

# THE TRIDENT



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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.

# FISH STANDINGS

**CALIFORNIA**

Calico Derby	Open
Calico Bass	Open
White Seabass	Open
Yellowtail	Open
Sheephead	Open
Bonito	Open
Barracuda	Open
Dorado	Open
Wahoo	Open
Bluefin Tuna	Open
Marlin	Open
Lobster	Open

**OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS**

Yellowfin Tuna	Open
Reef Fish (Mike De Giosa)	47 lb Cubera
<b>Kent McIntyre Award</b>	Open
<b>Perpetual Big Fish Trophy</b>	Open

# AT A GLANCE

- February 5th- Club meeting, discuss legal status of the Long Beach Neptunes, Michael Shane Research Scientist from Sea World-Hubbs
- March 4th- Vote on legal status of the Long Beach Neptunes
- March 21st (Saturday)-  
2019 Awards Banquet
- April 1st- Meeting
- May 6th- Meeting
- June 3rd- Meeting
- June 13th- BLUE WATER MEET
- July 1st- Meeting
- August 5th- Meeting
- September 2nd- Meeting
- October 3rd- Lobster opener (6am)
- October 7th- Meeting
- November 4th- Meeting
- December 2nd- Meeting
- December 25th- Merry Christmas!



How'd you all like the January meeting?  
Seems like forever since we've gotten together.  
I'm hoping that will change come February.  
We've got lots to talk about. Behind the scenes  
the Board has been very busy. You all should  
know by now that we are looking into  
becoming an LLC followed up by applying for  
501c7 status. We have put a lot of effort into  
finding the best option to recommend to the  
members. Ultimately it's up to you. Lets plan  
for a heavy member presence in February and  
March while we prepare to take this to the  
floor for a vote. We've selected a fun venue in  
Huntington Beach, the Harbour Rackhouse to  
host the Awards Banquet. Mark you calendars  
for March 21 st , 5pm. An Evite is set to follow  
with entrée selections. Cost is \$20/person.  
Looks like we may have another change in  
store for the club. Mori is looking to retire from  
the Historian position. He's promised me that  
he'll stay on as Weigh Master though. We are  
all indebted to him for his 23 years of service to  
the club. Be sure to thank him, and start to  
survey members for replacement nominees. I  
was fortunate to get one dive trip this January.  
OMG it felt so good. Far cry from the 80 degree  
water we left in Mag Bay but wonderful just  
the same! Love these sun rich penetrating days  
of Winter.

