



AUGUST+SEPTEMBER 2012 TRIDENT



Summer's not over yet

Here we are in the last part of summer. It's that time when the water is the warmest and we have the best chance for exotics. Dorado and yellowtail have been taken consistently on paddies from San Diego all the way to Catalina. Some people will be planning trips to Cortez banks hoping for big yellowtail or possibly even tuna.

It's also the time when people begin thinking about lobster opening night and about the fall classic. The fall classic has been growing the last few years and is becoming a must attend meet for many Neptunes. It's a different kind of meet than the Blue Water Meet; more relaxed in many ways. It provides a great way to end the summer and jump into lobster diving.

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2012

Neptunes Calendar:

Lobster Opening Night

Saturday Sept 29th

Meeting

Wednesday Oct 3rd

PCC

Saturday Oct 6th

Fall Classic

Fri-Sat Oct 19th & 20th



Lyle Davis shows everyone that summer's still not over!

Trident Newsletter is a publication of the Long Beach Neptunes – a non-profit organization dedicated to the art and lifestyle of spearfishing.

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2012 Calico Derby –

John Hughes (6.3#)

Calico Bass of the Year –

Robert Strobach (9.15#)

Halibut – Hobie Ladd (29.0#)

Sheephead –

Robert Strobach (15.5#)

Yellowtail – Lyle Davis (34.6#)

White Sea Bass –

Scott Defirmian (68.0#)

Bluefin Tuna – open!

Lobster – Lyle Davis (9.3#)

Big Tuna Out of Country

(Yellowfin) – open!

Big Fish Out of Country (Pelagic)

WSB– John Hughes(50.0#)

Big Fish Out of Country (Reef)

open!

Kent McIntyre Award - Lyle Davis

(67.4#+34.6#)

Cabezon –

Ron Warren (14.1# - hand grab!)

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ANNOUNCEMENTS



GLACD:

Saturday October 6th-PCC Tournament

The tournament will be held in San Simeon, California.

The meet will prohibit technology except safety communication devices.

In addition to technology, no scouting is permitted. The location will be announced the evening prior to the meet.

This is a 20 fish meet with conservative minimum sizes and limits that are more restrictive than DFG limits.

This event is open to all divers and all dive clubs.

This is an extremely fun event. Family friendly, great comeraderie, camping, and all the beauty of the rugged, wild central coast.

For more informations see

<http://www.spearboard.com/showthread.php?t=150037&highlight=pcc>

DFG Calendar of events:

September 29 - Opening day: California Spiny Lobster

November 30 - Last day of recreational Abalone season.

The Important Things in Life:



The day before my birthday, I went for a dive with Scott deFirmian and Steve Fisk. We were looking for, what has been for me, the elusive seabass. I had seen a few seabass this season, but the freezer has remained empty...

The plan was to leave moderately late and stay late (until dark if needed). The target(s) were seabass and halibut. At the first stop, I went outside to the outer edge of the kelp...pretty, but no fish. After circling in, I saw two fish approx 30 lbs from the surface. They were about 15 ft below me and swimming from behind me off to the right, following the inner edge of the kelp. I dove down and followed slowly and immediately I heard two booms as my two fish spooked back toward me. Apparently Steve had missed his first seabass of the season. We all know that feeling.

After scouring the area a bit more, I went the opposite direction and toward shore where I saw a large soupfin which I almost mistook for a seabass. After fifteen more minutes and no more sightings, Scott pulled up behind me and he proceeded to tell me of the hundreds of seabass that he had seen in tight. They were all over the f'n place. He said all were short to legal and he held off on shooting any, until a small one swam onto his shaft. I told him of my adventures and we decided to head back to the boat where Steve was shivering.

