

Yo Sy-from far off Johnstown, Pa

First of all I was scared stiff of you as a pledge back at Temple University in the 40's. Marlin and everyone who had been in the service all scared me as an 18 yr old from J-town, who had only a green tweed suit. Finally I learned that your bark was even worse than your bite. Buddy and you had the 3rd floor rear room, above Rosenthal and Potash and Glosser. Nipon used our room. It was bigger. I thought Buddy was the greatest, but I was never quite sure about you, but I figured that if Mimi could put up with you I would fake it.

I remember at the fraternity house you would stand up and put a foot on your chair and expound about almost anything and always too long. It is from you that I learned that brevity is the soul of wit. Every five years when I go back for my law school reunion the brothers get together for lunch and dinner. Usually I am able to get Balka and Siegal to split my check as a guest.

My warmest thoughts to you on this special occasion, and love to Mimi. She was a looker.

Fraternally,
Bill Glosser (still practicing law in Johnstown)

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I remember Sy most vividly. We had rooms in the fraternity house next to each other, and he was sort of like a "father mentor" to me keeping my "nose to the grindstone"! He made it a point to protect me when there was much noise saying "quiet- Rollie's studying". I know that he and his roommate Buddy Rosenblitt were looked up to as two of the "solid fraternity brothers" who gave real panache to the Pi Lam House. I appreciate knowing about his 80th birthday- an opportunity to reminisce about wonderful times spent together with dear friends. As the Pi Lam song goes "Brother Mine Forever"- as true today as always. I send Sy my fondest greeting and wishes on his birthday- health and happiness "to 120".

Rollie Moskowitz – Pi Lam – Temple '49

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Sy was a big pain in the ass when it came to our meetings at the fraternity house. As Rex of our chapter, he was constantly exercising his privilege to point out Robert's Rules of Order. In the process, I would fine him more than any other member of the fraternity for disruption of the meetings. However Sy had the best humor, told the best jokes of anybody, and he was always well respected by his fraternity brothers.

I can say I was very proud to have Sy Wellikson as my fraternity brother.

To my best,

"Brother of mine forever"

Marvin Welsch



Dear Sy:

It is nice to know that you have not forgotten your Pi Lam buddies from Temple. You were one of the individuals that I enjoyed seeing at the various functions of our fraternity. I especially enjoyed your humorous wit. I am sure it has continued to this day.

Welcome to the elite 80's group. We in our 80's all welcome you with open arms. I'd like to think, "we are getting older, not getting old".

Annette and I wish both you and Mimi years more of good health and happiness.

You are way ahead of us in family members; we have two children and four grandchildren.

Stay well and keep moving.

Annette and Marv
(Black)

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I first met Sy in September 1944, while we were registering for classes at Temple University under the GI Bill. Forty five years later I was happy and overwhelmed to hear from him again at Leisure World. He remembered me because my name is Selig, so when he saw my name in print he called me out of the blue to see if I was the same Selig Picker from Temple. This was just Jewish geography at work.
Happy 80th birthday

Selig "Sy" Picker

My first recollection of Seymour is the morning after my marriage, on our trip to Florida for our honeymoon. I had met warm and friendly Miriam in the ladies room, and was then introduced to her new husband across the aisle. The connection was made, because we thought they were such a nice couple and they may have thought they might enjoy sharing some of the salami sandwiches and other goodies I had packed in a suitcase. Hunger never appealed to me, and I wanted to be sure that we didn't starve on that long train ride.

Through Seymour and Miriam we hooked up with two other newlywed couples, one, the niece of Hollywood star, Danny Kaye. We became a foursome for dinners, shows, and other highlights, until one bride got blistered from too much sun and spent her honeymoon in bed, but untouchable.

We got into trouble when I said I wanted to send Harry a telegram for his birthday, and Seymour said he'd send it from their hotel. Morality was a strong factor in those days, and the manager of their hotel questioned a telegram to one husband, when there was another husband registered.

We reveled together watching Tony Martin, Henny Youngman and other stars in the Miami Beach nightclubs. When we went to Hialeah race track, I got lucky picking horses by their names, and Seymour encouraged me to pick the Trifecta. I did, and we all won.

