

APRIL 2020  
ISSUE 04  
VOLUME 70

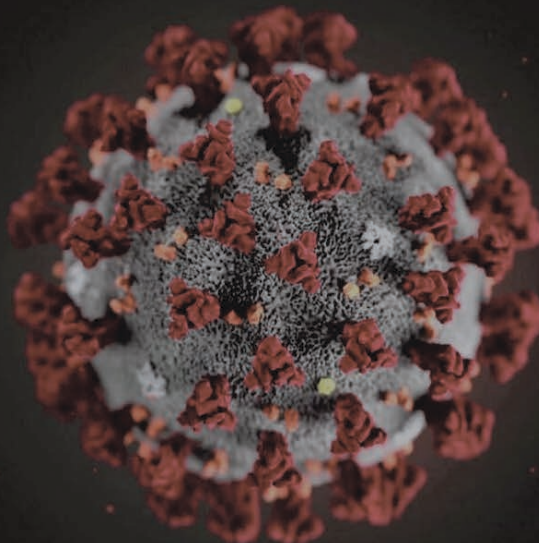
# The Trident





**ATTENTION- DUE TO ORDINANCES SURROUNDING COVID-19 THE APRIL MEETING IS CANCELLED AND THE ANNUAL AUCTION IS POSTPONED UNTIL A LATER DATE, TBD.**

**THE COMMENCEMENT OF FUTURE MEETINGS AND EVENTS WILL BE DETERMINED AS THEY APPROACH.**





# UP AND COMING

**ALL FUTURE DATES ARE TENTATIVELY POSTED,  
PENDING REGULATIONS REGARDING COVID-19**

- **(POSTPONED)** April 1st- **ANNUAL NEPTUNES AUCTION**
- May 6th- Meeting
- June 3rd- Meeting
- **June 13th- BLUE WATER MEET**
- July 1st- Meeting
- August 1st- San Diego Freedivers Tournament
- August 5th- Meeting
- August 8th- OC Spearos Classic Tournament
- AUGUST 15TH- FATHOMIERS SCRAMBLE MEET
- SEPTEMBER 2ND- MEETING
- OCTOBER 3RD- LOBSTER OPENER (6AM)
- OCTOBER 7TH- MEETING
- OCTOBER 10TH- FALL CLASSIC
- NOVEMBER 4TH- MEETING
- DECEMBER 2ND- MEETING
- DECEMBER 5TH- CHRISTMAS PARTY
- DECEMBER 25TH- MERRY CHRISTMAS!

# FISH STANDINGS

## CALIFORNIA

Calico Derby (Scott De Firmian)	7.7 lbs
Calico Bass (Scott De Firmian)	7.7 lbs
White Seabass (John Hughes)	68 lbs
Yellowtail	Open
Sheephead	Open
Bonito	Open
Barracuda	Open
Dorado	Open
Wahoo	Open
Bluefin Tuna	Open
Marlin	Open
Lobster (Hobie Ladd)	11.2 lbs

## OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

Yellowfin Tuna	Open
Reef Fish (Mike De Giosa)	47 lb Cubera
<b>Kent McIntyre Award</b>	Open
<b>Perpetual Big Fish Trophy</b>	Open

## 2020 Board Members

### President

Jeff Benedict  
562-743-5442  
dive4sanity@gmail.com

### Ex-Presidio

Jeff Bilhorn  
949-230-5698  
jeff.bilhorn@earthlink.net

### Vice President

Will Withers  
760-522-4542  
wjw0603@yahoo.com

### Treasurer

Jon McMullen  
562-810-7188  
jonathan.d.mcmullen@gmail.com

### Tentative Manager

Hobie Ladd  
562-607-5579  
lbwallbangr@gmail.com

### Newsletter Editor

Eric Bodjanac  
805-231-4017  
bodjanace@gmail.com

### Recording Secretary


Ivan Sanchez  
310-934-3581  
chiroisanchez@gmail.com

### Club Historian

Paul Byrd  
949-500-1459  
pbyrd@argosx.com

### Conservation Liaison

Terry Maas  
805-642-7856  
tmaas@west.net



The Trident is the official newsletter of the Long Beach Neptunes, a non-profit organization. The Trident is published monthly and is provided free of charge to the members of the Long Beach Neptunes and associates.



