

the TRIDENT

OFFICIAL SPEARFISHING PUBLICATION OF
THE LONG BEACH NEPTUNES

NO. 6 // JUNE 2020



- June 3rd- **ZOOM VIRUTIAL MEETING**
- **June 13th- BLUE WATER MEET**
- July 1st- Meeting
- August 1st- San Diego Freedivers Touranment
- August 5th- 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!

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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	Open
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

(John Hughes)	68 lbs WSB
(Lyle Davis)	49 lbs YT
(Paul Zylstra)	38 lbs WSB
(Todd Norell)	33.2 lbs YT
(Mike Marsh)	29 lbs YT

Perpetual Big Fish Trophy

Open

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.





Once again I hope this note finds all our club members both healthy and hopeful.

As most of you may know by now, Jay Riffe has passed on. Jay was a long time member of our club. Todd Norrell and the 2018 Board are to be commended for recognizing his Life Time of Achievements and celebrating them with us all in 2018. The Long Beach Neptunes have chosen to support Todd as he designs an urn in Jays' memory. Lets all keep Jays' family in our thoughts and prayers during this difficult time. Godspeed.

It's been to long since we've all been together. Zoom is an OK platform to get some work done, although I miss seeing you all in person. I recently met up in person with a group that has continued to survive via Zoom during these restricted times. The feeling of connection I experienced from being face to face was one of genuineness. I didn't realize how much I had missed them and how wonderful it was to meet again. This is my hope for Blue Water Meet 2020!! I'm speaking for the entire Board now, we have and continue leave no stone unturned in researching options for holding the Blue Water Meet this June 13, 2020. You should know that the Board is driven to make this a reality as scheduled. Unfortunately, we don't have a green light to meet on the island as of this writing. Restrictions continue to loosen, almost daily, yet socializing/picnicking on the island is still prohibited.

It's going to be a game time decision. We are in the process of amending the application form to reflect a paired down event with a Catalina weigh-in location to be announced a couple days before the tournament. My suggestion is to continue to move forward as if it will happen on June 13 and stay flexible as more information becomes available. I thank you all for your patience and understanding as we continues to work on a fluid situation.

Good news! The Long Beach Neptunes Incorporated has a new bank account and PayPal account. Jon McMullin, our Treasurer, was keyed in on making this transition happen with no obvious changes to our users. LBNeptunesPayment@gmail.com is still in play. You all will never know how challenging this process was and Jon is to be highly commended for his perseverance. Please buy him a beer and ask him, "how'd you do it?!!"

It's currently O'dark thirty and I'm heading south to meet my friends for yet another offshore adventure. I hope you all get out soon, and come back with some new stories for our next meeting.

Sincerely,

Jeff Benedict

Jesse (Jay) Taylor Riffe



February 23, 1938 – May 11, 2020

Spearfishing pioneer and long time Long Beach Neptune, Jay Riffe, has died at the age of 82 while at home. Jay started his career at the age of 10 years old here in Southern California. His long history as a competitive diver and innovator made for a lifetime of travel and accomplishments. The Club awarded Jay with a Lifetime Achievement Award at the March 2018. A short biography of Jays' life can be found in the May 2018 publication of the Trident:

http://www.longbeachneptunes.com/uploads/3/1/1/1/31113195/may_2018_newsletter.pdf

Jay passed at his home with his wife Jackie and two daughters, Julie and Jill.

Godspeed....



FEATURED DIVER

HARRY INGRAM



Dear Neptunes,

I made my first dive with a mask and snorkel inside the Newport Beach Breakwater in 1957. My family lived in Huntington Beach and my friends and I would spend time hanging out around the pier during the summer months; there was a saltwater plunge on the north side of the pier and a roller rink on the south side. My, oh, my, how things have changed.

