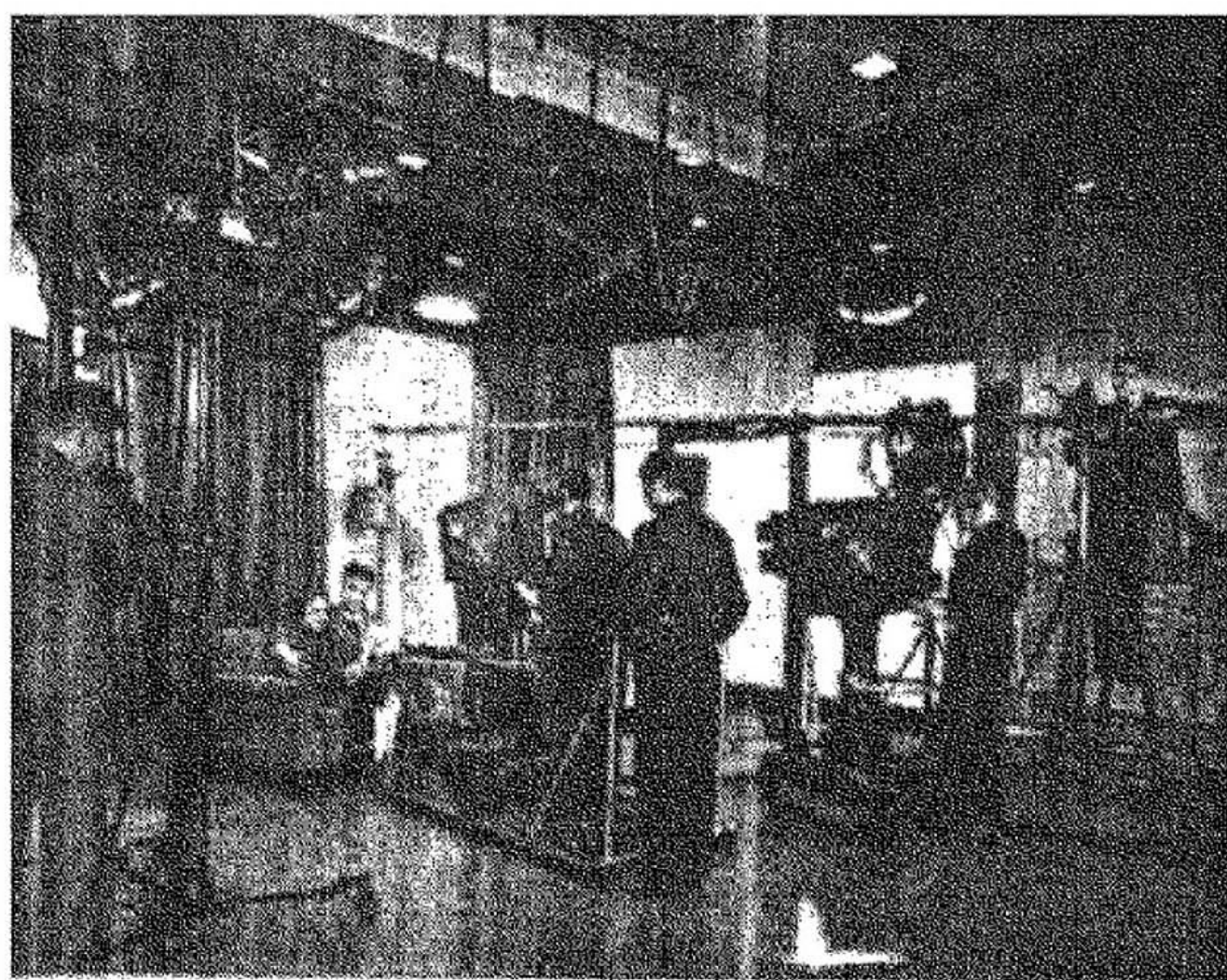


I'm In New York

by Jessie Wiley Voils of Kansas



Broadcasting for sight

RECENTLY, the Radio Corporation of America gave a party. It began in the Rainbow Grill on the 65th floor with a buffet luncheon. It ended on the 62nd floor of the R.C.A. Building with a miracle!

Picture a room 20x150 feet where 15 mysterious new machines stood in a row. (At first glance they reminded me of old-type Victrolas left with lifted lids—but these lids are mirror-lined!) Some 200 magazine and newspaper writers entered the room and took chairs before the machines. In the semi-darkness we sat in tense silence waiting to see the premier demonstration of television.

Television! What would it be like? I remembered how miraculous the first radios seemed. And yet the idea of being able to receive sounds over the air is understandable. As schoolchildren we were all taught that sound travels about 1200 feet a second. When there's a knock at the door, we hear the knock. Yet we cannot see the visitor. But television is like seeing the visitor through the door.

Suddenly, as we sat in the dark, there in the lid of the wonder machine appeared the small but clear image of Betty Goodwin, television announcer, sent out on the air from the Empire State Building dome. Over the intervening skyscrapers it had found its way, penetrating the thick concrete and steel walls of the R. C. A. Building. (To be truthful, I can scarcely believe what I'm writing.) Miss Goodwin introduced David Sarnoff, president of R.C.A., and from the 7½x10-inch screen he bowed and smiled and started speaking. To save my life, I couldn't keep my mind on what he was saying, for I kept thinking: "Now, there's nobody running a movie projector in this room!" Such thoughts stayed with me through the entire forty-minute program. I couldn't realize that I was *seeing* dancers at the instant they were performing on a stage not in the room.

When the lights went on I glanced down at my notebook. Only four words were written there: "What next! What next!" And I can't remember writing those! That question is still with me! Will some of us by 1937 get television sets in our Christmas stockings? Radio engineers say it is possible. That is, such of us who have a Santa not averse to spending around \$300!

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