# Who is Ready for some GOOD NEWS??

**FIRST WE'D LIKE TO  
INTRODUCE YOU TO 2 BRAND  
NEW TENTATIVE PROSEPECTS!**

Kyle and his beautiful new baby,  
Dutch!



Jon and his wife are  
introducing their sweet  
baby, Elsie, to the world the  
proper way.



Secondly, my hope is that all of you and your loved ones are staying both vigilant and healthy with this new virus and economic stress. The entire Board expressed their concern and support for all Neptune families, sponsors, and associates. The Board is here to help! Please do not hesitate to contact any one of us. It's been brought to our attention that now is the time for us to rally behind our Sponsors. Cash flow is undoubtedly tight and any/all purchases may go a long way in keeping the lights on. The following sponsors have offered some incentives:

- Electric Vision - 40% discount
  - "Joel40" (case sensitive)
- Salty-Crew - 40% discount
  - "LBNEPTUNES40"
- Palapas Ventana - Special Packages
  - Call Tim Hatler
- Me n Eds Pizza - No discount
  - Be an appreciative Neptune!



# CLUB BUSINESS

It's daunting how loooooong the month of March has been. Social Distancing has caused us to postpone both the 2019 Awards Banquet and the 2020 AUCTION. A lot of work and anticipation went into both events and the disappointment was felt throughout. Just know that both events will be rescheduled ASAP when we can once again greet, hug and shake hands!

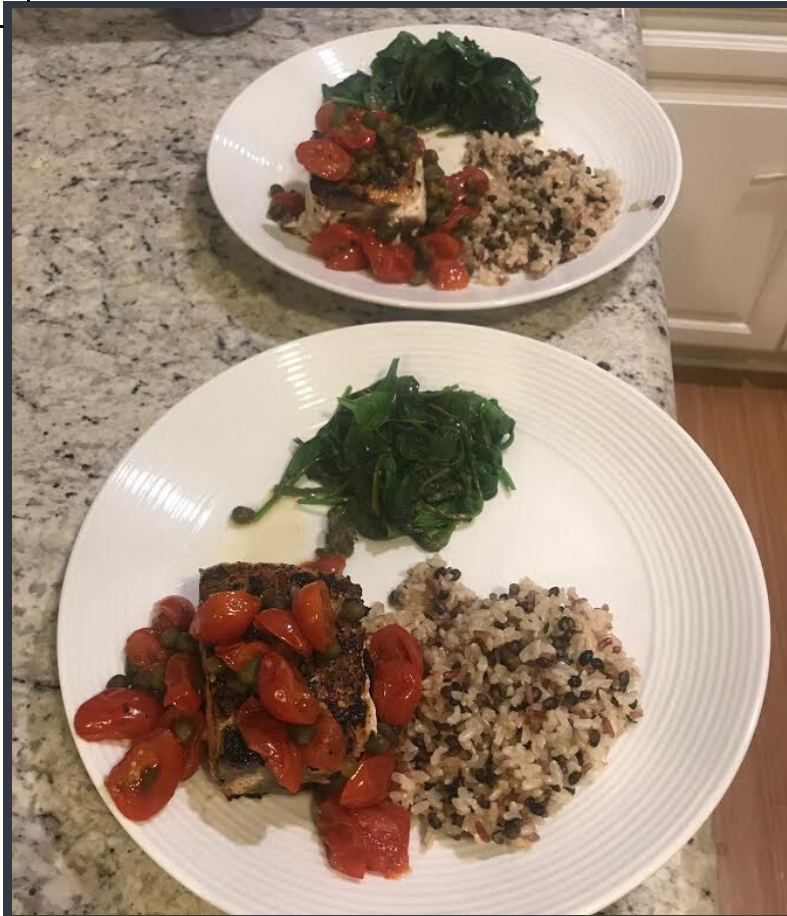
## NOTES:

1. Jay Riffe has been out of commission for several weeks and is currently fighting his way back in a physical rehabilitation facility. Julie says "he is doing great, every day is getting better with exercise".
2. Remember to stay 6' apart when traversing the trails in PV.
3. We and everyone else are currently NOT welcome at /on Catalina Island.
4. Turn in your LOBSTER CARDS .
5. At the March 2020 meeting of the general membership we voted on whether or not to move forward with applying for a 510c7 nonprofit status for the Long Beach Neptunes. The vote was 34-2 in favor of applying for the 501c7 status.
6. On March 17, 2020 the Articles of Incorporation of a Nonprofit Mutual Benefit Corporation were mailed to the Secretary of State.



"It has become apparent to me just how much I rely on the social involvement this sport provides. Our meetings, banquets, fish intel, boat invites, board meetings, random visits to retail locations, etc. all play a part. Don't get me wrong, I LOVE the feeling of being alone in the water, but I'm not sure just how long I'd last without the fellowship and camaraderie of my fellow divers. I look forward to reconnecting with you all soon!"

**-Jeff, 2020 President**



# Sometimes...

"Is bait important when diving seabass?" I asked one of my mentors this very question. His response was, "It's important that bait is there, but it's more important that the Seabass are there." Typical answer I'd get out of this guy where I was never sure if he answered the question or not. LOL. If somebody asked me the same question today, I'd probably reply, "sometimes." Sometimes, the seabass are with the bait. Sometimes they show up early. Sometimes, they show up late. Sometimes they pop on the moon phase. Sometimes, it's high tide. Sometimes, it's low. Sometimes, it's morning and sometimes, it's evening. Sometimes, you think you have it all figured out and then they do something that makes you throw all that right out the window. It's fun to log some info over the years because you can eventually start seeing some patterns. Sometimes they stick to those patterns, and then most times they do something different. That's been my experience.



This past week I got a call from Bodjanac to meet for a dive after work. I was burnt but I've had some good luck diving with Eric and he's always just great to hang out with. I started work early and was at my house by 3. I had a kid from work I'm mentoring with us and we drove a ways down to the spot. Conditions had been good for a few weeks and although it was still early season, sometimes the seabass like the stability in conditions. The two kids were excited and optimistic. I was just tired and not really feeling it but that's why it's fun to dive with a younger crew. It took us a while to get to the spot and hike in so we were down to about an hour and a half of light.



The current was running down and in which is sometimes good at this spot. I let the kids have it straight out and swam up and out through the kelp which was the path of least resistance. By the time I made it outside I was really far from the trail. I did a few drops and it was completely dead. I mean like a desert. No bait, no calicos, no perch, nada. Felt like a wasteland. I figured I'd take the easy route and start working my way back with the current, down and in. vis was a dirty 12-15 pretty much right where I like it. I swam for about 1/2 hour without even doing a drop just trying to get closer back to where I started. I was too tired to be working the water column and I just was not feeling it and just enjoying some salt in the gills. About an hour after I hit the water, I finally saw a fish. It was a calico and I spooked it which stopped me in my tracks. Then I saw the flicker of some Opal Eye. I looked at my watch and thought, "wow, I've been in the water an hour and I just saw my first fish. Haha. Today is turning out to be just what I thought it would."

I decided to do a drop and see what the bottom looked like. I dropped down to my neutral, which is around 18', and I was only 5-6' off the bottom. I was so tired and lazy, I wasn't moving too fast and was just creeping, scanning up as the vis was better looking towards the sunlight. It was about the same down here, nothing going on. And then I looked to my right and saw a giant tail slowly swimming away from me. It took me a second as it registered and I wondered if I just saw what I saw. I turned towards it and gave a few good kicks to catch up to it and confirm.

