

SALLY ADAMS

Sally died on Friday 2nd May after a progressive illness which had lasted some years. Although her death was expected, it has left much sadness in its wake. Her parents, George and Freda retired to Ellisfield in the late sixties and lived in Wyckens on the corner of College Lane and Axford Road, with Sally dividing her time between there and London. George was one of the prime movers in the setting up of a proper Parish Council rather than a Parish Meeting, though he never stood for election. The house was a small two bedroom 'Frankham' bungalow with the only addition being a long side addition conservatory. It remained that way until Sally's departure to live permanently in London as she believed passionately in the need to preserve the smaller rural housing stock.

She was the first Lay Editor of Hill & Dale taking over from Tom Kime, the then Rector, at a time when parishes were amalgamating and Parish Magazines were becoming too much for the Clergy to manage unaided. She did this until she moved away and thus became a well-know personality in all the villages.

Sally was incredibly energetic and you had to be in the know to realise that she was a weekender. Whatever was going on in the village you could bet she was involved in it, if only flapping that wretched notebook around. She was a journalist first, last and always. Never could she be convinced that there was a difference between , *'In the public interest'* and *'The public are interested'*. It was a story and she could no more stop writing than breathing.

Her love for, and interest in, the people who lived in Ellisfield went very deep and we have her to thank for preserving the memory of local life in the 20th Century in her book, *'There'll always be an Ellisfield'*. If you have a copy – look after it.

Among her regular activities in what was then the Benefice she was an Ellisfield Parish Councillor for several years with a particular interest in Conservation. As I remember she it was who organised the delivery of a Hippo to every house in Ellisfield. They went into the cistern to save water on every flush. Ditto the Ellisfield lanterns for use during the Wine Walk and several more innovations which are now part of the landscape.

Her funeral with cremation will be/was held on Thursday 22 May at 11.40 a.m. at Putney Vale Crematorium.

A Memorial Service will be held in St. Martin's Church, Ellisfield at a later date when her ashes will be interred in her parents' grave in the Parish Burial Ground.

Edna Chilton

I have received the following memories of Sally from two of her closest friends.

Sally Adams

Thinking of Sally Adams, I recall her deep sense of community, her kindness and her sense of fun. About 21 years ago, she arrived out of the blue to interview the new arrivals at Drumbeig. Unable to get a response to the doorbell but hearing voices in the back garden, she walked through the side gate and found me up to my thighs in the fishpond, sorting out a fountain. I slipped back into my shorts while she laughed and assured me that people romping undressed around their gardens wasn't the kind of thing she wrote about in Hill & Dale.

Later I helped her edit Hill & Dale, both of us clueless about computers so we would type, cut, glue and paste. The copy was often late getting to the printers. Frazzled, Sal would suggest a break and we would walk outside, watching the tadpoles in her beloved pond or listening to the birds, for she gloried in the wildness around Ellisfield.

Ellisfield's community meant a lot to her and she was involved in all events. The annual Wine Walk was her suggestion, inaugurated in 1998 with six host houses and Rev John Hamilton nobly supporting each venue, even after Jane Evans hid his bicycle in a hedge. I think the Wine Walk mixes the village more than any other event and that reflects Sally. She had a wonderful way with people and was popular with her young journalist students. And she too was young at heart: who will forget her at the Christmas Bazaar dressed as Madame Palmolive? Just a bit of fun she said and yet as she studied a friend of mine's palm, she uncannily revealed deep truths, having never met him before.

As dementia sadly took hold, she retreated. On calling at her home in Wandsworth, I was greeted by one of her carers. I admired Sal's study (book-lined floor to ceiling and an ancient black typewriter on the desk) but what struck me was the neatness. The real Sal, with stuff everywhere, projects and carrier bags in corners and corridors, had been tidied away. Three days earlier she had moved into Rosemary Lodge care home. I am glad to say she was well cared for but the light that once lit her face was gone.

Susie Deane

I feel so sad about Sally.

I really did love her, her sense of humour, her kindness, her incredible skills as a journalist and teacher of young journalists, which I experienced at first hand.

She taught journalism to young journalists of both sexes, who were normally either Editors or sub-editors of magazines such as Farmers' Weekly (serious magazines, in case anyone wondered.)

Her brief was to hone their telephone skills, which is where I came in. I had been a Samaritan for many years, had heard it all, and she found it useful to put me onto phoning the magazine concerned, possibly shoot them a totally inconsistent line, possibly tell them something tragic which was meant to be true (not that I had ever been on the Somerset Levels and been flooded) In the course of telling the journalist this true or untrue tale, I was meant to be as awkward or rude or stupid (or all three) as possible, so that they began to get experience which would be useful to them, and they were finally asked to judge whether what I was saying/screaming/mumbling to them was the truth or not, and of course whether it might be publishable. I found it very interesting, as she had such a varied set of young people to help train. There would be about 8 of them and they'd be from totally different backgrounds such as music, farming, knitting, selling specialist food, fabrics etc. She was so kind to them all and very learned about her profession. She had always worked in magazines (some of them famous), sometimes as say Art Editor or Fashion Editor and occasionally criticising books.

She really had done it all, and managed to pass it on in a very clever fashion to those whom she was teaching. I respected, admired and loved her. It is sad that she has died from dementia.

Shirley Maunder.