

CLARK, DAVID RAHE
November 8, 1899-July 7, 1916

David Rahe Clark died early Friday morning after an illness of only seven days after an attack of acute suppurative appendicitis, particulars of which were published in a former issue of the Times. Funeral services were held from the Congregational church Friday afternoon, Rev. R.F. Paxton officiating. Rahe was born in Silver Creek, Nebr., Nov. 8, 1899. His father preceded him to the other world six years ago. Besides his widowed mother, who was ill at the hospital at the time of his death, a brother and sister are left to mourn the loss. The circumstances surrounding his death and his popularity in the community is ably stated in the following article from the pen of Prof. McPherson:

The terrible shock of the death of Rahe Clark brought to the whole community has impelled me to give the public something of my intimate knowledge of his illness and passing into eternity.

Rahe's operation came too late. His entire system was filled with poison before the appendix was removed. Like others of us, he delayed in seeking professional advice and treatment.

I was with the little lad whom I loved much of the time that he was ill, and I was at the bedside the two nights before his death so I feel I know whereof I speak.

I noted the gangrenous condition of the infected parts and I marveled at the methods used to counteract the effects of the virulent poison; I saw the draining of the terrible abscesses that persisted in forming; I watched while the infusion of a blood substitute was made and saw later that it had prolonged life. My past experience in hospitals helped me understand more than a layman generally understands of modern medical science, and I felt weak and helpless at the spectacle of a fight to save a life that I have ever witnessed. No effort was spared. Nurses whose duties during the day made them unutterably weary, were roused from sleep at night to supplement the night staff and the doctor in fighting the terrible thing that had Rahe in its power, but the odds were against them.

Inclined to the belief that doctors and nurses are so accustomed to sickness and death, I stood amazed and awed at the sight of a surgeon to whom the death of the boy was a tragedy, and nurses who cast professional etiquette and the results of severe training aside, and sorrowed as over the death of a loved relative. He was a boy who had the love of all those with whom he came in contact, so it is natural, to a certain extent, he should win those who fought to save his life.

Still, I am wondering if it would have been the same in all hospitals, or if Wheatland is more fortunate, in that it has in its hospital, a surgeon, and a staff of assistance who do not sacrifice life to science, but employ all arts of science to save a life, and sorrow bitterly when the Grim Reaper laughs in their faces, triumphant in his supreme strength which nothing in the world could have broken.

Thursday evening, I was told that all that could be done for the lad was to make him comfortable and as happy as possible. Rahe was happy. In all that time that I have known him, he was never happier than he apparently was that evening before he died. He suffered no pain and he finally sank to sleep—a sleep from which he never woke.

It is hard to understand why it was that Rahe had to die. His life was all before