Dorothy M. Smith

Her Legacy of Innovation
The Calf Path

One day, thru the primeval wood,
A calf walked home, as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bellwether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bellweathers always do.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Thru those old woods a path was made;
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged, and turned, and bent about
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path.

But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first navigators of that calf,
And thru this winding wood-way stalked,
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent, and turned, and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load
Tolled on beneath the burning sun
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street;
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded therefore;
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis;
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.
Early Years and Education
Dorothy Smith, 1955
The Quonset Hut Dream
The Founders
Groundbreaking
Laying the Cornerstone

[Image of a group of people laying a cornerstone]
Scrapbook from the class of 1960: Early years at UF

We, the class of 1960, leave to you, our dream, this visual reminder of the experiences shared in establishing this college of nursing, and graduating your first class.

_____ your dream of the nurses of tomorrow.
Classes, 1960’s
Students
A Smokin’ Time
Class, 1966
The Johns Committee
Proposed design for CON facility
Changing Times
Her Legacy