

## Constable Edward Day

Edward Day was born in 1926.

During the tail end of World War 2 Ted had served in an Army Commando Unit and had therefore earned the right to wear a coveted Green Beret in active service that he was reticent to talk about.

After military service he joined the Metropolitan Police in 1953, he was then aged twenty-seven and was contracted to serve for 25 years.

After only one year's service he was posted to Waltham Abbey as P.C.333J in 1954. He was destined to remain posted to duty at the station for the rest of his life.

He lived in a police supplied house situated within the 'New Road' estate in Princesfield, Upshire, with his wife, Pamela and five children. Many police at the time sought to leave police quarters and to use their rent allowance to pay a mortgage on a home of their own. Ted never did.

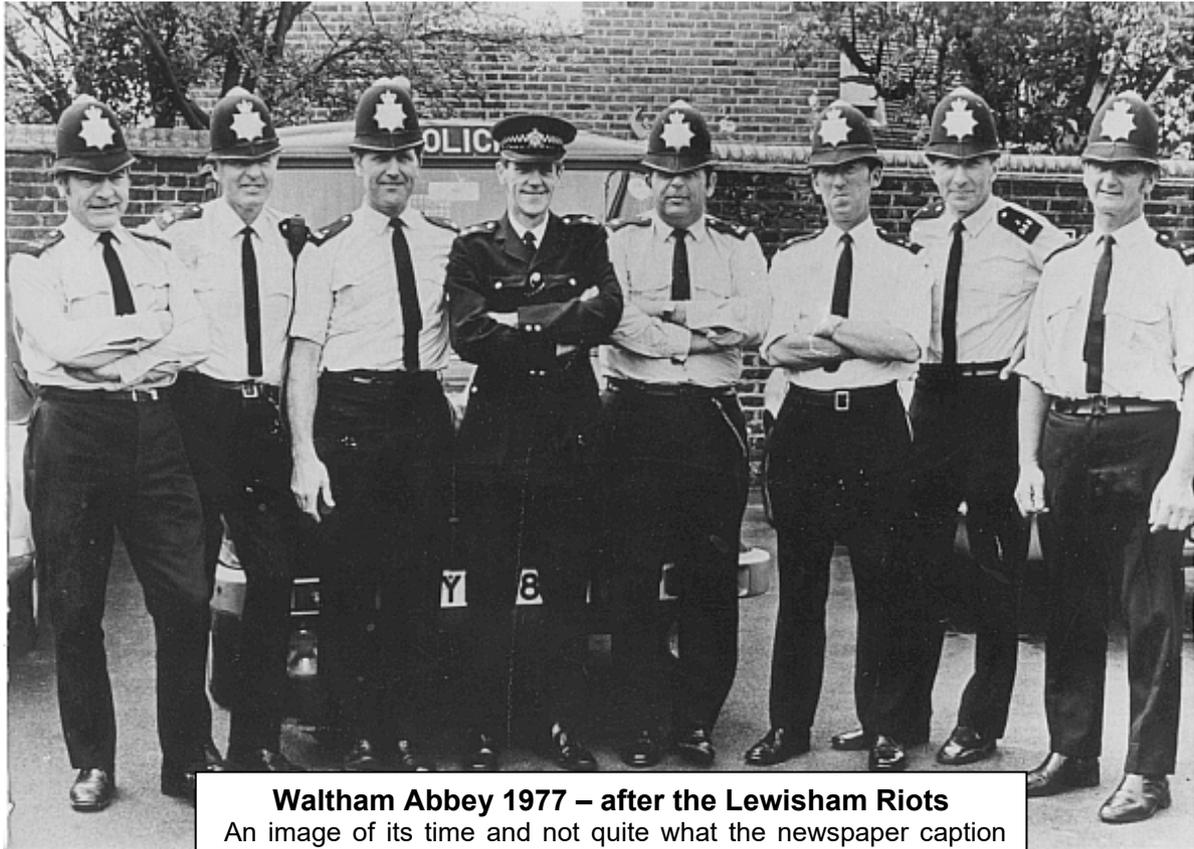
When the home beat system was introduced in 1965 he was allotted the Upshire beat, and remained on it for a number of years, before deciding to return to normal street duties with the relief, in 1974.

To most of his colleagues he was simply an older man and somewhat time expired but that exterior hid a harder core installed during his military service. He was an interesting character and occasionally his behaviour revealed some of his skills he had learned in wartime.

He had little fear of heights and was known to get up on one of the roof of a property along Sun Street then travel over the roof tops and then get down from a different building to that which he climbed up on. No mean feat along a roofline that was both ridged and usually clad in slippery slates.

