

The

# TRIDENT



**August 2019**

## *In this Issue ...*

Remembering Howard Shack

Bob Stanberry return to the Ocean

Dottie Frazier comes for a visit

Crooked River by Todd Norell

Tentative Profile : Kyle Brannon

And Much More !!

The Trident is the official newsletter of the Long Beach Neptunes, a Non-Prophet organization. The Trident is published monthly and is provided free of charge to members of The Long Beach Neptunes and Associates.

Any inquiries or any questions regarding the Newsletter should be addressed to :

[LBNeptunes@yahoo.com](mailto:LBNeptunes@yahoo.com)

## 2019 Long Beach Neptunes Board

Contact Email for LB Neptunes

[LBNeptunes@yahoo.com](mailto:LBNeptunes@yahoo.com)

### President

Jeff Bilhorn  
(949) 230-5698

### Ex-Presidio

Todd Norell  
(562) 309-3308

### Vice President

Ivan Sanchez  
(310) 938-3581

### Treasurer

Brian York  
(562) 708-1943

### Tentative Manager

Jason Taylor  
(310) 659-4361

### Newsletter Editor

Chase Buchanan  
(714) 337-8933

### Recording Secretary

Will Withers  
(760) 522-4542

### Club Historian

Masahiro Mori  
(310) 628-8082

### Conservation Liaison

Terry Maas  
(805) 642-7856

## 2019 Neptune's Calendar

08/07/19 Wed Meeting  
08/17/19 Sat 51<sup>st</sup> Fathomiers Scramble Meet  
09/04/19 Wed Meeting  
10/02/19 Wed Meeting  
10/12/19 Sat Fall Classic  
11/06/19 Wed Meeting  
11/30/19 Sat Xmas Dinner @ The Phoenix Klub  
12/04/19 Wed Meeting

## Fish Competition 2019

### California Awards

<b>Calico Derby</b>	<b>Kyle Brannon (Final)</b>	<b>7.5 lbs</b>
Calico Bass	Jeff Benedict	8.25 Lbs
White Seabass	John Hughes	61.1 Lbs
Yellowtail	Seamus Callaghan	40.0 Lbs
Halibut	Open	
Sheephead	Robert Strohbach	16.25 lbs
Bonito	Open	
Barracuda	Open	
Dorado	Open	
Wahoo	Open	
Tuna	Open	
Marlin	Open	
Lobster	Open	

### Out of State/Country Awards

Yellow Fin Tuna	Masahiro Mori	45.6 lbs
Reef Fish (Pargo)	Masahiro Mori	39.1 lbs
Pelagic	Open	

### Kent McIntyre Award

Open

### Big Fish Perpetual Trophy

John Hughes	61.1 Lb White Seabass
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## **A Message from the President**



Fellow Neptunes,

I am excited about the August meeting! Unfortunately I will not be there. My family will be canoeing into the wilderness of Canada's Quetico National Park. No spearfishing, but the days will be filled with constant fishing! The reason I'm excited about the meeting is that one of our founding members will be there! Dottie Frazier is scheduled to make an appearance and we will be celebrating her 97th birthday! We will also have some great video of Howard Schaack, a legendary Neptune, and the Dragon Master.

Our club has such a rich and colorful history, we are truly fortunate to be able to add our names and tales to its incredible legacy. Although this year has held its fair share of sorrow and loss, it serves to remind us of what we have and where we have come from as a club. We are stronger because of these shared trials. The loss we feel, and the compassion we show reveals our character.

This year's family campout was a great success, and from the look of the pictures, a ton of fun! The Junior Blue Water Meet ended much as the adult Blue Water Meet did with a Farquhar taking the meet. Congratulations Josh and Joel!

I hope you all are getting opportunities to chase fish, I have seen some great pictures, heard some great tales and can't wait to hear more!

Dive Safe!

Jeff



# Long Beach Neptunes FALL CLASSIC

Saturday, October 12<sup>th</sup>, 2019



This meet is held by the Long Beach Neptunes at Catalina Island and is OPEN TO ALL QUALIFIED FREE DIVERS. **Divers may begin at dawn but must conclude their diving and be at the Isthmus by 4:00 PM (Lobster may be taken the evening before [Friday, October 11th] starting at dusk).** Any fish and/or lobster not in the weigh-in circle by 4:00 PM will be disqualified, NO EXCEPTIONS! The eligible fish are: Yellowtail, White Sea Bass, Dorado, Barracuda, Bonito, Halibut, Tuna Family, Calico, and Lobster. **"NO SCUBA DIVING IS PERMITTED"**. The diving area will include all waters from Mexican Border to Point Conception and include Catalina Island, San Clemente Island, San Nicholas Island, and Santa Barbara Island. **The Cortez and Tanner Banks are OFF LIMITS.** THE WEIGH IN AND WINNERS CIRCLE WILL BE LOCATED AT THE PICNIC AREA BEHIND THE HARBOR REEF RESTAURANT AT ISTHMUS COVE, CATALINA ISLAND (ALSO KNOWN AS BUFFALO PARK) AT 4:00 PM SHARP.

