

# Alice Isabel Cushion Allen

30 April 1886 – 30 November 1970



*A painting of Alice Isabel Cushion from a photograph take in about 1911*

I, Alice Isabel Cushion Allen, was born in Harleston, England on April 30<sup>th</sup>, 1886. My father's name was William Cushion born of William Cushion and Ann Caroline Algar who was a farmer in this village, the county seat being Laxfield. My father was a very religious man. He made a study of the Bible all his life and attended Bible classes most of his life. He was one of the best men I have known. I never heard him swear in my life and was as honest as the days are long. He was very sincere.

He and I had things in common, as we would go to so many church gatherings. He could make the most wonderful prayers when called upon to open or close the meetings. He loved to get in the front room and sing songs all by himself and he could not hold a tune. I would go in and start him on the right tune and as soon as I left, he would be right off the tune again. His favorite hymn was "I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'Come unto Me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down thy head upon My breast.'" This is the first stanza.

He was a bell ringer; I think we had eight bells at the church we attended. He with other men would ring the bells on special occasions, in the belfry of the church, and also when church was going to



*Ann Caroline Algar and William Cushion*

commence. He would ring the hand bells also. It's funny, yet he could not carry a tune. The organ at the church was a pipe organ and he had to blow the bellows for someone to play the organ for church. He was always there, never late.

My father worked for Reverend Wace who was the rector of the church at Haddiscoe. He was a coachman who drove the aristocracy to various places. He had a horse and carriage; it was the style in those days. In the summer he had an open carriage, in the winter a closed carriage. I think he loved it because he would go to other churches to take them. I think he must have been at this place 15 years when the man (Reverend Wace) died and was buried in the Haddiscoe churchyard. They no longer needed a coachman so we left there and moved to Beccles, Suffolk, England to live just 5 miles from Haddiscoe. He still was working in the same family. These people, Major Barrett, had a yacht on the river in my home town.



*Alice in England*

We lived there until my father's death. I had a brother killed in the First World War at 19 years old at Gaza near Jerusalem, which I think shortened my father's life. And then I came to America which could have been more of a blow to him than I realized. He died four years after I left England of a stroke very suddenly.

My father never did join the LDS Church but he told me by the study of it, he knew it was true. So he was baptized into the Baptist Church being immersed in the font as it's the only church I knew in England that had that mode of baptism. He was baptized into that church after I came to America. How much he knew as to the authority this church has I do not know. I think he could not take the persecution as it always worried him as to what other people would say. He was very well respected.

My mother, her name was Ann Caroline Algar born in 1859 at Bungay, Suffolk, England. Her father was William Algar. Her mother was Sarah Ann Brown. My mother was altogether different. She was not of a religious type but she was a very good mother, always had a smile on her face, did not take life so serious. She liked to go to shows and places of amusement. She was a very good housekeeper, liked quite well to gossip with the neighbors. Her and my father got along very well. I do not ever remember them having a quarrel. We had a happy home life. My mother's family were a large family, but on my father's side were only three boys.

I joined the church when I was twenty one years old. I was baptized by Elder George Harwood in the River Waveny at Beccles on December 11<sup>th</sup>, 1907 as Elder Harwood always seemed to answer all my questions to satisfaction. I was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by W.A. Diamond of Murray, Utah.

After I was baptized and confirmed a member of the church, I realized it was not a very popular religion and I knew the people would be hostile. I went to the house of a girl I knew to change my cloths. I told her that I had just been baptized by the Mormon Elders. She of course started the talk. As soon as it was noised around you never saw such a lot of crazy people. They in a large crowd rushed to the river where I had been baptized and said they would drown everyone but it was all over. The missionaries said the devils were turned loose in the town. For a while the missionaries had to leave the town as the people were so bitter. It seemed I had the spirit of the occasion and people said things to me. I was in the spirit to have the answers and they soon left me alone. But this same night I was



*Alice and her youngest sister, Mabel*

baptized I felt like I wanted something so I might know I had done the right thing by following the LDS Church.

I prayed a simple prayer. I said, "Tonight I have joined the LDS Church. I have made a study of it. I have compared it with the Bible. I believe that God has body, parts, and passions. Reveal to my mind this night that I might know if the thing that I have done by being baptized into the church is the right thing." And soon I was filled with the spirit that I knew. I was full of the Spirit of the Lord.



