

Fighting menace of extremism

Theresa May is right that the government cannot tackle extremism alone.

The rise both of Islamist extremism and unpleasant protest groups such as the English Defence League have shown the authorities incapable of nurturing communities.

And the Home Secretary speaks common sense when she says how we must all refuse to let certain groups or individuals divide us.

It will be a daunting challenge for community and volunteer run groups when the might of the UK government has so far failed.

For while Mrs May speaks with her characteristic toughness, there is little to suggest the likes of the EDL will be stopped from protesting on the Black Country's streets again whenever they want.

It matters not that their free speech has been heard time and time again, the police must simply continue to absorb the cost of ensuring order is preserved.

Meanwhile the menace of radicalisation is one that continues to warp the minds of young people, behind the scenes and away from the eyes of the authorities.

Someone on the ground, a part of the community who meets and gets to know those who would otherwise be at risk may well have more success than someone arriving under the banner of the Home Office.

What does that say about the ability of our government to govern? It says politicians are constantly at the mercy of events, either at home or overseas, rather than shaping them.

One of the grand aims of David Cameron as he faces the 'struggle of our generation' in countering extremism is to have better integration within communities.

Years of rigidly adhering to political correctness and multiculturalism have resulted in some people retreating and sticking to their own, rather than feeling that they are a part of Great Britain. Those who are either new arrivals or the descendants of immigrants must make it their business to be a part of British culture.

Meanwhile those who would support the likes of the English Defence League should consider opening their minds to learning about others, rather than expecting to just have their own prejudices reflected back at them.

With governments of any political party unable to lead this agenda, it falls to people to take matters into their own hands – not with protests and hands raised in angry fists, but opened out in friendship.

Pop industry is a fickle mistress

Oh, how fickle is fame and fortune. No sooner has One Direction been reported to call it a day than teenagers have flocked to see Bars and Melody signing CDs.

Of course people are fans of more than one artist at a time, but the delight and hysteria that greeted the Britain's Got Talent stars are a reminder that life, and music, always move on.

No performer can expect to be at the height of fame forever without constant re-invention and renewal.

Bars and Melody, like One Direction before them, are a product of TV talent show fame, of the treadmill of Simon Cowell that lines up, chews up and spits out hopes and dreams.

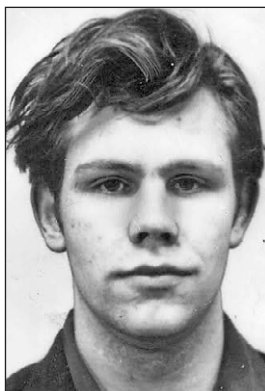
And like One Direction, they are finding that winning is not everything and that coming third is actually perfectly adequate as a launch pad.

It will never cease to amaze those of us of a certain age the speed with which bands come and go.

But we were all young once and exactly the same, even if our music was on vinyl rather than streamed via the internet.

As for Bars and Melody, good luck to them. They should enjoy every moment of their fame. Nothing lasts forever.

COMMENT AND ANALYSIS



The killer, David Wardley



Police tribute at the scene 50 years on



Andy and mother Hilda with the medal



The E&S front page at the time

Police murder that rocked city

By Kimberley Crayton-Brown
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He was the hero police officer who made headlines around the world, whispering the name of his killer with his dying breath.

Described by colleagues as 'Gentleman Jim' and a fearless officer, Detective Sergeant James Stanford was arresting a 19-year-old Borstal absconder when he was stabbed to death in Wolverhampton.

As the Wolverhampton Borough Force officer lay bleeding in the doorway of Victoria Wines, Princes Square, he called out: "I'm dying, missus," before naming David Henry Wardley, a known criminal and 'nasty piece of work' as his killer.

Det Sgt Stanford was just 40 years old and left behind a wife and three children.

