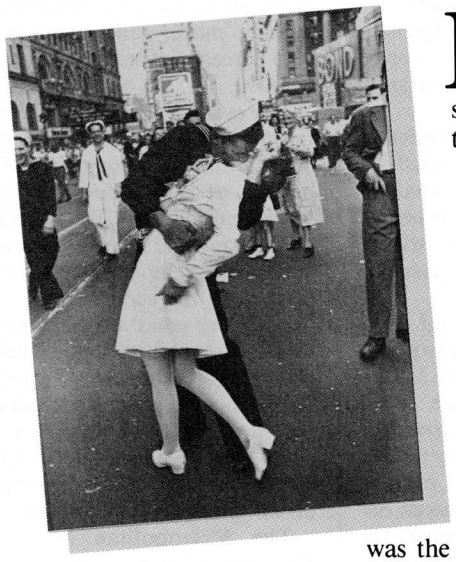
Once the War Was Over

For most Americans, the end of World War II signaled a return to normality. But at Syracuse, a flood of college-bound veterans brought new challenges and battles to be won.
By Alexandra Eyle



This Life *photo captured the jubilation that swept the country when World War II ended. When the celebrations were over, millions of veterans got on with their lives by attending college under the newly created GI Bill of Rights.*

As ex-GIs swarmed to Syracuse, Quonset huts crowded Crouse College (opposite page) to provide extra classroom space. Some American educators feared vets would turn campuses into "educational hobo jungles." But the veterans proved to be serious and mature students.

In 1944, while 12 million American servicemen were at war in Europe and the Pacific, a small revolution was being waged on their behalf back home.

That revolution was embodied in a piece of federal legislation titled the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944—quickly dubbed "The GI Bill of Rights." Over the next five years the GI Bill would ease the transition into civilian life of millions of ex-GIs and, in the process, change the course of higher education.

The GI Bill was not created as a means of transforming higher education. Nor was it born purely of patriotism. In many ways, it was the product of fear. World War II had brought some relief to the Depression that dominated the 1930s and early 1940s—war production alone bolstered the economy. But when the war ended, what would happen to the GIs? Would they be able to find work? Or would they once again form long lines outside the soup kitchens?

These were far from idle fears: twelve million veterans would be returning from the war, and it was believed that as many as three-quarters of them would be unemployed during the first postwar years. It was not inconceivable that returning vets, in the words of Eleanor Roosevelt, could become "a dangerous pressure group in our midst."

To address these concerns, the GI Bill provided veterans with a wealth of new benefits, including mustering-out pay, a one-year unemployment stipend, home and farm mortgages, business loans, health benefits, and job counseling. But the benefit that came to be linked in the mind of America with the GI Bill was its generous allowance for the pursuit of higher education.

The GI Bill provided one year of college for ninety days of service and one additional month for every month in service for a total of 48 months. In addition to tuition, the GI Bill paid for fees, books, and supplies, and provided a small living allowance.

The GI Bill was generous in its educational benefit because its authors expected few GIs to take advantage of it. For generations, college education had been reserved for an elite few. Therefore, when the head of the Veterans Administration stated that no more than 700,000 veterans would go to college under the GI Bill, the only people who raised their eyebrows were those who thought that number too high.

By September 1946, almost every college administrator and faculty member in the country was in shock. More than one million veterans entered college that first year. During the next five years, 2,232,000 (including 60,000 women) attended college under the GI Bill of Rights. Of these, over half were married, and 50 percent of those couples had children. The revolution had begun. The face of American higher education was being changed forever. And so was Syracuse University. Because of the GI Bill, Syracuse was about to enter a dynamic—and highly taxing—five-year period that would transform it into an institution never dreamed of by its prewar leaders.

In fall 1946, some 9,464 World War II veterans were accepted into Syracuse University and its satellite colleges. They came by the busload, wearing beautifully emblazoned flight jackets, pea jackets, or army fatigues, carrying duffel bags, limping or strutting, smoking and cussing, and talking a new language where the word "Joe" meant coffee. A few were women. Some were boys. Most were men. All shared a common desire: they were eager to get on with their lives.

"After what we had been through," recalls Frank Schnell '50, "we were eager to settle down and build a life for ourselves. Many of us couldn't have done that without the GI Bill. Some of us who were injured

were unable to work for a living, and many of us could never have afforded to go to college on our own. Syracuse and the GI Bill gave us a chance we never would have had."

While the GI Bill gave veterans a wonderful opportunity, it did not *require* universities to accept them. Any college that opened its doors to thousands of veterans would be welcoming almost unmanageable growth and difficulty. Not everyone was willing to make the effort.