**YOU PROVIDE:** 1) Entry Fee; 2) Signed Registration Form/Liability Release; 3) Your own transportation; 4) Steak, Fish, Chicken, Lobster or other protein; 5) Game Fish/Lobster

**WE PROVIDE:** 1) 1st – 4th place trophies for largest fish taken the day of the meet (Only one fish per person); 2) Biggest lobster trophy; 3) Largest Calico Bass trophy. The winner's name and club affiliation (If applicable) will be inscribed on the trophies. 4) On the beach BBQ and charcoal, fire pit, grandstand, green salad, rolls, side dishes, BEER, soda/water, and paper plates, napkins, utensils. (BBQ Utensils not provided)

**"ALL ENTRIES MUST BE INDIVIDUALLY LANDED WITH NO ASSISTANCE FROM OTHER DIVERS"**

## LONG BEACH NEPTUNES FALL CLASSIC 2019 WAIVER

DIVER'S SIGNATURE REQUIRED. IF UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE, PARENT OR GUARDIAN MUST SIGN AS WELL. I assume entry into this event at my own risk. In consideration of my participation, I intend to be legally bound. I do hereby assume risk for myself, heirs, executors, administrators and assign, waive, release and forever discharge any and all rights and claims for damages I may hereafter accrue to me against the sponsors, LONG BEACH NEPTUNES or any other individuals and/or groups involved in the LONG BEACH NEPTUNES 2019 FALL CLASSIC MEET. I further attest and verify that I am physically fit, enjoying good health and have sufficient expertise for participation in this event. Parent and/or guardian agree to indemnify and hold harmless the above sponsors of any and all damages received in the event the entrant is a minor.

"REGISTRATION FORM & ENTRY FEE MUST BE RECEIVED NO LATER THAN OCTOBER 9TH, 2019"

PARTICIPATING DIVER ENTRY FEE (\$20)     NON-DIVER (\$10)

**"ALL PARTICIPATING DIVERS RECEIVE A TOURNAMENT BEANIE"**

NAME OF DIVER (Please Print): \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_ DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

IF DIVER IS A MINOR, INDICATE AGE: \_\_\_\_ PARENT OR GUARDIAN SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to **LONG BEACH NEPTUNES** and mail, along with signed entry form, to: **Long Beach Neptunes c/o Brian York 1940 Volk Ave. Long Beach CA 90815**. You can also send forms by email to, [LBNEPTUNES@yahoo.com](mailto:LBNEPTUNES@yahoo.com). PayPal payments can then be made to: [LBNEPTUNES@yahoo.com](mailto:LBNEPTUNES@yahoo.com). Include Full Name and "Fall Classic 2019" in description field. Please choose the, "I'm sending money to family or friends" option when sending payments via PayPal. Direct any questions regarding your entry form & payment to, [LBNEPTUNES@yahoo.com](mailto:LBNEPTUNES@yahoo.com).

# Dottie Frazier

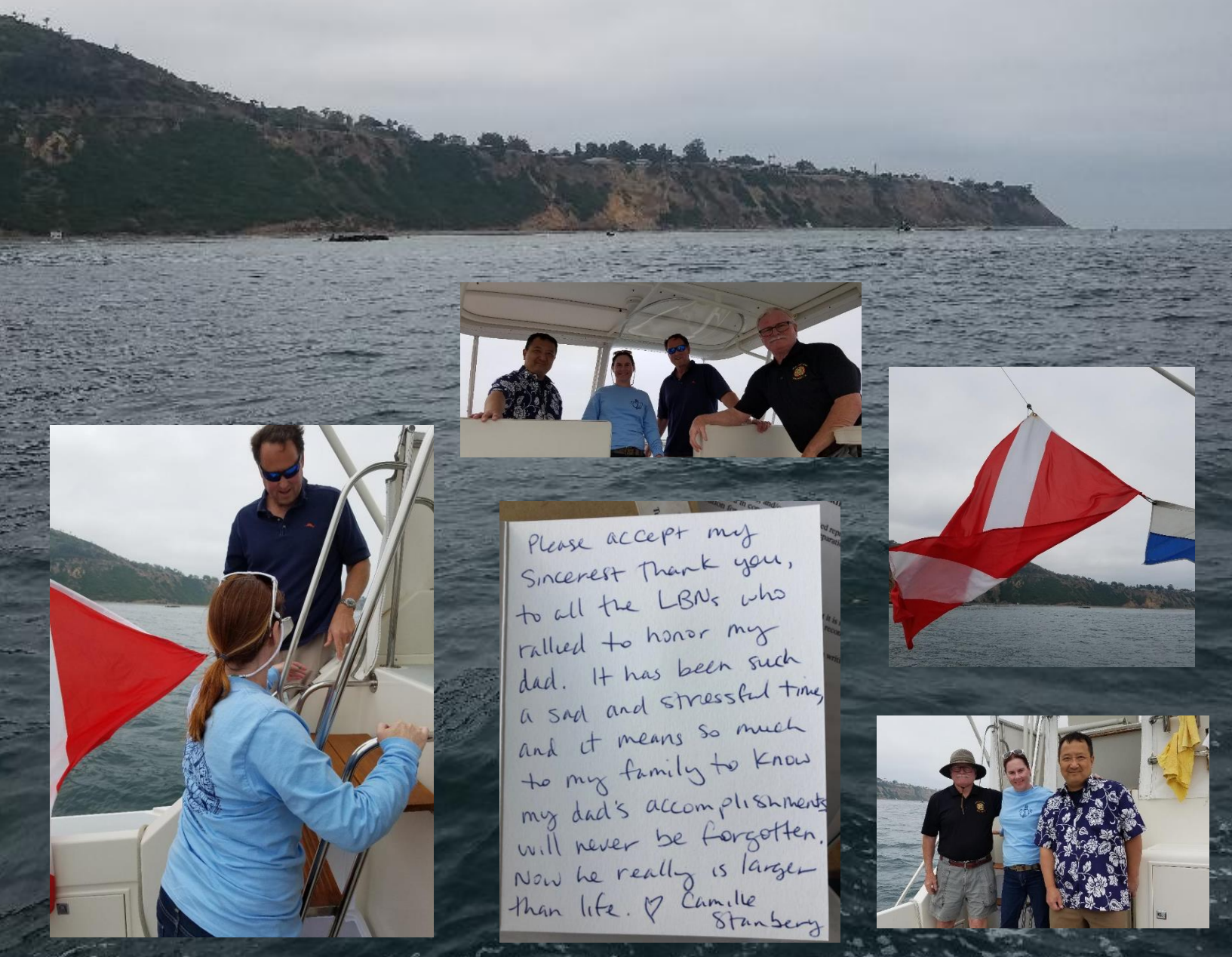
We will be honoring Dottie Frazier, and celebrating her 97<sup>th</sup> birthday at the next meeting. Dottie is one of the 14 original charter members of the Long Beach Neptunes, who broke away from the LA Neptunes back in early February 1952. Dottie is turning 97 this year. We will celebrate her birthday at the August Meeting.



