

*My father took command, comforting Uncle James' wife Ella Dee. He sent a hired man on horseback to get Grandfather Horton, Booker T. and Spencer. They lived about three miles away. In the stillness of that morning we could hear Poppa T.'s motor start up. Within thirty minutes they had arrived. Poppa T. had his 30 caught 06 rifle and left trying to overtake Bassie. When that effort failed Poppa T. rode on into Huntsville to the funeral home to get the undertaker who came out, picked up the body and brought it to our house. There in our living room, the body of Uncle James was embalmed. They let me watch the embalming. The burial took place in the Glenwood Cemetery in Huntsville, about ten miles from our family homes in Silverhill, old Fendle [Fennell] Place, Threes Place, Mullins Flat and the Bottoms.*

*Bassie Rice was tried for cotton theft and was sentenced to one year in prison. He was not held for the murder of Uncle James since the killing occurred on Rice's own property. Cousin Bruce Horton vowed to kill Bassie Rice if he ever showed his face in Huntsville. When he was freed, Rice never came back.*

*It was a good thing that he didn't return because we had hatred in our hearts for Bassie at that time. We heard that he went to Louisville, Kentucky. Later we were told that someone had killed Bassie Rice in Louisville.*

*After Uncle James death, Aunt Celestine Horton continued her farming along with her children, my father, mother, and myself. We drew even closer together in our effort to fill in the lonely times and blank spaces left by my gallant, headstrong and loving Uncle James Horton.*