

The TRUSTY SERVANT



PENDLEBURY
SUPPLEMENT

NOVEMBER 2014

The Uncrowned King of Crete



John Pendlebury

Warrior & Archaeologist

In Heraklion, the largest town of Crete, in the office of the two British Vice-Consuls, there hangs a remarkable picture between those of the King and the Queen. It shows a man of about thirty-five, with unmistakably English features, in Cretan national dress: high boots, wide stockings like a skirt, a close-fitting black waistcoat, heavily embroidered cape, and a black cap. This picture gave us our first acquaintance with Mr John Pendlebury.

Who was this Englishman?

**SS Obersturmbannführer
Baron Eberhard von Künsberg,
4th June 1941**



Wykeham Patrons' Trip: 2014

In the Footsteps of John Pendlebury

Peter Stormonth Darling (C, 1945-50) was 'volunteered' to write up the lion's share of the following commentary on the Wykeham Patrons' trip to the northern Peloponnese and Crete that took place from 26th May to 2nd June 2014. Further contributions have come from Alan Lovell (B, 1967-72) and Mrs Cathy Townsend, the Headmaster's wife. PSD has also written a postscript about George Jellicoe (E, 1931-36), who had played his part on Crete in 1942.

PSD: In late May, a party of Wykeham Patrons and wives, under the firm but gentle leadership of David Fellowes, set off from Heathrow on a mission to the northern Peloponnese and Crete 'in the footsteps of' a very unusual Wykehamist, John Pendlebury (D, 1918-23). Our group, twenty six at its largest, included the Warden-elect, Charles Sinclair (B, 1961-66); a past Warden, Andrew Large (F, 1956-60); three other members of the Governing Body, Mark Loveday (H, 1957-62), Nick Ferguson (C, 1961-66) and Andrew Joy (C, 1970-74); and the Headmaster. We differed considerably in age (classes of 1950 to 1974), energy, agility and classical learning. David, together with our senior guide, Shaun Hullis, former Classics don at Winchester, had planned the trip with enormous skill and forethought. Thanks to our virtually unflappable and always good-humoured leader, it all went smoothly, and we were to become enthralled by Shaun's unpretentious scholarship in all matters historical, archaeological and Wykehamical.

Our journey took us first to the northern Peloponnese for two days, staying in Nauplion, thence, after a day-time stopover in Athens to visit the British School at Athens ('BSA'), to Agios Nikolaos on the eastern side of Crete, which was our base for exploring Mount Karphi and Knossos. These visits are eloquently described in the contributions of Alan Lovell and Cathy Townsend which follow.

Pendlebury's story may not be that well known among Wykehamists, which is perhaps not surprising since his death at the age of 36 meant that his career as an archaeologist was incomplete, while his

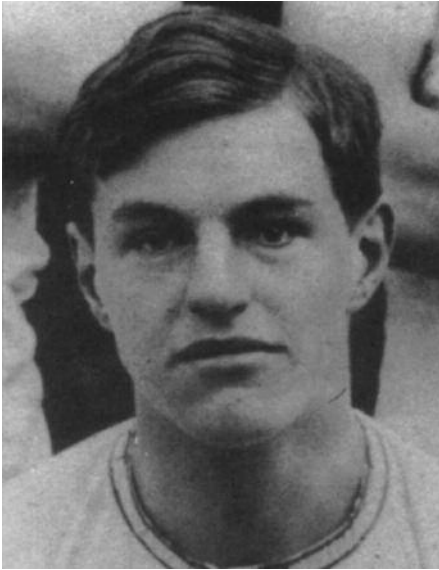
heroics in the resistance on Crete in 1941 were, as was usual in Special Operations, never publicly recognized. He was not, for example, among the seventy notable Old Wykehamists selected by Malcolm Burr in his excellent trilogy, *All from the Same Place* (1999, 2001 and 2003), although I understand from its author that he only narrowly missed the cut. Nor is he among over 160 prominent Old Wykehamists of the 20th century listed in Wikipedia. For those of us lucky enough to be on the trip, Shaun had written a fascinating booklet under the title *'John Pendlebury, The Uncrowned King of Crete - Warrior and Archaeologist'*, which described his life and included pictures and interesting quotes from Patrick Leigh Fermor, Dilys Powell, Monty Rendall, *The Wykehamist*, Pendlebury himself and others. With Shaun's permission, I have borrowed from it freely in writing these notes.

John Devitt Stringfellow Pendlebury



was a remarkable person with many and varied achievements in his short life. He was born in 1904, the only son of a London surgeon and grandson

of Sir Thomas Devitt, a member of a prominent shipping family. His interest in Greek archaeology began while he was in his last year at Winchester during a visit with a young don to the BSA, followed by a walking tour to Thebes and then Mycenae, for which he was to develop a special affection. At Cambridge he won a first in the Classical Tripos, Part II with a distinction in archaeology, and from there he was granted a studentship at the BSA. In 1930, at the age of just 25, he took up his appointment as Curator at Knossos in Crete, the grandest and most visited of



At Cambridge

the bronze age Minoan 'palaces', a post which was partly in the gift of the BSA, but needed the support of Sir Arthur Evans, the father figure, excavator and, for a long time, owner of Knossos. Pendlebury was ambivalent about Evans' controversial restorations at Knossos and later described him as 'ceramically incompetent'.

