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to David H. Moffat
by the Citizens of Denver, Colo.



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Presentation of loving cup to David H. Moffat by the citizens of Denver, Colo. [Dec. 17, 1904] Charles Spalding Thomas (1849 to 1934), 1904 14 pages Speech by C.S. Thomas: p. 2-14; illus., Denver Public Library STX 2, 05/04/89 C978.89 M723t



Presentation of Loving Cup

To David H. Moffat

By the Citizens of Denver, Colo.



URING the summer of the present year Mr. Meyer Harrison conceived the idea of giving Mr. David H. Moffat some tangible expression of the esteem and affection entertained

for him by his old friends, neighbors and fellow townsmen. He conferred with a number of others upon the subject, and as it met with instant favor, Mr. Harrison assumed the duty of carrying out the suggestion.

As a result of his active and enthusiastic efforts a large and beautiful loving cup was designed and manufactured, to the securing of which nearly all the leading citizens of Denver considered it a privilege to contribute. No expense was spared to make the cup a symbol of all it was intended to express for them toward Mr. Moffat.

The elaborate character of the design delayed the completion of the cup to the latter

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course of empire by following the pathway of the sun. Though impelled by the spirit of adventure, the promptings of ambition, or the lash of necessity, this westward march, extending through the centuries, peopling the waste places of earth, and subduing the rebellious elements of nature to the service of human kind, is neither casual nor adventitious, but the operation upon the individual of an inexorable law of social progress. The outposts of civilization must be established and then garrisoned by the hardy and resolute. These nature selects through the channels of the higher and the meaner attributes, making both serve her ends and fulfill her aims. Not courage and self-sacrifice alone, but selfishness and discontent play their essential part in the staging and performance of a nation's drama.

Like the great processions behind us, and in obedience to the same impulses, we came west in search of fortune, and like them, but few of us have realized the hopes of other days. But we struggle on, conscious of the great truth that the little each has done has swelled the aggregate progress of our time, and simplified the task we leave our children. We have not reached the goal of complete

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part of November. It was then delivered to Mr. Harrison, but Mr. Moffat then being in New York, the presentation ceremonies were necessarily postponed to his return.

Finally, in the afternoon of Saturday, December 17th, 1904, the occasion arrived. The donors of the cup assembled in the Executive Reception rooms at the State Capitol, when the cup, covered with the Stars and Stripes, awaited the arrival of its future owner, who, unconscious of his fate, was being piloted to the scene.

Upon his arrival Mr. Moffat was confronted by the great throng of his friends and was received by them with long and earnest demonstrations of approval. While shaking many of them by the hand and bewildered by the unexpected and overwhelming surprise so carefully planned and as admirably executed, Mr. C. S. Thomas, who had been chosen to present the cup, advanced in front of the elevation on which it stood, and requested Mr. Moffat's personal attention. The audience at once became silent, when Mr. Thomas said:

"Since the Argonauts braved the dangers of the unknown seas in their fabled search for the Golden Fleece, men have directed the

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success, but we have not fallen by the way-side; while just ahead, looming in large perspective, are a few great captains blessed with abundant wealth, filled with the energy of youth and devoted to the welfare of the land that so generously endowed them with its treasure. These true knights of industrial chivalry, opening new highways for the steeds of commerce, and other domains for occupation and development, inspire all to greater effort, and give us high assurance that patriotism and public spirit still have their votaries. Men such as these are the best possessions of the people. May they increase in numbers and in capacity for multiplying the avenues of opportunity to our children. Their success is our success, their failures are our failures, their enterprises, however personal in their inception, are the enterprises of all the people.

You, sir, came to Colorado in the infancy of its Territorial life. From the Missouri westward stretched a vast and virgin plain, whose only highway was the trail of the pioneer. Those who crossed it before you to tarry within her borders could have found shelter in the stately edifice where we are now gathered.

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You came to Colorado a young man, poor, ambitious, capable. You linked your energies, your integrity and your destiny with the rich soil of her valleys, the hidden treasures of her mountains, and the superb manhood and womanhood of her people. The combination was a perfect one, for all waxed strong with the flight of years. The valleys yielded ever expanding harvests. The cattle of our ten thousand hills crowded the buffalo from the range into a tradition of the past. The mines poured forth their treasures in constantly increasing abundance, and the sons and daughters of older commonwealths and from beyond the seas came by thousands to abide with us. For forty years you have not only witnessed but have been an active part of this ever-growing procession of development in wealth, in population, in resources, in civilization, this expansion of a mighty Commonwealth into all that makes for the advancement of its people in art, industry, education and prosperity.

