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TRIDENT

the official newsletter of the Long Beach Neptunes

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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 the members of the Long Beach Neptunes and associates.

FISH STANDINGS

- August 1st- San Diego Freedivers Touranment
- August 5th- **VIRTUAL Meeting**
- August 8th- OC Spearos Classic Tournament
- August 15th- Fathomiers Scramble Meet
- September 2nd- Meeting
- October 3rd- Lobster Opener (6am)
- October 7th- Meeting
- **October 10th- FALL CLASSIC**
- November 4th- Meeting
- December 2nd- Meeting
- December 5th- Christmas Party
- December 25th- Merry Christmas!

CALIFORNIA

Calico Derby	Open
Calico Bass (Scott Defirmian)	10.1 lbs
White Seabass (John Hughes)	68 lbs
Yellowtail (Lyle Davis)	49 lbs
Halibut (Todd Farquhar)	18.6 lbs
Sheephead (Jeff Benedict)	21.66 lbs
Bonito	Open
Barracuda	Open
Dorado	Open
Wahoo	Open
Bluefin Tuna	Open
Marlin	Open
Lobster (Hobie Ladd)	11.2 lbs

OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

Yellowfin Tuna	Open
Reef Fish (Mike De Giosa)	47 lb Cubera

Kent McIntyre Award

(Lyle Davis) 50.84 lb WSB + 49 lb YT = 102.8 lbs
(John Hughes) 68 lb WSB + 28.4 lb YT = 96.4 lbs
(Jeff Bilhorn) 58 lb WSB (boat weight 55.1)
(Paul Zylstra) 38 lbs WSB
(Tod Norell) 33.2 lb YT
(Mike Marsh) 29 lb YT

Perpetual Big Fish Trophy

Open



THE 57TH ANNUAL BLUEWATER.....

BY JEFF BENEDICT

...meet is now but a memory. The numbers tell the story- 66 participants with only 6 fish turned in. The yellows were exceptionally wary this particular Saturday. The limited number of fish helped to keep the boat traffic to a minimum as participants dropped their fish off and waited for the results by radio. Mori was on the spot as Weigh Master, Will Withers did the announcing, tentatives Maks and Richard Cunningham were both invaluable in their willingness to help, and Juan Aguilar is always KEY in pulling these events off. It was definitely a team effort. Jon McMullin, Mike Marsh, Lyle Davis, Seamus Callaghan and many others played a part and I THANK YOU all!

John Hughes had been talking trash for some time now and followed it up with a 33.5 lb fish worthy of 1st Place. Steve Parkford, with a 23.2 lber wasn't far behind in 2nd and Mike Feldman, who always seems to be a top finisher took 3rd with an 18.6 lb yellow. Dive partners Brandon Ward and Brooke Basse must have seen the same school as they filled in 4th and 5th place respectively with an 18.0 and a 13.1. Juan Aguilar, who is never far from the podium had the 6th fish to be turned in weighing 12.8 lbs. Congratulations ladies and gentlemen!

Next years BWM is scheduled for June 5th, 2021.

I also want to especially thank all those that supported this event. I know it was not our typical BWM yet we found a way to make it a reality. I thank you all for your flexibility and patience in keeping the faith and following through. Many of you bypassed the weigh in so you will want to contact me to make arrangements to pick up your T-shirt here in Long Beach.

When's the auction you say?? Many members have asked just that question. History has shown that the formula for a successful LB Neptunes Auction is fantastic sponsor donations, great products, creative marketing (thank you Hobie), an over flowing venue of spearing enthusiasts and a few beers to loosen their wallets. Currently, we are lacking the last two. Alternatives have been suggested but fortunately, at this time we are financially stable and aren't feeling pressure to force it. These times are not only unprecedented but unpredictable. We can wait.....Hope you're all enjoying your summer and will look forward to seeing you on the water!

BLUE WATER MEET

2020

COVID edition



RESULTS

1st place: John Hughes 33.5 lb YT

2nd place: Steve Parkford 23.2 lb YT

3rd place: Mike Feldman 18.6 lb YT

4th place: Brandon Ward 18.0 lb YT

5th place: Brooke Basse 13.1 lb YT

Honorable Mention: Juan Aguilar 12.8 lb YT



1st place



2nd place



3rd place



4th place



5th place



*Honorable
Mention*

Paul Zylstra

SPRUMMER



DICTIONARY:

PRONOUNCED –

SPRUM_MER

NOUN

1. THE FISHIEST SEASON OF THE YEAR IN THE CHANNEL ISLAND HEMISPHERE FROM SOMETIME BETWEEN MAY AND JUNE.

2. WHEN TWO FISH SEASONS COME TOGETHER (SPRING AND SUMMER) TO CREATE ONE SMALL WINDOW OF A REALLY GOOD FISH SEASON.

Sprummer has been good on the Flattie with many successful trips to San Clemente Island, Catalina Island and coastal spots.

