

THE TRIDENT



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A LONG BEACH NEPTUNES SPEARFISHING NEWSLETTER

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

- December 2nd- Meeting
- December 5th- Christmas Party
- December 25th- Merry Christmas!

FISH STANDINGS

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)	(BW)21.66 lbs
Bonito (John Hughes)	(BW)8.93 lbs
Barracuda	Open
Dorado	Open
Bluefin Tuna (Josh Wels)	(BW)131.2 lbs
Lobster (Hobie Ladd)	11.2 lbs

OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

Yellowfin Tuna	Open
Reef Fish (Dave Freeman)	61.94 lb Cubera
Pelagic, non-tuna (Dave Freeman)	67.24 Almaco Jack

Kent McIntyre Award

(John Hughes) 68 lb WSB + 36.4 lb YT = 104.4lbs

(Lyle Davis) 53.8 lb (BW, 51.11 lb) WSB + 49 lb YT
= 100.11 lbs

(Jeff Bilhorn) 58 lb WSB (boat weight 55.1)

(Paul Zylstra) 55.4 lbs WSB

(Tod Norell) 33.2 lb YT

(Mike Marsh) 29 lb YT

Perpetual Big Fish Trophy

(Josh Wels, Bluefin Tuna)

(BW)131.2 lbs





ZOOM MEETING

HOPE TO SEE YOU ALL AT OUR LAST ZOOM MEETING OF 2020.
THIS WEDNESDAY NIGHT, 7 PM

WE WILL BE VOTING ON OUR NEXT YEARS BOARD:

- PRESIDENT - PAUL ZYLSTRA
- VICE PRESIDENT - BYRON Q.
- SECRETARY - BRANDON WARD OR IVAN SANCHEZ
- TREASURER - JON MCMULLIN
- NEWSLETTER EDITOR - JUAN AGUILAR
- TENTATIVE MANAGER - JOHN HUGHES OR HOBIE LADD

MEETING ID 867 4748 2285
PASSCODE 210059

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

A BIG THANK YOU to the membership for allowing me to serve as your President for 2020. It's been a high honor and experience I will never forget. This year's pandemic forced us to have a unique experience as we bobbed and weaved our way through the ever changing restrictions.

We started off the year with the challenge of becoming a legitimate entity to remedy our banking situation. From there we applied to the Feds for a 501c7 status and looked to bind liability insurance for the Board and its tournaments. I'm happy to report that just last week we received a confirmation of approval from the IRS as to that status. Now we move forward with an application to the State of California. We did secure insurance for a brief time until underwriting decided it wasn't a good fit. I believe once we are confirmed with the State we may have additional options for insurance. I applaud all of our Board members as we worked through the ever changing Covid restrictions to successfully reinvent our tournaments without going ashore. There were many Board meetings when we didn't see eye to eye as we continued to be creative in making these events a reality. All in all I have to commend the Board for continuing to stay cohesive as we strived to keep the clubs' integrity and members best interest in the fore front. Canceling Christmas was a huge disappointment. I know so many of us were excited to finally meet in person and share our experiences face to face, which hasn't happened for so long now. I miss your smiles, laughter, hugs and handshakes and was hoping to end this year on a high note.

What I've witnessed this year was a level of dedication and passion for this Club that may not be evident to the general membership. I highly recommend taking on a commitment to experience the intensity and dedication involved to maintain the high standards we all behold as a Long Beach Neptune. The flexibility and patience of the membership is not without notice as you all waited, yet sometimes last minute, decisions on our events throughout the year. I am forever proud to be a part of this organization as we continue to move forward and work our way through whatever challenges may lie ahead. Thank you again for this wonderful experience and opportunity. Stay safe and love your fellows as if you may not see them again, as nothing is guaranteed. Best regards to all and have a Merry Christmas!

Jeff Benedict, 2020 President





EDITOR'S NOTE

The year 2020 will soon be in our rear-view mirror and we close in on our rotation around the sun. It's been a trying time in life but the nature of a spearo is to persevere through tough conditions as we know the reward that comes with it. It has been an honor and a privilege to serve as the Newsletter Editor and sit on the board of the most prestigious club this fine country has seen. I was always taught to take pride in my work and this year has instilled that in me all the more. I am proud to be a spearo, a Neptune, and an American. I thank you all for the encouragement and support as I navigated this position and responsibility. As we celebrate Thanksgiving and Christmas, let's count our blessings and look forward to a new year. I can't wait for what the future holds!

Sincerely,

Eric Bodjanac
2020 Newsletter Editor



THE LUCKIEST OF HATS

Again I'll preface this by saying I'm a firm believer that God is the giver of all good things (including White Seabass).

If you missed the previous dramas to this story check the last 2 newsletters.....

Being that I had found some fish a bit closer to home, the next day I decided to see if I could get back on them. My main dive partner Capt Ron had been looking for a few weeks already and had only one 28" fish to show for it. He was getting burned out on the seabass game already and it was only early March. I gave him a call and told him it was on and related the story from the day before. I was convinced at this point that it had to be the hat so that was the first thing I set aside when I packed my gear the night before.