He would go to the gravel pits – now largely overgrown and softer but then stark and unstable workings – and scramble over the cranes, conveyor belts and piles of gravel and shingle jumping off the equipment onto heaps of aggravates and slide down them.

He had a lighter side that leaned towards humour. After a night shift his journey home to Princesfield would take him past the Alison Close home of colleague PC Derek Boorn and he would tie a rope from the saddle on his motorcycle to the stem of the handlebars on Derek's bicycle and tow him home in the gloom of the night. Those antics did not go unnoticed and were often witnessed by locals who knew full well it was two local coppers fooling about. No one ever complained.



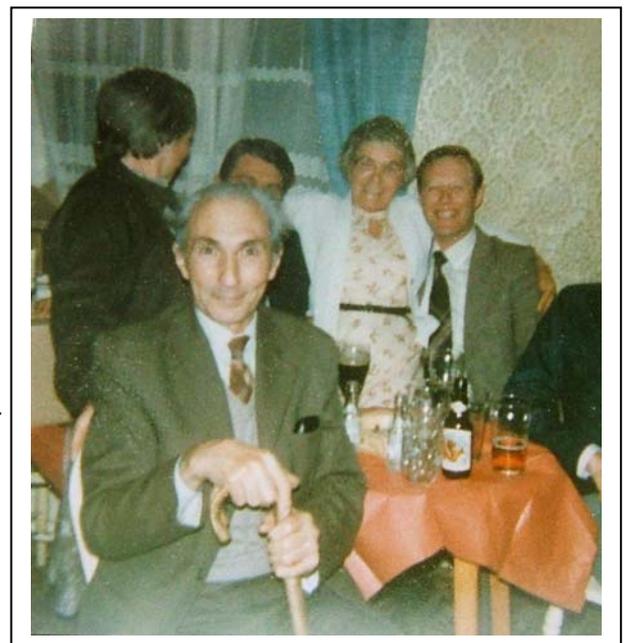
**Waltham Abbey 1977 – after the Lewisham Riots**

An image of its time and not quite what the newspaper caption would have you believe. P.C.'s Reginald Arthur, John Coghlan, Ronald Penney, Inspector Tim Ryan, P.C.'s Ian Andrew, Tom Page, Ted Day and John Chilcott supposedly resting after the riots the day before. In truth only Reg was there! [Mercury Newspapers]

Having completed his required 25 years of service in 1978 he decided to continue in service and complete 30 years for the enhanced pension rights that it offered him and his family. The plan was that it would enable him to take a larger gratuity – the lump sum - that would assist him in buying a house on retirement. He continued to remain on the more onerous normal duties rather than return to walking a Home Beat or take up office duties to see him through to his target of 30 years.

In a profession where most were young and usually retired by the age of 50 Ted was always an older figure. His arrival on early turn was always the centre of entertainment for his far younger colleagues as he looked like death warmed up, although he was reportedly never placed sick throughout his service.

The jibes turned sour however when cancer was diagnosed. He deteriorated quickly and although he was not to retire a final retirement party was held for him in an upstairs room in The Sultan Public House in Sewardstone Road early in the summer of 1982. Virtually everyone of his colleagues was there.



In spite of his obviously terminal illness he was always welcoming to visitors, and thoughtful of their discomfort, even managing typical black 'Police Humour' as to his ultimate fate.

Ted finally succumbed to the cancer on 25 July 1982 when he collapsed at home in the evening. By the time P.C. William Fox had arrived there, he had been taken to St. Margaret's Hospital in Epping and pronounced dead on arrival.

On Friday 30 July he was buried at St. Thomas' Churchyard in Upshire. On the same day his death was announced in the local paper and Police Orders.

He would have completed his target of thirty years service the following January but there was still a silver lining to the story that illustrates the major advances in police pensions that had taken place over 100 years.

His treatment by the police at the time serves to provide a modern contrast to the justice meted out to his forebears in Victorian times. A hundred years earlier he would have been unceremoniously dumped out of the service as soon as the illness had been declared terminal.



At this time 25 year pensions, requiring an 8% deduction, were 2/3rds final basic pay. The widows pension was 2/3<sup>rd</sup> of the pension as long as the marriage predated the retirement. Both were affected detrimentally if a lump sum was taken at retirement in place of maximum pension paid monthly. In addition to the pension provision – for which a significant percentage of the salary was taken – there was a Death in Service Group Insurance for which a weekly premium was charged. This was basic whole life insurance and it ceased on retirement.

Ted did not make the 30-years pension payout but the insurance paid out a similar amount and that paid for the house. It seems that overall his death in service was to provide a 'better deal' – the funeral was paid for by the police, the pension was paid in full because the lump sum had not been extracted and therefore the widows pension was significantly larger for Pamela.