For the decade of the 1930s, Pendlebury was busily and happily engaged in various archaeological activities in Crete and Egypt - he spoke Arabic as well as Greek - including excavations and digs, cataloguing fragments at Knossos and writing guidebooks. His *'Archaeology of Crete: an introduction'* (1939) was warmly acclaimed by Monty Rendall, his Headmaster at Winchester, who called it a *'magnum opus'*. His formal post at Knossos ended in 1934, but he seems to have had a relaxed attitude to paid employment, and was happy to carry on as a freelance, cushioned no doubt by some money from his mother's side. He recorded his work and his findings meticulously in notebooks, and in letters to his father and his wife, and took voluminous photographs which he put into albums, with the negatives carefully stored too. He made sketches and wrote poems. And, by

the way, he left some helpful advice for today's tourists in Greece: *'Always bargain; remember that if you pay the man what he asks, he worries himself nearly sick how much more he might have got'*.

From one of his digs in Egypt he sent an assortment of fragments to Winchester, which were described in *The Wykehamist* of December 1931 as *'some interesting additions to the case of Egyptian antiquities housed in Moberly Library'*. They are now held in the School's Treasury. His true professional love, however, was for Crete, which he considered *'a wonderful country, much richer than Greece'*. He identified at least 700 archaeological sites on the island. He walked its entire length, climbing mountains and jumping walls. In the words of one of his Cretan workers at Knossos, Manolaki Akoumianos, *'he knew the island like his own hand, spoke Greek like a true Cretan, and could drink any Cretan under the table'*. He got to know the 'Kapetans' (local chieftains) as well as the shepherds and could speak all their dialects. In his own assessment he knew Crete and its people better than anyone.

According to his close friends, Pendlebury had a great sense of mischief and fun. Certainly he was not averse to a touch of theatre. He used to dress up in the evenings in full Cretan splendour wearing a deep blue cloak over white leather boots, breeches and a turban, often with a dagger or a gun, and probably carrying his favourite leather-bound swordstick. Tall, handsome and with a



Dressed as one of his Egyptian workmen, Pendlebury surveys the site at Tell el-Amarna, in Egypt



Pendlebury demonstrating his high-jumping skills outside the Dig House at Tell el-Amarna in 1931

glass eye (the result of an unexplained accident when he was two years old), he must have cut a striking figure, and one has the impression he did like to be noticed. He was charming, but had a temper when aroused, and as Dilys Powell wrote in her enchanting book, *The Villa*

Ariadne (1973), which is essentially his biography, 'he would never ignore an offence'.

Passionate as he was for his wide-ranging archaeological interests, Pendlebury found plenty of time for sports and play. At Cambridge he won the high jump in 1927 in the university match against Oxford, jumping six feet, a new record, using the then conventional scissors style and landing on a hard sandpit. (Today the world record is over eight feet, but achieved by highly paid professional athletes using jumping methods not envisaged in Pendlebury's day, spring-loaded shoes and soft landing pads!). He had phenomenal energy and liked to walk long distances, fast. He enjoyed tennis, cricket, hockey and fencing, and built a tennis court at Knossos in the grounds of Evans' house, Villa Ariadne. One wonders how he would have reacted to its later use for an expansion of another of his enthusiasms,

the Stratigraphical Museum, which houses an immense collection of shards gathered over the years on the site, all carefully documented.

In September 1928, at 23, he married Hilda White, a fellow archaeologist and a school teacher who was 13 years older and several inches shorter. They had two children, a son, David, and a daughter, Joan. As it happens, I was an almost exact contemporary of David's at Winchester and before that at a prep school, Abberley Hall in Worcestershire, during the War years, and it was at Abberley that he would have learnt of his father's death. David was a useful cricketer (Winchester 2nd XI) and boxer, and inherited his father's talent for high-jumping. He followed his father and grandfather to Pembroke College at Cambridge, became a doctor and practiced in Durban, where he died in 1997.

AL: As has been mentioned above, it was in 1923, at the age of 18 and in his last Easter vacation whilst at Winchester that John Pendlebury first visited Greece. He did so, improbable as it may seem today, in the company of a young don, named James Cullen.

Our first supper was in Corinth, in the shadow of the ancient citadel of Acro-Corinth and in a restaurant overlooking the temple of Apollo and a colonnade where St Paul was brought before the Roman Governor, Gallio.

We stayed, as did Pendlebury on many occasions, in the historic port of Nauplion and we visited the museum in the town, which contains the only remaining bronze suit of armour from the Mycenaean age as well as a fine collection of Mycenaean pottery.

But there was only one place for us to start our tour: one of the great sites of ancient Greece, which first sparked



The Acropolis of Mycenae, below Mt. Profitis Ilias

Pendlebury's love of early history and to which he returned many times: Mycenae itself, a magnificent fortress from the Bronze Age, occupied from about 1600 to 1100 BC, home to Agamemnon, leader of

the Greeks in the Trojan War. We saw the famous Lion Gate, the grave circles discovered by Heinrich Schliemann and the courtyard in front of the Royal Palace; there I was delighted that Shaun Hullis



The Lion Gate

should have asked me to read the bloodthirsty passage from Aeschylus' *Agamemnon* (lines 1391 -1423) in which his wife Clytemnestra rejoiced in her murder of the hero king, recently returned from Troy. Shaun was anxious to take us off the beaten path to visit, as did Pendlebury, a small ruined tholos, or tomb, in the countryside. And finally we visited what has traditionally been called the Treasury of Atreus, but is certainly a tomb and, from its grandeur, may perhaps be that of Agamemnon himself. Here Pendlebury was told ghost stories by the distinguished archaeologist, Alan Wace, and fittingly Nick Ferguson read a passage from the *Odyssey* (Book XI.395-456) in which Odysseus met the ghost of Agamemnon who told him his version of his murder by his wife, ending with the words 'Let me say this too, and take my



Shaun Hullis arranges his columns at Tiryns

words to heart, don't bring your ship to anchor openly, when you reach home, but do it secretly, since women can no longer be trusted'.