Yep, massive seabass tail still slowly swimming away and I could only see the back third of the fish. It was a BIG one. I gave another kick or two to catch up and I saw the fish's rhythm change and I knew she had picked up on me. I immediately stopped and pointed my gun up in front of the tail where I imagined the fish was making a broadside right turn. I had time to actually consider whether I was going to take a disrespectful shot in the murk. A quick glance back at the massive tail forced my trigger finger. I took the shot as I turned for the surface.



Sometimes they take off with sudden fury. Sometimes they just roll over. This one hesitated, then took off like a slow freight train. Steadily peeling line off as I ascended, it was all over by the time I hit the surface. It completely shut off, which in my mind was a certain sign of a tear off. From victory to defeat within about 3-4 seconds. I gave it a moment of remorse and then started hauling in my reel line where there was no resistance. Until there was again. I think the fish did a sudden U-turn down below and ran the other way which is why the line went slack. From defeat to victory in another 3-4 seconds. The steady freight train again and I was just gut wrenched not knowing where my shot was and knowing I was going to tear off this beauty. Looking back, straight scared would be the best way to describe how I felt. What a roller coaster. At that point, I dumped my gun and started swimming on the surface up my reel line trying not to put too much pressure on her as I prayed "God please don't let it tear off!!!" My reel line was tight at this point but no more pulling. No tail thumps on tight line. Nada. I continued to swim around kelp stalks till I was almost straight up and down on the shaft. I actually had my clip in my hand where it transitioned to my mono. I saw the mono go down to a big kelp clump about 15' down and disappear. I again assessed and figured there was nothing but a shaft on the other side of the clump as sometimes when you have a bad shot and the fish ties up and gets leverage, that's when they tear off. I took a few minutes to slow my breathing and dive to the great depth of 18' or so and retrieve my shaft. It's amazing how much defeat gets your heart beating. As I dove down and around the big clump of kelp, I immediately saw the fish. Having absolutely no breath due to the roller coaster my heart had been doing I scanned below and saw just a tiny kelp stringer holding it all down. I cut that just as the fish did a loop and swung right into my arms. I swam it up and bled her out. At that point I looked up and saw Eric about 15 yards from me.



I WAVED HIM OVER AND TRIED TO CATCH MY BREATH AND WE ADMIRERD THE FISH. I TOLD HIM I STILL HAD NO IDEA WHERE MY SHOT WAS. WE CHECKED IT OUT QUICKLY AND SAW THAT I HAD JUST KNICKED IT BEHIND THE HEAD. I HAD IMAGINED IT SLOWLY MAKING A RIGHT AND TURNING BROADSIDE AND APPARENTLY IT WAS MAKING A LEFT GOING THE OTHER DIRECTION. SOMETIMES YOUR IMAGINATION PLAYS TRICKS WITH YOU ON THESE FISH. I WAS SO RELIEVED I HAD A SHOT THAT HELD AND THE IRRESPONSIBLE SHOT I TOOK DIDN'T RESULT IN NIGHTMARES FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. SOMETIMES IT ALL WORKS OUT. THANK YOU GOD! ERIC SWAM OFF IN THE DIRECTION I ORIGINALLY SHOT THE FISH AND I GOT ALL MY GEAR BACK TOGETHER.



I started the long swim back in and I was just a mess by the time I hit the shore. The hike up was not a fun one. My other buddy was waiting for me and couldn't understand why I threw the fish in the back of the truck so fast. Too many eyes around but it cleared as it got darker and Eric showed up. Had I remembered he just had a recent Vasectomy I would have never asked him to hold the scale and weigh the fish. He said his balls almost fell threw his stitches as I was telling him "don't be a puss, hold it steady so the scale stops bouncing." Good thing he's such a stud, the fish was so long he could barely get it off the ground. Ultimately, the scale settled on 68.0. Whoa. Ended up being my second biggest seabass ever which proved a few things for me. One, sometimes you just never know and no bait and no good vibe equal big fish. And two, that God is extremely GOOD and was throwing me a little extra love today!!