# Remembering Bob Stanberry

On July 6, 2019, a group of Neptunes got together with Camille Stanberry, to spread the ashes of the late Bob Stanberry. Bob gets to finally return to his old stomping grounds where so much history was made. We will always remember him whenever we share the ocean with him.

Rest in Peace ...



Please accept my  
Sincerest Thank you,  
to all the LBNs who  
rallied to honor my  
dad. It has been such  
a sad and stressful time,  
and it means so much  
to my family to know  
my dad's accomplishments  
will never be forgotten.  
Now he really is larger  
than life. ♡ Camille  
Stanberry



# Reviving the Tri-Club Meet

According to the results of the online survey monkey that was sent to the general club, the majority of the people who responded favored reviving the Tri-Club meet, formally known as the Omer Nielsen Meet. The San Diego Freedivers has proposed hosting the meet in September. These are the proposed dates regarding the meet. If there are any suggestions, or comment regarding this meet, please contact President Jeff Bilhorn or Volker Hoehne of the San Diego Freedivers.

**Location : Dana Point Landing**

**Proposed Date : Saturday September. 14, 2019**

**Weigh-In : 4:00 PM Sharp ( Sunset is at 7 PM )**

**Format : One fish per person. Largest Fish wins individual, Top 3 fish of each club wins Team Club Competition**

**Cost : Small Entry fee to cover tacos and trophies TBD.**

**Festivities : No meet shirts or raffle being considered at this time.**

**Placements : First, Second, Third place awards, possibly Paper Awards to reduce cost**

Volker Hoehne MBA 619-994-4175

## Club Announcements..

- The Fall Classic will be held on Saturday, October 12<sup>th</sup>. Entry Fee is \$20 for competitors and \$10 for non-competitors. The Application is in this Newsletter.
- The board has decided to move the 2020 Blue Water Meet weigh-in from Buffalo Park to the front beach area. This move will increase cost to the club slightly, but we were able to budget this into our operational expenses. Arrangements are already being made.
- The San Diego Freedivers are considering reviving the Tri-Club Meet, formally known as the "Omer Nielsen Meet". The recent poll given to the club thru Survey Monkey showed interest among some members. More details will be available as it progresses. Information is listed above.
- Neptune hats with Embroidered Patch are now available. Cost is \$15 for Flex-Fit hats and \$10 for Trucker style Snap Back hats. Hats will be available at the July meeting. Full and Life Members only.

# Neptune Hats now available for Sale ..



We also have Trucker and Flex Fit style hats available.

Cost is \$15 for Flex Fit and \$10 for Snap Back Trucker Hats.

Hats will be available for sale at the July meeting.



# Catalina Campout 2019

By: Petra Farquhar



This year's campout was a blast! Neptunes and friends spent their days adventuring around Little Harbor. There was spear/ hook-and-line fishing, paddleboarding, hiking, dinghy joyriding and island exploration. Scott Bamsey and family provided painting supplies and the kids brought the creativity. We barbecued, ate dinner together and hung out around the campfire, enjoying smores, great company, and of course spearfishing stories. Come join us next year!





# Another auction acquired boat trip delivers!

Ivan Sanches and Will Withers with a Yellowtail magic hour aboard "Gunslinger",  
Captained By Allen Drexel





## Byron Quinones and Jon McMullen aboard “The Flattie” with Captain Paul Zylstra

### Tuna Consolation Prize!

I think for all of us, tuna is on our mind this time of year! How epic a run has it been for these cows to appear in our backyard, several years in a row now? I pray it never ends! However...Part of the tuna hunt is burning tons of cash on gas, praying for the wind to let down, and hoping to be in the right place at the right time. That means the odds lean heavily on the bluefin. Luckily, in SoCal, there's a great consolation price!

Paul “Flattie” Zylstra, his tentative Jon McMullen, and I were able to score a mid-week 2 day trip. Our primary focus was to chase some bluefin at the usual grounds. We had plenty of current intel, and we knew where the boils were the day before our trip. But alas, the tuna didn't follow our intel. ☹️

Several hours of driving around, and only 2 brief sightings, big fish crashing the surface for a milli-second before disappearing. Sheesh. And then we saw a beautiful, good-sized kelp paddy with several birds on it! Finally we get to jump in! Being the biggest kook on the boat, I was offered first drop. Kicking like a mad-man into the current, I was finally greeted with a quality school of yellows that came out to greet me! Big mistake! BOOM! First fish of the day on!