We met in the morning and raced to the same area I had shot my fish the previous day. Unfortunately, the conditions had gotten much worse. We looked at the mud and decided to try another spot we had passed on the way over that seemed to have better vis. I asked Ron which direction he wanted to go and when he pointed, I said cool, I'd go the other way. I slid in and it was actually perfect for seabass with vis around 15'.





I started meandering through the stringers and punched a dive or two to warm up. On my third dive down I was creeping through the stringers at my neutral around 16' as I crept up to a little opening in the kelp bed. I looked up into the clearing and what do I see but a seabass laying there sleeping in open water about 5' below the surface. I couldn't believe it. I slowly raise my gun and line up on the fish. I was just sitting there at my neutral holding my breath pointing at this fish thinking about it. I sat there lined up on this thing for a good 15-20 seconds thinking....Damn, it's only been 10 minutes again and there's a fish! Can that hat really be that lucky?? And of course, Ron's gonna kill me if I'm back on the boat right away with a fish again! LOL As I continued to ponder things, I got that shit eating grin and said screw it. The fish wasn't that big at only around 25lbs but it was dead asleep and I never like to pass on an opportunity to rub it in on my buddies so I decided to shoot it. Even though the fish was facing away from me and dead asleep it seemed, as soon as I started squeezing the trigger the thing just BOLTED. No tell tale twitch or anything, it was a trip. I just kinda chuckled as I floated slowly to the surface. Surprisingly, we never saw anything else in that bed. We decided to brave the mud where I'd seen fish the day before. We hopped in and swam into the zone and it was ugly. You had to dive down and try to silhouette the fish by looking up into the sunlight. I hate those conditions and got over it in about 10 minutes. If I'm not having fun, I get over it fairly quick. I swam into better conditions that didn't seem to be holding fish. Ron continued to dive in there for an hour or so and upon return told me there were fish in there but he couldn't get a bead on them. He even had a 40lbr swim right over his shoulder. Slightly frustrated we boned out for other spots where we had decent conditions but no fish for the remainder of the day. It was the weekend at this point, and when on vacation I like to dive during the week, hang out with the wife and let the crowds have it. The conditions were crap close to home anyway. Over the course of the weekend I decided to try

and line up a ride in that faraway land where the conditions continued to be epic. Fortunately, there's other people out there that like to dive mid week and have a hard time lining up other divers to split costs and dive with. I lined up a ride for the following Tuesday and even though I didn't get a fish last time, I was convinced Ron's bad luck had just overpowered the lucky hat. Come Tuesday I threw my gear, my chewed up fish bag and guns in the car. I donned the lucky hat and raced off at light speed to a land far away. This is my lucky hat. I think I chose wisely.

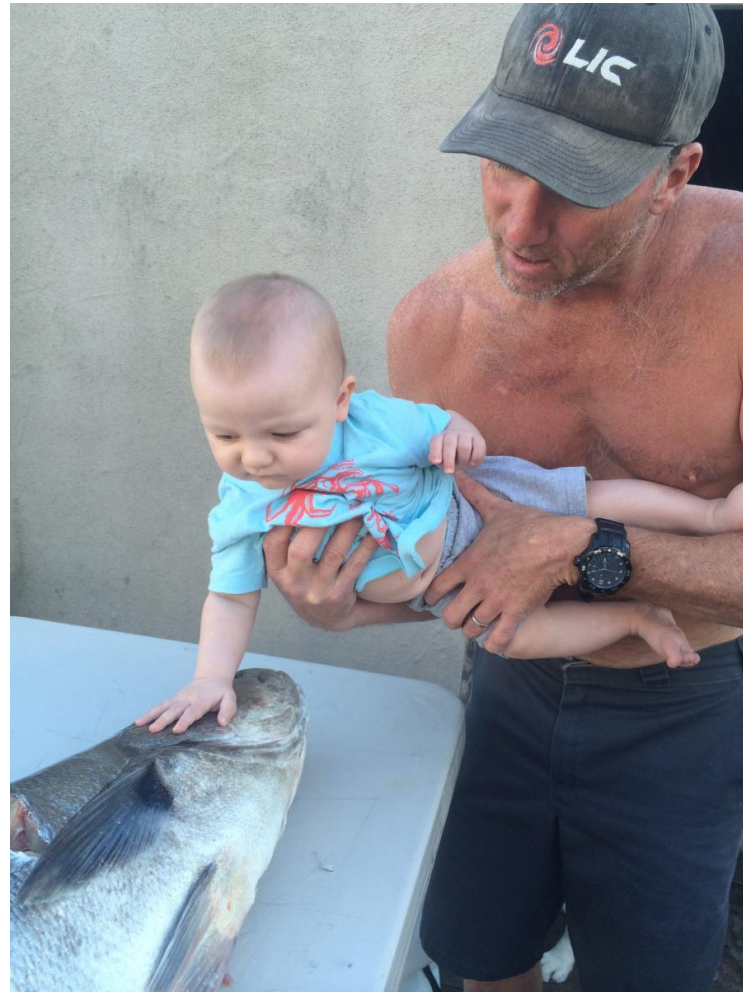
After launching the boat, I related the stories from the past week to my boat mates and we were all pumped. We agreed again to shoot limits and be home early and had a good laugh. Upon arrival, the conditions were again fairly unbelievable. Not quite top to bottom, but vis was around 40'+ with balls of bait and a slight current. We anchored and suited up. I was waiting for the guys to get their stuff ready as I didn't want to be that guy that just hops right in before the captain. The boat owner asked me what I was waiting for and to get in and shoot my limit. I was feeling pretty fattened up and cocky so with a shit eating grin I slid in. Wow, crazy good conditions again! I loaded my gun and started cruising through the stringers up current. I swam away from the boat and did a drop or two to clear the bubbles and slow my heart rate down. I love conditions like that as I'm a surface shooting scumbag and when you can see almost all the way to the bottom I prefer to just cruise around looking. Clean water, slight current, all different kinds of bait, nobody else here, my lucky hat, absolutely perfect. The stringers here on the outside of the bed only came up to about 25' below the surface. I was basically just cruising around in open water. About 30-40 yards away from the boat I looked down and see my prize. There was a sleeper, a really nice fish just hanging out between two kelp stalks about 30' down. Somehow I wasn't surprised. I was on a roll. Or was it the hat?? I had time to just check it out and ponder these things as I breathed up and planned my attack. I took a breath and as quietly as possible dipped and started sliding towards the fish. I got about 1/2 way there and she slowly started moving with just a flick of the tail. By the time I was at 20' she still hadn't taken off. I got to where the tip of my gun was only about 7' away and plugged it where I thought was right in the top of the back. It immediately bolted down as I reached in front of my gun for the reel line.