On the way to lunch we stopped briefly at the grave of Humfry Payne, a friend and colleague of Pendlebury's who died aged only 34; his grave has the words 'Mourn not for Adonais' from verse 40 of Shelley's *Adonais: An Elegy on the death of John Keats*, and it cannot be coincidence that Pendlebury's own grave has words from verse 41: 'He has outsoared the shadow of our night'.

Lunch, unforgettably, was at La Belle Helene, where Schliemann stayed in 1862 and archaeologists have stayed ever since, Pendlebury many times, including

part of his honeymoon. The walls contain excerpts from many visitors' books over the years, including such names as Pendlebury, of course, and Lt RMP Carver (G, 1928-33), later Field Marshal Lord Carver, who wrote *χρή ξείνων παρεόντα φιλεῖν, ἐθέλοντα δὲ πέμπειν*. (*Odyssey*, book XV.74) – 'One should welcome a stranger when he arrives, and send him away happy'.

Next morning we visited Tiryns, another great Mycenaean fortress, with even more impressive battlements ('well-walled', Homer called it). Shaun excelled by arranging ten of us to stand as columns to emphasise the grandeur that will have impressed ancient visitors as they progressed through the fortress on the way to meeting the king.



Nick Ferguson (fourth from right) reads from the Odyssey



Three Fellows: Loveday, Sinclair and Ferguson

CT: We spent an evening of peace and tranquility on Asine, some of us swimming where Pendlebury and Hilda had swum, all of us picnicking on rocks overlooking the small bay at Tolon, whilst Shaun spoke movingly of two exoduses from the very beach in our view, first of the few ships that had set off from there to join the Trojan fleet, and then in 1941, when 3,000 Allied troops were evacuated by the Royal Navy down to Crete. This gave us the necessary fortitude to deal with the Athens traffic on the following day and so we reached the quiet, scholarly retreat in the very heart of Athens, an oasis which is the British School.

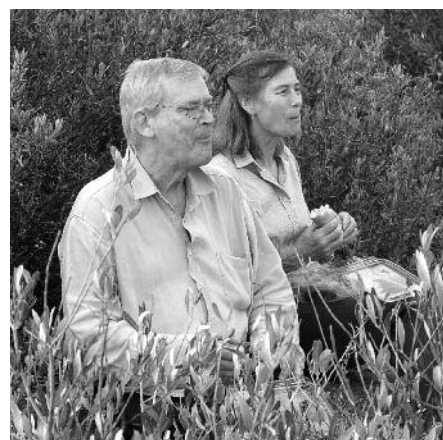
After some refreshments we split into two groups for a tour of the School and a visit to the Archives to see the Pendlebury Archive. It was exciting to be in the library where Pendlebury spent so much time and to wander through the gardens that have changed so little since the 1920s. We visited the Director's house and saw the Edward Lear watercolours that had graced his study at Knossos. The Pendlebury Archive contained so many of his immaculate notebooks, travel journals, photographs and letters. We were entranced. We saw his notebook from his first visit to Greece with Mr Cullen while he was still a boy at Winchester and his meticulous working notebooks for both Knossos and Karphi. One of the highlights was a poem handwritten by Hilda just after John's death. Who wrote the poem we do not know, but Shaun has started a search as perhaps it was Hilda herself. This was the poem that Charles Sinclair read at his graveside at Suda Bay. We came away from the Archives with a real picture of the man: his inordinate energies, his scholarship and his very lively sense of humour and fun. After this the Director, Professor Catherine Morgan OBE, gave an illuminating talk on John Pendlebury, his importance for the history of archaeology and his place in the history of the British School.

Lunch followed in the garden of the

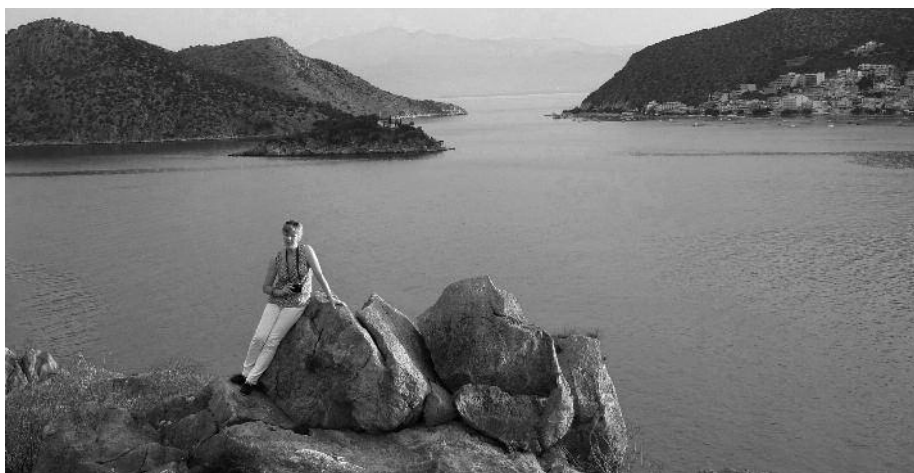


Picnic at Asini

Director's house, under the shade of a pistachio tree, and while we were enjoying the company and the peaceful surroundings one of our number persuaded all the Wykeham Patrons to fund the not inconsiderable cost of digitising the Pendlebury Archive. This was announced just before our departure and the joyous response of the Archivist, Amalia Kakissis, captivated us all. Our final act was to lay a wreath at the World War 1 and 11 Memorials containing ten names, three of them Wykehamists from WW1 and John Pendlebury's.



