



Connecting and Informing our Neptune Community in:
Safety, Camaraderie, and Club Legacy
 August 2015

What it's Really All About: The Catalina Campout

If those of us that couldn't make the Second Annual Catalina Campout weren't already jealous enough, the write-up and photos (p12) will really make you wish you were there. A big Thanks to Lou for organizing the event!



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Neptune To Do's:

- Line up your crew for Fall Classic

2015 Neptunes Calendar:

September 2nd – TBD
October 7th – TBD/Fall Classic applications due
October 24th - Fall Classic
November 4th – Fall Classic Awards
December 2nd – Announce new board

Be sure to see what is new at our web site at:

LongBeachNeptunes.com

Congratulations to our T-Shirt Contest winner: Jeff Bilhorn. He answered the question: What year was the First Blue Water Meet held and who won it?

Keep your eye on this section for more trivia contests and prizes in future issues

tfarquhar@me.com



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

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Photo by Terry Maas

2015 Fish Standings (updates since last newsletter in [Blue](#))

California

Barracuda:	Open
Bonito:	Open
Calico Bass:	Keith Kaufmen: 6.9 lbs
Calico Derby:	Keith Kaufmen: 6.9 lbs
Dorado:	John Carpenter : 15.8 lbs
Halibut:	Open
Kent McIntyre:	Open
Lobster:	Jeff Benedict: 10.8 lbs
Sheepshead:	John Hughes: 22.8 lbs
Tuna:	Open
White Sea Bass:	Jeff Bilhorn: 69.5 lbs
Yellowtail:	Mike Marsh: 37.7 lbs

Kent McIntyre: [Jeff Bilhorn:](#)

[69.5 WSB + 31.3 YT= 100.8 lbs](#)

Out of Country

Reef Fish: Todd Bersuch, Pargo: 34.83 lbs

Pelagic (non tuna):

Michael DeGiosa, Amberjack: 53.0 lbs



Photo by Terry Maas

August 2015 President's Message

Hello, fellow Neptunes!

I hope this letter finds everyone and their families well! We're in the middle of an incredible El Nino summer, and there are lots of Neptune activities going on! Lots of fish are being shot, and I enjoy the daily sushi/sashimi fish preparation pics circulating!

Last month, we had a great meeting, honoring the winners of the 52nd annual Blue Water Meet (congratulations again to Jeff Bilhorn!). We were also fortunate enough to have Mike Shane of Hubbs-Seaworld, one of the leading White Seabass Research groups present! Hubbs has released over 2 Million juvenile White Seabass, so it was a great cause to support! Thanks again for your hard work, Mike, and don't forget to turn your heads in guys! Look to some updates on the state of White Seabass coming to the website. If any of you missed, the club also welcomed our newest active member, Dave Freeman!

July also held our annual Family Campout. Thanks again to Lou Rosales and his tireless work to make this happen! I'm looking forward to the report and pictures at our August 5th Meeting.

Speaking of the August meeting, we're honored to have Wayne Kotow, Executive Director of CCA/California presenting! CCA, or Coastal Conservation Association (www.cca.org), is focused on advising and educating the public on the conservation of marine resources.

CCA.ORG has over 200 chapters across 17 states, and is getting ready to launch the California Chapter. Additionally, we have John Ballotti, Director of CCA Los Angeles attending as well. This is another worthy cause, as the group is working to provide science-based decisioning regarding the management of our ocean resources, to provide legal support for pro-fishing legislation, as well as to battle the arbitrary no-fishing zones we've recently dealt with. This organization is working hard to align recreational anglers, spearfishermen, and all who enjoy what our ocean provides! Please come to hear what Wayne and the CCA are trying to accomplish!

Lastly, the month of August has several tournaments on the schedule! The Los Angeles Fathomiers Scramble Meet; the OC Spearo's OC Classic, and the Santa Barbara Freediver's Scramble Meet. I look forward to seeing fellow Neptune's on the leader's board for each of these events!

So once again, it looks like we have a packed meeting ahead of us! Looking forward to hearing from CCA, seeing our fellow Neptunes there, and enjoying our camaraderie!

Dive Safe,

Byron Quinonez, President , Long Beach Neptunes

Make your plans now for the 2016 Third Annual Neptune Family & Friends Catalina Campout

I just made the reservations for next year's camping trip. July 21-24 (Thurs-Sun). The site # is 6 (same as this year).

Hope all of you can make it next year.

Lou Rosales



Fish and Wildlife Information and Updates

2015 Seasonal Fish and Wildlife Dates to Keep Track of

- ♦ June 16: WSB limit changed from 1 fish to 3 fish
- ♦ June 30: Abalone Closes
- ♦ August 1: Abalone Re-Opens
- ♦ September 5: Free Fishing Day
- ♦ October 3: First Day of Lobster Season

Fish and Wildlife Regulation Changes

Blue Fin Tuna: The California Fish and Game Commission recently adopted changes to recreational tuna regulations. The new regulations are effective as of today, July 30, 2015.

The changes include a statewide two-fish recreational daily bag limit for Pacific bluefin tuna (*Thunnus orientalis*), which applies to all bluefin tuna possessed in California waters, regardless of where they were taken. Additionally, there are new requirements for filleting sport-caught tuna on vessels south of Point Conception.

[\(Click for more info from CA-DFW\)](#)



Congratulations to Dave Freeman,
our newest member of the club
voted in at the July meeting!



Neptunes are invited to the Fathomiers' annual meet...

Los Angeles Fathomiers
SCRAMBLE MEET



47th Annual

SATURDAY
August 29, 2015
----- > **3 Fish**

Location/Sign-in:

The Scramble Meet sign-in, weigh-in, and BBQ is located at 1000 W. Paseo Del Mar., Palos Verdes (Corner of W. Paseo Del Mar and S. Meyler St.)

All contestants must sign in the morning of the competition. Sign-in will be open from 5:00am till 7:00am.

Sign-in requirements... diver's name, diver partner, and emergency contact. If diving from boat or in a group, only one competitor is needed to sign in for the group. At the end of the competition, each competitor must sign back in to be accounted for their safe return. If a participant does not sign back in, their emergency contact will be contacted.

DIVE GEAR RAFFLE
PRE SALE OF TICKETS
ARE AVAILABLE ON SPEARBOARD FOR THE WONG SPEARGUN



RULES

All contestants must sign-in the day of the event. No Exceptions! Competition starts at sunrise; with No Boundaries. Competitors and game must be in the weigh-in circle at 3pm sharp or be disqualified. Diver may use boat, kayak, paddleboard, or beach diving. Meet has a 3 fish limit, no more than 1 fish per species. There is a 12 inch size limit for all fish except Bass, which will be 14 inches. Sheephead must be a min of 18 inches, DFG rules apply! Scoring will be one point per fish and one point per pound.

COST

\$30 entry fee for non-members (includes T-shirt and BBQ lunch). No fee for members. T-shirt may be purchased at meet.

TROPHIES

1st thru 5th and Largest Fish award will be awarded! The 1st place competitors name will be added on the perpetual Scramble Meet trophy.

RAFFLE

Once the award ceremony is completed, the raffle will begin. Don't forget to get your lucky ticket!



WIN A DARYL WONG SPEARGUN!



