

THE JAMBOREE MARCH

Dedicated to the Chief Scout

Composed by HERMAN DAREWSKI

TRIO.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music begins with a piano (*mf*) dynamic marking. The melody in the upper staff features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line provides a steady accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

The second system continues the musical piece. The upper staff maintains the melodic line with various rhythmic patterns, and the lower staff continues the accompaniment. The dynamics remain consistent with the first system.

The third system shows further development of the musical themes. The upper staff includes some triplet-like figures, and the lower staff continues with a consistent rhythmic accompaniment.

The fourth system continues the progression. The upper staff features a more active melodic line with sixteenth notes, and the lower staff provides a solid harmonic base.

The fifth system includes a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking. The music becomes more intense, with the upper staff featuring a more complex melodic line and the lower staff providing a powerful accompaniment.

The sixth system concludes the piece. It features a final flourish in the upper staff and a sustained accompaniment in the lower staff. The piece ends with a *ff* dynamic and the instruction "D.C. al fine." (Da Capo al fine).

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HOW I COMPOSED THE JAMBOREE MARCH

By HERMAN DAREWSKI

I HAVE had some busy days in my life, but I think that there is one day that I shall place on record as *the* most busy.

I shall keep it as a yearly festival, and call it "Jamboree Day."

Now, on the opposite page you have a copy of a march. It is called the "Jamboree," and you will play it over or have it played over, and little think of the record that lies behind it—that is, of course, if you haven't read this article.

Now I am going to tell you all how "Jamboree" came into being.

I was seated in my office one day, and, curiously enough, I was pondering over the meaning of "Jamboree."

As I am not a Scout, and as in my young days the movement had not been initiated, my ignorance can be forgiven, can it not?

Well, there I was, anyway, wondering what the word meant, and thinking how fascinating

it sounded, when suddenly there came an urgent messenger to tell me that someone wanted to see me. My visitor was connected

with the Boy Scout movement. Of course, I gave instructions that my caller was to come in at once, and come in he did. And he told me, in that convincing Scout manner that breathes of alertness and speed, that they wanted a Jamboree March for Olympia.

"That sounds all right," said I. "But the Jamboree opens to-morrow."

I looked at my watch.

"There isn't much time," I said.

But at that moment I had a vision of the great trek to Olympia from the far-flung corners of the world. I thought of all the lands that had sent their younger sons to join

in the big pow-wow. I heard the howl of the wolf cubs, and I made my decision at once.

"You shall have the march, and I won't spare any pains to have it done in time," I said.



Mr. Herman Darewski, the famous composer.

I didn't. It is not easy to get a theme for a march at a moment's notice, I can tell you, but I set my wits to work, and at last the motif came to me.

I ventured to think that it was ideal for the subject, so I scored it down, and told everyone to stand by to push the march through. The composing part was finished, but the mechanical side, the printing and engraving of it, was going to be the test.

Everyone entered into the spirit of the thing. For that matter they might have all been Scouts, for they worked hard, and they removed obstacles that seemed mountainous as though these obstacles were of the most trivial nature. The engravers worked a miracle. The cover design was done, and the block made in an extraordinarily short space of time.

It had been orchestrated, and soon along came the proofs, which were corrected immediately; then it was re-engraved and finally printed. And how long do you think the whole thing took?

I venture to think that even Scouts will be astonished at the record that was set up.

The "Jamboree Quick March" was entirely finished in twelve hours, and the biggest record for quick music printing set up.

I had commenced the work in the afternoon, and at noon next day it was being played and on sale at Olympia.

If you play it over, and think of these things, you will realise that it was no easy matter; but I am exceedingly glad to have had such a good opportunity of proving myself a good Scout. I have dedicated this piece of music to the Chief Scout, and I have been most exceedingly pleased to hear from a great many quarters that the "Jamboree" has already become so very, very popular that soon its air will be heard in all quarters of the globe where the Scout movement exists.

It will be a march that will remind all boys of the big brotherhood of Scoutdom, and remind them also of the fine and firm friendships they made when they all rallied together and in their mighty numbers formed the first Scout Jamboree.

Herman Sawicki

GREYFRIARS LANDMARKS



THE PORTER'S LODGE

Within his cosy little hut
Sits Gosling, not on duty;
Our famous porter is—'tut! 'tut!
A type of manly beauty.
What matters if his rugged face
Is just a trifle mottled?
He's happy, for his eye can trace
Some spirits, newly bottled!

A thing of beauty Gossy is,
Likewise a joy for ever!
Note the expression on his phiz:
"Are we downhearted? Never!"
The Christmas vac. will soon appear,
And while he smacks his lips, he
Hopes fondly that the fellows here
Will "tip" him till he's "tipsy!"

Before the skylark starts to spout,
Old Gossy's up and doing;
And when the rising-bell rings out,
We know there's trouble brewing!
But every youthful slacker thinks,
As soon as day commences,
He'll take another forty winks,
And blow the consequences!

You ought to see how Gossy works,
He does it like a nigger!
When snow upon his doorstep lurks,
He sweeps it off with vigour.
At lifting weights he's lord of all,
He'd tackle mighty boulders!
And when we're punished in Big Hall,
He takes us on his shoulders.

Then, when the weary day is o'er,
Within his lodge you'll find him;
He loves to sit alone and snore,
With cushions piled behind him.
Rheumatics haunt him—it's a shame,
And he is old and mossy;
But Greyfriars wouldn't be the same
Without our dear old Gossy!