In all the things we did Seymour was a leader and a spark. When he said they were flying home, instead of going back on the train, we were amazed and impressed. Flying was not the norm in those days. Seymour on the cutting edge would be part of a pattern.

We all welcomed our children and delighted in sharing the joys and challenges of family life. We shared weekends in New York City to see shows and enjoy the vibrancy and excitement. We went to Concord, Grossingers and Nevele, the hot spots of the Catskills, for wonderful weekends of shows, dining and dancing. By ship, plane, auto or train, we went where there was excitement. We shared all that youth, family and life had to offer.

On one skiing trip to the Vermont mountains Seymour and Harry, who had barely learned to ski, came skiing down the mountain like Olympians, while Miriam and I lay spread out on the snow, with the ski instructor trying to teach us how to get up from a fall.

We visited each other wherever we lived, in apartments, row houses, suburban homes, summer homes and winter homes. Wherever Seymour was, and whoever was in his midst, his intelligence, ability, creativity and amazing sense of humor made him a leader. We gloried with and for each other as our children blossomed and flourished.

We always shared celebrating our anniversaries together. On our 25th Anniversary, we were invited to their home for brunch. It was a lovely get together, but the real reason for the brunch was to get Harry and me out of our house, while our children welcomed guests for a surprise anniversary party they had planned.

When Larry, Elissa and Wendy all wound up in California, so did Seymour and Miriam. Seymour became an impresario and led new groups of people to new and exciting venues that he charted and made a success. All that made Seymour so special in so many lives on the east coast, was replicated on the west coast.

Exceptional people do exceptional things. We are so very grateful to have someone with such spark, humor and intelligence as a friend. He is a very unique individual.

There is now a continent between us, but the memories we made together are interwoven in the fabric of our lives. Happy Birthday dear Seymour. Thank you for your many years of friendship. Enjoy all that there is and all that you are. You mean so much to so many.

Love always, Naomi (Zaslow)

Dear Seymour:

You made it to your 80th year! Congratulations.

You were born in the roaring 20's, the decade of wonderful living, the flapper age. Prosperity was enjoyed by all, the good times were in a stage of new technologies. Wow, the Follies Bergere in Paris, sexy scantily clad women on stage, Broadway shows, and jazz.



I know that writing is one of your talents, really a form of self expression. You sought out your other talents and succeeded in finding who you are. Show business was among your interests.

1926 was the year of Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises", the year you also rose to a life of happiness and challenge.

You have circled the sun 960 times. You understand what it takes to live a full life, a balance on a tight rope, moderation, not extremism in living.

You are an adventurer! You traveled to California to search for gold.

Keep going! May you celebrate many, many years to come. You have lived many happy years with Miriam. You have encouraged your children to rise to new heights in many professional realms. You have given of yourself for the benefit of others in your life.

I hope that one of these days we'll be together when east meets west or west meets east.

Happy Birthday

Harry Zaslow

I have great memories of Seymour. He was by far the funniest of my parents' friends, so as a kid, I just loved being around him. He was also the best-looking friend they had. (No, I take that back. Miriam was actually their best-looking friend.)

Children have a sense of which adults like interacting with them, and Seymour was an absolute natural with us. I guess that's partly because he was such a big kid himself. I assume he's now 80 going on 8. (I remember him when he was 40 going on 4.)

Seymour was a riot at the rehearsal dinner before my wedding in Buffalo, N.Y., in 1987. My dad was trying to give a speech and Seymour's running commentary, shouted out from the peanut gallery, was like a perfect set of subtitles. It broke up the wedding tensions, for which I'm grateful. I wish he could have come to live with me and my wife for the 19 years since then. It would have been fun having him around, and I know our three kids would have loved him, too.

Happy 80th to a terrific guy and all best wishes!

Jeff Zaslow

Let's face it. No matter when you grow up or where, your parents' friends are usually pretty boring to kids. They're usually very nice and ask you questions you've answered a million times, like "How old are you?" and "What grade are you in school?" and "What sports do you play?" and "My, how you've grown!" BORING. You squirm and smile and count the minutes until you can escape.