Get after it,  
Jeff







# Fellow Neptunes

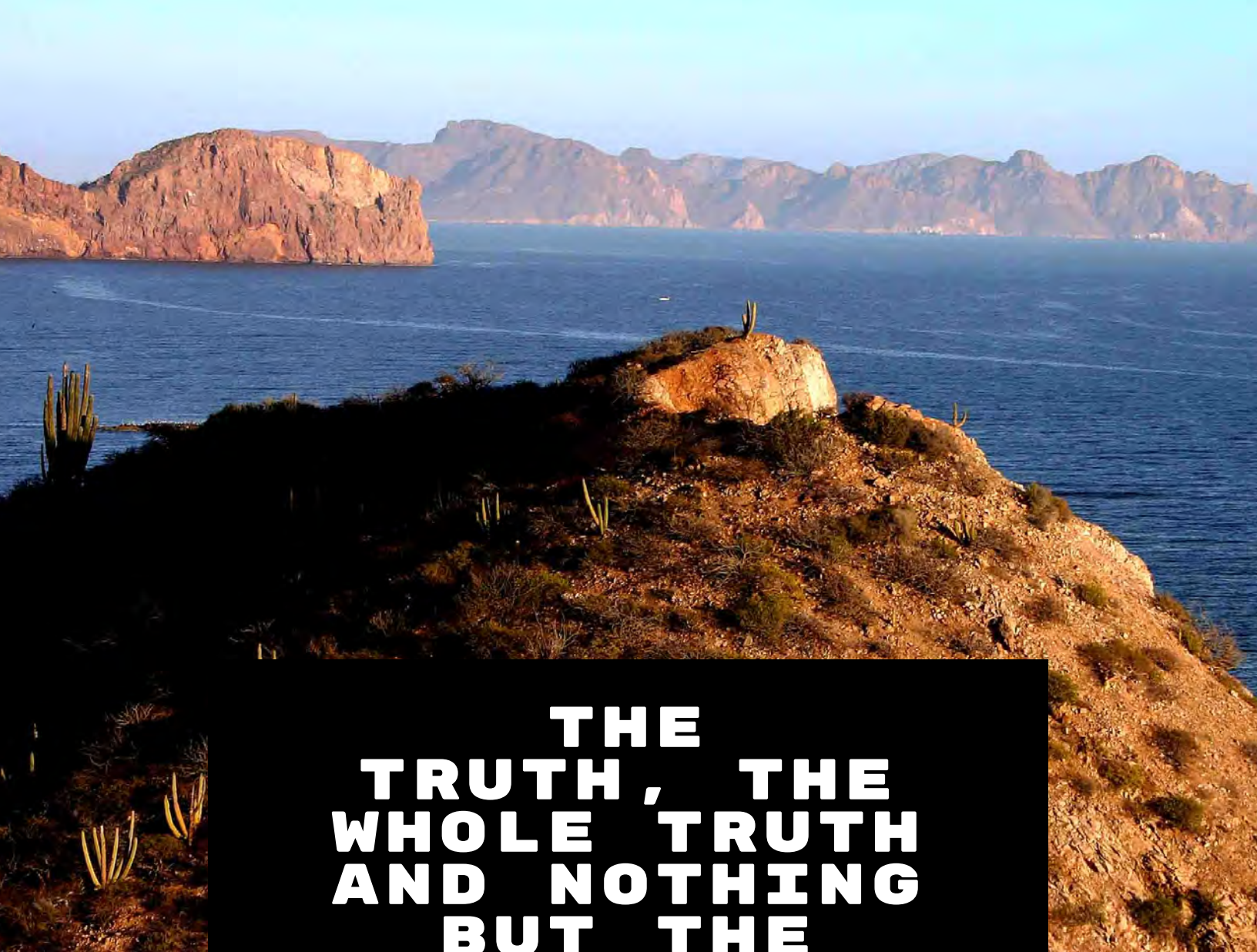
I would like to announce my retirement as the Club Historian. I have very busy with work and other commitments and feel I need to dedicate more time to these things. Paul Byrd has graciously volunteered to take over the position. Paul has been a member 5 years longer than I have, and I have full confidence in his abilities to take over the position. Paul is also serving as a board member of the CCA, which makes him a very good asset in our political position to defend our rights to spearfish. I hope you all give him the support and cooperation you given me throughout the years. It has been a pleasure and enjoyment to have been your Historian. I will always be available to answer any questions and will continue to support our club.

*Mori*

**Harry is looking great having recovered from brain cancer. We're thankful for and celebrating his complete recovery. Please continue to keep him and his family in your thoughts and prayers.**







**THE  
TRUTH, THE  
WHOLE TRUTH  
AND NOTHING  
BUT THE  
TRUTH...SORT OF**

SOME of us are guilty of exaggerating the size of the fish we've speared or dives we've made to spear those fish. For example, a respectable yellowtail fresh out of the water weighs in at 20 pounds. A week later, when the story is told during a Neptune meeting, it grows to 30 pounds, or a one-minute dive to 30 feet turns into a two-minute dive to 60 feet. To be honest, I'm probably as guilty as anyone, but who doesn't love a good fish tale?

