

SIR!

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WHAT ERROL FLYNN TRIES TO HIDE

By EDDIE HAMILTON

ALL the world knows the roles Errol Flynn has played for Warner Brothers, for judging from the boxoffice receipts most of the world has seen them. They are not great roles in the Barrymore sense, but they're great for the public.

The formula is infallible—muscles, bosoms, storms and strife. One can set them in any land and at any time. And Flynn can be Flynn to a fare-the-well and pile in the shekels.

There have been times when Flynn has worried his studio a bit by being perhaps too much Flynn in the great-outdoors sense. He's given out stories, for instance, about his life on the great cattle ranches of Australia.

Then, as Douglas Churchill said in the New York Times, "The faith of some of the brethren was shaken during the filming of *Another Dawn* when Mr. Flynn experienced difficulty remaining astride a horse." But the boxoffice loved it.

Once he was reported shot during the Civil War in Spain only to turn up, hale and hearty in a Madrid pub. But the boxoffice loved that, too. The studio needn't have worried.

All the world knows, too, of Flynn's marital career which has run along pretty well hand-in-glove with that of his profession "With the little girl leading him by the hand," as the judge said in *Yuma* in 1935. Flynn first married the luscious Lilli Damita.

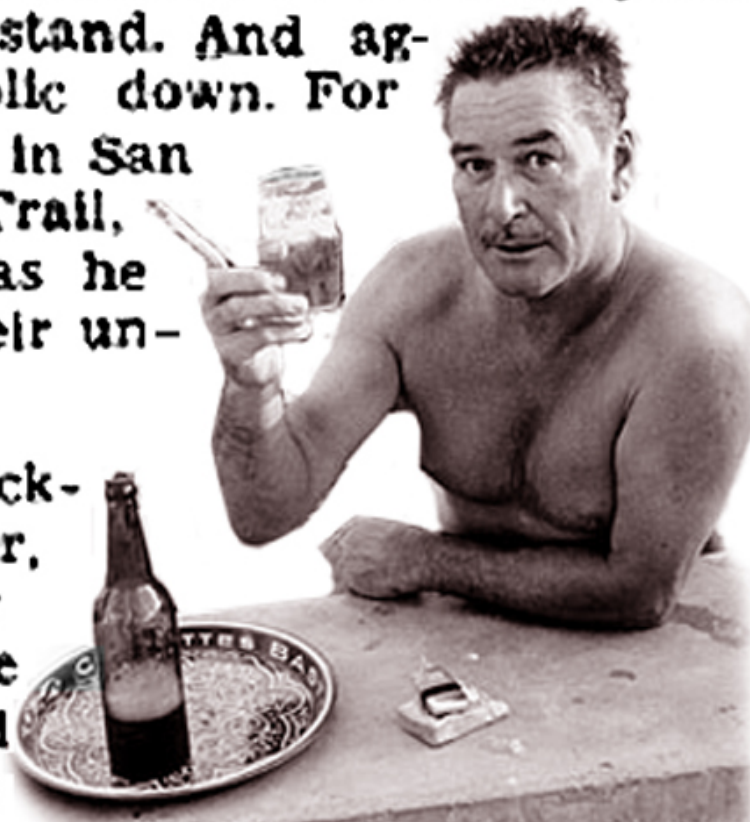
The public would have been disappointed, indeed, had not their stormy, temperamental union ended on the sharpest of rocks . . . which it did after six solid years of cruelty, separation, reconciliation and more cruelty . . . all duly reported.

Probably no better authority on women exists. Errol Flynn does comic takeoff on Kinsey in *Germany*.

Next he married Nora Eddington who climbed up the ladder by way of a cigar stand. And again he didn't let his public down. For while he fought the Indians in *San Antonio* and the *Santa Fe Trail*, he fought Nora at home, as he had from the first day of their union.

Oddly, Flynn refused to acknowledge his marriage to her, even after the birth of their child. But he did acknowledge it in time to dissolve it and just in time to make Miss Patrice Wymore his wife after a cross-country, cross-ocean, wild and harrowing, international courtship.

The public sighed delightedly. Flynn had done it again.



(IMAGE ADDED)

ERROL FLYNN



Flynn loves to mug, even when its for charity. In Frankfurt, Helen Mack, a Scots lass, paid ten dollars to kiss the famous screen star.

THROUGHOUT this wild melange of war-whoops, kisses, moonlight, open spaces, wind, nightclubs and wedding bans, Errol Flynn has had a third career which, oddly enough, is the one that the public really knows best and, in its way, follows most avidly.

Flynn has a flair for trouble. Not just little trouble like bill collectors but great big trouble like assault and mayhem and rape. Some of it he'd like to hide.

Lesser men would have fallen by the wayside, banned for their foibles by the Ladies Aid. But withal, Flynn has a boyish quality, a quality that turned up once in an article he did for the Woman's Home Companion—not an article on "debauchery and hedonism" as one might expect but on little

ERROL FLYNN

Christmas gifts for men.