These friends of your parents are being nice and they *are* nice, but they're not Seymour Wellikson. Before people hired entertainers to walk around and amuse people with card tricks and spoon bending, there was Seymour Wellikson. He wasn't being polite to his friends' kids because he had to, it was clear that he really liked kids. Sometimes it seemed like he liked being with the kids more than being with the adults.

I knew I'd laugh if Seymour was around. His wife, Miriam, was the perfect straight-woman as well. She'd let him take center stage but was always there with a big smile and a laugh. And then of course with perfect timing, she'd add the last line to a Seymour-story to round it out and send it over the top.

Seymour and Miriam were always known as "the honeymoon couple" to my parents, Harry and Naomi Zaslow. They met on the train to Florida after my parents' real wedding, and The Welliksons' "fake" wedding, (but that's another story for another time). The two couples became great friends and a terrific foursome. Seymour has a way of teasing my father that is unique. My father doesn't realize he's being teased which makes it kind of funny. He's no easier on my mother. My mother has always been a wholesome girl. There are many things she'd never say, but if someone else is willing to whisper them in her ear, like Seymour, she'll blush and laugh and have a grand old time. My mom was an innocent girl of 18 on her honeymoon, and I suspect Seymour has never let her forget it in the 58 years, 4 children, 13 grandchildren and two on the way that ensued.

The Welliksons were always a friend to us kids, too. We wanted to throw a big 25th surprise anniversary party for my folks and they helped by keeping them out of the house and occupied. The party was in our home and had elderly aunts, lots of relatives and many friends in attendance. It was one of the highlights of my parents' lives, even though it was thrown by kids and involved homemade kugels. At that moment in time, my parents had their parents, their children, and their friends, which means they had everything.

And so it is with Seymour. He has everything-a lovely wife, family, children, and grandchildren, and a sparkling wit and personality. He's the guy you love to love.

So on this, your 80th birthday, please accept warm wishes from Harry and Naomi's kid, and that kid's growing family.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Much love,

Lisa Zaslow Segelman
David, Brett, Talia and Alana

He can't really be having an 80th! We can think of Seymour and Miriam only as young people who thoroughly enjoyed every aspect of their lives, and when unpleasant things happened, took them in stride and emerged with a smile. We shared stories about our children, their problems, their successes. Seymour was strong. I remember he proved it once by lifting me up in the air with one arm. We had lots of fun together, playing bridge, going to Concord in 1965 where we became "expert" skiers. We had New Year's parties where we laughed a lot and drank very little. Seymour was our wordsmith, and every time we got together he presented us with a word we didn't know. The funniest was the time he came forth with "flatulate". When he explained what it meant, we burst out laughing--and never forgot the word. He not only enriched our vocabulary, knowing Seymour and Miriam enriched our lives. A very happy birthday to Seymour!

Affectionately,

Henny & Mort
(Porter)

Dear Seymour:

So you're now a member of Club 80 – welcome!

So many years gone by, but we can still see your smile & hear your dry wit. So many card games & parties, drinking & laughter. But we will never forget your warmth to our Donna when she became a neighbor of yours at Valley Forge Towers.

Happy Birthday!

Mollie & Lee
(Rossman)

Seymour:

There are so many stories- but lo – he has told them all. Joe and I have had our best times with Seymour and Miriam.

We went through all the photo albums and came across this one – which probably has a great story attached to it. But look at the dates. Forty-one years ago, but who can remember where? Surely when he sees it Seymour will tell you a great tale of the place. Obviously it is not a diving board, but he did look superb.

Happy Birthday and many more to our dear Seymour –

Love,

Rita and Joe
(Cooper)



A Toast to Seymour as He Reaches Eighty
He can sagaciously argue on subjects weighty
On every occasion, where he's a guest
He'll entertain, with or without a request
For writing parodies is his forte
And singing songs his favorite sport
We've been friends for years
And we hope it will last
So Happy Birthday to you
And we hope it's a blast!

Perry & Barbara Winegrad



Something that I've never forgotten about Seymour was his teaching me what the word "ubiquitous" means. He said "it's like bullshit; it's all over the place". That memory has never left me, and I use this word and his meaning of it quite often.

