



# TRIDENT

July  
2010

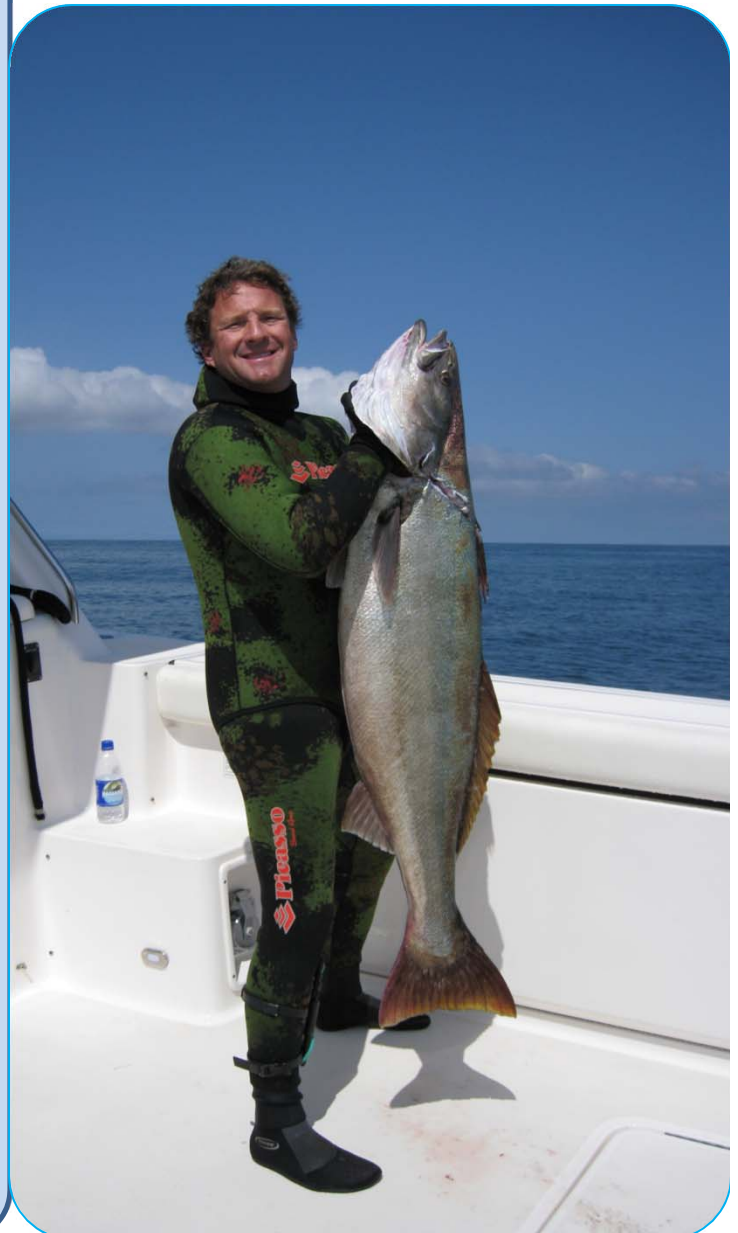


Lyle Davis is BACK! This Ironman went through hip surgery and came back STRONG! First time back in the water, Lyle got a nice 36lb white seabass and he's looking for more. Great job, Lyle – welcome back.

Diver of the Month –  
Lyle Davis

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I started snorkeling when I was 7, living Laguna Beach. We used to make slings out of our mom's broom handles and 5 pronged heads we would buy at Laguna Dive. Drill a hole, put a rubber band and bam we had a nice proficient sling. We would shoot calicos, sand bass, corbina and occasionally a halibut. I continued to snorkel and scuba dive for many years and then I met Wes Morrissey in the early 90's barbecuing yellowtail in an alley where our old plant was. He told me he shot the fish using a spear gun and I was hooked. Wes, Harry Ingram and I started diving frequently. I didn't know it at the time but I had the two best mentors anyone could possibly have. The years of experience both in diving and safety allowed me to reach new heights. Since that time I have been fortunate enough to dive in Mexico, Indonesia, Fiji, Hawaii, Tahiti, Costa Rica and throughout Southern California. My personal records are; yellow tail 45 lbs, white sea bass 62 lbs, yellowfin tuna 245, Dorado 47, Wahoo 60, Pargo 55.