No, the Ladies Aid is all for him. He needs not their censure but their care!

Along with lesser, page-two tanglings since the days of *Captain Blood*, Flynn has made some major headlines, gored with blood and drenched with tears, not even the worst of which has harmed him.

He was sued, for instance, by columnist Jimmy Fiddler who claimed that Flynn had socked him in the face. Flynn replied that he did not sock Fiddler. He slapped him in the face because it was more of an insult with the open palm.

Furthermore, Mrs. Fiddler stabbed him (Flynn) in the ear with her fork. The thing was settled out of court.

Then he was picked up by the Hollywood police in the matter of an assault on Barbara Hutton's butler—as if Miss Hutton couldn't get into the headlines without the aid of Flynn.

A Mr. Fleming, who was Flynn's stand-in at the time, insulted the butler in Swedish. Bottles were thrown and the result was blood!

Again, in New York, Flynn took it ill-advisedly into his head to kick a policeman in the shin. This cost him fifty dollars and an apology. Whether this helped the policeman has never been recorded.

Then recently Flynn, himself, sued one Duncan McMartin of Canada for the round sum of \$223,200 for slapping him (Flynn) in a West Indies Bar.

McMartin said it just was a friendly gesture but Flynn said it brought back an old injury. And maybe it did. It certainly didn't hurt his boxoffice.

PERHAPS his biggest and best suit was the great case against him for statutory rape which, had it stuck, would have given him jail for fifty years. For weeks in 1942, it replaced the war news in the headlines.

It seems that Flynn got entangled with two lovely young things at two different times in the space of a year. One was a Miss Betty Hansen, aged 17; the other a Peggy Satterlee of even more tender years.

The girls were irked with Flynn and their parents were irked with him. The State of California, hav-

ERROL FLYNN



Flynn give rhumba lesson to model Pat Byrnes.

One of Flynn's many real-life courtroom scenes

occurs in New York after the star was arrested on charges that he kicked cop in shins.

ing been duly applied to, decided to try him for both charges at one and the same time. The public, to say the least, never had it better.

From start to finish, Flynn said the whole thing was downright ridiculous; that even if he did know the girls, he didn't know they were not eighteen. And indeed there was a good point in his favor.

Miss Satterlee danced at N.T.G.'s Florentine Gardens, clad mostly in a plunge neckline, and Miss Hansen had come to the coast with movie ambitions. When dressed for hge kill, they could, both of them, ive been an attractive pair of

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ERROL FLYNN

youngish grandmothers, what with their warpaint and mascara.

Naturally the courtroom was jammed throughout the trial. Everyone went expecting to see two slinky glamour girls. But nothing doing. (And this packed the courtroom even tighter).

Miss Satterlee appeared without even powder, clad in a little girl's billowy dress and flat wedgies, and she had her hair artfully rigged in two long braids down her back caught with fetching bows.

She could have been ten. And Miss Hansen, also eschewing cosmetics, wore flat heeled shoes and a plain drab smock.

Miss Hansen took the stand first. She had gone to dinner with Flynn at the home of his friend, one McKvoy. She had been given an "evil green drink" which had made her quite sick, and Flynn, then, had taken her upstairs for what he said was a "nap." The fact that he had helped to undress her had not seemed strange to her.

Geisler, Flynn's attorney, then said to her, "But when you found you were not going to sleep, didn't you try to push him away?"

Miss Hansen replied in the negative. She had not pushed him, nor had she kicked him, nor had she scratched him.

Miss Satterlee's testimony was of much the same sort. Flynn had taken advantage of her on his vawl, another "Sirocco." But Miss Satterlee, like Miss Hansen, had not seen fit to resist.

She had not even screamed out although there were people near at hand. She had not thought it worthwhile, she said "for the refrigerator was running."

Needless to say, Flynn was acquitted on both charges.

"It happened," said Newsweek, "in the best Hollywood tradition. The defendant leaped joyfully to his feet. Spectators cheered. Flashbulbs popped . . ." He was innocent.

Newsboys made a nice fortune on streetcorners screaming "Wolf! Freed!" The boxoffices also piled it in, the Wolf doing better than ever.

To prove the nature of the occasion and to show what Errol Flynn's public is really like, Mrs. Hansen, Betty's mother, issued a statement to the press from her home in Lincoln Nebraska:

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ERROL FLYNN

Besides swashbuckling movie roles and sailing his yacht, Flynn has a third career — trouble — one that promises to bring new headlines

ERROL FLYNN'S career began on the day of his birth, June 20, 1909—some say near Belfast, Ireland; others, Tasmania. But wherever it was, his father held down a highly respected post as Professor of Biology—a subject which his son has studied since if in a different way.

