLLER SONG

Adagio

Pull out the sheet — Stretch — tight,
In - to the roll - ers it goes clean and white,
Out comes the sheet, — Smooth — tight,
Sheet roll - ers roll out the wrink - els just right!

MOTHER:

"See", said Mommy, "Now the sheet is ready to be wrapped and sent to somebody's home with the rest of their bundle." They walked down the aisles, past people pressing dresses and shirts.

LAUNDRY MAN:

Do you hear the sound of the shirt pressers? They will make your Daddy's shirts so crisp and white, they'll look like new.

MOTHER:

They passed more people folding finished things.

LITTLE GIRL:

Have we seen everything yet?

LAUNDRY MAN:

Not quite. Now all the clean laundry has to be gathered together in bundles and wrapped for delivery. The lady beside her is wrapping the packages.

WRAPPING SONG

Gaily

Wrap the laun-dry in the pa-per, Rust-ly, Rattl-y, Tear-y Pa-per,
Now the laun-dry's fresh and bright, Wrap it up and seal it tight!

Wrap the laun-dry in the pa-per, Rust-ly, Rattl-y, Tear-y pa-per,
Now the laun-dry's fresh and bright. Wrap it up and seal it tight!

MOTHER:

Wrap the laundry in the paper,
Rustle-y, rattle-y, tear-y paper,
Now the laundry's fresh and bright,
Wrap it up and seal it tight.

LITTLE GIRL:

Wrap the laundry in the paper,
Rustle-y, rattle-y, tear-y paper,
Now the laundry's fresh and bright,
Wrap it up and seal it tight.

LITTLE GIRL:

Now is the laundry ready to go home?

LAUNDRY MAN:

Yes. Now it is rolled in carts to a place near
the trucks. Your driver loads his truck with
the bundles for his customers, and he brings
yours back next laundry day.

MOTHER:

Thank you so much! My Little Girl and I certainly
learned many interesting things today.

LITTLE GIRL:

And I had fun, too!

LITTLE GIRL and MOTHER:

Good-bye!

LAUNDRY MAN:

Goodbye! See you next laundry day.

LAUNDRY SONG

1.) "Click - Click, Click - Click" said the mach-ine they
2.) Great big wash-ers all said "Whump"
use for mark-ing clothes, The
They were wash-ing clothes. 3.) The
press-ers made a hiss-ing sound when they took wrink-les
out — And when the peo-ple tried to talk a-
bove the noise, They'd shout, The
4.) Dry-ers dried, The
5.) It was read-ly
wrap-pers wrapped, The laun-dry soon was done. And
to go home, All clean for ev-'ry-one!

MOTHER:

"Click-click, click-click," said the machine
They use for marking clothes.
The great, big washers all said, "Whu-u-ump!"
As they were washing clothes.

The pressers made a hissing sound
As they took wrinkles out,
And when the people tried to talk
Above the noise, they'd shout.

MOTHER and LITTLE GIRL:

The dryers dried, the wrappers wrapped,
The laundry soon was done.
And it was ready to go home,
All clean for everyone.

LITTLE GIRL: (thoughtfully)

Mommy, you know, machines and people work very
hard to get our laundry clean!

THE END

The Bakery Story

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MOTHER:

Once there was a Little Boy who liked good things to eat. He liked meat - and vegetables and cereals. He liked rosy apples, purple plums, and yummy, yellow peaches. Even more than these, he liked ice cream and candy and pies and cake - ESPECIALLY cake! One day he and his Mommy were out shopping. They stopped in front of a Bakery window to see all of the good things.

LITTLE BOY:

Oh, Mommy! Look at that cake! It has sugar flowers on it. And there's a chocolate one that looks like a train! -- Will you buy me one like that?

MOTHER:

"Not today," they are for birthdays and other special days. But we can go in and look - If you promise not to touch anything and not to ask for everything you see."

LITTLE BOY:

I promise.