MY FIRST DIVING MENTOR WAS TONY FREEDMAN, TONY KEPT TELLING ME ABOUT THESE WONDERFUL DIVE TRIPS TO THE ISLANDS AND LA JOLLA KELP BEDS. HE FOUND A USED WETSUIT AND FLIPPERS FOR ME AND MY WIFE. I THINK I PAID \$40 FOR MY FIRST SET. TONY INSISTED I BUY A NEW MASK, INSISTING ON THE IMPORTANCE OF ITS FIT. WE DIDN'T HAVE THE GREAT SILICONE MASKS OF TODAY THAT ARE FORGIVING AND LAST MORE THAN A YEAR.

TONY WAS A GIFTED TEACHER. I LEARNED A GREAT DEAL FROM HIM ABOUT THE FAUNA AND FLORA OF THE OCEAN, THE DIFFERENT FISH SPECIES, DIFFERENT TYPES OF ABALONES, LOBSTERS, HOW TO HARVEST AND PREPARE THEM, TIPS LIKE DON'T EAT THE ROW OF CABAZON (IT'S TOXIC), AND MUCH MUCH MORE. IT WAS LIKE MY FIRST TRIP TO BAJA WITH SOME NEPTUNES AND WAS A YEARS WORTH OF EDUCATION IN A WEEK.



Fast forward to 1980 (wow is that really 40 years ago!!) a lady tows her 20' ocean boat into my shop for some repairs. While we were doing the paperwork in my office she sees some fish pictures I have hanging in my office. She asks if I'm a diver. "Yes, I am" I say. She says, "so is my husband". We all know how that goes, everybody's a diver! Usually they are a scuba diver that goes diving twice a year. "That's great!" I say. "But I'm a freediver." She says "my husband is a freediver too!" I say "but I shoot game fish- yellowtail, white seabass, and grouper." She says "my husband does too!" I say "Wow! when can I meet him?" And that's how I met John and Suzanne Lockridge. And that's how I was introduced to the Long Beach Neptunes.

John is the consummate Neptune, one of the many things John has done for the Neptunes was to make and deliver, to Rippers Cove, a salad for the Blue Water Meet for more than 20 YEARS! Always there, always on time, no matter how good the diving was. In my early diving days I had the good fortune to dive with some of the pioneers of diving: Jack Pradonovich, Wally Potts, Dale Cote, Paul Hoss, just to name a few, as well as the second, third, and present generations.

I will always remember fondly the many divers I've had the good fortune to meet and dive with. I wish I could have done it with every one of you. Maybe we'll get the chance to sit and talk of old and new times, of clean water, and big fish.

I would like to dedicate this article to Jay Riffe and his family.

We are diminished!

Respectfully,
Fellow Neptune, Harry Ingram



17th Time's the Charm

DONNY HARRIS



I am not sure if it was my 17th WSB trip of the season, probably more like 10th but it sure felt like at least 17 if not 30 times headed out to look for the fish I knew were there. I knew they were there because of all the pictures friends were sharing and newsletters I was reading, I knew they were there because I saw others climbing back on board with a fish, or I saw divers with fish back at the harbor. I most definitely didn't know they were there because I saw fish in the water. I had been swimming around in the water March, April and May and nothing to report except a few croaks and a maybe 28" fish. It's probably the old age but I wasn't frustrated, rather thankful for all the people that were getting fish while I was not; it wasn't frustrating because it made it so much easier to imagine a fish swimming in the water nearby all those hours and fueled the necessary faith...and maybe I was a little frustrated. Last weekend I left the harbor with my brother late in the afternoon, getting him out on the water for the first time this season had already made the trip worthwhile. We got to the spot, I jumped in the water and saw a white seabass 10 minutes later. I dropped right on top of the fish, it was a nice sized WSB and swirling around the dense kelp, I couldn't tell if the fish was avoiding me or just on the move, I followed for 10 seconds twisting this way and that, then took an awkward shoot that clean missed by several inches. I hit the surface excited, at least I had finally seen a fish, it was the first one I had seen in local waters all year. I reloaded my scratched up 60" Wong magnum hybrid in a hurry, it went faster than usual since I was working with 2 bands. I had just retied new bands that AM and while loading the middle band, it snapped in half at the muzzle, first time that has happened to me but I was still confident with 2 bands. The water was hazy so a shot longer than 10' was unlikely and my slip tip had been freshly sharpened by the master Mori. Onward.