Lyle Davis





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

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2010 Calico Derby – Masahiro Mori (5.2 lbs)

Calico Bass of the Year – OPEN!

Halibut – Robert Strohbach (33.4 lbs)

Sheepshead – OPEN!

Yellowtail – OPEN!

White Sea Bass – Mike March (64-8 lbs)

Bluefin Tuna – OPEN!

Lobster – Jim Hair (12 lbs)

Big Tuna Out of Country (Yellowfin) – OPEN!

Big Fish Out of Country (Pelagic) OPEN!

Big Fish Out of Country (Reef) Ethan Smith (72 lb. Pargo)

Kent McIntyre Award - Open

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## President's Corner

### Why I Kill Fish

The common but flip remark about spear fishing as told by a typical Neptune is the one that goes something like this, "It was an absolutely crystal clear day, sparkling clean water with rising healthy kelp giving the feeling of large protective trees in a forest; bait fish, senioritas and blacksmith, all moving separately but somehow together in an erratic unison. Dark still canopies of kelp cut by diagonal beams shimmering light. Everything but the dancing sunlight seemed like it was in slow motion - occasionally the bait or blacksmith would spook together in one multifaceted motion. Then in the distant opaque blue background I saw a school of large yellowtail appear and move toward me from my right. With absolutely cool confidence, they swagger and breezed right by me displaying their spectacular green, yellow and silver color all against an absolutely picturesque background. The scene was so absolutely beautiful with the yellowtail so glorious and powerful as they swam together that I killed one."

Nice.

But just as this is an ironic twist the message still captures why I kill fish. I can tell you it's not that I enjoy the annihilation of a life. It's not the actual killing of a live animal that I find appealing. In fact, killing an animal any animal is something I take very seriously. I'm okay with killing but I recognize that it is ending a life.



I've also noticed that size matters. The smaller the creature the less I care. When I shot my 59lb White Sea Bass back in the early 90's I recall putting my arm around the animal as I dispatched it. The sheer size of this animal made me really appreciate how long this thing had been roaming the seas and that I was taking its life right then. It felt like I was killing a wild mammal, like a deer, with my bare hands. It can be very powerful moment when you are very close and killing a large animal with your hands, even a White Sea Bass.

In the end, why I kill fish is it is the final outcome of a long process of preparation of hanging out with friends of fixing my gun of cleaning my boat – and finally, of enjoying a great meal with friends and family.

