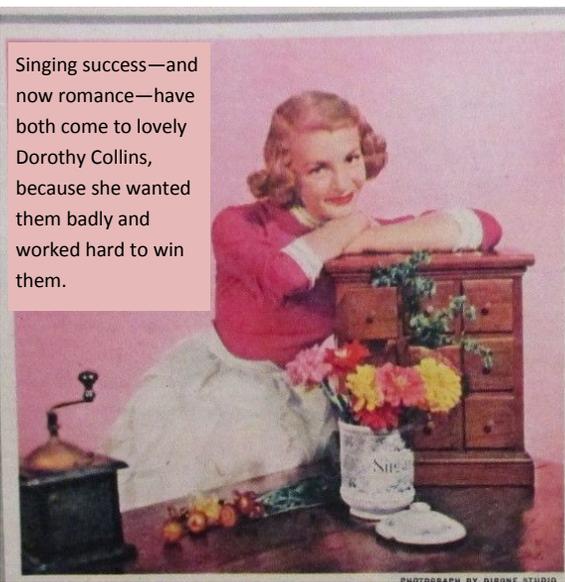


Singing success—and now romance—have both come to lovely Dorothy Collins, because she wanted them badly and worked hard to win them.



Love comes to the Lucky Girl

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

Young Dorothy Collins could not sleep. She turned on the bedside lamp, propped the best pillows behind her and reached for the magazine with the new mystery story. She had purchased the magazine for train reading en route to Chicago from Detroit. But she had been too excited to read. Too nervous too. Most of the trip she had spent wondering what he would be like, this famous bandleader, Raymond Scott, who had promised her Chicago friends his honest opinion about her voice and her chances in show business.

Now—her audition over—she put the magazine aside again.

“The trouble with me is,” she told herself grimly, “that I could imagine sweeping Great Scott right off his feet. I really expected him to say, “This girl has a wonderful voice. She’s a natural!” While he handed me a fountain pen to sign a contract...”

What Raymond Scott had said, instead, was that Dorothy had a voice but that she needed to work for about a year. She knew this should be encouraging. But because she was 16 and it didn’t match her dream she was plagued by frustration.

Finally she fell asleep, ending the day that time would prove to have been the most momentous day of her life. For it marked not only the beginning of her success but also the beginning of love.

For a year she worked. And when Dorothy works—in spite of her penchant for dreaming and her conviction that you get things by just wanting them. For obviously if you want a thing you go after it. And if an authority like Raymond Scott advises you how to go after it—and you listen—the way is shorter.

Dorothy, born in Windsor, Ontario, Canada, on November 28, 1926, had thought she would be a secretary, like her favorite aunt. But when she was 12 she wanted to go to Toronto to visit her grandmother. A local theatre was offering a trip to Toronto as first prize in a talent contest. Dorothy entered the contest. The the surprise of everyone else—but not at all to Dorothy’s surprise—she won first prize. However, she didn’t go to grandma’s. She wore a new wristwatch instead. Without her knowing it, first prize had been changed.

But she had caught the “singing bug.” In 1943, she sang for Scott again. This time he did offer her a fountain pen—and a contract to sing with his band.

Her mother traveled with her. “I won’t have Dorothy gallivanting around alone,” her father, a hardware merchant, said. “You go along. I’ll stay home and tend the store.” Only he didn’t call her

Dorothy. Her name really is Marjorie. Dorothy is her older sister's name. She always preferred it and took it when she became a singer.

On the road she and her mother filled in their time between shows doing little chores in their hotel room, sightseeing and shopping. Scott was busy with business details, new scores, rehearsals.

However, looking back, Dorothy says, "We were in love, I think, a long time before we knew it."

Later, in 1949, when Scott signed as director of "Your Hit Parade," there still was no grand passion between them. And Dorothy, now out of a job, proceeded to take vocal lessons. But not for long.

She had a telephone call. Scott's sponsors wanted a new kind of commercial and he wanted to record an idea he had for a jingle. Would she sing it for him?

As all of who hear Dorothy sing "Be Happy, Go Lucky" know, the jingle was a success. So was Dorothy. At first she was hired only for the commercial. Then as a featured vocalist, she joined Eileen Wilson and Snooky Lanson on radio and television. Commercials for other shows followed. Last summer Dorothy and Raymond Scott were married quietly at a friend's home in New York. The honeymoon was short so Dorothy could have a longer time to get their country house on Long Island running smoothly before she went on radio and TV again.



"It's going to take a year of work before I'll really be good in this new domestic career." Dorothy grins. "I want to be a wonderful cook. I want to have the most attractive house, the kind that people love to come to—but not a house too elegant for children. I want a big family. One that will need, she spreads her slim tanned arms wide, "a great big cookie jar..."

Dorothy has not lost her conviction that you get things by wanting them. Indeed, why should she?

From American Weekly Magazine,
October 26, 1952

