

Family Group: DINEEN | DESMOND

Branch 4 of 4

Patrick Dineen

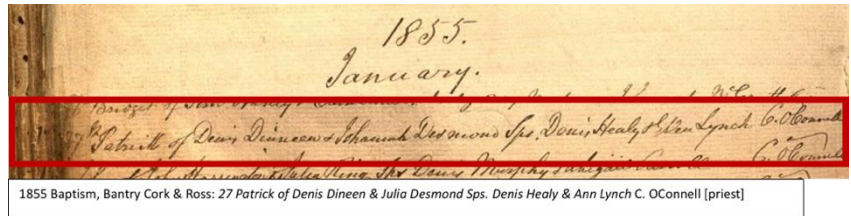


1855-1920

Great Grandfather

Denis and Johanna Dineen's youngest child, Patrick, was born on January 26, 1855, at Ahil Beg, Bantry, County Cork, Ireland. His early years were shaped by post-Famine poverty, depopulation, high emigration, landlord control, British rule, and persistent political unrest.

At age 24, Patrick left Ireland for the United States. He departed Queenstown, now Cobh, aboard the SS *Erin*, listed as a laborer traveling in steerage.



The SS *Erin* arrived in New York on May 20, 1880, after about 14 days at sea. There was no Statue of Liberty yet to greet him; it would not be erected until 1886. Patrick and other passengers processed through Castle Garden, not Ellis Island, where they underwent medical inspection, registration, and questioning about their background and intentions.

Patrick likely had Deneen cousins in Corning, New York, as well as his brother Denis living about 50 miles south in Towanda, Pennsylvania. At the time, Corning was shifting from a lumber town into the industrial "Crystal City,"

known for its growing glass industry and expanding railroad connections. Its factories, including those producing handblown glass for Thomas Edison's light bulbs, helped attract immigrant workers to the area.

The next known record of Patrick is his marriage to Julia Keohane on September 30, 1884, likely at St. Mary's Church in Corning, New York.

Patrick was 29, and Julia was 21. They were already well acquainted: Julia grew up only a few miles west of Ahil Beg in Carran, Bantry, County Cork.

Her sister Margaret had married Patrick's brother Andrew in Bantry in 1880, with Patrick and Julia serving as witnesses.



Patrick Dineen

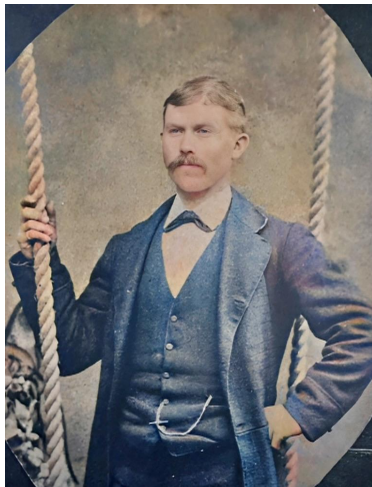


Julia Keohane

Family Group: DINEEN | DESMOND

Patrick and Julia had eight children between 1885 and 1905. A list of their children's birth details was later found in a box of unmarked photographs by Julia's great-granddaughters. Julia recorded each child's name, birth date, and birth time, although the final two entries were added later in another hand.

Julia and Patrick followed family roles typical of their time. Patrick worked outside the home as a railroad laborer, doing physically demanding and often dangerous work such as laying track, building bridges, and maintaining equipment. Long hours, low pay, and the risk of serious injury were part of the job.



Patrick Deneen
Picture circa 1885

At home, Patrick was the family's primary authority figure and provider. During Patrick and Julia's family years, from the 1880s through the 1920s, homes were typically heated by coal or wood stoves, lit by gas or oil lamps, and only gradually equipped with indoor plumbing. Electricity, central heating, and public water or sewage systems were still uncommon. In 1893, a fire broke out after Patrick left embers burning in the stove when he went to bed.

Julia, meanwhile, kept up close correspondence with relatives in the United States and Ireland. Surviving letters offer treasured glimpses into the daily lives of the Deneen and Keohane families, as well as updates on weather, work, money, and family obligations.

My dear sister Julia,

There was also an expectation that Patrick and Julia would provide financial help to family still in Ireland. In 1902, Julia's brother Jeremiah wrote, "Mother is staying with John. She is quite old and helpless. She is present in writing this letter and she expect some assistance from you."

Patrick died on May 6, 1920, after living through the Great Famine, mass Irish emigration, World War I, and dramatic technological change, including steamship travel, expanded railroads, indoor plumbing, electricity, and affordable automobiles.

