

## Capital Wings

The big event of the year, in fact the big event of the last two years, was the Capital Post-Christmas Bash in January. It was doubtful almost up until the last minute whether the event would take place because of continuing Covid issues and the Windsor Hotel offering less rooms than usual. Johnny and I were away, slip, sliding down snowy slopes in Austria, celebrating our birthdays in the sunshine, so were not able to join the party. My thanks go to Yetti for writing this month's report, and to him, Richard and Mo for submitting lots of photos. With the Steam Punk theme, everyone got stoked up, firing on all cylinders, to show off a wonderful array of costumes. You'll see all this from the selection below.

Wow! who would have thought that in January 2020 our post Christmas party would be the last time we would have a mass gathering of Moles for two years?

It was touch and go that this year's event would go ahead but on Friday afternoon at the Alexandra pub in Worthing, it was like we had only met the week before. There was about 40 Capital and friends eating, drinking and trying to get behind the metal pillar that was close to the bar. Two years ago, a few squeezed through but this year not many made it!



*Squeezy Yellow Squeezy*

Then the evening started at the hotel. After the carvery dinner, the Snatch raffle was played with, as normal, lots of cheating going on. OK, a snatch raffle is like a raffle with just ten prizes but after they had been claimed, raffle numbers were still pulled out of the bag and the person with the winning number "Snatched" a prize off an unsuspecting person. It's always a great laugh. Then a quiet evening..... ha, ha, ha - quiet, I think not? The time for the last person(s) going to bed was about 2.30am.

Saturday was sad as Big John's Dad passed away in the early hours of the morning and John and Julie left the Windsor before most people were up for breakfast. Everyone's thoughts were with them and their family and we all send our sincere condolences.

After breakfast, people wandered out and about during the day and come the evening, dressed up in their Steam Punk attire. Well, we were all gob smacked at the amount of effort everyone had put into their costumes.



*Chris and Jo Foursome*



*Alison and Gordon With Minders*

It was a bit more sedate and much quieter at the meal as whizzy balloons and the paper ball blow pipes were not used this year.

The organising team didn't want to risk spreading anything horrible around even though everyone did a lateral flow test on the Friday morning before travelling just to be safe.





*Claire and John*



*Mo and Yetti*

The DJ was nominated to pick the best Male and Female fancy dress.



*Steampunk Weekend Trophies*



*Best Female Steampunk*

The Male prize went to Phil and Female to Tara. Both looked fantastic - in fact everyone's dress was fantastic. Phil and Tara each received a very creative Steampunk trophy, handmade by the Taylor from the Wood Family.



*Best Male Steampunk*

The Grand Raffle had over one hundred prizes up for grabs (thanks to everyone who donated) with the Hotel donating a night at the hotel in a deluxe room as the First Prize. Hopefully, with so many donations, everyone won a prize or two.

Then it was party time, dancing, head banging (be careful Wayne) and generally doing what the Capital lot do the best - having fun. The remaining few, who will not be named, started on the shots and ended with a 5.30am bed time!

Sunday saw everyone up by 8.30-9.00am for breakfast and then it was time for the journey home. There were a few sore heads so thankfully they were not driving but being chauffeured home. What a treat!

All in all, a great weekend that we all needed to happen. A big thank you goes to Kerrie, Ginny, Ingrid and the boys for putting it all together and making the event such a success.

Wonder what we can do next year?

We hope that this is the start of more get-togethers. The February Mole Night was certainly better attended with 12 people having a good old chat and the raffle process being as confused as ever, and that's without Taz's input. We enjoyed some Bakewell tarts, or 'booby cakes' as Wayne calls them and we even managed to sing Happy Birthday to five people on the phone and one, not Goldwing-related, in the Woodbine. A good evening.

Enjoy the pancakes if you read this Report in time.

Miss (Helen) Whiplash