

Florence May  
Batchlor  
by Daughter Doris  
'Dolly' Warner  
English First World  
War Bride  
1920



My father William Edward Mayfield was born in London, England. When he was twelve years old his mother died his father put him in the Blue Coat School. He was shipped off to Canada - landed in Halifax. He was then sent to Mulgrave Nova Scotia to live with the Grants. The 1912 war started he joined the army was stationed in London, England.

My mother Florence May Batchlor was born in Birmingham, England. When she was old enough she worked in a sample dress factory. The war started they chaged to ammunication factory. On certain weekends a group of girls would go to London for the weekends, one weekend my mother met my father by Big Ben clock. It was love at first sight, she was determined from then on she was going to Canada, her father didn't like the idea of her sailing so far away from home, he said, "you will go to Canada you will have a hard life and have more kids than you can handle."

October 9 - 1920 she sailed on the Caronia to Halifax arriving at Pier 2. She was not allowed in the country as a single person, they were married at Pier 2. Abbie Lane stood for her, then off to Mulgrave they went . In 1935 my father broke his back in a car accident. We moved to HALIFAX to be near the hospitals to learn to walk and recuperate.

My father worked at the main post office head of the foreign mails. My mother worked at Pier 21 as a volunteer in the canteen. In 1949 my mother sailed to England to see family and friends. I was 24 years old at the time they allowed me to take he place. I worked there 3 weeks. I can remember on incident that happened at the canteen, a ship came to the Counter, she asked if we had amy bars with nuts, my answer was "Oh Henry has nuts." Well it caused quite a stir. I enjoyed working there.

Names I remember while working there are Frank Taylor the manager of the canteen, Tim Conway, a commissioner. Also my sister-in-law Dorothy Warner who was a Red Cross Volunteer giving out knitted sweaters, scarves, socks and mitts to the Immigrants.

My mother if anyone asked her how many children she had, she would answer "I came to stalk the country, I had one less than a dozen." My mother died in 1971.

Yours Truly,

Doris "Dolly" Warner