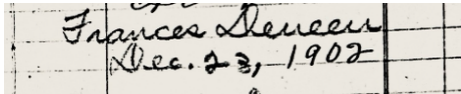


Branch 6 of 7

7. Frances Deneen

December 23, 1902—March 23, 1986

Great Grandaunt



Frances was born on December 23, 1902, four years after the tragic loss of her infant brother, Thomas.

Her mother, Julia, was 39, and her

father, Patrick, was 47. Fran held a special place in the family line as the very first Deneen child born in the 20th century.

The name Francis (with an "i") was a traditional masculine middle name in the Deneen and Keohane lines. Fran may have been named in honor of her late brother, Thomas Francis, especially since there were no living female relatives with the name. Alternatively, Frances was immensely popular for girls in 1902. Julia and Patrick may have simply chosen it to embrace the fresh style of a new era, looking forward rather than looking back.

Growing up in the 1920s, Fran came of age during a whirlwind of cultural revolution. It was an era defined by mass consumerism, the rise of the automobile, jazz music, and silver-screen icons like Charlie Chaplin and Babe Ruth. Women were claiming unprecedented freedoms. Following the ratification of the 19th Amendment in 1920, women flooded the white-collar workforce, gaining true economic independence.



Fran fully embraced the spirit of the "Flapper" era. She proudly adopted the short, bobbed hairstyles and higher skirt hemlines of the decade. She pushed traditional boundaries, occasionally enjoying a glass of bourbon.



Dental hygiene training class at the Fones School of Dental Hygiene in Bridgeport, Connecticut, circa 1914

The students are practicing on manikins mounted on chairs, an innovative teaching method at the time.

At age 17, Fran lost her father. Watching her older sisters build independent careers—Jo as a nurse, Mary as a Linotype operator, and Anna as a stenographer—Fran chose her own path in the pioneering field of Dental Hygiene.

Launched in Connecticut in 1917, dental hygiene was a brand-new professional field specifically designed for women to provide oral health education in schools. Training options were incredibly scarce, limited to just three schools in the Northeast: The School for Dental Hygienists (Rochester, NY), Columbia University (New York, NY), Fones School of Dental Hygiene (Bridgeport, CT).

By 1927, city directories show Fran living in Bridgeport, Connecticut—home of the historic Fones School, the world's very first dental hygiene college founded in 1913. Bridgeport

Family Branch: DENEEN | KEOHANE

was a strategic and comforting choice, sitting just an hour's train ride away from her cousins in Danbury. Following a common practice for Fones graduates, Fran likely stayed in the area for a few years to gain experience working in the local public school system.

By 1929, the year her mother Julia passed away, 26-year-old Fran had moved to New York City. By 1933, she was residing at the Allerton Hotel at 38th Street and Madison Avenue. Originally a restrictive, men-only fraternity club built in 1924, the Great Depression forced the Allerton to open its doors to women in 1933. It became a highly fashionable "club hotel," offering safe, affordable, and vibrant communal housing for single, middle-class professional women. In June 1933, at the very height of the Great Depression, Fran did something extraordinary: she boarded a luxury cruise to Bermuda on the brand-new Queen of Bermuda.



Frances Deneen
1933 on holiday in Bermuda

NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF ARRIVAL	DATE OF DEPARTURE	DATE OF RETURN	DATE OF DEPARTURE	DATE OF RETURN
1. Orelli, Robert S.	30	1900	Atlantic, Pa.			
2. Orelli, Arlene	20	1909	Atlantic, Pa.			
3. Bond, David	20	1906	Boston, Mass.			
4. Bond, Nathan	20	1907	Charlottesville, Va.			
5. Deneen, Frances	29	1903	Corning, N.Y.			
6. Deneen, Jack	29	1903	Corning, N.Y.			

While a luxury vacation seems impossible for a single dental hygienist of modest means during an economic collapse, history explains the mystery. The depression hit the travel industry hard, forcing luxury cruise lines like Furness Bermuda to slash prices drastically to fill berths. Fran capitalized on these budget-friendly rates to experience the pinnacle of Art Deco luxury. For two days, she enjoyed a private cabin with its own bathroom, two swimming pools, and nightly gala entertainment, before arriving to sunbathe on Bermuda's famous pink-sand beaches.

On August 29, 1936, a 33-year-old Fran married 40-year-old Jack Newton Taylor in Manhattan. Jack was a handsome World War I Army veteran who had served overseas in France. His 1917 draft card described him as an able-bodied man of medium height and slender build, with blue eyes and brown hair.

While Fran's roots were working-class New York Irish, Jack's roots were pure Texas history. Jack could trace his family back to the original settlers of the Texas Territory. Jack's maternal great-great-grandfather was Collin McKinney (1766–1861), a legendary surveyor, politician, and one of the five primary authors who drafted the Texas Declaration of Independence in 1836. Both Collin County and the city of McKinney, Texas, bear his name.

