Surrey Constabulary History

'An in depth history of policing in Surrey'

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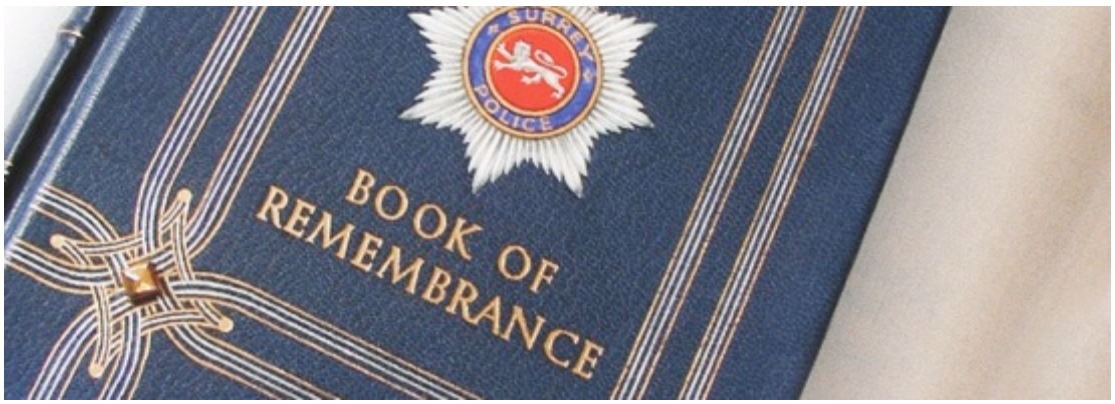


John Schofield
Murdered on Duty in Caterham
July 6 1974

The Surrey Constabulary was proud of its reputation and high success rate in detecting and preventing crime by using stop checks of people and vehicles. This tactic was seen as the very basis of patrol work across the county and everyone was expected to spend their down time carrying out checks and uncovering all manner of crimes and intelligence.

In 1974, shortly before 4am on Saturday morning the 6 July such a routine stop check was to immediately escalate into a murder and attempted murder of police officers in Croydon Road, Caterham on the eastern side of Surrey close to the boundary with the Metropolitan Police. Police Constables John Schofield and Ray Fullalove were on routine patrol in Caterham with their sergeant, Harley (Jim) Findlay when they became suspicious of a man on foot carrying a large holdall. They pulled alongside him in their beat car and started to question him. As PC Fullalove started to get out of the car Egon Von Bulow produced a gun and shot him in the stomach. The gunman then went to the driver's side and shot PC Schofield dead. PS Findlay who would initially be trapped in the back of the two door car, was also shot but was saved by his leather pocket notebook kept by all officers in their breast pocket, which deflected the bullet into his arm. Von Bulow escaped but was later arrested on the day of PC Schofield's funeral, which took place at St. Mary's Church, Caterham six days later.

In March 1975 Von Bulow was sentenced to life imprisonment. PS Findlay later received the Queen's Commendation for Brave Conduct and the arresting officer Superintendent (then chief inspector) Breslin, Metropolitan Police was awarded the Queen's Gallantry Medal.[1]

John Schofield was 28 years of age and began basic training at Sandgate in January 1972. He was married to Geraldine. Prior to joining the force he served in the Royal Engineers in Germany and Aden. In 1965 he joined the Australian Army where he saw service in Vietnam, Singapore and Australia. The British Army awarded John the General Service Medal with clasp for service in South Arabia. The Australian Army awarded the Vietnam medal.

[1] The London Gazette: (Supplement) no. 46827. pp. 2429–2431. 16 February 1976

PC Schofield attended Course No 276 Class A1 10 January to 7 April 1972 Sandgate Initial Training. In this picture he is standing at the rear on the left.

OFFBEAT

THE NEWSPAPER FOR THE MEN & WOMEN OF THE SURREY CONSTABULARY

No. 26 AUGUST 1974

TRAGIC DEATH OF JOHN SCHOFIELD

Shortly before 4 a.m. on Saturday 6th July 1974, PC John Schofield was patrolling in a police car in Croydon Road, Caterham, accompanied by Sergeant Jim Findlay and PC Ray Fullalove. They stopped to interrogate a man, all three officers were shot, PC Schofield was killed and the other two officers were injured. PC Fullalove had an emergency operation and has made good progress, he hopes to be back at work in September and Sergeant Findlay was discharged from hospital shortly afterwards.

John Schofield was 28 years of age, he joined the Surrey Constabulary on the 6th January 1972 and was engaged on Beat duties in the Caterham area. He was a married man and lived with his wife Geraldine in Caterham.

Prior to joining the force he served in the Royal Engineers both in Germany and Aden.

In 1965 he joined the Australian Army and served again as a Sapper in the Royal Australian Engineers where he saw service in Vietnam, Singapore and Australia. For his Army Service he was awarded the General Service Medal and Clasp for South Arabia, for his service in Aden and the Vietnam Medal and Vietnamese Campaign medal for his service in the Australian Army.

