

# YOU ARE INVITED

(and please spread the word)

UNVEILING &  
DEDICATION OF  
Virginia Historical  
Highway Marker

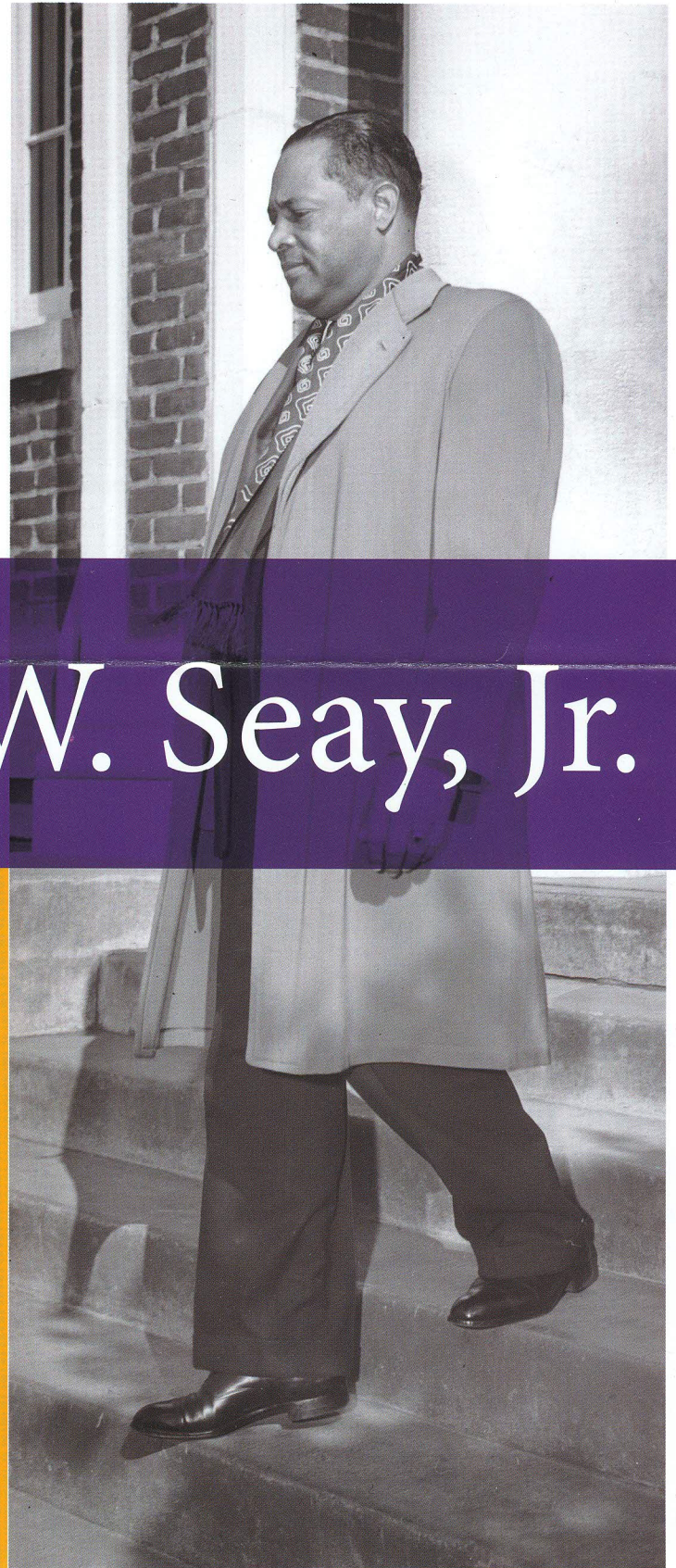
*for*

Clarence W. Seay, Jr.

Saturday,  
September 7, 2013  
11 a.m.

1300 Pierce Street  
Lynchburg, VA

**RAIN OR SHINE**







UNVEILING *and* DEDICATION of  
VIRGINIA HISTORICAL  
HIGHWAY MARKER  
*for*

CLARENCE W. SEAY

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 2013  
11:00 A.M.