The Sinclairs



The Director of Development, with Tolon Bay behind her

AL: Crete brought us even closer to John Pendlebury. He lived on the island for much of the time between 1930 and 1939, initially, in the steps of Sir Arthur Evans, as Curator in Knossos and latterly, when he was seeking a less restrictive role so that he could also pursue his Egyptian interests, on the Lasithi plain. Our first stop was the latter, where we climbed to 1100 metres above sea level to visit Pendlebury's crowning achievement of Cretan archaeology, the site of Karphi. This was originally a Minoan peak sanctuary dating from about 1900BC, but its most important time was after the fall in importance of Knossos in about 1200BC. Pendlebury had thought that its remote position suggested that it was a defensive stronghold to which some frightened Knossians had retreated, but latest scholarship suggests that Knossos remained important and that Karphi was more a strategic control point for the area than a self-contained defensive fortress. Down the hill from Karphi are two springs, one with lettering by Eric Gill, which he was amused no-one would ever see and which commemorates Pendlebury's excavations on the site.

And so to Knossos, that great centre of the Minoan empire: inhabited since Neolithic times (7000BC), it was at its zenith between 1700 and 1400BC, was



Pendlebury's dig at Mt. Karphi



occupied by Mycenaeans from the mainland between then and 1200 and, though with less importance, subsequently. Imagine our good fortune in being shown around by Pendlebury's current successor, Dr Matthew Haysom. The palace covered a huge area, though it is estimated that less than 1% of the total area of ancient Knossos has been excavated. The striking difference between Knossos and Mycenae was that

the Minoans had not felt the need to defend themselves so strongly; the palace has relatively easy access from houses around; and they had fine artists and clever engineers: the drainage systems were not equalled until Roman times.

To modern taste, Evans did too much in the way of restoring Knossos, including the construction of a staircase for which no evidence exists. Pendlebury collaborated with this, despite disagreeing with the approach, but most of his effort went into writing what was for long the definitive guide-book to Knossos, organising the chaotic pottery archive and laying the foundations of the Stratigraphic museum, to which we had the treat of a private visit.

And so to Villa Ariadne.....



Pendlebury's Vitsilovrythi Spring

CT: After Matthew Haysom's illuminating tour of the Palace, he took us a short distance up the road to the Taverna. This is where John and Hilda lived while he was Curator of Knossos from 1930 to 1935. We had lunch in the garden and some beer which was much appreciated on the hot day. What was once the Stratigraphical Museum now contains the Library much of which was collected and organised by Pendlebury. A short walk up the hill and we arrived at the famous Villa Ariadne which has been witness to much of the momentous history of Crete. Alas it is rather forlorn today. It is the house built by Sir Arthur Evans and was the centre of life



Picnic lunch at the Taverna



Pendlebury fencing on the terrace at the Villa Ariadne, 1931

during the excavations of Knossos. While Pendlebury was Curator it was a vibrant place; he even had a tennis court constructed in the grounds. In April 1941 the King of Greece fled to the villa at the invasion of Greece. During the airborne invasion the British used it as a Military hospital, as did the Germans before it became the German Commander's residence. It was here that the Peace Treaty was signed in May 1945. We were all touched by the decline of this once great place. Even the gardens looked tragic as the palms are dying off after the introduction of a destructive insect during the Athens Olympics in 2004. Our time at Knossos concluded with a visit to the 'Strat' museum where all the finds are taken. Handling pieces that are over 3,500 years old does put our own lives into perspective!



An attempted re-enactment, 83 years later

PSD: Our next destination after Knossos was an 'ecotourist village' at Axos in the beautiful foothills of Crete's highest mountain, Mount Ida, where we stayed for our last two nights. We had, by now, through Shaun's astonishing research and his inspirational commentaries, come to know, like and applaud our itinerant and infinitely curious archaeologist hero. We discovered that he was remembered by reputation on Crete, not least by the mayor of a village near Mount Karphi, who, having lunched with us sumptuously on spit-roasted lamb, was observed leaving the tavern with an extremely large doggy bag. From Axos the hardier among the group set off on a 3 hour mountain trek to observe Cretan flora and wildlife, while others of us of frailer disposition visited the massive Idaean Cave, allegedly the birthplace of Zeus and, naturally, a familiar haunt of Pendlebury's.

In the evening Shaun gave us a fascinating, albeit sobering, talk on the airborne invasion of Crete by the Germans in May 1941 and its catastrophic consequences for the British and Commonwealth forces. And he surprised us with a remarkable ability to trace Wykehamists who had set foot just about everywhere we went. We had already heard from him in Athens of the long-standing links between Winchester and the BSA; of the first 110 students at the BSA, no fewer than ten were Wykehamists. Now he had a list of 37 who had fought in the campaigns in Greece and Crete in 1940 and 1941, of whom five gave their lives [see pages 12 and 13].

During his years on Crete, Pendlebury retained his affection for Winchester, as evidenced not only by his gifts to the Treasury. In May 1938 he was joined on a dig at Karphi by Frank Thompson (Coll, 1933-38) who, unlike Pendlebury, was included in Malcolm Burr's select few. The two of them had an 'Old Wykehamist dinner' and drank the toast *Stet Res Wiccamica*. (When

Thompson went up to New College, Oxford, he became the love of Iris Murdoch's life. Like Pendlebury, he joined the SOE and was executed in Bulgaria at the age of 23). In November 1940, General Sir Archibald Wavell, as he was then, visited the British forces on Crete, and he and Pendlebury shared what the latter considered to be another Old Wykehamist dinner, although history does not relate whether anyone else was present.