The funeral service was held at St. Mary's Church in Reigate—the coffin draped in the flag of the Surrey Constabulary with red roses and John Schofield's helmet on top was carried by his colleagues to the church. Later there was a private cremation at the Surrey and Sussex crematorium in Crawley.

The deepest sympathy of the Force goes to John's widow Geraldine and members of his family in their tragic loss.

A man has been charged with the murder.

John Schofield

Jim Findlay: It doesn't take much to bring back those memories. I couldn't talk about it for years. I had only been promoted six months when it happened. My father had died from a heart attack in his back-garden three days before the shooting and one of my deepest regrets is not grieving his death properly. We had three children at the time aged nine, seven and four and without the support of my family, friends and especially the Job I don't think we would have survived. There was no counselling in those days, it was straightforward common sense and compassion. The press were camped outside my house for days and I had practically twenty-four hour protection at the front door. I have never got on with the press since then. Mr Matthews (chief constable) authorised payment for my mother, wife and children to go to a holiday camp for a week whilst the Crime Squad looked after Ray and me getting us away from Caterham. Then there were the days before the funeral walking into the Nick and feeling guilty as sin. After which came the funeral, his arrest, the trial and the media. Not a year I'd wish on anyone. After a few months the Job moved me to Byfleet just a few miles from Hersham where I'd started, as Ann couldn't stand Caterham. Ray transferred to the Metropolitan Police and became an inspector before he retired.

My father died of a heart attack at the beginning of the week and I had started a week of nights so I was back and forth to my family with little sleep until the Friday night. This part is well documented. I was out with the Area-car sitting in the back seat of a two door Police car with John Schofield driving and Ray Fullalove in the passenger seat when we saw a man walking towards the town in Caterham Valley Road on the offside of the road. The road was wide enough to swing round without having to reverse so it was automatic that John would swing and pull up alongside him. As we did so Ray wound his window down and called the man to stop. As he got out the man reached into the bag pulled out a gun and shot him in the stomach at point blank range.

I had pushed the front passenger seat forward and was getting out when this happened and then the man turned to me and fired at me. The noise of that shot in the car was something I'll never forget. I didn't feel anything but was aware of the man walking round the back of the car and I heard another gunshot. Ray was screaming but when I got out of the car I couldn't see him. I looked over the car towards the driver's side and the man was looking down. I shouted and he looked up, raised the gun and fired. I had ducked down and the man walked off towards the town. I started to walk towards him, not really sure why, and he turned and fired two more shots at me missing me. He then started to run. He hadn't said a word the whole time.

I started after him but then saw a lorry coming from the town. I could feel a pain in my left arm and saw blood on my sleeve and decided to stop the lorry and call for assistance. I hadn't seen John and knew Ray was hurt. I asked the driver to call 999 and returned to the car to call on the Police radio. The rest was a blur. The first shot fired at me hit the pocket book in my left breast pocket and glanced off across my arm

just breaking the skin. In the ambulance I was told John had been killed. He had struggled with the seat belt and fallen out with it still on. He had been shot whilst on the ground.

We both went to hospital. The bullet that hit Ray in the stomach didn't hit a single organ; mine scratched my arm. The next week was a blur; I spent quite a time with the Crime Squad keeping me out of the way. The press were camped outside my house and I had an officer there 24 hours. The funeral was so moving capped by the knowledge that VB had been arrested. That week I picked him out in an ID parade.

The Force paid for my mother, wife and children to go to Butlins for a week leaving me to come to terms with life. No counselling in those days. I was torn. Peter Matthews came asked my wife and I what we wanted to do. He offered to move me back to the Walton area. My wife jumped at the chance and I went along with it, to my bitter regret. I felt so guilty leaving my Section; as if it wasn't bad getting one killed, one seriously injured and me with hardly a scratch and then running away. Probably the lowest I've ever felt. I couldn't talk about it, hated myself and almost jacked it in. I was moved to the Police Office at Byfleet where the Office was part of the house with a huge garden. The trial came and went, we were in the spotlight for a while and then it was back to the guilt and unsettled nights. Time was a great healer and I grew to enjoy the village life and became very insular. I lost all interest in promotion and threw myself into my newfound interests of fishing and bowls.[2]

Tony Stenning: It was a very warm summer's night, if my memory is not playing tricks it was the 6th July. I worked alone on Warlingham Section and it had been particularly quiet up on the hill; no checks on the B269 which was a road I terrorised. I knew the Sergeant who was Jimmy Findlay would be in Caterham Nick having his meal break with his two PCs Ray Fullalove and John Schofield. They could do that as B2 was covering, the old area car. I remember Eric Skinner was the driver but I am not sure of his crewmate. So I slipped down to Wapses roundabout, hoping to steal a few good checks and make up for my poor night. I had no Force radio in my B5 car that night as it was in for repair and the old two set plastic PRs did not work in that area, so I suppose I was in a dodgy situation. I sat on the roundabout in Woldingham Road, but it was as dead there as it was on my patch. I later learned that Egan Von Bulow was beneath the roundabout at the time, a peach of a stop check! I got fed up and drove back up Succombes Hill and decided to check Sir Geoffrey Howe's property in Westall Park, which I did.