...and also invited to the OC Classic



OC SPEAROS



CLASSIC

WWW.OC SPEAROS.ORG



Preregistration has been extended for your convenience! You now have until Friday at 9 pm to register for this event and start at first light! We have t-shirts for all participants. Registration for the OC Classic Spearfishing Tournament includes a T-Shirt, lunch, the opportunity to win great raffle prizes, and awards for the top three competitors. This is a family event for all to enjoy. Additional tournament T-Shirts are available in limited numbers while they last.

Date: Saturday, August 15th 2015

Time: From First Light to 4:00 pm. All fish entries must be presented for judging by the 4:00 pm deadline. All late entries will be disqualified.

No Preregistration? No Problem. You can check in on the day of the event.

Preregistered participants will not need to check in and can start diving at first light.

Check In: Day-Of Check in from 7:30 am - 9 am @ Dana Cove Park (Look for Pop-Up Tents). Preregistered divers must not enter water until first light (Honor System).

Location: Dana Cove Park (Dana Point Harbor Dr & Ensenada PL) In the Dana Point Harbor

How do I sign up?

Download the sign up form here or from any link in this email.

<http://www.ocspearos.org/wp-content/uploads/2015-OC-Classic-Sign-Up-Sheet.pdf>

Thank You to our July Meeting Speaker: Michael Shane of the Hubbs-SeaWorld Research Institute

Michael Shane gave us a fascinating look into their research and restock program for White Seabass.

The club provided a \$500 gift to support the program.



July 6, 2015

Mr. Byron Quinonez, President
Long Beach Neptunes
6776 E. Parapet Street
Long Beach, CA 90808

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Chair Emeritus Science Committee
Dr. Clark Hubbs (deceased)

Chair
William Shedd

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Dear Mr. Quinonez,

On behalf of the Hubbs-SeaWorld Research Institute's Board of Trustees and staff, thank you and the Long Beach Neptunes' generous gift of \$500 to support scientific marine research. Your contribution, especially when we know there are many competing opportunities that might benefit from your philanthropy, is very much appreciated.

Hubbs-SeaWorld Research Institute celebrated its 50th anniversary in 2013. As we embark on the *Next Fifty years of sea life solutions*, we look to you, our supporters, to join us as we embrace greater possibilities and new challenges to accomplish our mission. Our success can only be possible with your commitment and joint vision that the environment can be conserved and preserved if we are mindful to mitigate the impacts of human-animal interaction.

Many thanks again for your generosity!

Sincerely,

Eileen Sigler
Eileen Sigler, CFRE
Director of Development

Thank you Byron & the club members for this generous gift!
Eileen

P.S. For more information on how your support helps, please visit our website at www.hswri.org, or become a Facebook fan at www.facebook.com/hswri.

Details for your tax records:

Date of gift: 7/1/15
Payment Type: Check No. 1918
Amount: \$500
Tax Deductible Amount: \$500
Value of Benefits Received: None

"Real generosity toward the future lies in giving all to the present." – Albert Camus

We were honored to have **Mike Shane of Hubbs Seaworld White Seabass Research Institute** (HSWSRI) presenting. HUBBS has recently achieved over 2mm white seabass released into the wild since its inception. Part of their research relies on us to provide white sea bass heads to enable tracking the range of hatchery releases fish.



If you drop-off a white seabass head at any of these locations please include your name, phone number, date you caught the fish, and the location (latitude and longitude would be the best) where you caught the fish.

Santa Barbara

Calif. Dept. of Fish and Wildlife
Sea Landing

Ventura/Oxnard

Eric's Tackle Shop
Channel Islands Sportfishing Center

Marina Del Rey

Marina Del Rey Sportfishing

Torrance/Redondo Beach

Redondo Beach Marina Boat Hoist

San Pedro/Long Beach

22nd Street Sportfishing
L.A. Harbor Sportfishing
Long Beach Sportfishing
Pierpoint Landing

Santa Catalina Island

Avalon Seafood (at the end of the green pier)
Two Harbors (harbor patrol office on the pier)

Los Alamitos/Huntington Beach

Calif. Dept. of Fish and Wildlife
Huntington Harbour Fuel Dock (Mariner's Point)
Mako Matt's Marine
Pacific Edge Bait & Tackle

Newport Beach/Irvine

Angler's Center
Balboa Angling Club
Davey's Locker
Newport Landing Sportfishing

Dana Point

Dana Wharf Sportfishing
Hogan's Bait & Tackle
Jig Stop Tackle & Tours

Oceanside/Carlsbad/Solana Beach

Helgren's Sportfishing
Leon Raymond Hubbard, Jr. Hatchery
Blue Water Tackle

San Diego

Dana Landing (Mission Bay)
Hubbs-SeaWorld Research Institute
Calif. Dept. of Fish and Wildlife

LBN Family and Friends Catalina Campout 2015

By now you have probably heard about the second annual Neptune Catalina Campout that has been organized by Lou Rosales. This year we took over Little Harbor from July 23rd - 26th and had an absolutely incredible time filled with good families, good friends, good food, and especially good kids. The LBN board voted to offer a little support to the event by purchasing hot dogs for one of the dinners and providing s'mores for all the kids. We also purchased bag full of outdoor games and goodies that each kid got to draw a number for. The only prize not included in the mini-affle was a new pole spear complete with paralyzer tip that would go to the biggest fish speared by any of the kids in attendance. The thought was that it would help encourage a little more time in the water, but the result was full blown mini-LBN Blue Water Meet.



We departed the mainland on Thursday under balmy skies and mild seas. No sooner than the anchors hit the bottom in Little Harbor, everybody started hitting the water. The kids were jumping off of boats, paddle boards, and anything that floated. Del White and I snuck away on the McRib for the quick couple of dives and came back with a nice mixed bag of loot. The

trip is all about the kids, but wise-man-Del had suggested that we be responsible for the fish taco dinner for the entire group on Friday night, so it was important we got in some diving to sustain life on the island ;). Del had a couple nice yellowtail and a 7lb calico, and I came back with a sheepshead to impress the kids and the world's smallest yellowtail that I showed Kade and he responded, "you actually shot that?"



We fileted up the fish, paying no attention to my son, and on the grill they went, making for some fabulous fish tacos and sashimi appetizers. We were grateful to have Juan and Julie come over to the camp each night and share in the excellent food and fish stories of the day. Their support of the club is truly admirable.



A regular topic of discussion amongst the kids was how they were going to knock Brent's son Brian off of the leader board with his 2.6 lb calico. It was



amazing to hear these little guys share the details of their day's events around the fire. Donny's son Drake had just earned pole spear privileges and he and Wyatt (Chris Malloy's son) worked all of the reefs inside Little Harbor. We would sit on the "Esta Bien II" and listen to these two talking to each other through their snorkels and screaming at their fathers to bring them a pole spear because they had spotted a contender for the first place prize.

Donny said that Drake wanted to spearfish every morning and was disappointed at the late start they would usually get. Donny would pull Drake around by the pole spear and could feel it vibrate because the poor kid was shivering so bad. Drake came close to taking his first fish this trip had some unfortunate misses. Lou's son Mark got his first Opaleye and landed a



nice calico near Lobster bay. I was with Kade when he put the stalk on a calico and then looked at me for approval to make sure it was a legal. I gave him the thumbs up and was so proud (and little shocked) when he dove down and stoned it with a top-down shot. After he retrieved the fish and brought it to the surface he spit the snorkel and said, "Is it over 2.6?" I had to break the bad news on his 14 and 1/4" calico, but it may have been bigger than my yellowtail.



