

Register  
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clasping those of scores of loyal friends, and falling cordially upon their shoulders. "What a wonderful personality," was the ejaculation of a member of the legal fraternity as the Chief Justice bared his head while lusty cheers rang out, first for him as "Chief" and then as "Chancellor." Sir Samuel Way was as alert and cheerful of speech as ever; his figure had possibly grown more robust during the month of enforced rest, but there was the bleach of convalescence in his cheeks, and his hair had certainly grown more snowy.

—Representative Men.—

Among the many scores who thronged the platform were representatives of the highest professional, official, commercial, Parliamentary, military, civic, and religious ranks: in fact, no section of the community appeared to be without representation. In behalf of His Excellency the Governor the Hon. J. Mulholland (Private Secretary) was in attendance, and the Governor's own automobile was placed at the service of His Honor. The Federal Government was represented by the Minister for External Affairs (Mr. Glynn), and the State Administration by the Chief Secretary (Hon. J. G. Bice) and the Attorney-General (Hon. H. Homburg). There were also present Mr. Justice Gordon, Mr. Justice Murray, and Mr. Justice Buchanan, with their associates; the Speaker of the House of Assembly (Hon. L. O'Loughlin), the Mayor of Adelaide (Mr. A. A. Simpson), the Vice-Chancellor of the University (Dr. Barlow), and Professors Stirling, Darnley Naylor, and Jethro Brown, Sir John Downer, K.C., Messrs. E. B. Grundy, K.C., Paris Nesbit, K.C., and A. W. Piper, K.C., Mr. C. A. Edmunds (representing the Law Society), Col. J. C. Genders, and Ald. Hemingway (representing the Justices' Association), Sir Edwin Smith, and a large company besides of leading civil servants, members of Parliament, and of the legal profession, representatives of commerce and manufactures, and private citizens.

—The Homecoming.—

Sir Samuel Way was accompanied from Melbourne by Mrs. Campbell (a sister), Mrs. Harvey (niece), and Mr. G. C. Ligertwood (His Honor's associate). At Aldgate he was joined by Mr. Colin Campbell. Among the relatives at the North terrace terminus were, Mr. J. C. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rymill, Messrs. A. and W. Blue, Mrs. Leschen, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Downer. The Chief Justice motored to Montefiore, North Adelaide, where he enjoyed a long rest and later in the day reported himself remarkably well, considering the length and tedium of the journey home.

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“The Cultivation of Oblivion.”

[By our Special Reporter.]

“I felt when you came, gentlemen,” said His Honor the Chief Justice to reporters at Montefiore on Thursday afternoon, “that I should be compelled to cancel your assignment. Instead I am selfishly glad you appeared. There is a supposititious arm here, see? And there are severe pains—which are anything but illusory—in its elbow, wrist, and finger joints. It is a matter of neuritis, in fact. The animation afforded by your coming has driven it away for the time being, and I shall be thoroughly glad when it has ceased its manifestations.”

—The Best of a Bad Job.—

The esteemed “Chief” was practically his old self: there were merely the pallor of cheek and that empty sleeve to his dressing gown. He was fingering a volume, wrapped, and bound with cord. “You notice that I am making rather a clumsy show of this sort of thing. It is somewhat late in life to reconstruct one's methods of doing things. I am experimenting in the matter of the serviceableness of one hand—and that a lazy one—as a substitute for two busy appendages. It is quite an interesting and scarcely yet a tedious piece of business.”

—Clearing the Slate.—

"Now, Sir, you have a story to tell concerning the events of the month of July?"—"If you think my experiences of any interest, yes. I was so unfortunate as to find myself the victim of sarcoma—a fleshy tumor of malignant characteristics, you know. It had attacked my upper left arm, above the elbow. I detected this growth only about the middle of April last; yes, just a month before the death of Lady Way. I consulted several Adelaide doctors on the advisableness and risk of an operation. To state it briefly, I decided to take the risk, and let that eminent surgeon, Sir Alexander McCormick, of Sydney, operate. Before leaving, however, I wished to wipe clean the slate, so far as was possible. Putting all other thoughts from my mind several pressing judgments were delivered, and I felt myself free for the operating table. A matter at issue was the question of stability of my heart for such an ordeal. Anno Domini tells, you know; and I am in my seventy-ninth year. Moreover, I had had severe attacks of angina pectoris some 12 months before. These were the considerations, then.