Steve Parkford





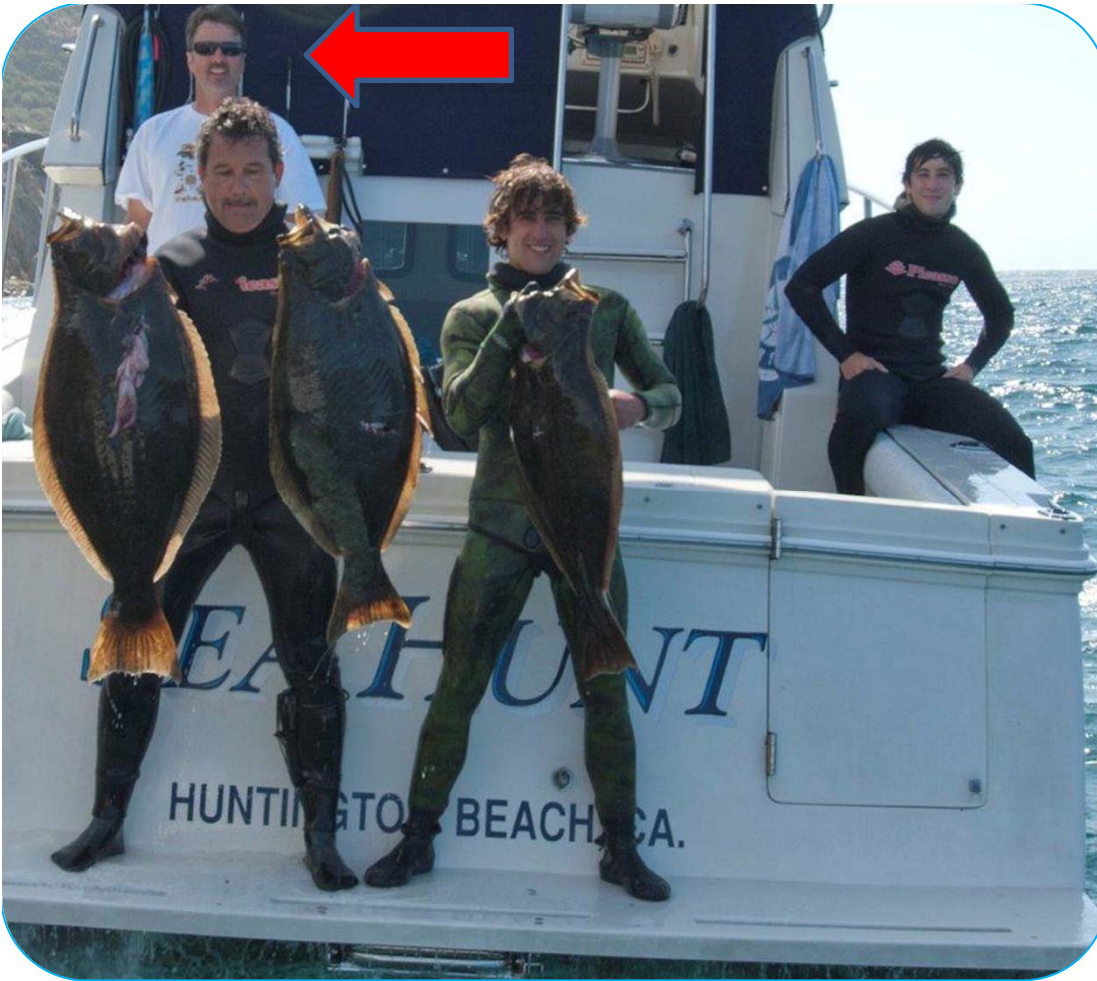


Our esteemed Treasurer, Bruce Dardis, “screaming like a baby” While zip-lining at Catalina...

...And Bruce screaming EVEN LOUDER when he shot this 30.3 lb Halibut!







Robert Strohbach and Joe Prola with three really nice Halibut. Robert's 33.4 lb flattie is currently the biggest to be submitted this year! (Why is it that they always get fish when Captain **Bob Jarrett** is at the helm)?





Neptune member Ian Imlah with a sweet 47 lb White Seabass

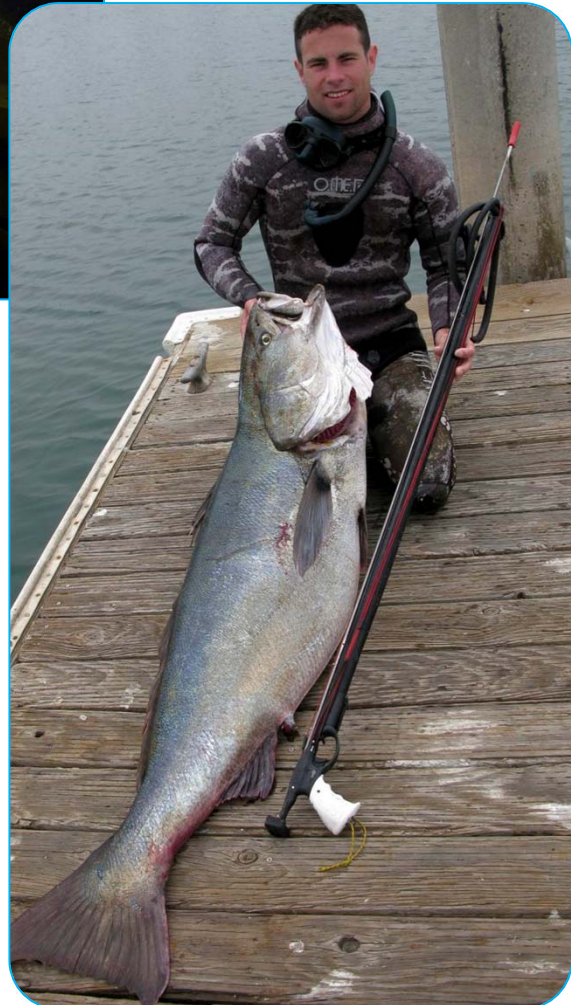
Why does Joe Prola get so many fish? Well, word has it that he's been hunting fish with a tank. Hardly fair, but who can argue with results?





