

Address delivered by Mr. Horace Long at the unveiling of portrait of Col. Sam Tate.

Mr. Chairman, Committee and Friends.

Having been selected by this committee to represent the people of Tate in presenting this portrait to Tate High School and knowing my inability to do the job as I do - yet when I have the chance to do, or try to do, something for my people, and knowing them to be the best, most loyal honest people on earth, then is when I am willing to try anything once.

When I say I am to represent the people of Tate, I mean ~~any~~ white person in Tate and with the same pleasure I represent the negroes also. As Treasurer of the committee I want to say it has been hard to keep the people from giving too much. We were forced to confine the collection to Tate only with the Tate family not allowed to give. So I am happy to say as Treasurer I have more money than I want.

The chief difficulty one has upon an occasion like this is to express what one feels. There is no deficiency in our feeling. I dare say that in every heart here there are the emotions playing that I feel, and yet were you standing where I am, though you might express these emotions better than I shall be able to, you too would confess that you are not able to speak what you feel. After all man is never able to speak his deepest feelings. Conversation even between the most intimate friends never plumbs the real depth of the human soul. What we talk about are more or less things upon the surface. That is why we love the poet, he speaks the deep emotions of our heart that we would never be able to express for ourselves.

The sculptor holds his rightful place of fame because he has found a power of expression we do not have; we all are sculptors, but sculptors who lack the power to express what we feel. Consequently when one comes along who can say with mallet and chisel what we feel, but could not say we honor him.

Most appropriately therefore have we turned to the artist and asked him to speak for us certain sentiments of the heart which we all have, but which none of us could express as they are expressed there on the canvas.

There is fitness and an appropriateness in the thing that we do today. There is an eternal fineness in calling upon one of the highest of arts to portray for us one of the noblest of God's good men. There is a striking appropriateness in placing this work of art an example of high character in the hall of this institution, that shall help to shape the lives of the next generation as he helped to shape the lives of this one.

Great characters are ever humble and do not like to hear their virtues spoken of, or their noble achievements held up before the public, yet there are times when we cannot spare them; there are times when we must speak not for their sake, but for our own sake.

Such an hour is this, an hour filled with meaning; and hour that the young shall recall with pride, when they are old and we are forgotten; an hour when we must bring the tribute we have in our hearts.

That tribute may be in faltering sentences and poor language, but it comes from the depth of these scores of sincere hearts. After all the truest tributes are not found in spoken words, but in throbbing hearts. We may distrust our words as adequate carriers of our message of love, for the one who means so much to us, but we are not afraid to have him look into our hearts. If to him there

were given today a mystic power to pry open the secret chambers of our hearts and look within, we believe that it would be for you, Colonel Sam the happiest day of your life, for you would find there a thousand unexpressed tributes of which we have failed to tell you; you would find there hundreds of sentiments of gratitude for your goodness to us which have been yours all these years, but which we have kept hidden in our hearts, but deeper down in our hearts you would find there a prayer, a prayer to the great God of the universe, the maker of all good men, that he who has given you to us so long, may give you to us who need you most, for many, many years to come.

To you the patrons, trustees and pupils of this school, and in behalf of every man, woman, boy and girl, both white and black, I have the pleasure of presenting this portrait. I ask that you accept it for the purpose for which it is given. That the high standard of life, the splendid visions of service, and the noble consecration to duty which are exemplified in the character of him whose likeness is upon the canvas, may through the coming years be an inspiration to every boy and girl who looks upon it.

Neither marble nor canvas is needed to perpetuate the memory of Bro' Sam Tate in the lives of men. He has written an impress more lasting than canvas and colors. One needs to only recall a few of his contributions to this community and to other communities to say, that not we alone, but our children and our children's children shall rise up to call him blessed.

I thank you.