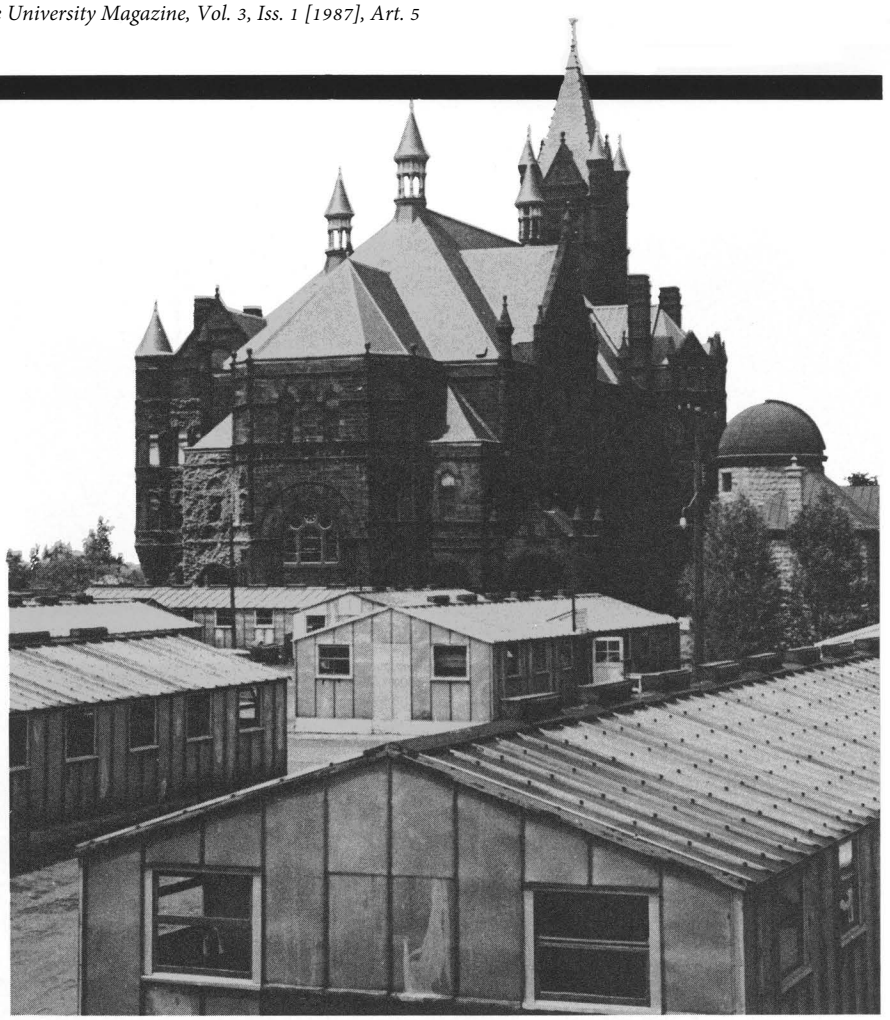
Syracuse was convinced that the challenge would benefit both the veterans and the University. To the vets, it would offer an unexpected opportunity for a college education. To the University, it would offer the chance to transform itself from a well-respected undergraduate liberal arts college into a major research university—a change that under normal conditions could have taken decades to achieve.

As a result, Chancellor William Pearson Tolley opened SU's doors wider than almost any other college. He did not even require that veterans have a high school diploma—only that they pass the entrance exam.

As transformations often do, this one entailed an enormous amount of fortitude. Deciding to admit veterans was one thing, but actually taking them in was quite another story. The University was designed to hold 3,000 undergraduates. Where would another 9,464 go?

In fall 1946, the first wave of veterans nearly tripled the University's overall enrollment, bringing it to 15,228. Of these students, 62 percent were veterans. The main campus could not take them all. The University's satellite colleges—Utica College, University College, and the Triple Cities College in Endicott, which also served Johnson City and Binghamton—took 3,290. But even these sister colleges could not ease the University's sudden and sharp growth pangs. There still remained 6,174 vets to be accommodated on the main campus. The campus had to grow—quickly.

The first concern was housing. Within the first two years, veteran housing would be built to the south of the main campus, in-



WE COULD HAVE SAID NO

When World War II ended, New York Governor Thomas E. Dewey called the state's college presidents together and announced that there was a national emergency. Thousands of returning GIs would need an education. He asked the universities to take all they could under the GI Bill.

