

WYOMING OUTFITTERS & GUIDES ASSOCIATION 2017 HONORARY LIFETIME MEMBER AWARD GAP PUCCI Sponsored by **SCI** FIRST FOR HUNTERS

DEAR FRIENDS, I WAS HUMBLLED by B.J. Hill and WYOGA's nomination for the 2017 Honorary Lifetime Member Award. My "Thanks" to each and every one of you! An honor that I will always cherish.

For me, it all started a little over 100 years ago when my family emigrated from Italy, Sciacca, Sicily, landing at Ellis Island, New York. Settling in the Philadelphia areas of south Philly, Black Horse and east end of Norristown, PA, where I was born in 1935. I grew up during the Great American Depression. Growing up when things were tough. In Italy, my family was farmers, fishermen, and hunters for hundreds of years. Not for sport, but survival. My grandfather

wilderness, I became uneasy and in early 1964 drifted westward into Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana doing some cowboy and ranch work. Along the way, I did some sheep herding



camp on the Gros Ventre River where the old historic John Wort, Gap Pucci Hunting cabin still sits. #287 on the National Register of Historic Places. Two upper camps one towards the head of Crystal Creek and the other towards the head of Jagg Creek (Red Rock Ranch). Same camps that Jim Simpson used in 1905 and same camps that John Wort (Wort Hotel) used in the 1920's. In those days, I'd spend 8-9 months guiding hunters and taking summer pack trips on both the north and south sides of the Gros Ventre Wilderness and other parts of Wyoming for all big game species. Our greatest accomplishment was having two daughters, Catherine and Teresa



Bartolomeo Pucci and my dad Gaspari's first jobs in America were breaking rocks with a 12 pound, hand held sledge hammer in a deer quarry hole. I started out the same way as a young lad breaking rocks following in my dad and granddads footsteps. Dynamite and sledge hammers were how you move small rocks from big rocks for the many new building to be built during the depression. No job was too hard for all those immigrants that made the Greatest Country on Earth!! Eventually, things got better when my family got into the masonry construction. A business where I began to learn the masonry trade. Further schooling was not an option. It was go to work and help the family. I proudly served my country with the U.S. Army Infantry, in a strike unit on a secluded mountain outpost in Alaska, 1958-1959. Several years after getting out of the military and impressed with Alaska's vast wild

in the high Uinta Mountains and desert of Utah living in a horse drawn canvas covered sheep wagon. Eventually settling down in the greatest place on God's Green Earth, Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Also in 1964, I met my wife to be at the old V-V Albert & Marguerite Feuz's Cattle, Hunting and Guest Ranch in the Hoback Canyon. Shortly after came the horse wrangling, packing and guiding hunters. I worked for and got to know some of Jackson Hole's early cowboys, mountain men and outfitters. (Then one and the same). They were the best of the best and became my mentors and heroes. All now deceased. May they Rest in Peace. I hope I made them proud! May our trails cross again someday!!!

After several years of a great learning experience, we started our own outfit known as "Crystal Creek Outfitters" using mostly Morgan horses. With three camps and base

born in our outfitting business. They have become excellent horse woman, packers and a great help.

Inspired by our outdoor experiences, we produced five wildlife and hunting videos in the 1980's & 1990's. In recent years with the help of the "Lord" I've written and published two books and finishing up a third about our way of life and "Jackson's Hole!" The highlight of my year (2017) was to be able to donate my bighorn sheep license with great pleasure and honor to a lady warrior (U.S. Marine) through Hunting with Hero's. Applying for almost 40 years I drew a 2017 coveted sheep tag. Now here I am going on 83 years old, some 54 years later with every joint in my body aching. But, I wouldn't change one minute of this great life. Now it's up to you to keep her wild and free. You have no choice! It's Wyoming! She belongs to you! Let nothing deter you! When it's all over and done, there will only be outfitters and coyotes left. Most of you younger fellows I've never met. If I don't see you here on earth, then later on that big ranch above. My old "Faithful Horses" have all passed on, but I still whisper to them. Someday were going to do this all over again.

"Balla Con Dios My Friends!"
— Gap Pucci