You began life here as a common soldier in the ranks of the employed. By the sheer force of your own capacities you soon rose to commanding position. You acquired great wealth honestly, honorably, fairly, wronging

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helping hand to your fellow townsmen when nearly overwhelmed by the swift currents of commercial adversity, nor how often you have answered the emergency call of the financially distressed at their midnight hour. Verily, you have observed the Scriptural injunction, to let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, but deep down in the hearts of those you have succored in the dark days of the years that have gone, is a sentiment of gratitude and affection too tender for adequate expression by human lips. Actions such as these, thickly strewn along the pathway of the years traversed, are the bright jewels in your crown of life. They bring you the blessing of grateful and loving hearts, the benediction of friends and neighbors. These indeed are more precious than great riches.

You earned the right long ago to retire from the active duties of a busy world, and cast your lines in the pleasant places of life. In these days they are many, and the spell of their enchantment has bound all classes and conditions of men. They meet us on all occasions, intrude their attractions upon us at our busiest moments, and seduce our attention from the most insistent duties. They capture the young and the old, while wealth is prone

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no man, injuring no enterprise. You hid no talent in a napkin, but have utilized your fortune for the development of the State. You have opened mines, builded steel highways, financed great enterprises, promoted traffic, given employment to tens of thousands at liberal wage, and kept the wheels of industry moving that others might live and prosper with yourself. In doing these things your ventures have returned your fortune many fold, but each added dollar has been sanctified by an added blessing to your fellow citizens, to the city of your home, or to the Commonwealth.

You long ago captained and have since operated a great financial institution, the greatest between the Lakes and the Pacific Ocean. It is the keystone in the arch of Colorado's fiscal system, and the pride and glory of her capital city. Its history is the history of Denver. Her merchants and manufacturers have long paid tribute not only to its coffers, but to its soundness, its safety, its wise policy, and above all to the public spirit and kindly sympathy of its President at all times, especially those of need. The public will never know from you, at least, how many times you have stretched forth a

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to yield to their blandishments without a struggle.

But you, sir, unmoved by these attractions, and unmindful of your well-earned right to leave the ranks of the strenuous, have chosen rather to enlarge the horizon of your activities, and to crown your life's work with an achievement of continental magnitude. You have undertaken an enterprise great in conception, stupenduous in its extension, and most comprehensive in its present and future influence upon our State. Your purpose is to link the great cities of Denver and Salt Lake with a line of railway directly across the mountains, lessening the distance between them by many hours, give transportation facilities to an immense domain, attract tens of thousands to its vast stretches of plain and mountain, and direct transcontinental traffic through the gateways of our city. Such an enterprise, vast enough to tax the resources of a nation, or to exhaust the revenues of a principality, has seldom been undertaken by a single individual, and never, I think, by one who, past the prime of years, assumes the task, the fruit of whose completion must be garnered by the hands of the coming generation. Such a burden, self assumed, created,

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borne and sustained, for the welfare of our city, our State and our children, has invoked universal applause and admiration. Such an enterprise is a tribute to your love of country, and the noblest monument that can be erected to your memory; for it assures mankind that the achievement of riches does not always destroy but rather stimulates the nobler purposes and ambitions of the soul.

Few men have seriously considered the immensity of the Moffat road, or of its influence upon our future. A recital of their details would be tedious. But consider, if you please, the construction through a mountainous country of a line of railway five hundred miles in length, with low grades, and thorough equipment, penetrating a section of tremendous possibilities and few inhabitants, its construction opposed by the powerful rivalry of consolidated railway influence, because of the obvious advantages offered by its completion, and you may have some conception of the task our fellow citizen has voluntarily undertaken. Then consider that the lines of survey have been extended, and the route defined, that sixty miles of road have been completed, and that the work of construction is moving on, and you can realize that the hand

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children, and in God's appointed time he will repay you with a loyalty and devotion that will overcome the stress of all society's volcanic forces. Every farm that labor carves from the desert, every cottage tenanted by an owner, every shop belonging to its master, is an added column to the edifice of the Republic.

