

## **When I Was at State . . .**

(Published in The Magazine  
of San Diego State University  
Fall/Winter 2003)

By William True

I was fresh out of the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division Paratroops and nearly three weeks late for the fall 1945 semester when I enrolled. Everyone treated me wonderfully, a delightfully welcome change from the military.

For the first year or so, any sudden loud noise triggered my hit-the-ground combat instincts, but I managed to stay on my feet and avoid damaging my newly acquired civilian togs. To walk about the campus and through the quad past Montezuma, mingling with incredibly beautiful coeds, was a satisfying and delicious contrast to my years in Europe.

I had survived the war; I had no fear whatsoever of a sudden sniper shot or machine gun burst; and I was fulfilling my dream of a college education. It was an emotional experience beyond description.