

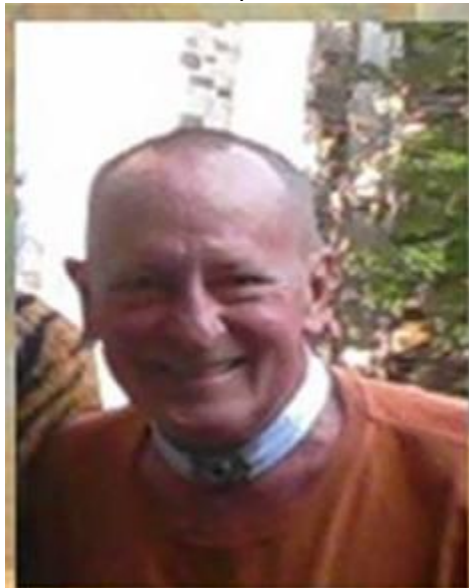
Princeton University Class of 1966

Memorials and Memories

Michael Charles Tice (1944 - 2012)

Mike died May 18, 2012 of cardiac arrest, following a long battle with cancer.

He entered Princeton from Myers Senior High in Ft. Myers, where he was president of the senior class and student body and football and track team member. At Princeton he majored in English, belonged to Charter Club, rowed lightweight crew, and played in several musical groups. After graduation Mike earned a law degree at Duke and returned to Ft. Myers. He reported in our 25th Reunion Book that until age 40 his primary focus was on music rather than law. He enjoyed some success in the music field, selling one song to Willie Nelson and having another featured in a major movie. At age 40 he decided to focus on law and joined a Ft. Myers firm, where he practiced until cancer prevented it. At the time of his death, he had completed a semiautobiographical novel, "Temple of Mercy". A loyal Princetonian to the end, he was a fixture at major Reunions. Classmates still recall him at the 20th, on the bandstand belting out The Rolling Stones' "Honky Tonk Woman." Our condolences go out to Mike's children, Lonnie, Sarah, and Christopher, and his friend and former wife, Susan.





The flower arrangement on the right is from Mike's '66 classmates

Click [here](#) for Mike's obituary from the Fort Myers Memorial Funeral Home.

Classmate Memories

Dick Everhart: Mike and I met as high school seniors after learning we had both been accepted into Princeton University as members of the Class of 1966. We were a couple of young men from similar middle class backgrounds growing up in South Florida, Mike from Ft. Myers and I from West Palm Beach. We traveled to Princeton together by train from WPB, I with the typical college student luggage, and Mike with the same, but with an assortment of musical instruments including a harmonica, a full size stand up bass fiddle and a trumpet with the bell bent up at a 45 degree angle in the style of one of Mike's musical heroes Dizzy Gillespie. I soon learned that music would be almost as important to Mike as his college studies over the next four years, and, indeed, for most of his life. We became roommates and ever closer friends through those college years, a friendship that continued until his recent passing. At Princeton Mike excelled in his studies as an English major and found time to row on the Lightweight Crew. In addition to attending to his rigorous studies, he held several jobs on campus and played in a couple of bands, for enjoyment and to earn extra spending money. Mike was well liked at Princeton for his good natured friendliness, his loyalty, his keen sense of humor and his boundless enthusiasm for whatever he had undertaken.

After college, we went our separate ways but continued our friendship, sharing news of the major events of our lives. He shared with me and my wife Marlene all the events from meeting and marrying his wonderful wife Susan, through the joys, challenges and sometimes sorrows of parenthood, and all the difficult intervening events that bring us to this day. If Mike had his choice I feel certain that he would have wanted to go on living much longer to be side by side with his beloved family. We know that was not to be. But I suspect he will keep on watching over his three wonderful children from a far loftier vantage point. Michael, I was proud to be your friend for 50 years. May you rest in peace.

Jim Merritt: I'm sorry to hear about Mike Tice, a sweet guy. I didn't know him as an undergraduate but got to know him as an alumnus. I'll never forget him at our 20th reunion in Holder Courtyard, where midway through the night he jumped to the stage and belted out a rousing version of Bob Dylan's Knockin' on Heaven's Door. In a previous life Mike had played in a rock band and made a living of sorts as a song writer — once having sold a song to Willy Nelson, as described in his 25th-reunion-book entry. Later he earned a law degree and became a lawyer while continuing to write songs on the side. I had a great chat with him at our 45th and walked with him for a stretch in the P-rade. As anyone who saw him will remember, he was shockingly frail (I believe he had throat cancer) but in excellent humor despite his condition — buoyed no doubt by the presence of his wife and children. They were heading to N.Y.C. for a post-reunions visit. Mike sent me a draft of an autobiographical novel he was working on. It's a pdf, and I'd be happy to forward it to anyone interested.

Mike Witte: I greatly enjoyed seeing Mike and his children at Reunions last year. His wonderful oldest son had experienced numerous surgeries at a Shriner's Hospital over many years and when I told him that I had been the beneficiary of similar Shriner's charity as a four year old, he insisted that I pull up my pants legs and show him my scars. I happily did so. Mike's passing is a loss to the class of a truly creative, generous and courageous soul. My condolences to his wife and kids.

Ron Landeck: I was saddened to hear of Mike's passing. His creative energy and enthusiasm for '66 and his many friends in the class will be missed. Our friendship developed over the years from visits at Reunions. Our last conversation a couple months ago was punctuated by concern for his family. He was in a struggle but he never complained. He was ever so proud of his children, and it made my 45th Reunion to see him there with his kids. My prayers go out to Mike and his family and friends.

Lanny Jones: I think, perhaps also at our 20th Reunion, Mike climbed onstage and sang The Rolling Stones' "Honky Tonk Woman" with what he said was a "lost verse" not in many versions of the song. The only fragmentary lyric I remember was "I like to see the sailors dancing".

John Hart: I met Mike early in our freshman year, and we quickly became friends and later roommates. Mike's exuberance, intelligence, eagerness to try new things, and unique way of expressing himself made him a great companion for the college adventure ahead. Mike was the kind of friend who didn't hesitate to tell you what you needed to know, as when he told me, within hours of meeting my future wife of 45 years, "John, that's the girl for you" (he was right). I found that when you have a friend like Mike, you can always expect to discover new and wonderful talents. For example, I never saw Mike's band in college and had no idea how good he was until a 1969 visit when we heard him perform. I'll always cherish these many memories and never forget the lessons of friendship learned over nearly 50 years.

Just one of Mike's talents was salesmanship; he excelled at selling Princeton paraphernalia at football games and combined charm, flattery, enthusiasm, and persistence to convince guys to

buy tiger tails, pom poms, and other orange and black stuff for their dates. We still treasure our tiger tail, and Mike remained a proud Princetonian to the end.

As I think back, a hundred other memories of Mike come to mind; memories, both sublime and ridiculous, of joy, sorrow, college foolishness, emotional highs and lows, success, failure, and, most of all, the sheer wonder Mike expressed at the worlds and boundless opportunities Princeton opened up to us all.

Richard "Tiny" Morgan: Mike was an engaging guy. I have known him since we were undergrads. He had a band when we were at Princeton; did you know he wrote a song for our Class? He sang it at our 30th. He was courageous in the face of all his illnesses; far more than I could have been.