From “The Xaverian” 1915 p. 44

Major Frank Murphy (1889-'90) formerly of the Commercial Bank Collins Street, Melbourne, left for the front in the Sydney contingent as captain. While these notes are in the hands of the printer, he has been reported as dangerously ill with meningitis, and prayers have been asked at St Joseph’s Church, Malvern, for his recovery or happy death. Earlier this year we regretted to learn the news of his father’s death.

[Since the forgoing was written and put into type, we learnt of the death of Major Murphy. Details of this properly belong to our next issue. Meantime we offer our sincere sympathy to the members of his family. R.I.P.]

From “The Xaverian” 1916 p. 57

Major Frank Murphy (‘89)—loved by all who ever had the good fortune to come in contact with him. Captain Frank Murphy left Australia in April 1915, went first to Egypt, and thence to Gallipoli. Here he remained at his post, though ill, until the retirement to Lemnos. At the last place, when about to leave the island, he was suddenly seized with cerebro-spinal meningitis, from which he finally died on January 9th, 1916.

That’s the brief summary of the active soldiering life of a good man who separated from
his own, and out of the heat and rush of battle, “laid him down with a will.” Many who knew and loved Frank Murphy have wished to lay a wreath on the far-away grave at Lemnos as a token of remembrance. The school wishes to do the same, and to that end, besides prayer for the repose of the soul, culls from the letters sent to the Editor these few extracts …

... - one from a Lieutenant, the other from Frank’s batman (to Frank’s sisters). The former wrote: “Your brother was suffering at Gallipoli, and might have wished, have left the peninsula along with the others. He preferred, however, to continue on duty and endearvour by care in dieting to pull himself round. It was only sheer will power and determination that kept him going, and had he not possessed this quality, he would have collapsed, as indeed he did on reaching Lemnos Island after the evacuation of the Peninsula.

I know it is all sad, dreadfully sad for you, but still you have much to console you. The officer most highly thought of, and most loved in the whole battalion was Major Murphy. I am not saying this because you are his sister, but because the men loved him for his leniency, his unassuming ways, and for his generosity. They used to call him ‘Father’ Murphy on account of his kindness of heart, and his ever readiness to give advice or a helping hand to any who stood in need. Frank died a soldier’s death—one of the bravest and the best—and surely for one who has sacrificed himself thus, reward and happiness hereafter secure.”

The batman writes: “I am writing these few lines on behalf of C Company of the ---Battalion to offer our deepest sympathy to you in the bereavement of your brother, the most popular officer of the Battalion, and one whom we all miss so much. It was hard on him to see Gallipoli through with the battalion close on --- weeks, and then to pass away on Lemnos Island. I was his batman from the time he joined the --- in Liverpool, right up to the time he was taken away sick (Boxing Day, I think). He was kind and good to me, and I in turn tried to do my best for him …

... I do not know of his relations, only that he told me he was an only brother, and thought the world of his sisters.” May he rest in peace.