

Pat (Pinky) Forbes – December 11, 2016



It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of Pat (Pinky) Forbes. Here is a note from her daughter Kim Walter as there is no formal funeral scheduled.

Last night, I was going through thousands of old pictures and letters and came across a quote that mom had written down in the back of an address book. It said: "Sic Transit Gloria" - You are here, you make your little mark and you are forgotten.

Interesting quote for someone who never forgot a friend, a story, a face or a name! To all of you who were unaware of her condition and shocked at her passing, just know that it was not because you were forgotten. Not at all.

She kept you all so close in spirit...loved you deeply in her heart and mind. Oh, the stories I've heard!! While the ALS might have gotten her body, it failed miserably at destroying her beautiful essence!

I'm planning a memorial...stay tuned.

Here is just one story that Pinky had submitted to Doug Martin's book about antics that happened when they were partners. It will give you an idea about Pinky's sense of humor that she managed to hide from almost everyone.

Pinky was Doug Martin's second adagio partner. With her unmatched sense of humor – most of the time, Pinky titled her story 'A Day in the Life of a Little Show Girl'. She writes it this way:

The year was 1964 – gad, that seems so long ago – and we were in Atlantic City. The show was "Masquerade," "Circus", "Cole Porter," "Annapolettes," "Viva Italia," and the beloved "Hallelujah Finale", which was our exit march. We were waiting backstage at the top of a stairway, which was part of the set. We were to make our entrance by descending the stairs through billowing clouds of fog. We'd get to the bottom, then rush backstage and hurry up the steps again to make another

entrance, so it looked like a million girls coming down those steps doing what we called the “{Hallelujah hand pump” – down with the hands covered in show white gloves, up with the hands way over our heads, cross our hands over our heads, and all the time the spot lights are ballyhooing all over the place. The short girls were back by the set, we were down on our left knee with our right toe pick planted firmly in the ice in showgirl fashion, and the fog keeps rolling and rolling and rolling. The stagehands were rocking it that night, because as we descended the stairs and moved toward the front, we’d drag the fog with us and it would dissipate too quickly. Sooooo, “More Fog, George!” Peanuts leaned over to me just before the big “Ta da!” as we were doing the Hallelujah hand pump, and said, ‘If we can’t see the audience, you *know* they can’t see us.” So we crawled backstage on our hands and knees, grabbed our skate guards, and flew into the dressing room. We were out of costume and into street clothes in a flash, and trucking out of the dressing room while everyone else was just coming off the ice. Who knows where we were going in such a big fat hurry. Probably darting off for a good seat at the “Church”.

That went on for a couple of nights, until one evening, while crawling off the ice, we crawled right up onto a pair of shoes, and one of those shoes was tap, tap, tapping. We both looked up to see who it was, and oh my stars, it was none other than Shirley Costello, the head program director. Oh, oh, we were caught like two mice in a trap. She didn’t say a word, she just raised her arm and pointed back to the set. Ever see a crawdad scurry? That’s exactly what we did, a backwards crawl, onto the ice, into the fog, to finish the number. No question, we got the Morse Code message her show was tapping out. “Get back there and don’t ever do that again!”

Someone had to have told her. There’s no way she saw us scooting off the ice through all that fog. We couldn’t even see our own stark white gloves in the air above our heads. Dang it, we had a good thing going there for awhile. Ha, Ha Ha.