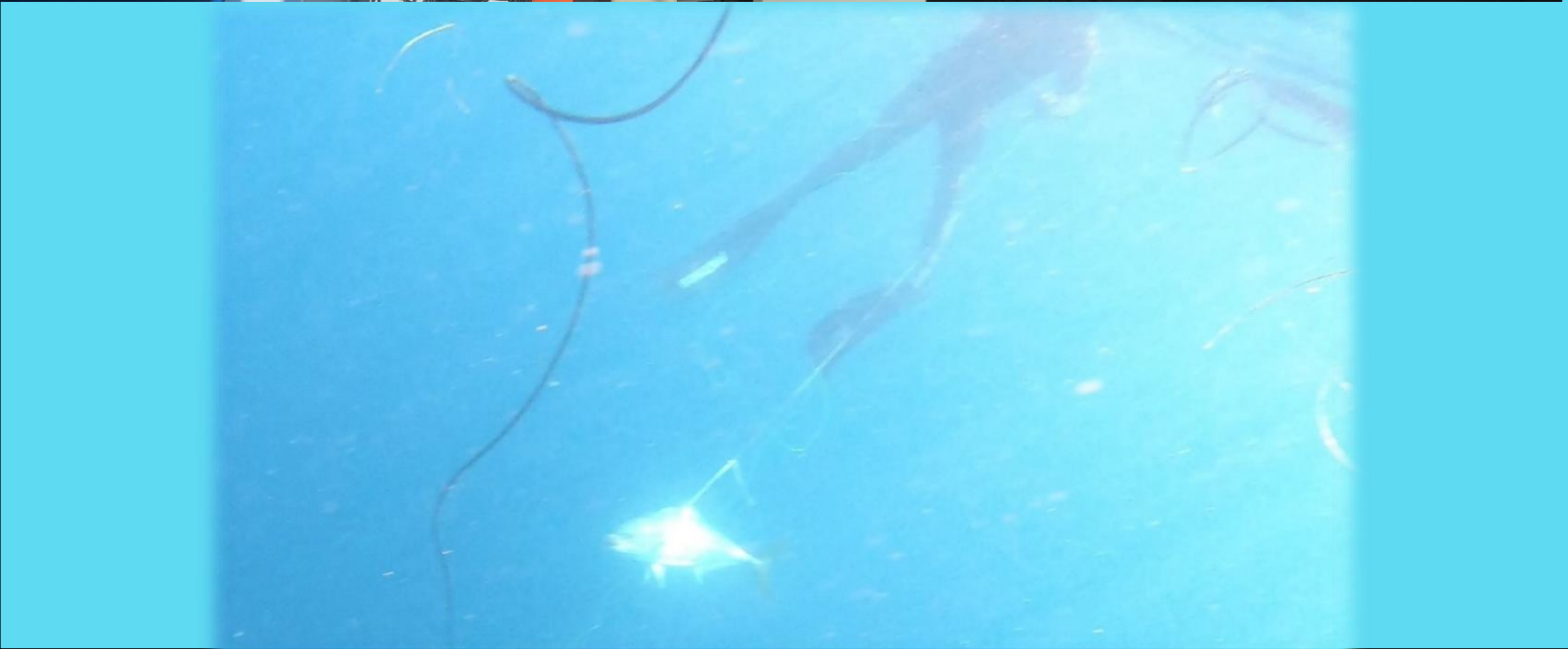
Jon and Paul jumped in right after, and we brought more fish on the boat. Quality yellows! Finally our day began! After a bit of discussion, we decided to head to the front side of the island, hunt some yellows, and anchor up for the night. We had a decent afternoon, with a few more fish on the boat.

That night, we settled in with some wine and an epic Ground Elk Sloppy Joe sandwich! It was the bomb! Served on a hamburger bun with a doppel of cole-slaw, it's a great evening boat meal!

We awoke in the morning, and dove at sunrise. The yellows were already there waiting to play! We continued to load the boat with a respectable grade of fish to the middle/upper twenties. We even had a nice 250+ lb black seabass come in to take advantage of our scraps!

Another fun trip in the books- about 8-10 fish, all quality, bled, gutted and placed on ice for epic meals to share! I was able to feed 6 to a nice Hamachi feast of Spicy Yellowtail Rolls, Yellowtail Sushi, and Yellowtail Sashimi! Only to be followed up with Smoked Yellowtail with an Orange Marmelade Glaze! It was epic!

Man, you gotta love summer! Hot days, warm, crystal clear water, yellowtail for days, and thinner wetsuits!





# CROOKED RIVER CHRONICLES

## TALES FROM DEEP ALASKA

By Todd Norell

In 2019 the wild bush country of deep Western Alaska remains as unspoiled as it has been for countless millennia. Those fortunate few who get to wander its pristine lands and riverways are always left in awe. On July 16 myself and 4 fellow adventurers arrived in Anchorage. The last time any of us saw each other was 5 years ago, in 2014, when we had wrapped our last river adventure, on the mighty Koktuli in the Lake Iliamna region of AK. It was a challenging waterway, that tested us, in a driving rain that never let up for 7 or 8 days. Nearly flipped our raft in a raging hydraulic up against a log jam on that one, and more than once had to carry boats and gear up and over 10 to 15 ft high log jammed beaver dams that blocked our way.