John Deneen born July the 26 th 1885 at half past 11 on 1 st of July	Catharine Deneen born the 28 th of May 1892 at 7.30 a.m.
Julia Deneen born November 4 th 1886 at 9.30 a.m.	Thomas Francis Deneen born July the 26 th 1897 at 9.30 a.m.
Mary Josephine Deneen born May 4 th 1899 at 9.30 a.m.	Frances Deneen Dec. 23, 1902
Julia Deneen born July 10 th 1902 at 5.30 a.m.	Teresa Deneen Aug. 13, 1905

Patrick knew these dangers firsthand. One injury was reported in *The Corning Journal*:

Wednesday, October 1, 1902

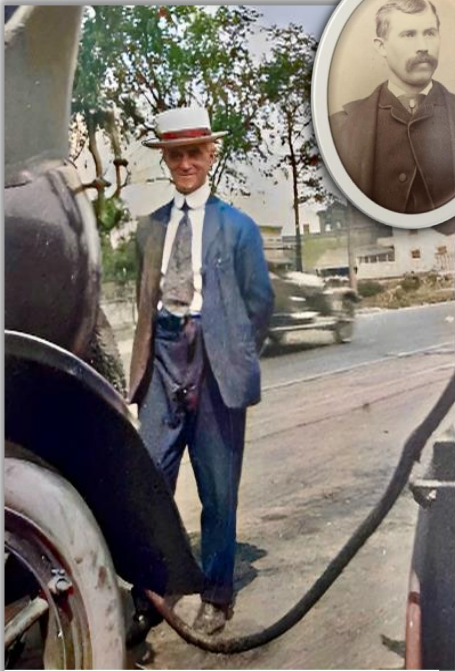
—Patrick Deneen, of East Pulteney Street, a railroad section man, is confined to his home by a wound in his foot. As he was working, a comrade accidentally struck his pickaxe, and the point went through Patrick's foot above the toes.

Census records show that Patrick had advanced to railroad track foreman by 1915. In that role, he supervised a section crew responsible for inspecting, maintaining, and repairing several miles of track.

—Early yesterday morning fire was discovered in the rear of the house owned and occupied by Patrick Deneen of Corning. The flames had gained considerable headway before the fire department arrived and nothing but a few household articles were saved. The adjoining buildings were also scorched and the goods of Miss Mary Wilson were damaged by water and smoke. The loss will be about \$700 on Mr. Deneen's place which is covered by insurance. Miss Wilson's place was not insured and her loss will be nearly \$200. The origin of the fire is unknown but it is thought the house became ignited near the chimney from a fire that was left in the stove when Mr. Deneen retired.

Fire Severely Damages Deneen Home
Rochester Democrat & Chronicle: August 23, 1893

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Patrick Deneen, circa 1919



He was 65. His obituary said he would be *"greatly missed by a legion of loyal friends,"* described him as *"one of the most competent and efficient section foreman,"* and remembered him as well known, highly regarded, and devoted to home and family.

Julia remained active at home and in the St. Mary's Church community. She was delighted by the birth of her first grandchild, Julia Mary Kelly, in 1923, named for both of her grandmothers. Her second grandchild, James Francis Kelly, was born in 1927. Julia died on January 22, 1929, before the birth of her third grandchild, John Joseph Kelly, in 1932.

Each of Patrick and Julia's children followed a distinct path, holding onto Irish roots while embracing the opportunities and challenges of American life.



Julia Keohane Deneen, circa 1925
Holding her granddaughter Julia Mary Kelly



The Next Generations: An overview of Branch 4...Descendants of Patrick and Julia.

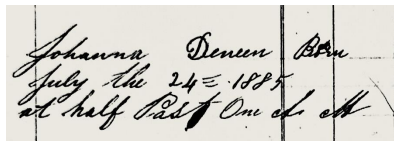


Family Group: DINEEN | DESMOND

1. Johanna Deneen—Jo

July 24, 1885–June 5, 1971

Great Grandaunt



Johanna Deneen Born
July the 24th 1885
at half past one of the clock

Julia and Patrick's firstborn child was named in honor of her paternal grandmother, Julia "Johanna" (Desmond) Dineen. Before answering a calling to medicine, Jo worked a series of varied

blue-collar jobs in Corning, including serving as an inspector at the Corning Glass Works, a glove maker, and later, a clerk at a busy downtown cigar stand. She ultimately left Corning to enroll in the rigorous nursing program at Our Lady of Victory Hospital in Lackawanna, New York, near Buffalo. The demanding three-year curriculum cost \$35 per year, a fee that fully covered her room, board, institutional laundry, and personal medical care.

By the time the 1920 U.S. Census was taken, Jo was practicing as a professional nurse at the isolated Iola Tuberculosis Sanatorium in Rochester, New York, where she lived on-site. Her daily responsibilities were physically and emotionally grueling: monitoring volatile patient conditions, dispensing highly managed medications, assisting physicians on clinical rounds, and overseeing the strict sanitary regime—which included flushing patient spaces with fresh air and managing patients during therapeutic outdoor tasks like gardening. Working on the front lines of a tuberculosis ward was intensely dangerous and deeply stigmatizing due to the constant, lethal threat of infection. Undeterred, Jo later transitioned to the Hudson County Contagious Disease Hospital in Secaucus, New Jersey, located deep within the Meadowlands, where she continued her specialized frontline work through the 1930s.

In the summer of 1932, at the age of forty-six, Jo traveled across the Atlantic to Ireland entirely alone. Both of her parents had already passed away, and unlike her brother's later journey, no journal or written account

survives to tell us which West Cork relatives she embraced or which ancestral townlands she walked. Her independence and quick humor are captured in a June 1937 letter she penned to her Dineen cousin, Mickey Wren, and his wife, Edna, after returning to New York: *"I haven't been at the hospital since Jan. 1936—thought it was time—I took a rest—EH! In my old age. So I have been gadding around—have been home since Feb."*

By 1950, a sixty-four-year-old Jo was recorded as a resident at the St. Francis Asylum for the Aged on Pine Street in downtown Buffalo, a Catholic facility dedicated to providing safe housing for the elderly poor. Jo passed away at the age of eighty-five. She was laid to rest in the same

cemetery plot alongside several children of Cornelius F. Deneen—a poignant resting place that strongly underscores a deep, unmapped cousin connection between her father Patrick and the Cornelius Deneen line.

