

- **Claiborne County (TN) Progress**

Nell Quesenbery Report

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BEULAR WALLEN

By Nell Quesenbery

When I remember Beaular Wallen, I always think of her peacocks, with their flared, strutted, turquoise fans, large softly red dahlias, dully striped “Limbertwig” apples and Tivis Burdine, who, during the Civil War, was hanged on the Powell Mountain.

Dick Yoakum had come to Lone Mountain early one morning in the fall of 1977 to pick up a group of us to visit Beaular Wallen, who lives on the Sneedville road, near the Cedar Flat Church. Dick’s group of visitors included Bobbie Jennings, Helen Payne, my parents and myself. Dick was “hot on the trail” of the details surrounding Tivis Burdine’s death on the Powell Mountain. Later, Dick was to find Tivis to be a distant uncle, but, at this time, he believed Tivis Burdine to be one of his ancestors.

Beaular Wallen, who knows most of the “old lore” of the section where she lives, told Dick the complete details of the hanging of Tivis Burdine.

Then, along with a young boy, she led us perhaps 500 yards past the Cedar Flat Church yard to an old cemetery from the past. Oddly, we found this old fenced cemetery mowed, and with a deeper sense of anticipation, we saw the white thin stone of Tivis Burdine.

On Wednesday, March 26, Beaular will be 76 years old. However, there is a little story to the night she was born.

Wesa and Susan Wallen, along with George and Ida Rose, their close neighbors near the Cedar Flat Church, were both expecting new babies. Susan Wallen and Ida Rose began their child-bed labor the same night. Dr. George Lynch, who attended both Susan and Ida, was kept busy going back and forth between the Wallen and Rose houses. Finally, the two children were born - one before midnight and one after midnight. The Wallens had a girl, Beaular Wallen, and the Roses had a boy, Everette Rose. These children, now seventy-six, are still neighbors.

Beaular never married, but her nephew, Ozias Wallen, and his family live with her on the beautiful Wallen farm.

Beaular, whose bright eyes match the blue of the peacocks like her mother's, has a deep love for flowers. Her "dahlia garden" is lovely. This spring, I must hold Beaular to her promise and return to her farm for the bulbs of my favorite flower, the dahlia.

Happy birthday, Beaular Wallen, and may you have many more.