Next stop, I went inside, Steve went outside and Scott went right. After about 45 minutes, I sighted my first fish, it was big, but I took the shot from too far and the shot didn't penetrate. The fish took off like a bat out of hell and the shaft pulled out as soon as I grabbed the floatline. All I had to show for it was a plug of meat inside the slip tip that had to be dug out with my knife so that I could resume my hunt. At that point, I decided to go across a small channel where the fish ran and toward Scott, who immediately waved me over. He started excitedly telling me of the many fish from 30-55lbs that he had been swimming with. An amazing sight which he said lasted for more than five minutes and sightings continued for another 15-20minutes. I set out to retrace his travels and I eventually found my own 30 lb fish. First of the season, credit the assist to Scott. It sure is nice...

It was a beautiful day. Scott ended up with a seabass and two halibut, while I shot a seabass, a halibut and a cabezon. Weather was great, fish were in, and I was diving with my friends on the day before my birthday. Life is good.



The ride home was typical, I was tired...we all were tired, but happy. As I drove down the harbor freeway I moved over to allow a line of cars to merge. BAM, I hit a bump in the road and BAM, and BAM, my trailer was all over the road and the winch was smashing into the back of my truck. Scott said something about sparks and I could see the trailer on the left, then the right side of my truck. Luckily cars noticed what was happening and gave me room and we made it to the shoulder. Scott said something about my tongue breaking but when we got out, the trailer was in one piece. It had come off of the ball. It had been locked but it came off when I hit the bump. The back window of my camper shell was smashed, my tailgate was smashed, the anchor roller was all bent to heck and I was shaking, but no one was hurt. No one was hurt!





I thought we would have to call trailer assist, but Scott picked up the trailer and we put it back on the ball and nursed it home.

Obviously, I would rather things had been somewhat different but its also a good reminder to be thankful for what we're given. Even on a day in which so much goes wrong, so much went right and the important things all went right. When we dive, we obviously want to shoot fish, but even if we don't shoot anything, how many people in the world are lucky enough to do what we do. As Scott so often says,"how lucky are we..." and to do it with friends makes it even better. The only thing that we can really ask is that everyone comes back safe. That's what makes a good dive. Fish all over the F'n place is just a bonus.

Lou Rosales

Long Beach Neptunes

A Good Day With Great Friends

The day after the last meeting, Lou myself and Chris Oak, who many of you know, headed to the Island. It was time to get serious.

Lou and I dropped Chris in first as a sacrificial lamb to see if there were any sharks, viz, fish or current. Seeing there was none of the first three and lots of the last, we moved spots. The second spot looked nice and unfortunately our dropping Chris in once again backfired this time. We let him get in first to once again be our crash test dummy. I went to hand him the gun and he said he didn't want it, I asked him, "Are you sure?" a few seconds later he took his gun and while Lou and I were setting the hook he had the nerve to swim a YT back to the boat before we were even close to getting in. Although it was a lil "Raton" it was still an encouraging sign. I jumped in shortly after and Lou (Mr. Nice Guy) stayed on the boat and bled & gilled Chris' fish. I wasn't seeing a whole lot of anything and saw Lou & Chris back at the boat. Both had fish and I set back out in search of mine. I had 3 YT (15-20#) swim by me and just prior to taking one out, a seal zoomed by and spooked them. A short time later I had a single come to my left from behind me and had one in the bag after a quick fight. He was maybe 10-12# but at least I had one. I dropped the little guy off and Chris was nice enough to throw him in the cooler for me and I was off again. After about 10 minutes I had a school of about 15 come by from my left and I dove down and away from them. They flared in my direction and I tried to select the biggest of the group. I let the shaft fly and had a solid shot and put the brakes on right away. He made quite a few strong runs towards the bottom and a kelp stalk but after last week's fiasco I was not gonna give away anything. He never got passed the shooting line but towed me 3-4 times in a valiant effort.



