

Shocking start to the meeting, as members come to terms with the eagle of office being BROKEN! This disastrous start was bad enough, but was compounded by Ian, a supposed 'royal' member, not even being dressed in a regulation black LPCA t-shirt. It was generally agreed that this bordered on 'conduct unbecoming', meriting preliminary court martial proceedings, but attention switched back to Darren, who for some unknown reason chose this moment to effectively admit that he had deliberately broken the eagle because 'I didn't want to feel like a Nazi'. A moment of silence ensued while members considered whether this was reasonable on Darren's part, and a consensus was arrived at that enough time had passed since 1945 for it to be OK for someone to 'feel like a Nazi', under certain carefully controlled conditions, namely:

- 1) *Being a member of the actual British royal family (fancy-dress party as optional excuse)*
- 2) *Bedroom-based activities of wide-ranging interpretation*
- 3) *Being Chairman of the LPCA*
 - a. *Members agreed that condition 3 was one that was not to be generally shared with non-members, including spouses and partners, unless of course, they were already party to condition 2.*



Darren working on not feeling like a Nazi

Apologies:

Matt – 'going on holiday on Saturday', and 'was starting to pack early', as in 48 hours early. General agreement that this was a pathetic excuse, and that he really needed to try harder to justify avoiding the company of fellow-members



Matt on the holiday he was packing for.

Paul – no Paul, AND NO APOLOGIES EITHER! Ian to have a quiet word...



LPCA members reacted with some surprise when Paul last showed up...

At this point, someone observed that the Chairman appeared 'well-organised', but the minutes do not record what he had done or said to prompt this observation. Whatever it was, Darren was moved to comment that so well-organised was he, that he might just get himself re-elected...'Fat chance' was the reply.

Approval of minutes:

Approved, obviously because nobody wants to criticise Jim's minutes, in case he downs tools, and they have to do them instead. Except one correction, from *Siiiiimmmmmuun*...that what was identified as Brice in the previous minutes was actually Chequers at Brize, but that this was not such an egregious error, given that 'it's still a shit-hole, wherever it was'.

Someone asked if there were 'matters arising', but this confused the Chairman, who asked 'What is a matter arising?' No-one had a good answer to such an existential question...

Chairman's report:

'Another great season' he started in characteristically modest fashion.

'Covered a lot of miles...'

'2 fantastic rides, Minehead, which hurt like fuck ("here, here, yah, yah, yah, absolutely..."), but was nonetheless an *enjoyable challenge, especially the Quantocks* ("fuck off!") and Kings Lynn, which was much flatter'.

'Mark hasn't showed up tonight, so misses his opportunity to become a full member'

'Fab curry evening, must have another soon'

At this point, we have what might be called a Glaucoma-diversion, as Colin (the unfeeling bastard) comments on Jim's fetching mascara, which of course isn't mascara, but is instead the result of having a potentially sight-threatening condition, which require nightly drops for the rest of his days, and brings the unwanted side-effect of unfeasibly long and luscious eye-lashes. That Colin should have noticed such a feature marks him out as the LPCA's true lay-dees-man...so much so that the lashes do not even have to be on a lady for him to try the 'Has-anyone-ever-told-you-what-beautiful-eye-lashes-you-have?' patter that has served him so well since that time aged 11 behind the school bike-sheds when it got him his first-ever...MOVING ON!



To be fair, they probably are getting out of hand...

Side note to Vince / Ian: the stuff working on Jim's eye-lashes is also available for scalps. Outstanding results guaranteed:



'Xmas dinner at Plough @ Kelmscott, not so good, let's choose somewhere else next year' – back to Keepers suggested.

'Congratulations to Vince for continuing to turn up every week despite having moved to deep, dark Cirencester'.

Finance:

'Profit' = £24.20

Logistics:

MORE THAN 1000 MILES COVERED!!! – '1001.5 to be precise'. Ian claims the top spot for miles covered, but there is an undoubted air of suspicion in the meeting at this claim, the general consensus being that Ian has somehow got Vince's miles, and Vince has somehow got Ian's.