Some universities were not receptive to Governor Dewey's plea and were unwilling to increase their size. In effect, these administrations were saying, "We don't give a damn for the welfare of the nation, and we don't care what problems these human beings face. We come first, and we're not going to be impaired by this glut of returning veterans."

I felt our attitude should be just the opposite. We had always been in the business of public service. We had trained teachers and preachers by the thousands. We may not have trained as many millionaires as the Ivy League schools had, but thousands of our alumni had gone on to become useful, productive citizens.

What most impressed me was Dewey's statement that this was an emergency. I realized that if a veteran didn't go to college as soon as he came back, he'd never have another chance. It was now or never. Now was not the time to shut the doors.

Our doors opened wide in 1946.

—William Pearson Tolley '22
Chancellor Emeritus

Temporary housing for veterans at Syracuse was typical of that available on other campuses. Military barracks shipped in from Camp Upton (top left) were erected on East Colvin Street, and some single vets were temporarily assigned to bunk-style living at the New York State Fairgrounds (top right). Trailers made up a community for married students at Drumlins (bottom), where residents tilled their own gardens and formed a cooperative food store (opposite page).

cluding 175 trailers for married students in the apple orchard at Drumlins. Other vets, married and single, would make their homes nearby at the temporary housing colony at the University farm along East Colvin Street, now known as Skytop and Slocum Heights. The farm would ultimately hold 600 military-style housing units, ranging from wooden two-family houses to one-story barracks that could hold 2 to 12 families.

Across from these temporary housing sites, on a vacant lot on East Colvin, near Lancaster Avenue, would spring up a barracks camp known as Collendale, where 22 housing units would hold 532 students.

A 23-acre tract of land, leased from Morningside Cemetery, would sport 200 Quonset huts rebuilt to house 2,000 single students and a 500-foot dining hall that could feed 1,000 students at a time. Closer to the main campus, the hill on South Crouse Avenue and Irving Avenue would become the site of metal houses for 110 men.

Once veterans were housed, where would they study? The University's make-do spirit was brought to bear on academic life. The main campus was transformed as 100 Quonset huts, converted into 40 classrooms, and 20 labs, as well as offices and studios, rose up in stark contrast with the architectural grandeur of such landmarks as the Hall of Languages and Crouse College.

Although the expansion would take two years to complete, its impact on the main campus was immediately evident. The new campus look was described in the October 1946 *Alumni News*:

Unless the "Hill" is visited at least twice a day, one has great difficulty in finding the old familiar

landmarks. There is the beautiful new dining hall on Sims, with kitchens efficient and commodious enough to allow for the preparation of food for 1,500 diners at one meal. There are demountable buildings camoflaged [*sic*] as laboratories, classrooms and offices, almost beyond number. The University farm where once the cattle grazed and divers crops grew now teems with barracks equipped as apartments for married and unmarried GI students. Even Drumlins orchard is so thick with trailers that the apples have no place to fall except on roofs. Nor can lovers stroll in solitude on a moon-lit evening down the "long walk" of Comstock any more for Quonset huts now throng that ancient street.

The main campus was ready for the vets when they first arrived in fall 1946, but construction of the outlying housing tracts was delayed by shortages, strikes, and bad weather. In fall 1946, only the Drumlins trailer camp and 25 two-family units on the University farm had been completed.

"It was a difficult time," Tolley recalls. "To accommodate everyone, we had to spread far beyond the main campus. When I asked one veteran where he was living, he said, 'I'm not sure where it is. It's called Baldwinsville.'"

This bewildered veteran was living 45 minutes from campus at the Baldwinsville ordinance works, which served as an emergency housing site for the veterans. Other vets found themselves living on the army air base in Mattydale and at the state fairgrounds.

Commercial buses, a special railway line from the fairgrounds to the city, and nine University buses—painted blue and orange and dubbed the Blue Beetles—transported vets between their far-flung emergency dormitories and the main campus.

The emergency housing made it possible for the University to open on time for the fall semester, on September 23, 1946. Tolley delivered his freshman address three times—once on campus, once in Baldwinsville, and once at the fairgrounds. Administration and student leaders did the same for the opening convocation for men students.

Other universities, overwhelmed by the numbers of veterans, delayed opening day. That Syracuse did not was a newsworthy event, and the feat was publicized in the national media. Syracuse's program, despite its less-than-perfect housing conditions, was declared second to none in the country. "The magnitude of the University's operations left some of [the reporters] open-mouthed," observed a *Daily Orange* editorial.