Captain Pendlebury, carrying his famous sword-stick, greets his fellow Wykehamist, General Wavell, Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, on his arrival at Suda Bay

When war broke out in September 1939, Pendlebury was on holiday in the Isle of Wight with Hilda, David and Joan. Soon he was recruited in what was to become the SOE, and it was not long before he was back on his beloved Crete with the rank of Captain, but with a barely credible disguise as British Vice-Consul. One might say that all his past in the island was perfect prologue for his new role. He took up residence again at the Taverna and set about recruiting resistance fighters, organising a sabotage unit and liaising with the British regiments stationed mainly in Heraklion and Suda Bay. These included 50 Commando, who made him a member of their Officers' Mess and dubbed him *The Uncrowned King of Crete*.

As a German invasion of Crete threatened in May 1941, Pendlebury remained, in the words of Patrick Leigh Fermor, 'determined to stay and fight with his



Revolver practice: 50 Commando gave Pendlebury a course of instruction in return for all his help

guerillas until Crete was free'. On 20th May, heavy bombing was followed by a massive airborne assault. Pendlebury headed out of Heraklion and soon became engaged in a battle with German parachutists, during which he was wounded in the chest. He was taken to the home of two Cretan ladies who knew him and nursed him through the night. A German doctor treated him kindly. The next day, refusing to answer the questions of his German inquisitors, he was lined up against a wall and shot, a hero to his friends and to so many Cretans. A subsequent German official report stated, 'It is undoubtedly attributed to Pendlebury's activities that large numbers of the population turned guerillas ... he was ready to give his life for England in Crete because he felt himself to be Cretan and because he felt responsible for the fate of these people.'



German parachute troops assault positions around Suda Bay, 20th May 1941

On our last day our coach took us to the Suda Bay War Cemetery on the northwest coast of Crete, immaculately cared for by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. In a quiet and peaceful setting overlooking the bay, it is



Suda Bay War Cemetery

John Pendlebury's final resting place along with 1,500 other Commonwealth servicemen, more than half of them unidentified. His tombstone records him simply as Captain JDS Pendlebury, General List.

In a brief and informal, but moving, ceremony David Fellowes quoted Patrick Leigh Fermor, recounting his only encounter with Pendlebury, on the first day of the Battle of Crete:

'It must have been during a lull in this racket that I saw Pendlebury for the first and only time. He had a great reputation for knowing Crete and the Cretans backwards, being an indestructible force in the steepest mountains, and had a tremendous capacity for drinking strong Cretan wine without turning a hair, or only now and then.

He stood out from all the others that came to the cave: he had come to see the Brigadier find out how he and his friends could best contribute.

I was enormously impressed by that splendid great figure, with a rifle – as opposed to an ordinary officer's service revolver – slung like a Cretan mountaineer's, a cartridge belt round his middle, and armed with a leather-covered sword-stick.

I remember him stooping to come down the stairs that led into our Brigade HQ, in a

deep cave, supported by a pillar in the middle, between Heraklion and the aerodrome. He had a Cretan guerilla with him, festooned with bandoliers.

John Pendlebury made a wonderfully buccaneerish and rakish impression, which may have been partly due to the glass eye. Anyway, this dismal cave was suddenly full of noise and laughter. His presence, with his alternating seriousness and laughter, spread a feeling of optimism and spirit. It shed light in

the dark cave and made everything seem possible. When he got up to go, someone (Hope-Morley?) said, 'Do show us your sword-stick!' He smiled obligingly, drew it with comic drama and flashed it round with a twist of the wrist. Then he slotted it back and climbed up into the sunlight with a cheery wave.

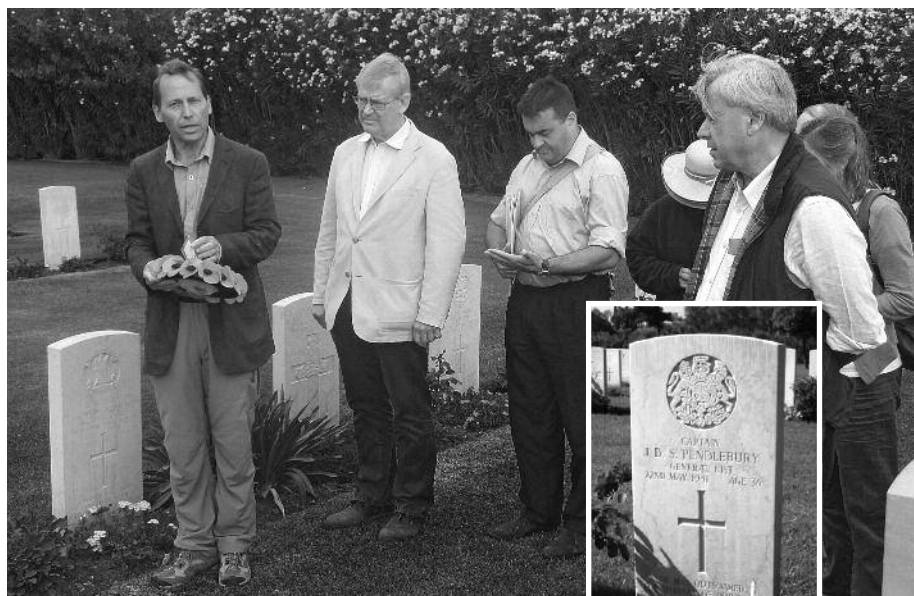
I can't remember a word he said, but one could understand why everyone trusted, revered and loved him. His presence filled everyone with life and optimism and a feeling of fun. Everyone felt this, and it hung in the air long after his death. I saw him so little, and you can see what an impression he left.'

Charles Sinclair read a poem which may have been written by Hilda, and Andrew Joy laid a wreath of poppies inscribed:

Beloved friend, Crete will guard your memory among her most sacred treasures. The soil which you excavated with the archaeologist's spade and watered with a warrior's blood will forever enfold you with gratitude.

Nikolas Platon 1947.

