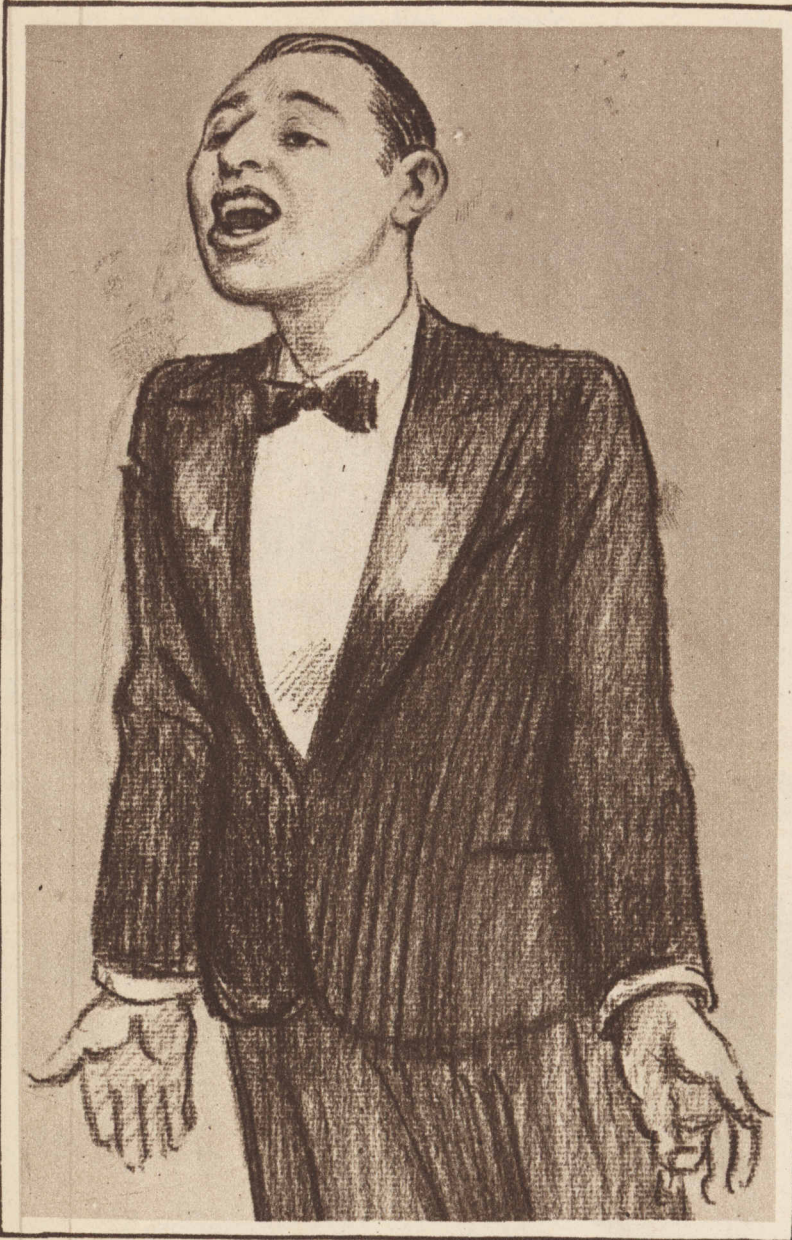


# The Mammy Song

By W. E. Hill

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The Old South. There's a touch of the old pre-war days down in Dixie when Louie Ginsberger warbles about the little cabin down Georgia way and the old Mammy waiting in the door. Shut your eyes and you can almost hear the corn pones and the 'possums making whoopee on the plantation.



The Harlem Blues. Bessie, the hot streak of jazztime, is doing her big number, "I Want to Go Back to My Hot Harlem Mammy," in the brownskin revue, "Jamborees of 1929."



The Sob Film. Minnie and Lena have been to a swell film, all about a Mammy singer who had to sing his stuff even though his own Mammy was being sent to the penitentiary that very day, having committed arson. O, it was so sad, him saying good-by to his ma with the tears streaming down his face just before he had to go on the stage to sing "Mammy." Minnie and Lena have cried and cried, but they will be all right by the time they get home. And when their mother asks them where they've been and who they've been with, they will say, "O, shut up, ma; you ask too many questions."



The old time quartet. Meet the Dublin singers, who will now sing "An' Will Ye Tell Yer Mither O'er Much, Maggie Mine?" an Irish Mammy song very popular in the days of Shamus the Powerful and the Banshees.

Not all the Mammy songs are in vaudeville. Even grand opera has a few hidden away in the scores. Here's a scene from Carmen, with Micaela singing to Don Jose about his mother, and making him feel pretty bad, too.



The Disease. Eva Evans Pursey is what they call a disease. She does Sunday evening recitals of folk songs culled from the wilds of North and South Carolina and part of West Virginia. While not the kind of songs Mr. Jolson would care to try out, they are all about pickaninnies, cotton fields, bayous, and Mammy "croonin' sof' an' low," so they come under the head of Mammy songs.



In the home circle. Many persons can only do real justice to all the nuances of a Mammy song in a nice hot bath, which is the real home of American folk songs, some say.



Mother India. Mme. Yehooma Baboo will give a whole program of Hindoo folk music and think nothing of it. She has no jazz band, not even a baby grand as accompaniment for her Hindoo Mammy songs—only her claymoo, a long elongated mandolin with only one string. Mammy songs are very gruesome in India. Before starting a song Madame Yehooma will explain a little. "Next," she will say, "I will sing you a little tale of a child who asks his mother to sing him to sleep. She rebukes him, saying, 'Is it, my lotus bud, that thou wouldst acquire fixity of purpose according to the Yoga? Hearken then.'"