Her professional dedication to nursing patients with highly contagious illnesses reflected her courage, strong faith, and steadfast commitment to supporting vulnerable populations. She bore witness to the dignity of life and the acute reality of human suffering.

Children: None.



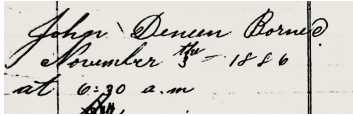
Jo in her nurse's uniform
circa 1920



2. John Walter Deneen—*Jack* US

November 3, 1886–July 9, 1956

Great Granduncle



The eldest son of the household, John was named to honor his maternal uncle, John Keohane—the very brother who had stood at the foot of the hill in Glengarriff, unsuccessfully begging a young Julia to stay in Ireland for just one more year. Jack began his working life as a manual "glass gatherer" at the Corning Glass Works, but by 1915, he had relocated to New York City to work as an urban streetcar conductor.

Following the enactment of the Selective Service Act during World War I, Jack registered for the draft and enlisted in the military at the age of thirty on June 23, 1917. He served honorably as a Seaman Second Class aboard the armored cruiser USS North Carolina. His vessel performed vital, high-stakes escort duties along the Atlantic Coast, securing troop ships and massive supply convoys navigating between the strategic ports of Norfolk and New York. Decades later, in a 1951 interview with a local newspaper, Jack vividly recounted a terrifying incident from August 1918 when enemy torpedoes narrowly missed his convoy in the Atlantic.

NAME: DENEEN JOHN WALTER		Service Number: 150-95-43	
GRADE: NAVAL ENROLLING OFFICE NEW YORK N.Y.	Age at Enlistment: 30 YRS 7 MOS	DATE: 6-23-17	24427
Place of Birth: 310 WEST 2ND ST	NAME: DENEEN	CLASS: 2 CLASS	CO: CORNING
City: STROEN	State: N.Y.	DATE: 6-23-17	No. 1
U S S GRANITE STATE	6-23-17	10-13-17	SEAMAN 2 CLASS 405
U S S NORTH CAROLINA	10-13-17	11-8-18	SEAMAN 41
NAVAL HOSPITAL	11-8-18	11-11-18	SEAMAN
NEW YORK N.Y.			
Comments: INACTIVE DUTY 7-22-19			
DISCHARGED: 6-20-20			
Place: BROOKLYN HEADQUARTERS 3RD NAVAL DISTRICT BROOKLYN N.Y.			

On June 21, 1929, Jack married Rose M. McWilliams in the historic coastal community of Sag Harbor, New York.



Jack with nephew
James Francis Kelly @ 1928

Once a legendary whaling port, Sag Harbor's economy had transitioned into small-scale industrial manufacturing, though it retained a uniquely diverse social fabric made up of African American families and international mariners who had settled there since the old sailing days. During the lean years of the Great Depression, Jack secured steady employment as a private watchman, and though he and Rose never had children, his devotion to his extended family was immense.

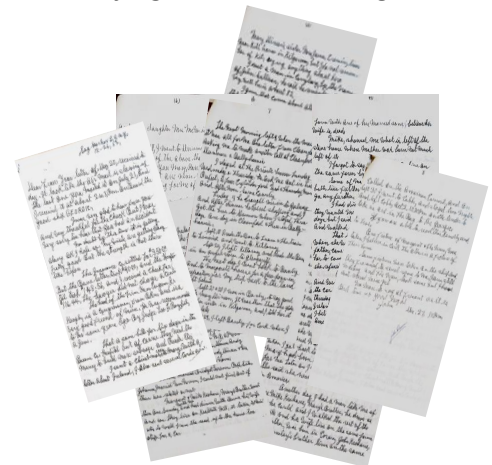
In the winter of 1953, Jack made his own historic pilgrimage back to the old country. On December 26, 1953, he penned a rich, historic eight-page letter to his sister, Frances "Fran" Taylor, meticulously chronicling his emotional discoveries among the West Cork hillsides: *"I met a lot of relations that I never knew we had and I did not see them all... We have a double first cousin Dennis Andy Dinneen, his father was our uncle Andy Dineen & his Mother was Mother's Sister I forget her name [Margaret]."*

In that same letter, Jack detailed walking the exact ground where their mother's

American destiny had begun: *"[I went to visit] Mike Keohane who lived on the same farm where Mother was born in Carran. John Keohane lives in the same house with his married sons. Mike showed me what is left of the stone house where mother was born—not much left of it."*

Just a few years after returning from his journey "home," Jack passed away at the age of sixty-nine, leaving behind a legacy defined by quiet service, military honor, and a deep love for his family roots.

Children: None.



3. Mary A. Deneen

May 5, 1889—September 23, 1968

Great Grandaunt

Mary Angelina Denen
 Born May 5th 1889
 at 6.20 a m

Upon completing her formal schooling Mary embarked on what would become a monumental, fifty-year career with Corning's daily newspaper, The Evening Leader. Throughout her half-century at the paper, Mary occupied technical spaces where

women were rarely permitted to work due to systemic workplace discrimination, intense physical demands, and deep-seated social customs. Defying the status quo, Mary rose steadily from a mechanical press feeder to a highly skilled Linotype machine operator, eventually concluding her career as the paper's eagle-eyed chief proofreader.