# Friends of the Neptunes - Spearfisherman

Dan Silviera with a gorgeous 76 lb. White Seabass





# Friends of the Neptunes -Spearfisherman



Scott Blumer at Gonzaga with a nice Cabrilla, Yum!

And father, Chuck Blumer with a big Parrot fish. You could go to Gonzaga too - It only takes money (Okay, Beer, too).







# LA Fathomiers 42<sup>nd</sup> Annual Scrambles Meet August 14, 2010. Point Fermin Park, Palos Verdes.

Fathomier (check box)                       Associate club: \_\_\_\_\_

Name of applicant \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Number (        ) \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

**Emergency Contact Info** *This must be filled out completely*

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (        ) \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

Dive meet entry is \$20. Checks made payable to Los Angeles Fathomiers. Lunch and drinks are included with entry fee. Pre- payment to be sent to: Carlos Serret. 23306 Audrey Ave. Torrance Ca. 90505. Please send in checks no later than August 12, 2010.

T-shirts are \$20 ea. Size: \_\_\_\_ Quantity: \_\_\_\_

Dive meet rules: Pre- registration is MANDATORY. No morning check in on dive day. Diving starts at Sunrise. No boundaries; no limits on propulsion ie. Sail, kayak, helicopter OK. Back in the staging area by 3pm. Staging area is The restroom area at Pt Fermin Park, Palos Verdes. Any DIVER not in the staging area with his fish @3pm is DQ'ed.

Open to all legal Ca. fish. 3 fish total. 1 per species. Lengths as follows: General length minimum is 12". Calico and Sand bass, 14". Sheephead, 18". All other species to be per Ca. DFG regulations. ! point per fish, 1 point per pound. Sharks, rays, eels do not count. Any short fish will be an automatic DQ.

Trophies 1-5. Trophy for biggest fish.

This is the Los Angeles Fathomiers' signature event. Come compete with us in the toughest dive in the west!

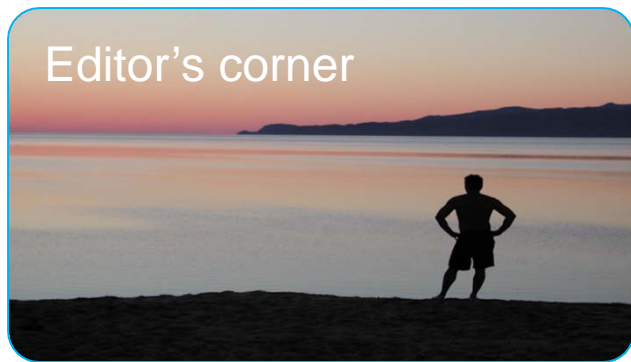
**WARNING-DISCLAIMER**

The Fathomiers dive club makes no pretence at having the ability to educate, protect, or ensure a member, associate, or applicant against fatal or other injuries incurred while engaged in any ocean related activity.

As an applicant, member, associate for this club I assume all risks associated with freediving and spearfishing and release the management, members and their heirs, executors, and guardians from any and all liability that might result from my injury or death participating in this sport. I am aware of the inherent dangers including but not limited to shallow-water-blackout, shark attack, drowning, ear and sinus injuries not to mention boating and equipment injuries.