This time around it was the great Kisaralik River. It is located in Southwest Alaska around 200 miles east of the outpost of Bethel. We had been planning this for close to two years. The Kisaralik was going to be the longest (and most scenic we'd been told) of the five river expeditions we've done together over the years. Also, the most challenging. Our journey would take us from the start point at Kisaralik Lake, high in the Kilbuck Mountain range, through over 120 miles of mountains, canyons, dense forests of spruce & Alder, eye dazzling fields of brilliant pink Fireweed, towering boulder fields in and along the river, massive log jams, and the ever present sweepers - the trees, some massive, that lean over the waterway, parallel with the surface that will sweep an out of control boat pilot, passengers & gear into the river. For our self planned and self guided trip we had rented two 14' multi chamber expedition rafts with oar racks and captains seat for the single paddler. These rafts are equipped with pumps, patch kits, extra oars, gear nets and straps as required to keep everything secured for the long haul. We ordered a flat top cooking skillet, a grate to go over our fires, a couple ice chests to serve as food storage boxes, camp chairs and some other misc. odds & ends from Cabelas. That was all sent to the float plane base in the prior month. None of that stuff would be coming home with us. We brought plenty of non perishable food to sustain us through the long days and nights, plus 30 pounds of bacon and 30 pounds of sausage. An ample supply of wild blueberries along the river banks made for some killer blueberry pancakes on most mornings. Ultimately, the plan is to eat fish and a variety of fixins around the campfire every evening. As for the most important consumable, we had our beer shipped into Bethel a month earlier. 12 cases required. In Bethel, as in pretty much all the "outpost" grade villages of AK, items that the white man buys are priced through the roof. Loaf of bread, \$8.00, six pack of beer \$25.00. Everything is flown in.



We packed all our gear up tight at the float plane base, checked & double checked our maps, and made sure the GPS had all the significant waypoints all set up, especially the pick up point - where we had to be at 1:00 PM on 7.28.19. The boats are compactly rolled, boat gear and oars strapped up, food boxes sealed, fly rods well protected, tactical shotgun oiled, tube full, chamber open & empty. Drybags getting loaded in the aircraft. I always feel pretty safe climbing to the DeHavilland Beaver, the workhorse of the Alaskan bush. In 2006 three of us we were flying out of the bush after an arduous trip on the famous Talachulitna river. 100 miles from Anchorage we experienced a fuel emergency during which the pilot made the choice of gaining max altitude vs (the preferable) setting down in the most available lake or waterway. That ended in a low throttle glide then a high angle descent and dead stick landing (spank) into Lake Hood on the outskirts of Anchorage. In the FAA investigation we were told that 9 out of 10 airplanes that happens to don't make it. The Beaver is strong and powerful airplane and can hold so much gear. It took two trips to fly in the 5 of us and gear to Kisaralik Lake, about a 3 hour turnaround. I was on the second plane. Our pilot followed the river the whole way pointing out the significant areas, The Rock Garden, Upper Falls, Lower Falls, the S turns, and the formidable Golden Gate. All of those areas are class 3 to class 5 sections of whitewater. The only ones that can be avoided are the Upper and Lower Falls, which we would do an overland portage around then line toss the empty boats over the falls. On approach to the drop off we flew low in the canyon about 100 ft off the deck, & came into the clear as the lake took shape in front of us and we buzzed Jacko and Worley with a wingtip dip. They already had both rafts inflated. Setting down in the float plane is always glorious. The roar of the big Beaver engine amplifies as the doors open and we pull the tail of the plane up onto the beach. These pilots are always in a hurry to get in and get out, especially late in the day with a questionable weather window, which we had waited out for 5 hours earlier in the day. We later learned that no planes were to leave that base for the next 3 days as the cloud ceiling literally came down to ground level. The gear pile grew and then it was thumbs up. Our young pilot climbed into his bird and taxied straight away into the distance on the lake. We heard him throttling up as he turned directly at us then came barreling. The closer he got the louder the roar, the pontoons lifted off the water about 50 feet in front of us and he cleared our heads by about a dozen. We turned in amazement watching his ascent and then began contemplating the journey we were about to embark on and of course there was then the silence, the utter silence of the deep Alaskan bush country.



The guys on the trip were Worley (River Burro), Sturk (Sharpshooter), Rick (Chef), Jacko (Texan Cigar Smoker), and myself ~ River Boss (full time paddler). All of us are well experienced with the ups, downs and unknowns that these trips offer. There are always times of anxiety, nervousness, uncertainty, and amplified concern that go along with the beauty, serenity, solitude, incredible fishing, and feelings of personal accomplishment. Worley is happy to carry all the heavy gear he can, loading and unloading the



boats every night and then gather & cut copious firewood at every camp. Sturk is the ultimate outdoorsman, amazing angler and a magician with a firearm of any type. Chef Rick - always something tasty up his sleeve with his own portable kitchen and a secret food box that he protects with threats of bodily injury. Jacko is the soft spoken Texan with a cigar in his mouth at all times, even when eating and sleeping. Jacko can't be rattled. He's never had a worrisome thought in his life that lasted more than a second or two. Solid dude. The weather over these two weeks was cold, low 60's at the highest during the days. Although it was cloudy and overcast most of the time and rainy at some time virtually every day, we were treated to many famous Alaskan sunsets around 1:00 to 1:30 AM. The picking out of campsites is often challenging. You're looking for big wide open gravel bars and islands that allow a lot of viewing distance around you. Close inspection is mandatory to see what kind of animal prints are around. There were a lot of huge Moose out and active, their hoof prints 6 to 8" in diameter pressed several inches in the mud or rocky river shore. More people die worldwide every year from Moose encounters than from Bears by far.



