

## Appendix B

### Tribute to Andy Smith

On the eve of another Big Game, let us pause to pay tribute to the memory of a man who has become an ideal and a legend.

Andrew Latham Smith is a name which will never be forgotten at the University of California. His stay here covered only a few brief years. Indeed, his stay on earth was brief. He died at the age of 42, and yet before death called this beloved teacher and friend he had reached a fame which few men achieve, and he bequeathed a memory which will be an everlasting inspiration to those who love great sportsmanship and the game of football.

Andy Smith was a great coach—one of the best the world has ever seen. His record of success was unmatched in his own time, and even today it remains a unique achievement in the annals of American football.

Andy Smith was a superb teacher. He possessed the knowledge of an expert and the skill of a master technician. More than these, he possessed the ability to impart his knowledge and skill to those who eagerly sought his guidance. Friendly, forceful, and clear-headed, he communicated directly to the minds and spirits of the young men who adored him.

Andy Smith was a loyal friend. He understood the doubts and troubles of people, both old and young, and was always ready to share his

own great gifts with those who needed him. He realized that in a troubled world good fellowship is a never-failing comfort. And so he cherished good fellowship above all things—and left an imperishable memory in the hearts of those who knew him.

Andy Smith was a great man. He was modest and unpretending in victory; he was gallant and generous in defeat. When he achieved the pinnacles of success he never lost the common touch. When he experienced defeat, the courage and gallantry of his conduct won him even more friends than his great victories had done.

The Andy Smith story is a story of triumph achieved through labor, devotion, and unique human talent. The beloved coach came to Berkeley in 1916. He found a team which had played Rugby for several years and knew little about American football. With patience and skill he began teaching his men a new game—and a new ideal of sportsmanship. He told them: "Winning is not everything, and it is far better to play the game squarely and lose than to win at the sacrifice of an ideal." But he also told them: "We do not want men who will lie down bravely to die but men who will fight valiantly to live."

Andy was successful even in his first four years. Then, in 1920, a golden era for California

football began. The team we know as The Wonder Team commenced its great career. In the season of 1920, this team won every game. Californians throughout the world were surprised and jubilant—but they little realized the triumphs which were yet to come. 1921 brought a second season without defeat. While the sports world watched in amazement, 1922 became a third perfect season. In three years, California football had reached the heights. Her teams had scored 1,220 points to their opponents—81! Few people thought this record could be continued when the original players of the first Wonder Team were graduated. But they underestimated the ability of Andy Smith. In the following year he produced another team which played ten games without defeat, and the next season—for the fifth straight year—his team was unbeaten. So for five long years and through 50 hard fought games, California reigned supreme on the football field. Is it any wonder that the homely, lovable man known as Andy Smith was praised and adored by sportsmen everywhere?

In 1925, as it must to all coaches, defeat came to Andy Smith. Less than two months later, as it must to all men, death came to the beloved leader. He died while still at the height of his powers, and he was mourned as few sportsmen in our time have been mourned.

On the day of his funeral, ten thousand of his friends gathered at the great arch of the California Memorial Stadium to pay him final tribute.

The entrance to the stadium, past which no one was allowed to go, was hung with a wilderness of flowers. His friends spoke the words of grief and tribute which one speaks at the passing of a rare spirit. The man who brought him to Berkeley said: "His love for the University is shown even in his choice of a final resting place. Here he lies where he longed to be, a great sportsman, a great teacher of fair play . . ." When these words were finished, the crowd stood silent while an airplane circled overhead; then it dipped low; and as it passed over the locked and silent stadium, it scattered the ashes of Andy Smith—as he had wished—over the field where he had worked and fought his battles, there to remain forever.

As another great Californian, Brick Morse, has written: "Loyal friends such as Andy Smith come once in a lifetime. Such was the power of his personality that he bound us to him by stronger ties than we realized. His going has left a vacant chair around our hearthside which can never be filled . . . May his sweet memory so influence our lives that . . . when the candle flickers and our earthly light grows dim, it will be a sweet consolation to know that in memory . . . the toast shall be sincerely and reverently repeated, 'To our absent brother'—Andy Smith.

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