IN THE GREAT WAR

When the war commenced, in 1914, Allen Loney and his wife were living quietly at their home in Guildsborough, Northampton, England. As one who knew them well and who was with him in France has written: "No duty called either of them to make a single sacrifice. As they had been living, they could have continued and no shadow of censure could have fallen on them. Instead, Allen Loney was one of the first volunteers to join Richard Norton's Ambulance Corps, while his wife continuously gave both energy and money to the needs of those to whom the war caused suffering."

Loney went over to France early in October, 1914, where he drove his own ambulance. He was first stationed at Douai, then worked about Calais during the drive on that place. After that he was in the section about Bethune and Aireas, at all times under constant shell fire. Through the long winter months his Corps was quartered at Doullens, a small, dreary French village. He met every danger and discomfort, and they were unceasing, without complaint and with unfailing humor. He won the affection and esteem of all with whom he came in contact, and he never tired or spared himself in helping to care for the wounded and disabled. He received the 1914 medal, given to the "First One Hundred Thousand."

Early in April, 1915, Loney secured leave of absence of a few weeks to come to the United States to take his wife and daughter, who had been spending the winter in New York, back to England. Mrs. Loney was expecting to equip and manage a private hospital, while he returned to his Ambulance Corps in France. They sailed on the 'Lusitania' and went down with her. Their daughter was saved.

Allen Loney had a most lovable personality, combined with an affectionate and loyal nature. He always made friends wherever he went. He was simple and direct in
his methods, with a high courage, a strong sense of honor and justice, and a great love of liberty. When the ruthless invasion of Belgium occurred, it was more than he could stand. When the country in which he lived, which was his second home, and which had received him in friendship and good will, went to war, he could not keep out. He felt an obligation and a duty and that he must be doing something to help, and, although forty-three years of age, he immediately offered his services. Allen Loney was one who always "played the game." There is also little doubt that he was one of the first to realize that it was "Our War."