

Roy Arthur ALLAN

23/10/2018

Roy Arthur ALLAN

Late of Gosford

New South Wales Police Force

[alert_yellow]Regd. #
11467[/alert_yellow]

Rank: Probationary Constable – appointed
10 May 1965

Constable – appointed 10 May 1966

Senior Constable – appointed 10 May 1974

Sergeant

Final Rank = Sergeant

Stations: ?, Ellenborough (1970's),
Stuart Town, Yass Lock Up Keeper (6
years), Gosford – Death

Service: From ? ? Pre 10 May 1965? to
? July 1987 = 22+ years Service

Awards: National Medal – granted 15
April 1981 (SenCon)

Born: 1 July 1942

Died on: ?(late) July 1987

Age: 45

Cause: Suicide – poison intake – died
11 hours after ingestion

Event location: Home, Gosford

Event date: ?(late) July 1987

Funeral date: ? ? ?

Funeral location: ?

Wake location: ?

Funeral Parlour: ?

Buried at: ?

Memorial located at: ?

[alert_red]**ROY** is NOT mentioned on the Police Wall of
Remembrance * BUT SHOULD BE

Funeral location: TBA

**FURTHER INFORMATION IS NEEDED ABOUT THIS PERSON, THEIR LIFE,
THEIR CAREER AND THEIR DEATH.**

PLEASE SEND PHOTOS AND INFORMATION TO Cal

May they forever Rest In Peace

Kerry Pope  New South Wales Policing History Forum
8 hrs · 221018

During my service, I was Stationed at the township of **Gunning** and on many occasions, had to ask the assistance from the **Lockup Keeper** at **Yass**, **Roy Allan** was his name, and he never hesitated to attend and assist, as all Cops do, we became

close friends, family included, then one day after being transferred to **Tweed Heads** I happened to pick up a magazine, "**New Idea**" dated 4/2/89 and was dumbstruck with what I read,... two pages were removed from the book, however, I can only locate one at this stage...

The policeman who died from stress

Joan Allan is seated in the rumpus room of her home in Gosford, NSW. She waves in the direction of the laundry door and says calmly: "Just over there ... that's where my husband went to take his life."

It's almost 18 months since Police Sergeant Roy Allan, 45, swallowed a dose of lethal hydrochloric acid. And 47-year-old Joan can clearly remember her husband sprawled on the laundry floor as he uttered: "Just leave me be, I want to die."

After a torturous final few years with Roy — whose stressful job had made him mentally ill — Joan, with tragic honesty, reveals that his suicide has relieved her of much pressure.

"I feel as though I've had a huge weight removed from my shoulders," she says. "I feel so sorry for the wives of policemen who are sick like Roy was."

"You see, the wives are living in the same situation as the men. And they become just as sick as the fellas."

Joan had been married to Roy for 24 years. She says he was a caring man and "a good cop". Roy was striving to go as far as he could in the force.

But the strain of police work proved too much. Roy became chronically depressed as a result of near-brushes with death, the witnessing of the mutilated bodies of road accident victims, and the trying conditions at one-man and lock-up stations.

One night in late July, 1987, he joined Joan and daughter Susan, now 18, at the dinner table. There was no conversation, which was not unusual; Roy's illness had been characterised by a serious withdrawal from others.

He ate half his meal, got up, then went downstairs. "Susan just said to me, 'Dad's on another planet', which is what she always said when he was behaving strangely," says Joan.

"But we actually thought he had gone to get some ice cream. The phone rang and I sang out to him to

12 NEW IDEA, 4/2/89

The macabre side of his life's work broke the mind and spirit of Sergeant Roy Allan... and experts warn that many more men like him are not getting the help they need

take it. And he did — it was a friend of ours.

"I had been keeping a good eye on him since he started becoming sick, so after about three minutes had passed, I called out, 'Are you all right, love?'"

