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By G. E. Lemmon  
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It was supposed Hank Smith killed Detective Welman, of Wyoming, which really caused the outfitting of the expedition that went into Johnson County Wyoming to annihilate the rustling element, but the war I will not dwell on but Hank Smith.

At the time we had in the employ of the Western-South Dak. Stock Association one Sam Moses, (Who all will recall as brother of Billie Moses, for many years sheriff of Butte County who had gained quite a reputation as a detective and trailer of criminals, and as it was thought best results would be gotten by a man unknown to Hank, as was Sam, only by reputation, so the Wyoming Association called on us for the temporary loan of Sam, and he took his trail, following him thro eight states and territories, viz. Wyo., Colo., Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma and finally catching him in New Mexico, just as he was entering it for the second time.

As Sam was passing from Texas and quite hot on Hank's trail he asked Capt. McDonald for the loan of a couple of his rangers, as last advice concerning Hank was that he had a very desperate character as companion. McDonald gave him for one, the noted Red-Tom, who rather shoot first and ask for surrender afterward. After leaving Oklahoma proper Hank had gone thro what was known as the Cheyenne Strip and visited his brother, Jake, and Jake had remounted them on splendid high grade horses, but even the best cannot stand the strain of every day travel without grain, which they could not always get. Sam, and his two Rangers, being able to get fresh mounts at every ranch, for they have the same authority as army officers, which is to press into service anything they require in performance of duty, so they were almost daily freshly mounted. Finally they arrived within sight of the pursued, the fugitives had just entered a buffalo hunter's dugout with their horses standing in front with reins dangling, and they had passed thro a gate some 1/4 mile distant that Sam and his rangers had to open in their pursuit and as they were opening the gate the fugitives realized the pursuit was possibly after them and made a run for it, leaving the splendid shelter of the dugout, and all kinds of long range guns such as buffalo hunters use. However, Sam and his rangers being freshly mounted soon drew up on them, when Sam ordered their surrender, which they did without any show of fight, but Hank explained later he had no idea it was they, they were after, for he was certain he had outrun any pursuit. When they surrendered so easily Red-Tom was so outraged he cursed Hank and called him all kinds of a coward for surrendering so easily when he was wanted for murder, and said Tom to him, "I am almost tempted to shoot you for not putting up a fight". Tom would rather have fought it out, for he was a blood-thirsty cuss at best. Finally Sam stopped him abusing a prisoner. The second party that was with Hank, Sam could find no records of being wanted, although no doubt he was a criminal, so he was turned loose and Sam took the train for Cheyenne, Wyo., with Hank. As they were nearing Cheyenne Hank begun to get uneasy for fear a posse would meet them and cheat the law by hanging him, for Wellman was a very popular man. Sam, to appease Hank's uneasiness, told him if a posse appeared he would give him his gun and they would dispute the lynching attempt to the best of their ability, but no posse appeared and Sam handed him over to the Wyo. authorities and collected his reward. But Hank's brother Jake came to his rescue with a goodly roll and they failed to convict Hank, for the evidence was purely circumstantial. Then Hank came to So. Dak. and hired out to the LaPlants on the Cheyenne Reservation and for a time made them an excellent and apparently trusty hand. Hank was a handsome fellow and commanded respect and admiration wherever he went, but it seemed a fine bunch of beef steers belonging to Charley Corn, (a full-blood Sioux) attracted his attention, so he cut out two carloads of fine steers and hid them across the Missouri River and sold them to a feeder, but the trail was discovered and the steers obtained, but Hank made his escape after disarming one of the detectives, one A. P. Long, who he met at the bridge of a ridge, each coming facing one another and Hank proved to be too quick of eye and pull, so he just disarmed Long of all guns and bracelets and headed for Old Mexico.

We called our arbitration com. of which I was the chairman together and offered a \$500. reward for him dead or alive (With approval of the Com.) The next he was brought to my notice was in Woodward, Oklahoma, where I was introduced to one Jake Smith, and the introducer remarked I was from So. Dak., when Smith asked if from the vicinity of Rapid City, and I replied it was my trading point and at times my home, when Jake says - "There is a man there that I can't really say I have anything particular against, but just the same he broke me", when I interrupted to say to him that I surmized he was Hank Smith's Brother Jake and he replied he was and he had spent his all clearing him from the murder of Wellman. I at once advised him our assn. had out a \$500. reward for him for stealing two cars of steers from an Indian by name of Charley Corn and he had better not let ship Hank's whereabouts if he knew them, but he declared he didn't, but would like to know and asked for any information that might lead to his getting in touch with him, and I gave him three names of cronies of Hank's, viz. Pete Culbertson, Eb. Jones, and Quill Ewing.

Soon thereafter John Reddick, who now lives in Belle Fourche went to Old Mexico for the purpose of buying about 700 yearling steers and at El Paso-Del Norte, he got a bunch lined up out at the terminus of an 80 mile R.R. to the south-west and went out under appointment with the owner and as he alighted from the train, the first white man to case eyes on was Hank Smith, who approached him and pointed out a Mexican reposing in the shade of a plaza palm tree and says to John, "All I would have to do would be give the signal and he would put your lights out muya-pronto (Quick)", and John Says, "You certainly are not going to give the signal are you", and Hank answered not if you behave yourself and keep your tongue from wagging and John answered he was both deaf and dumb. Hank was trigged out in gorgeous paraphernalia, gold mounted and trimmed, (not silver) and he told John he had that little town right at his beck and call. He was chief of a strong band of robbers. It was learned later he took part in several insurrections in Mexico and then he went abroad seeking more honorable fields of operation.

A few years ago Sam Moses told me had kept quite close cases on his movements and was convinced he took part in the Boer War as a commissioned officer in the British Army and at its close was sent with a strong recommendation to Canada, to act on the North-West-Mounted Police Force with a commission.

Hank was undoubtedly was a natural leader of men on the cow range or in battle or banditry. He was of a most striking personality and handsome to a fault; a most likeable fellow who made friends and held them. I am hopes he made good on the mounted in Canada, for there was lots of ability, and again for his Brother Jake's sake, for he certainly worshipped him, to the extent of putting up his last dollar in clearing him of crime, at least in the eyes of the law.

All old cow-men of this vicinity and Wyo. from about 1891 to 1896 will recall Hank Smith and his daring deeds.

April 17th, 1934.