That was all 50 years ago on August 20, 1965. But the force still remembers and this week officers at Wolverhampton Police Station – where there is a plaque to Det Sgt Stanford – paid tribute with a two minutes' silence.

Tribute

Some officers also gathered at the murder scene – now the Pork Joint – to pay tribute to Gentleman Jim on the anniversary of his death.

He was the second Wolverhampton police officer to be killed in the line of duty, and the fourth in the West Midlands, with his stabbing triggering the largest manhunt the town had ever seen.

Caught hours later in the Gaumont cinema, Snow Hill, after flashing a knife at a movie-goer in the gent's toilets saying 'I have done a copper with this', Wardley was convicted of murder and sentenced to death.

He was the last person in Britain to receive the death sentence as just a week later, in October 1965, the House of Commons gave final approval to a bill abolishing the penalty, with Queen Elizabeth signing it in law soon after.

Wardley, of Low Hill, was given a reprieve and went on to serve a life sentence. The Wolverhampton stabbing made news throughout the world, with the St Petersburg Times reporting that Det Sgt Stanford's



Detective Sergeant James Stanford, known as 'Gentleman Jim'

colleagues described him as 'first-class and an absolutely fearless police officer'. It is a day Det Sgt Stanford's son, Andy, remembers clearly. Aged 13 at the time, he went on to deliver copies of the Express & Star just hours after his father had died.

He says: "It happened about 1pm and at 4.30pm I was delivering the papers with it on the front page. My mother said 'let's just try and get on as normal'."

When his father was awarded the Queen's Police Medal for Gallantry on November 30, 1965, Andy went to Buckingham Palace with his mother, Hilda, to receive it.

Andy's sister Angela was 16 when their father died, and brother Nicholas just eight. Both still live in Wolverhampton, while Andy now lives north of Manchester and works in education. Mrs Stanford lived in Cod-

sall up until her death aged 74. Andy says: "My mother was an amazing lady. She got on with her life as best she could, she was a fantastic mother and she had a bit of tragedy in her life but she was always very positive throughout."

Andy remembers his father as a strict parent. Going in to the station at 9am, Det Sgt Stanford would get home after 11pm throughout the week, spending at least half a day at work on Saturday, and Sunday mornings. The week before DS Stanford was killed, the family had been away on holiday and Andy says he travelled in the van with his father, and the rest of the family travelled in another car. "So I got a bit closer to him then, but I suppose because of his job he used to see the bad things, so he was perhaps over-protective in a sense." His father, who had been

wounded during his Army service in the war, was a 'very brave man', Andy says. "Some of the letters my mother received after the fact, they were all in praise of him." Asked how his father's death affected him Andy says: "I suppose in a lot of ways it screwed me up for awhile."

"It was a big thing in Wolverhampton, it was sometimes difficult to handle." One of the officers involved in the manhunt was Brian Archer, a Det Sgt at the Red Lion Street station, who went to the wine shop immediately after he heard of his colleague's stabbing.

Mr Archer said: "Jim had made what in legal terms is called a dying declaration, saying that he knew he was dying and he named his killer. That means that evidence can be given without him being present, and it is quite an unusual thing."

"From then on it became a question of mustering as many police officers as we could – virtually every police officer in Wolverhampton not on duty and those off sick came in."

Mr Archer was the senior detective on duty at the time, and with one of their own down and his murderer on the loose, nearby forces rallied to help. It wasn't until about 6.30pm they had a break-through.

"We had a person come forward who said they had had a conversation with the suspect who admitted what he had done. They told us he was sitting in Gaumont Cinema, which is now Wilkinson's in Snow Hill. Officers were dispatched to the cinema, where he was arrested."

When Wardley appeared in the dock at the town hall, he claimed he 'had to stab him to get away'.

The National Association of Retired Police Officers, Wolverhampton Branch, website has a special section dedicated to Det Sgt Stanford, detailing the events of August 20 and Det Sgt Stanford's funeral from newspaper reports at the time.