Solo runs in early Sprummer eventually turned into trips with the Covid tested Byron and self-proclaimed quarantined John McMullen and Dave Freeman.

One trip to San Clemente Island, I took a long shot at a nice yellowtail. I wasn't too sure of the placement so I let it run. And it ran and ran and ran. Byron was on the boat watching my float get smaller and smaller and I'm pretty sure laughing his ass off while I swam and swam towards the fish. The fish swam west at first so off I went in pursuit. Then it went east so off I go east.



Then lastly it heads towards shore so towards the shore I go. When I finally got to my float and line (in 10' of water) it was limp so I figured the fish tore off but to my surprise as swam over a shallow rock there was the yellowtail lying dead on the bottom and the shaft right through the center of the fish. The retrieval in those depths are difficult but I managed to get control of the dead yellowtail and swim and swim back to the boat!

On another trip to San Clemente Island Jon McMullen was the diver contributing to the overall fish count on day one. Conditions had changed from previous trips and the visibility wasn't so good. That didn't seem to make any difference to Jon as he put two nice yellowtail on the boat and tore one off. Byron and I had nothing to show for our day.



The next morning was spent looking for better conditions and fish. We found both but the current was ripping so Jon live boated Byron and I. Instantly we sighted yellows moving fast in feeding mode. I tore off a fish right away but Byron gave a holler he was on. This time it was his turn to go for a swim. His fish took off with the current, off the edge of the reef and tied up. I caught up to him and he retrieved his fish that went 26#. I got the "drive of shame" boat ride home that trip.

It was so nice to dive for yellowtail in warm, clear (most of the time) water after seabass season but Sprummer is Sprummer and the rumors of large seabass drew me back to the coast. I ran up to the secret Palos Verdes peninsula where the fish were rumored to be the day before. Unfortunately, the seabass must have heard I was coming and been scared to show their face at the rumored spot.

No fish were taken so it was off exploring for a new rumor spot. Fortunately, that afternoon I found said spot. The current was running in the right direction and I could see the bottom when I anchored. Now some people might say

those are not seabass conditions but after I swam into the kelp and shot a seabass I'd disagree with those people. The seabass weighed 55#.

Sprummer continued with a call from Dave Freeman asking if I was going diving anytime soon and the answer was of course do you want to go? Yes was the reply so off to Catalina we went. I had speared a couple yellowtail there the week before so I told Dave let's go back and see if they are still there. They were. The current was perfect and going the right direction. I saw a pair of large models not too long after being in the water but they did not want to come and play with me. Dave saw a few of those models too with the same results. In all we sighted fish 10 times that morning with no fish on the boat so we took off looking for greener pastures. No other pastures were found so in the afternoon we were back where we started.





Apparently, the afternoon was the time the yellowtail decided to swim around in a large group. I saw what I thought was a few fish coming over my right shoulder but I dove into a school that I never saw the end of. As the wall swam in front of me, I picked the winner and pulled the trigger. The fish went back to the boat with me. I wasn't back at the boat long and Dave came swimming up with an identical size fish. With both fish in the boat Dave was excited to tell me he shot his fish out of a big school. Me too I said. His fish weighed 30.6# and mine 30.5#. A few more trips were taken during the Sprummer time and another seabass and a couple more yellowtail went home on the Flattie. What a fun time of year!



SEASONS OF LIFE

BY ERIC BODJANAC





As the new year came and went I knew that I was going to have the make the few dives I'd be able to do count. We just got plans approved for an addition on our house and it was going to take up every week night and weekend. Mix that with my growing family and time for myself is a rare occurrence. Even so, most of my problems are problems of abundance so keeping a positive attitude is paramount when I open texts from my "friends" with slugz for days. February started off

with a dive with my so-called mentor, Hughes, where he inconsiderately shot his 68 lb fish to get a healthy lead on his Kent McIntyre award. I ended up taking a calico that resulted in my name being on the leader board for about two days until De Fermian knocked me off- it was just a matter of time before I had to type his name in the fish standings under "Calico Bass". When I pass the newsletter onto the next Neptune I'll just leave De Fermian's name under



the calico bass entry to save the editor some time.

