

February 10, 1965

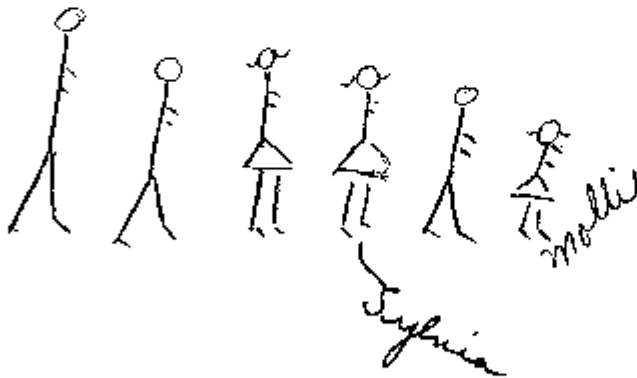
We're afraid you might forget us  
That would surely fret us

Therefore you to remind  
We send you this weekly rhyme

Mr. Cohen get up, Mr. Cohen get well  
We're longing again to hear you yell

We're tired of looking at a vacant chair  
We're looking forward to seeing you there

From the gang



Herb

Loretta

Willie