Chris Malloy rigged up a .38 Special for Wyatt and they set off with determination. I pulled up to Chris and Wyatt in my rib and Wyatt held his first Opaleye out of the water and said, "I'm on the board!" It was a truly awesome moment. Del brought his 21-yr-old son Austin on the trip, and he impressed all of us with a small yellow-tail taken with his 70cm Picasso inside Little Harbor.

Besides all of the great spearfishing done by the kids, there was constantly something going in the camp or in the water. My daughter Chandler and her friend Jazmine

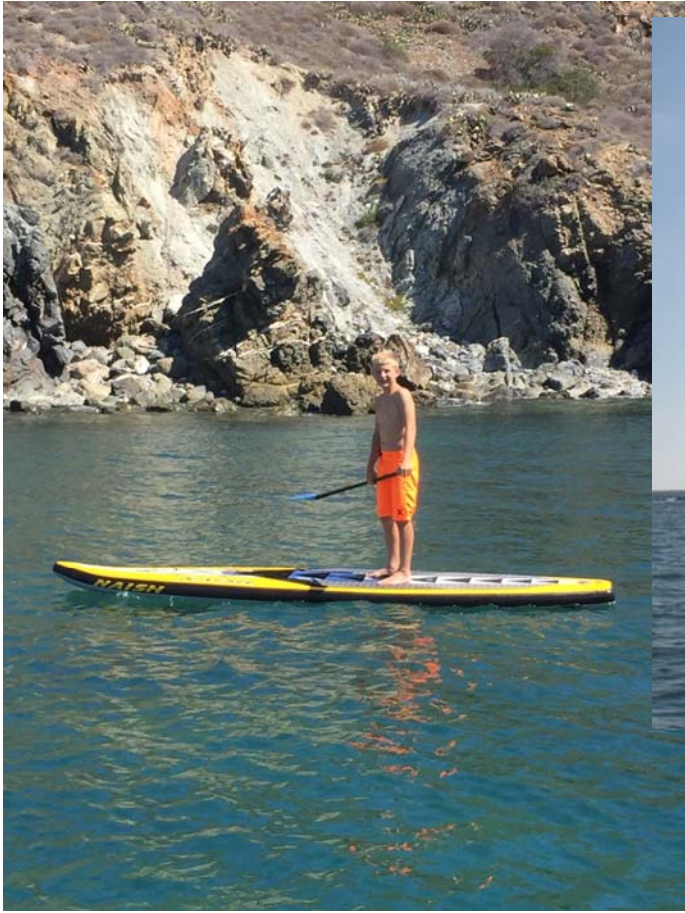


challenged the boys to little game of soccer and ultimately punished them to the point of submission. Of course, they neglected to tell the boys they are flight 1 academy players that have been playing together for the past 6 years.

Whether it was stand up paddleboarding, jumping off the top of the Esta Bien, playing king of the hill on a surfboard, or just hanging out, everyone had a great time. This year we got in some wake surfing and I pulled a few of the boys behind the McRib on an innertube. It looked as if Wyatt was having a great time back there, but when we got him to the boat he told Chris that I had broke all of his ribs. I tried to make him feel better by putting Kade on the tube and giving him an E-ticket ride. He subsequently claimed whiplash, and I got a good talking to by Holly so we put the tube away for a while.

By Saturday evening the swell was starting to hit pretty hard and I noticed that it was breaking off the rocks of the west entrance to Little Harbor. I failed miserably at impressing my wife and kids with my SUP skills and was never able to catch one of the waves, let along stand up on that board for very long. Chandler and Jazmine seized the opportunity to make me feel like a complete moron and jumped on the SUPs and paddled out into the breaking surf. Kade really put the bruise on waves off of the boilers. I guess we have to let him name this new surf break.







We packed up Sunday morning and headed back to the front side for some shelter from the swell. Kade and I wore life vests and tucked in behind the Esta Bien for the journey and learned firsthand how seaworthy a RIB can be, both in and out of the water. Mom wasn't too stoked watching her boys disappear and then go airborne in the uphill swell so after we made the corner on the west end and watched the wind continue to pick up, we opted to stay another night in Cherry Cove and depart at 0530.

Everyone made it home safely and we look forward to next year. Lou has already reserved our campsite and we hope that more members and their families can make it out. This year's trip is best summed up by a journal entry made by Wyatt Malloy:

(Keith Kauffman)

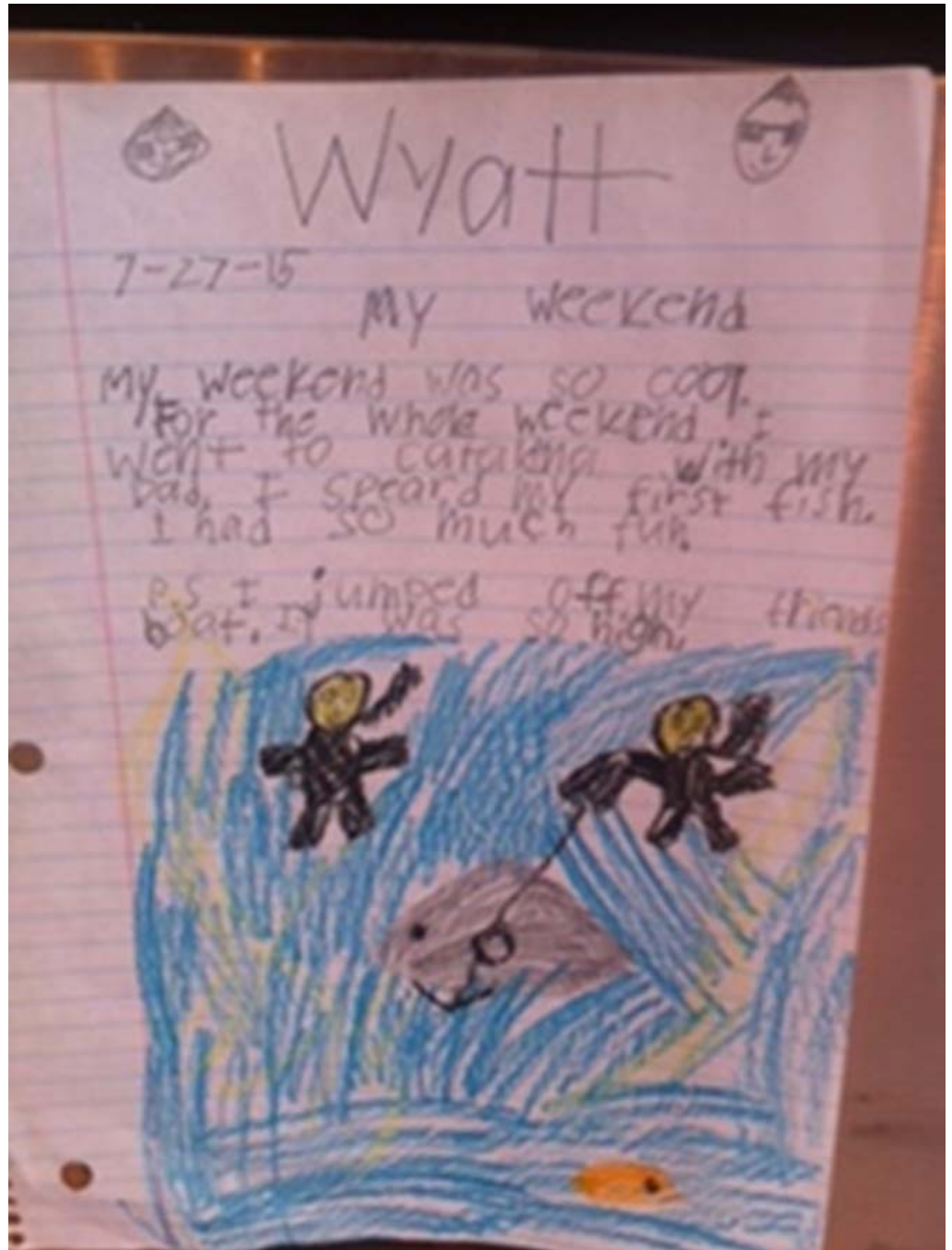
Great picture! Like all great fish stories the fish is bigger than he is, definitely a natural.

