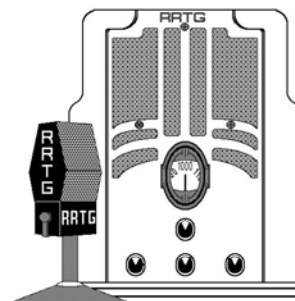


# OFF-THE-AIR



Dick Goetzman, Editor

It's time to squelch the mikes and turn off the ON-THE-AIR sign.

## AFTER 22 MOST WONDERFUL YEARS, THANK YOU, AND FOND FAREWELL!

***"Failure is never fatal and success is never final."***

It was early 1988 when I read in the paper that auditions were being held at the KNXR studios in the downtown Holiday Inn for an old-time radio show that the Civic Theatre was producing as a fundraiser to be broadcast live on KNXR in April.

I thought, "Wow! That sounds like fun!" I had tons of experience in the theatre—acting, directing, teaching—and had always loved old-time radio while growing up in its hey-day. This seemed like the perfect match.

I arrived at KNXR along with a herd of others who must have thought as I did—all eager to get a part in the show. I met a very friendly, talkative guy in line there—Bob Ruble by name—and we had a great time chatting about old-time radio (the characters, the shows, the fun times we had listening) and became instant friends.

Much to our mutual elation, we got parts in the show and quickly became friends with the guy who put it all together, Craig Peterson. KNXR and the Civic Theatre decided to do a second show two months later and the three of us were involved in that show also. We had so much fun that we decided to form our own little radio theatre troupe to continue doing shows.

We begged and borrowed what little equipment we could and jumped in the deep end with our endeavor. I came up with the name Rochester Radio Theatre Guild based on the traveling entertainment guilds of the Renaissance period and we were on our way. Show after show, we struggled our way to breaking even at the box office and eventually began making a little money, especially when we garnered a few corporate sponsors. Every penny we made we poured back into better and better audio equipment—mixers, speakers, microphones, etc.

About nine years later, Craig had to leave the group due to health concerns but Bob and I kept things going because we still enjoyed producing and directing the shows. As RRTG's reputation grew, so did our audiences and we had to keep changing our venue in search of greater seating capacity. In May of 2003, we landed at the Assembly of God Church which turned out to be the perfect "studio" for us—plenty of seating, a large "stage," and a great sound system and acoustics. We were able (thanks to profits at the box office and the generosity of our fans) to add some very sophisticated sound equipment—studio mikes, a great master mixer, sub-mixer, etc. We have since enjoyed seven great, productive years with the gracious people at Rochester Assembly—let me particularly thank Sherry, Mike, and Pastor Ernie for their most helpful and cooperative attitude in putting up with our wild and free spirits.

Now approaching my 73rd birthday, I realize we had put in 22 wonderful and rewarding years replicating old-time radio with dedication and with what I sincerely hope will be seen as true professional-level entertainment filled with nostalgia, laughter, drama, and great music. I also knew I was ready to pack up the mikes and get on with enjoying others things I wanted to do with my retirement days.

Bob and I talked long and seriously with heartfelt concerns about all the ramifications of disbanding our Rochester Radio Theatre Guild. While it is with a great deal of sadness that we say goodbye to those 22 years, it is with also great pride that we look back over those "golden" years of *Fibber McGee and Molly*, *The Whistler*, *Stage Door Canteen*, *Suspense*, *Stan Freberg*, *Allen's Alley*, *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*, and many countless others. We did consciously strive for authenticity and excellence and, judging from the ovations of our audiences, we believe we achieved both of those goals. Your loyal support over these years and your faithful attendance should be the only testament we need to remind us of what we accomplished.

I cannot adequately express my deepest and sincerest thanks to all the wonderfully talented Guild members who graced our stages over the years. I am going to miss the give and take dialogue at rehearsals as we laughed while we worked. What a blessing to have been associated so long with such a great group of people. I hope to continue to enjoy their friendship and camaraderie. I know that their entertaining, high-energy performances will delightfully fill my heart and my reverie forever.