As I drove back into the village a local Chelsham ambulance that was showing a blue light stopped me. They said they had received a shout that there had been a shooting at Wapses. I assured them that it was all quiet 10 minutes ago but I would attend with them. When we got down there it was still quiet, so I led the way to check the Valley. My first sight was the back of a stopped newspaper delivery van. I slowly overtook it trying to be as careful as possible. I still didn't know what was occurring. Then I suddenly picked up Jim Findlay in my headlights who was walking back towards me holding what I thought was his chest, but turned out to be an arm injury. He said he had lost a male offender who was armed and believed to have crossed the railway line towards Kenley. I helped him back to the police car that he had been a rear seat

[2] Email from Jim Findlay to Robert Bartlett October 2012

passenger in. It was immediately in front of the paper van, so I had not seen it on my first arrival. I sat him on a grass bank waiting for the ambulance crew to deal with him. I still didn't know at that point that there was any other officer involved. Then Jim wanted to check on John. I insisted he was not to move and that I would deal. I found John hanging from his seat belt with a trickle of blood at the side of his mouth. He appeared to me to be dead. I broke the news to Jim, which I will not describe. Jim was safely taken off to hospital, while I and another ambulance crew did the same for John. It was only then that I saw another ambulance crew lifting a stretcher from a nearby garden containing Ray Fullalove who was seriously injured. B2 and Metropolitan Police crews started arriving and I was assigned to a Metropolitan Police crew from Harrow to patrol and search.

What I learned later is that when I drove off from Wapses, Von Bulow made his way from the roundabout carrying a holdall. The Police vehicle with the two PCs and Jim in the back stopped him. Ray apparently got out of the front passenger seat and asked Von Bulow if he could have a look in his bag. He agreed opened it got out a gun, shot Ray and then fired into the Police car.[3]

Press cutting [4]

My recollection of the murder of PC John Schofield: Retired PC 173 Roger Martin On Saturday 6th July 1974 I was called out by Operations in the early hours of the night to Croydon Road, Caterham where the operator told me that three policemen had been shot. My police dog Dolf had already heard the telephone and was ready at the kennel compound door keen to attend another job. I was pleased he was an expert

[3] Email to Robert Bartlett

[4] Press cutting from former PC Dave Smith January 2013

tracking dog. On my way to the scene from my home in Godstone I had to pass Caterham police station so I called into the front office and as a police marksman I asked to be issued with a firearm. I was told there was nobody there authorised to issue one, so I continued to the scene unarmed, more concerned about wasting time than my own safety.

On arrival I was told that PS Jim Findlay and PC Ray Fullalove had been taken to hospital, but PC John Schofield had been certified dead at the scene and was hanging out of the open door of the sergeant's car. This was an horrific sight, made worse because he was a colleague.

I fitted my dog with his tracking harness and, from the scene; he tracked diagonally across the road to the pavement on the far side where he continued to follow the scent towards Caterham town. After a while he suddenly turned right through an open garden gate and continued tracking down the garden path to a 7ft high chain link fence, the boundary of the railway line. The top of the fence was angled outwards and topped with strands of barbed wire, which I saw had been pulled downwards indicating someone had climbed over.

Unable to get my dog over this fence I pulled up the chain link from the bottom and we both wriggled underneath. The embankment was heavily overgrown with scrub, and my dog continued tracking towards the railway lines. He stopped and indicated he had found something and when I moved forward to investigate by the light of my torch I saw two holdall type bags that had been hidden in the undergrowth. I left these secure with PS Fred Booker who had followed me up, and continued with my dog tracking towards the electrified railway lines. On reaching the lines my dog could not pick up a track at the side of the rails but wanted to go onto the track itself. I informed Operations and they told me to go no further until they had arranged for the power to be switched off. Before this could be done the Metropolitan Police turned up in numbers having walked from the village of Whyteleafe. This made any further tracking impossible. Enquiries later revealed that the murderer Egon Von Bulow had walked along the lines to Whytelefe where he left the railway to flag down a car on the A22 and make his escape.

The contents of the bags my dog found identified Von Bulow, and even contained a set of number plates he had made to fit a motorcycle at a house along Croydon Road that he intended to use as his means of escape. He had planted a live bomb in the pedestrian walkway under Wapsies roundabout on the A22. The murder weapon, a .22 pistol, was never found, but it is believed it was thrown into the Irish Sea when Von Bulow visited Ireland prior to his arrest.