Keith has Drake's perspective about right; he was ready to go spearfishing first thing each morning even though we got a gentlemen's start every day. Even though he had never touched a spear gun or pole spear or really snorkeled much before this trip he was convinced he was one dive away from first place every second he was in the water. I was proud (and shocked) to see how much water time he put in, when I was pulling him around by the pole spear, the thing was vibrating from him shivering but pointing the pointy thing at the fish seems to have captivated him in a way we all know well.

The kids and adults were great and pitched in like you would expect from our club. Special thanks to Lou for coordinating, Del for lining up the bitchen trailer and shoreboat service, Keith for orchestrating the club's gifts and kids comp and Capt Malloy and first mate Wyatt for providing Drake and my transits.

Another great memory in the books and anticipation for next year is fresh but already huge for me and Drake.

D&d (Donny Harris)



A Few Days in Baja

by Todd Bersuch

As soon as we packed into Manuel's family van I knew then it was the start of another adventurous Baja trip. My brother Kory, Jesse, Brandon and myself were ready to slay some fish! Loaded with multiple guns each we were geared up for Pargo in holes, Wahoo in blue water and whatever else the land of the giants had to offer. The two hour drive from Cabo to the Sea Sniper House in El Sergento seemed short because the excitement and anticipation of shooting the first fish lurked hard



among us all. With water temps being so high last year, we scheduled this trip earlier in the season so we could hopefully present better results. Regardless, warm or cool water, it was inevitable that this trip would strengthen friendships, bring about new challenges and learning experiences and ultimately go down as another incredible dive trip.



Day one I jumped in with my 2 band 130cm and my "know-it-all" mentality. I saw Wahoo right away and instantly proceeded to take the shot, only to watch my shaft sink out 20 feet before the fish.

100 foot of visibility and farming hard! Kory's magical flasher drew all the fish, including Wardo's fish that proceeded to swim around him as soon as they got a glimpse of it. At times, the Wahoo would be making love with it, leaving Kory with a perfect shot down through the head. By mid afternoon Kory had already put two Wahoo on the boat. Around the same time a big yellow presented itself in front of Jesse. He fought long and hard before, sadly, losing it to the abyss. He also simultaneously was fighting a gnarly sinus infection that would not ease up and further added challenge to his dives. Lastly, motivated and determined, we landed on our next spot. Ranging from 50-60 feet and looking somewhat like a broken down freeway I finally saw red and a perfect shot.



There he was, just laying on the bottom between rock slabs with not a clue as to what was coming for him. I fired and the shaft went flying through his tail and stuck into the sand between the rock crevice. The fish was pinned and not going anywhere! As my brother made an easy retrieval I breathed up. It was the perfect ending to day 1.

Our breatholds were feeling strong on day 2. With diminishing visibility and a lack of Wahoo being seen we opted instead to chase down rock dwelling Pargo. Arturo, our pangero, took us to a new spot where the current ran like a river over a small bed of reef. On the inside Jesse made quick work to a big Rooster and blasted it while laying on a sand pile. On the outside I began to make my decent on two



Pargos I spotted milling around a sand channel in the distance. At 40 feet I watched them spook out. I tried to pinpoint my drop to the rock channel that the one swam into in hopes of finding it. Upon arrival to the crevice, at 50 feet, I suddenly saw a figure making its way right at me and fast. Instinct told me to aim forward and by the time I took aim we were face to face. I shoot. I think I strung him? At this point I needed to get back up. As I headed back up I watched the Pargo turn into a sidewall and the shaft entangled on rocks. Perfect! Now just slide up the floatline and breath. I laid on the surface and let the current bring me my fish up the floatline from the depths. Because I was so close to the fish that when I pulled the trigger the shaft went straight through it like a shish kabob, the fish had no chance. As adrenaline raced through my head and my legs began to cramp from the raging current, the best case scenario had just presented it-

self. I was left with a personal best Pargo weighing in at 34.88 pounds!

The fun wasn't over yet though. After a few more drops on the reef, with the camera in hand, I spotted another pargo between two rock crevices . A perfect situation for a Bersuch Brother ambush . I went down, guided Kory in the direction he needed to be and he blasted off with a go Rob Allen! He tried to pull the fish up same dive but the stubborn Pargo wouldn't budge. Arturo came right in and took us for another loop. He had a gaff on board for us to take down which allowed us to drag up the relentless fish with a lot more ease.

The third and final day of diving was simply Wardo's day. That day he tried a bigger Sea Sniper gun with further range. Move north and use a larger gun was the plan and it proved to be successful. Working above a cold murky thermocline, it didn't take Wardo long to connect with the right kind. I look across the surface and all I can see is a dancing float in mid tow with Brandon chasing not far behind . It was a good sight to see first thing in the morning and brought aboard a quality Wahoo we all envied!

The next spot was shallow reef diving with low viz. As I flailed around the holes and frantically tried to see into complete darkness, I later learned that you're suppose to dive down and sit on the sand or on top of big boulders and wait for the fish to come to you.

Wardo and Jesse both explained this to me after having blasted some more good size Pargo.

Baja is truly a majestic place with the giants that lurk beneath the water. From the simple dirt roads, endless beaches, the hot weather and