The absolute King of the "whopper-tellers" was an old-timer, contemporary of mine, who will remain anonymous—to protect the guilty. The whoppers I'm referring to were told at a Blue Water Meet in the early eighties. Over the years he told quite a few more cock-and-bull stories, but what follows are his best. The King told Pete Thomas (an outdoor reporter for the L.A. Times, who was covering the meet) that he was the co-inventor



of the Aqua Lung, he had previously shot several 25 pound calico bass, which, of course, rarely exceed ten pounds, and had once shot 20 grouper... in one day. Believable? I don't think so, but he almost had Pete convinced. All the King's stories were voiced with a straight face, he never cracked a smile, and I think he actually believed them. I mention these examples now, even though they don't directly relate to the story line, because they are an interesting historical tidbit from the past—tribal knowledge, perhaps—about a member of the club. They were told by an old-time Neptune who had lots of fun with the truth, and they were always entertaining. I also wanted to emphasize that what follows really “is” a true story—honest.

So here it is: Like everyone in the club, I love spearing fish; I also enjoy eating fish. Some of my favorites to hunt and eat are Cabrillo bass, calico bass and trigger fish. With the exception of Cabrillo bass, these are typically small fish but good eating. Most of my guns, however, are too big or too inconvenient to use on plate-sized critters. The solution of course: buy another, smaller gun. I'm sure my wife was thinking why does he need six spear guns?

To solve this problem, I purchased a short gun with a barrel length of 40 inches. It had a small diameter shaft, only two bands and no reel. It's quick and easy to reload, maneuverable, and very, very simple. It would be perfect for the fish I love to hunt, spear and eat.

Time to test this baby out. Six months out of the year, we live in San Carlos, Sonora, Mexico, on the Sea of Cortez. Isla San Pedro, a local dive spot, is a 15 mile run from the marina, and the water at the island is usually pretty clear. On this particular day, however, the vis was slightly better than hot chocolate.

Shooting fish would be difficult, but I could still test the gun and the rigging, which was a little different on this particular gun. We dropped the hook in 20 feet of water at the south end of the island and were immediately surrounded by a half-dozen or so sea-lion pups. They are certainly cute but almost always a pain-in-the-ass. This raft of pups was no different. They were barking, jumping and performing acrobatic maneuvers right next to the boat, which really pissed-off Vela, our excitable and boisterous Airedale.

I entered the water, cocked the gun and began swimming into the current and away from the barking. During a shallow dive, a pup swam over my right shoulder, made a beeline for the front of the gun and bit the end of the barrel just behind the tip of the shaft. Initially I was startled and surprised, then I was annoyed. There didn't appear to be any damage; the shaft was stainless-steel and the barrel was aluminum. What could a small sea-lion pup do to hard metal?





As I continued to swim, I was constantly being buzzed by these annoying pups. The combination of sea lions and poor visibility made it nearly impossible to shoot fish. No fish tacos tonight, but I could still try out the new gun with its odd rigging.

I was at a flat spot along the island in about ten feet of water. I aimed the gun at absolutely nothing and fired. The shaft flew out of the receiver, traveled the length of the shooting cable, which was 200 pound mono, and immediately broke off. Son-of-a-bitch! That's when I realized the pup had not only chomped on the metal but had actually nipped the mono. Not hard enough to sever it at the time but hard enough to damage and weaken it. The jolt of firing the gun, which did not have a reel, caused the mono to snap and allowed the shaft to continue unabated; it was no longer attached to the barrel and possibly lost. But no big deal. I was in shallow water and even with the poor vis, I was fairly confident I could find the missing arrow.



I continued on the path of the shaft and made several shallow dives to see if I could locate and retrieve it. As expected, I found it on the bottom just a few feet from me. I was relieved when I saw the arrow, knowing I wouldn't have to spend sixty bucks for a replacement. As I neared the bottom and extended my arm to recover it, a sea-lion pup—probably the same one that nipped the barrel—appeared out of the murky water, clinched the shaft in its jaws just behind the spearhead and sped into deep water.

As it flashed out of sight, the pup turned and looked at me as if to say, screw you pal, it's my arrow now, and disappeared into the murk. I couldn't believe what just happened. I was pissed and shocked. The damn pup stole my shaft! Unbelievable but true—honest. I'm sure we've all had unpleasant encounters with sea lions, but I've never had one steal and then runaway with my equipment.