Annette Strelsin Kaplan

For Seymour:

My late husband Lou and I have known Seymour and Miriam for over 50 years. We lived in Mount Airy for 20 plus years and then in the same building at Valley Forge Towers for 19 years.

Seymour was famous for producing and directing plays at Valley Forge Towers. One of his shows was "A Chorus Line". My husband Lou was the only guy as one of the chorus girls. And yes, he had the best legs in the whole Chorus Line! Lou even considered a change of career after the positive reviews came in. Thank goodness he never followed through. Good legs and all, he was a better salesman than chorus girl.



But I digress. When Miriam and Seymour moved to Leisure World, Lou and I came for a visit. And three years later, here we were. That was over 10 years ago.

When Lou passed away in 2001, Seymour presented his eulogy. Seymour has a rare gift for eloquence and sincerity and I was grateful to have him pay tribute to my husband this way.

I am so happy to have had Miriam and Seymour as friends for all these years. And I am sure Lou joins me in wishing Seymour a very Happy 80th Birthday.

Best wishes, Essie Hurwitz

My memory of "Mr. Wellikson", for that is the only way I have ever addressed him (some things were different when we were in Thomas Williams Junior High School, where Wendy and I first met) is that he had a sense of humor as well as a sense of right and wrong, and that he was a good dancer.

I'm hoping that his 80th will be a blast and that he may reach "120 feeling like 20" ("Ad meya v'esrim kmo esrim"). Which, knowing him, is a distinct possibility.

Happy birthday, Mr. W.

Melisse Lewine-Boskovich (a.k.a. Lisi Lewine)

What I remember about your family is that your home was always full of energy and laughter. I was actually jealous of the way your family seemed to relate to each other and I wanted to spend time at your house rather than mine. Your sense of humor, kindness, openness and acceptance touched me. You always had kind words to say to put me at ease.

I remember you and your daughter doing puzzles or word games or some other mental exercises together. You seemed to have so much fun!

My mother's [Shirley Kaufman] memory about you is that she met you and Miriam for the first time when she was on a date with Howard Wasserman. She recalled his name because her maiden name was Shirley Wasserman (no relation to Howard). Evidently, Howard knew either you or Miriam because for their first date, he took my mom to your engagement party at the Brighton Hotel in Atlantic City.

Carole
(McCall)

I remember that when our kids were small, my daughters happily called Seymour "Grandpa", because if he was "Grandpa" to Sammy, then he was certainly "Grandpa" to them too...and it came with all the same "lap-sitting" privileges too.

Ruth
(Lund)

We have had the extreme pleasure of being acquainted with Seymour Wellikson for many, many years, having met him through his wonderful daughter, Wendy, and incredible grandson, Sammy. We heard many wonderful and funny stories before they moved to sunny California. When we met Sy for the first time, at his daughter's home, he proved to be joyful and animated and extremely warm, a mensch in the true sense of the word. He never fails to greet all of us warmly and affectionately. He kibitzes and has jokes to share, as well as songs and stories.

We have had the honor of sharing Passover with Seymour for many years now. It is a joy when he leads the Seder at Wendy's home. He continues to hide the afikomen with great thought, respecting the age of the children that are in attendance!

Several years ago, he graced us by coming to our home for a Seder. He had just had gall bladder surgery, and arrived ready to participate attached to a drainage tube, hidden in a Nordstrom bag! He continued to joke and participated as long as he could before tiring and retiring to his home.

During Rebecca's Morasha years, her grandparents did not participate in Grandparents day. Seymour readily accepted the honor of being Rebecca's surrogate grandfather and made her smile with the jokes and activities they shared together. He was a participant in her Bat Mitzvah and she loves him as a grandfather!

Seymour Wellikson is a true gentleman, and role model. We feel honored to call him friend. More importantly we consider him family!

Sue, Don, Jeremy, Cayla and Rebecca Kurland

Dear Seymour,

When I hear Miriam addressing Seymour I often wonder who she is talking to or about.

He is known as Sy, or it is "sigh"? Sy, the man for all seasons, the man for all reasons. The only two things I believe he is not an expert in is a Rabbi or an artist. It would not surprise me if he kept those two virtues a secret.