BAKERY SONG

Little Boy: — We'll look in the Ba - ker - y. The
 Mother: — We'll look in the Ba - ker - y. The
 Cak - er y - Ba - ker - y. We'll look in the
 Cak - er y - Ba - ker - y. We'll look in the
 Ba - ker - y. But won't touch a thing!
 Ba - ker - y. Won't ask for a thing!

MOTHER:

The inside of the Bakery smelled delicious! They looked at trays of bread - pure white bread, crusty rye bread, nut sweet whole wheat loaves, crispy rolls, and soft hamburger buns. They saw doughnuts and strawberry short-cake, and sweet buns and pies. But when the Little Boy saw the cup cakes, he liked them best of all! He didn't exactly come out and ask for them - he only looked hungrily at them, making sure his Mommy could see him and hear him talking softly to himself:

LITTLE BOY:

CUP CAKE SONG

1.) Yum - my, Yum - my cup cakes, look - ing at me,
 2.) Choc - late, pink or white cakes, it's plain to see,
 In my tum - my, cup - cakes is where you should be!
 In my tum - my, cup - cakes is where you should be!

MOTHER:

"I know what you're thinking". "And I'm proud of you for trying to remember your promise not to ask for everything you see. If you like, we can take some cup cakes home for dessert, and you may choose them all by yourself!"

LITTLE BOY:

Oh, boy! I'll take that - and that - and-that-and-that-and-that.

MOTHER:

"We'll take some of each".

LITTLE BOY:

Where does the store get all these good things?

MOTHER:

They make them here in the Bakery behind the store. Maybe they'll let us watch them work. I'll ask.

MOTHER:

Mommy spoke to the Lady in the store, and she told her she was sure the Baker would be glad to show them the inside of the Bakery. As they stepped inside, he came to meet them.

BAKER:

Come in, come in! But be careful not to get too near the machinery.

LITTLE BOY:

We'll be careful.

MOTHER:

At the very beginning the Little Boy was surprised at what he saw.

LITTLE BOY:

Look, everything is white!

EVERYTHING IS WHITE

Walls are white, Peo- ple dress in white,
Su- gar's white, Ev- 'ry- thing is white!

MOTHER:

Mmmm - did you ever smell so many good smells?
Look at those luscious red strawberries. They
must be getting ready to make some more short-cake.

LITTLE BOY:

What are all these machines?

MOTHER:

When a baker makes things, he uses tools just
like we use in our kitchen at home. But a
baker has to bake many, many things at one
time, so he needs great big tools.

SO MUCH - SO BIG

1.) So much - so big, where-
2.) There's so much dough, for
ev- er we look, The things which they cook with and
so man- y cakes and all of the things which the-
things they cook! Ba- ker bakes!

LITTLE BOY: (Excitedly)

Look, Mommy! Look at that machine spilling dough!
Why is it doing that?

MOTHER:

He was watching the front of a machine open up
and drop a whole lot of spongy dough into a long
tub.

BAKER:

That's a mixer. It has just mixed flour and water
and yeast together for many loaves of bread.
Then the dough spills into a tub called a trough,*
where it stays to rise.

LITTLE BOY:

What does RISE mean?

MOTHER:

It will grow bigger and higher and bubbly from yeast.

* Pronounced trō

DOUGH RISING SONG

Yeast makes dough high-er high-er, Bub-bles up,
Rise- s high-er, while it is rest-ing Yeast makes it grow.

LITTLE BOY:

Is it ready to be bread yet?

BAKER:

Over here is a machine which makes the big blobs
of dough into smaller ones and rounds them into
balls. Watch!

MOTHER:

The Little Boy and Mommy followed the Baker to
another machine. It was spinning balls of dough
around and around on it, until it had them just
the right size. Then they were carried away up
over everybody's heads to another machine. Now
the Little Boy was curious.

LITTLE BOY:

Why do the dough balls take a ride on that machine?