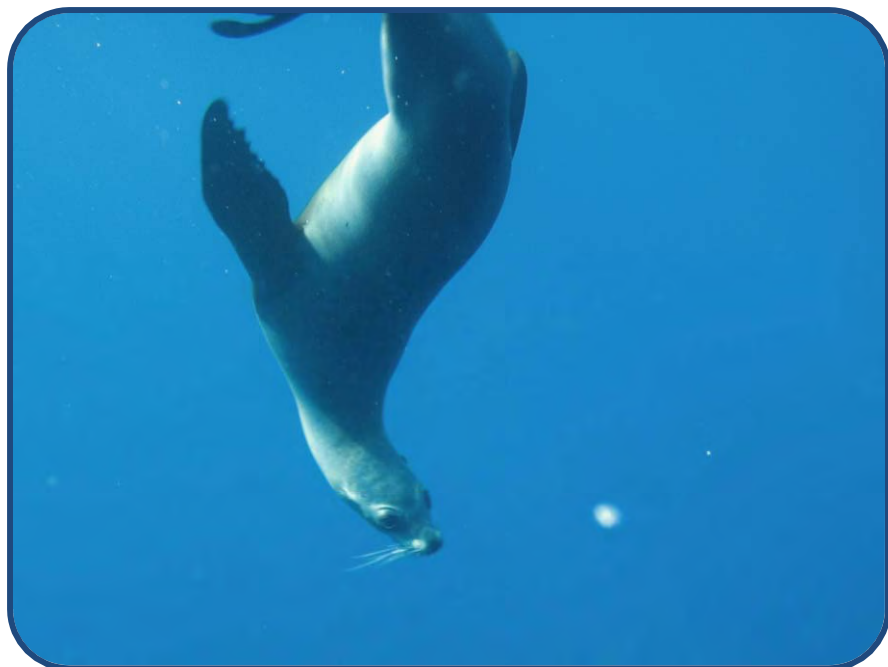
There must have been 30-50 fish following my fish once it was shot but, unfortunately, Lou and Chris weren't around to cash in on one of them. At one point, I had a large sea dog chasing him around but luckily the YT juked him. Got him up to my hands and had him slip out of them and wedged him between my right arm/shoulder and head. This thing gave me the serious Benny Hill treatment but was finally subdued. Swam him back to the boat and tried to stuff him into the already filled cooler. The run didn't last long, but it was great while it lasted. Got back in w/ the Go Pro finally but that was of course all she wrote. We left that spot w/ 7 YT. A quick stop looking for seabass produced one lil guy for Lou and multiple sightings w/o a shot for me. An awesome ride home and the infamous celebratory Cactus Coolers. Now i'll let Lou tell his sides of the story. Oh yeah, my fish was right around 29.5# and ended up being 26.4 # gilled and gutted.

First of all, it was great to have Mark and Chris on my boat. It's always great to dive with good friends.

Like Mark said we checked a couple of spots and Chris jumped in first. After three minutes and four seconds he shot a cute little rat. We then dropped the hook and Mark jumped in while I fumbled around. First I started to get in and I realized I didn't have my mask, then I forgot my weight belt...you get the idea. Before I got in, Chris swam back to the boat with his second yt; this one was much bigger, mid 20's?

Finally I got in and started swimming along the edge in front of the boat. vis was good and there were half moons and blacksmith but I didn't see any fish for about 20 minutes or so. I was getting impatient and ready to turn back toward the boat and follow Chris when a pair showed themselves and I got a shot off. I thought it was a real good shot and since there were some sea lions in the area, I short lined it. By the time I got it to the surface and in my arms, there were about 10 dogs licking their chops. I reached for my knife and the panicking fish squirmed loose with a pack of wild sea dogs in hot pursuit.

I was pissed at myself! Fortunately the first sea lion missed and I was able to grab hold of the fish before it lost any meat. I swam back to the boat and met Chris with his 3rd fish (showoff!). Chris got up on the boat and I handed him my fish because his shaft was pretzelized... (google it!)