Mary Deneen
Circa 1906



Mary Deneen
Circa 1920

Operating at the heart of the printing press from 1907 to 1957, Mary literally set the type for the grand sweep of modern history, processing the daily wire copy for World War I, World War II, the depths of the Great Depression, and transformative presidential elections. Her fingers manually arranged the local type that detailed the historic 1917 New York State women's suffrage vote and chronicled the economic rise of the area's industrial anchor, the Corning Glass Works.

Following the deaths of her parents, Mary assumed the role of head of the family household at 245 W. 2nd Street. She provided a lifelong home and vital financial support for her sister Anna, who is recorded across the 1940 and 1950 Censuses without an independent occupation.

Even in her twilight years, Mary remained deeply plugged into the expanding branches of the family tree. On October 12, 1961, while convalescing in a hospital bed after a severe fall, Mary wrote a warm letter to her sister Kate, sharing local news before closing with a playful genealogical hope for her nephews' households: *"Love to all and hope that Terry & Jim have a boy to make it even with Jack & Dorothy. Love, Mary."*

[illegible]

Mary was referring directly to Kate's sons and their fast-growing families. While Jack and Dorothy had been blessed with four daughters and one son, Jim and Terry had welcomed four straight daughters. In a delightful twist of family fate, Mary's wish came true just a few months later when

Jim and Terry welcomed their son, Kevin, in January 1962.

Mary was the first of the six close-knit Deneen sisters to pass away, leaving this world at the age of seventy-nine. Her half-century at The Leader spanned the golden age of print journalism, ensuring that her daily labor served as the primary window to the world for the people of Corning. And frankly, she sounded like a bad ass.

Children: None.

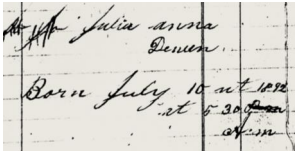


Mary with niece Julia Mary Kelly
Circa 1926

4. Julia Anna Deneen—*Anna*

July 10, 1892—September 17, 1974

Great Grandaunt



The fourth child of the household was named to honor her mother, Julia Anna. Though her family initially called her Anna, her names flipped in her adulthood records, and she became known as Anna Julia. Between 1915 and

1930, state and federal census records show Anna building an independent, white-collar career as a professional city stenographer. However, the subsequent 1940 and 1950 Censuses list her with no listed occupation.

While younger generations often inherited a one-dimensional or fractured memory of Anna, her life was profoundly altered by a severe medical trauma in her early adulthood. Suffering from severe acne, Anna underwent unfiltered X-ray therapy—which in the 1910s and 1920s



Woman receiving X-ray treatment for Acne in 1915 Medical Journal.

We do know Anna's image was in a medical journal for her X-ray treatments, this may be the journal and her image.

was considered standard, highly effective medical practice for benign skin conditions. At the time, safety standards were rudimentary; radiation dosages were often casually measured by the amount of exposure required to cause a slight reddening of the patient's skin.

Tragically, the unfiltered radiation left Anna permanently scarred and facially disfigured on one side.

The severe physical and

emotional toll of this trauma deterred her from working outside the home, eventually deteriorating her mental health until late 1957, when she was admitted to Willard State Hospital in Ovid, New York.

Recorded as patient #37015, Anna remained at the facility until May 1960, when official discharge papers note that she successfully signed herself out. While family stories whispered that her intense needs and strong personality dominated the family, a

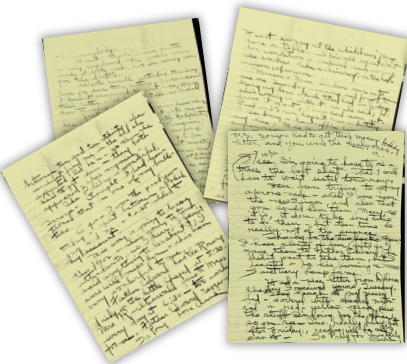


Anna Deneen
Circa 1908



Anna Deneen
Circa 1910

preserved letter reveals a far more vibrant, endearing, and deeply connected woman. While awaiting cancer surgery at the Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo in October 1961, Anna penned a letter on yellow lined tablet paper in pencil. Utilizing carbon paper, she meticulously duplicated the message to send an identical copy to each of her sisters.



The letter reveals an insightful woman surrounded by an unshakeable support system. She thanked her youngest sister first, writing, "*candy cupboard—the wolves have made it look sick, but I'm saving some for the doctors,*" adding, "*The Philco [radio] is wonderful, Teresa.*" Writing to her sister Fran, Anna's playful independence and sharp wit take center stage: "*I*

have plenty of beer (gifts), so I gave them to Father Edward; he didn't want to take them, but I insisted—so he's burning a sanctuary lamp for me."