We, too, honour you, John Pendlebury, a fellow Wykehamist.



Andrew Joy reads the wreath inscription



Wykehamists in Greece & Crete: 1940–1941

Shaun Hullis writes:

In February 1941, after his stunning victory over the Italians in Libya, the Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, General Wavell (Coll, 1896-00), received instructions from Churchill to divert forces to Greece, which was threatened by German invasion. Several RAF units were already serving in Greece, fighting the Italians in Albania, but Britain had now agreed to send land forces as part of its treaty obligations with Greece. Juggling the responsibilities which came with the largest geographical command ever entrusted to a single British commander, Wavell sent what he could. The build-up of forces in Greece – Operation Lustre – got under way immediately; planning for the evacuation, Operation Demon, commenced almost simultaneously.

The Commonwealth troops, known as Force W after their commander, General 'Jumbo' Wilson, were deployed in unsatisfactory positions in the north of Greece, owing to Greek determination to fight for every inch of ground. The weather was appalling, and when the German armoured divisions invaded through Yugoslavia on 6th April Wilson was outflanked. Forced to re-deploy hurriedly, Wilson's troops performed wonders in the fierce fighting which ensued, but the collapse of Greek forces forced the Commonwealth forces to conduct a superb fighting withdrawal to evacuation points on the beaches of Attica and the Peloponnese. Thanks to careful planning (by a Wykehamist) and heroic efforts by the Royal Navy in the face of overwhelming German air superiority, by the end of April most of Force W had been successfully evacuated, though without their vehicles or heavy equipment. They were for the most part shipped to the nearest friendly harbour,

Suda Bay on Crete, where, within a month, many of them faced a second German assault, this time from the air by parachute troops.

Although the three-pronged German attack was essentially defeated at Heraklion and Rethymnon, the loss of the airfield at Maleme in the west of the island doomed the defence. Again, rearguard actions (in many cases conducted by scratch units made up of survivors from Greece) enabled large numbers of the defenders to reach beaches in the south, from which, thanks again to the Royal Navy, they were evacuated to Egypt.

Many Wykehamists were involved in one or both battles; five gave their lives on land, at sea, and in the air; eight were taken prisoner; three had their ships sunk beneath them but survived to tell the tale. All this was to fulfil Britain's debt of honour to the Greek people, a sacrifice still honoured in Greece and Crete today.

Still more Wykehamists were later involved in the Greek and Cretan resistance and in the 1944 liberation of Crete and the mainland – such as the astonishing 2nd Earl Jellicoe (E, 1931-36), who raided Heraklion airfield in 1942 – but that is another story. Those at present known or believed to have served or assisted in Greece and Crete in 1940-1941 are:

John Rollo **Barrett** (A, 1931-37)
102 (Northumberland Hussars)
Anti-Tank Regiment RHA
Greece & Crete; captured, Crete;
awarded MC

John **Chetwode** (G, 1922-27)
Royal Navy; killed in action off Crete in
sinking of HMS Gloucester,
22nd May 1941

Barry **Domville** (C, 1930-35)
106 (Lancashire Hussars)
Light AA Regiment RHA;
Greece & Crete; killed by air attack, Spakia,
Crete, 28th May 1941

Anthony Hobart **Farquhar** (A, 1926-31)
1 Rangers (9th Battalion, KRRC);
Greece & Crete; captured, Crete

James Richmond **Gordon-Finlayson**
(G, 1928-33)
211 Squadron RAF; Greece 1940-1941;
shot down over Albania but evaded capture;
awarded DFC & Greek DFC

Ossian **Goulding** (D, 1926-31)
War Correspondent; Greece & Crete

Frederick Henry **Green** (A, 1913-16)
Royal Navy; Consul at Volos 1940

John Clavell **Hall** (C, 1928-32)
Royal Artillery; Crete; (later captured on
Greek island of Leros, 1943)

John Colpoys **Haughton** (F, 1926-31)
106 (Lancashire Hussars) Light AA
Regiment RHA; Greece; killed in action off
Nauplion in sinking of SS Slamet or HMS
Diamond or HMS Wryneck, 27th April
1941

Gerald Baldwin **Hayward** (K, 1918-23)
Royal Engineers; Assistant Military Attaché,
Athens 1940; Crete 1940

Thomas William Gerard **Hulbert**
(D, 1931-37)
2 Regiment RHA; Greece;
killed in action, Sidi Rezegh, Libya, 21st
November 1941

Henry Alexander **King** (A, 1914-19)
Royal Navy; Commanding officer,
HMS Kashmir;
sunk off Crete, May 23rd 1941;
awarded DSO

Neville Maxwell Hainault **Knowles**
(G, 1926-31)
70 Squadron RAF; Greece 1940-41

Edward George Grey **Lillingston**
(K, 1906-11)
4th Hussars; Commanded 4th Hussars,
Greece; captured; awarded DSO

Toby Austin Richard William **Low** MP
(G, 1927-33) (Lord Aldington)
1 Rangers (9th Battalion, KRRC); Greece;
awarded DSO

William George **Lyon** (K, 1925-30)
Royal Artillery; Brigade-Major, ANZAC
Corps; Greece

Archibald Donald **Mackenzie**
(B, 1928-33)
Cameron Highlanders; Staff, HQ British
Troops, Greece;
killed in action, Italy, 6th October 1944

Bruce Vivian Eustace **Majendie**
(C, 1931-36)
Royal Army Medical Corps; 7 General
Hospital, Crete; captured

James Francis **Marshall** (H, 1929-33)
Middlesex Yeomanry; Greece 1940-41

Hon. George Douglass **Milne**
(F, 1922-27)
51 Heavy AA Regiment RA; Crete;
wounded & captured; mentioned
in despatches

