

Safari Club International
Central Washington Chapter
Late Summer 2017

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Term expires June 30, 2018

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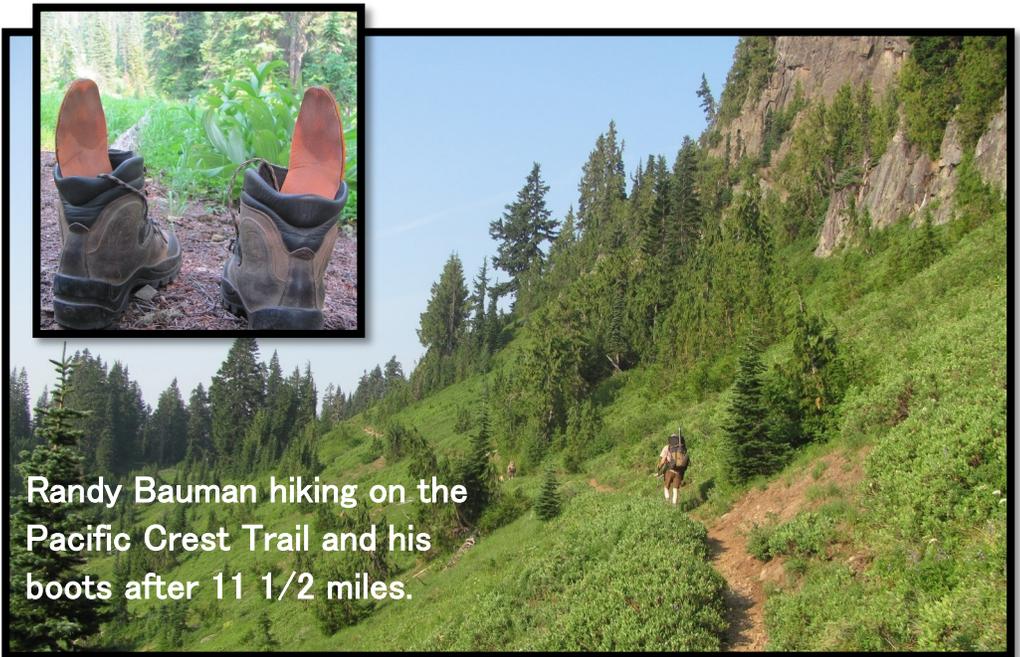
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Inside This Issue

President's Letter	2
Lyle Bonny's Tanzania Hunt	4
Turkey Hunting w/Levi Zoller	6
KaLora's Recipe Corner	7
Deep Winter Blues	8
Bongo the Hard Way	10
Picture page	14

Designer - Rebecca Simmons



Randy Bauman hiking on the Pacific Crest Trail and his boots after 11 1/2 miles.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

It is August 15th as I write this. It seems we have survived the record-breaking heat wave and it is finally giving way to more reasonable temperatures. We're only six days away from a rare total solar eclipse and 5 weeks from the first day of fall. I drove over Chinook Pass between 1:00 and 2:00AM this morning and the temperature near the summit was 39 degrees, so it sure felt like fall weather up there. I couldn't help thinking that the elk must be entering the early stages of the rut and I felt that primordial stirring that comes with thoughts of the hunt. I saw eight deer, one of which darted out from the shoulder and then turned and trotted down the highway about six feet in front of my bumper. Had I been driving distracted on a cell phone, or in a daze from the hypnotic night driving, there would have been a dead deer and damaged vehicle to contend with on a deserted road and possibly personal injury. I only met one vehicle on Highway 410 between Greenwater and Naches! By the way, one of the eight deer I saw was a really nice buck with gnarly, non-typical antlers.