"There was no answer, so I went downstairs to the first landing and there was only one light on. I thought, 'Where is he?' And then I heard movement in the laundry, so I went down ... the door was open and I put the light on. Then I saw him on the floor."

"I thought he'd had a heart attack and I told Susan to ring 000. I turned him on his side and then I saw the bottle of hydrochloric acid — we had used it as a brick cleaner on one of our old houses. We had taken it with us when we moved."

"Susan brought down some milk and tried to pour it into her father's mouth. But he wouldn't swallow it. He said to me, 'I love you'. And then he said, 'Just leave me be, I want to die'."

Roy was rushed to hospital. He died 11 hours later.

Joan says it's hard to know when his troubles began.

Roy had spent much of his early days in one-man country stations,

a time which he found very demanding.

For six years, he was also a lock-up keeper at Yass, 300km south-west of Sydney.

"He was in charge of 16 men and also responsible for all prisoners," says Joan.

"I think Yass played a big part in what happened to him. He was on call 24 hours a day. The phone would ring virtually 24 hours a day, seven days a week."

"He attended a lot of those fatal accidents on the Hume Highway. He'd come home and he couldn't sleep — he'd have nightmares, he'd relive every accident and wish he could have done more for the people involved."

Joan says that a policeman's wife also undergoes considerable hardship. "The wives have a lot of things to do that aren't very pleasant," she says. "At the lock-ups, they have to cook for all the prisoners and body-search the female prisoners. They really are unpaid police."

Joan can cite several specific incidents from which Roy never fully recovered.

After attending an aeroplane crash, he returned home and asked to be left alone.

"He was saying, 'Don't touch me, I've got to have a bath, I feel dirty'," says Joan. "Apparently, he'd been putting pieces of bodies into a bag."

On another occasion, in the town of Griffith, Roy was bailed up during a siege. "This bloke had a .22 carbine pointed at Roy's head," Joan says.

"He said to Roy, 'Don't move or I'll blast your head off'. Roy broke down and cried when he came home. He said all he could see at the end of the barrel was a pair of mad animal eyes."

What Joan can't understand is why the Police Department allowed Roy to return to work after his illness had been diagnosed.

"We came to Gosford because Roy said he needed city experience to further his career," she says. "This is what police are always on about: furthering their career. It's their life — all or nothing."

"POSSIBLY" BUT by no means verified:

Roy Allan

Birth	unknown	
Death	1987	
Burial	Eastern Suburbs Memorial Park Matraville, Randwick City, New South Wales, Australia	
Plot	Eastern Court Walls, Wall A, Position 24	
Memorial ID	174614435 · View Source	

<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/174614435/roy-allan#source>

Barry Stuart EDGECOMBE

23/10/2018

Barry Stuart EDGECOMBE

Late of Dubbo, NSW

Son of Harry EDGECOMBE, NSWPF # 9191

New South Wales Police Force

NSW Police Academy – Redfern Class # 139

Regd. # 16307

Rank: Commenced Training at Redfern Police Academy on ? ? ?

Probationary Constable – appointed 8 April 1974

Constable – appointed 8 April 1975

Final Rank: Senior Constable ?

Stations: ?, possibly Blacktown & Parramatta HWP, Wilcannia (early 1980s), Wanaaring, Dubbo

Service: From ??pre April 1974? to 6 February 1992 = 18? years Service

Awards: National Medal – **granted** 27 November 1990 (SenCon)

Born: Thursday 22 June 1950

Died on: Thursday 6 February 1992

Location of death: Maitland, NSW

Cause: Suicide – Drug overdose

Age: 41 years, 7 months, 15 days

Funeral date: ?

Funeral location: Newcastle Memorial Park, Beresfield, NSW

Buried at: Cremated



BARRY is NOT mentioned on the Police Wall of Remembrance
***NEED MORE INFO**

Funeral location: ?

It is believed that Barry EDGECOMBE is the son of Harry EDGECOMBE.

FURTHER DETAILS ARE NEEDED ABOUT BOTH OF THESE MEN