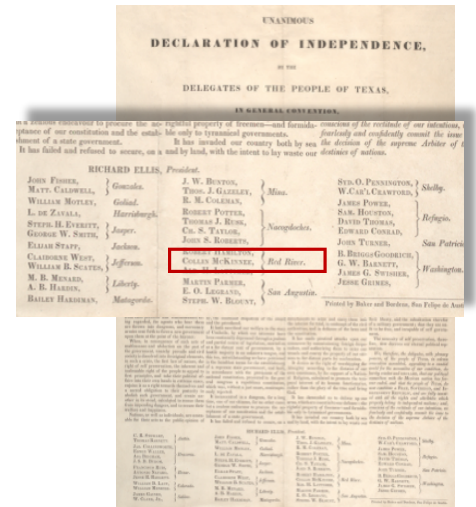
The wedding was likely a quiet affair. As the last of her siblings to marry during the depths of the Depression, her family was scattered across the map: Teresa and Kate were in Buffalo, Anna and Mary remained in Corning, Jack was in Sag Harbor, and Jo was in New Jersey.

The newlyweds spent their early years living in Queens, where Jack worked as a salesman. The 1940 census notes that Fran was a homemaker, and Jack reported receiving independent income outside of his wages, hinting at family investments or resources.

Family Branch: DENEEN | KEOHANE

By 1947, the couple relocated to Dallas, where Jack went into real estate. For Fran, moving from New York to America's South was a massive cultural and physical shock. Without the luxury of modern, affordable home air conditioning, Fran vividly wrote in a letter to her sister Kate that *"it was over 100° every day."* Fran walked straight into the oppressive reality of the Jim Crow South. Dallas was strictly segregated, enforcing "separate but equal" public facilities, transit, and schools.

Jack's own family history was tied to the Old South; his paternal grandfather had ridden in the Texas Cavalry for the Confederate Army, and his ancestors had been slave owners. Culturally, the Taylors were deeply embedded in the Protestant establishment, serving as elders at The First Christian Church—the oldest continuously worshipping congregation in Texas, dating back to 1841.



Despite the staggering differences in climate, religion, and politics, Fran successfully adapted. She built a rich, comfortable life in Dallas, assimilating into the Taylor family while maintaining deep ties to her own. She traveled frequently, making trips to Mexico with Jack and regularly journeying North to visit her beloved sisters and extended family.

True to the generous spirit of her parents, Patrick and Julia, Fran regularly sent financial aid back home to New York to support her siblings. The enduring impact of her kindness is captured

beautifully in their letters. In 1953, her brother Jack wrote: *"I was very glad to hear from you and very thankful for the check."* In 1963, her sister Anna penned a colorful note: *"Thanks for the two bucks, Fran. I have plenty of beer (gifts), so I gave them to Father Edward."*

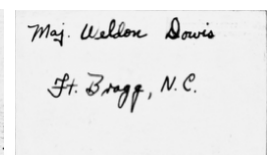
Fran also looked out for the next generation, frequently sending support to her sister Kate's children. Her niece, Julia Kelly, wrote to *"thank you for the card and cash for my birthday."* Her nephew, Jim Kelly, received a different kind of valuable currency during World War II; while he was serving in the Army, Fran's husband Jack gave the young private the name of a personal contact in case he ever needed assistance. Within military ranks, giving a private the direct line to a major was a remarkably big deal.



Fran's niece Julia visited Fran in Dallas in February 1981, and best friends Eva & Vince Fanara of Batavia joined her.

Pictured: Eva, Mabel (Fran's maid) and Fran

Fran is remembered fondly by her great-nieces and nephews, who eagerly anticipated her regular "trips north." She possessed a vibrant, magnetic presence—she made any room brighter the moment she walked in. She would sip her bourbon, effortlessly ease into conversations, and punctuate moments with a deeply contagious laugh.



Family Branch: DENEEN | KEOHANE

When family members traveled south to Texas to visit her, Fran proved to be an equally exceptional hostess. Her niece Julia Kelly visited her most often, providing close comfort and companionship after Jack tragically died of pneumonia in 1977.

Fran was 83 years old when she passed away in 1986, the last of the Deneen siblings to die. She was a woman who truly came of age in the Roaring Twenties and seized every opportunity to shape an independent life entirely of her own making. Yet, in keeping with the essential family through-line, she remained fiercely and deeply devoted to her people—a devotion and warmth that is still felt by her family today.

Children: None.



The *REST* of the STORY....

In 1952, fresh out of college, James (Jim) Kelly proposed to Teresa (Terry) Marshall. As a broke dental student, Jim could only afford simple wedding bands. Decades later, following the passing of Jim's beloved Aunt Fran in 1986, Jim purchased Fran's antique wedding band and engagement ring from her estate. Terry wore them proudly alongside her original band—a beautiful symbol of family history.

Years later, Terry developed Alzheimer's disease. During her decline, Fran's rings vanished. Heartbroken, Jim suspected they had been stolen by the home health aides. He carried that quiet resentment to his grave.

Following Jim's passing, his children took on the emotional task of packing up the family home. During a shift that his daughters Meg and Beth were working, the moving of items, boxing them etc. stirred up clouds of dust, causing Beth to sneeze. She reached into a nearby tissue box, pulled out a tissue, and gasped—out tumbled **Fran's engagement ring**, likely it slipped off their mother's finger and fell into the tissue box years prior, or perhaps she slipped it off and placed it in there.

Spurred by sudden hope, Meg and Beth gathered every single tissue box in the house. They meticulously searched through them, tissue by tissue. Sadly, Fran's wedding band was never recovered, leaving behind a bittersweet mystery—one ring returned from the past, and one lost to time.



Deneen Sisters September 1960

L to R: Teresa, Kate, Mary, Fran