After dropping of my fish, I went out in search of my second; this time I went straight out from the boat instead of in front of it and I saw a small group of 3 fish. I shot one that was just a little too curious and swam it back to the boat where I met Mark with his 1st fish. Chris was still on the boat messing with his shaft (I know that doesn't sound right, but that's what he was doing).



I went back out and didn't see anything except for Chris with his other gun for 45 minutes or so.

In the meantime, Mark was busy shooting his 2nd fish and the largest of the day, but the activity had pretty much shut down. We didn't have any more sightings and we decided to move to the next spot where I dropped Chris off at a kelp bed while Mark and I moved down the island near a point and a sandy cove. I decided to give the small kelp bed a quick once over, then look for halibut and calico. I checked the bed and didn't see anything except some good sized calico but when I got to the other side I swam into some milk and saw a small group of schoolies milling about. There were probably 20-30 fish in the small little area and I played cat and mouse with them trying to decide which one to shoot for about 10 minutes. By this time they were starting to get a little more wary and I finally decided it was now or never so I shot one through the gill plate to complete my first wsb/yt double.



On way home, when we were about 14nm from cabrillo, I had to pee real bad and was about to stop when we noticed a coast guard cutter and Mark commented that they would probably board us to search for drugs (I have a panga). I decided not to stop and pee because they would probably think we were dumping bales of weed or something and load up the 50 cal. The cutter made a turn and we knew they were coming for us, but then the turn continued and after about 2 more miles we were able to take a much needed pee break.

Finally, to cap it off, we saw a blue whale about 50 yards off to starboard ...What a day!

Pres. Mark & Newsletter Lou

Long Beach Neptunes



August Tentative, **Will Withers**

Neptunes,

My name is Will Withers and I am a new tentative member of the Long Beach Neptunes. I have been diving and spearfishing for 5 years. Over this time my passion for the sport has grown to an obsession. Although I am relatively new to spearfishing, fishing and the outdoors have been a huge part of my life as long as I can remember. My first memories of fishing precede my own recollection, and exist only in stories my Dad tells me. During annual family vacations to June Lake in the Sierra Mountains my Dad instilled the respect and love he has for the outdoors in me. All my adventures that I have had and will have are thanks to him.

Although being knee deep in a mountain stream fly-fishing will always be a passion, the ocean is the source of my incessant day dreaming. I grew up fishing on charter boats and spent countless summer hours fishing from the rock in Oceanside Harbor. At 16 years old, I towed a boat up and down the 5, cruising an 18 ft Striper along the coast. The ocean has always provided adventure and stories to tell. In these early experiences I have developed a great respect for the



Will with a bite sized yellow off a paddy



A nice 25 lb dodo off a paddy

ocean (at 16 with a boat full of your friends it doesn't take much for this to happen). From this point I felt spearfishing was almost inevitable. Although being knee deep in a mountain stream fly-fishing will always be a passion, the ocean is the source of my incessant day dreaming. I grew up fishing on charter boats and spent countless summer hours fishing from the rock in Oceanside Harbor. At 16 years old, I towed a boat up and down the 5, cruising an 18 ft Striper along the coast. The ocean has always provided adventure and stories to tell. In these early experiences I have developed a great respect for the ocean (at 16 with a boat full of your friends it doesn't take much for this to happen). From this point I felt spearfishing was almost inevitable. I constantly sought new challenges, and ways to experience the ocean. I was commonly jumping off the boat to retrieve anchors, looking at structures, and checking offshore patties. It didn't take long for me to realize I should be doing this with a gun in my hands. Today spearfishing/diving has more or less taken over my life it seems. My favorite part is that no two days are alike, weather it is the way a fish acts or the way the current is affecting a specific spot; each day on the water is individual and has its own memories. This is why the ocean is constantly begging me to return, and provides a continuous challenge to strive for.