Bear prints along the river are ever-present. We came across many tracks from big Mamas & baby bears. The biggest we saw on this trip were some very fresh 13" to 14" grizzly prints on a gnarly big bank of weathered logfall with jumbled 6" pebbles - not fun to sleep on. We pulled in there at 10 PM that night and although I wasn't happy about it, the decision was made to camp there, we were thrashed after about a 20 mile day. Slept like shit that night - one eye open. I kept my Tacstar 12 gauge filled with 3" magnum slugs very close throughout the trip. Several nights I let Sturk manage the weapon at night - he's a world class east Texas hunter who is said to have never missed anything he's ever shot at.



Lots of challenging rowing as we made our way down. We would encounter the waterfalls late on day 2. We were told to not even worry about fishing until after passing the falls. Not many salmon were making it past them in this low water year. And so there they were, raging in front of us. Pull over the boats in the raging current and start unloading onto the wet slimy rocks on the river bank. We stripped the boats down and pulled out all the gear, then had to hike it down the first section of cliff face. Around 400 pounds of gear per boat. A very difficult go as it began raining and there was no relief from the onslaught of mosquitos at the forests edge. Once the gear was hauled we then, one after the other, "lined" the rafts over the first waterfall. That consists of securely tying a 100 ft rope to the D ring on the front of the raft then one guy carefully wades out to a lineup position in the raging torrent above the falls. These waterfalls were big gnarly chutes of class 5 whitewater that if the boat is not perfectly lined up for when going over it could get rock jammed or plummeted sideways into the churning hydraulic. I waded into the powerful flow and sent our crafts over each of the falls. They literally went airborne and violently pinged off the sidewalls of the waterchutes like massive pinballs. After the first falls we had to reload the boats and carefully float them 200 ft. to the next even bigger and taller gorge of cascading whitewater. Hiking the gear between the falls was not an option due to the dangerous footing. After unloading everything once again, bringing the gear over these next set of cliffs was desperate. Worley fell twice on the slimy final descent, nearly breaking a leg on one and almost succumbing to massive head injury on the other. I lined up and sent the first raft through. An unbelievably violent spectacle. We brought her in from the base of the falls. Then the second boat, very difficult to line up, super dangerous at the top of the roaring falls. I let her go, the raft slammed and slapped the sidewalls and plummeted off kilter into the monstrous hydraulic. We watched as the self bailing craft literally disappeared, then emerged to the surface - thankful! But just as I thought that, I see the rope slip from Ricks hands - the raft is loose in the flow below the falls. We all yell like the world is ending, Worley rises up like a Phoenix, his injuries out of mind, he heroically sprints through the waist deep torrent and latches ahold of the last 5 ft of our 100 ft lifeline. If we would have lost that raft god knows what would have happened. Our only connection to the outside world was a satellite communicator device which 3 days later died in heavy rain. We were truly alone.



At the pools below the falls we saw our first salmon. Some reds, chums, kings and sockeye. And now the fishing was going to get good! As for anxiety, I just knew we had the class 3 and class 4 sections called the S turns and Golden Gate ahead, then seventy miles of relatively clear sailing. As we proceeded, groups

of huge Kings were darting past in the crystal clear water. At every decent gravel bar and side channel we would pull over and break out the fly rods. Kings and a lot of Chums were giving us amazing battles, the Grayling were eating everything and lots of rainbows, big beautiful rainbows - BUT the best rainbow trout action still was several miles and several hours ahead of us. The threat of rain and cool weather really stimulated the fishing. A week prior, multiple days got into the 90's, locals told us that was the first time ever. Sturk and Worley fished out of the front of the boat the entire way as we each day put miles and miles of winding waterway behind us. They literally caught and released hundreds of Grayling, Dolly Varden, Arctic Char and big Rainbows while underway. At our campsites and stopping spots the action was wide open. Being hooked into a bruiser wild Salmon on a 7 weight fly rod is my happy place, can never get enough.

On day 5 we knew the S turns and Golden Gate would be on the agenda. As we approached, I kept my eyes fixed on the GPS which I mounted right in front of my pilots seat. A series of hairpin bends would be the precursor to this boulder strewn cataract in the crooked river. I had intel that said make the first left turn very tight up against the right side canyon wall then straighten it out through a series large boulders and hydraulic holes. Wild ride, made it through . . . wet. We then pulled over for a beer and a break. Caught a couple fish, checked the maps, and spied the Golden Gate waypoint on the GPS. We all donned our life vests for this one, finished our beers, and tally ho, here we go. Golden Gate is a narrow gorge with a veritable wall of whitewater churning vertically. The dense mist and froth created a surreal view on approach. The raging sound of the powerful flow was deafening, it would be the last "loudness" we would hear for the remainder of our journey. I knew we had to enter right of center and pull the oars in due to the tight fit between giant boulders. I sat up high, back paddled into the slot, then the bottom dropped out as we slammed into the hole and penetrated the interminable wall of cascading froth. The boat bucked and heaved up as it spit us out, Sturk and Worley had a strangle hold on each others jackets as the wave blew up and over us and I pulled in the paddles and pinned myself in for dear life. In the greasy calm pool a hundred yards past the gate I let the boat effortlessly spin, as we deep breathed some sweet Alaskan air and watched boat 2 slam through the torrent behind us.



