

Luckee
Silver Lake
Scouts--Indian
Quilass--Indian
Lester

HOLLAND, W. T.
Research Worker

_____ An Account of meeting an outlaw
as given to W. T. Holland, field
worker by Clarence O. Warren, 427
So. St. Louis, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

"I had been in Tulsa about a week, and was sleeping upstairs over my Uncle Jim Egan's store. Uncle Jim had two boys, or young men working in the store for him, one Jim Sennett and the other Arthur Antle, Antle is still living here in Tulsa.

One morning about 7 a. m., opening time, the boys were up and about. Antle had stepped out, leaving the front store door open, and Jim Sennett was in the back of the store kindling a fire in the stove. His back was to the door, and he was in a stooped position, building a fire, when some one back of him called out, "Is Jim Sennet in Here?" Well, Sennet, kept his position, so the man, whoever he was, couldn't see his face and decided what to do. His gun, which he usually carried, but had not put on yet, was on the counter to his left, almost in reach, well he decided to spring for his gun and turn on his nam at one and the same time. Well, he succeeded in making it, and came up with his gun on the man. Who, to his great surprise was Diamond Dick, notorious outlaw of that time, on whose head was a \$10,000 reward.

2

Sennett told his man he was Sennet and for him to reach for the ceiling and keep his hands up, which he did, so Sennett said, "What do you want here?" "Well," Diamond Dick said, "If you want to know, I came in here to kill you, something I've been planning to do for a long time, but as you have the drop on me, I guess it is all off, so take my guns and let me go." Jim Sennet said, "Why did you want to kill me?" "Well," said Diamond Dick, "You tried to kill me and came very near doing it, so I wanted to pay back the debt."

Sennet who had been a deputy U. S. Marshal and had chased Diamond Dick, asked him to explain, so Diamond Dick, said, "You remember when you men were chasing me and shooting at me, well, you shot the horn off my saddle, so I dropped down on the opposite side of my horse to shield myself from your gun, and the next shot from your rifle caught me in the left shoulder just above my heart, and nearly put me out, I was sometime recovering, so thought of you all the time and sworn to kill you the very first chance, so this was what I thought the chance."

"Well," said Sennet, "I am not an officer now and not looking for you, so if you want to drop the matter as it

3

now stands and forget the past OK with me, what do you say?" Diamond Dick said, "It suits me, so we understand each other now." He turned over his guns and left, and we didn't see him any more that day. That night, after we had closed the store, we, Jim Sennet and I went up the street to the barber shop, which was the loafing place at night, and I being in front, opened the door and stepped ^{'n} when I was told to "stick 'em up" but Uncle Jim, just back of me and inside then, said, "Put down your gun, Diamond Dick, I have you covered; this boy is ^{all} right, I'll vouch for him," so Diamond Dick who was in the barber chair lay down and told the barber to proceed. I might add tho' that he had the crowd, eight or a dozen men, lined up along the wall and he had his gun on his chest, he had got another gun somewhere. He allowed us to take our seats unmolested until the barber was through with him, when he left, and I never saw him again, although, I understand he was later killed.

The barber said that was the hardest job he ever had, as Diamond Dick told him to be careful of cutting him, as a mishap would be fatal to him. The barber said he kept wondering in his mind just what he would do if he did draw blood, just finish him and get the \$10,000 reward or risk getting shot but as he got through without harming him, he let him go, and glad to get rid of such a customer.

This was in December 1894.