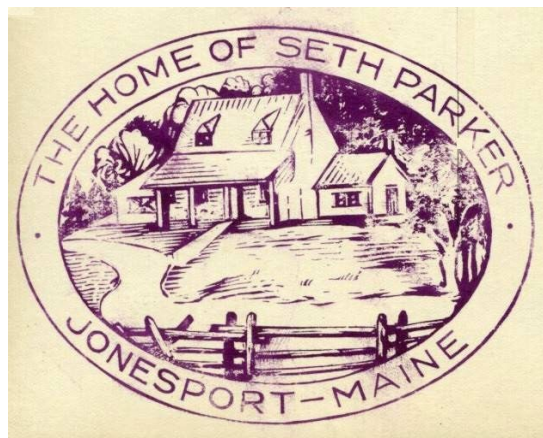


APPENDIX A – TRANSCRIPTION OF “THE CRUISE OF THE SETH PARKER,”  
BROADCAST ON APRIL 29, 1934, WHILE EN ROUTE TO HAITI

RECORDING COURTESY OF RADIOGOLDINDEX.COM,  
RECORDING #71379



[00:05] **Mr. Marvin, announcer:** . . . with Mother Parker in her comfortable sitting rooms, where they used to meet every Sunday night with Seth Parker and sing the old hymns. But Seth himself is sailing around the world on the four-masted schooner bearing his name, and for some time his millions of radio friends have missed these Sunday night gatherings. In response to the continuous requests that Seth Parker and his neighbors be returned to the air, the National Broadcasting Company has arranged to bring you tonight not only the familiar voices of the Jonesport neighbors, but

to connect you by shortwave radio with your beloved Seth Parker himself as he sails through the southern sea. Last Sunday night you heard Seth’s voice coming back hundreds of miles to his Jonesport friends. Now we take you once more to the little white cottage with the neighbors awaiting for the signal that will connect them with Seth Parker’s ship.

[00:52] *Animated conversation among the neighbors, who are “on pins and needles” about talking to Seth Parker;* **Mother Parker:** “Mr. Marvin is still working with the wires and the things there and he’ll let us know just as soon as he’s ready”; *group sings* “Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me”. *More brief conversation.* **Woman:** “It’s takin’ an awful long time gettin’ them radio controls fixed.” **Man:** “Where is Mr. Parker now?” **Mother Parker:** “Why, um, he’s on his way to Hai-tie.” **Man:** “Hate who?” **Mother Parker:** “Haiti.” **Man:** “Hate I, hate you, hate he, why don’t you make up your mind.”

04:23 **Mr. Marvin:** It’s nearly time for us to connect with Mr. Parker, folks. [*excited conversation*]. **Woman:** “Mr. Marvin, I still just can’t believe it’s true.” *More conversation.*

04:41 **Mother Parker:** “Mr. Marvin, are you sure we’ll hear Seth tonight?”

04:45 **Mr. Marvin:** “Well, at the studios, we’ve been able to get him about every night for two months [**Mother Parker:** Oh], sometimes clear as a bell, and usually much better than last week. [**Mother Parker:** That’s good]. In fact, we have luck four times . . . . You see, he’s a long way off, sailing on the open sea, and those thousands of miles that intervene, there may be some electrical disturbances we don’t count on. Shortwave has to go through it and get “all wet,” as you might say.” [**Man:** “Why don’t you give it an umbrella?” (laughter)] In short, weather conditions naturally

affect shortwave reception, since in a thousand miles there is more chance of varying weather than in fifty. [**Woman:** “Why I do hope it’s good.”] It was last night. The chances are pretty good we’ll pick him up tonight.” [**Jane:** “Oh, I hope so, Mr. Marvin.”] Of course you do, Miss Jane. But remember that Mr. Parker will be hearing you anyway, and that’s pretty good, isn’t it. [**Woman:** “It seems just like a miracle.”] **Another woman:** “It shows what a smart man Mr. Marvin is.” The radio engineers were in touch with the ship today. They report the tests all this week have been very clear. Well now, just remember to sing and speak right into the microphone, just as you did . . . . All right, get ready.” [**Mother Parker:** “Folks, let’s make this just as much like our Sunday night githerins as we possibly can. Seth’ll love it.”] Are you ready? [**Various:** “Yes, yes, we’re ready.”] Stand by.

[06:10] **Mother Parker:** Seth, we’re, we’re gonna sing for ya, “Gathering With the Lord Today.” *Then singing, followed by conversation among the neighbors, describing the scene. Mother Parker reminds Seth to write her a postcard every day and mail them when he gets to port; she and a neighbor report on the status of the garden.*

[08:15] *Duet, “Saved by Grace,” sung by Jane and John.*

[09:54] *Conversation about the last song, and about Lizzie speed reciting the Books of the Bible.*

[11:31] *Lizzie speed recites the Books of the Bible.*

[11:48] *Conversation about Lizzie’s performance.*

[12:13] **Man:** Hey, Seth. I’d like to get a word in edgewise over these women folks. Ya know, there ain’t been a day I look out to sea I don’t wish I decided to go along with ye, sailin’ together like we used to when we was boys. I can remember how you used to dream of someday sailin’ your own ship around the world. Well, Seth, it’s come true.

