

**DAILY INDEPENDENT**  
**19 JULY 1935**

**Charles Peace**

Charles Peace, Sheffield's favourite criminal, was the guest of honour at the Foyle literary Luncheon to-day. He sat at the top table with the chairman, the Marchioness Townsend, on one side, and Mr. Aleister Crowley on the other.

He was a very silent guest, which is probably a virtue, but then he was a wax-work figure from Tussaud's, and he looked quite a nasty fellow when the green light was turned on him. Otherwise I had the feeling that Tussaud's had credited him with being a nicer fellow than he was in real life, for he had a neat black suit on with tie to match, and despite his baldness he was not as revolting as some of the pictures of him that I have seen.

The idea of putting the genial Charles in the place of honour was because this was a luncheon devoted to the writers of detective stories: and at the top table the novelists and the people from Scotland Yard sat side by side.

Someone whispered to me that this was probably the first time some of the writers had ever seen a real inspector from Scotland Yard. Readers of fiction have generally been made to imagine the detective is a large, rather stolid person, but, believe me, they looked just as intelligent as the writers.