*The Cushion family late 1930's;  
Harriet, William Jr, Mabel,  
Charles, Ellen May. and seated is  
Ann Caroline*

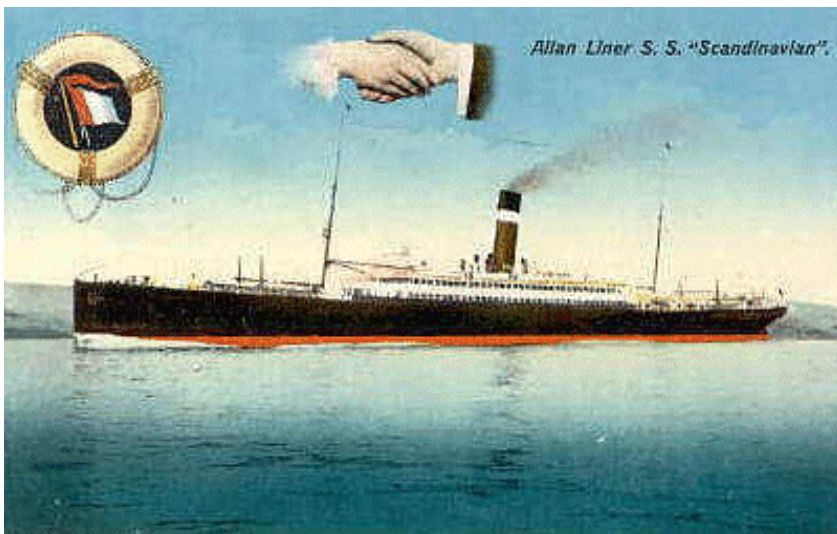
While in that spirit, I saw this world come to an end. It became all darkness like earthquakes and upheavals and the only light to guide me was a light shining down from the sky or heaven. I walked slow over to the light. I did not look back nor to the side, but to the light in the sky. When I got over to it, it was on the same level as I was on. It was a doorway and I looked inside. I had on the same dress I was baptized in. I felt my dress was not good enough for the occasion but to my surprise I said this is heaven.

I went to the doorway and looked in. It was a surprise to me as everything we have on this earth was there. On the right as I entered was a tree on the left but the tree on the right was so perfect. I said never before have I seen such a beautiful tree. Its branches were perfect and it had branches to the ground and I could see through it like it was transparent and yet I had not entered, it must have been my spirit standing and admiring that tree after I looked to the heavens. Oh the brilliance and the brightness. It was dazzling, not any part was any brighter than the other. It was full of the glory of the Lord. Then I stepped inside.

As soon as I stepped inside I was back in this life. I could not understand. I was disappointed that it was not real. I turned in my bed and right before my eyes was this whole world I had entered into but the heavens had changed to pink. I am sure I could not have seen

that glory in my natural state. I remembered that I had been baptized that night and that it was for a testimony which has stayed with me all my life.

I was a housekeeper for Colonel Thompson Wilson who was the manager of Clower and Sons, a printing firm in Beccles who employed over two hundred people. The house must have had about sixteen rooms. I worked for him for 8 years. I learned when I went back to England in 1938 I was left in his will on the condition I was still with him. He only lived eight weeks after I left.



I left England on January 11<sup>th</sup>, 1915 sailing on the S.S. Scandinavian. While on the trip across the ocean we were traveling dangerous water for two days and nights. A canvas was drawn around the ship so the enemy could not see the lights of the ship. The second night on board the ship seemed to jar as if it had struck a mine, they were

scattered in the ocean. The people traveling at the time wanted to get on the ship that the missionaries were on so they would be safe. The second we all woke up from the jar, the Scottish girl who was with me said, "Alice, we have struck a mine." All the engines ceased running and we listened expecting trouble but soon the engines began going and we were sailing on. If there was any trouble they did not let the passengers know. I had so much faith at that time, had I got in the ocean I knew that I would get to my journeys end someway. (*Note: This was during World War 1 and the Germans had mined the sea around England and patrolled by submarines.*)

I think we arrived in Salt Lake City on January 25<sup>th</sup>. When I first arrived in Salt Lake City I stayed two or three days with Sister Bennion who had been to England on a mission. The eve after I arrived a party was held in Salt Lake so I was invited to go with Sister Bennion and I got

to meet the President of the Church (Joseph F. Smith) in person which was quite an honor. I remember it was a great thrill to hear them sing in the vast assembly at conference. Then I went to Brigham City where one of my friends lived who had come to America a few years previous to me. I was not very happy there as they seemed so poor and had such a small house. I felt like a person going broke overnight. They were good sincere people but I was lost coming from the big house I had lived in for the eight years in England.