I attended the trial at the Central Criminal Court (Old Bailey) and gave evidence of my police dog Dolf tracking from the murder scene to the two bags on the railway embankment. This evidence not only corroborated that of Jim Findlay who picked out Von Bulow on the ID Parade but linked the killer to the scene. He had pleaded 'not guilty' but was found guilty of murder and attempted murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. I understand he is still in prison where he has shown no remorse and failed to attend any rehabilitation.

Jim Findlay's life had been saved by the leather pocket book wallet issued by the Surrey Constabulary and kept in the left breast pocket of the tunic, which still contained the .22 bullet. (This pocket book is now in the Surrey Police museum)

It was ironic that PC John Schofield as an even younger man had emigrated to Australia joining the Army and serving in the Vietnam War which he came through without a scratch only to be shot dead in the quiet Surrey town of Caterham. A true hero!

Commendations didn't come easy in those days for man or dog and nothing was given, but a local magistrate Mr Neville Rayner (of Rayners Estate Agents) put me forward for the Freedom of the City of London. This was awarded on the 1st of December 1978 in the Guildhall in the City. It is a great and ancient honour but with few advantages. One, however, is permission to drive a flock of sheep over London Bridge. Something I've always threatened to do.[5]

Press cutting [6]

David Smith: That night I was crewed with Eric Skinner on the area car call sign B2. I was driving. We didn't have civilian reception clerks in those days and I think it was a lad called Tom Baxter who pulled office duty that night. Three members of our shift

[5] Email to Robert Bartlett

[6] Press cutting from former PC Dave Smith January 2013

were absent on annual leave or courses. From memory, they were Chris Myers, Dave Bryant and Lee Arthur.

I think for the first part of the shift Ray Fullalove was on foot patrol in Caterham Valley whilst John Schofield patrolled in the panda, call sign Bravo7. I seem to recall that it was quite a busy night, nothing serious, just volume of minor incidents. We used to stagger our meal reliefs at 1am and 2am but because we had been busy we all came in together after 2am. It was custom at that time to play cards during our meal break and I'm pretty sure we all sat around the briefing room table playing cards together.

At the end of the meal break Jim Findlay stated that he would go out with Ray Fullalove and John Schofield on Bravo 7 and patrol the north end of the patch whilst Eric and I would patrol the south on Bravo 2. They pulled off the station forecourt in front of us and we followed them for the very short distance to the junction with Godstone Road. My over-riding memory of that night is the moment their brake lights came on as they stopped at the junction. They then turned right towards the Croydon Road and we turned left towards Godstone.

I do not remember what the time lapse was before the radio came to life with Jim Findlay's call for assistance. We raced to the scene and were confronted with a situation, which was very difficult to comprehend. Eric Skinner went to assist Jim Findlay whilst I went to John Schofield who was lying on the road surface on the offside of the panda car being tended to by an ambulance man. The ambulance man told me he thought John was dead but then said, words to the effect "Hang about, I felt something there" indicating a pulse. "I think he might still be with us." I then instructed the ambulance crew to get John to hospital as quickly as possible and assisted them to put him on a stretcher.

Assistance then started to arrive from the Metropolitan Police and I seem to recall that it just kept coming and coming. When the three officers had been removed from the scene Eric and I were instructed to close the Croydon Road in Caterham town centre.

John Schofield lived a few doors away from me in Milton Road and we knew his wife Gerry very well. Later that morning I attended at the home address with a senior police officer to break the news to her of John's death.

When I reported for duty that night, I sat at the briefing table looking at Tom Baxter and Eric Skinner. We were all still in a state of shock and disbelief. From a shift of a sergeant and eight constables, there were now three of us reporting for the night shift; no provision had been made to provide extra officers. Tom pulled office duty again whilst Eric and I patrolled in Bravo 2. It was the quietest night shift I have throughout my whole service. Not one single incident or call.

I remember attending John's funeral at the Parish Church of St Mary the Virgin, Caterham a really sad day.

A few months later we had a charity football match in memory of John and in aid of the Police Dependant's Trust. The divisional football team played a game against local reporters and some professionals, John McCormick (Crystal Palace) Phil

Beal and Alan Mullary (Spurs) I played in goal for the police team. The game was kicked off by Geoffrey Howe and also in attendance were Jack Warner (Dixon of Dock Green) and Alex Quilley (Z Cars)[7]

Trevor Saunders – From Old and Bold: It is difficult to describe the atmosphere hanging over Caterham Police Station during the ensuing days. The tragedy of losing a colleague and the burning desire to capture the culprit had to be tempered with the need to concentrate on normal policing demands. In addition, in the knowledge that John's funeral would attract national television coverage, the pallbearers for John's coffin attended Caterham Barracks daily to be trained for the task to a military standard. The pallbearers with me were Superintendent Philip 'Paddy' Doyle, Ray Hussey, and Dave Bryant and two others whose names I am sorry, escape me for the moment. This was a duty that we were all proud and honoured to do, but never wanted to do again. The funeral was held six days after John's death. When we returned to the police station after the service the atmosphere was understandably very subdued. I had only been back in my office for a few minutes when Paddy Doyle came in. He said, "Trevor, he's in my nick." We shook hands and he turned and left. The emotion in my office was so heavy there was nothing more that needed to, or could, be said. That was not a moment I shall ever forget, nor will I forget the courage of Jim Findlay, the extraordinary recovery of Ray Fullalove, who was back at work within, I believe, just three weeks, and the huge support given by Peter Matthews to Geraldine, John Schofield's widow.

