April 9th, 1915.

Sweethart,

I will not have a great deal of time to write today as I am very busy with preparations to move. At last we know we are going and where we are going, but of course I can neither tell you where nor when. But I am having my troubles in packing about one third more stuff in the same space. If I had purchased a handtraxack in England I would be in a really bad fix but as it is I guess I'll just about be able to squeeze everything in.

We are all immensely elated over the prospect of moving to another location, which we have every reason to believe will be the permanent one. It means we will all be mighty
busy for a time but we are so tired of this place we will welcome a change. I'll be glad to begin some profession work if it is only doing dressings or giving anesthetic. It will make us feel a little more like a doctor again.

My complaint (the "Harrison type") is all gone and "Richard is himself again." I know you will be glad to hear that for you know how I suffer with it. It is still raining and very unpleasant weather and we all welcome such weather though because we feel that it eases the January in their drive. I guess the British
and French have then stopped now, and if so, and the offensive proves to have been a costly failure, my opinion is that the end is in sight. Of course my opinion is not valued very highly at Headquarters A.E.F., but I am just the same, and I'm entitled to it, and furthermore I am not alone in entertaining it as one can readily ascertain by reading the current press and periodicals. However, I don't get too optimistic, it is well to always have a certain degree of mental reservation lest it dear,
And then the possible disappointments doesn't hit so hard.

It is now nearly four months since I left the States. It seems like a year to look forward to, but not so long in retrospect, because it has been such a busy time and so reflective with experiences. But at any rate, darling, it is four months of the business behind us, and it doesn't have to be considered again, and thank God, it has treated us kindly.

We are all well and strong, and if we exercise proper caution, we will remain so and then our lives will be
Blessed when we are reunited.

I had a long letter from poor old Jack. He is not enjoying his experience—poor chap. It must be hard for him and still no more so than for the rest of us. In fact I know he doesn't have to work as hard. He apparently fears he won't come through alive but I pay little attention to that because I know how impressionable he is and how morbid when he has the excuse. Call up Mr. Hinchey for me and tell him I have had some considerable encouragement in my efforts to
secure Jack's transfer to this unit. Also give him my very kind regards.

Well, lover dear, I trust you will close. Give my regards to all my friends. Kiss my dear babies and Ted for me. Tell them all how dearly I love them. With my dearest love to you dear, and millions of kisses, Daddy.

Mail may be irregular for awhile now until after we are settled again.

Wm. W. Knauss, S.M.C., M.C.
B. H. #2, U.S.A.
A.S.A.