I prayed constantly as I was not happy. I had written a letter to James B. Allen telling him I was immigrating to America. He was on a mission to England from 1906 to 1908. I did not know a thing about him – whether he was married or single. He came to see me and took me to his home in Smithfield, Utah. His folks had a new home just built and it did seem to me my prayers were answered although he was not living his religion.



*James and Alice Allen about 1919  
Lloyd (seated), Wanda (baby), and Mabel*

I married James B. Allen of Smithfield and came to Burley, Idaho to live. He was a farmer. I lived in Starr's Ferry until 1936 when we moved to Burley. I thought because he and George Harwood were the first missionaries I met, that brought the gospel to me I in turn had to bring him back into the fold. But things did not go that way as he seemed to get farther away from it. He had his free agency as well as I had mine. I let him take the course he wished and I went my way. It is such a pity that one who has been on a mission does not repent and try to change. There is nothing no one can do. I tried to bring the children up in the church and send them to their meetings etc and feel I was rewarded, for they nearly all are a credit to the family and to the church and the nation. I had nine children, two died as babies, seven are living.

I have gone through lots of trials and hardships. Sometimes I would feel that I could hardly surmount them being away from all my folks but the strength always came and my testimony did spur me on. I am thankful for my good family. I feel now I have many blessings. It was a big sacrifice for me to make but I have found happiness.

When I left to come to America for my religion, many did not want me to come and some were bitter about it. It was very hard for my father and mother. I did not seem to realize it until I was in America. I am the only one of my family that I know of who immigrated to America, and at this time of writing only two out of the seven are alive, my youngest sister Mabel and myself. I came to Burley, Idaho in June 1915 and have lived in Burley ever since. To me this is as much my home now as Beccles was. I don't have any desire to leave it, although we have cold winters.

I returned to England in the summer of 1938 to visit my folks there. My son, Lloyd, sent me back. He worked hard for me to return. I spent from June to November there. It was wonderful to see my folks and know what they all looked like.



*Ellen May and Alice in 1938*



*The home built by Jim and Willard*

My two sons, James B. Allen Jr. and Willard Allen built me a house with eleven rooms in 1947 and 1948. They did all the work themselves. That is something I always wanted, as our farm house was not very convenient. I never appreciated anything more than I did this and we have been very happy in it. Mabel and Kaye have lived with me a long time as Mabel was divorced in 1950.



*Mona, Alice, Wanda, Mabel, and Alice - 1949*

Mona, my daughter, has had bad health, she had rheumatic fever when a child and it has left her with rheumatoid arthritis. She has been to the General Hospital in San Francisco several times. She went in 1949. I went with her. We were there three or four months. She still has very poor health. She is thinking about going back to the hospital again for a checkup.

My son, Willard is in the Air Force in Texas, he has been in the service one and half years. He seems happy there. My son

James has had a two year mission, fourteen months in the Holy Land and about twenty months in England. He visited all my folks. He baptized nineteen people in England, none in Palestine. He is now living in Ogden, Utah having graduated from BYU in August 1953.

Mabel is teaching in Heyburn, Idaho. My son Lloyd and his wife are teaching in Bighorn, Wyoming. They have taught several years in Bighorn. Both he and his wife received their masters degrees in 1952.



*James and Alice - 1944*



*Alice - 1954*

The above account was compiled and transcribed from two documents in her own handwriting. Alice Isabel Cushion married James Bird Allen on June 15, 1915 in Salt Lake City, Utah. They were the parents of nine children, two of which died as children. Pert



Willard

Jim

Lloyd

Mabel

Mona



Wanda James Bird and Alice Isabel Cushion Allen Alice

died suddenly at about twenty months of an unknown cause and Charlie died of pneumonia at thirteen months.

They farmed west of Burley in the Starr's Ferry area. Their place was down along the Snake River. James was a poor manager and in 1936 during the Great Depression they lost the farm. At this time they moved into Burley and James found work as a night watchman at the sugar factory. They moved into a house that was built by their sons in 1949.

In later years Alice and James were divorced, but due to his bad health (emphysema) he lived in her home and she took care of him



Wanda and Alice - Christmas 1969

until his death on December 7, 1963. Alice lived another seven years and died on November 30, 1970 in Burley Idaho at the age of 84. Of the surviving children, Lloyd and Jim served missions for the church and Jim and Willard served in the armed forces. All were married and blessed her with twenty-two grandchildren.

*Alice Isabel Cushion Allen: a proper English lady through and through.*



*The Allen Family - 1958*