

# TO KILL REFUSING

## BRISTOL'S WORLD WAR 1 CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

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**Title:** Letter from Hope Squire 2/6

**Description:** A hand written letter

**Details:** Letter from Hope Squire (Frank Merrick's first wife) to Frank in prison, 11 Feb 1918.

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**Credit:** With permission of Frank Merrick's family - Celia Bloor, Phoebe Merrick and Paul Merrick

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Feb 11<sup>th</sup> - 1918.

Wm  
My beloved Frank  
L. J. Merrick  
12/1/18

I was so surprised to get the note & the books - which arrived rather delapidated owing to not enough paper & string. I can't understand whether I am meant to write you a letter in return, but I chance it, & hope you will be allowed to have it. Your Father wrote after I posted y<sup>e</sup> letter - no news Marge, not thinking of marriage yet - he says - he wrote a lot of arguments against our ideals, which are so below his usual brain-level that I imagine he - like Horace - won't allow himself to really think on some subjects. Bertie is the latest of our friends join the ~~to~~ "Chaffinches". I find it difficult to imagine him in the uniform. Edith is staying with me, I am getting her better, she has been so ill. Nell is with friends, - both send their love - I'm wonderfully better already & we read lots of music together. Poor Matthew has been run over & badly hurt - his hind leg & spine, he is in the animals hospital, tomorrow will decide whether he is to be cured or put to sleep. M<sup>r</sup> McCusdo & I enjoyed "El Seraphis" greatly - the music is lovely. Auntie Lummie died last week, it was a merciful release for her, & incidentally for Auntie Edie who is nearly worn out with overwork & nursing - they all send their best love to you. Annie Lord wishes to be remembered.

I am just enjoying a very severe cold on the chest, it is nearly a week old, but shows no signs of abating yet - otherwise I am very



well. The weather is & has been simply awful - here. Gibson  
Young has gone back to Australia. Your Aunt Mary has written again.  
I don't know how to answer her 2 letters, they are absolutely  
impossible. There is no college news. S.L. has been forbidden to  
write criticisms at 3 sets of Concerts - Brand Lane, Tuesdays, & I forget  
the other. I have a new pupil - a little girl - poor - with a marvellous  
voice. She is 13 but looks 9. Quite a phenomenon - speaks most beautifully  
& sings like an artist, but does not know a note of music, & they have no  
piano in their house. I've undertaken to musically educate her, & I'm impressed  
it is her mother that she must not learn singing for at least 13 years yet.  
Irene Stern is probably coming to me - it appears she went to College & asked  
for you, but was allotted to Mass, & left for that reason. I wish I could  
find words to tell you how I long for you, & how utterly everyone fails  
to fill up a single bit of the great blank which your absence makes.  
I often feel as if life will be far too short when we are together  
again, to make up for this separation, which seems to have lasted  
about 8 years already. One of the few things that gives me comfort is  
to go into the Holy Name Church & light a candle before the Crucifixion  
it's just an act of homage to the Splendid One who died for his principles  
& has been so misinterpreted ever since except by a few like you.  
I spent the evening with Miss Ashta last Monday - I played her a lot of  
Brahms & Mozart while she tinkled. She is very musical - also she  
makes all her own dresses & hats. She has been in China & so many  
interesting places - but she seems depressed - she begged me to go again  
soon, & she sent her love to you. Oh how I hope you are keeping well,  
very fine moonlight night I wonder if there is a raid over London, &  
I wish I were there in case there is - I hate being safe if you are not.  
After all I couldn't get the Haydn Quartets - I'll send something else. I wish  
Mary will be 21 on 25th Feb, I got her Schumann's Songs in 3 bound vols (very good  
edition) at a private sale for 7/6 - from you & me. You will have had to  
join up. Eleanor has left the Highgate School & is at home. I'm going to send  
the City of Beautiful Nonsense" Thurston - very charming. Harold recently wrote  
& sent his love - very well & busy. I suppose I had better end this  
with immeasurable love, ever & ever your loving Hope. XXXXXX