1300 Pierce Street  
*Lynchburg, VA*





TEXT OF CLARENCE W. SEAY MARKER:

**C. W. Seay (1900 – 1982) Q-6-28**

Clarence William “Dick” Seay, who lived here, was principal of Dunbar High School, Lynchburg’s secondary school of African Americans. A pioneer in the struggle for equal opportunities for blacks, for 30 years Seay shaped Dunbar High School into a school of academic excellence, holding that a “successful school and its community are inseparable.” He later became the first high school principal elected to the presidency of the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. After his retirement in 1968, Seay taught at Lynchburg College and served two terms as Lynchburg’s first black city council member since the 1880s and the first black vice mayor.

**PROGRAM**

- Music for Gathering**..... “Lift Every Voice”  
*Soulsters from the Hill*
- Welcome** ..... Hermina W. Hendricks
- Greetings** ..... Rev. Ceasor Johnson,  
*Vice Mayor, City of Lynchburg*
- Virginia Highway Marker System**.....Marc Wagner,  
*Virginia Department of Historic Resources*
- Tributes to Clarence W. Seay**..... Hermina Hendricks, Dunbar ’69,  
*Director of Multicultural Services/Instructor in Music, Randolph College*  
  
A message from Mary Hatwood Futrell, Ed.D., Dunbar ’58  
*Former Dean, George Washington University Graduate School of  
Education and Human Development and  
Past President of the National Education Association*  
  
L. Garnell Stamps, Dunbar ’53,  
*Dunbar Faculty ’61-’75*
- Musical Interlude** ..... *Soulsters from the Hill*
- Proclamation from City of Lynchburg** ..... Mchael Gillette, *Mayor*
- Announcement of Memorial Gift** ..... Hermina W. Hendricks
- Unveiling of Marker** ..... Miss Carolyn Brown, Dunbar ’44,  
*Secretary at Dunbar ’48-’70*
- Musical Tribute** .....Dunbar High School Alma Mater  
*Soulsters from the Hill*

*At the conclusion of the unveiling ceremony, the Second Annual Pierce Street Harlem Renaissance Festival will begin across the street in the area behind the Old Store, 1301 Pierce Street.*

**EVERYONE IS INVITED TO ATTEND.**



## Lift Every Voice and Sing

Music by John Rosamund Johnson (1905)

Lyrics by James Weldon Johnson (1899)

Lift every voice and sing, till earth and heaven ring,  
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;  
Let our rejoicing rise high as the list'ning skies,  
Let is resound loud as the rolling sea.  
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,  
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;  
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun  
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chast'ning rod  
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;  
Yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet  
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?  
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered.  
We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered,  
Out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last  
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,  
Thou who has brought us thus far on the way;  
Thou who has by Thy might, led us into the light,  
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.  
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,  
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee;  
Shadowed beneath The hand may we forever stand  
True to our God, true to our native land.

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### Dunbar Alma Mater

- |                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                          |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. We Love Old Dunbar best of all<br>The ideals for which she stands<br>We are her sons and daughters true<br>And we try to bring her fame<br>(Chorus) | 2. We'll fight the battle long and hard<br>We'll do the best we can<br>We'll push ole Dunbar to the top<br>She'll be the pride of every man.<br>(Chorus) |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

#### (CHORUS)

To win or lose is all the same  
Play square in everything  
We're pulling for you Dunbar, dear  
Regardless of the end.

Lyrics by Dorothy Lomax (DHS teacher of Latin)





# “Ode to Greatness”

By Garnell Stamps

A Tribute to Clarence William Seay

SPRING 1968, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS RETIREMENT

*Somewhere in a quiet moment not so very long ago,  
I sat down to write this poem, as my conscience told me so.*

I sat down to tell the story;  
I began to probe for facts.  
I began the writer's journey  
Up the road that turns not back.