Family Group: DINEEN | DESMOND

Anna spoke warmly of Father Edward's constant hospital visits and his shared sense of humor, noting, "*Father Edward has the Rosary daily in the little chapel at 5:30 am. Mrs. Rochtenwald goes to Mass every day at 6:30—too early for me. Father Edward razzes me.*" Her circle of childhood friends and neighbors constantly visited and kept her supplied with mail—and refreshments. When local relatives Marion and Norm Lindner arrived to see her, Anna lightheartedly noted that they "*forgot to bring my beer,*" though she refused to use Fran's gift of money to purchase more because she already had "*plenty of beer.*"



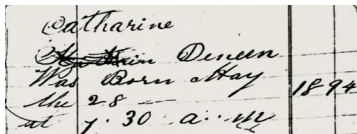
Anna's sisters demonstrated an immense, protective love for her throughout her life. This devotion was undoubtedly born from the fact that beneath her struggles, Anna was a quirky, resilient, and remarkably funny person who forged genuine, lasting connections with everyone she met—enduring long enough to ensure she was never short on love, or a cold beer. She passed away at the age of eighty-two.

Children: None.

5. Catherine Cecilia Deneen—*Kate*

May 28, 1894—October 7, 1984

Grandmother



Catherine was named to honor both her maternal grandmother, Catherine (Sullivan) Keohane, and her mother's sister, Catherine (Keohane) Harrington. Like her older siblings,

she was educated at St. Mary's parochial school before completing two years of high school at the Corning Free Academy.

Kate entered the workforce early, recorded on the 1913 city directory at age nineteen as a professional clerk for the Corning Glass Works at 46 E. Market Street. By 1915, she was working as a glove maker, and by 1918, she secured a coveted position at the Cain-Bernkopf Department Store on the corner of Cedar and Market Streets—Corning's premier, grand emporium for fine apparel and household goods.

Her life changed when she met John Thomas "Jack" Kelly (1894–1973). Though Jack had spent his early childhood eighty miles north in Geneva, New York, his family relocated to Corning by the time he was nine years old. As fellow working-class Irish Roman Catholics, the pair shared deep cultural roots. Their wartime romance blossomed with intensity while Jack was stationed at Camp Dix during World War I; Jack sent daily, deeply devoted letters home to Kate, sometimes writing both a morning and an evening missive to his sweetheart.

With her sister Anna serving as her maid of honor, Kate married Jack on September 16, 1918. Their local wedding announcement proudly noted that Kate was "*very well liked and had a wide circle of friends,*" while Jack was "*well and favorably known in this*



Catherine Deneen
Circa 1916



John Thomas Kelly
Circa 1916



Family Group: DINEEN | DESMOND

city." News of the union quickly traveled across the Atlantic to the old country. On December 30, 1918, her maternal aunt, Catherine (Keohane) Harrington, wrote home to Kate's mother from the farm in Carran:
"I was glad to hear that my namesake got married. I hope she will be lucky."

That blessing of good fortune followed them. After starting their married life in Corning, Kate and Jack relocated to Buffalo before permanently settling in Batavia, New York. Jack's steady hand and adaptability kept his family comfortable through the darkest years of the Great Depression. Though he began his working life as a heavy laborer, he truly found his calling in professional sales. Over his long career, he sold water heaters and automobiles, worked for a local gas company, and eventually enjoyed a long, successful tenure before retiring from the John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

The family navigated a devastating diagnosis for their youngest son, also named John and called Jack. Young Jack was diagnosed with type 1 diabetes which ten years earlier would have been a death sentence but

advances in regard to insulin injections were a breakthrough in keeping people living with diabetes. During the 1930s, Kate undertook a demanding, around-the-clock role to manage her son Jack's type 1 diabetes, which involved boiling and sharpening needles, performing intricate urine tests, and meticulously weighing food to manage his condition. Through her unwavering, relentless care, she successfully ensured her son's survival and long-term health.

For senior Jack, persistent health problems ultimately forced Jack into an early retirement. At age fifty-five, following a major heart attack, he applied for and received full veteran disability. Despite his cardiac limitations, he and Kate maintained a vibrant, joyful social life filled with bridge

games, Moose Lodge events, active participation in St. Mary's parish, and constant gatherings with friends and family.

Jack passed away on April 17, 1973. His son later noted that his sudden passing was caused by a final heart attack, tragically brought on by the physical strain of washing overhead windows with a long pole, and compounded by a heartbreaking several-hour delay in receiving emergency medical treatment. Kate survived her husband by eleven years, passing away in 1984 at the venerable age of ninety. Together they left a legacy of three children and thirteen grandchildren.



Deneen Sisters September 1960
L to R: Teresa, Kate, Mary, Fran



Jack and Kate
Circa 1960



Kelly Cousins 1966

Front Row: Kevin, Barbara, Mary, Colleen, Daniel, Marie, John

Back Row: John T., Timothy on his lap, Margaret, Katherine, Maureen, Kate, Aunt Esther & Uncle Frank Kelly (John T's brother) ...wait someone cool hasn't been born yet...

Family Group: DINEEN | DESMOND

Julia Mary Kelly — *Jule* (1923–2007) Aunt

Julia graduated from Batavia High School in 1942 and studied at the Rochester Dental Dispensary. She became a dental hygienist in Rochester and Ossining before returning to Batavia at 39 Prospect Avenue. She worked in elementary schools for decades, married and divorced Blair Becker, and remained devoted to her family. Julia loved travel, including a 1990 trip to Ireland with her brother Jack. She played bridge and hosted card club at home and was a loving dog mom to Amos and Shamus.



