

THE CHASER

May 1998

Fort Worth Chapter / Society of Professional Journalists

"If it happened in Fort Worth ... it's news to us!"

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Scholarship dinner May 5

Six outstanding journalism students will hear from a pro at the next Fort Worth SPJ meeting not only how to land that real job, but also how to excel once they're there.

Tim Madigan, a senior feature writer for the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, will keynote the spring scholarship dinner at Shady Oaks Country Club.

For the last two years, Madigan has been named the Star Reporter of Texas by the Headliner's Foundation, the first instance of consecutive wins.

A 14-year Star-Telegram reporter, he received last summer the Batten Medal for excel-



Tim Madigan

lence and humanity in journalism, a national honor presented by Knight Ridder newspapers. His work has been recognized several times by the Associated Press Managing Editors.

The top students are Sarah Baker, TCJC-Northeast Campus, Jack Tinsley Scholarship;

where: Shady Oaks Country Club

when: Tuesday, May 5
mingling (cash bar) 6:30, dinner 7:15

cost: \$20

on the menu: endive salad, chicken Carmel, twice-baked potato, green beans almondine, tomato parmesan; for dessert, cheesecake with raspberry sauce

RSVP 232-0625 by Friday, May 1

Alexis Burt, UTA, Staley and Beverly McBrayer Scholarship; Michael Hines, UTA, Donna Darovich Scholarship; Kobbi Risser, UTA, Al Panzera Scholarship; Aimee Courtice, TCU, Jerry Flemmons Scholarship, and Yasmin Yavar, UT Austin, Joe Holstead Scholarship.

SPJ

FACES & PLACES



Far left: Mike Cochran and Carolyn Poirot at the April meeting.

Left: Ken Hammond, Rani Monson, and Dorothy and Emory Estes pause during a break in the action at the March SPJ Region 8 conference in San Antonio.

The day Dorothy Estes met Michael Jackson

Emory and Dorothy Estes went to France last month, pretty much for dinner at the Jules Verne Room in the Eiffel Tower and to see the lights come on over Paris. Black and white color scheme in the restaurant. Five waiters for your table. One nice man to open the bathroom door. Oh, and there was a chance encounter with a legend ...

Exhausted after seven hours of exploring, we were joking about hiring the sleek limo to return to our hotel when Michael Jackson emerged from the car and sauntered toward the Tuileries Gardens. Thirty students standing choir-like nearby murmured his name and fell reverently behind his entourage while Michael pranced toward the garden jabbing his black leather-clad fist into the gray Paris sky.

Our friend David Krych shot his last film exposure as we fired questions to each other. Is this really Michael Jackson? Why is the crowd so small and subdued? I slipped away to walk toward the large pond on the east end of the gardens while I looked around for Michael posing for a photo shoot or selecting a concert site.

I also wanted time to consider the contradictions of Michael Jackson's life and career. I knew we were observing a performance, but I felt a connection with this fragile, gentle man hiding behind a mask from his public and maybe from himself.

Just as I reached the pond, I realized that for the second time I was staring directly into Michael's face. Without even a polite greeting, I spun around and sprinted back to my friends. Michael was returning to his car, and since his walking pace is significantly faster than mine, I was almost running toward his limo while motioning with my raised arm for David to reload the camera.

My friends were

stunned by my presence in the entourage. It appeared that I had become its self-appointed drum major. (Later, my husband Emory said, "He has no way of knowing that we're Americans, but I'm reasonably sure he didn't mistake you for a French recluse.")

After signing two autographs, Michael waved good-bye to the students who had followed his procession through the park. The chauffeur and bodyguard eased him into the car, observed by a small, quiet traffic jam — a Jewish bride and groom and a mini-van full of Japanese businessmen. The limo began moving then paused while Michael popped out of the top and waved a final salute to the students.

Suddenly, the limo stopped in front of us and Michael stood in the sun deck for a final greeting. None of us made a sound.

We continued our taxi search. I turned for a final look, and as the limo disappeared into the traffic, I realized that I hadn't even said, "Bonjour, Michael."

— Dorothy Estes

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