Alan Bridgeman: In July 1974 PC John Schofield was shot dead at Caterham. The incident was horrific, and shocked us all. I remember John had done a firearm's course at HQ only a couple of months earlier, when I was a member of the training staff playing a baddie. I had hidden in trees on the slopes of Mount Browne, and opened fire on the approaching line of searching PCs. I have a clear memory of John's head poking around a tree looking for me, and looking mildly surprised to see me pointing a gun at him. It demonstrated the value of realistic training at the time, and it is such a wicked shame that John was trapped in his seat by the seat belt at the time he was shot. I remember that his killer Egon Von Bulow was arrested on the day of John's funeral, which was very well attended by so many bobbies who each day faced the same potential dangers as John, but were fortunate enough not to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. We heard that Von Bulow's MP had made a complaint to the Metropolitan Police that his constituent had been refused a firearm certificate shortly before the murder; strangely no publicity was made about this at all. It would have clearly demonstrated that MPs are as fallible as anybody else, and were quite likely to lodge formal complaints whilst absolutely unaware of all pertinent facts. I don't suppose that situation has changed at all – in fact it has probably become worse. Serving officers tend to believe that they have heard all the facts of any prominent case, particularly one involving the murder of a colleague, but it was twenty years before I found out more about the shooting, while I was stress-breaking in France with **PC Roger Martin**, who had attended the scene as the local dog handler. Roger had tracked the gunman's route of escape up the railway line, and done so well that he was made a Freeman of the City of London. Roger must have well impressed those City blokes, almost as much as he impressed his SCMCC

[7] Email to Robert Bartlett

colleagues in about year 2000, when he fell off his Honda Blackbird in France at a speed of 180 mph – and lived! [8]

Arrested man taken to Caterham police station – Second right Charlie Brunt [9]

1974 July 7: Four hundred police officers, some armed, hunted yesterday for a man who shot dead a policeman and wounded two others during a dawn encounter in a suburban road. Helicopters helped the search. The shooting occurred at 0405am. Immediately the man fired five shots into the car smashing the rear window leaving the driver John Schofield hanging out of the open door by his seat belt. Mr Alex Robinson heard a man crying for help and ran down from his bedroom to find PC Fullalove lying in his garden holding his stomach. "The bastard shot me," the officer said, "I always wondered what it was like to be shot." A newspaper delivery man arrived on the scene and offered to take Sergeant Jim Findlay after the murderer but Jim told him to wait and direct those coming to help – Jim would go over the hill after the man." He was marvellous. He seemed every cool and very brave," said the witness. He then found a young constable who had been shot in the stomach with his tunic open and blood pouring out. An ambulance arrived and said the driver was dead and at that point the sergeant returned and broke down at the news.[10]

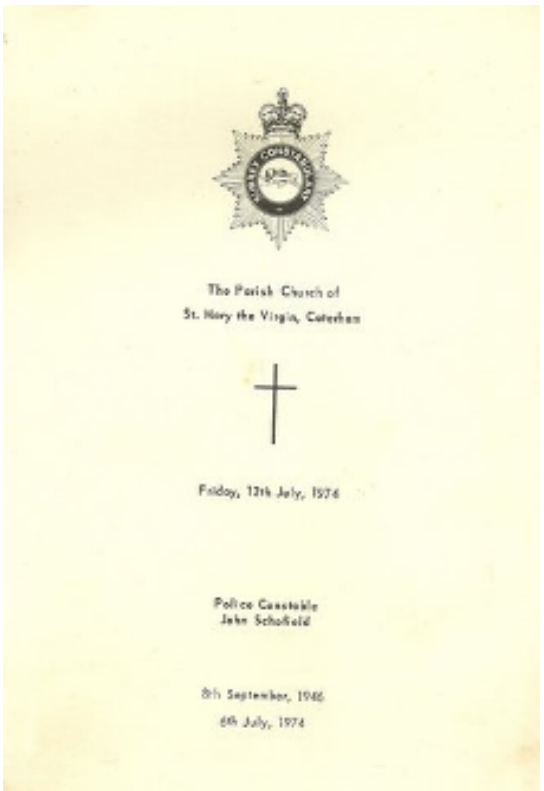
Brian Cane: John Milner and I had the tedious task of searching through all the counter receipts at Pride and Clarks motor factors at Tooting, looking for the bill for the false number plates that von Bulow had on his motor cycle. We sat there for a couple of days, one of us lift off the spike the bills and the other scanning the details. Then, with rather a smug look on his face, John pointed to a bill, low and behold there it was. We did a runner back to dear Wally Simmons and the bill was immediately

