

SOHO FAIR.

London's International sector is in festival mood. Film director Mario Zampd crowns Miss Soho 1956 to set Soho Fair off with a swing. No rules for dress - you can wear anything you like - or leave off, as the case may be. The continental atmosphere even fools the sun into forgetting this is England, and he shines like blazes. First item on the programme is the waiter's race.

This is too easy, of course - it should be an obstacle race, with tables to fall over and customers trying to catch your coat tails. One thing is authentic - the pressmen reach the drinks first. They need strength to face the carnival procession, which includes every nationality, as well as some no one ever thought of. Everybody with a stake in Soho seems to be in it - from Chinese restaurants to business offices.

Wine, women, and song - though you don't have to sing if you don't want to. Nobody would hear you, anyway. But there is music, and plenty of it - for what's a carnival without dancing in the streets?

And in case anyone's got the idea Soho's just another Chicago - it's got quite a few things Chicago never had!