1968: On the occasion of their 50th Wedding Anniversary

Seated: Jack and Kate Kelly

Standing: Jim, Julia, Jack Kelly

us James Francis Kelly — *Jim* (1927–2011) Father

Jim graduated from Batavia High School in 1945, served in the U.S. Army during WWII, graduated from Niagara University in 1951, and earned his dental degree from the University of Buffalo School of Dentistry in 1955. He practiced dentistry in LeRoy and Albion, New York, served on correctional facility dental staffs, and was active in the Eighth District Dental Society and Knights of Columbus. Married Teresa Anne Marshall for 59 years, they had seven children. Long story short, he was also a golfer, history buff, model train hobbyist, dollhouse builder, tinkerer, gardener, fisherman, fixer of all things, and father to “the silliest girls ever.” Boom!

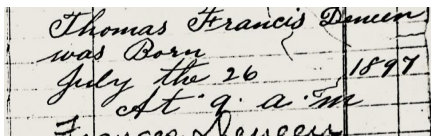
us John Joseph Kelly — *Jack* (1932–2020) Uncle

After high school, Jack earned a business degree from Niagara University and served in the U.S. Army from 1955 to 1957 as a special agent in the Counterintelligence Corps during the Korean War era. He built a career in public education, earning his doctorate and serving as a principal and superintendent in several districts. Ordained a Catholic deacon in 1980, he served for more than 40 years as a pastoral associate and longtime deacon at St. Michael’s Church in Warsaw. He and Dorothy Phillips were married for 67 years and raised six children. He was also an avid golfer, a captivating storyteller, and THE best hugger in the world.

6. Thomas Francis Deneen

July 26, 1897—March 1, 1898

Great Granduncle



Thomas joined the family for only a brief, fleeting season, passing away before his very first birthday. His older siblings were still quite young when this sudden loss struck the household: Jo was twelve, Jack eleven, Mary eight, Anna five, and Kate just three years old.

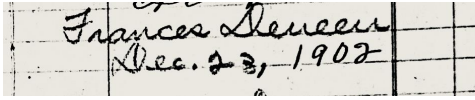
A fascinating and poignant change occurs in the family archive from this exact moment forward. Little Thomas’s entry was the very last birth recorded in Julia’s own handwriting on the family record pages; the births of her subsequent two children, Frances and Teresa, were distinctly penned by another individual’s hand. It is entirely possible that she simply forgot to enter them in the busyness of a crowded home, but it is far more likely that the crushing grief of losing her infant son weighed so heavily on her heart that she could never bring herself to return to the painful page where she had last lovingly entered his name.

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.
May his soul be at God's right hand.

7. Frances Deneen

December 23, 1902—March 23, 1986

Great Grandaunt



Frances was the first of the Deneen children to welcome the dawn of the new century. As

noted previously, her birth was not recorded in her mother's hand but rather entered on the family record by another.

Growing up, Fran observed her elder sisters carving out their respective paths and confidently chose a pioneering career for herself: Dental Hygiene. The profession had only recently originated in Connecticut in 1917, designed as a revolutionary role for women focused explicitly on preventative oral health and education within public schools.

In 1927, Fran enrolled at the prestigious Fones School of Dental Hygiene in Bridgeport, Connecticut—placing her just thirty miles from her Dineen cousins in Danbury. Upon completing her studies, she moved to New York City to launch her career.

In June 1933, at the very height of the Great Depression, Fran took a luxury vacation to Bermuda aboard the Queen of Bermuda. To keep their cabins full during the economic crisis, elite cruise lines like the Furness Bermuda Line offered sharply reduced fares. The Queen of Bermuda, which had just debuted in January 1933, was a magnificent, brand-new vessel when Fran sailed. The voyage provided an opulent, Art Deco haven along its exclusive route between New York City and Hamilton, Bermuda.

Back in New York, Fran met Jack Newton Taylor, and the couple married on August 29, 1936. Jack was a proud veteran of World War I, having served overseas in France with the United States Army. His draft registration



Frances Deneen
1933 on holiday in Bermuda

reveals he later built a career as a professional clerk for the Federal Reserve Bank in Dallas, Texas. Jack's family lineage was extraordinary, tracing back to the original settlers of the Texas Territory. His 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, are named in his honor.

In 1947, the couple relocated to Dallas, where Jack transitioned into real estate. Post-war New York City and Dallas represented two vastly different worlds, and the cultural and physical shock was immense. The punishing Texas climate was unlike anything Fran had ever experienced, prompting her to write in a vivid note home to her sister Kate that "it was over 100° every day"—a brutal reality in an era before residential air conditioning was affordable.

Furthermore, the social landscape of the American South was strictly governed by Jim Crow laws, which provided a rigid legal framework for systemic segregation and racial discrimination. "Separate but equal" public



Frances Deneen
Circa 1920

Family Group: DINEEN | DESMOND

facilities, water fountains, restrooms, restaurants, theaters, schools, and transit systems were the mandatory, everyday norm for Black and White residents of Dallas.

Despite these dramatic regional differences, Fran and Jack carved out a highly comfortable lifestyle in Texas. They traveled extensively, with Mexico becoming a favorite destination, though Fran made regular, devoted trips "north" to New York. Mirroring the generosity of her parents, she consistently sent financial aid to her siblings back home. In 1953, her brother Jack wrote to thank her, noting, "I was very glad to hear from you and very thankful for the check," and in 1963, her sister Anna simply wrote, "Thanks for the two bucks, Fran."