I began to feel the tingle  
Felt when greatness is the theme;  
And the stanzas fell full-blossomed,  
Like the ripples in a stream.

Let us now direct attention  
Almost forty years ago,  
To the hero of this epic—  
And the greatest man I know.

Backward look across the vistas,  
Forward look beyond today  
At the man who single-handed,  
Cast neglect and fears away.

Almost two-score years he led us;  
And we never stopped to say  
We were grateful for the service  
That he gave us every day.

But he grew, and so did Dunbar,  
While this town stood mute and still,  
Not in step and not together  
With the school up on the hill.

Yet he never lost his patience,  
And he told us all along:  
“You may sometimes lose the music,  
But you can't forget the song!”

So, tonight, we end that silence,  
As we should have done before  
And the vows we pledge this evening,  
We shall keep forever more.

Will there ever be another?  
Will one come like him again  
Who will bear the awesome burdens  
Which he bore, sometimes in vain?

Alma Mater, Alma Mater!  
Icon of the golden strand—  
What's to come of you, great Dunbar,  
When he leaves you in new hands?

Will his efforts still continue?  
Will your doors stand open wide?  
Or will his vision, clear and simple,  
Like the wind, be tossed aside?

Who will be our chosen leader?  
Where will Dunbar go from here?  
Will she rise or fall, resounding,  
Overworn with toll and tears?

We still love the great Tradition  
That began in “Twenty-nine;”  
And we dare to keep on moving  
Down the corridors of time.

Alma Mater, all we owe him  
Is to make his dream come true—  
All we owe him is the courage  
To proceed to something new.

All we owe him is Devotion  
To this school we love so well—  
All we owe him, as he leaves us,  
Is the promise to excel.

All we owe him, now departing,  
Toward the sweet half-light of dawn,  
Is the strength of our convictions;  
And the will to struggle on.

Sir: Tonight we praise your greatness,  
Thank you for the things we've learned,  
Thirty-seven years of service  
Locked in History's golden urn.

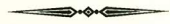
Thank you for your Inspiration,  
Thank you for your guiding light;  
Thank you for the countless thousand,  
Who cannot be here tonight.

Thank you for your matchless services  
Thank you for the strength to love;  
Thank you for your Understanding,  
And the soul to rise above.

Now the afterglow of evening  
Slowly creeps across the yard.  
Dunbar stands the way you leave her,  
Measured in the world's regard.

Thus it is with men and heroes—  
Deeds pass on and memories stray;  
And today what seems important  
On tomorrow slips away.

And the shadows will diminish,  
As they fall across the floor,  
And the echoes fade forever  
Like the name above the door!



## Inscription on Granite Marker on site of Dunbar High School

The successful school and its community are inseparable. The school is the community and the community is the school. All who knew and loved Dunbar High School admired its “quest for excellence” and its positive approach to public understanding. Both were factors in mutual respect and reciprocal action without which there could be no educational growth or development. Long live the Dunbar experience! Honor to its sons and daughters!

C. W. Seay, Principal  
Dunbar High School  
1938 – 1968

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

City of Lynchburg Departments of Public Works,  
Parks and Recreation, and Police

Anne Spencer House and Garden Museum

The Design Group

Lynchburg City Schools Education Foundation:

Jodi Gillette, Executive Director

P.O. Box 2497

Lynchburg, Virginia 24505-2497

[www.lcsedu.net/edfoundation](http://www.lcsedu.net/edfoundation)

## FINANCIAL SUPPORTERS:

Dr. Carolyn Bell

Miss Carolyn Brown

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Candler

The Honorable Leighton B. Dodd

Mrs. Jacqueline Early Taliaferro

Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Harris

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hendricks

Dr. and Mrs. Peter Houck

Mr. and Mrs. Hylan Hubbard, III

Mr. and Mrs. John Hughes, III

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kemper

Mrs. Annie C. Pinn

Mr. Marc Schewel

The Honorable and Mrs. Elliot Schewel

Mrs. Elaine Watson

Mr. Herbert R. Watson, Jr.