Peter John **Norton** (E, 1926-30)
Royal Navy; Navigating Officer,
HMS Fiji;
sunk off Crete, 22nd May 1941;
awarded DSC

John Devitt Stringfellow **Pendlebury**
(D, 1918-23)
Intelligence Corps; Vice-Consul, Crete
1940; Captain, SOE 1940-1941;
wounded & executed as prisoner of war,
22nd May 1941

Robert **Pinney** (I, 1920-25)
New Zealand Cavalry; Greece 1941

John Laurence **Pumphrey**
(C, 1929-34)
102 (Northumberland Hussars)
Anti-Tank Regiment RHA
Greece & Crete; captured, Crete;
awarded Greek MC

Jonathon Moberly **Pumphrey**
(C, 1922-27)
102 (Northumberland Hussars)
Anti-Tank Regiment RHA;
Greece & Crete

Ian Greig **Robertson**
(E, 1920-25)
Royal Navy; Greece & Crete; planned and
participated in evacuation of
Commonwealth troops from Greece
(Operation Demon); wounded;
awarded DSC & bar and
mentioned in despatches

Alistair Carpendale MacEwan **Savage**
(H, 1928-32)
7 Commando; Crete; captured;
mentioned in despatches

Erroll Graham **Sebastian**
(C, 1906-11)
Consul-General, Athens 1940

Christopher Ivan William **Seton-Watson**
(Coll, 1931-37)
2 Regiment RHA; Greece

John **Still** (H, 1933-35)
80 Squadron RAF; Greece 1941;
shot down & killed in action over Tanagra,
20th April 1941

Hugh John **Talbot-Graham** (K, 1915-19)
Royal Army Service Corps; Greece;
wounded & taken prisoner in
hospital in Athens

Henry **Trefusis** (E, 1922-26)
Royal Navy; wounded in sinking of HMS
Greyhound off Crete, 22nd May 1941

Haughton Leonard **Upcott Gill**
(B, 1928-32)
3rd Royal Tank Regiment; Greece

Archibald Percival **Wavell**
(Coll, 1896-00)
formerly Black Watch;
Commander-in-Chief, Middle East

Raymond George **Wavell-Paxton**
(B, 1897-00)
Coldstream Guards; Personal Assistant to
Commander-in Chief Middle East;
mentioned in despatches; invalided July 1941

Charles Altham **Wood** (E, 1930-35)
Royal Navy; Greece;
killed in action off Nauplion in sinking of
HMS Diamond, 27th April 1941

Hon. Christopher Montague **Woodhouse**
(Coll, 1930-35)
Intelligence Corps; British Military Mission
to Greece; HQ Creforce, Crete

George Jellicoe

PSD's postscript:

I was grateful to be given an opportunity to say a few words about another unusual, but equally courageous, Wykehamist hero of Crete, George (Earl) Jellicoe. This came after dinner at a favourite spot of David and Venetia Fellowes, looking back from the sea to Elounda, another place often visited by John Pendlebury. I knew Jellicoe quite well through a 20 year association as directors of the merchant bank, SG Warburg. As a colleague he was always helpful, capable and fun to be with. We were both beneficiaries of the Winchester-friendly, if slightly eccentric, approach of the bank's founder, Siegmund Warburg, to recruitment; as he told me more than once, he liked to employ accountants, lawyers and Wykehamists!

George Jellicoe, then Viscount Brocas, was in Freddie's from 1931 to 1936 under the housemastership of RLG Irving, an experienced mountaineer who coached Sir Edmund Hillary. In 1931 he was the smallest boy in the School and was a cox. He chose the Science ladder, but did badly, and switched to Languages and History. He won the Vere Herbert History Prize, and later paid tribute to the inspiring tuition of Harold Walker, who was to become Housemaster of Cook's. Jellicoe was in the Winchester skiing team in 1935 which won the Public Schools championship at Murren. He was a school prefect, a corporal in the Corps and sailed at weekends.

Jellicoe's footsteps in Crete were much shorter both in time and distance than Pendlebury's, but the two shared a spirit of adventure, a tendency towards the unconventional and great energy. As an officer in the Coldstream Guards Jellicoe met, early in the war, David Stirling, inventor of the SAS, who was

impressed by his physical endurance, mental agility and capacity to see the funny side of things, and asked him to be his second-in-command, based in Egypt. As a fluent French speaker Jellicoe was charged with responsibility for liaison with the Free French ('very Free and very French').

drunken peasant. Jellicoe's group then planted Lewes bombs with two hour fuses on the German aircraft and succeeded in destroying 17 Junker 88s, as well as aero engines, trucks and a bomb dump. To get out of the airfield they fell in behind a German patrol, and, once outside, just peeled off, apparently unnoticed.



Jellicoe (in beret) in Athens, the day after its liberation, 1944

In early June, 1942, Jellicoe led a six man party comprising four Free French, led by Commandant George Bergé, and a Greek naval officer who was a Cretan in a raid on Heraklion Airport, the objective being to destroy as many Luftwaffe Junkers 88 aircraft as possible. After five days at sea in a Greek Navy submarine, they were dropped, by night, three miles offshore. Using inflatable dinghies, they reached shore at Karteros some 30 miles east of Heraklion. Two days later, having spent a night with friendly Cretan peasants, they reached the airport by night and were challenged by a German patrol while cutting the wires. One of the Free French acted drunk well enough to convince the patrol that it had heard a

In the succeeding days they headed south towards an agreed rendezvous on the south coast near Krotos, travelling by night. Jellicoe went on a 'recce' with the Cretan officer to the rendezvous which they located successfully. Jellicoe then returned alone, the guide's feet having given up, to discover that Bergé and his three compatriots had been 'shopped' by a Cretan sympathetic to the Germans. One of them was shot, and the others were captured. He returned to the rendezvous where he was joined by the ubiquitous Paddy Leigh-Fermor. Together they returned on HMS Porcupine to Egypt. The entire adventure had lasted ten days.