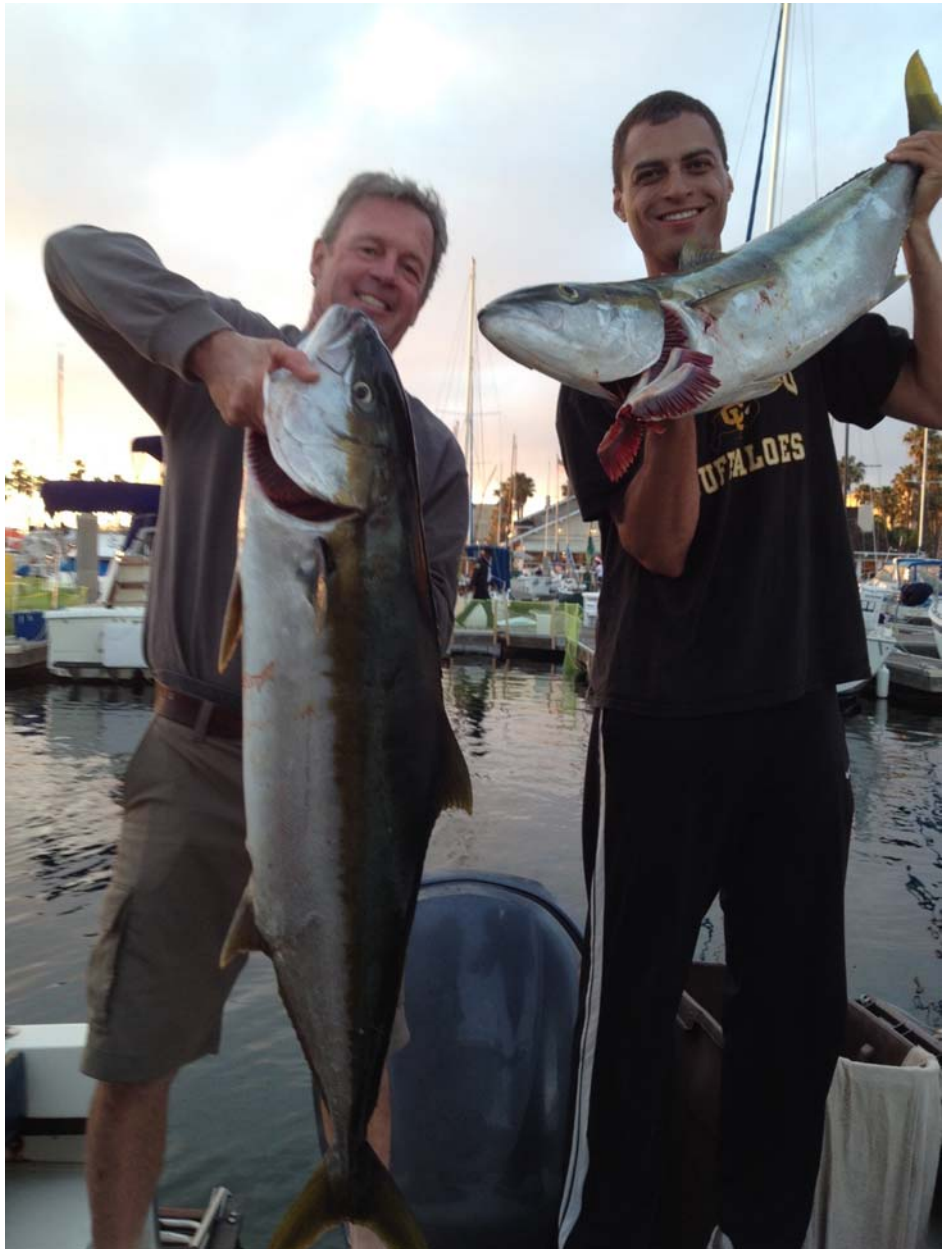


warm water, to the simple wave you get from passing traffic while riding in the back of a truck. It's a lifestyle and a world way different from home with so much to be learned from. On the water we learned from each other with our missed shots, stone shots and tear outs. We further strengthened our friendships, shared a lot of good laughs and faced new challenges that will forever impact and our diving. And while we hope these memories and experiences will stay with us (or haunt us) forever, one thing we know for certain is we'll be back for more!

Pair of Personal Best YT Mike Marsh

I got a call from Larry Heinrich last week regarding a trip to an undisclosed location on John Johnston's boat which he had to bail on. Before another word was uttered, I jumped in with "I'm in", oh wait this is an invite right? With that confirmed, I quickly called John for the particulars. Be at the boat @ 5 AM coming back that evening and that there would be a third diver also named John, John Francis. Will call him John #2. John described him as somewhat new to Spear Fishing, but has an incredible breath hold and just shot a white at 60 feet. Half jokingly, I responded with "Are you sure you want this guy on the boat?" Great, Not only am I diving with John Johnston who happens to be an exceptional all around diver with tremendous experience. I got this new guy with a 6 minute breath hold and dives God knows how deep to add to my intimidation factor. On The way over, we had time to kill so both John and I were providing John #2 with tips on hunting Yellow Tail. He was responsive and I found him to be modest and personable. I thought to myself, he'll never make it as a Neptune.

With the anchor set, I was the first in the water and it wasn't long when I saw my first sighting. A school of yellow's coming right at me, 2' from the surface. No time to dive, I took a surface shot at a nice size one and Marsh'd it. This is Seamus's term for when I miss or generally screw-up. I saw John #2 and told him they are coming through right below the surface. I had a few other sightings of singles and pairs but I couldn't connect. I made it back to the boat to observe the new The new guy throwing a nice sized yellow on the deck. No more tips for you. With the current changing, the spot went dead and we moved the boat. With no Yellow Tail sightings at this spot, John had the same idea to go inside and look for Whites. Getting bored, of not seeing even a Calico I made my way back to the boat only to find John #2 with his second yellow bleeding up the deck.



Now who's the rookie? We move to several more spots containing red crabs and Spanish Mackerel but no game fish. Then finally John and I were on the board with a yellow each. John #2 climbs aboard with a nice mid 20 pounded. At this point it's approaching 3 PM, and I'm getting tired, but not to be out done, we try one more spot before heading for the barn. We moved back to our original spot and finding that the current had changed to a more favorable direction, we anchored and jumped in. It was definitely alive with activity. Just outside the kelp, schools of Mackerel were scrambling in waves to avoid the incoming attack from Bonito and Barracuda. Like clockwork, small schools of 20# Yellow Tail would follow up the rear staying just out of range for my reel gun. "Screw This", I swam back to the boat for my Mori Gun which has more range.

Re-rigged, I was off for the outside edges. Once finding the bait, I positioned myself just next to the kelp, and waited at the surface. It wasn't long, when a school of nice sized Yellows breezed by. This time I'm not shooting from the surface and dove. At this point, a few had passed by, but I was able to take a shot on what appeared to be a 20 pounder. Of course She headed straight for Kelp. Not content to simply rap a few times around the first stock, her amazing finale was to end with a triple wrap into largest kelp mess the world has ever seen. It was such a mess that even the nearby sea lions didn't want to have anything to do with it and moved on. I breathed up and dove down to investigate the situation. So wrapped up was the fish, that all I could see is it's large head. Lucky for me it wasn't too deep, and after several dives of what felt like cutting half the kelp bed away, the fish was free. Swimming back to the boat, I passed John #2 and pointed out the direction I shot the fish.



With the fish on the deck, I was impressed with its size, which appeared to be over 30#. At the day's end, 7 yellow tail were taken, mine weighting in at the dock at 37.7 pounds and 2 considerably smaller yellows, John Johnston with 1 and new the up and comer, John Francis with one 25# and two more. This is both John Francis's and my personal best. That's it for now Mike Marsh.

McRib Strikes Again! Chris D. Malloy

Keith and I ran over to cat last Friday for some yellowtail. Along the way we ran across a MASSIVE paddy and Investigated. I graciously asked Keith if he wanted first dibbs but he declined and in I went. It looked barren at first with just some micro bait on it. I punched a few dives deep under the rug and on my second dive coming up a solid yellow came around the corner about ten feet from me! He turned off and I gave him the old finger wiggle which turned him around and back to me. At about twelve feet I let me new 65" Amero go and



blamooo!!! A great holding shot. I seemed to be hurt pretty bad until the shaft came out of the fish and the slip tip toggled, then he went NUTZ! He drug me into the kelp twice before I could bear hug him and get him in the boat. It was a great battle and a personal best Yellowtail for me. The kelps are holding!!!