—As From Sleep.—

"But I must make my surely dull relation short. I reached Sydney just over a month ago. The decision of a specialist was that my heart was sound—sound, that is, for an old man like myself and strong enough for what might be immediately demanded of it. Well, I could tell you—but will not, because it is a recollection of a peculiarly personal character—of my sensations when cheerful outward show I bade au revoir to Sir Alexander MacCormick, and engaged to meet him on the morrow. Regarding the critical event I know nothing, save that I emerged from the anesthetics as from a natural sleep; no pain whatever, and no recollection of any unpleasant nature. Practi-

cally from the moment that my niece made it clear to me that I had returned on the right side of the operating chamber and right up to this minute my pulse has been practically normal. I have been an excellent patient in that regard, which shows unmistakably in the rapid progress which I have made along the road to recovery."

—Strong Personalities.—

"Did you find the period of convalescence a burden?"—"Dear me, no! I took an especial delight in the study of that undoubtedly great man as well as most eminent surgeon, Sir Alexander MacCormick. He may not have realized that while he was attending me I was delightedly diagnosing him. He is an almost hypnotic personality. So dominantly, breezily, cheerily would he enter my bedroom that, upon my soul, his very presence seemed to drive away disquieting symptoms. This wretched neuritis—it was gone when he came. My nurses said I never seemed to do myself the justice of appearing in the invalid stage in which I really was when MacCormick was at hand. He has a magnetically epigrammatic way of putting things. I remember deferentially putting to him the question of after-shock; it seemed to me I had heard somewhat freely of such conditions following upon physical ordeal. 'Shock!' said he; 'shock, man, you have no shock.' Which, was encouraging, of course, to the patient. His advice in the matter of hastening me back to good health was—'See here! You must not think about things. You must cultivate oblivion.' What do you think of that. Cultivate oblivion! So I am learning to cultivate an oblivious attitude to the fact that I am not now a whole man. It was curious how that I suffered so from nervous pains in the arm that was gone. Sir Alexander stated the position diplomatically. With a smile he pointed out that 'we have not obtained complete control over the split nerves.' Many times since then, and at this moment, I am fervently ready to confirm that assertion."

—Friends On All Sides.—

"I understand you are anxious to get back into harness, Sir?"—"Yes, indeed. Here I am, back home among good people who showed most astonishing sympathy with me throughout. I feel that I am in wellnigh perfect health. I have expended about one month of the three on leave which the Government so readily and urgently, in fact, extended. There are two months to go, but I hope to have taken up the old interests again before then. Will you permit me now to avail myself of your generous columns in attempting to thank all those of every degree and station and religious belief who sustained me with their thoughts, their messages, and their prayers? To the press I accord my gratitude. To His Excellency the Governor I have the most deeply personal return to offer for his unremitting solicitude. Our State Government would have overwhelmed me with kindly attention. I must acknowledge the great courtesy and kindness of every member of the Ministry and, through them, the inestimable service of the Railways Commissioner in placing at my disposal his own carriage. This conveyed me through South Australia and Victoria, and met me at Albany a couple of days ago and brought me right back home. I doubt whether I could have made the journey except in such circumstances of supreme comfort. The Governor of New South Wales (Sir Gerald Strickland) and Premier Holman bade me good-bye at the train, and suggested every possible kindly thought for my welfare. Each Sunday morning Sir Gerald would come to my bedside for a quiet chat concerning looming events. When I had reached Melbourne on Tuesday the Governor-General paid me a touching honour. His Excellency called and gave me the latest news of this appalling cataclysm which has developed with cyclonic speed and menace in Europe. I was to have gone to see the Governor-General's renowned pictures, but my doctor said no."

—First Engagement.—

"Does your medical adviser veto also the investiture ceremonial on Saturday, with the coming of the scientists?"—"No; I expect to attend, but must be largely a spectator. I cannot begin to express my appreciation of the reception at the train this morning. Soon, I trust, I shall be free to take my place again in a sphere of activity—a well man, if not a whole one!"

~~Classic Dancer—"Doctor, I want you to vaccinate me where it won't show in my dance." Physician—"Hum! I'm afraid you'd have to take it internally."~~

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SIR SAMUEL WAY.

RETURN TO ADELAIDE.

A HEARTY WELCOME.

After an absence of five weeks, his Honor the Chief Justice (Sir Samuel Way, Bart.) returned to Adelaide on Thursday, and the hearty welcome he received from representatives of every branch of the community afforded unmistakable evidence of the love and esteem in which the worthy "Chief" is held. It was five weeks ago, soon after he had sustained the severest bereavement that could fall on any man, that Sir Samuel went to Sydney, and on July 6 his left arm was amputated by Sir Alexander MacCormick. His Honor bore the operation remarkably well, in spite of his advancing age, and from the day of the operation he began to recover in a truly remarkable