[8] Email to Robert Bartlett
[9] Press cutting from former PC Dave Smith January 2013
[10] 1974 July 7: Sunday Telegraph

dispatched to New Scotland Yard by motorcyclist and an hour later we were told that von Bulow's palm print was right across the bill where he had signed it. Wally said we were good boys and let us go home early. Many people do not know that John Schofield had served with the Royal Engineers and had a campaign medal for South Arabia. He then emigrated to Australia. Very soon he was called up for military service, in The Australian Engineers and sent to Vietnam for which he was awarded two more medals for his service.[11]

Robert Scott: As a junior DC, teamed up with Dennis Gray (sadly, no longer with us for some time now), I was given a bunch of TIE (trace, identify, eliminate) to deal with. In due course we fetched up at an address in Hither Green Lane where we banged on the door of a man called Egon Von Bulow, who had been propped up as a likely suspect by a Metropolitan police constable. The PC had been to see Von Bulow on a firearms certificate enquiry and had opposed the application. This resulted in Von Bulow taking quite a dislike to us all and, as he fitted the suspect's description, his name had been put forward. Thankfully, he wasn't in (or didn't answer the door) and Den and I put that TIE to the back the pile and got on with others. There, perhaps, but for fate, went I (and for a while at least, Den). I often wonder what might have happened had he answered the door.

It was also Den and I who interviewed and took a statement from the motorist driving to work through Whyteleaf who stopped when Von Bulow jumped out of the railway line hedge and flagged him down and then gave him a lift to Purley station. That's how he managed to disappear so quickly.[12]



The Parish Church of
St. Mary the Virgin, Caterham

Friday, 12th July, 1974

Police Constable
John Schofield

8th September, 1946
6th July, 1974

[11] Email to Robert Bartlett
[12] Email to Robert Bartlett

Chief Superintendent Tunn-Clarke and local officers[13]

Sergeant and Mrs Findlay[14]

[13] Press cutting from former PC Dave Smith January 2013
[14] Press cutting from former PC Dave Smith January 2013

Mrs Geraldine Schofield, widow of Police Constable John Schofield, leaning on her father, weeps as her husband's coffin leaves St Mary's Church, Caterham.

1974 July 13: 700 pay tribute to shot PC: About 700 people attended the funeral at St Mary's Caterham yesterday, of Police Constable John Schofield aged 27, who was shot dead while on patrol duty last Saturday. After the service Mrs Geraldine Schofield aged 26 his widow, broke down and wept and many of the congregation and the hundred or so people outside the church had tears streaming down their faces. Representatives of every police force in Britain attended with full police honours. In the congregation was Major James More-Molyneux, High Sheriff of Surrey who has set up a fund to raise money for the widow. More than 60 policemen formed a guard of honour at the front entrance to the church. Behind them were scores of wreaths from all over the country. Seven police motorcycle outriders escorted the cortege to the church and six of PC Schofield's colleagues from Caterham police station carried his coffin inside. Mr Peter Matthews, Chief Constable of Surrey, described PC

Schofield as a man of great character and considerable tenacity, a "typical Yorkshire-man" who was never daunted by any task.[15]

1974 July 13: Members of the Metropolitan Police at Lewisham made the arrest soon after dawn after an explosion in Hither Green Lane. Soon afterwards a man with a shotgun tried to hijack a lorry that was being driven from a depot next door to the garage. The driver of the lorry ignored the shouts of the man to stop and drove on. The man still brandishing a shotgun forced the driver of a Hillman car to stop and drive him towards the A2. The Hillman stopped near a garage at Falconwood Railway Station at Welling where a number of shots were fired at passing cars. No one was hurt. The driver of the Hillman was ordered to drive back to Lewisham where in Avon Road the gunman leapt clear leaving a shotgun and a number of homemade grenades inside. Several minutes later there were two explosions in the area. This all followed the first alert to the Metropolitan Police when a patrol of two officers saw a man loitering in the railway sidings near Hither Green. After they shouted at him and began to approach the man threw a grenade down the embankment and it exploded in a petrol station. After he hijacked the Hillman he fire several shots and hurled three grenades at the police before he ran from the car chased by several car loads of police. Later a man was taken to Lee Road police station. Detective Chief Superintendent Simmonds was interviewing the suspect as the funeral of the murdered police officer was taking place.[16]

1975 March 5: Daily Telegraph: Egon Von Bulow aged 28 was sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of PC Schofield with a minimum of 20 years. With a total of 12 other offences he received a total of 74 years in prison to run concurrent. At the trial Chief Superintendent Simmons said that when arrested Von Bulow was dressed in black with an SS dagger in his belt and answered police questions with a click of his heels. His home was decorated with Nazi flags and insignia and photographs of the Hitler regime.

