



# American Ex-Prisoners of War, Inc.

SIOUX LAND CHAPTER  
SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA

## MY DAYS IN MUNCHEN PRISON CAMP

We were captured on the thirtieth  
They got us up way early  
There wasn't a one of us in a hurry  
To be working under a Jerry.

We climbed up in the box cars  
And was it heck a riding  
You freeze your toes and frost your nose  
But we kept right on a riding.

We finally arrived in Munchen  
Our shovels and spades were waiting  
With pockets full of soap and tea  
We soon were busy trading.

When the watches said three thirty  
We threw the shovels away  
Climbed back up in the box cars  
And started back our way.

Your ration of soup was waiting  
And we easily put it away  
Stacked our bread in the boxes  
And went to sleep on the hay.

I dream of good ol' South Dakota  
The land of the sunshine state  
Hoping for the day when I'll be back  
And eating some hamburger steaks.

I'll be at home forever more  
With a padlock on my door  
Hand all my dollars to the Red Cross  
And the heck with all the draft boards.

This poem was written during my prison time of Nov. 30, 1944 to April 29, 1945. I turned nineteen of age (yrs.) while in camp, I was fortunate to have my health which I am enjoying today.

Sincerely yours,  
*Charles G. Dawes*  
Charles G. Dawes

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