Thunder and Lightning Mike Marsh

Fresh from a week off from diving, were off again. The crew this time consisted of Steve Parkford, John Johnston, Todd Norell and yours truly. We proceeded to our destination at 6 AM despite the forecast for thunder showers. What's a little rain, we'll be in our wet-suits anyhow. With calm seas, and no wind, we made it to our dive site. It wasn't long when the Heavens open, and dazzled us with an amazing show of who's really in charge. We were in the middle of the Pirates of the Caribbean. No skeletons but plenty of rain, lightning, and thunder. The lightning was somewhat off in the distance, so we kept diving.

As the day continued on, some smaller yellows were taken but nothing above 15 pounds. We move the boat a half a dozen times looking for the hot spot. All the while, rain, thunder and lightning persisted. The wind had picked up as well. NICE. Now mid-afternoon, we dropped anchor on one of my favorite spots, and I kicked to the outside of the kelp and looked for bait. The Bonito and small yellows were antagonizing the Mackerel, so I took a dive. While hovering at 20' or so, something caught my attention near the bottom swimming against the outside edge of the kelp. Just at the edge of my visibility, I could make out 2 shapes slowly cruising directly below. Whites. I kept a visual on the pair as I dropped, slowing closing the gap. Now within range, I pulled the trigger on my Riffe Islander. The white went ballistic and my thoughts immediately went to "keep him out of the kelp". Short lining the catch and kicking as hard as I could, I



was able to pull the fish away from the kelp and bring him close to the surface. Dam, my shot was low and the tip was at risk of tearing out. I grab the fish, reached into his gill plate and dispatched it. That was lucky; I wasn't looking forward to cutting this guy out at 60'.

Back at the boat, we decided to move to our last spot. I decided to call it a day while my 3 partners got back in for one last go. The threesome hadn't been in the water 5 minutes and within 20' of each other when John's bands went loose and was hunched over. Fish on. John called over for someone to shoot the remaining yellow still hanging around but no luck. John



was no more than 30 yards from the boat so I had quite a show I bet it took him 20 minutes bring the fish to the surface. These yellows are tough, but John showed her whose boss and brought This 31.7 pound beauty back to the boat. He was ready for a nap at this point, for that matter we all were, but instead, we endured a long bumpy ride back to port in mixed up seas. All and all, we all had a memorable day which included the three of us putting up with Todd's jokes.

Neptune Art

Paul Zylstra

As the beautiful artwork was auctioned off at each event I felt more and more sad I did not own something so wonderful.

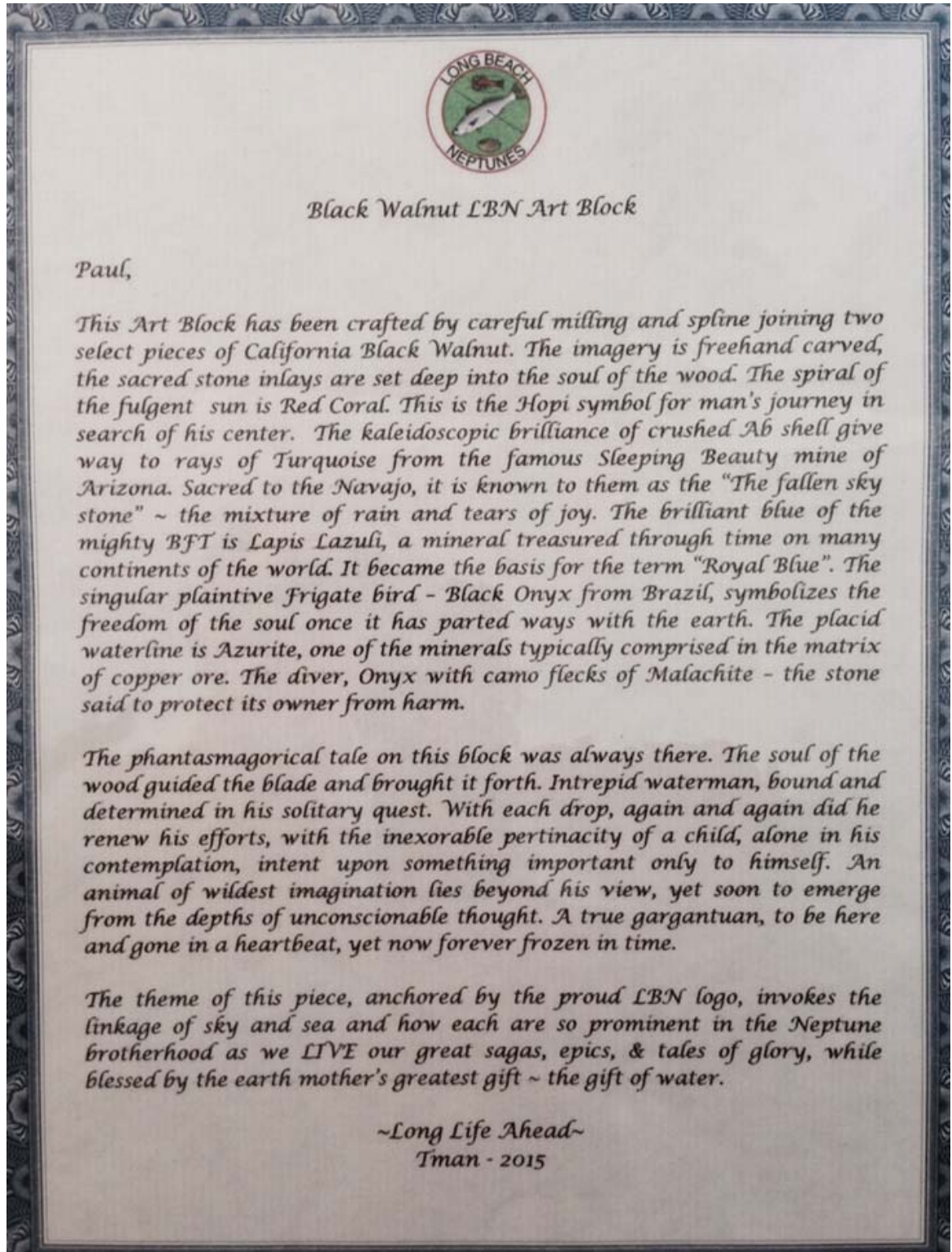
There was an empty spot in my new office that was perfect for one of his pieces of art so at the next meeting I asked him if he would make something for me. Sure Todd said. What are you thinking of?

The only thing I wanted was the club logo and I had the dimension of where it would reside. Beyond that I wanted it left up to the artist to create. No premeditated ideas just creativity.

A couple of months went by as I anticipated what might be made. Then the words I was waiting for appeared. "I have something for you". As we walked to his car I could hardly stand it.

Then Todd gave me a piece of paper to read. Not what I was expecting but ok let me read it.

What I read was a heartfelt explanation for what I was about to see.



Then Todd reached into his car and handed me his creation. I was speechless. It was beautiful!

Thank you Todd Norell for making me something I will treasure always.



FIJIAN KOKODA

Todd Norell

1.5 Lbs. of trimmed & boned firm white fish (Yellowtail is perfect)

1 cup of Lime juice

1 cup Coconut Cream (Not coconut milk)

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped Onions

1 de-seeded & finely chopped Serrano Chile

Grated Carrots

Thin sliced fresh Tomato (quartered)

Thin sliced fresh raw Onion rings

Small bundle of rough chopped fresh Chives

Sea Salt to taste (Hawaiian black or red lava salt)

Clean & trim the fish, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ " cubes. Place in a bowl and add the lime juice. Mix, then leave for 2 hours. Strain fish and discard the juice. Mix coconut cream with chopped onion, carrot, chile, tomatoes, chives, and raw onion rings. Garnish with lime wedges. Serve with fresh tortilla chips. Do not cool to a low temperature as this will separate the coconut cream.



