

prelude



“ . . . that Miami is gone forever.”

I was a sophomore when a cousin from Bellevue, Ohio, Jean Smith, wrote me a note and said, “One of my very good friends, Martha Nye, is at Wellesley College. You might look her up.” Well, Yale played Harvard that Fall up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and I looked her up. And here we are today. Yale won the game with my roommate who was a member of the Yale football team and whose end coach was Gerald Ford, later President of the United States. We met there and had our first date there not knowing that two weeks later an event called Pearl Harbor would take place that completely changed our lives. From that point on we had the war and our probable involvement in it as uppermost in our minds. I went into the naval service at Yale, joining the V-12 unit. I became the regimental commander of the Yale V-12 regiment. I went through a condensed program that took us through the year. Vacations were ruled out. I was commissioned an ensign in the United States Navy and the week following commissioning Martha and I married. Then I went out on a destroyer in the Pacific, saw service at Iwo Jima, Okinawa, and was at Tokyo Bay when the signing of the surrender took place. After the war Martha and I could then live a more normal life, going to Harvard for my master’s degree, then to Columbia for my doctorate, and then on to Kent State. At that point, in effect, I was returning home.

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Phillip R. Shriver in the U.S. Navy during World War II. Shriver family collection.