Jellicoe was awarded a DSO for his leadership of the raid, a rare award for a



Jellicoe (between Edward Heath and Quintin Hogg) with Margaret Thatcher in Shadow Cabinet, c.1970

Lieutenant/Acting Captain and generally seen as a near-miss VC, as well as a Croix de Guerre. His citation in the London Gazette of 5th November 1942 read, 'His cool and resolute leadership, skill and courage throughout this very hazardous operation were mainly responsible for the high measure of success achieved.' He had already been mentioned in Despatches in the Western Desert in 1941, and later won an MC. In short, he had a pretty good war.

In peacetime Jellicoe achieved success in the Foreign Office, in politics as Leader of the House of Lords and a member of Edward Heath's Cabinet, and in business as chairman of Tate and Lyle and a director of Sotheby's, Morgan Crucible and other companies. As chairman of the British Overseas Trade Board, he led a number of trade missions, including the first Concorde expedition, and was thus the top salesman for Great Britain plc, a job for which he was ideally suited. However, twice, a potentially glittering career was derailed by relationships which, at the time, were considered unacceptable by his superiors. After 10 years as a rising star in the Diplomatic Service with postings in Baghdad, Brussels, Washington and the Moscow desk in London, he was forced to choose between his career and a lady colleague with whom he was having a relationship, while married. He chose the lady. Then, in 1973 he was caught up in the Lord Lambton scandal. This arose through an unfortunate case of mistaken identity, but Jellicoe had other

involvements which caused him to offer his resignation to the Prime Minister who promptly accepted it.

Following his resignation, RHS Crossman (Coll, 1920-26), a political opponent, writing in *The Times* of 30th May 1973, described him as 'among the bravest, ablest, most decent members of the Heath Government.' Lord Shackleton, Opposition (Labour) leader in the House of Lords, referred to Jellicoe's 'immense thoroughness, patience and personal sensitivity we found him an admirable open-minded and wise colleague.'

Sir Nicholas Henderson, one-time British Ambassador to the US, wrote of him,

'George is a man of moods. He is not complicated but a many-sided character. There are in fact four Georges: there is George the First, the un-abstemious, boisterous Lothario, with a leer like a roué in a Peter Arno cartoon, blessed with an iron constitution and athletic prowess that enabled him to have been on the verge of the British Olympic ski and sleigh teams; then we have Hero George, the dashing man of action, a leader who whether descending by parachute or commanding by sea, kept the enemy on tenterhooks in the Eastern Mediterranean throughout the war; thirdly, there is George the aesthete and sightseer, who, with little finger raised, will speak discerningly of paintings, mosaics and furniture, a great patron of the arts, a collector manqué only due to lack of funds, which has not prevented some bold purchases; and finally we have pensive George, scholar and public servant, concerned to promote the national interest, high-minded, cautious and conscientious ... A striking and irrepressible feature of that character has been his easy communion with members of the opposite sex, and this may have been prefigured by an early experience. He spent some time as a small boy in New Zealand where his father was Governor-

General. George wanted to become a wolf cub, but no pack was available, so instead he joined the Brownies. He got on very well with them.'

George Jellicoe died in 2007 at the age of 87.

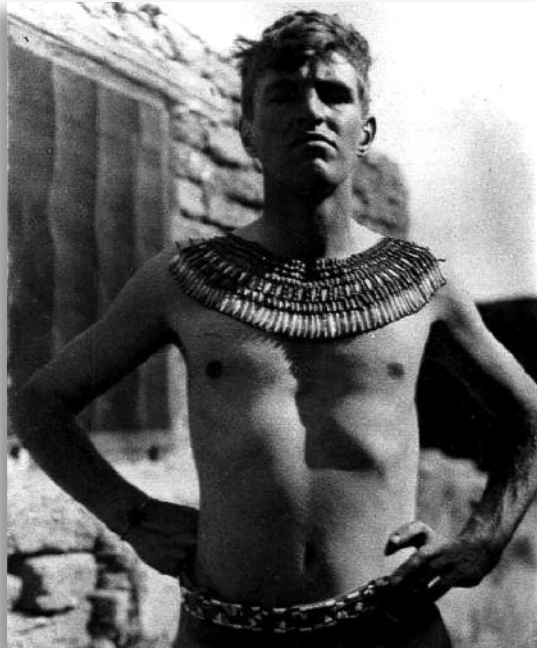
John Pendlebury and George Jellicoe were two very different Wykehamists with important features in common. Each had charm, charisma and led a colourful life. In the days when a First Class degree really meant something, Pendlebury got a



Jellicoe, between Sir Stephen Hastings (left) and Sir Carol Mather (right), walking in Spain, c.1995

first at Cambridge and Jellicoe one at Oxford, in History. As Captains in the British Army, both were engaged in unconventional warfare in the defence of Crete and both displayed conspicuous bravery in the face of the enemy, within a few miles of each other and barely more than a year apart.

We will remember them both with affection and gratitude. They should be prime candidates for the fourth volume of *All From the Same Place* if Malcolm Burr, or anyone else, can be persuaded to write one.



The iconic image of Pendlebury the archaeologist, as used on the front cover of Imogen Grundon's biography

*Beloved friend, Crete will guard your memory
among her most sacred treasures.*

*The soil which you excavated with the
archaeologist's spade and watered with a
warrior's blood will for ever enfold you with
gratitude.*

Nikolas Platon

(renowned Greek archaeologist)