BAKER:

That's called a belt. It works something like an
escalator. The belt carries the dough up to that
machine on the ceiling. It is called a proofer.
Inside the proofer, where it is nice and warm,
the yeast grows and makes the dough get bigger
and bubbly again.

PROOFER SONG

Balls of dough go ri- ding, ri- ding, Belt takes them a-bove our heads to
rise and rest, then rise un- til they're rea- dy to be bread

LITTLE BOY:

What happens next?

BAKER:

After they leave the proofer, the dough balls
go through another machine. It pats them and
rolls them into shapes of loaves of bread.

LITTLE BOY:

NOW is it ready to be baked?

BAKER:

One more rest so it can rise again, and then it is ready. That's the oven. See? He's pushing a button to open it so he can put the pans of dough inside.

LITTLE BOY:

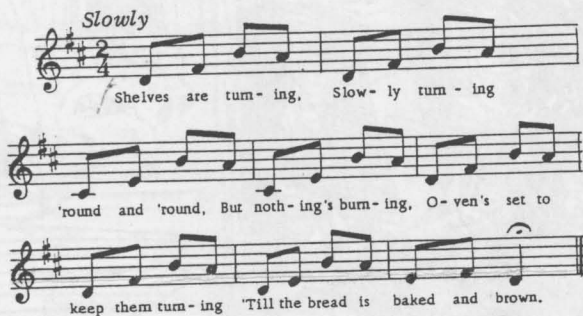
Mommy, all these good smells are making me hungry!

MOTHER:

They make me hungry, too! Let's see what's inside the oven. They could see shelves lined with pans and more pans of baking bread. The shelves were turning ever so slowly. 'Round - and a-r-o-u-n-d they went, like a ver-r-r-y sl-l-l-ow steady-y fer-ris wheel.

OVEN SONG

Slowly



Shelves are turn-ing, Slow-ly turn-ing
'round and 'round, Bur noth-ing's burn-ing, O-ven's set to
keep them turn-ing 'Till the bread is baked and brown.

LITTLE BOY:

I thought the bread was sliced.

BAKER:

Yes, there is a slicing machine. After the bread is cooled, some kinds are sliced in it nice and evenly, and are then wrapped to keep them fresh. But some people like to buy their bread unsliced, so not all of it goes through the slicer.

MOTHER:

Now the Little Boy thought about the cakes he had seen in the Bakery window.

LITTLE BOY:

Will we see the cakes next?

MOTHER:

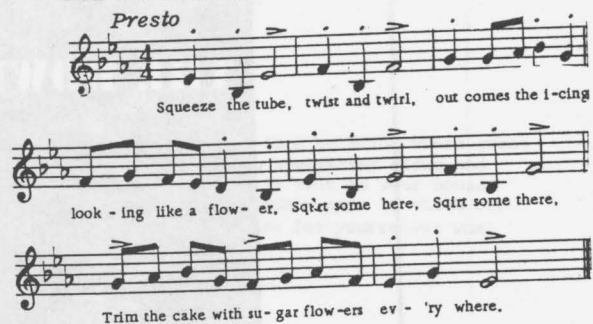
I guess we'll have time for a quick look. The Little Boy's eyes were wide with wonder. At a table nearby workers were icing fancy cakes. There was one with a real doll in the top. Her skirt was made of cake with ruffles of green icing and pink sugar rosebuds. Near the doll cake was a larger one with white icing. There were layers and layers of the cake. A man was busily turning and twisting tubes filled with the icing. He would squeeze and twist, and the icing from the tubes came out as roses and leaves and bells to put all around for decoration.

BAKER:

That's a wedding cake. See how fast the man makes the flowers? He knows just how to twist and turn and squirt the tubes, and out comes a sugar flower garden.

CAKE DECORATING SONG

Presto



Squeeze the tube, twist and twirl, out comes the i-cing
look-ing like a flow-er, Sqirt some here, Sqirt some there,
Trim the cake with su-gar flow-ers ev-'ry where.