Vets, rather than the nonvets, were placed in emergency housing because, it was reasoned, military life had inured them to inconvenience and hardship. The vets themselves understood this in theory, but many still resented the difficulties of the arrangement.

John McLean's first home as an SU student was in a former nitric acid plant in Baldwinsville, where he shared a room with ten people. He was lucky. One vet remembers sharing living quarters with 92 ex-GIs. While McLean later married and moved to Drumlins, and then to an apart-

NO ONE SAID IT WOULD BE EASY

The cow barn at the State Fair Grounds. That was my first address at Syracuse in the fall of 1946. I shared a cozy little room with 92 other veterans, no two of whom ever seemed to go to bed or arise at the same time. It was Army-style living all over again: two-tiered bunk beds and waiting in line for the toilet facilities, plus a 20-minute ride by shuttle bus to and from the campus.

Classroom life was similarly strained. I remember a stunned Lyle Spencer, dean of the journalism school, facing over 250 students in Maxwell Auditorium for an introductory journalism class. It had never before numbered a tenth that size. I also recall taking an English class in a drafty Quonset hut, hastily erected in the shadow of the football stadium. In midwinter its only heat came from a pot-bellied coal stove, around which professors and students huddled in coats, scarves, and gloves.

It was not an easy time for any of us—the University with its resources stretched, the faculty faced with huge classes, the veterans striving to get on with their lives. But we all persevered. We veterans survived and so did the University. Both were tested to their limits, and I think were better for the experience.

—Theodore Lustig '48

IT WAS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

We veterans were serious students who studied hard. But if the ideal student is one who prepares for lifelong learning for the life of the mind, who develops habits of thinking and problem-solving that will last a lifetime, then we vets were probably not ideal. We were in a rush and interested only in a career pay-off, because we felt we had lost three, four, five years of our lives to the war. We wanted to get on with our careers and interrupted lives.

I suppose a more ideal student experience would be to fully participate in the rites of passage and traditions of the University and to have sufficient leisure time to enjoy a certain maturation of learning. But we were in a hurry. We were going to school full-time and working part-time to supplement our small monthly government checks. Many of us had families. We just didn't have time to join fraternities or to have a full undergraduate social life.

We were also rather serious about studying. None of us would flunk out if we could help it. We weren't going to go back home and say we had failed. And we were grateful to the government for giving us this chance. And most of us, having gone on to build productive lives, are proud of having repaid that debt.

—Frank Funk '49

ment, it is the inconvenience of living in Baldwinsville that stands out most in his memory.

"I don't think the University fully anticipated the great influx of students, or was fully equipped to handle them," McLean says.

Like McLean, other veterans were disgruntled at being thrown into ad hoc emergency living quarters. But they moved from the fairgrounds and military base in spring 1946, as campus housing construction progressed rapidly. The Baldwinsville dormitories were closed by 1948. By that fall, nearly 3,000 veterans were living at Skytop housing. All freshmen, except for commuting students, were living on campus.

In many ways, the grass really was greener closer to campus. At Skytop, married and single students, living in one- or two-story homes, made a cozy community. Fifty families with children also formed a close-knit neighborhood in the prefab colony along Colvin Street, near the University farm. Here they set up housekeeping in 25 houses that, though modest, did afford some privacy: a small hall separated a bedroom and bath from the large central room, which did double duty as a living room and kitchen.

The Drumlins trailer camp offered less privacy. Married students living in a 7-by-22-foot trailer found there was literally no place to hide. The entire space consisted of one room. The couch, located at one end, opened into a bed. The kitchen facilities and cupboards ran along the side walls. Meals were served in a tiny alcove at the other end of the trailer. In the winter, couples awoke each morning to the harsh reality of having to walk across snow and ice to a centrally located bathing area. Telephones and laundry facilities were also centrally located. In spring, snow gave way to so much mud that the trailer camp soon earned the moniker "Mud Hollow."

Nevertheless, veterans and their spouses made the best of the Drumlins encampment. Armed with kelly green and silver paint, they transformed the olive-drab trailers in spring 1946. Flagstone walks, boardwalks, and new landscaping were also added. A *Daily Orange* article on the refurbishment reported that Drumlins residents were seeking a new name for the camp. "Most of the residents," the article noted, "cheerful over their apple-blossomed and newly landscaped surroundings, feel the original name, 'Mud Hollow,' should now be given to history."

Just as vets had to cope with crowded living conditions, so did they, along with teachers and nonvets, have to contend with crowded classrooms. Yet, perhaps because they valued their education so much, most made the best of the situation. "When you're in the service you're used to everything being huge," says veteran Elma Quama Blowers '48. She also noted that not all classes were large. As a home economics major, her classes averaged 14 students.

