

Graham Edward Connah

From Africa to U.N.E.
Was quite a change of scenery;
But he must have got to like the place,
Stayed lots of years – all knew his face.
A great Department that he ran
Though had its little Cambridge clan.
We all felt welcome: “Here’s the spot
To meet and learn – it has the lot.”
His staff, flat out, yet gave up days
To help the students find their ways.

At first, thought some, a bit too pukka
For digging middens at Clybucca.
Yet soon he showed a thing or two
Of excavation that he knew.
Then later on a niche he found
In artefacts above the ground!
“Snapshots from the air” he says
“Will help us look at Saumarez.
And a story’s there in the the walls forlorn
Of Richards’ house at Winterbourne.”

The true professor in his looks
And office walls all lined with books.
He’s sometimes touchy, even curt,
But never would his students hurt.
One thing we’re sure ’bout him is that
His pet hate’s the bureaucrat!
His dad collected stamps, we know,
For ASHA’s journal tells us so.
He’s pro-Australia, though can’t quite
Shout “Ow yer goin’ mate, all right?”

He knows long words, prefers them short,
As this is how he thinks we ought
To write. And for him to please
We must dot our I’s and cross our T’s.

To Beryl Connah, good luck too.
In his book he wrote of you ...
Your “stoic patience” – it was grand.
Yes, we think we understand.

Now Graham’s off to A.N.U.
To do the things he wants to do.
So the task’s with us, we now believe;
But then, we’ve something up our sleeve –
A brand new discipline, you see,
Called rhyming Archaeology.

From U.N.E. we wish you well
And send those bureaucrats to hell!

Mark Allen
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