The Judge commended Sergeant Findlay and PC Fullalove and also Chief Inspector Breslin of the Metropolitan Police who made the arrest. Breslin walked up to Von

[15] ***The Times*** (London, England), Saturday, Jul 13, 1974
[16] 1974 July 13: The Times

Bulow who was carrying a sawn-off shotgun in a garden in Crescent Way, Brockley. "It's all right. Just give it to me he demanded" and Von Bulow surrendered. The judge said he was very brave.[17]

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO The London Gazette of Monday, 16th February 1976

Registered as a Newspaper TUESDAY, I7TH FEBRUARY 1976

William John Breslin, Chief Inspector, Metropolitan Police. During the early hours of the morning a police patrol car stopped and questioned a man who was carrying a large holdall type of bag. As one of the crew opened the car to get out the suspect fired a gun. The window was shattered and a policeman was wounded in the right arm. Further shots were fired and a second policeman was seriously wounded in the stomach while a third collapsed in the driving seat and was held there by the seat belt; this officer was later found to be dead on arrival at hospital. The assailant made off into the darkness and escaped. Six days later, on 12th July 1974, the gunman stopped a private car and forced the driver at gunpoint to drive him through South-East London and, during this journey he fired a sawn-off shotgun at a passing car. Eventually he stopped the car in the Brockley area and got out. The Police were informed and units under the command of Chief Inspector Breslin were sent to the area. As the Chief Inspector with other officers approached the house where the gunman was believed to be, they heard two explosions, which they thought were shotgun blasts, but it was subsequently discovered these were caused by two

[17] 1975 March 5: Daily Telegraph

explosive devices detonated in nearby gardens. The gunman then emerged from one of the houses waving a sawn-off shotgun. Chief Inspector Breslin walked towards him and told him to put the gun down, but the man still flourished the weapon. The Chief Inspector continued to walk towards the man and repeated his request, although he saw it was a short barrelled gun and had no doubt that it was a sawn-off shotgun. He again told the man to hand over his weapon and this time the man surrendered and broke the gun open showing that it was loaded with two live cartridges. Chief Inspector Breslin acted with great courage. He knew that the suspect had already fired a gun at a passing car, claimed to be responsible for the shooting of a policeman and that he was armed with a sawn-off shotgun. He knew if the weapon was fired his chances of escaping serious injury were negligible, nevertheless he remained cool, resolutely approached the gunman and arrested him.

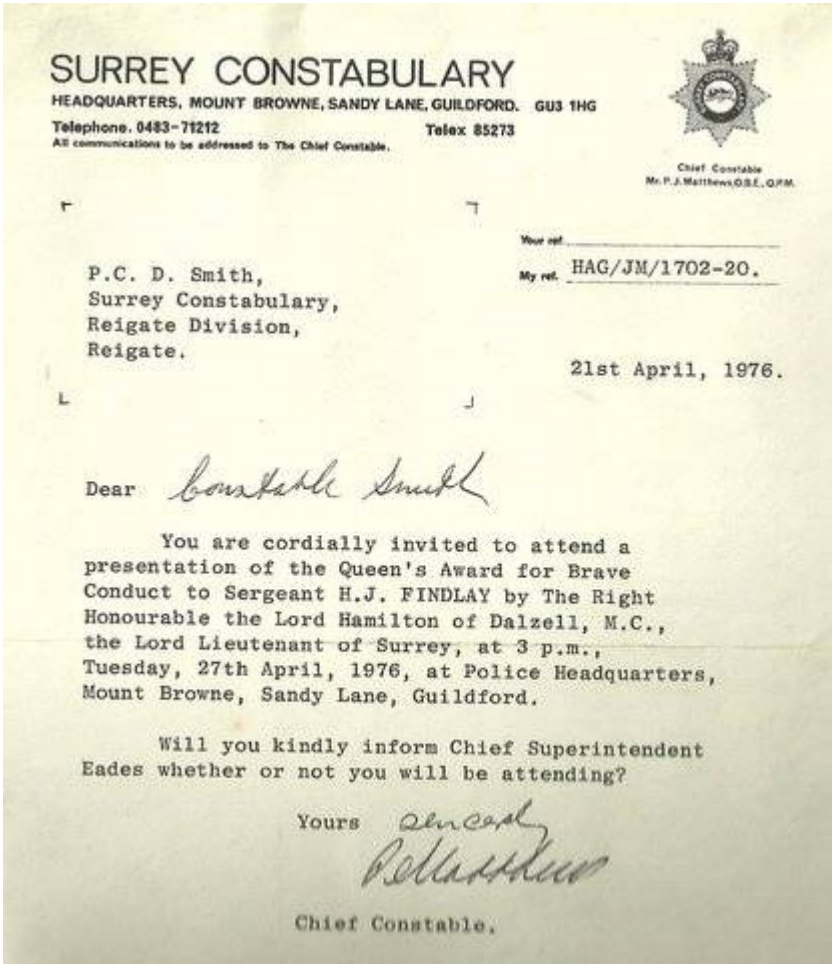
Maureen Rutherford: The time of the shooting of John Schofield and Ray Fullalove, I was a very immature cadet at Reigate. I still recall the atmosphere of shock and disbelief amongst the more experienced police officers. As I was available at the time I was placed to work in the office just to the left inside of the main door of the old HQ at Mount Browne. Here with Peter Imbert in charge I worked for weeks opening the letters of condolence and donations sent to the force and family. It was a sobering and emotional task with all the kind messages and small but so thoughtful donations from so many different people. It was so long ago but I never forget the small part I was in this sad incident. I never past the roundabout at Caterham without a thought and a prayer even now[18]

