

ODE TO ALAN

It all began some years ago,
 In the winter of '48,
To Sam and Edith was born a son,
 A bright one, t'was their fate.

In that old Manhattan hospital,
 Long since a pile of dust,
The Rubins first saw Alan,
 So proud you'd think they'd bust.

Russian ancestors raised their 'Stoli,
 To cheer this newborn's birth.
Sam proudly hailed his little prince,
 Edith cheered her diminished girth!

His childhood began in Brooklyn,
 Then the Rubins moved to Queens,
Shea Stadium was down the block,
 It drew him in his teens.

This caused a true dilemma,
 So help him, if you can,
This poor child grew up lovin' the Mets,
 But he's also a Yankees' fan!

In this era roots were planted,
 For a career of studying TV.
His day on Howdy Doody helped for sure,
 But who knew what he'd be?

Alan came of age at Flushing High,
 Graduating at age sixteen.
Brother Ira and sister Lynda asked,
 “Is our brother a learning fiend?”

Oh, no. When Alan thinks of high school,
 Of just what does he think?
Not of English, not of math.
 No, no. Not even a blink.

Instead he dreams those stud-ly dreams of yore,
 That baseball he hit o’er the fence!
Certainly not of that pie he made in Home Ec 101,
 There’s not been one like it since!

With high school now behind him,
 Queens College thought he was swell,
With majors in Comm, Poly Sci, and fun,
 With his frat, he raised some hell.

Still, they must’a liked him somehow,
 Or knew his day would come,
For they gave him a B.A. in ’69,
 When he was just twenty-one!

In fact, they liked Alan so very much,
 They talked him into an M.A.
His special mentor was Dan Hahn,
 Alan prizes him to this day.

On to those Illinois soy fields,
 And doctoral study at U.I.,
Where folks like David Swanson,
 Lifted him up high.

In those hallowed Urbana classrooms,
Alan discovered U & G,
What impact that piece by Greenberg had!
It fit Alan to a T.

But the best of his Illini development,
Wasn't found in a book.
That was marrying the love of his life,
He caught her through hook *and* crook!

Alan and Becky plighted their troth,
In good old York, P.A.
Right in Becky's Mom's backyard,
In a marriage still golden today.

That red-letter day was August 31,
Nineteen seventy-four.
Why then? Labor Day, of course!
A weekend...and one day more!

After two wedding receptions in just two days,
It was back to teach in force.
Honeymoon next weekend in old St. Lou?
Why sure! The Mets are there, of course!

How time does fly in graduate school,
Soon it was nineteen seventy-six.
With a Ph.D., complete with hood,
It was time to take Assistant Professor licks.

Those "licks" were taken in Statesboro, G.A.,
Of Georgia Southern fame.
More licks at Wisconsin-Parkside,
And at Cleveland State, the same.

Probation period over at last,
A tenured Associate Prof,
Alan jumped fence for greener pastures,
And opportunities for loft.

Where would his future take him?
To the “Golden Flashes” of Kent.
To join and build a program,
Just like our foreplanners meant.

From 1982 to at least today,
For two grand decades of toil,
From the rich vineyards of O-hi-o,
Great students have sprung from the soil.

While nurturing his fine students,
His legend was also made,
Through most impressive scholarship,
A firm foundation he laid.

He filled our best comm journals,
With research so very tight,
And writing oh-so perfect,
Even reviewers and editors saw the light.

Having outwitted all the editors,
“Let’s be one then,” he said.
So all the best Publication Boards,
Vied for Alan’s head.

With *Jo-BEM*, he started,
In nineteen eighty-five.
Twelve full issues he edited,
Barely emerging alive.

Then the *Journal of Communication* called,
They begged him too to lead.
So nine more issues he created,
Always adhering to his creed.

He stood for fairness and precision,
Fresh ideas and substance too.
He toed the highest standards
For this we owe him due!

He's been a loyal servant,
Given much to this old fold.
No better steward of scholarship,
Will ever we behold!

In annuals of our scholarship,
His name is forever yoked,
With Uses and Gratifications,
It never will be joked.

All those who've gathered here today,
Know he's that and so much more.
He's an inspirational leader,
With ideas stretching out the door.

With standards always lofty,
And vision ever clear,
Kent made him their Director,
And holds him oh-so dear!

As we think of Alan Rubin,
We see so many roles,
For all of us gathered here today,
Our admiration he holds.

To Larry Erlbaum (and to me),
 He's "editor number one!"
For he'll never be satisfied,
 'Til their best work is done.

To the felines of Greenwood Avenue,
 He's "Cat Daddy Wow,"
To Rocky, Michelle, and all the rest,
 He's every cat's "Meow!"

To legions of his students,
 He's A.M.R. tuff love,
Part of him pure "Teddy,"
 The other part, iron glove.

As this ode is ending,
 We now should really turn,
To what matters most to Alan.
 What makes his motor burn?

What could that be I wonder?
 What makes Alan go, "Wow-eee!?"
His hole-in-one in old S.D., of course,
 And that double eagle in Maui!

From all of us, Sir Rubin,
 Our warm best thanks we send,
We're pleased and we're honored,
 To call you...our dear friend!

Jennings Bryant
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