Knowing I had a solid shot I locked down and horsed it up as I raced to the surface. Reaching clean air, it was still trying to wrap in the top of the stringers and it took me getting pulled under a few times by a hot fish to get her into the top 25' of clear water. Back and forth we went for a few minutes but I was determined to get this fish without having to dig it out. I was already cramping by the time I got it in my hands and bled it. Taking a minute or two to recover, I pondered how lucky I was. Or was it the hat? 4 dives in a row I just happened to swim right to the fish. I was close enough to the boat to not have to put it on my stringer so I just swam it over with the shaft still in it and climbed on board. The guys had swum the other direction but were still close enough to see me hoist it up and show it off. I think they both just shook their heads before they continued the hunt. Taking the shaft out I realized I had hit the fish in the side and couldn't see the exit hole. In that clean water I think I was a bit further from the fish than I thought. The slip tip had toggled inside the stomach cavity and was toggled on the ribs. I made a slice to get the tip out and let my jelly legs recover. Here's the fish that went 45lbs if I remember correctly.

We continued to hunt the epic conditions and never saw another fish. Again hitting the dock with only one fish in the bag, I had to ponder....was it the hat? I was fairly convinced at this time it was. I got home and let my kid scope it out trying and failing to get him to say "whiteseabass" for his first words.

He got over it fairly quickly and didn't seem to be too impressed with the fish, or dad who was very full of himself (and his hat) at this point.

We decided to make dinner for our awesome neighbors who had relatives straight from Poland staying with them for a few weeks. They were absolutely tripping on all these fish I had been dragging down the driveway over the last week. The freezer was still jugged with lobster from the closer so they made up some lobster scampi to go with the fresh seabass and with as straight a face as possible I told them we eat like this all the time.



WORI - HANDLE + REE
TICKET - TORRANCE
HANG PICTURES
SHOOT A SEABASS
TWICE
AND AGAIN
PADI
DOUG BORSTEL
MEDICAL APPT WED
AWAZEL - LOBSTERS
HAIRCUT
FIX STROLLER
DRY BAG

The next day I had some packing to do for an upcoming trip to Seattle with the family so I cleaned my gear and started packing up. I'm a list guy so I dug out my list of things to do and realized I was off to a good start on my vacation. Not 10 days into it and I had completed my list including shooting 3 seabass which I had jokingly put on there.

Was it the list, the hat, or was it God? My faith was strong, but the hat was winning. I had all this to ponder as I headed off to Seattle with the family for a week. Stay tuned to see if the luck continues.....

-JOHN HUGHES





The Long Beach Neptunes are proudly supported by the following entities

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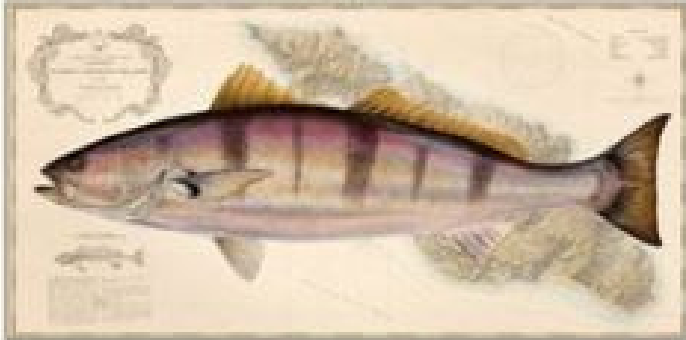


HERRANEN
SPEARFISHING



FIND REFUGE IN THE SEA





PACIFIC WILDERNESS



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