I made a couple of dives but couldn't relocate the stolen shaft. I swam back to the boat with what was left of my new—only fired once—gun. When I climbed aboard the boat my wife said, "Well, I see you're back to five." Sometime later, after buying a replacement shaft, I dived Bandito Point, which is a few miles north of the marina. I shot a nice trigger fish that would feed two people and a 12 pound Cabrillo bass. Well, maybe it was 10 pounds; OK, OK, truth be told—and that's what this story is about—it was probably closer to 8 pounds. But the gun worked fine and the fish tacos were very good.

*TOM BLANDFORD*

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# MISSIN' THE DOLLAR

**BY JOHN HUGHES**

I saw George the other day and it reminded me how much I miss trips on his boat. Had some of the best trips of my life on that ride and some incredible fellowship with Neptunes and other fun divers. Made some great friendships that continue on today from some of those charters. He ended up turning the boat into a commercial Albacore boat and does that when the seasons on and is doing a variety of things to make ends meet when he's not fishing. He had a rad little boy a few years back and is recovered from a brutal ankle surgery which included 8 pins which were incorrectly inserted. Ouch. Overall, he looked great and was funny as ever. The boat was parked in front of my house in Pedro here for a few after bringing it back down the coast and it was nice to stop by and have some laughs.



Here's just a few of the pics I took on his boat over the years and a few of the Neptunes that tagged along. Good times, I miss these trips with you guys.





Sand Dollar  
Regulars









# PUERTO VALLARTA

## GOOD FOOD, FRIENDS, AND FISHING

MICHAEL DE GIOSA

I dove and fished Puerto Vallarta this past January on the Tatou. Mori, Doug, Nacho and I were set for an adventure of big fish, great diving, terrific food, and some good laughs and R&R. We hit all the marks and dove/ fished some new areas around El Banco, Corbetena Rock, the Tres Marias and Murrietas Islands. We caught plenty of fish including sierra, tuna, dorado, cabrillas, Mori's #20, and my #47 Cubera Snapper. Trip was awesome until I caught a nasty cold flu, spent last few days rolled up into a sleeping bag with nasty chills and body aches. I absolutely love this annual trip and all the exploring of new dive and fish spots. Can't wait for next year. A few highlight pictures and video below.





An inset video player showing an underwater scene. The view is looking down at a rocky seabed covered in green algae or coral. The water is clear and blue. The video player interface is overlaid on the bottom of the inset. It includes a play button on the left, a progress bar in the center, and a timestamp of 02:11. On the right side of the player, there are icons for signal strength, settings, and the Vimeo logo.



02:11



vimeo





BEHIND

# THE DIVER







Top left- Ivan showing off a nice blue that he lassoed. Top right- Ivan thought it was time to put down the family dog. Bottom- my first wsb- the pictures make it look smaller than it was, must be the angle...





Top left- What a WSB sees when it's June and it finally crosses a diver. Top right- So this is why wives are not allowed on Baja trips? Bottom right- my son, Levi, getting ready to pull the trigger on some Halloween candy.



Right- Byron showing us where "Blue Steel" came from. Bottom- When its you get back to the boat and every one else shot a wsb but you.





Left- Even though he dives with Ivan, Will didn't get the memo on a proper sheephead.

Right- they say to look for a full moon when hunting WSB but I think Danny is looking a little too hard at this one.





# THE LONG BEACH NEPTUNES ARE THANKFUL FOR OUR SPONSORS

**ATOMIC**  
AQUATICS



**HERRANEN**  
s p e a r g u n s




**SPEAR AMERICA**







An aerial photograph of a rugged coastline. A river flows from the top left towards the center, where it meets the ocean. The coastline is characterized by steep, rocky cliffs and a narrow beach. The water is a deep blue, and the sky is a pale, hazy blue. The entire image is framed by a white border.

**“IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO  
GROW WEARY OF A  
SPORT THAT IS NEVER  
THE SAME ON ANY TWO  
DAYS OF THE YEAR”**

Theodore Gordon