By the time Fathers Day rolled around I was balls deep in my addiction and in need of a mental break. I took my dad, brother, and sister out to the Channel Islands for a day on the water. I spent the first half of the day diving Anacapa for yellows and despite the good current and moderate vis, the bait and gamefish were missing. I had one small fish come in but as quickly as it came, it left. With the little action we brought out the rods for some rockfish to put meat on the boat.

Later in the day I made the move across The Gap and anchored up out of the wind at Santa Cruz. We were throwing some plastics for calicoes when my brother spotted a nice WSB from the boat.



I quickly donned my mask, fins, and belt and slipped into the water. Within minutes the ghost appeared, circling some stringers but was on the move. It was quickly evident that my diving was a little rusty as my not-so-graceful duck dives would spook out several of the fish I'd see. For the next hour I'd see about 10 fish but they were all on the move; add in the good vis and my poor skills and I'd spook each one. It wasn't until 30 minutes later where I came up to a school of 8 fish posted up behind a kelp stringer. I positioned myself and plugged the closest fish. I let it run a bit and once it tied up I made the uneventful retrieval and swim back to the boat.

I was eager to get back in the water and look for my next quarry. I went back to the "zone" and it wasn't 10 minutes later when I dove into a sand channel and came across another seabass. Thankfully by this time I managed to knock some of the rust off my invert and didn't spook this fish. She was broadside already so I pointed, shot, and went tight with fish number 2. I knew I had a good shot so I kept the pressure on, not giving it much line. I looked over at my dad on the boat and yelled "FISH ON!" He watched with excitement as I got a Nantucket Sleigh Ride.



As I brought fish number 2 back to the boat I was thinking of how special it was to shoot a couple seabass with my old man on the boat for Fathers Day. I owe all that I am to him. His consistent love, support, and selflessness taught me to be the God-fearing man I am today. I pray that I can be half the man he is. At any rate...needless to say I went back for my third fish but by that time the current switched, the fish shut off, and I was left with a Kook Limit. We all high-fived, caught a few more bottom fish and made the smooth return to the barn.

It was a great weekend celebrating Fatherhood. The day before was also spent on the water with my wife and kids, instilling in them the same love and passion for the water as I have. Despite not getting much time underwater this year our family's been having fun riding and camping when time permits. This is my season in life and I'm soaking up every minute of it.

a young hughes

JOHN HUGHES



I started diving as a kid at Camp fox YMCA camp over in Catalina. I did that for 6 years and then picked up a surfboard and the diving went to the wayside. Through high school and college I didn't touch it again much except for screwing around down in Baja on surf trips. After college I decided the real job wasn't for me wanted to live the life of adventure. I was living in Santa Barbara at the time and started working the dive boats. After about 6 months of that, I had to give it up and move onto fishing for a living because my ear canals were so closed from surfers ear I couldn't equalize. I quit diving for around 10-12 years. My right ear was 100% closed and my left 98%. I ended up having both my ears cut off and my skull drilled to clear all the bone buildup. I was still months out from being able to hit the water again and I bought a whole set of used scuba gear. I had the dive bug and couldn't wait to get back into it. I wasn't into sightseeing either, I knew I was a natural born killer. I was back in So Cal and hiked the cliffs in PV with my tanks blowing up anything that swam on the reef with my JBL 38 Special.



I felt like such a stud just knowing I was the man with my hoop stringers filled with Sand Bass and Sheephead and an occasional Calico. One day diving the old Marineland, I shot the fish of a lifetime. It was a monster Cabezon and I couldn't believe the size of it. In all my years on the sport boats fishing shallow and deepwater rockfish I'd never seen anything close to as big. I was pretty certain it was a World Record. The only shop I knew of at the time that had any spear gear was Tom Murry's shop over in Long Beach by the (now gone) Olympic pool. I rushed over there and promptly started bragging about the giant fish I just shot and asked the guy behind the counter if he had a replacement tip for the one I just blew up on a rock. I was trying to play it semi cool and humble as I asked him what the WR was for Cabezon knowing I was now the guy the whole world was going to be chasing. It wasn't Tom, but one of his employees and I'll never forget the guys reaction.