Ham Slam 2015 Mark Hultgren

Well, since I can't seem to ever go diving, I figured I'd "boar" you guys with some hunting stories (Or more so, money shots w/ quick summarizations of hunts). After my son shooting his first hog and a few of my and my Dad's buddies filling some tags, it was time for us to get at it before the Spring Access Membership expired. We made a few ½ day trips with only a few sightings and it started coming down to the wire. The extreme heat this summer made things a lot harder as the pigs were mostly nocturnal and there were only quick opportunities in the first hour of sunrise and sunset.

My Dad and I decided to roll up to the ranch on a Sunday morning and try to fill my tag. We were up high on the tops of the ridges just east of the 5 Freeway above Fort Tejon when we saw two large hogs crossing a road about 300 yards away. We immediately stopped the truck as



they trotted over a small hill and I bolted out of the truck in hot pursuit. By the time I made it over the hill where they were last seen (Maybe a minute later) they were nowhere to be seen. We hiked a few miles in the direction they were last seen and happened upon a nice water hole/ mud bog we had never seen before. We figured it would be a great place, so we returned there a few hours later and low and behold I see a hog moving up the ridge on his way to the water hole. I put him down w/ my .243 with an easy 120 yard shot. She was a decent sized sow and luckily we were able to drag her up a short but extremely steep and loose hill to a nearby road.

A week later, my Dad, son and I headed back out and checked all of the promising areas we normally see pigs. We must have seen 40 elk, 30 deer and everything else the ranch has to offer, but not one pig. It was about 7pm and we figured we'd try one more area directly east of the "honey hole" (Area where we normally see them) and parked up top and walked down the steep ridge so we could look back to the W where we had just spent an hour and a half glassing from with no sightings. We sat for another 45 minutes with no luck, stood up and said we were done. We decided to walk to the N just about 50 yards to see over a small rise on our hillside before going back up and saw a large shape on the horizon



about 100 or so yards ahead. It was a large shape and initially we thought it was a cow. We glassed with our binos and sure enough, the one large shape formed into 2 nice sows as they split from each other. One walked S towards our direction and quickly stopped and appeared to be looking right at us. We made like statues and after about a minute the hog became uninterested and began going about his business. This gave us time to take a seat and while my dad put down his shooting sticks and got ready for the shot, I captured it all on video. One shot, one kill and my son Jake and my dad dragged the pig down while I made the long hike back to my Jeep. It was an interesting drive out of the bottom of the ridge as this was 2 days after the thunderstorms hit and the road down was nice and muddy with not many areas to turn around. After field dressing and quartering the hog with headlamps we were home around 11pm.

Last weekend was the last weekend to hunt the ranch as the membership expires on 08/31. Although I wanted to spend the weekend there, I knew if I spent both days there (After dropping the upcoming Sand Dollar trip warning to the wife on a date she had just made a family camping trip reservation for) it would go over like a fart in church. I passed on going Saturday where my younger brother Kyle and a couple guys my Dad had taken out a month earlier, but hadn't filled there tags & were going as well. They glassed a group of hogs about 1000 yards away on an opposite ridge of where my buddy Todd had shot his a few months earlier. My Dad hiked back to get the truck while they continued on their way and before getting there he heard what he thought was 2 consecutive shots. He later determined that all three teamed up on this beast of a sow and each one had struck a different area of the pig. I'm pretty sure my bro hit it where it counted while the other two took out the hams. Needless to say another tag filled and two guys were very happy taking lots of pork back to Escondido.



My dad, my son and my good buddy Kenny headed out early Sun to hopefully fill Kenny's 2 tags. Kenny and my dad planned on staying the night while my son and I were committed for the full day. We went straight to the "Honey Hole" but on the E side where my dad had shot his pig. Prior to getting to the area where we parked the Jeep a

week before, Kenny wanted to check a draw where he had previously missed a shot on a pig. It was nice and early (05:45) and we got out to glass the area. I try to make a rule of never leaving the truck w/o my rifle and pack and although I only got half of it right (Rifle) everyone else was scurrying back to the car when we spotted a nice pig 230 yards across the canyon. Kenny was gracious enough to give my son the first crack at the pig and set up for a follow-up shot if need be. My son was cool as a cucumber on his first pig, but watching him line up on this one was straight comedy. He may have been a little tired and cold, but I'm pretty sure he had a bad case of "buck" or should I say "boar" fever. He was shaking like he was having a damn seizure prior to his 200 yard shot and missed. Kenny followed up and it sounded like he hit it and the boar went running up the hillside. I could have sworn I saw it roll behind a large area of brush but no one else did. We had 2 video cameras going and after reviewing the footage, we



could see a pig continue running from the area I swore the pig rolled and appeared to continue over the ridge.



We walked over to the area and sure enough, there was a pig down where I last saw him and that ridge must have had a second pig in it that got spooked once the boar came running through. After an easy downhill drag and pulling it the rest of the way with a few hundred feet of rope and assistance from the truck, we had one quartered and in the cooler by 7am.

It was 94 degrees and needless to say, we didn't see anything else. We hit a Mexican restaurant in Lebec and celebrated my dad's 65 birthday. It was great embarrassing him with the sombrero and singing and finishing it off with Kenny posting a photo on Facebook (He was pissed).

We hit the ranch again about 5:30 and drove along the front (Just E of the freeway) en-route to the "Honey Hole". We reminisced about all the easy hogs we got in this area in the "good ole days" and wouldn't you know it about 5 minutes later we spotted some in a thick marsh. Jake and I climbed up the hill above the marsh and set up with video

cameras, shooting sticks and hopes of an easy kill less than 30 yards from the road (No, not the highway). Kenny and my Dad volunteered as the “flushers” to get them out of the thick marsh and started from the N which was upwind in hopes of flushing them to either the E below us or S. After almost getting trampled by a couple bull cows, they were in the thick stuff, but nothing was budging. We saw 2 smaller pigs (Not piglets but not worth shooting unless you wanted to cook it whole on a small spit) run out to our S and then a nice sow ran between my Dad and Kenny w/o them knowing and towards the freeway (No safe shot). Kenny got into the real thick stuff and started doing his cattle call imitation when an additional pig busted out of the thick stuff 10 yards in front of him. The pig charged and passed him from about 2 feet when he let off a defensive shot (Missed) and the pig ran to the N. Our ambush point was compromised and we watched the pig run into another thick area and disappear never to be seen again.

Unfortunately, the comedy wasn't caught on video and we headed back up top where we checked numerous spots with no sightings. We checked the area where Kenny had shot his boar earlier in hopes one would be feeding on the gut pile but no luck. It was now 8:20 and as Jake and I met up with my Dad and Kenny coming down the hill w/ the truck, Kenny spotted a monster pig (We believed to be a huge boar) coming down the hill about 300 yards to the S of us. The wind was a little sketchy but didn't appear to be in the pigs direction so Kenny, Jake and I started side hilling it up and over towards the pig. Our goal was to get above the pig and then take it out from above and drag it down to a nice road a couple hundred yards below. While working S, the wind was blowing from E to W which was perfect and we had a small rise in front of us blocking ours and the pig's views from spotting each other. About 20 yards from getting to the rise, the wind shifted and we were now directly upwind and although we seemed to be quite a ways above the pig, by the time we made it over the rise, he was in 4th gear and running S and about 250 yards away. The pig stopped at about 300 yards and gave me a nice broadside shot but between the hike, sprint to get over the rise, the angle of the hill, my shooting sticks and a hard time finding him in the scope due to the lighting, I was unable to get a steady, confident shot on the animal before it ran off into the sunset. (This was good, because there wasn't enough cooler space for the pig, which appeared to be larger than Kenny's boar).