[12:43] **Mother Parker:** . . . , why don’t ya sing “Duna” for Seth. **Man:** Thank you, mother Parker, I’d like to. [*Then he sings “The Little Streams of Duna.”*]

[15:49] **Mother Parker:** Seth, it’s almost time to, to hear your voice, and, and I just want to speak to you again for a minute, before we go on with our githerin. My, it was so wonderful to hear you last week. I’ll never stop bein’ thankful that you can be so close to us, even while you’re so far away. Oh, uh, Seth, I didn’t get all you said about other people’s business book, but I did as much remindin’ as I understood, but maybe you could tell me some more over the radio tonight or next time. [Clear’s throat]. And Seth, take good care of yourself down in them tropics. Don’t let that hot weather fool ya. And if you get to sneezin’, just make yourself a mustard plaster right off, same as I told ya about before you left. And now, uh, well, and now we’ll do another tune for ya, until Mr. Marvin says that, that we’re going to hear you.

[16:55] [*The group sings “Rock of Ages.”*]

[18:07] **Mr. Marvin:** All right. Here's Mr. Parker. Quiet everybody, we've got the ship. We're going to hear Seth's voice.

[18:16] **Seth Parker:** It don't seem possible that I just heard the voices of you folks way back home. Here I be, hundreds of miles away, due south, way down here in the Indies, on an old sailing vessel, and right . . . Oh my, . . . my, my, my, my . . . folks I've got to tell you what they've been doin' . . . Saturday night, we was a sailin', all . . . and just as the sun was goin' down I seen way over to port a little island. And it looked untouched . . . Just a little speck. So I says let's sail over . . . put into port. And three hours later, we dropped anchor in about 40 . . . , and the water was so clear, with the moon shinin' on down to it, that we could see the anchor on the bottom, just as clear like there was no water under us 'tall. Down on the bottom we could see a shark, sniffin' . . . was extraordinary. [*Brief laughter*].

[19:40] Well ma, this, this mornin' I, I put on my rubbers and I took my umbrelly cause it looked a little squally, and I went ashore with some of the boys. Well . . . they was all out to meet us, friendly like, . . . singin', . . . a nice old town, houses like that, they was mostly made of stone. Well . . . you can dig down about ten feet to get soft stone . . . saw . . . saw the stone into blocks, see, and you build your hut. And the soft stone gets baked by the sun, and you carve it nice, yessir. Well, that's what we found. . . old ruin . . .

[20:38] . . . [T]hey don't make 'em any nicer. They's awful nice folks, just as neighbor like's could be. [**Voices:** "That's nice."] Well, they took us in tow. And—they speak English, some of 'em—we went out, and pretty soon about 40 billions of flannel, uh, mingos, um, you know, um, "flamingo," oh, there was, there was more than enough of 'em, pink ones, and they, and they crow, and they done all such things. And I'll be switched if we didn't get amongst a mess of wild donkeys . . . they grow wild right here on the island. Sometimes . . . will trap a couple and break 'em in and ride 'em. But can ya beat it, ma, me in the middle of a group of wild donkeys, and I never felt so much to home. [*light studio laughter*, "Oh Seth."]

[21:51] But that ain't all. The island is covered with wild horses. And they're, they're, they're wilder than any colt I ever had to break in. You know, and I, I told 'em if they could catch me one of them wild horses, and bring 'em down to the shore, I'd take 'em in the water and show 'em how to ride him. [*light studio laughter*]. And the old rascals took me up, and they're trying to trap one tonight. I only hope they don't get him 'cause I was only, only playin' when I said it. [*light studio laughter*]. But if they catch him, I, I got to go, go with, with my side of the bargain. [*light studio laughter*; **Mother Parker:** ". . . good time."]

[22:34] Now—I can . . . ya ma, bless your heart— . . . have been good enough to come out to the port, we're . . . em' with a little . . . ice, which some of 'em have never tasted before and now they're crazy for it. Yeah. And, and they're gonna do a little tune for ya. The land only knows what it's about. [*light studio laughter*]. But I'll tell ya, that down here under the tropical moon, it's awful . . . and it's some kind of a religious piece. Now, just a moment.

[23:11] *[Parker talking to locals. Seth Parker: Can You hear em, ma? Ma: Yes, we can hear it. [local instrumental music]. Seth Parker: Hear that . . . ? [more music]. Seth Parker: Think ya . . . wanna write 'em down. [more music, people singing along.]*

[25:00] **Seth Parker:** *[brief talk and laughter].* Oh, folks, you could just see 'em . . . a playin', and just like the pictures the Sunday full weekly scholars missionary society used to put in their biannual, you know? Oh, ma, just think about talking back and forth and me way down here further off to nowhere. Bless your heart. Bless all of us. **[Ma: Seth.]** And you know, instead of saying good bye . . . , ma, I'm gonna sing our song, the one we've always sung together, knowin' we've got some things that you couldn't quite put into words. Now I'll sing the first part . . . plays it, and, and, and when . . . the chorus . . . a couple of thousand miles away, join andw sing along with me **[Ma: Yes]**, and while you're singin', ma **[Ma: All right]**, ma, make believe that I'm right there with you, standin' in back of you, with my hand on your shoulder.

[26:14] *[Seth Parker singing "Silver Threads Among the Gold." At 27:12, Parker says "Ma, thank you," and then ma joins Seth in the singing.]*

[28:17] **Ma:** . . . God be with you till we meet again. And I'm sure Seth'll be singin' with us, even though we can't hear him.

[28:28] *[Group sings "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" briefly.]*

[29:14] **Mr. Marvin:** And so we close another Sunday evening at Seth Parker's. Though Seth is far away he has been able to talk to the neighbors of Jonesport through the miracle of radio. And as he reaches the far ports of the world, teeming with the interest of strange customs and people, who knows but what he may soon be talking to us again. Good luck to you, Seth. I'm sure all your friends join with me tonight in wishing you Godspeed.

[29:35] This program was presented by the National Broadcasting Company, RCA Building, Radio City.