In addition to crowded conditions, some GIs faced another academic problem—learning how to schedule their time.

"When we were let out from service, we were mature young men and ladies," recalls Schnell, "but we were used to following orders and having our days scheduled for us. For the first time in our lives we had to learn self-discipline. It was an entirely new life." To help the vets sharpen their study skills, the University offered remedial reading courses.

The University also offered services to help vets overcome other impairments to learning. Veterans coping with psychological trauma brought on by the war found that the Psychological Services Center counselors, trained to counsel all types of students, were schooled in how to handle their special needs. By 1947, vets also had the option of going to the Veterans Advisement Center for

personal, vocational, or educational counseling. Handicapped veterans were rehabilitated through special physical education courses, and the School of Speech and the College of Medicine joined forces to help vets with speech or hearing problems.

While vets used these services to varying degrees, depending on their individual needs, they did have one need in common. "We were in a hurry," recalls Frank Funk '49, now dean of SU's continuing education center, University College. "If there hadn't been a war, we would have been out of school by that time and established in our careers. We wanted to get out and get on with our lives. The main demand we made on the University was to give us as many courses as possible."

The University's Veterans Educational Program, directed by Ernest Reed, helped them do this by offering, among other programs, an accelerated program that enabled vets to finish early. Funk, for instance, remembers taking three summer sessions that overlapped in such a way that he was beginning the second session while finishing the first and starting the third while completing the second.

But help did not stop with institutional services. Often it was a single individual who made the difference. The late Eric Faigle, then dean of the College of Liberal Arts, for instance, "extended probation for a lot of vets whom he knew could make it if they just were given enough of a chance," recalls John Shaffer '45, G'48. And, often, the vets would come to Faigle and others, such as Charles Noble, Donald Stearns, and Park Hotchkiss, simply for friendship.

"The instructors were always there for us, in or out of class," recalls Schnell, who, along with several of his buddies, often had supper at the home of Professor Helene Hartley and her husband, Professor Floyd Alport.

While veterans were working to make the grade, SU administrators and teachers were trying to keep from drowning in the flood of students.

"My classes were filled to overflowing with former corporals and sergeants, captains and colonels," recalls William Fleming, centennial professor emeritus of fine arts. "The seats, aisles, and floors were wall-to-wall students right up to the place where I was standing. I had to spell out the names of artists and composers because I could not

In fall 1948, more than 15,000 students made history as the largest group ever to register on the main campus (top left). Registration took five days to complete.

Long lines became a fact of life at Syracuse. One student remembers standing in a line one-and-a-half blocks long during a snowstorm in order to get into the bookstore.

Despite crowded classrooms (top right) and living quarters, students found places for quiet study (bottom left).

WE CAME WITH A PURPOSE

Many of us had married. Some of us had children. The rest of us were planning to get married soon. We knew why we were back on campus. We needed our diplomas so we could begin the careers that would allow us to support our families.

Because of what we had gone through, we were mature beyond our years. Many of us had attained substantial rank and responsibilities in the service. If we found the return to academic study difficult at first, we overcame it in a hurry. I am sure most of us studied harder and got better grades than we would have coming straight out of high school.

We didn't fit into the traditional college social life quite as well as we did the academic environment. We weren't living in dormitories. Most of us were married and living off-campus, in married student housing. Many of us—or our wives—worked part-time. On free nights or weekends we created our own recreation—we got together at each other's homes for dinner or for picnics and the inevitable swapping of outrageous war stories.

Sure, we went to football games and other sports events, and once in a while to a fraternity dance, but mostly our activities revolved around family and home and our own group of friends. For those few, brief, memorable years in history we created a whole new campus life-style at Syracuse.

—James Blowers '48

get to the blackboard to write them down."

Not only did teachers teach more students—originally, Fleming's classes had averaged 16 students—they also taught extra courses. Instructors commonly taught five classes a semester—three more than many full professors teach today. "We couldn't hire faculty fast enough," Tolley recalls.

In addition to keeping up with the sheer volume of students, teachers often had to scramble to stay ahead scholastically—many had to teach subjects they'd never taught before. The late George Vander Sluis, for instance, came to SU in 1947 as an art instructor but taught anatomy during his second year on campus.

"I'd never taught anatomy before," he later told a reporter. "I learned about one jump ahead of [my students] all year, but the next year I really knew anatomy." Remarkably, Vander Sluis and his colleagues maintained a highly optimistic attitude about the demands placed upon them: "It was a great way to learn—by teaching the subject," Vander Sluis recalled.