MOTHER:

My, this was an interesting trip! We've seen so much!

BAKER:

Yes, you have, and I was more than happy to show it to you ... but did you know, Little Boy, that people work in bakeries day AND night in order to make the many different kinds of things people like?

LITTLE BOY:

They do? When do they sleep?

BAKER:

Different workers work different times, so that everybody has a chance to rest and play.

LITTLE BOY:

Thank you, Mr. Bakery-Man. I had a good time.

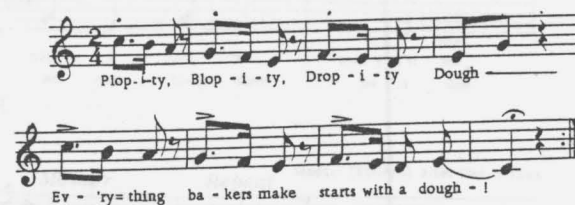
BAKER:

You're welcome, Little Boy. Good-bye.

LITTLE BOY:

Good-bye!

DOUGH SONG

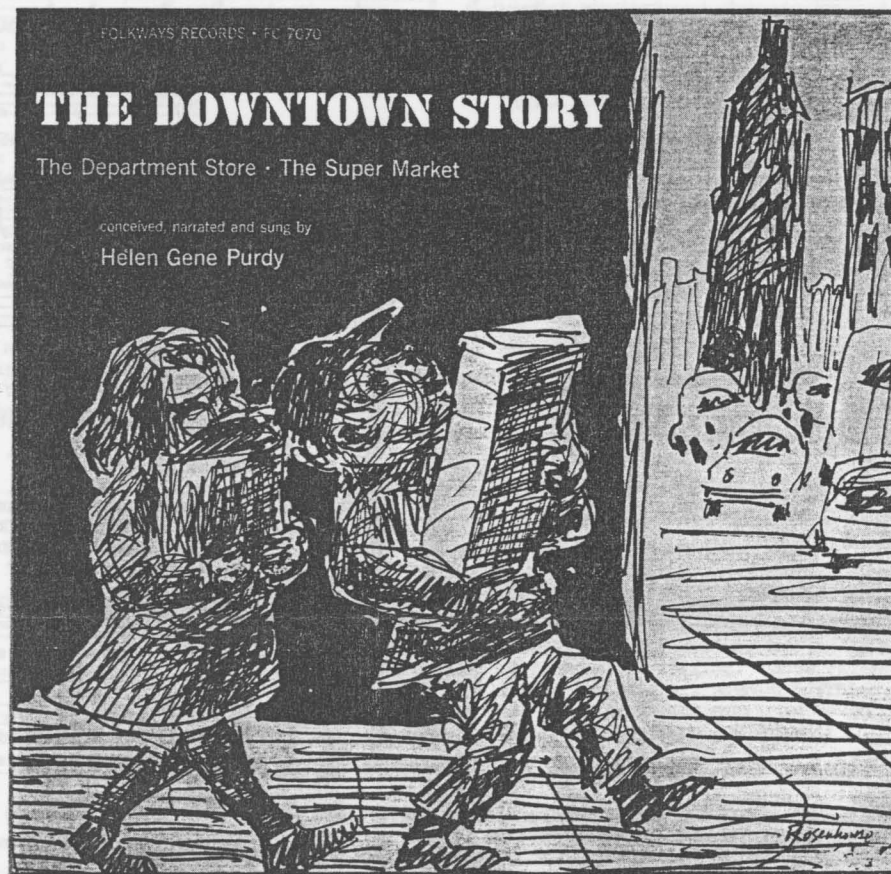


Plop-l-ty, Blop-i-ty, Drop-i-ty Dough
Ev-'ry=thing ba-kers make starts with a dough -!

LITTLE BOY:

Gee whiz! So many good things - and they all start out being plopty dough!

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