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WILLIAM C. PATTERSON

Passed Away Saturday After Thirty-Eight Years of Service to Our College.

Last Saturday night there passed from among us the spirit of William Calvin Patterson. His death was one of the sudden shocks that so

earthly to answer the call to the great beyond. He died calmly, strong in his faith, and conscious of a life well lived.

Wm. C. Patterson was born January 31, 1838. He spent his early life on a farm in this same beautiful valley, forming there the habits of truth and upright living that so marked him all through life. The

life before them. God granted them their prayer and the ideal life of these two has been an inspiration to all who knew them.

To them were born four children: Harry J. Patterson; Blanche, (Mrs. A. L. Miller); Nellie, (Mrs. I. L. Foster); May, (Mrs. M. E. McDonnell). They were all present at his last sickness and with the same father love that watched over them in their younger days, he talked with them and gave them words of courage and cheer.

Early in 1871 Mr. Patterson worked at the College for about a month but soon returned to his farm. But at Mr. John Hamilton's request he returned, and began on January 1, 1872 the term which has so recently been ended.

His influence on the College began with his return. His habits of foresight and proper thinking soon gave him a prestige with all of his associates, and to him was entrusted the carrying out of the plans for the campus, and the work of those early days is now our delight and pride. The campus then was part stone quarry, and part ploughed fields, and along what is now College avenue there was a fence with stiles to climb over in passing from the college to the town. In three years he had completed the campus in its present aspect. The hollows were filled in, walks laid out and trees planted. That he builded well we all agree, for of all colleges, ours is noted for the natural beauty of its campus.

Through the dark days of the college, when it was a very questionable success, his efforts never



often strike us unawares and hold us spell bound in wonder. On Wednesday he made his daily round, although he said he did not feel very able to do it. That evening he suffered the paralytical stroke from which he tried in vain to rally. His strong physique had felt the hand of time slowly setting, and it bowed to the last earthly scene, the inevitable laying down of all things

first call for volunteers at the opening of the Civil War found him a young man with heavy responsibilities on his shoulders. But there the great spirit of self sacrifice ruled him, and called him forth to duty. Leaving his bride of one day, Adelaide Mattern, he went into the great struggle full of the faith and trust that when the war ended they would still have the best of