The teachers were also getting a crash course in how to teach a new breed of student. Some may have wished they did not have to learn such a lesson. Shaffer recalls that he ended up correcting his geography teacher, "since, having been a pilot, I knew mapping and navigation inside out." But other teachers, like Fleming, were stimulated by the vets' eagerness to share their own ideas and observations in class. What effect did these lively, sometimes obstreperous, veterans have on the school and faculty morale as a whole?

"They rattled the bars of the cage," says Vice Chancellor Michael O. Sawyer '41, who was a political science instructor at the time. "There was a substantial amount more of question-and-answer sessions in classes and listening on the part of the teachers that came from the awareness that veterans had contributions to make.

"Some few faculty found that upsetting, but I think most welcomed it. In those days, it was a new experience for faculty to have a student say, 'Well, I don't think that's true,' or 'That's not been my experience.' It was a new and remarkable and challenging time."

The vets, despite their frustrations over difficult conditions, agreed. "I would say I got a good education despite the problems," says James Blowers '48, retired vice president of marketing for Wisconsin Electric Power Co. and founding president of the Electric Vehicle Development Corp. "I got a broad understanding of the natural sciences and developed analytical abilities, which I have drawn on throughout my career."

On the whole, veterans did not have the same social interests as nonvets. Although some veterans attended such events as Spring Weekend (bottom right), most favored kitchen parties (top right) and family cookouts (top left).

With a male-female ratio reportedly as high as six-to-one, single veterans had a tough time getting dates for Friday night. Sympathetic to the bachelors' plight, the sponsors of formal dances for veterans (bottom left) sometimes provided dates for the events.

Although the vets were welcomed and supported by the campus community, they could never fully belong to the college scene. In part this was because most of them lived off campus. Yet vets were also physically and emotionally different from nonvets. For one thing, they did not look like the typical College Joe.

"The preponderance of ex-service personnel has never made its appearance so felt on campus as during the Monday cold and snow," a December 19, 1946 *Daily Orange* article reported. "Service jackets of all description add a remembered color to the white landscape, with air corps flying jackets with muskrat collars heading the list."

"We didn't have money to buy clothes," Schnell explains, "so we wore army clothes a lot. We didn't exactly blend in."

Money also separated veterans and nonveterans in other ways. With few dollars to spare, veterans did not go out on the town much, but instead held cookouts, picnics, and parties at their homes.

"Our time was spent more as married couples would spend their time," Blowers

THE VETS AFFECTED US ALL

One day in English class the student in the next seat handed me a carefully folded note. It read: "Dear Beautiful Hair—How about meeting me for conversation after this class? Signed R.B. (P.S. I'm sitting two seats behind you.)"

I glanced around to see what I thought was the tallest, most fascinating-looking man I had ever seen! He asked me for a date and that weekend we went to the new and daringly *dark* Pilots Club downtown. I felt very sophisticated to be suddenly dating a former paratrooper who appeared worldly, witty, well-traveled, and brilliant!

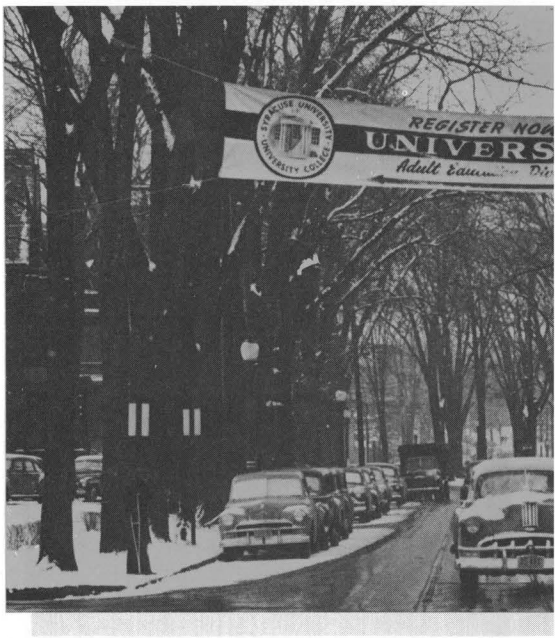
One night we were munching popcorn at the movies when a newsreel came on and showed several paratroopers jumping out of war planes and landing in a wooded area. Suddenly R.B. got up and left his seat. I followed, thinking he must be sick. I found him leaning heavily against the wall near the theater entrance and visibly very shaken.

"Didn't you ever notice I had an ugly nose?" he asked. I hadn't.