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Fathomier Email for confirmation: **Rojodiablo@socal.rr.com**



Some days you win,  
some days you lose, or  
do you?

It was a couple of weeks after the bluewater meet, and we just couldn't go another day out of the water, so we decided to go see if the white seabass were around. Steve Parkford volunteered the Sea Cat and Bruce Dardis and Mike Marsh came along to provide extra muscle. We started at an old favorite spot early on a Saturday morning and threw the hook in about 40 feet of water. We got in with crossing swells from the west and south in green water with heavy silt. We all picked different spots in a big kelp bed and worked the inside, through the middle and outside. When I got outside, I saw lots of smaller WSB, 10 to 25 pounds, but no big fish. After about an hour, we all returned to the Sea Cat with queasy stomachs. Gatorade, a little something to eat, and a few minutes to breathe got us back to form and we decided to change location in hopes of finding bigger fish.

We started at the west end of the island, working the kelp beds for WSB and combing the sand flats for halibut.

At the first stop, we saw a couple of big black seabass, one lonely firecracker yellowtail and a school of barracuda, along with hundreds of bat rays, a few horn sharks and a couple of leopard sharks.

At another stop, Bruce spooked a big halibut but couldn't get a shot off. Mike and I saw a huge black seabass that gave us no respect. I thought I would return the favor and came up behind him and grabbed his massive tail (don't do that, almost broke my hand!).

We made a few more stops with lots of big calicos, but nobody bothered while holding the big bluewater guns.



Steve saw a 50 pound WSB but it saw him and moved away out of range. Schools of sardines, green-back mackerel, blacksmiths, flyers, anchovies flowed like rivers all around us. I saw another single firecracker yellowtail swimming outside, apparently separated from the school.

Every time we got out of the water, it would take 20 minutes to relate all of the new stories. Four guys in the water separated by no more than a hundred yards, and four different stories on every dive.

After about six hours in the water, we decided to wrap it up and head back to home, frustrated at not getting any big fish. We had plenty of time to talk and laugh at ourselves on the way back, and we realized what a great day it had been. We saw lots of fish, had opportunities, dove hard and we were entertained by all the sights all day long.

I think the only time we weren't laughing all day long was when we were all seasick at the first stop (but we were laughing at each other in between being nauseated).

We went where few dare to tread and took over like we owned the ocean. It's such great camaraderie to be with hard-core divers, knowing that you depend on each other and feeding on the spirit of competition.

We didn't get any fish that day, but man, what a great day!

JLE



The Long Beach Neptunes wish to thank each of our contributing sponsors for their generous donations!



**ATOMIC**  
AQUATICS



**Esclapez**  
DIVING

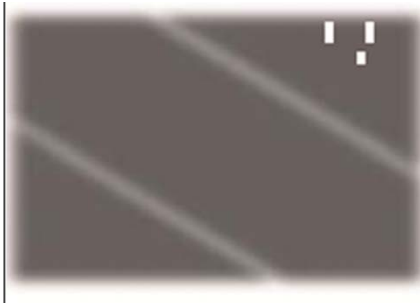


**HERRANEN**  
spearguns

**MAKO**  
Spearguns



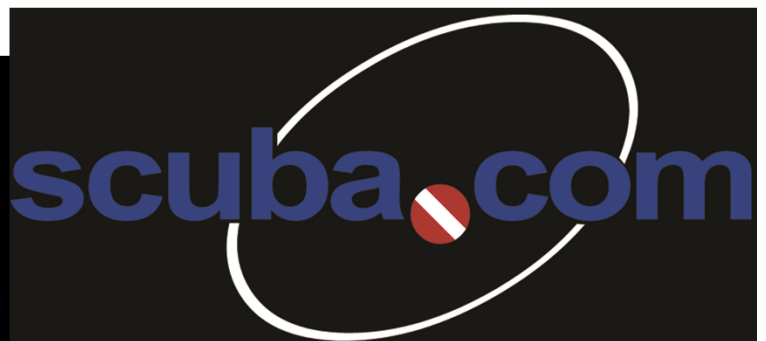




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**The Silent Hunter**



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