The very prospect of the Moffat road has, within a twelvemonth, created a thousand homes along its line. Before the twentieth century shall have reached its twenty-fifth year, the valleys of the Frazier, the Grand, the Bear and all their tributaries, yea, the very hillsides billowing away from their confines will be the sites of more than ten thousand homes. The land will yield of its abundance to the toiler; cities will nestle beside the streams; the air, warm with sunshine and fragrant with the perfume of flowers, will be vocal with the hum of industry, the ringing of school bells, and the laughter of happy and boisterous children. These, sir, will be your greatest contributions to posterity; these your gifts to the permanence and preservation of free institutions.

We may sing to the splendors of martial achievement, we may applaud the glories of

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has been laid to the plow, the eye will look not back, and that the furrow will be driven straight to the heart of the city by the great Salt Lake.

I am by no means unmindful of what this great highway will mean to us of Denver. We realize it, we appreciate it, we perceive the approach of its inevitable advantages. Nor am I blind to the tremendous effect of its completion upon the commerce of the country. These alone would more than justify its existence. But to my mind its greatest blessing will be in the opportunities it will give to the home-builders of the land. I am a believer in the home. It is the basis of our strength and our permanency. Wherever homes flourish and families multiply, there prosperity dwells and contentment spreads her wings. In these troublous days we are beset with many perils. Labor and capital frown on each other with wrinkled front, and the armies of discontent menace the horizon of our future. To the leaders in all the walks of life, I would say, encourage the building and extension of the home. Aid every toiler to secure one, and then to keep it. Anchor him to the soil and give him a stake in society. Bind him to it with the love of wife and

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conquest, and yield our homage to the thunders of the captains and the shouting. Imagination is thrall'd by the glamour of strife. The blood quickens with the excitement of armed conflict. Death, riding the storm and havoc of war, pictures scenes for history's most vivid and permanent pages. This will ever be till human nature is cast in other molds and pays homage to other ideals than those of courage and self-sacrifice.

But the milestones of human progress are seldom erected along the highways of war. They mark the effusion of blood and the waste of treasure whose barren compensation is the record of individual glory. The world's advance is led along the lines of peaceful but noble effort. The conquest that comes through the respect of power for the citizen, the confidence of the individual in himself and the administration of justice over all, underlies the greatness of a people and the real grandeur of a nation. Under these conditions industry thrives, enterprise springs to her feet, and the genius of the leaders of commerce guides the footsteps of the people along the expanding pathways of progress.

You, sir, are one of these. What you have done in the past is but the prelude to what

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you are doing now, and will do for the future. In this great work you have put both enterprise and fortune. Not alone in your own days, but, like ships sent to sea, long after you shall have passed away, your great adventure will come home laden with the results of your capital, your forethought and your genius. You are building for all the years that shall come to our Commonwealth, and if it be true that whoever makes two blades of grass grow where but one blade grew before is a benefactor of his race, then is he a benefactor who opens a vast domain for human habitation by giving it the agency through which alone its varied resources may be made available to the use and welfare of man.

We are here assembled as your friends, your neighbors, your fellow townsmen. We realize and we appreciate much better than we can express, what you are doing for yourself, for us, and for posterity. We are the eye-witnesses of your efforts, your energies, and your devotion to a task whose success was assured from the moment you made it your own. We would share your burden were our strength at all commensurate with our desires. We can do but little beyond giving you assurance of our support, our loyalty and our love.

These are yours in full, heaping and abundant measure. And since these attributes are, to all save the eyes of Faith and Confidence unseen, we are here to symbolize them in the form of a slight testimonial from ourselves to you—a testimonial which we trust may always be the outward offering of an inward sentiment inspired by the lofty nature of your enterprise, citizenship, character, public spirit and devotion to our commonwealth. We beg you, sir, to accept this loving cup, wrought from the silver and gilded with the gold of our hills, fashioned by the hands of the artisan for some feeble expression of our feeling toward you. It is small, indeed, compared with what we mean it to represent, and of little avail in contrast with what we would embody as the token of our love. We beg you to accept it as a tangible expression of our sentiments toward you. Whether it may henceforth be unfilled, or brim with sparkling wine, be assured that to you it will exemplify our abiding friendship, and be ever-redolent with the fragrance of our affection.”