

## **MY TREASURE CHEST**

It's not made of silver,  
Nor of gems so fine;  
But I'm filling it full,  
This old chest of mine.  
Of flags that are precious,  
More precious than gold.  
And not for what riches  
There're ever be gold.

For they are but mem'ries—  
Kind deeds of the past;  
For ever and ever,  
They surely will last!  
I'll cherish them always,  
And count them apart;  
For I have them well buried  
Deep down in my heart.

By K. Whitson

From Girlhood Days Magazine  
February 4, 1934 – Vol. 72, No. 19, Pg. 2