A great feeling to have all that behind us. That day around 5 PM we came up on an amazing gravelly beach that was almost like a gift meant to be, with a side channel that we paddled the boats up and into off the

main river flow. It was a bit too close to the forest and we immediately spotted bear tracks, but, we could not take our eyes off the deep pool, where salmon were staging for a run up the side creek - hundreds of them. Brilliant red sockeye, Pinks, Kings and aggressive Chums. The Rainbows follow the Chums, this thing was full of Rainbows! The Dollies and the Grayling filled out the bill. We knew in minutes this was the Honey Hole of all Honey Holes. We set camp, hauled the boats high up on the beach, tied them securely and hunkered down for an amazing two days of Alaskan camp fishing at its very best. The sun came out the next day allowing us to really dry out, take off the waders and hang around in shorts. At any time, one or all of us could position into one of several spots near the big pool and get hooked up. The huge sockeye made vicious attacks on the fly. The initial hit would rip line off the fly reel so fast that you'd have to clear the line or pay the price, with a SNAP or a brutal line cut to the fingers. These fish are powerful and fight to the bitter end. Dozens of amazing bruisers were caught at this camp. I brought sushi rice, nori, wasabi, gobi root, and soy sauce. We feasted on Salmon skin handrolls that night as the beautiful midnight sun of Alaska warmed our souls. We also took a few journeys up the sidecreek there in those days. The rainbows were going crazy on the mouse flies, the mosquitos were swarming. As we went, the 15 to 20 lb chums were racing up the creek past us, dorsal fins out of the water on their aggressive quest for their spawning ground. As for the mosquitos, they are always there but never bother me. I find that applying plenty of bug spray, NEVER bathing, and consumption of copious 18 year old scotch keep the blood suckers at bay.



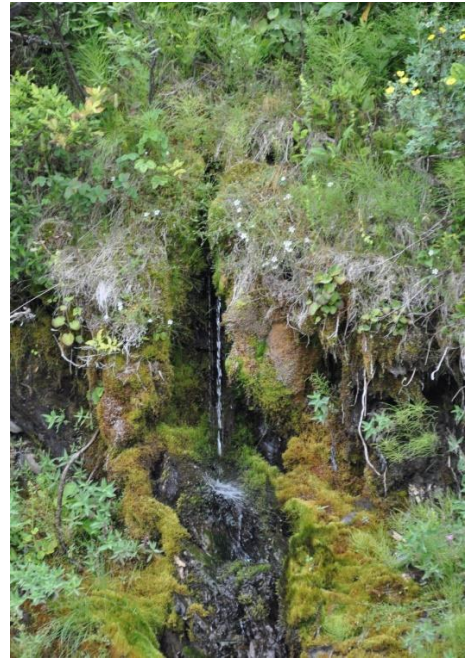
We worked our way down the river day by day. So many fish, so much beauty. The river slowed, and miles were made by aggressive paddling to go along with the gentle flow. One afternoon a brutal front moved in gave us a driving heavy rain for hours, no wind. During this, we came upon a side channel on the river that was thick with Chums (Chums are also called DOG Salmon) spawning and going crazy. The beautiful green, pink and black Dogs were chasing rainbows, dropping eggs and fertilizing like crazy. They were grabbing

our flies and making these epic runs, flying through the air like ballistic missing missiles, absolutely going crazy - what a blast. We called that area the Dog Pound. The rain subsided later that night just in time to get our tents up. The post frontal wind gusts then came on strong, threatening to blow the tents, boats and any gear not nailed down right into the river. The next few days were amazing as we became spoiled with so many hookups. Got lost a couple times, made a wrong turn & got way out into some shallow wasteland marshes off the river. When you get off track, just go with the flow, a metaphor for life. On our epic journey we saw large bears with cubs more than once, and a few Browns & blonde backed Grizzlies along the bank as we ventured down river. We also encountered Caribou, Moose, Beaver, & Bald Eagle. The animals we saw all ran like the wind when they saw or heard us. Although well prepared by keeping our food and fish cleaning well away from our tent camps, we never had a nighttime bear encounter. On at least two nights we heard sounds and found prints in our camp from a stealthy visitor or two.

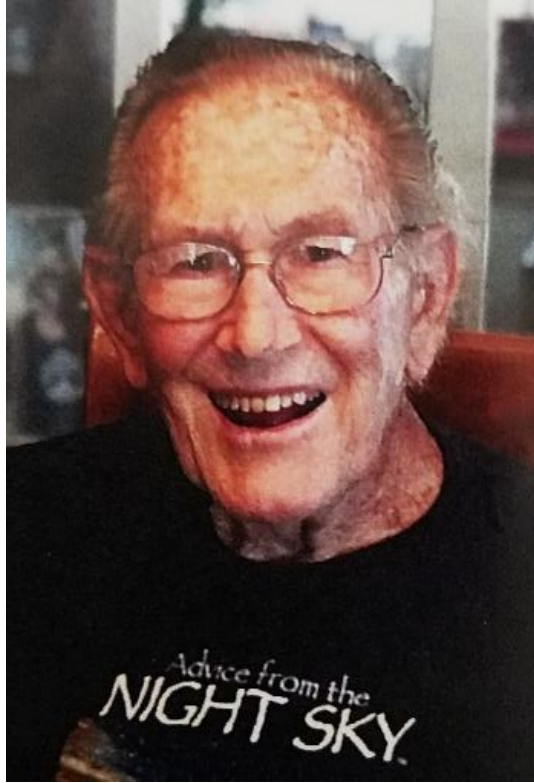


The forests faded into lowland tundra as we neared the end of the line. The beauty of these diverse lands is beyond breathtaking. On the day of our scheduled pickup we were pretty sure we made to the right spot along the river. One is never totally sure though, you just gotta have faith. We'd lost our ability to make contact with anyone several days earlier when our Sat device died. We deflated the boats, rolled/strapped them and bundled up all our gear. We were in a calm stretch of lowland waterway, waiting to be picked up by boat. When zero hour approached we heard it, our pickup was heading our way. We watched as a 20 ft aluminum skiff raced up to the gravel bar, our Alaskan "taxi driver" waving a greeting. First person we'd seen since our Beaver pilot dropped us off at Kisaralik Lake 10 days and 120 miles ago. A two hour boat ride up a calm but crazily crooked river was ahead of us on our voyage back to Bethel, and the real world. As we loaded the boats and our gear, we cracked our last 5 beers, & non verbally proclaimed, we made it. I looked to the east, lazy clouds hovering, and I could make out the Kilbuck Mountains, far in the distance where we started, that day looking greenish brown with white tops. Black speck of a bird making slow loops in the sky. I'll be back.