If there were a Rabbinical degree on line or by mail Sy could be a Rabbi. After all he probably has a tallis & yarmulke. He could probably write a great Sermon and give advice to his congregants. He could also be a cantor. As far as being an artist he could carry around pallet, brushes, and perhaps his chef's hat and apron. Sy would "pull it off."

Happy birthday, Sy. 80 is a memorable milestone. You are catching up with Methuselah. May you live as long.

Marshall Miller

"Sy?"...."Si".....then I say, "Rho".....I love that repartee. It is so Sy. We are latecomers to Sy's colorful life. We met through Brandeis. Marshall and I were welcomed into the Brandeis Movie group to which Sy and Miriam belong. I must admit I was intimidated (as are many people) by Sy. He is so loquacious, with opinions....strong ones....on everything. He is knowledgeable on any and all subjects from Bridge, golf and other sports, to Gourmet Cooking, to Drama, Directors, storyline and on and on. Believe it or not, I was a bit shy about expressing my opinions. Of course, that passed quickly. Sy, with his honesty and intelligence, welcomes discussion and confrontation. It was very refreshing.

As time went on and I became more active in Brandeis and I had the occasion to work with Sy on various programs and events. I came to respect him more and more for the generous and supportive person he is. It has been a most rewarding experience to serve with him as an officer on his Board of Directors. I know we are not in this alone, he is right there with advice, support, humor and reinforcement. Brandeis benefits from his generosity in many ways. Sy donated his time and creative Chef's ability to present a luncheon for 10 as an Opportunity Drawing prize at one of our luncheons. I got to help with serving and cleanup...Lucky me! I also got to taste and lick the pot. Everything was presented elegantly and tasted delicious. The recipients were so pleased, they made a generous donation to Brandeis.

I believe Sy became the most transparent (and surprised me) when I began to see him with his great grandchildren and hear the stories of their escapades. His warmth, love and devotion are a joy to behold. How fortunate the children are to have Sy and Miriam. How fortunate Sy is to have the children and Miriam. Miriam, with her patience and kindness, creates the atmosphere in which Sy can thrive.

I am so pleased to be able to be a part of this tribute to you Sy. I know how proud you are to be a Beautiful 80 Years old.

Mazel Tov, God Bless, and many, many more happy healthy years.

Love,

Rhoda Galardi

It was cold. We were in Alaska--what else would it be? Sy, Miriam, Bert and Char were in Donali and had scheduled a float trip, minimum age allowed five years old. We figured that would be tame enough. At the crack of dawn, give or take a second or two, a van came to collect us to transport us to the launch site. Another couple was also in the van, both of whom were large and singularly unattractive. The woman was lording it over us because, after all, we were only headed for a float trip, while they, the super experienced white water rafters, were going for adventure. They had previously been on a number 4, a number 5, another number 5. Who knew what the numbers meant? We only knew that we didn't like her. When we reached our destination we were informed that the float trip had been canceled, but that we could white water raft. The vote was three ayes and one nay, so Char reluctantly went along. The obnoxious woman said that we shouldn't worry; she knew CPR. Simultaneously Bert and Sy told each other they'd rather drown. We were assigned to the same raft as the big talker and when it came time to step aboard, she had a dozen reasons why she should be in the safest spot. It was an exciting ride to say the least, and when we got to calm water the captain told us that the only time they ever had anyone fall in was when they didn't pay attention to the exiting instructions. Naturally, the super experienced, bragging, homely female thought she knew better, which resulted in her unceremonious entry into the water, flat on her back. Her husband and three other people tried to get her up, but she kept falling back into the cold, cold water until her husband abandoned the rescue attempt. Enough stout hearted men joined the effort and so they were able to beach that whale. Miriam laughed so hard she wet her pants.