Dead faced he condescendingly looked down at me and said, "why don't you try shooting something that swims instead of that stupid Cabezon." I was speechless. My spirit was crushed and I was beyond humbled to the point of completely embarrassed. To this day I can't remember ever having my balloon popped like I did that day. I can't remember what else happened after that other than trying to get out of there as fast as possible. I do clearly remember one other thing though. As I was rushing out the door the guy was telling me he was a Long Beach Neptune and maybe I should come to a meeting and meet some "real divers." Now we've all walked into a fishing or dive store and experienced the employees to be a little too cool for you. You go in for help not knowing what you are doing and all you get is Ego. Both are big Ego sports. But I can tell you that even as proud as I am today to be a Neptune that one experience still taints my image of this club. A few years later I started making the transition into free diving. I had no idea what I was doing and was still hiking the trails for a few years solo looking for a White Seabass I could never find. At one point I hooked up with another diver that lived down the street from me and if it wasn't for him I'd still be shooting Sand Bass on my hoop stringer. His name was John Hanson and he shot all kinds of stuff. He was also a Fathomier even though I had no idea what that meant. Being like a lot of us, he was also a gear junkie and was always giving me his extra suits and having me try this mask, that set of fins and re-rigging my guns for no cost. His house was like the dive locker and I could always go over there and get what I need whether I had money or not. I didn't even realize it at the time but I look back today and am amazed at his generosity. And then he started giving me the dope. He would tell me where the fish were and when they were in. He wanted me to get a seabass so bad, he would draw me maps. Of course, I still couldn't find one so one day I finally gave up and told him, "I'm going to put on my water wings and you're going to have to dump me right in them." Which he gladly did. I shot schoolies for a few years till I moved on and started "shooting fish that swim" like my Neptune example told me about. My friend John has since moved on to Mississippi but I think of him often and we still talk. Even though he's not around, I try and always have my garage and house open for the new guys. I'm the gear junkie now and I'm always trying to pass on gear to the new guys. They can always come over and get re-rigged and back in action whether they have money or not. Pretty soon, they are "shooting fish that swim" and it gives me joy knowing I've given back just a little bit of what was so freely given to me. It changed my life and I'll be forever grateful. There's a lesson in there for us

-JH

A man in a camouflage jacket is smiling and holding a large, silver fish vertically on the deck of a boat. The background shows the blue ocean and parts of the boat's structure. The text "Featured Diver" is overlaid in large red letters.

Featured Diver

Allan Drexler

My Brother Neptunes:

Born and raised in San Diego, it seems like I've been drawn to the ocean pretty much as far back as I can remember. My father was in the navy and in the summer he would drop us off at the Shelter Island Pier in the morning on his way to work and pick us up later that day. We were pier urchins. We caught lots of barracuda and bonito and occasionally sting rays and small shovel nose sharks too. I remember seeing small boats come into the pier with black seabass caught at the Coronado Islands. They seemed huge and we wondered what else might be out there beyond the horizon?

Like many of us my first real experience with diving came about when I got certified for SCUBA. It was something I had always wanted to do but I had not had the time or money since I had previously spent many years in college as a starving student. So me and a couple of of my neighbor friends became certified and immediately began diving ever change we had. I had a small 18' center console which we then used for diving but I soon sold that in favor of a larger boat that would accommodate overnight dive trips to Catalina and San Clemente Islands. it was throgh the maintenance of my new boat that I became acquainted with Harry Ingram and subsequently addicted to the art of free-diving/spearfishing. The walls of his shop were filled with pictures of huge speared fish each with its own unique story. He immediately invited me to attend a Neptune meeting but told me I had to throw away my scuba tanks first. (I figured that any club that would accept me I wouldn't want to belong to anyways). Independently, and at about the same time, I met Jay Riffe when I bought a spear gun from him which he was then making out of his garage. Guns were hard to get then and everything had to be custom made. Jay's were the best around. I remember it was pouring rain and Jackie made french onion soup for us while Jay was showing us albums full of huge fish they had speared (RIP Jay). We were hooked! We threw away our scuba tanks and headed to Catalina. Soon we met several other Neptunes while diving around the island when they saw our Riffe spearguns and came over to say hello. "Looks like you guys got Jay's guns, are you Neptunes?"