As most of you know, the Central Washington Chapter of SCI had its annual summer membership meeting and elections on June 24th. Randy Bauman, after giving a great two years of service, passed the reins to me and I will be serving as chapter president for the next two years, unless you all decide to impeach me before then. We've had a nice summer break but it is time to get back to work for our chapter, especially since our upcoming annual banquet on December 9th, is less than four months away, with the major part of hunting season between now and then. Our first BOD meeting since the June election was August 29th and we will have many planning meetings between now and December. We have followed a similar banquet profile over the years, with a few tweaks here and there, but changing society and demographics are forcing us to consider evolving with the times to stay relevant and interesting to our current membership and to encourage new members, especially younger folk, to become active and carry on the work of the chapter. Changes have been made the past few years by our outgoing officers and some new ideas are on the table for me and the other new officers and board members to possibly implement. We have begun the online internet bidding process the past two years and hope to continue that process and refine it before making the long term decision to keep it permanently. We have moved away from the wild game dinner concept somewhat the past two years for a couple of reasons. At our current venue, the preparation of wild game has not gone well, and our donations of wild game from the membership have fallen off as a result, further complicating the wild game idea. Also, due to the variety of wild game we attempted to offer, we were having very long lines forming for the buffet that moved very slowly and generated numerous complaints, including the fact that people toward the end of the line were finding many of the selections already depleted and, believe it or not, some people do not like wild game! We have moved toward more traditional banquet fare and have even talked about a non-buffet traditional meal service, but have tried to keep with the wild game theme with our hors d'oeuvres prior to the main meal.

Moving forward, we are discussing changing the venue for our event, and we have visited

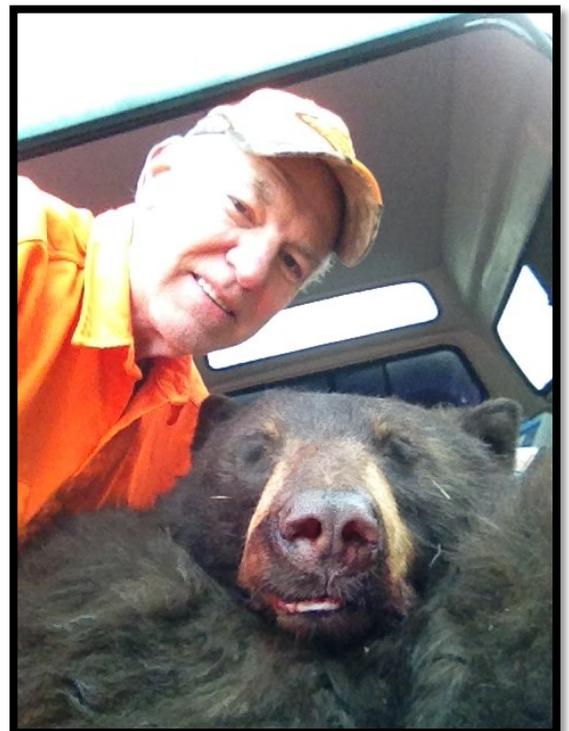
some alternate facilities trying to find one that would work for us. It is possible that a different venue might help solve some of the past issues, especially relating to having to work exclusively within the catering limits imposed by the current venue and the rules and regulations that go with having to work with an exclusive contractor. A change would allow us to experiment and resume far more control of meal preparation and the type of food we serve. For 2017, we will be using the same facility as in the past since we had previously committed to them for this year. Your BOD will be discussing the changing of venue after this year. It may or may not happen next year. We will also be continuing to discuss changes to the auction items, both live and silent, changes in raffles, and overall changes to the program in general in order to cater to our particular group of attendees. Having attended almost every single chapter banquet statewide for the past several years, plus several out of state, I can tell you that every chapter has its own personality and what works for one chapter can be a total failure in another. We must adapt and be willing to consider that what has worked in the past might need updating in favor of something different. Change for change sake is not good, but the ultimate goal of the chapter is supporting our cause, so any change that increases our ability to do that must be considered. I welcome any input of ideas from the membership concerning positive changes for our chapter banquet and activities in general.

One of the main reasons for our banquet and other fundraising activities is to raise funds for our cause, to include protection and promotion of hunters and hunting and protection of our beloved wildlife, primarily at the local level. Many organizations require that all funds raised be sent to the national offices to be used and dispersed as it sees fit, but not SCI. Only 30% of the money we raise goes to fund activities at the national and international level, while 70% of every dollar we raise stays right here in the local area to fund various worthy projects, including elk, sheep, pronghorn, youth, veterans, American Wilderness Leadership School, Archery in the Schools, animal sanctuary and educational and humanitarian outreach just for starters. We participate in various sportsmen's shows including the one here in Yakima and many conservation projects. We all need to join in and support, to whatever extent is individually feasible, the mission of SCI and take pride in all of the projects we have supported because you, personally, through your time, expertise, or financial support have helped make it possible. You can and are making a difference when you support your local chapter.