Bert & Char Harris



On our 50th anniversary, Sy went up to the mike – Sy cannot stay away from an open mike for long – and presented us with a beautiful poem, a song which he sang to us. It was a delightful presentation and absolutely clever and was so appreciated. When Maurice became Leisure Worlder of the Month, there was Sy again, heading for the open mike. This time he sang a funny, witty ditty. He was hilarious. We so appreciated the humor. Maurice enjoyed working with Sy on the GRF Board, and with his sense of humor provided the Board with loads of laughs. Sy is one of a kind, a delightful, humorous, witty, intelligent guy. We are glad to have him as one of our friends and wish him a Happy Healthy 80th Birthday.

Estelle & Maury Kravitz

This guy by the name of Sy
Would never let a miss-step go by
As a parliamentarian of GRF
He made sure the rules met
He always was sure things went right
Robert's Rules of Order won without a fight
Sy, You are not out of order

A Very Happy 80th Birthday,

Selma & Joseph
(Heller)

TO OUR GREAT LEADER, SEYMOUR WELLIKSON

Fourscore and zero years ago there came to us a babe, sanctified and circumcised, destined to become a great leader. As he grew he became first in love, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrywomen. When the Great Depression threatened to sink the Brandeis organization Our Great Leader said, "The only thing we have to fear, is fear itself. Ask not what Brandeis can do for you, ask what you can do for Brandeis." And taking up the mantle, shouting, "I have not yet begun to fight!" he became the first male president of BUNWIC. The ladies and their spouses hailed him as their savior and threw roses at his feet. They would have erected a statue of him, but unfortunately they could only raise \$17.22.

Ethel Otchis

Dear Sy,

It has been my pleasure, and also Alan's, to know you and to work with you in Brandeis, and for Brandeis. We worked together as a presidium of 6 when the organization was about to fold, but we did it, and it hasn't folded, and we succeeded.

When Miriam and I were president, you were our able Parliamentarian and kept us and Brandeis in line. When called upon, you were always there. You walked into Marilyn's home when we were discussing and looking for a president for Brandeis. They say that that timing is everything, right..... I had suggested your name, and as a wonderful wife, Miriam said, "ask him," and we did...And the rest is history, for you are now going into your second year as president. You are the first solo male president of our organization and I congratulate you, for we women are tough.

As Author Book Chairman you have supported and aided me when I was frustrated and discouraged. But we both hung in there and succeeded.

You are a man of many talents, whether enjoying your cooking or your play readings, or whatever you want to give yourself to. I have enjoyed working with you.

Happy 80th,

Ellen Newman

Seymour has always impressed me as being a well rounded individual with interests in many varied fields both physical and intellectual. I have known him and Miriam for over ten years and have found him always on the run going from one thing to another or together, putting in long hours especially in community and organization work. He has a flare for these things that fits his personality and needs that is warmly appreciated by all who have known him or have worked with him.

One of the organizations that he has worked with is the Brandeis Group. We became part of the Group when my deceased wife, Ellie, met Miriam at a Brandeis luncheon that was held at our golf club. Ellie was a life member when we lived in Connecticut and was pleasantly surprised to find such an active organization in our area.

About a year ago, Seymour called me about attending a fund raising luncheon at another golf club, something I had not planned to do. He very nicely twisted my arm and sold me on the idea of going. At the luncheon, which was in Tustin, I was seated next to a young man, maybe not so young. We had a pleasant conversation, and he impressed me with his warmth and kindness to someone old enough to be his father. After finishing eating, Seymour got up and introduced the scheduled speaker. My new acquaintance was greeted with applause and proceeded to give a well received talk about his particular work at Brandeis. I really enjoyed the luncheon, the conversation, and most of all, the lecture. I made an extra effort to thank Seymour for convincing me to attend this well planned event.

This of course is just a small event that is an example of Seymour's ability to work with people to broaden their lives and at the same time to help a very worthy cause.

Happy Birthday Sy; happy to have you join the AK Club.

Marc Wittlin

I met Sy and Mimi soon after they arrived in Leisure World. I always enjoy bantering back and forth with Sy.
He is a funny guy.
Happy 80th birthday and welcome to our decade.

Shirley Bierenbaum
(81 years young)

Dear Seymour,

We had a hard time thinking of something appropriate to say to express the way we feel. We have seen you near death and alive,..... and alive is much better.

Love,

Mel and Ruth Lubershane



Enjoying alive.

