

Our **SECOND** **Honeymoon**



Dorothy Collins stood on the balcony of the lush suite that overlooked half of Rome, dressed and waiting. She could have stood there forever just looking, the sight was so beautiful, and so unlike home, where skyscrapers blot out beauty. She was just getting ready once again, to impress the lovely picture indelibly on her mind when the door flew open and hubby Raymond Scott burst in.

"Come on, honey," he said excitedly, "downstairs, quick. I have a surprise for you!" "But I thought we were going to..." "Never mind," Ray told her, "You'll never guess what's waiting for you!" He grabbed her hand and led her downstairs out of the hotel, into the street. Standing there was probably the most colorful hansom in all of Italy waiting to take her for a ride.

"Oh, Ray!" Dotty cried. "After all these years, you remembered!"

She gave him a quick hug and they got in and as the clip-clop of hooves on pavement echoed steadily in their ears Dorothy marveled about this long-time ambition to ride in a horse-drawn hansom cab now really come true.

"Well" Ray reminded her with a kiss, "I knew we'd never get to do this back in New York. Why your fans wouldn't let you through Central Park!"

And so they jogged along at a snail's crawl, eyes alive for things to share. And so began the second honeymoon of Dorothy Collins and Raymond Scott.

"I really felt like a bride," Dorothy recalls, "all during our travels through Rome, France and England, because we always had the bridal suite and Ray was so thoughtful in satisfying my every little whim. He was wonderful, too, when all the men in Palma, Italy, made such a fuss over me.

"Imagine, making a fuss over me!" Then Dorothy went on to explain. "It seems the men over there are not shy about expressing their appreciation of a pretty woman. They don't whistle or catcall but say 'bella, bella,' or pay you a compliment in some other way. It doesn't matter to them that your husband may be at your side because they're not being fresh, just friendly. And Raymond was never jealous. In fact I think he was kind of proud! Me, I just couldn't believe anyone would take a second look at me!"

Raymond did take that "second look," of course, all during the trip, because as Dorothy pointed out, back in the States they'd been so busy with the show they hadn't really the time to really sit back and see what they had in each other. Like any woman on a second honeymoon Dotty took along many pretty new frocks -the soft, feminine kind she knows 'Raymond likes-but the problem of a foreign hairdresser soon took on many amusing aspects. Like the time Dotty was supposed to look extra-special for dinner that night. Dotty, who usually fixes her own hair, had been caught in one of those summer thundershowers that quickly come and go. Her hair hung limply and as she was just passing a beauty salon on the street she decided to go in and have "the works.;" She tried to explain, in broken Italian and sign language, just what she wanted and then sat back in the comfortable swivel chair, convinced she was in capable hands.

"Shades of Gina Lollobrigida!" Dorothy recalls the incident with a chuckle. "You should have seen me when I came out! My hair had been set in Italy's most popular hair-do of the day. My make-up was so dark with a very pale lipstick. I came out looking like an Italian!"

What did Raymond think of Dotty's new look? "Heavens," exclaimed Dorothy, "I wouldn't have dared to let him see me looking like that. I washed my face before he got home!"

According to Dotty, she and Ray did a tremendous amount of sightseeing. But, like most women, Dotty did a goodly share of window-shopping. '

"Once," she recalls, "we almost had a narrow escape because of it. We were supposed to make a plane for Paris and as the dock ticked merrily away I was not where I was supposed to be. When I got back to our hotel room there was Ray, pacing the floor, practically chewing his nails. Where had I been? Out shopping, of course! We made the 'plane,' of



Dorothy Collins gazes dreamily at the blue Mediterranean near Amalfi.

course, but only by a matter of minutes,"

It was on just such a shopping spree that Dorothy experienced 'a twinge of homesickness. She had gone through most of Europe unrecognized or plagued by fans. Then one day, out of nowhere, she heard a shriek, "Dorothy Collins!" Suddenly a woman emerged from the crowd and gave Dotty the hug of her life. She was, it turned out, a big Collins fan back home and felt so close to Dotty she felt she actually knew her.

Round about this time, Dorothy admits, both she and Ray were also developing a yen to see their daughter, Deborah. "We tried not to show each other how much we missed her," she remembers. "I tried not to bring up the subject so that Ray wouldn't- get blue, Ray tried not to make me feel her absence,"

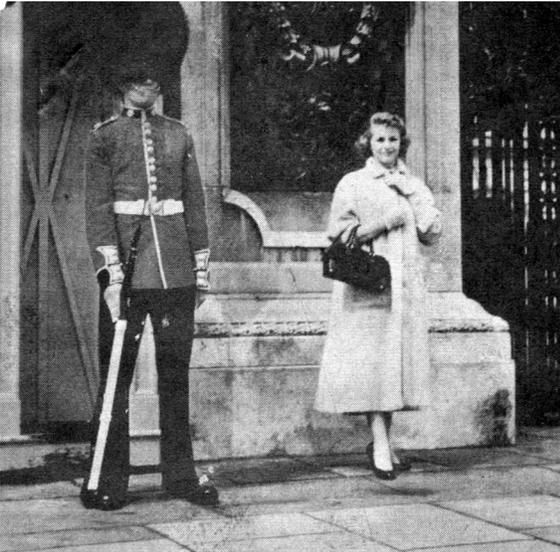
But it was hard, even in far-off countries, not to be reminded of their little one. Children in the streets responded eagerly to Dotty's warmth and friendliness. Everywhere, it seemed, shops were filled with dresses and toys that would have made Deborah give the smile that melted their hearts. And, Dorothy and Ray discovered, Europe seemed a play land meant mostly for children. There were amusement parks everywhere, zoos; picnic places and camping grounds just meant for small fry.

When they couldn't stand it another', minute, Dorothy and Ray decided to place a long-distance call to Deborah.

"That did it," says Dotty. "We heard Debbie's voice and though we were scheduled to second honeymoon for four weeks, by the end of three we took the next boat back." Most romantics returning from such a trek would have come back loaded with love tokens and objects'd'art. Not Dorothy. In London, Dotty bought a coat for Debbie.' In Paris, she bought a dress for Debbie. In Rome, she bought sweaters for Debbie.



Guide Eileen Feeman and chauffeur Tito Savola showed them the sights.



In England, Dorothy tried very hard to distract Buckingham Palace's famed guard. But he didn't

"It was a wonderful trip," sighs Dorothy in recollection, "but we were so glad to get back to America and to Debbie. It was a great feeling!"