

Dorothy Collins



TV's Happy Girl Finds Happiness With Her New Mate

musicians couldn't possibly have guessed that the reason she never went out, except with the whole gang, was because the man she loved was still married and waiting for his divorce. His name was Raymond Scott.

The divorce, for one reason or another, was a long time coming. But it did come eventually, and on July 7 of this year, Dorothy became Mrs. Scott in a simple wedding at the bridegroom's home in Babylon, L. I. If the new Mrs. Scott sounds brighter and looks happier on *Your Hit Parade* these Saturday nights, that's probably the reason.

Dorothy Collins Scott was born in Windsor, Ontario, Canada, November 28, 1926, and planned to follow in the foot-steps of her favorite aunt, who was a secretary. But Mama and Papa Collins knew that their pride and joy had a sweet singing voice, so they entered her in an amateur competition and the die was cast when she won first prize.

Dorothy has known nothing but success, and that is probably responsible for the quiet kind of happiness people instantly see in her. That and the fact that she has loved only one man in her life, and he is now her

The note in Raymond Scott's voice that opening night of his at the Ankara four years ago, when he introduced "my new vocalist, Dorothy Collins," was unmistakable. Pride, yes, but more than that, Affection, too, a sort of elusive kind. The ringsiders at the big room out on Route 51 used to notice the look that came into Scott's eyes whenever she moved from her chair and stood there in front of the microphone and sang one of his songs.

There was a lot of speculation among the boys in Raymond Scott's band those days as to why Dorothy never had a date. They knew she was terribly interested in a career but other career-minded girls have managed to find time for boys. Their vocalist was 22 then, pretty, intelligent, and young men were always asking to be introduced. The Scott

husband. You get a nice warm feeling, seeing Mrs. Scott up there on your television screen in her crisp, high-necked blouse with black tie, singing those Lucky Strike commercials with a smile on her face and in her voice as well. She looks like the kind of a girl every mother would be happy to have as a daughter, and that's the kind of a girl she is. Her sweetness isn't a pose but the real McCoy.

Two years ago, Scott had Dorothy record some jingles he had composed for the American Tobacco Company, sponsor of *Your Hit Parade*. The sponsor not only went overboard for the jingles but also the bright young voice that was singing them, and the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike was born.

She has done very well in other fields, too. The trademark blouse Dorothy designed because she didn't care for the usual evening gown and didn't look well in strapless models was picked up by a manufacturer and immediately became a best-seller. Dorothy gets a very satisfactory roy-

... wearing the blouse she made famous — becomingly.



Hubby Raymond Scott goes over a "Hit Parade" score with Dottie

alty on every one that's sold. Although she hasn't yet become a jukebox rage, exactly, her records are moving faster and faster on the store counters and Decca thinks she's one of their most promising properties.

Although the money is rolling in, Dorothy has no idea how much it comes to. She has an attorney who makes her deals, puts away her earnings and sees that they're wisely invested. Dorothy gets a small allowance from him and lives on that. Or at least she did until Scott placed a wedding band on her finger.

And if some of the young Pittsburgh eligibles of four years ago, who could never so much as get Dorothy Collins to sit down at an Ankara table with them and coddle a lemonade, read this, they'll now at long last understand why.

For the little singer from Windsor knew even then whose sweetheart she wanted to be. In the meantime, she has become Lucky Strike's and television's, too, but best of all—for her—Raymond Scott's.

• By Hal Cohen