Since the June 24th, 2017 general membership meeting and elections, we have participated in a Cabela's meet-and-greet in Union Gap where six of your board members met representatives from other groups and heard from Cabela's about how to work together to support our passions. We also participated in the Cabela's Outdoor Days promotion in August by providing trophy measuring for the public. We had five members at that event to measure and promote SCI and the outdoors. We have met with WDFW and the Yakama Nation to discuss further options for Pronghorn management and our chapter has participated in the WWC/HHC board meetings where we had input on the evolving wolf management plans and plans for Mountain Goat management in the Olympics. Your chapter is also involved in the Wenas shooting range issue and we will have chapter members working at the WWC educational booth at the Washington State Fair (Puyallup Fair) in September. There really is a lot going on and you are missing out if you are not involved in some way.

Thanks, in part, to SCI and its mission, I will be back out in the field shortly to pursue deer, elk, bear, cougar and all kinds of birds with my wife and grandchildren. I drew an "Any Bull" elk permit for a prime Cascades unit, so will be out early this year looking for a good one. I had to hunt spike bulls with everyone else last year and managed to take a really good boar Black Bear in the process. I also found a matched set of flawless 6x6 elk sheds while hunting elk with my 14 year old grandson. The antlers were lying in a meadow, within 45 yards of each other. It doesn't get much better than that. I also have been eating my bear and it is fabulous, for those of you who have never tried it. My hunting was all public land, unguided, with dozens of hunters all around, within an hour drive of my home in Naches. The opportunities are still there whether you like to hunt, fish, hike, birdwatch, ride, or just camp out. There are many who would like to keep you and me from doing what we enjoy, but SCI will be working hard to make sure that you and yours will be able to continue your pursuit of happiness. Please help us in protecting what we love. Safe travels to you all.

Doug Barrett
SCI-CWC President



Tanzania Hunt

Lyle Bonny



My son and I just returned from a great 16 day hunt in Tanzania. We hunted with Pierre Von Tonder in the Selous on three hunting concessions that provided plenty of animals and a variety of landscape to make it very enjoyable. Tanzania had received about 4-5 inches of rain in June that made the grass taller and greener than usual for this time of year and made the hunt more challenging. We were still able to get 14 animals between us and the expert help of Pierre. The beautiful thing about this area was that there were no gates or fences to consider, just open land and lots of wildlife. The accommodations were very nice pole tents and the food was excellent. I would recommend this hunt to anyone, as we were very well taken care of from exiting the plane to boarding it to return.





The early bird gets the worm.....or in this case a tax deduction for your donation!

It's not too early to think about what you may like to donate to the **SCI-CWC Annual Fundraiser & Banquet, Saturday, December 9th at the Yakima Convention Center.** Gift certificates, hunts, fishing trips, silent auction items, homemade items, etc. are always greatly appreciated.

Be creative! The Central WA Chapter of SCI is a 501(c)3.

All donations are tax deductible. If you have something to donate please fill out the form below and email it to rebecca@grcpcpas.com or call 509-877-3260.

Partner with us to make our Fundraiser the best yet!



SCI Central Washington Chapter Donation

Non-Hunt Donor Form

Description of Item:

Value: \$

Name:

Company Name:

Address:

City/State/Zip Code:

Phone:

Email Address:

Signature:

Date:

Received By:

Date:

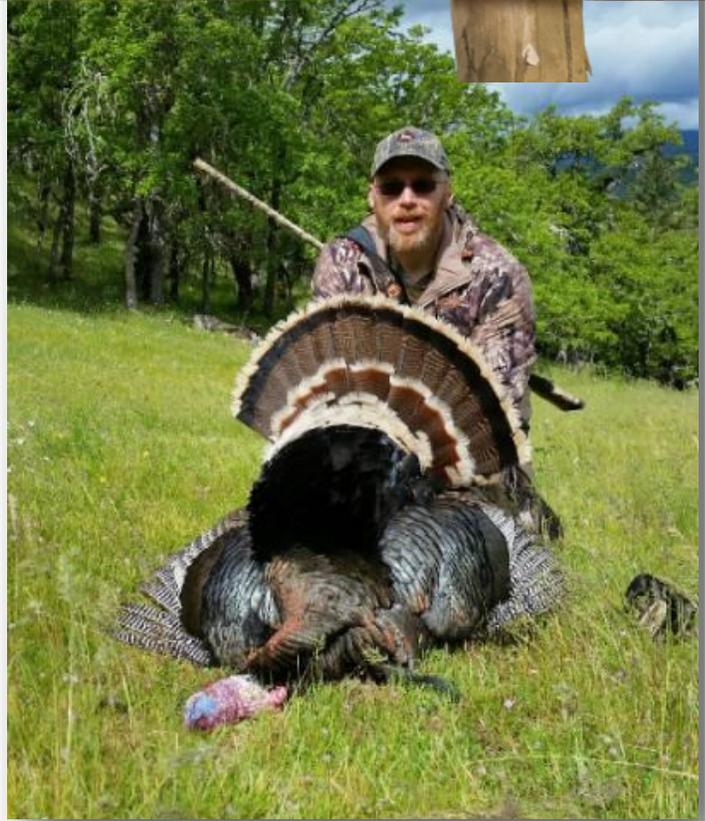
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Turkey Hunting with Levi Zoller

Jason Downer purchased this hunt last winter at the SCI-CWC Fundraiser/Banquet in Yakima donated by Zoller's Outfitting. He had never gone turkey hunting before and wanted to try a new experience.

It was late in the season and Jason only had one of the two tags that he could purchase for the spring hunt in Klickitat County. With two Tom's well within range fighting to the death, we had a very good show to watch unfold while waiting for a clear shot on one bird. When one of the Tom's finally broke apart, Jason made a nice 15 yard shot. He could not have been happier with his hunt.

Book your spring turkey hunt for 2018 with Zolleroutfitting.com.



COMING
SOON!

At a convention center near you!

THE

**2017 SCI Central WA Chapter Annual Banquet
DECEMBER 9TH, 2017**

At the Yakima Convention Center



Recipes

KaLora's Recipe Corner

Hash Brown Bake

(My aunt liked to serve this as a side dish with supper. I like it as a breakfast dish.)

2 lb. bag of shredded hash browns,
thawed
1 ½ sticks butter (or margarine)
½ medium onion, chopped
16 oz. sour cream
1 can cream of chicken soup
3 cups shredded cheddar cheese
½ box of corn flake crumbs
Salt & pepper

yum

Mix hash browns with 1 stick melted butter. Mix onions, sour cream, and chicken soup together. Stir hash brown mixture with soup mixture and place in bottom of large glass baking dish. Salt and pepper to taste. Sprinkle cheese on top then cover with corn flakes and the other ½ stick of melted butter. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour 15 minutes.

Oopsie! Eddie the Elk has done it again! Lost somewhere within the Newsletter is Eddie's missing shed. Quick, help him find it before the other one falls off!!!





Deep Winter Blues

The following is a chapter from SCI-CWC member, Mitch Rohlf's, new book "Thirty-three Years a Chukar Hunter".

A major winter snow storm had kept me off the mountain for 5 days. I had been hunting quail in the valley because I could reach my quail hunting spots on plowed roads, but the roads into my chukar areas were impassable. It was a frustrating time in a difficult hunting season. I had lost my dog, Anja, to old age at the end of the previous hunting season and in July, her daughter Bonnie, had been diagnosed with diabetes. I did have one healthy, younger dog named Casey.

After the pain of losing my beloved Anja, I was not ready to lose Bonnie so soon. Bonnie had been a great dog for me and I wanted to have at least one more hunting season with my old friend. I made a decision to treat Bonnie's disease with twice a day insulin injections. In retrospect, I am not sure that I made the correct decision. I probably should have put her down immediately. Without constant blood monitoring, I was simply guessing at the right dosage of insulin. Some days, I guessed right and she did OK, and other days I didn't and she had problems.