Long Life Ahead  
Todd Norell



# Howard Shaack Remembered



*If you did not make it to Howard's memorial you missed a great send off with friends and family, good food and even some even better stories.*

*Howard was quite a guy. I learned a thing or two about him on that day. Did you know Howard was known for wearing a bow tie in his younger day's? In fact Dorothy still has the green bow tie Howard wore on their very first date! However on that first date, Dorothy wasn't sure which guy she was going out with, as a group of guy's asked her and her friends out while the guys were sitting in a car. When Dorothy's mother asked her which one she was going out with and Dorothy said "I don't know" her mother told her "I hope it isn't the one with the bow tie.*

*Howard has some really interesting trophies from the Neptunes we will be bringing to the August meeting. I highly recommend you show up to not only see theses trophies but also to meet Dorothy and their daughter, Connie.*

*Along with Harry Ingram and Jerry Brewer Joe Ennis stopped by with us a few day's later to see Howard's airplane engine and his two late 60's model Bultaco dirt bikes.*

*Yep, these iconic bikes were rode by Howard back in the day and now Neptune Joe Ennis is the new proud owner of Howards old glory day's dirt bikes. He has promised to restore them in Howards honor and Dorothy say's he would be tickled pink to know they have been passed to another Long Beach Neptune.*

*Please come by and say hi to Dorothy and Connie at the August meeting. And if you have fresh fish, she would be delighted with a piece.*

*Danny Jones II*



In Loving Memory  
From your Friends  
The Long Beach  
Neptunes





# Tentative Profile:

## Kyle Brannon

Sponsor: Byron Quinonez



I grew up in and around the water, swimming, playing water polo, waterskiing and surfing. Any chance to be in the water I jumped at it. When I was around 13 I had my first experience spear fishing. I was invited to go to Catalina on a friend's boat with his older sister and her friends "Chaperoning." They all brought their spearguns and I was begging them to let me tag along. They agreed and told me they would be heading out before the sun was up to go spearfishing. I was really excited about the opportunity to go spearfishing and went to bed early while they stayed up drinking. The next morning they came below deck to wake me up to head out, I jumped out of bed in the dark, threw old 3/2 surf suit on and climbed onto deck. They were all sitting around drinking still, laughing, they said they were just checking if I was serious about going. The next morning when they had slept off the hangovers around 10 we finally loaded into the small rib to go spearfishing. That first dive I shot two calico and a Sheephead, back on the boat they showed me how to fillet the fish and my buddy's sister cooked them up for our lunch. It was a great was to be introduced to the sport of spearfishing and I was hooked.

When I got home from that trip I spent the next year saving up so I could buy my first speargun. Eventually I was able to buy the cheapest gun in the scuba store. I was going out spearfishing any chance I could get, learning more on every trip. Those days I was really just going after Calico and Sheephead, I never even thought about being able to shoot one of the larger pelagic species.

As I got older I learned more about the sport and started focusing on getting some of the larger species mainly yellowtail. Spearfishing started replacing my other hobbies and it is my goal to harvest all of the fish eaten in my house myself. I look forward to diving with and learning from the guys in the Neptunes.



# Classified Ad

## For Sale: La Pangita Negra

It pains me to part with this boat, it has been an ultra reliable fish magnet, but I don't find enough time to take The Jäger (my Skipjack) out as it is, so having two boats just doesn't make sense.

The Pangita is a 14 foot Achilles Hypalon Inflatable (SU14) heavy duty, powered by a 30 hs Tohatsu 2 stroke outboard. It includes a Trail Rite trailer, a bimini top, a brand new spare prop, beach launching wheels, anchor, chain and line, and lots of extra parts.

I bought this boat from Allan Drexler, and it has always been stored in a garage. Allan bought it in 1987 and it is in excellent condition for its age as you will see from the pictures. The last time I took it to Tradewinds Inflatables, everyone came out of the shop to look at it.

This boat has a rich Neptune history, following is a list of some of the neptunes who have been on the pagnita: Jim Hair, Walt Arrington, Tom Perrelli-Minetti, Jay Riffe, Dale Cote, Harry Ingram, Jim Russel, Robert Strohbach, Wes Morrissey, Steve Alexander, John Carpenter, Jeff Nelson, Steve Madrid, Brett McQueen, Randy Schumm, Kent McIntyre, Bob Donnell, Brian Donnell, Peppo Biscarini, Mike Haggard and Allan Drexler.

I just took the boat apart and inspected it for leaks, put in a few small patches and it holds air well. I also just had the outboard serviced, and it continues to be a one-pull bullet proof machine.

Brand new, the boat alone is \$10,000. I would love to see another Neptune get as much enjoyment out of this boat as I have. I am selling the whole package for \$4,500. Please call me if you are interested (949) 230-5698

Jeff Bilhon





*The Long Beach Neptunes would like to thank our sponsors*

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