

SOHO FAIR:

Soho's annual shindig is such a traditional thing now that everyone's forgotten it's only a few years old. Already we've come to expect certain clearly-defined features in the Soho Fair - and whether their job's extracting your money or your malaras, everybody who earns his living or spends his leisure in London's cosmopolitan beehive is expected to take part. If you're in Soho, you've got to join in the celebration - and it's no good kicking against it.

Among the basic items that make up the Fair is the choice of a Queen - this year, Miss Judith Howard.

Pathe News is here, of course - and why not? It was the Pathe brothers who first made Wardour Street, Soho, the film highway, half a century ago. But Soho, above all, means FOOD - and drink - and the waiters' race is one of the high spots of the Fair's opening day.

This year's winner, Mr. Bushel, is suitably rewarded.

Round the corner, another Queen is chosen for speed this time. Miss Spaghetti. Two purl, two plain, knit two together, pass slip stitch over, repeat to 64 stitches. Decrease one stitch at end of every second row.

Cast off. And it's Geraldine Linton - from Southern Rhodesia, of all places - who wins the crown. But we haven't finished with Queens, yet. This one is Gilliam, the Visual Arts Queen, being greeted at the Visual Arts Club by photographer Jean Straker. For Soho's well on the way to casting Chelsea as the artist's stronghold. Perhaps because the food's better.

But if there's one side of Soho life which is growing vigorously, it's dancing.

Brother, if that don't send you, you just ain't going!...