When Bonnie was in the kennel and her activity level was low, I finally identified a dosage that seemed to work more or less consistently. Once we started hunting, everything changed. She would be fine for a couple hours and then would faint. I'd have to pour sugar packets onto her tongue and sit with her until she regained consciousness. We would then hike back to the truck and I would leave

her to rest for the remainder of the day while Casey and I continued hunting.

After several dozen fainting episodes, I eventually came to the realization that if I poured sugar on her tongue once an hour, that she could hunt all day. Things seemed to be going along pretty well until I noticed that Bonnie was going blind. I knew that once she lost all sight I would be forced to put her down, so now every hunt with my old friend was increasingly a day to be cherished.

The roads were still snow covered when we headed out on a cloudy January 3, 2005 but I thought I might be able to make it to one of my chukar spots. I needed to drive up a north face slope, go over the top and drop onto the south face to reach the place where I wanted to start hunting. I chained up the truck but even that was not enough to get me over the ridge. The drifts were too deep. I parked the truck and decided to hike the remainder of the way. The snow was a foot deep everywhere except where it had drifted even deeper.

I will admit that the decision to hike that far, under those conditions with a sick dog was probably not one of my shining moments. Bonnie's vision was such that she could only see me if I was within 3 feet of her. I'm sure she was living in a world of deep shadows. Fortunately she still could hear and there was nothing wrong with that wonderful nose. As always, she was glad to be hunting. God bless the enthusiasm of dogs!

It was hard work making progress through the snow for both man and beast, and I was not holding back on the sugar packets that I fed Bonnie. Once we climbed over the ridge, I took us downhill toward some sage filled draws near the bottom of the south facing slope. I was hoping the chukars would be there. Sure enough we found birds, but they were quail not chukars. Casey had pointed the covey and Bonnie had backed her. A covey of at least 25 birds broke at my feet and I shot a double. As an absolute blessing, the quail scattered in a sage brush flat and because of the deep snow they sat tight. This was a perfect opportunity for Bonnie. Over the next hour, I almost forgot her blindness when she and Casey pointed bird after bird. The dogs had to work extra hard to locate the dead birds that had plunged into the deep snow. Apparently all the scent from the birds was contained by the holes in the snow. Even that was a blessing because Casey normally beat Bonnie to all the retrieves because she could see where the birds had fallen. Under these conditions, Bonnie found more than her share and was able to retrieve them; homing in on me by the sound of my voice.

My decision making process now progressed from being border line stupid to being truly idiotic. I was still anxious to find some chukars, so I planned a circular route that would eventually lead back to the truck. It would have been an ambitious hike without the

snow. In snow, it would be a veritable death march. The route would take us down along a creek which eventually intersected a dirt road at the bottom. We could use that road to climb to the top of the ridge where we would hit another road that ran along the ridge top and would eventually lead us back to the truck.

We did find birds along the creek; more quail. Again, Casey pointed and Bonnie backed and we picked up the final two birds of a 10 bird limit. We were now a long, long way from the truck and it was getting late in the afternoon. We headed up the road as dusk settled around us. Casey finally pointed a covey of chukars. They were right below the top of the ridge despite all of the deep snow. I had guessed wrong in thinking they would be down low and we had apparently been hunting below them all day. This covey was wild as March hares and I never got a shot. It was almost too dark to shoot anyway, so I ignored the singles which had flown even farther away from the truck. We needed to keep moving. The snow on the ridge road was even deeper than the snow we had

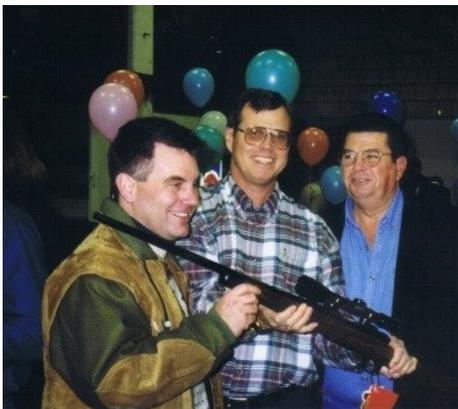
been hiking through all day, and since no vehicles had passed since the snow had fallen, we had no truck tracks to walk in. We were post holing on every step.