And I must certainly thank all of you, our audiences, who gave us your undivided and continued attention for a good two hours at each performance and allowed us to bask in the excitement of our moments on the mikes. We never could have accomplished what we did without your steadfast appreciation and accolades. Thank you ALL for a great ride! And . . . may God bless!



Dick Goetzman,  
Producer/Director/Actor

***"Never take a laxative and a sleeping pill at the same time!"***

***"Life is too serious to be taken seriously!"***

***"Remember: the day after tomorrow is the third day of the rest of your life!"***

—Dick Goetzman

# A FAREWELL NOTE FROM RRTG'S "PREZ"

**"Imagination was given to humans to compensate them for what they are not; a sense of humor to compensate them for what they are!"**



**Bob Ruble**  
Producer/Actor

I grew up on a farm in Lerdal, Minnesota. My dad was a pretty big deal among the gladiola growers in the USA. In fact, he was president of the North American Gladiola Growers. I tell you this because he grew acres and acres of glads. In the fall, when bulbs were dug up, we stored them in wooden trays with screen bottoms so the air would get to them and dry them out. Then, we Ruble boys would dig out all the old, dried-up bulbs and all the little bulblets—my Dad had quite a mail order business selling bulbs across the United States and some foreign countries. This is all leading to an explanation of why I love old time radio so much—we spent endless hours in the gladiola warehouse cleaning bulbs and listening to a lot of radio. Sunday night would find us working and listening to Jack Benny. I was a particular fan of *The Shadow* and *Gangbusters*. And I was really glad my dad or my brothers were walking back to the farm house with me after listening to *Inner Sanctum*. After school (yes, I went to a one room school) I would run up to the warehouse and get to the task of cleaning bulbs because that was when *Wild Bill Hickok and Jingles* came on. I liked the westerns. *Bobby Benson* and *the B bar B Riders* was another favorite.

So, I'm definitely going to miss going "ON-THE-AIR" with the Rochester Radio Theatre Guild. What a wonderful experience. We did some mighty great programs and I'm going to miss those super audiences who stood and applauded after some really entertaining performances. And I will especially miss the great actors, singers, musicians, SFX guys who made it all so memorable.

But, Dick and I feel that we want to go out on top, so it is with a lot of sadness that we announce the Guild is going "dark." We each have other projects to work on and want to devote more time to family.

I thank you from the bottom of my heart for allowing me to be a part of such a grand enterprise for the last 22 years. I thank Craig Peterson for a terrific idea and Dick Goetzman for more than just directing the shows. And I thank all my RRTG friends and audiences and, most of all, my family for putting up with my great obsession the last 22 years. And a special thanks to my late brother, Roger, who was at almost every show and stood up after every show and was our adopted mascot.

As Red Skelton said at the close of his program, "Good night and may God bless."

—Bob Ruble

**"The nice thing about apathy is that you don't have to work at it!"**

**"Some folks are not hard of hearing, they're hard of listening!"**

## Hyacinths to Feed Thy Soul

If of thy mortal goods thou art bereft,  
And, from thy slender store, two  
loaves alone to thee are left,  
Sell one and with the dole  
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.



**Bob Ruble**      **Dick Goetzman**

*I hope we were able to provide "hyacinths" for all of you!*

—Bob Ruble

## (from) A Psalm of Life H. W. Longfellow

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints in the sands of time.

\*\*\*\*\*  
*I sincerely hope with all my heart that we have left footprints!*  
—Dick Goetzman

**"A bird in the hand makes it hard to blow your nose!"**

**"The problem with doing nothing is that you never know when you're done!"**

I am imagination.  
I can see what the eyes cannot see.  
I can hear what the ears cannot hear.  
I can feel what the heart cannot feel.

—Peter Nizvio Zarlenga

Please keep our Rochester Radio Theatre Guild in your memories!

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