Fran also used her connections to protect the next generation. When her nephew, Jim Kelly, was serving in the military, Jack Taylor handed the young private a name to call if he ever faced trouble. The contact turned out to be a powerful U.S. Army Major who had served alongside Jack in the trenches of World War I—a stunningly influential connection to give a low-ranking private.

Fran is remembered with deep affection by her grand-nieces and grand-nephews, whose homes she would fill with laughter during her regular northern visits. She would gracefully brighten any room she entered, contentedly sipping her bourbon, easing into the family conversation, and punctuating stories with her legendary, highly contagious laugh. Coming of age in the Roaring Twenties, Fran seized every modern opportunity to forge a vibrant life entirely her own, independent of traditional expectations. Yet, in one critical area, she remained perfectly anchored to her roots: her absolute, unshakeable devotion to her family, a love that defined her entire life and is still felt deeply by her descendants today.



Fran at home in Dallas
circa 1984

Children: None.

8. Teresa Deneen

August 13, 1905—January 20, 1978

Great Grandaunt

Born three years after Fran and two full decades after her oldest sister, Jo, Teresa was the eighth and final child to complete the family of Julia and Patrick. While Fran embraced the bold, outgoing freedoms of the 1920s, Teresa chose a quieter, more traditional path, spending her life doing *"little things with great love."*

Teresa's childhood was shaped by a succession of historic public health anxieties. In 1916, when she was eleven years old, a terrifying polio epidemic swept the nation, causing widespread panic. Just two years later, an even greater threat emerged with the 1918 Spanish Flu pandemic. The global flu was uniquely horrific because it explicitly struck down healthy, prime-of-life young adults between the ages of twenty and forty—the exact age bracket of almost all of Teresa's older siblings. Looming over these pandemics was the shadow of World War I, which saw her brother Jack enlist



Family Group: DINEEN | DESMOND

and deploy into harm's way aboard the USS North Carolina. Shortly after the war's conclusion, fourteen-year-old Teresa faced the profound grief of losing her father, Patrick, in 1920.

Following her sister Fran's example, Teresa also pursued a career as a dental hygienist, completing her specialized medical training closer to home at the Rochester School of Dental Hygiene in 1926. She moved to Miami, Florida, practicing for a year before returning to New York to work for a dentist in Buffalo. The 1930 Census records her living in Buffalo, sharing a home with her sister Catherine and her family.

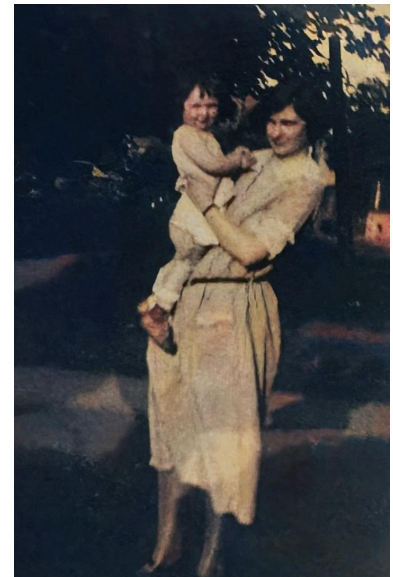


Teresa Deneen
circa 1918

On August 2, 1930, Teresa married Harry Joseph Walsh. Harry had been born in Oswego, New York, where his father had tragically passed away when Harry was just two years old, prompting his mother and sister to eventually relocate to Buffalo. Throughout the hardships of the Great Depression, city directories and census records confirm that both Teresa and Harry managed to maintain steady, gainful employment. Harry worked a secure job as a corporate clerk for the

Buffalo, Niagara and Eastern Power Corporation. By the time of the 1950 Census, the couple had relocated to Harry's hometown of Oswego, where he worked as a professional bookkeeper for a local construction firm.

Teresa maintained tight, loving bonds with her sisters, acting as a gentle anchor of care for the family. In a warm letter dated October 3, 1961, she caught her family up on the local news, with every sentence reflecting her protective, maternal nature: *"Golly, wasn't it a dirty shame Mary had to fall... Ordered Jo's shoes for her... Want to dash Fran a line... I'll keep you informed as to how Mary is... We sure enjoyed your visit with us... I don't think Anna should know about Mary's fall for a while—do you? It may interfere with her surgery..."*



Teresa holding her niece Julia who
was 11 months old
August 1926

Around 1975, Harry and Teresa made a two-hour drive from Oswego to Batavia, New York, to enjoy a family visit at the home of Teresa's sister, Catherine, and her husband, Jack. Also gathered in the living room was their son, Jim Kelly, along with his family. Jim's daughter, Meg, vividly remembers the adults sitting together, laughing and catching up on old acquaintances, when mid-conversation Harry glanced at his watch and noted simply, *"Teresa, it's 2:00."* *"Oh, of course,"* Teresa responded warmly, instantly rising and slipping out of the room. She returned moments later, carrying a beautifully prepared bowl of canned cling peaches and perfectly arranged Melba toast. Meg remembers her grandmother, Kate, raising her eyebrows in humorous, absolute disbelief at her sister's hyper-attentive devotion to her husband's daily routine. Without missing a single beat, Jack looked over at Kate and deadpanned, *"Well clearly, I married the wrong sister."* To which Grandma Kate instantly shot back, *"Yes, you did!"*



Harry passed away on January 20, 1978. Teresa survived him by a year and a half, passing away at the age of seventy-three. She remains beautifully etched in the memory of her family for her sweet temperament, her quiet resilience, and her extraordinarily thoughtful actions.