I was completely exhausted as I trudged along and poor Bonnie, who was living in a world of shadows, was now completely blind in the gloom of darkness. She was as tired as I was and was following in my tracks. Without my noticing, she fell behind me. I turned when I heard her howling. Alone in her dark world, she was desperately trying to find me. What the hell had I done, bringing her out there. I was bone tired, and I dreaded having to backtrack to find her, so I called and called. When that didn't work, I shot into the air. That did work and I saw her heading through the darkness toward me. It was the bravest, most pitiful thing I had ever seen. Three more times over the next hour, she lost me and I had to shoot in the air.

We eventually made it to the truck where I gave Bonnie another insulin injection before heading home. For the rest of my days, I will remember the courage of that dog. Seriously ill and in

virtual blindness, she had had her last great day as bird dog. After a decade of shared adventures in Washington, Montana, Alberta, Oregon and Nevada this was our final adventure. I knew that I had put her through an ordeal, but I also knew she never thought of it in that way. She was my bird dog, doing what she always had done, trying her hardest to do her best. My old friend had reached the end of her line, but what a final act.

It's not "Throwback Thursday", but we thought it would be fun to dig out some old Fundraiser pictures. Recognize anyone?



Bongo the Hard Way



It was June 21, 2017. We were in eastern Cameroon near the Congo border in the African equatorial forest searching for the elusive Bongo. Red dirt logging roads meander through the Lobeke concession and we saw buffalo, elephant and bongo tracks crossing them. Each time we encountered fresh bongo spoor our guide, PH Frank Maurin, and our Baka pygmy trackers would closely examine the tracks and droppings to determine if it was possibly a large bull. After several stops we finally found what we were looking for; a solitary big bull's tracks!

This safari had been over four years in the planning and several times almost never happened. Flying from Seattle to Paris was uneventful and at the boarding gate there we met two other hunters from California who were to join us in camp to also hunt bongo in the Lobeke forest. Then the unexpected (which in Africa is to be expected) events unfolded. The other clients' guns did not arrive on the Paris/Douala Air France flight, nor their medications. Waiting for another day brought further complications. Our three-hour charter flight from Douala to our hunting area was canceled by the government. With no alternate charter available, the only options were to drive across the country to the hunting area, a 27-hour, 2-day expedition, or turn around and go home! The other clients went home. Ellen, my wife, and I continued on.

The first day's eight-hour drive was on paved road to the Cameroon capital of Younde and further east to the town of Bertoua where we overnighted. The hunters who had just been in camp arrived from the other direction and in the morning we swapped drivers and vehicles.



They left to return to Douala and fly home, we to drive to the hunting concession. No more paved roads, such as they are.

Leaving at 8am we passed through many villages, dodged logging trucks, motorcycles, goats and road checks over muddy, rutted road conditions created by torrential tropical rains. Stopping once for beer and lunch for us, twice for fuel for the rig, we continued deeper into the forest and did see elephant, buffalo and young bongo as we approached camp. We arrived at 2:00 a.m. the next day. Exactly 18 hours and 500 kilometers (Charlie Dugas, PH who drove us, clocked the ticks!!) It had never crossed our minds to go home and upon reaching camp we were certainly glad we didn't. Pierre Guerinni's (our outfitter) Lobeke five-year old camp was unbelievable. Truly an oasis in one of the most remote areas on earth! Our chalet was comfortable with all very modern en-suite amenities.

Day One was spent recuperating and exploring the area, but always hunting, of course. Driving new Toyota club cabs, each morning we picked up the Baka trackers and two armed government Special Forces personnel in full military garb & arms. They are hired by Pierre and also on official assignment to provide both protection and anti-poaching duties. Given our location, we didn't mind their presence one bit.

On Day Two, after a good lightning storm had drenched the area, fresh new tracks were easily picked up on the dirt roads. Mid-morning we



came across the big bull's tracks and the excitement began. Bongo are hunted by two methods – one is to wait perched in a machan (tree blind) in an area where they frequent or by tracking with dogs and trying to bay the bongo while you attempt to get close enough to see and get a shot when it's distracted by the dogs. Often bongo bolt and you never catch up.

Hunting the forest, as they refer to it, is different than any other Africa experience. It is not a "forest" as we envision it here in the U.S. It is truly jungle with dense oversized foliage, huge trees, draping vines, tangled thorned undergrowth, vicious ants and humidity. Without the Baka guides you would have no chance of success and likely succumb to any number of dangers.