-John Hughes

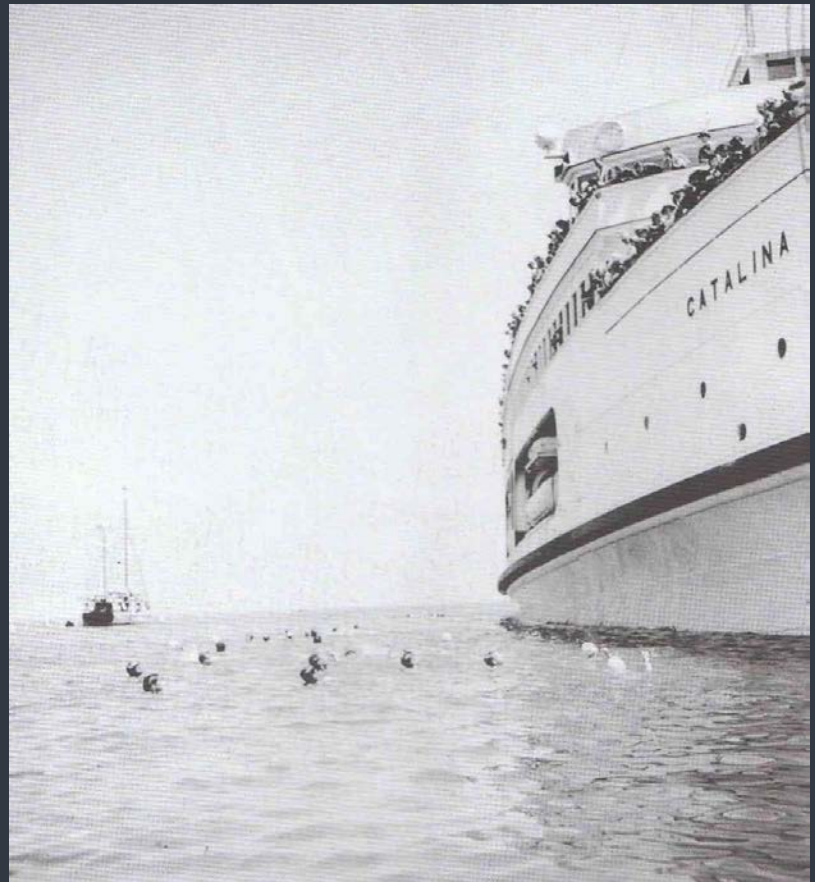
# Featured Diver

Stephen Parkford



I was born in Camp Pendleton, Oceanside (4 miles from the "Barn"). My dad was a commercial fisherman who trapped lobsters (San Diego and Puerto Rico), long lined rockfish off La Jolla canyon, and purse seined tuna (speed boat operator). I typically worked with him pulling traps, nets and long lines in SoCal and Puerto Rico.

My first ocean dives were for my aunt's keys off the dock in Shelter Island and diving for coins when the SS Catalina came into the dock one Saturday.



In junior high school I would harvest pismo clams to sell to the local Newport restaurants. I'd also have to jump overboard to wrap 55 gallon barrels with rope that fell off our 60' fishing vessel. I can still remember snorkeling with my dad at 15 years old in Scotsman's Cove and seeing all the reef fish and lobster antennae for the first time.

In the 70's I would go up north and dive for abalone in NorCal. I took an old speargun and shot my first cabazon, it made diving for reef fish and abs fun. In the 80's I started scuba diving and shooting fish with a small gun. In the late 70's I'd dive for lobster (year round!) in Santa Barbara off Butterfly Beach.



