

## SAME SOHO

**S**OHOO couldn't change its spots. The scene at the end of the Waiters' Race at yesterday's opening of the Soho Fair had the atmosphere of the Fight-That-Never-Was between Jack Spot and Albert Dimes.

First home of 61 waiters with his tray, bottle, glass, and ash-tray was **Nicolas Toufexis**, a Cypriot. His friends from the Belle Etoile Restaurant carried him off in triumph.

But the judges wrangled for

half an hour, gave the prize instead to **Vittorio Bertelotti**.

Said Vittorio: "I was leading all the way. When he passed me he was holding the bottle by the neck."

Said Nicolas: "It's all lies. The organisers of the race are Italians. I said before, I started I was sure to be disqualified."

Vittorio shouted fiercely "I challenge you," whipped his hand to his hip pocket, flashed it to the Cypriot's breast.

But there was nothing there more good than a \$25 prize money. "It's yours if you can prove I won unfairly," he said.

The general accent was on good, clean, national fun. Several brown scarred faces were absent from the scene; instead Morris Dancers clumped about trying (and failing) to look like one of the sights of Soho.

And film starlet **Janette Scott** set a good example of peacefulness. The gun she was given to start the Waiters' Race refused to go off. She used a flag instead.

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