

Youth, 15, Injured in Auto Crash Finds a New Outlet in Art

By Leonard Thiessen

A fractured skull, suffered in a car crash last August, kept Frank Paris, 15, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Paris, 3208 Pinkney street, out of Howard Kennedy school until the middle of October. When he returned routine classwork was hard to take. It seemed better to give Frank a chance in the ungraded room, taught by Mrs. Lillian Doherty.

There the boy showed intense interest in drawing and painting. At Christmas, he decorated the walls of the room with madonnas and angels. Pupils from other rooms flocked in, visitors came from uptown to see them.

Mrs. Doherty, a psychologist who admires the arts, never before had time or reason to practice them. Resolving that Frank's talent should be given every chance in order to equip herself as teacher she astonished registration officials at the University of Omaha by insisting on sandwiching Robert Huffman's courses in watercolor technique into a tight schedule of educational subjects. Her new knowledge she passed on to Frank.

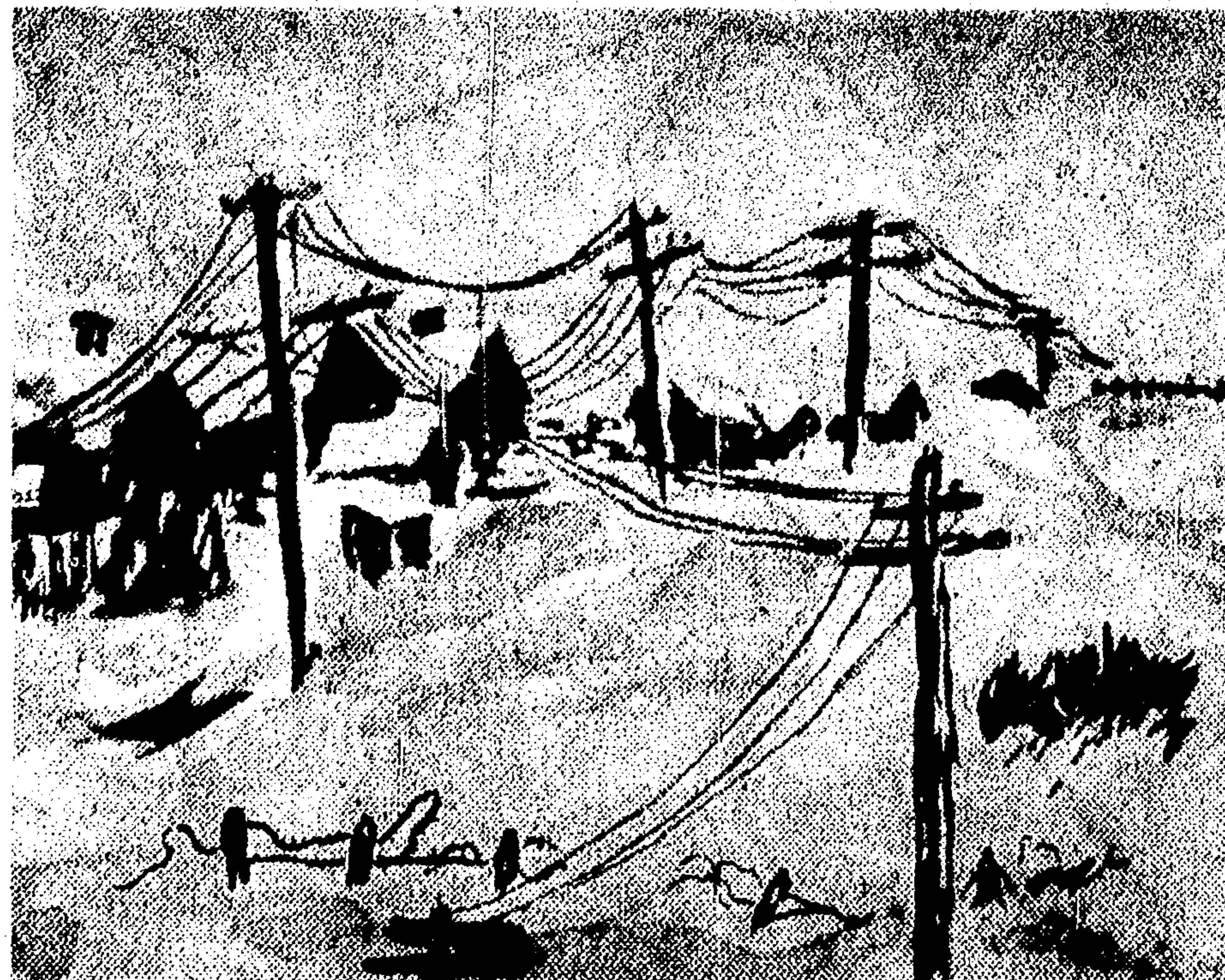
The six watercolors now shown in the children's room of the public library amply justify Mrs. Doherty's faith in her pupil's talent. Frank has definite



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ideas of his own about art; he likes best to paint the environment in which he lives and studies. Because "they look like people live there," he prefers "shacks and things" to rows of neat houses.

Telephone poles and wires recur constantly in his compositions: "They make you think of the people talkin' to each other." Frequently snags of



Telephone poles and wires lead the eye into pictures of "shacks and things."

barbed wire, with the barbs carefully delineated, suggest that life in the district around Howard Kennedy is not without entanglements.

Frank also goes for open roads, winding over bluffs, and strings of freight cars beside the big elevators below Sixteenth street. Sometimes he feels "kinda blue" — then he paints blue dragons and red ones and

zig-zag lightning. That makes him feel better.

This summer Frank is studying in the children's classes at the Joslyn Memorial, with Miss Florence Powers. Miss Eileen Kellher-Jeffers, who serves as volunteer assistant in the classes, says: "When he draws a figure, you know it's really standing, and which foot the weight is on."



Mrs. Lillian Doherty . . . had faith in pupil's talent.

Frank, like Picasso, has gone through a "Rose period." For a while, everything he painted was pink or red. When Mrs. Doherty asked why, he replied that all the green paint was used up, and he hadn't wanted to tell her. Just now Frank has temporarily given up watercolor — all the paint of every color is used up.