

Elizabeth Pennock
nee Kane
By Daughter Hope
Shanks
English War Bride
March 26, 1946



Elizabeth Pennock (Kane) was born in Southwick; Sunderland, England on September 24, 1922. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pennock. She joined the Auxiliary Territorial Service from 1941 to 1945. She was stationed at Barnard Castle when she met Private Cecil D. Kane sitting on a bench.

Elizabeth (Betty) and a friend (Mickey) came along trying to thread a needle to sew Mickey's stocking. Cecil asked if he could try to thread it for them. He said, "If I can thread your needle I will sew the hole in your stocking". The girls came over and sat down. Then he fixed her stocking and took them both to a movie. Cecil started dating Betty and August 28, 1943 they were married.

March 14th 1946 she left the port of Liverpool, England bound for Canada to join her husband. She landed at Pier 21 on March 24. Nine months later her first daughter was born January 1947, following this event 9 more children would be born. The last three are Christmas baby's a girl on December 24, 1955 the last were twin girls on December 23, 1959. What a Christmas present they were.



Married for 59 years she lived and raised their family in Canning. She lived her married life in the house that Cecil built for her until Alzheimer took a toll on her in 1993. She lived at home with the help of caretakers until 2000, when she moved into Evergreen Home for special care in Kentville, Kings Co., NS. Until passing on June 5, 2003.



DID SHE FORGET: NO, SHE DID NOT

In a time when hero's stood and fell, where planes roared past the horizon,

and the world stood in fear,

A young English girl...she was there.

Her hands held out to the wounded; and the dying; an unfamiliar place, a clouded, hazy time; when you knew no one; but yet knew them all,

As darkness fell upon the sons of men, their faces peering through closing lids, at one last breath her face they seen, least they forget, she did not.

Again peace came and the world did change, from a familiar place she crossed the sea to a strange new land, a new clan, a fresh life to be.

Years past by in the new home; but England was always on her mind, some day to see the shores again, did she forget; she did not.

The darkness again came to this new land, a depression fell with heavy hands; times were hard and things were slim; hard for us to imagine without the stories of those who lived through them.

She was there and did her best, a time she liked most of all just to forget, but she did not.

When life was born to friend and kin, she was there to meet them with a helping hand upon a sweating brow, to catch the child as it peered through the darkness upon her wrinkled face.

Least they forget, for she did not.

The family grew one by one, ten fold in fact before they were done.
Times were hard, but life was good, the memories etched upon her brow,
for days to come, to ponder then.
As years passed by in this new land, with the family, and the new
friends, she formed the closest ties.
A helping hand was always there when tragedy struck; she was the first
with a shoulder to cry on, and a hand to hold.
Did she forget as time passed by, she did not.

Life rushed by at blurring pace, the world was changing fast, years added
to her kind, wrinkled face.
The eyes were bright; but the mind grew dim.
Darkness rose around her, memories faded fast into mist, clouded,
confused, and foggy; she was there.
To a place where hero's stand, a scared young girl; alone again to face
the world.
Unfamiliar faces, she knew no one, but yet she knew them all.
She could not remember, but did she forget, no she did not.

Time catches the greatest hero's, our sons, our daughters, our Mothers.
Amidst the confusion of a withered mind the memories cling, to wait... to
shine; just one last time.
The years of a clouded past, the faces seen, the times they laughed, the
voices singing in her ears, the faces with concern, and tears.
She knows them all; she knows the past, relived her life and holds it fast,
etched like stone, she won't let go this time.
Least we forget, she did not.

One last reach, for a small hand, to hold it fast and make amends for the
years lost in a puzzled and distant place; cleared at last by one last smile
from a little wrinkled face, a gesture before she passed to a familiar
place.
I've been here before, she recognizes her long lost friends, she wondered
and waited for them all these years; where have they been?
They take her hand and say, did you think we had forgot you Betty,
We did not.

And we never will... Jennie, Sylvia, Cecil, Tom, Linda, John, Carol, Mary,
Hope, Holly

Cecil Douglas Kane was born in Canning, Kings Co. NS. On October 19,
1922. Son of Mr. and Mrs. John Kane. At the age of 19 he'd join the
army. He served with the North Nova Scotia Highlanders. One day on
maneuvers he went through a hedge on a motorbike, injuring himself,

then was transferred to, the holding unit at Cook Cross Road in Aldershot,



England. From there he was transferred to the North Shore New Brunswick unit, he went to France on June 6 (D-Day) fought straight through France into Holland it took until Christmas to arrive in Holland. On Christmas Eve he was stationed at a farmhouse in the barn overlooking the Rhine River with spyglasses, he spotted German soldiers drinking wine and could hear them singing Christmas carols. He stayed at his post all night awake to make sure they didn't cross the river.

He got a week's vacation and went back to England to see his girl Betty. From there he went back to Holland and crossed the Rhine River into Germany where he was wounded. The American Army picked him up and took him back to England. After six months in Hospital they put him on a medical ship for Canada in 1945 and waited patiently for his wife to arrive. Cecil worked many jobs, his last job was with the commissionaire, working as a special constable in Kentville until he retired in 1979.

Cecil still resides in Canning in the family home at the young age of 83. Most of his children still live in the area.