Father Flynn passed on to his heir certain qualities which were undoubtedly handed on to him in turn in the genes of his illustrious ancestor, Mr. Fletcher Christian, ringleader mutineer of the infamous "Bounty."

Young Errol's schooling foreshadowed the life to come. He went to school for a bit in France; then for a bit in London. Then he went to Ireland for a while and then Australia.

At the tender age of 13, Errol knew that formal education was not meant for him so he ran away three times. And then he was fired from another school for smoking and drinking. But at last he seemed content in the hands of a tutor who was supposedly grooming him for Cambridge.

The lad's interest, however, was not in books. On the side he was being groomed for the Irish Olympic Boxing Team . . . which he made easily. And when the time was ripe, he was off to Amsterdam to win the light heavyweight championship—which in the long run has probably stood him in better stead than would have any college degree.

Flynn's career for the next few years was wilder and woolier and had considerably less set plot than the worst dime novel. He worked for a wool concern for a while and was fired. He worked as a "bottle-smeller"—whatever that is—and was fired from that.

Finally, somehow, he managed to find some money and bought a 20-ton yawl and sailed away for New Guinea. Then followed pearl diving and copra trading; the New Guinea

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ERROL FLYNN



Flynn's aching back caused him to seek sunshine and sunny company of Mrs. Barry Mahon in Italy.

and copra trading; the New Guinea Government Service Patrol and the Hong Kong Volunteers; a search for headhunters and his first brush with the cinema.

How long he was in any one of these ventures is a matter for some question. The facts are hazy to say the least. But it's safe to assume that at some time he was truly exposed to all of them.

For being something of an actor, author, lover, adventurer combined, he may just possibly enlarge on things. It's an occupational disease.

SUFFICE it to say that in this single stretch, Flynn was on the island of New Guinea for at least two years. When all else paled, he went in for something that was perilously close to "black-birding" and got paid very well for his services. And he might have continued at them had not Flynn been Flynn.

He happened one day to see the beautiful young English wife of a jungle planter, and certain signs and portents told him that he'd better get back to Sydney, Australia and civilization and get there fast. So he sailed away "to fling himself," as he has said, "into debauchery and hedonism with wild abandon."

Say what you like of Flynn, whatever he does he does thoroughly. There is no precise record of what forms his debauchery took but so far and so wide did he fling himself that at the end of two months

ERROL FLYNN

binge would have lost not only their health and their money but also their friends.

Not Errol! He recovered his health immediately. Miraculously, he found means to buy a new and larger yawl, the "Sirocco."

With new friends he sailed away up the Barrier Reef for New Guinea again and another lap on his wild twisting road to fame and Hollywood.

Now things rolled quickly. The new "Sirocco" was wrecked after a while on the south New Guinea coast. (Flynn has written the account in his book "Beam Ends").

FATE, all this while, had been standing ready. A movie was to be filmed in Tahiti called the "Wake of the Bounty" . . . not Nordhoff and Hall's "Bounty" but a Grade Z flicker.

Somehow or other the producer had heard of the young man who was not only already a legend in the South Pacific but a descendant of Fletcher Christian to boot.

So the role of Christian was offered to Flynn and was promptly accepted. For the large sum of five dollars a week and board, the star was born.

For his part in the picture Flynn wore a blond wig, he says. But his performance was hideous. He played Christian, he claims, like a harlot.

It must have been a hard-working harlot, however, for next thing we know, Errol is doing minor roles in a London Repertory Company; then comes a picture more to his liking, "Murder at Monte Carlo."

Finally the Messers Warner of Hollywood gave him a call; and he was set for his biggest scene . . . one that has continued without interruption for nineteen years . . . hitting such dramatic peaks as when that afternoon in Rio some few years ago Flynn was mobbed by seven thousand women who were after his buttons!

I recommend heartily his one and only novel, "Showdown," published in February, 1946 in his Edgington era. It's the absolute proof of the pudding. It shows conclusively that Flynn is always Flynn, whether author or actor or man

ERROL FLYNN

In the street.

Kingdoms may fall and Dictators come and go but sooner or later, Flynn will be back in the headlines. You see, not only does he know the formula. He IS the formula. But like all formulas, Flynn has a big flaw. He's human, and he has been trying all his life to live it down.

Speaking of his novel, *Time* said, "The novel, laid in the South Seas, features lusts, busts, tropic moons and cheesecake." (No one book, when you come right down to it, can offer more!)

It is the story of Cleo, a movie queen, the eternal Hollywood female, and Captain Shamus O'-Thames who, of all things, has a schooner which he plies in the warm New Guinea waters.

It's a tale of burgeoning bosoms and intimate garments mingled with hurricanes, sharks, pygmies, headhunters and, for good measure, espionage. It is in short a composite picture of Mr. Flynn. And for his fans it should stand at the head of their "must" reading.

No, his public needn't worry. There will be news of him shortly, they can rest assured of that. You can't keep a man like Flynn out of the headlines all the time.

THE END

