

SOHO GOES GAY.

All the world lives in Soho - even including some English. So when it decides to hold a fair, it's a fair, and no meaning!

Soho's full of characters known to everybody, like "Iron-Foot Jack" and they're all here today. They wouldn't miss it for all the goulash in Greek Street.

What's Gaston Berlement drinking to? More inches to his whiskers, perhaps? Or maybe he's toasting in advance the winner of the waiter's race. They range from 74-year old Salvatori to teenage lads, each with a bottle of champagne - enough bubbly to float a battleship. Waiter, bring me a battleship. Sorry Sir, battleships are off today.

Soho got it's name from the hunting cries of the Londoners who used to chase hares in these parts. Now all the hares are jagged, but the Londoners still come here. Not to mention every visitor who sets foot in the capital. It must be the food - or something.

How's that waiter's race going? The winner's an Englishman, of all people - and Miss Soho's English too. Doesn't tradition mean anything?

Plenty of tradition about this lot, anyway.

Now for the big procession. And if there's any nationality not represented, Soho must be slipping. First prize goes to the Hong Kong Restaurant's well-filled entry. This calls for a drink - and none of your thimblefuls, either.

The second prizewinners says it with flowers.

Important correction - Miss Soho is half English and half Irish. That makes it a little better.

Paging Mr. Emmett!

Some people keep cool the hot way. And some quench their thirst the hard way. But that's Soho - where you meet someone different every few yards.

Even including some English.