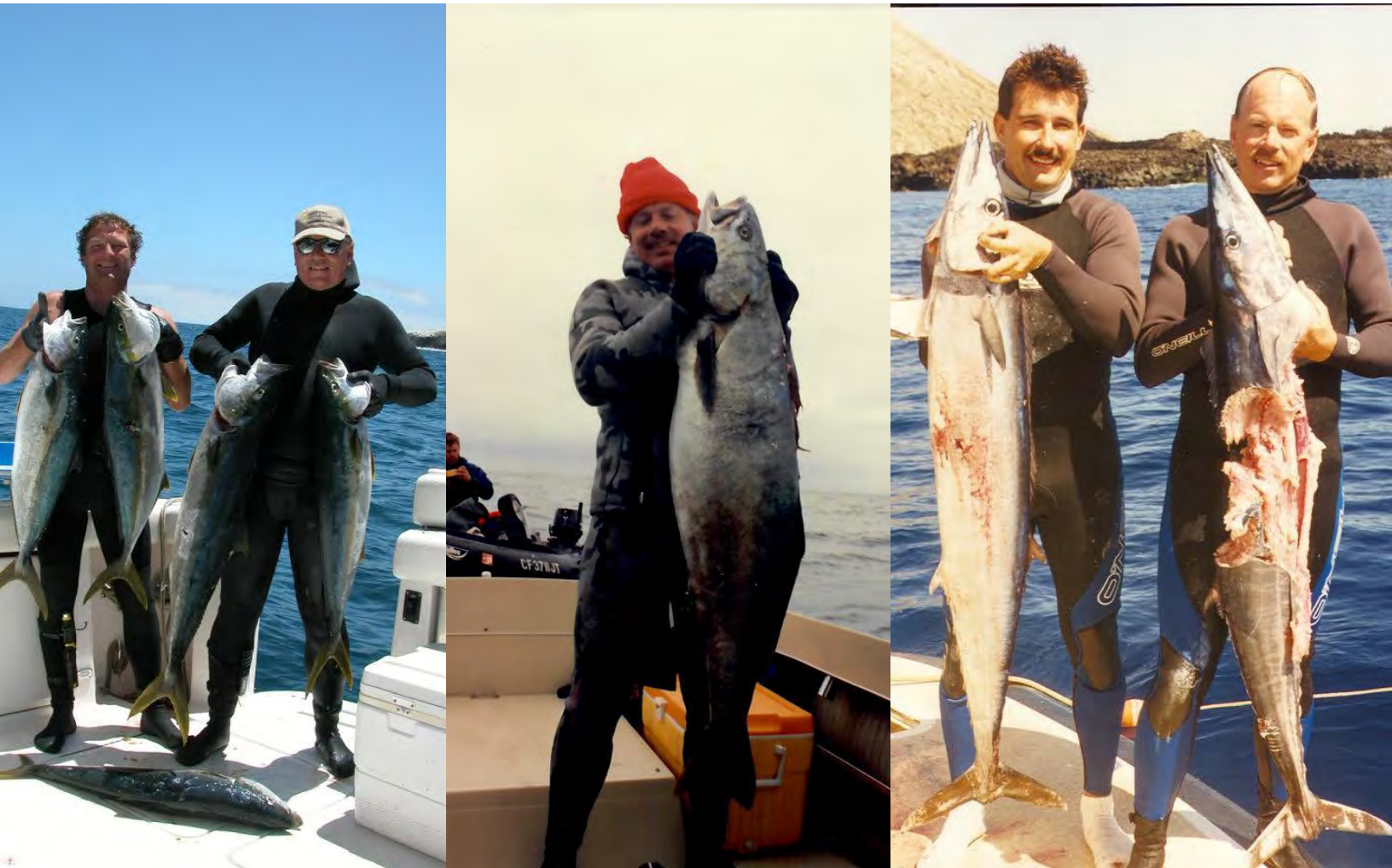
All were very friendly and willingly gave us so much appreciated advice and guidance. In those days, the mid 80's, there were few freedivers and literally everybody seemed to know everybody else. If you saw free divers out there you always knew who they were. They were your brothers, it was pretty awesome!



So pretty soon I see Harry again (boat broken) and tell him of all the Neptunes I've met out at the islands diving. Again he invited me to attend a club meeting and since I had now met a few Neptunes I decided to go and check it out. From the moment I entered the room everyone was friendly and welcoming to me. Diving legends like Dale Cote, Bill Green, Bob Donnell, Duane Smith, Jim Christensen, Yas Ikeda, Omer Nielson and many more all walked up to ME and introduced themselves, as well as Jay, Harry, Don-Paul, Ken and Robert of whom I had already met out at the islands. It was like the next chapter of "The Last of the Bluewater Hunters".