19 March 2010: Police killer Egon Von Bulow has tasted his first full day of freedom in 36 years. With hands in pockets and wearing a beanie hat, the 63-year-old lifer - who shot three officers, one fatally, mingled with shoppers in London. Von Bulow was let out on Tuesday despite reports he has a "severe personality disorder". He is thought to be the first cop murderer ever released in Britain.

Von Bulow was taken to a bail hostel in a residential street in Tulse Hill, South London, and can come and go as he likes. The Police Federation said he had "never admitted his crimes or shown any remorse" and blasted the decision to free him. Yesterday, he left at 8am and got on a bus packed with commuters. He sat near mums with kids on a seven-mile, hour-long trip to Baker Street, Central London. He got off outside Madame Tussauds and went into four phone boxes before making a long call from a fifth. Von Bulow, who also wore a body-warmer and turn-up jeans, then vanished among the crowds.

Von Bulow, whose father was German, was dubbed the Jackboot Killer because of his obsession with Nazis. He got three life sentences in 1975. In 1983, he tried to kill Moors Murderer Ian Brady in a psychiatric unit. Sources say that in his latest psychiatric assessment he was said to have a personality disorder, but the Parole Board chose to release him. He was freed from Ford Open Prison, West Sussex.)[19]

[18] Email to Robert Bartlett
[19] The Sun on line 19 March 2010



SURREY CONSTABULARY

HEADQUARTERS, MOUNT BROWNE, SANDY LANE, GUILDFORD. GU3 1HG

Telephone. 0483-71212 Telex 85273

All communications to be addressed to The Chief Constable.

Chief Constable
Mr. P. J. Matthews, O.B.E., Q.P.M.

Your ref.

My ref. HAG/JM/1702-20.

P.C. D. Smith,
Surrey Constabulary,
Reigate Division,
Reigate.

21st April, 1976.

Dear Constable Smith

You are cordially invited to attend a presentation of the Queen's Award for Brave Conduct to Sergeant H.J. FINDLAY by The Right Honourable the Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, M.C., the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, at 3 p.m., Tuesday, 27th April, 1976, at Police Headquarters, Mount Browne, Sandy Lane, Guildford.

Will you kindly inform Chief Superintendent Eades whether or not you will be attending?

Yours sincerely

Chief Constable.


Po John Schofield
John Schofield
Charity Match
in aid of the
Police Dependants'
Trust Fund
At White Knobs Sports Ground
White Knobs-way, Caterham
Sunday, September 29
Kick-off: 3 p.m.
Admission: 10p minimum

KICK OFF! Sir Geoffrey Howe (left), Tory's hope for East Surrey in the forthcoming election, relaxes for a moment with Mr Peter Matthews, Chief Constable of Surrey, to start the football game.

JACK WARNER in full regalia pleases the autograph hunters.

One figure stood silent on the touchline...

AS THE crowd cheered on the two teams at Sunday's football match held in memory of shot policeman John Schofield, one figure stood silently on the touchline.

It was his widow, Mrs Geraldine Schofield.

After the excitement had died away Mrs Schofield broke her three months silence since the shooting and told the "Catering News" of her mixed feelings as she mingled with the 3,000 crowd.

"I felt a bit miserable at the game," she said. "But I was overwhelmed by the number of people who contributed and helped. It was a tremendous effort."

She said local police and neighbours had been marvellous to her since the shooting.

"I don't often think about the shooting now. When I do it upsets me. It's all so cruel and pointless," said Mrs Schofield.

Encourage

She said the public and policemen's wives now realised what the police were up against even in a quiet area like Caterham.

"The shooting has not changed my mind about policemen carrying guns—that would only encourage criminals to carry them as well. But there should be stricter laws on obtaining guns."

Mrs Schofield said she did not agree with capital punishment. "It's all too easy. We should keep them in prison for life, and I mean life. That's more of a deterrent."

Mrs Schofield has left her house in Milton Road, Caterham, and is now living with her parents in Reigate.

"I am fortunate. I have no children and I can support myself."

Other police wives, she said, could be left with a family to support and no job. That was what the Police Dependants' Trust Fund is for.

Sunday's match raised more than £3,000 for the fund.

Cuttings from David Smith January 2013

Ray Fullalove 2013
Retired Metropolitan Police Inspector

Police Sergeant Jim Findlay in retirement