By MIKE TWEET
"Wagon wheels, wagon wheels! Keep on rolling, wagon wheels!"

**The Chicago Sunday Tribune**

*ACK in 1934—Oct. 18, to be exact—a real ‘western’ called ‘Wagon Wheels’ came to town.

It was a good ‘western’, singing Randolph Scott and it got named Gail Patrick. She was a slim, dark girl with a lovely face and voice and a convincing personality. A girl who reminded me of—whom? For the life of me I couldn’t think of the name of the woman she so much resembled—though I could see her pipes as a day with my mind’s eye. A shot of silent pictures she had been.

What other actress DOES Gail Patrick remind me of? I besought readers in the review of the picture. Her resemblance to someone whose name permanently escapes me is driving me nuts. Help!

Help was immediately forthcoming from all sorts of quarters. But the first letter I received explaining to shed light was from none other than Gail Patrick herself.

"Could it be I, wondering, that it is Florence Vidor you are thinking of?" she asked. Florence Vidor it was.

And Gail MUST be a lot like Florence, for everybody who wrote in offered Miss Vidor as the solution to my problem.

A ‘panther woman’, intense, conducted by a motor studio, proved Miss Patrick’s ‘open season’ to the critics.

She’d always liked pictures and been interested in screen players, but had never thought seriously about becoming one herself. The announcement of the contest ingrained her interest.

"You take swell pictures—why don’t you enter the thing?" a friend suggested.

"Why not?" countered the lady, and forthwith got busy.

Within two weeks she was acclaimed the winner, and within two weeks she was winding her way to Hollywood. Arriving, she competed in the "finals", winning a long-term contract with Paramount instead of the prize role in ‘Island of Lost Souls’.

Now, you’d never think it to look at her, but this slender, soft-spoken southern girl once aspired not only to be a great lawyer—but to be elected governor of Alabama! She had been unusually successful in college, where she was graduated with a bachelor of arts degree.

She was captain of the girls’ university basketball team, a member of the Delta Zeta sorority, and had been prominent in Campus theatricals.

In 1931 she was chosen for College Humor’s hall of fame.

Miss Patrick’s father hails from Ireland. Her mother is a southern woman. She and her mother had always followed pictures and lived in Paramount instead of going to the 'Island of Lost Souls'.

She was working on the picture "Love Town" when she met Robert Howard Cobb. Cobb’s importance became inestimable, with the result that she took a run-out powder, leaving studio executives frustratedly searching for her.

Next thing they knew, down zoned a plane with news from Tins Jurr. Their walls were changed to the tune of ‘Here Comes the Bride’. The last studio was still looking in the window, so to speak when—she didn’t arrive! Further dispatches stated that bride and groom had landed at San Diego—and disappeared.

"I know where she is, and if you don’t believe me, I’ll send you a picture of her!"

Speaking of airplanes, Miss Patrick is quite an air enthusiast. She studied aviation for a long time, but kept her activities close to this line very dark until she had made a number of flights at the controls of an open monoplane. Then she announced proudly to her friends that she was trying for a pilot’s license.

One of her hopes was to Boul-der dam, where they tell us, she was the first woman ever allowed to go down in the convoluted tunnels. This fact is one of the lady talks about with pride and joy.

You see, dam workers and merchants sailors have the same idea. They think it’s un-likely to have a woman around.

How Miss Patrick persuaded the hard-boiled gentlemen at the dam that she was no hoo-
doo she doesn’t say. Anyhow, they did let her make the rounds of their tunnels.

This year the chambers of commerce of both Memphis, Tenn., and Little Rock, Ark., invited Miss Patrick to be guest of honor at their respective cotton carnivals. So away she flew.

Upon her arrival in Little Rock a member of her police escort, in response to her in-terested inquiries about the town, said:

"Wouldn’t you like to make a little tour of the town in my side car?"

It being a little ahead of time for festivi-ties, etc., Miss Patrick replied that she’d be delighted. AND started forth in high style.

But the side car ride was most impru-dent. You see. When the authorities looked at smiling, for their brief laugh, I’m surprised I didn’t disappear!"

Kidnapped! somebody croaked. Fron-tic calls were issued on the police short wave—the while the lady’s and her blue-coated escort skidded along the avenues.

During this vacation away from Holly-wood Miss Patrick visited her home in Bir-mingham for the first time in three years. She tells with a break in her voice how her father, for the first time in those three years, unlocked the door of her room—in which he had turned the key when she left for the west.

Devoted to her family—Miss Patrick. She’s putting her brother through a train- ing school in San Francisco to qualify him for Anacapa. She lived in Hollywood with her mother till her marriages. Just couldn’t persuade her father to leave his beloved Birmingham.

She believes the number nine exerts a special influence on her career—but with her signing contracts on the ninth of the month and having a B-A-B license.