The Baka and dogs took off following the bongo into the forest and we trailed. Before long, we all heard the dogs barking frantically in the jungle. Along the dirt roads, where sunlight reaches all the way to the ground, vegetation along that border is impenetrable without machetes to cut a patch into the forest where the floor actually opens up, as little can grow under the canopy. It was quite a task to keep up, but the Baka are masters with machetes and we got through it hurrying as fast as we could go toward the commotion. It was very humid and I was soaked keeping up.

The bongo stayed put and we eventually arrived at the location. However, there was a curtain of foliage, leaves and brush between us and the bull.

Frank was excitingly yelling to "shoot, shoot, shoot". But at what? Only small patches of the orange bongo were visible to me and moving around on the other side of the green curtain – only six yards away. Trusting my PH and instincts, I did take the shot and we moved quickly





to the other side to see better. Frank said “down and out”. The Baka were all excited. Frank was excited. Ellen and I were excited! Not a hunt for the faint hearted! But the reward of seeing such a beautiful animal up close was a huge payoff.

Pierre takes about eight clients per year and is near 100% on bongo. Bongo are not particularly rare, but since they habitate in such difficult conditions it is a treat to see one up close. Both of us were struck with the bongo’s incredible beauty – bright orange with white vertical striping. We had seen many photos of bongo but it really did not prepare us for

how stunning they really are. It is worth noting that he has 20 on quota but chooses to only take eight for conservation purposes. Success on the other large antelope- forest sitatunga, runs about 40% and we were lucky enough to get a large bull the following day in much the same fashion as the bongo.

We still had nine hunting days left and it was my goal to obtain two forest duikers, if possible and if we saw a giant forest hog or Bates pygmy antelope, to try for one of them as well. We never saw a Bates or hog during our hunt. We did get a Bay duiker on an evening drive. Peters Duiker, however, was far more difficult to obtain than either the bongo or sitatunga.



On 64 occasions over the next 8 ½ days we would stop, machete ourselves into the forest, find a clearing and the Baka would verbally call (snort) duiker into our sight. Many times the curious Blue duiker would venture to our location and maybe five times a Peters. Forest duikers are hunted sitting on a wood stool in small clearings with a shotgun but these small antelope dart out of the thick brush into your location for only an instant, sense you and disappear very quickly. If you even have a shot, you take your chances that you get a juvenile or female as there is absolutely no time to judge a trophy. Twice I missed an opportunity. First, a miss and the other time I killed a small tree as I swung the shotgun toward the running duiker. On the 64th attempt and with all of us quite exhausted, we called in a Peters who saw us and was leaving but he stopped for just a split second too long next to a large tree. Success at last and it turned out to be a very large old male, which appears be near the top of the record book. The Baka were extremely happy (no 65th hunt). Frank was happy (no 65th hunt) and I was elated.



We saw, smelled and heard many gorilla during our trip as well as one green mamba. Camp was beautiful, guide & trackers were great, food was beyond compare. Ellen and I were so glad we did not turn around and go home. It was a trip to remember forever. By the way, we were able to charter back to Younde but will never regret what we saw by going in by road.



Time Outside With

Mike & Austin Simmons on the Lochsa river in Idaho, August 2017



Above - Loren Lund's two grandson's, (Cameron is in front, Nathan is right behind him and the other two are friends), watching the eclipse in Madras, OR. The boys caught some very nice fish while there too. Nathan's was a 16 inch trout and nice in the frying pan.

Randy Bauman's nephew Jonathon trying out the big 45 Colt.



Glenn Rasmussen, his daughter, Shelly, and son-in-law, Dave Rowan, enjoyed another fishing trip with Tuck Harry in Tenakee, Alaska in July.



Allen R. Ernst President, Wealth Manager



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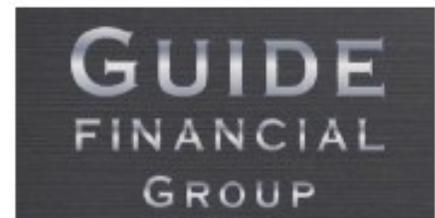
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Late Summer 2017



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