R.B. then told me that when a plane he was in during the war had been fired at, he and his buddies had jumped out. He landed in a tree, and a small branch ripped open his nose. Many months of hospitalization, pain, trauma, and plastic surgery followed, and he said it seemed then that his dreams of becoming a doctor would never materialize.

The full impact of what these veterans had gone through for us did not fully penetrate my still-immature mind until I had met, and learned to know and respect, many of these veterans over my four years at school.

—Claire Layton Genk '49



recalls, "rather than as a bunch of young guys and gals, who would be out chasing each other around. We spent a lot of time at home, talking about the future—family, jobs, goals, that kind of thing."

The war had placed a vast emotional and intellectual gap between the veterans and nonveterans. In many ways this difference was manifested in the organizations the two groups joined. While nonveterans were rushing sororities and fraternities, veterans were forming their own special organizations. By summer 1947, three veterans' organizations were active on campus: the University chapter of the American Veterans' Committee, the Syracuse Veterans' Assembly, and the Women Veterans of Syracuse. From winning student veterans the right to vote in national elections to reducing rental rates for University housing, from organizing picnics to lobbying for women veterans to receive GI Bill benefits, these organizations offered a variety of services.

Much as fraternities and sororities did for nonvets, these groups provided the vets with unified on-campus voices. But there was one major difference. Fraternities and sororities encouraged school spirit, and nonvets loved it. Veterans, for their part, had little interest in school spirit, and some even resented its presence.

It was as difficult to interest 24-year-old freshman veterans in the moving-up ceremony of stepsinging—where the classes stood on the steps of Hendricks Chapel and moved up one step each to symbolize their entry into the next class—as it was to get them to wear beanies.

"We weren't college kids," says Funk. "We were veterans, by God. We were people whose lives had been interrupted by the war. I mean, here were people who'd been

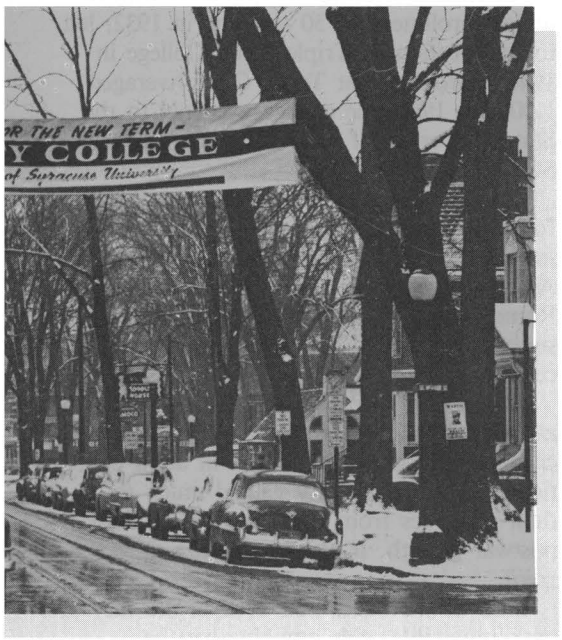
THE SPIRIT IS STILL WITH US

World War II was a difficult period for Syracuse. The combined forces of the Depression and previous expansion had placed the University in debt. In addition, enrollment was at a frighteningly low point, with thousands of college-age men overseas. With the closing of fraternities and the lack of traditional activities, school spirit had fallen off.

For Syracuse, the five years following World War II were a renaissance. From 1946 on, the campus became infected with Chancellor Tolley's vision of what the University could become. In welcoming the veterans, Syracuse set its own style, which is characterized by three adjectives: responsive, adaptive, and visionary. All of us who came out of the Tolley era, including the people with whom I worked most closely during the 1970s and early '80s, were certain that we could do more with less, that we could find a way, even if it was a little out of the ordinary.

Chancellor Tolley gave a name to the spirit that was born at Syracuse in 1946, when he adopted the motto of his friend S.I. Newhouse. That motto is "Can Do." It is still with us today.

—Chancellor Melvin A. Eggers



Veterans had pervasive and far-reaching effects on the University. Many vets, scornful of school spirit, eschewed such events as Homecoming (top left) or threw their beanies into bonfires on the Quad. As a result, some traditions died out.

But the veterans also gave birth to a period of growth that included remarkable expansion in such areas as adult education and the physical plant. Registration at University College boomed (bottom), and in November 1950, the groundbreaking ceremony for the Women's Building (top right) marked the beginning of an unprecedented 24 years of feverish construction.

shot at. I'd bailed out of a plane and ended up in a German prisoner of war camp. We'd lived in mud in tents in Italy. We'd gone through all sorts of privation. We'd been through a lot, and we didn't have time for what we thought of as silly traditions."