I knew immediately that this was a group of great guys and I have since become good friends with them all, some living and some now gone. At that point I knew nothing about spearfishing and these guys knew everything. They all shared their knowledge and vast experience with me and enabled me to become the diver that I am today. So I began attending some club meetings, became a tentative sponsored by Harry and Jay, and found out that there were many others who were just as crazy about spearfishing as I had become.



After much coaching by Harry Ingram, Tom Perelli-Minetti, and some others, and having never even seen a white seabass, I shot my first white on St. Patrick's Day, 1989, (23 lbs) at Palos Verdes after climbing down the hill with Tom at about 4 o'clock in the morning darkness. According to our tradition, Tom had to carry my fish back up the hill since he didn't shoot one that day. I was stoked since it was Tom who usually would get the fish. Tom was my mentor and probably the best all around spearfisherman I've ever known. I was lucky to have him as my most frequent dive buddy both here and in Baja and I learned tons from him.

By the end of that year I had shot and landed 14 whites well exceeding my wildest ambitions, my coffee jar now had 28 ear bones!

I was fortunate to be able to make many trips to the Revillagigedo Islands before they were closed to all fishing and made into a biosphere by the Mexican government. Spearfishing for giant tuna was in it's relative infancy in those days with guns, trailing lines, floats, spear tips, etc...all in the experimental stages and I was lucky to have been involved with great legendary tuna spearfishermen like Terry Maas, Bob Caruso, Bill Ernst, John Yantism, Geralid Lim, and other on many diving trips. There was always some newly invented gear to try on big tuna. On my first tripd own there I speared the World Record wahoo of 65 lbs with a speagun Tom Perelli-Minetti made for me. Jay Riffe held the record prior to me and his wahoo was 62 lbs. My Wahoo held for about 5 years until it was beaten by Brian Yoshikawa of Hawaii, 68 lbs.





I was Neptune Vice President in 1989 and had the honor of serving as club President in 1990. I completed my King Neptune (#23) in the early 1990's by taking all my King Neptune fish at San Clemente Island. I believe I was the only Neptune to do this until Jeff Bilhorn (#50) recently followed suit and did the same. I received the Neptune Life Member Award in 2013 along with Terry Maas and consider this a great honor.

This is a fantastic sport and has been a huge influence in my life for decades. Many of my best life friends and most memorable times have involved spearfishing; it's in my blood. I am proud to be associated with this great club, these great people, and great spearfishermen brothers...truly the best in the world!

Safe Diving...Big Fish!

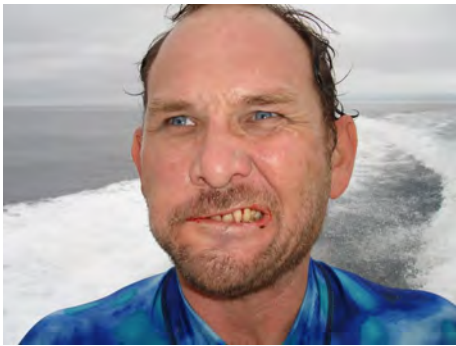
Allan Drexl





**BLOOD ON
THE NEW GUN**

BEHIND THE DIVER





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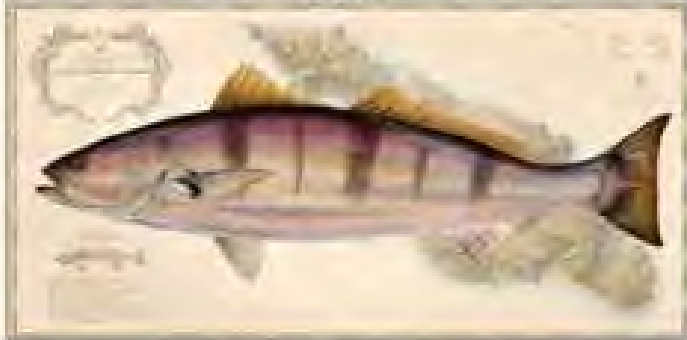


SPEAR AMERICA



FIND REFUGE IN THE SEA





PACIFIC WILDERNESS



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