

**Minutes of the 1277th Meeting of the Manchester
Pickwick Club held at the Moorside Social Club on
18th November, 2025**

Present: Jingle, Ben Allen, Dodson, Job Trotter, Captain Boldwig, Fogg, Jem Wardle, Tom Roker

Apologies: Dr Slammer, Mivins, Solomon Pell, Rev Stiggins

The meeting opened at 8.05. This fact was picked up by both Jingle and Ben Allen, pointing out that Pickwick had got off to a very poor start. Fortunately for him, given the rule that Mr Pickwick can do no wrong, a fine was not necessary.

In the absence of Mivins, and under some pressure from several members Mr Pickwick was prevailed on to both chair and minute the meeting. Clearly either a vote of confidence in his abilities, or a trap for him to fall into.

Mivins is unwell at the moment, however he has a lot of lady friends who fetch him whatever he needs. He gave Dodson the minutes book to pass on to whoever agreed to write the minutes. He is currently at home eating soup and milkshakes. He has been spotted both at Alberts and the Glasshouse in the company of several bunches of ladies. We must not draw any conclusions from this however, although.....

Dodson has also been visiting regularly, providing those shopping services that the ladies miss.

Rev Stiggins is sadly not able to move out of a chair at the moment. His new wheelchair is too heavy to put in the car, and he is therefore unlikely to return to the meetings.

The meeting decided that we should send cards to both of them. Jingle to arrange this.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read by Jem Wardle. The highlights were that Jem Wardle himself had been fined for failing to bring a bottle to the meeting, and that Solomon Pell was fined for turning up late, and fined again for swearing. Solomon Pell is a very reliable fellow for incurring fines.

Ben Allen was fined for an offence that the minute writer missed, but that Jingle and Fogg both agreed needed fining.

The meeting went into rule 8 to allow Jingle and Ben Allen time to go to the Chinese chippy for some curry and chips. With a loaf and butter provided by Jingle, we were soon lost in the delights of chip and curry butties. Very nice too.

The “any other business” was taken out of sequence as Ben Allen had to leave the meeting in order to pick up his daughter from work. The issues discussed were the proposal to move the night of the meeting from Wednesday to either Tuesday, or Thursday. The football fans noted that Tuesday was a night when matches were played, and felt Thursday would be preferable. Ben Allen was to check with Heather and report back.

The question of why do we meet in winter, and have a summer break was addressed. We will all think about alternative activities, venues and options to hopefully increase our membership. Any changes would be discussed and voted on at the AGM in April.

At this point Ben Allen left (and was fined again!!)

Jem Wardle brought us up to date with the website. The old website will cease in December, and be replaced by the new one. This is

manchesterpickwickclub.uk

The site is a vast improvement on the 20 year old previous one. Jem asked for any photos that members may have that would increase the sites interest. Note that it does not appear on the Safari browser for some reason best left to techies, but does open on Chrome, Firefox and Opera.

The reading and Inquisition was done by Jem Wardle. It was a passage from chapter 2 of the Pickwick Papers. 5 members were fined for not knowing the answer, with the remaining 2 also fined for being smart arses.

The toast was so poorly sung that Pickwick had no alternative but to fine folk. Hopefully this will encourage a more melodious toast at the next meeting. Ben Allen as the fines master did his duty admirably.

The toast to absent members was an improvement on the toast to Mr Pickwick, proving that fines may be helpful in maintaining standards. Time will tell.

The raffle was drawn. Jingle was last this time.

The vote of thanks was from Captain Bolwig, who said “its my duty to pass judgement on the night” He remarked that he was lighter in pocket, and always wary of the reading and inquisition, but he’d had a good night, and was impressed with how Mr Pickwick had kept the meeting under control, and that Job Trotter could now bang on cue, “most of the time”.

Fogg, on the other hand declared Pickwick to be a “paragon of incompetence”, and that the meeting was a shambles, although he did add that he’d enjoyed it anyway.

Good Neet Owd Friends and the National Anthem were painful to listen to, as usual.

Fines amounted to £7.30

Raffle £4.00