"We had large groups of people who had been generals and colonels and admirals," Douglas Coon '49 recalls, "and if you asked a colonel to wear a beanie, that didn't go over too big."

"Our effect on the University was to kill a number of traditions," Funk says. "Some of it just stopped."

Preoccupied with the often overwhelming business of getting through school, the classes of 1946–1950 had little idea that their presence was making history in higher education—and at Syracuse University. But it was.

In 1945, the University was a small college of 4,078 undergraduates and just 313 graduate students. One year later, total enrollment had jumped to 15,228. Undergraduate enrollment had more than tripled, and graduate enrollment had quadrupled. The trend continued, peaking in 1948, when overall enrollment reached 19,698.

As enrollment swelled and academic programs expanded and new ones were added, the size of the faculty tripled, from 500 in 1945 to 1,515 in 1950. The University budget grew accordingly. In 1945, it was $6,293,000. By 1950, at $14,438,000 it had more than doubled.

The influx of students, teachers, and funds meant the University could blossom. And blossom it did. On the undergraduate level, a new art program for liberal arts students, directed by Fleming, was founded in 1946. The department of special education, under William Cruikshank, was added to the School of Education that same year and quickly went on to achieve national recognition. In January 1946, Thomas Carroll became dean of the School of Business Administration and "ran a new car under an old radiator cap," Tolley recalls. "He made

During the late 1940s, Chancellor William Pearson Tolley (far left) shared with students his vision of what the University could become. Although the master building plan, unveiled in 1948, would be modified many times, nearly 40 of the 60 major buildings on the main campus today were constructed between 1945 and 1969. The changes of this period, born of the GI Bill era, were so extensive that an alumnus of 1945, returning 20 years later, would find the campus almost entirely unfamiliar.

some people angry, but he built the foundation for a first-rate school of business." Norman Rice left the Art Institute of Chicago to become director of the School of Art, which he brought to new levels of excellence.

On the graduate level, from 1945 to 1950, enrollment shot from 313 students to 2,043. The School of Business Administration established a graduate program, and in 1948 the College of Applied Sciences (now the L.C. Smith College of Engineering) with an enrollment that had quintupled in ten years to reach 1,884, moved into nine vacant war plant buildings on Thompson Road, where it became known as the New Campus for Research Engineering.

In the department of geology and geography, Chairman George Babcock Cressy worked with Preston E. James, a newly recruited faculty star, to place that department on the map. The Maxwell School of Citizenship and Public Affairs expanded its interdepartmental social science doctoral program to include the development of teaching skills; similar Ph.D. programs in the sciences and humanities were also created. The Institute for Industrial Research and the Business and Economic Research Center promoted on-campus research projects and gave graduate students new opportunities for research experience.

It was also during this five-year period that plans were developed for the Women's Building and the new College of Law, both of which would be built in the 1950s.

Adult education also flourished during this time. The University first began offering an adult education program in 1918, through its evening sessions program. In 1946, this program was reorganized into University College. Its first enrolling class totaled 1,550. By 1950 that number had reached 2,292.

Other adult education centers thrived as well. Utica College, established in the Plymouth Congregational Church house in 1946, had an initial enrollment of 500 students, 95 percent of whom were veterans. By 1950, the enrollment had more than tripled, reaching 1,920.

An extension center in Endicott, with an initial enrollment of 50 students in 1932, led to the creation of Triple Cities College in 1946. Enrollment at Triple Cities averaged 1,000. In 1950, the college was sold to the State University of New York (it's now SUNY/Binghamton).

Other statewide adult education programs founded during this period included a master's program in public administration in Albany; extension centers in Gloversville, Rome, and Auburn; and Pinebrook Camp, a summer art school and adult education center.

In just five years, the University had made major strides in undergraduate and graduate enrollment and programs and in adult education. But the University gained much more than resources from this vibrant period of postwar growth. It also acquired a new *spirit*.

Born of the belief that even in the face of near-impossible odds anything can be achieved, that spirit manifested itself over the next 30 years in myriad ways. During the 1950s, 1960s, and 1970s, Syracuse would undergo a tremendous physical expansion, develop even more nationally recognized professional and academic programs, earn a reputation as a major research center, and become a member of the prestigious Association of American Universities.

Few universities would have dared to accomplish so much so quickly. For its undauntable spirit and all that it would become, Syracuse would have the veterans and the GI Bill to thank.