Top Pubs:

- 3) Vic
- 2) Keepers (Quen)
- 1) Swingball Inn



Colin and Andy in the car park of their favouritest pub...

Bad places:

Fox at Barrington

Swan at Radcot

Non-cycling activities:

Director not present at meeting, and hadn't organised any non-cycling activities in any case

Director of Recruitment:

'I'm working on it'.

Director of Smut:

Refuses to accept his title, let alone provide a report on his activities

Director of Attendance:

Not here again

Election of Officers: (20:17 – Drinks break)

- Association Secretary – Jim
- Finance Director – Ian
- Logistics – Colin
- HR – Simon
- Smut – Andy
- Non-cycling activities – Matt
- Attendance – Paul
- Recruitment – Darren
- Chairman – Vince – "Aww, cock..."

The new Chairman chose this ill-advised moment to declare that Colin '...has been, is, and always will be my inspiration...' which almost saw him lose the Eagle within 30 seconds of being handed it.

2015 tours / challenges

Cycling to Plymouth on Saturday 16 May, Royal Dockyard on the Sunday to visit the Mary Rose ('£18.00 entry just to see some wet planks?')



LPCA members on an earlier visit to the Royal Dockyard

At this point the minutes record the following items, but with no obvious commentary on their relevance, or how they are in any way connected to each other:

- *Jehovah's Witnesses*
- *Gideon Bibles*
- *Cats*
- *uPVC*
- *Ian's life expectancy in Saudi Arabia.*

I have absolutely no idea – all suggestions welcome.

There was a vote of gratitude to Simon, who we absolutely do not want to pass the organisation of the May trip to Colin:

Ian: 'Please you (Simon) do it, coz' he'll fuck it up'

There was, however, a problem with May, advanced by *Siiiiimmmmmuun*, viz:

- 7 people intending to go; only room for 5 in the car. Colin / Vince immediately 'agreed' to use public transport for the return, and Simon's taller than Ian (*eh? What's that got to do with it?*). The minutes record that Ian is 5'8 ½" and Simon is 5'11" ...Darren said something about it not being a homosexual thing but he was aware that Andy's got 2 ½ inches on Ian (*I really have no idea what this was all about...*).

AOB

The Velodrome was mentioned for the 7th year running.



The LPCA really enjoying their velodrome visit...

Darren wants an Evans ride – nobody else is interested until the benefits of riding behind behinds was raised...



A typical Evans rider...aye, ye're interested now aren't ye?

The new Director of Logistics is having trouble coming to terms with no longer being Chairman and starts throwing his opinions about, namely that there is too much pressure on a Thursday to 'go too far...' and not enough flexibility on choice of destination – this met with complete silence.

Chairman Vince insults Darren by pointing out his...ahem...*imperfect* attendance record. Darren offers some lame excuse about having to work.

Somebody suggests going back to the old scoring system, involving:

- Totty
- Lightbulbs
- Swingball
- Maintenance
- Uniqueness
- 'DELIGHTS' (*oh, ffs...*)
- Drinks

Motion carried...

Chairman bangs the table: meeting ends at 9.35pm, with Jeremy Clarkson being discussed just for, you know, a change...

Quote of the Week: scores on the doors please!

- 1 My wife is always fucking
- 2 Yeah but at least you'll be a rich miserable cunt
- 3 I don't want to feel like a Nazi, even if Colin embraced it (*see above*)
- 4 OK That's my eyeball and that's my ring
- 5 That'll let you into Angola Merrell
- 6 That must be a Swindonosaurus

- 7 I like a bit of Jamaican
- 8 A thatched cottage doesn't bend over and ask you to call it your majesty
- 9 It cost me a fortune every time I do it
- 10 You'd look like Wayne Rooney, but with Pork Scratchings on your head
- 11 I sat in the pram with the ladies underwear and cracked one off to the test card
- 12 I should imagine shit is nicer
- 13 Looks like you're going to do things to it
- 14 Colin's been tied to a boy a few times
- 15 Precious
- 16 Everything you say, that describes it. You have to substitute with a vegetable