Children: None.



The Shillelagh: A Rooted Inheritance



We do not know with certainty if Denis Dineen owned a shillelagh, but we know beyond doubt that his son Patrick carried one into the New World. A shillelagh is far more than an iconic Irish walking stick; it is a testament to natural resilience. Crafted from prized blackthorn wood, these sticks were historically seasoned for years, meticulously cured with coats of butter, lard, or oil, and occasionally cured over fire or smoke to harden the bark. The heavy knob at the top is typically formed from the very root of the blackthorn bush, providing substantial weight for defense, while the rugged body serves as a steady walking companion.

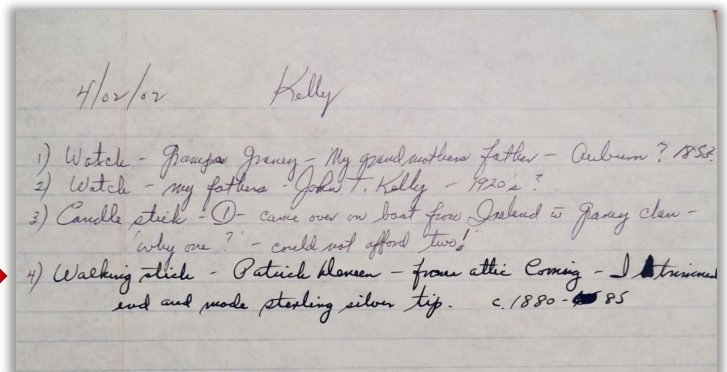
During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the shillelagh evolved into a potent symbol of Irish resistance against foreign invaders and oppressive local landlords. While modern memory often associates it purely with faction fighting, it was fundamentally an emblem of the rural Irish man's pride—a resource harvested from his own soil that granted him the ability to defend his home and family.

Because Denis passed away sometime before 1877, it is highly probable that Patrick inherited this treasured piece of his father's world, keeping it close as he prepared to bid farewell to his homeland.

Decades later, the physical reality of this inheritance resurfaced across the Atlantic. Dr. James F. Kelly found the ancestral shillelagh while cleaning out the attic of his grandparents, Patrick and Julia Deneen, in Corning, New York. In a

2002 inventory detailing the historic family keepsakes in his possession, Dr. Kelly penned a brief note that beautifully bridged the centuries:

"4) Walking stick – Patrick Deneen – from attic Corning – I trimmed end and made sterling silver tip. c.1880-1885"



Long Story, Short: The Enduring Legacy

The story of Denis Dineen and Johanna Desmond begins within the fragile pages of few surviving records, but its true scope reaches far beyond them. From a quiet marriage in Bantry, a rugged farm in Ahil Beg, and a young family forged in the cruel shadow of the Great Hunger, their descendants carried forward an inheritance far greater than a common surname. They carried a living memory of the land, unyielding faith, exhausting labor, profound loss, courage, humor, and a deep-seated responsibility to one another.

Family Group: DINEEN | DESMOND

Some of their bloodline remained rooted close to the fields and familiar townlands of West Cork. Others made the monumental choice to cross the Atlantic, anchoring themselves in American towns that were being rapidly shaped by railroads, mines, bustling hat factories, hospitals, schools, churches, newspapers, military service, and growing family homes.

Their collective paths were rarely smooth. They faced the agonizing realities of terminal illness, premature death, grueling manual labor, painful separation, deep poverty, global war, and systemic uncertainty. Yet, turn after turn, the historical record reveals a people who adapted with grace, protected one another in times of crisis, worked with quiet purpose, maintained deep ties across vast distances, and always made room for both duty and laughter.

This history is, by its very nature, an incomplete puzzle. There will always be missing dates, unconfirmed relationships, unidentified faces smiling from old photographs, unexplained silences, and questions that may never find a complete answer. But even with those empty spaces, the surviving evidence frames a family whose ordinary lives were anything but small. In the ink of parish registers, the grids of census pages, the stamps on ship manifests, the text of obituaries, the ink of personal letters, and the weight of physical keepsakes, they left behind a vibrant map to be known, honored, and carried forward.

Patrick's blackthorn shillelagh, pulled from a dark Corning attic and lovingly reshaped by the hands of a grandson, stands as the ultimate final image of this journey. Whether its life began in the soil of Ireland with Patrick or with his father Denis, it represents pure endurance: rooted in old ground, carried safely across an ocean, preserved through decades of change, and still fully capable of connecting the living to the footsteps of those who came before.

To tell this family history is to restore names, return context, and offer profound dignity to people who endured the great tides of history not as distant textbook events, but as the fabric of daily life. Denis and Johanna's true legacy lives on in the branches that continue to spread from the hills of Ahil Beg, in the families who remember them imperfectly but faithfully, and in the ongoing, sacred effort to gather the fragmented pieces into a story worth preserving.

***May the road rise to meet the generations of Deneens yet to come,
forever rooted in the land they left behind.***