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At my first fall classic Steve allowed me to follow The Wildcat back to the harbor, which after a few beers and a bit of weather would have been questionable without him plowing the way. Robert let me side tie for a nights rest on the Seahunt after a BWM. Many Neptunes were ready to help wash the sand off my first yellowtail heart, with their beers after I dropped it in the sand. Sharing these kinds of experiences and being a part of a great group of divers that have the ability to positively affect the diving community as a whole are why I want to be a Long Beach Neptune.

Will Withers

Long Beach Neptunes tenmative

Recipe of the Month: White Seabass Sex Sauce

Submitted by Ivan Sanchez

First, make a fish sauce with the following ingredients:

- 1 cup Mayonnaise
- 1/3 cup soy sauce (regular)
- 2 TBS olive oil
- 2 TBS sherry
- 1 lime (juice)
- 1/2 TBS sesame oil
- 2 garlic cloves - chopped
- Handful of fresh cilantro - chopped
- Splash of tapatio sauce or Siracha(I prefer)

Mix this all together and chill for 2 hours

marinate you WSB in this sauce and then **grill** on foil (I prefer to wrap the whole wsb in a foil packet and let it cook . The sauce will caramelize)

Make sure you save some sauce on the side so you can add to any side dishes (i.e. potatoes, veggies)

-Ivan



Notice how nice Ivan's nails look!!!

Neptunes Fish Pictures

Our otherwise adequate president committed a major faux pax by shooting a larger fish than the captain! Nice fish on a great trip.



Neptunes Fish Pictures



Here's Lou
holding up one
of Mark's fish!



Neptunes Fish Pictures

Guess who this famous neptune is and win a prize!



Lyle keeps the pressure on with a very nice Yellowtail. 34.6 lbs!

Neptunes Fish Pictures

Robert with a nice summer 50 lb seabass while Bruce joins in with a couple of beautiful Calico.



Neptunes Fish Pictures



Robert with a nice
yellowtail and a 9.5 # calico:



For Sale by Rick Hadley

Steve Alexander tuna gun that is one of his early guns:

The gun has custom made (and very cool) wings made of teak.

Also for sale are (4) Alexander 3/8" X 72" shafts and (2) 3/8" tri-cut slip tips.

The price is as follows:

Tuna gun (with bands) - \$750.00

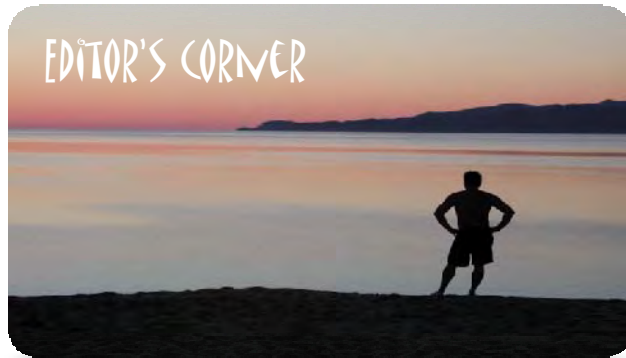
Shafts - \$50.00/ea. (I believe these were \$85.00/ea. when I bought them from Steve 7-8 years ago)

Slip tips - \$60.00/ea. (\$90.00 when brand new)

I have no interest in selling just the shafts or tips without the gun

Contact : rbhadley1@yahoo.com





What's Next?

Well here we are... I spend 10 months of the year counting the days until summer and now it's almost over. What should I do? I should enjoy it and enjoy winter when it comes. Enjoy spring when that comes. The next summer will come soon enough and there is too much good diving in the "off time" to get depressed about the passing of summer. I try to tell my kids to enjoy their time now, the future will come soon enough. I sometimes have trouble taking my own advice!

Thank you Will for sending in your intro as a tentative. All tentatives should write an introduction to the club. If you are now a full member but did not write an introduction, you should still write an introduction, or at the very least a story. If you are sponsoring a tentative, please remind your tentative that they need to send their intro for publication. Many of you have some great stories (and photos) to share with the club. Share them.

Louis Rosales

Long Beach Neptunes Newsletter Co-Editor

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