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LONDON DAY BY DAY

Peace in Park Lane

I met Mr. Charles Peace yesterday at Grosvenor House, where the Crime Club were taking a special interest in the monthly literary lunch. A green spotlight helped to make his benevolent features, decorated with the sad little beard of the pictures, unmistakable. He had come to Park Lane from his present residence in the Chamber of Horrors, Marylebone Road, at the urgent invitation of Miss Christina Foyle, and sat (with a bottle of mineral water before him) between the Marchioness of Townshend and Mr. Aleister Crowley. So far as I could ascertain, Mr. Peace showed no embarrassment at the presence further along the table of Chief-Inspector Stubbings, of the City Police; Superintendents Askew, Hambrook, and Yandall, of Scotland Yard; and Mr. Lewis E. Lawes, Governor of Sing Sing Prison, not to mention Assistant Commissioner Sir Percy Laurie and Sir Bernard Spilsbury.

"Of course," said Lady Townshend apologetically, "one meets all sorts of people out socially nowadays." But she did rather resent the fact that the neighbour on her right had not passed her a glass of water before she started speaking, even when she told him she was going to say:

I think to-day we are a League of Nations,
For Peace takes part in our deliberations.

Later on we were instructed by acknowledges experts how to make money out of writing detective stories.