

A Monologue written by Colin Baker and dated December 1959

'taint what you do, it's the way that you do it

The datums the thing. TSR2

The story that I'm going to tell you  
May seem strange to some of you here,  
And most stories like this have a moral,  
But of what, I'm not perfectly clear!

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In days of old, so we are told  
There live a project team,  
Its base was at the Warton camp  
Its aim – P. Seventeen.

And then upon the scene there camw  
A firm with a familiar name,  
Ha! Ha! The lads at Warton said  
We're told that firm is nearly dead.

But dead or not, as they soon found  
Their feet were firmly on the ground,  
The contract sought had gone their way  
And heralded a gloomy day.

The rumours said that in the South  
A place could soon be found,  
For 'volunteers' from the Warton camp  
To tread untrodden ground.

And so there came one Monday morn.  
A team of 'volunteers'  
With bags all packed and warrants poised  
And loads of subdued fears.

On Preston station they soon arrived  
The trains was nearly due,  
But Weybridge being quite unknown  
Soon split the team in two.

One half had caught the allotted train  
The other still remained,

Collecting tickets all written out  
From warrants hastily aimed.

That evening saw them in the South  
Stood outside Weybridge station,  
Their fears were even greater now  
With no signs of accommodation.

Where was this man who'd promised us  
To find us if he could,  
Some rooms or digs or caravans  
Or tents pitched in the wood.

The night grew on, the team got tired  
But things soon came quite clear,  
One half of the team were dumped in town  
The rest in the Hand & Spear.

The following day to the team's dismay  
This Vickers came in sight,  
They were of course quite nervous now  
At the thought of their future plight.

With heads held high and pencils poised  
They marched in through the entrance,  
Six months down here in the mysterious South  
Could be quite a formidable sentence.

Hand shook hand and eye met eye  
Then to corners they retired,  
Co-operation was the password now  
And drawings much desired.

George (Parker) soon had his outfit reigned  
And guided them with care,  
While Henry with his mighty voice  
Soon proved that he was there.

Gradually as weeks went by  
With battles won and lost,  
With datums in profusion and  
Warton's views all crossed,  
A shape from out the mist emerged,  
An aeroplane in fact,  
A shape so long and sleek and slim  
They couldn't get the main wheels in.

Never mind, the voices cried  
At least it shows we've tried,  
We'll have to move the engines aft  
Or leave the wheels outside.

The team by now as right it may  
Was getting rather tired,  
Of travelling to and from the South  
When others had retired.

A sleeper on the late night train  
Is not 'devoutly to be desired'.  
Especially when an early call  
Wakes you as required.

London in the early hours  
(Five-thirty in the morning),  
Can still be quite a pleasant sight  
Once you can stop your yawning.

Glorious July by this time  
Was drawing to an end,  
The sight of talent on the Thames  
Could drive **you** round the bend.

The time has come, our George now said  
To speak of other things,  
Of ships and shoes and sealing wax  
And going home and things.

But going home was not as close  
As the team would have believe,  
The datum wasn't datum yet  
And even harder to achieve.

Then someone down from Warton  
Lifted their true Northern voice,  
Shouting 'Hands up, who's staying at Weybridge?',  
That was swank 'cos they hadn't no choice!

So July wandered into October  
And the team packed up ready to go,  
Then a do at the Spear made it perfectly clear  
Who'd really been running the show.

So back from the South came a team led by George  
Their sentence at last at an end,

And just as they'd reckoned, they'd no sooner got back  
Than the vultures began to descend.

You should have done this,  
You should have done that,  
You should have put this out of sight,  
The fin is too high,  
The tail is too low,  
In fact the whole bloody thing isn't right.

OK, said the team if you know what to do  
We thought that you would anyway,  
But remember, we've played at this game from the start  
And it's Vickers who'll have the last say.

This story of course is nowhere complete  
There are things not mentioned at all,  
There are things that were said,  
And things that were done  
By the team that answered the call.

This story can't finish without a reminder  
Of Ray Creasey's parting words to the hearty,  
We know that you're busy with all sorts of things  
But what about our \*\*\*\*\* party!

Collin Baker  
(Team member)  
The rest is history!