Hundreds gathered to pay their respects to the town's fallen hero, lining the streets as his funeral procession made its way from his Fordhouses home to St Mary's Church in Bushbury.

Det Sgt James Stanford was posthumously awarded the Queen's Police Medal for Gallantry on November 30, 1965. Plans by the Wolverhampton Civic and Historical Society to create a Blue Plaque in memory of Det Sgt Stanford stalled as sponsors pulled out.

sergeants who oversaw the officers. Asked what Det Sgt Stanford was like, Mr Archer says: "Gentleman Jim. He was always immaculately dressed, always had a change of clothes in the office in case they got soiled."

"He was a big family man, social, and known by so many throughout the whole of the town."

Decisions

"With such a small number of detectives when something happened, you would know about it. He was the detective sergeant that covered half of Wolverhampton then, he was responsible for supervising anything that happened, making decisions or taking them upstairs. He knew most of the criminals, and certainly all of the major criminals in Wolverhampton."

Mr Archer, now aged 83, was a detective inspector when he retired in 1980.

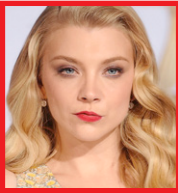
PETER RHODES



THE master of the one-liner, Milton Jones, is telling audiences at the Edinburgh Festival: "I come from a family of failed magicians: I've got two half-sisters."

IN ye olden days when we had only two television channels, plus BBC radio and the local cinema, we all knew what a star was; it was someone we all recognised. Today's multiplicity of channels, social media and computer games means someone can become stupendously famous among half the population while the other half has never heard of them.

Natalie Dormer starred in The Scandalous Lady W (BBC2). If you happen to follow something called Game of Thrones, you know her as a superstar. To the rest of us, she was a newcomer.



SOME critics coped with Miss Dormer better than others. The Guardian reviewer went entirely to pieces over "the wondrous Natalie Dormer, whose musks simply seeped through the screen – oh, my." Bli-mey. What sort of telly has he got?

SEPP Blatter insists: "The institution (Fifa) is not corrupt. There is no corruption in football. There is corruption with individuals. It is the people." I am reminded of the industrialist who declared his factory was unfairly blamed for polluting a lake when the pollution was actually caused by all those dead fish.

AS a rule I steer clear of conspiracy theories. And yet, of all the unfortunate places for a terror suspect who is "on the radar" of security forces across Europe to draw his Kalashnikov, could anywhere be worse than right in front of three fit, hard American servicemen who promptly deck him? One e-mailer to a news website, admiring the knots and ropework used to restrain the suspect, asks whether the average squaddie is taught such techniques. A tiny part of me is wondering who ambushed whom.

TV gardener Charlie Dimmock suggested allotments are too big and should be divided in four. She was instantly denounced by the National Allotments Society which argues that the common 300 square yard allotment is designed to feed a family of four. Good to report that not all allotment fans share the rigid NAS view. The chairman of an allotments association tells me: "The allotments our forefathers were used to are far too big for current use. This year, when a plot became vacant, I quartered it and the four new plot holders are really enjoying their gardening. I did not get permission from the National Allotments Association, I used – an old fashioned expression – common sense."

AMID the furore over the Met Office losing its contract to supply the BBC with weather information, my vote goes to whoever can hold our attention. There is something very strange about weather forecasts, especially on the radio. No matter how hard you try to concentrate, no matter how eagerly you listen out for your own specific region, after a couple of sentences, the bulletin goes all mumbledyumblededeoombledeewobbedoo and the next thing you hear is: "Finally, for north-west Scotland." Time after time.

IS it a good idea for 60-year-old warplanes laden with fuel to perform loop-the-loops over busy dual carriageways? Why are we even having this debate?

A READER says we should not utterly condemn the delay in publishing the long-awaited report into the invasion of Iraq. If nothing else, it has given the English language a new adjective: Slow, slower and Chilcot.

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