Jake and I left and got home around 1030 while Kenny and my dad stayed and Kenny shot a nice sow early the next morning. We have a lot of meat to process in the upcoming weeks but now that the land hunting takes a rest for a few months, I'm hoping to get back into the water and contribute with fish stories.

Time for the Photos...

These pictures are from the Diving for a Cause trip to Tonga last week.

Terry



*Diving for a Cause
Photo by Terry Maas*



*Diving for a Cause
Photo by Terry Maas*

Time for the Photos...



*Diving for a Cause
Photo by Terry Maas*



*Diving for a Cause
Photo by Terry Maas*

Time for the Photos...



Time for the Photos...



My 15 year old son, Ben, speared his first YT mid channel between Long Beach and Avalon Friday morning. It was his first time firing his new Rob Allen gun.

Vance Carriere

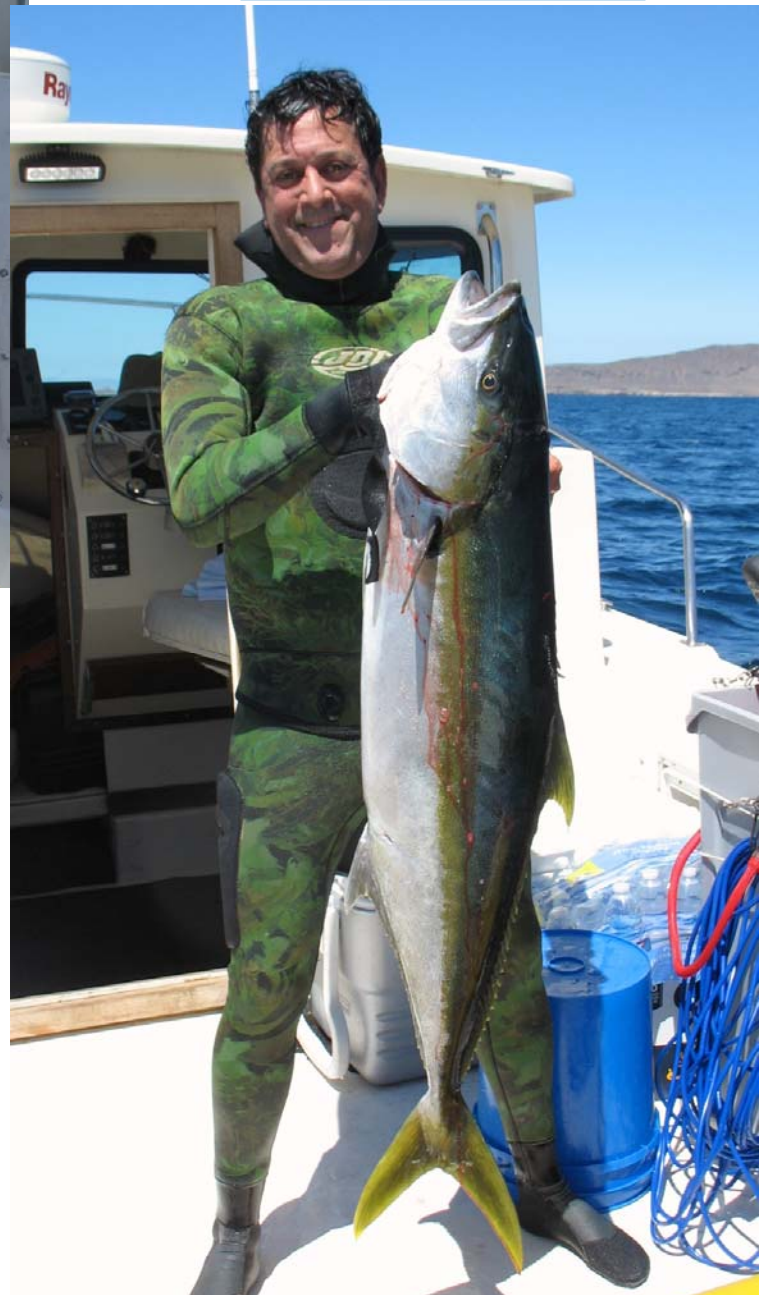
Nice lineup
John!



Time for the Photos...

Todd getting the job done

Priceless Smile on Lou (Now that's something to smile about!)



Time for the Photos...



Tom Murray's
Toad!

Summertime, I highly recommend it! Chasing paddies off North SD County...

John Carpenter



Time for the Photos...

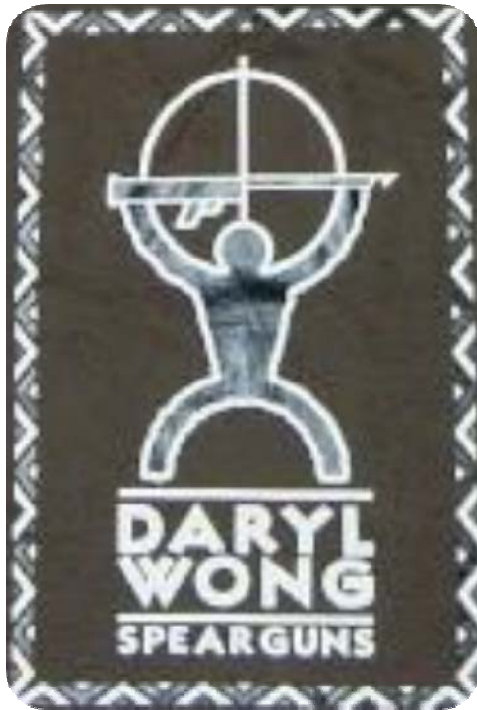


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The advertisement features a diver in a wetsuit holding a large fish against a dark background. The text is arranged around the central image.

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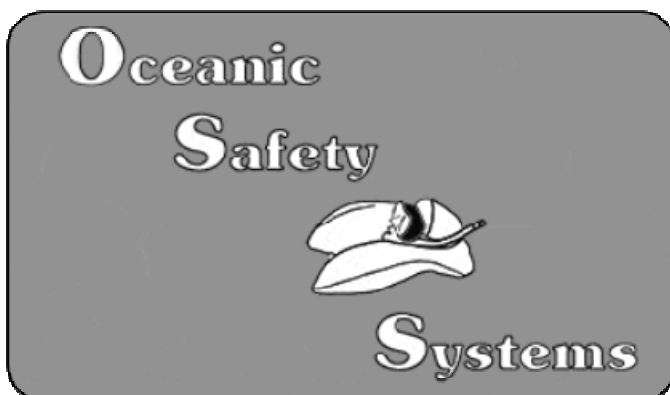
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Thanks for your Contributions!

My apologies to the clan for the late newsletter. I could list the excuses but why bother.

I would like to thank all of the contributors to this edition of the Trident. You guys keep stepping it up with more and more quality content.

Wishing all in the Neptune Community meaningful connection with one another, fulfilling adventures, and safe diving.

Best Regards and Dive Safe,
Todd Farquhar, Newsletter Editor

