



Stanley R. Smith graduated from Santa Cruz High School in 1932. He was one of Santa Cruz County's first Eagle Scouts, and was later a Boy Scout leader in Live Oak. During World War II as a member of the Army's 335th Engineer Regiment, he served in Africa, Italy, France and Germany.

His surveying career spanned more than 50 years. Early in his career, he worked for Arnold Baldwin, Bob Baldwin, the City of Watsonville, and Bowman & Williams Civil Engineers. Later, he was self-employed for many years.

Mr. Smith was known as the "Dean of Santa Cruz County surveyors" by county residents. He loved the surveying business, and enjoyed telling stories about local history. In 1934, while teaching himself to survey, he placed a monument in De Laveaga Park at the intersection of the 37th latitude and 122nd longitude. The monument still stands.

Stan was an avid supporter of surveying education, and personally helped to mentor and train several new generations of surveyors. He will be remembered for the thoroughness of his survey work, his personal integrity and his wry sense of humor.

The following is a personal account of one of Stan Smith's early surveying experiences, taken from Stanley R. Smith Water Rights Report, 1969:

"As a consideration in the new Ollason agreement the City was to provide certain survey work on the Ollason boundary. I was then employed by Mr. Arnold Baldwin who had the surveying contract under City Engineer Kitchen. Mr. Baldwin picked me up at moon rise on May 4, 1935 and proceeded to the Ollason farm. This was so early the deer had not yet come to feed at the Mann corral. Baldwin drove a spike in the road near Sal Licari's mailbox, put a flashlight behind it, and took an observation on the North Star. This business out of the way we adjourned to breakfast at the west end of Montague's flume. Scraps of Sycamore limbs provided a fire for the coffee and when only live coals remained, Baldwin produced two large steaks which he threw upon the ashes. French rolls which appeared from a gunny sack were opened with an axe. Thus fortified with bread, meat and coffee, we began by the grey light of dawn, the survey of the Ollason boundary. The morning passed in a dusty swirl of dense brush, nettles, witness trees, poison oak, blackberry vines, and ancient fences while noontide crawled toward us and as slowly receded into the forgotten past. I mentioned food and was reminded that I had dined on steak that morning, and this in the darkest year of the Roosevelt Depression. The valley echoed to the ringing of axe and brushhook all through the afternoon and far into evening. Molinda Ollason arrived home from work at the laundry in her A-Ford and paused to view the battlefield. 'Land sakes Mr. Baldwin, you folks sure do lay open a fine wide trail!' 'Yes ma'am,' said Mr. Baldwin, 'A person needs room to work.' We finished by the light of Baldwin's headlamps and that day for the first time I saw a surveyor at work. There are some days you never forget."

Stanley R. Smith passed away May 10, 1997.