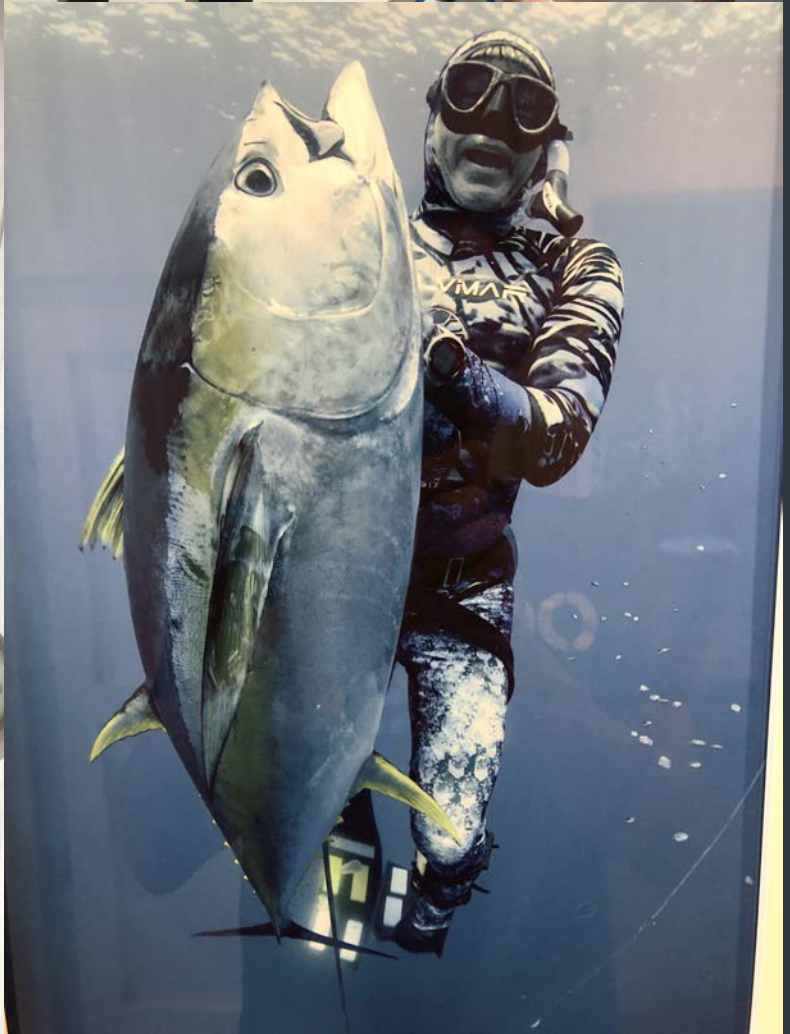


I eventually moved to SoCal and hooked up with Tom Murray (Pacific Sporting Goods) and started looking for WSB in 1987. I still remember the two tails I saw swimming away from me at Haggerty's. I took my first WSB in 1988, after shooting about 5-7 of them I shot a 59 lb fish.

In 1988 I began a loving and fruitful relationship with the Long Beach Neptunes!











**AND MY BIGGEST HONOR EVER!!**





A reluctant  
Ron Warren  
conceding that  
nights biggest  
bug wager to  
Hughes

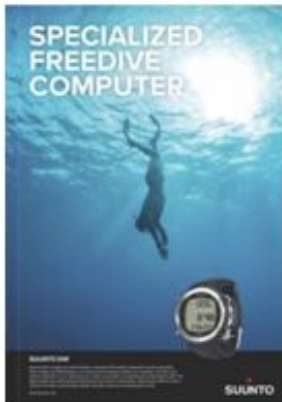
# BEHIND THE DIVER

# THE LONG BEACH NEPTUNES ARE THANKFUL FOR OUR SPONSORS

**ATOMIC**  
AQUATICS



**HERRANEN**  
S P E A R G U N S



FIND REFUGE IN THE SEA





PACIFIC  
WILDERNESS



UNDERWATER  
HUNTER



*"I hope I shall possess firmness and virtue  
enough to maintain what I consider to be  
the most enviable of all titles, the character of an  
honest man."*

— GEORGE WASHINGTON