The conditions were feeling great, however, I had been diving in conditions that felt great for 3 months. I was feeling it still, probably because Todd Farquhar had been kind enough to tell me exactly where to be and when, thankfully taking mercy on this blind squirrel. Sure enough, 30 minutes later as I double backed near the spot of the first sighting, with the sun at my back, in the middle of a breath hold, two perfect silhouettes passed directly in front of me. Up to that day, I had never stoned a white seabass and had always partook in the tangled mess of kelp, the breathless chase and retrieval that most of us know and welcome. This time I pulled the trigger and the fish just went sideways and sank. A new experience for me and I am still not sure which I prefer but it was definitely less effort. I was charged up, filled with satisfaction, and swam back to the boat hoping my brother was seeing some fish. Lucky for me he was napping on the boat so I had a deckhand ready to take a picture, prep the fish bag and weigh the fish while I sat on the swim step. She weighed one side or the other of 41#. The shot was so clean thru the spine that I had to unscrew the slip tip because the spectra knot and the slide ring wouldn't pass thru easily. Lots of firsts and a fish I will remember and one that has provided many great meals.

Bonus story: Trip #3 or 4, maybe it was #6 of the season; I was solo on my boat in the same general area one evening and had a great dive but saw no seabass. I had come across a nice calico on the way back to the boat and took it home for the next days dinner. I cleaned it on the swim step, jumped into the boat, pulled anchor and took off back to the harbor in a hurry with a beer in my hand as the sun was setting feeling like a million bucks. One great thing this covid thing did for me was free up time for diving and I have been loving getting out at least a half dozen times a month. Last year I may have dove 6 times all year. As I am motoring into the harbor an alarm bell goes off in my head and I wonder if I put my gun back on the boat. I remember hooking the bands on a rod holder on the side of the boat as I cleaned the fish. I was sure I put the gun on board yet I didn't remember doing it and there was no gun on deck. Covid brain strikes again, too much on my mind. U-turn and follow my tracks in the dusk. It is dark where I anchored and I can hardly see the kelp with no flash light on board. I still looked around for almost an hour for the yellow 70' float line on the 20' bungie as the panic in my stomach turned to regret. I drove back to the harbor upset with myself, John Hughes had just lost his gun and I was preparing to send a similar request out to the group. First thought I would wake up my 12 year old son at 5am the next day and drag him out for a hail mary recon mission. The spot I had anchored had

been full of divers the past days and this day was no exception, several boats already setting up and more in route. After John's experience, that wasn't making me feel better about getting my custom gun back, the gun with my name engraved on it. I worked a grid pattern for a one mile by half mile area and no luck after two and a half hours, even with the 12 year old eagle eyes and a helpful chart plotter. We gave up, I was now calculating how I would replace it, dejected I pointed the boat back to the harbor. On the way back we saw a loose lobster float so I jogged of course to pick it up. Back on course I was looking up just enough to keep the boat on track at 5 knots. Feeling sorry for myself I was catching up on one of those social distancing era group texts with some college buddies, (the ones happening because everyone is so darn bored, they are great and another nice side effect of covid). I finished with the text, looked out the side window as I am ready to throttle up and there is 5' of yellow float line in the 10 foot square of water visible out the window! I thought I was hallucinating. I spun the boat around and it took a few minutes to find it again. My son pulled it up out of 70' feet of water in the middle of the sand 3 miles from where I anchored about 300 yards off my track the night before. I am still feeling lucky about that one.



The season is well underway, turn in your fish apps and fish stories!!



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ATOMIC
AQUATICS

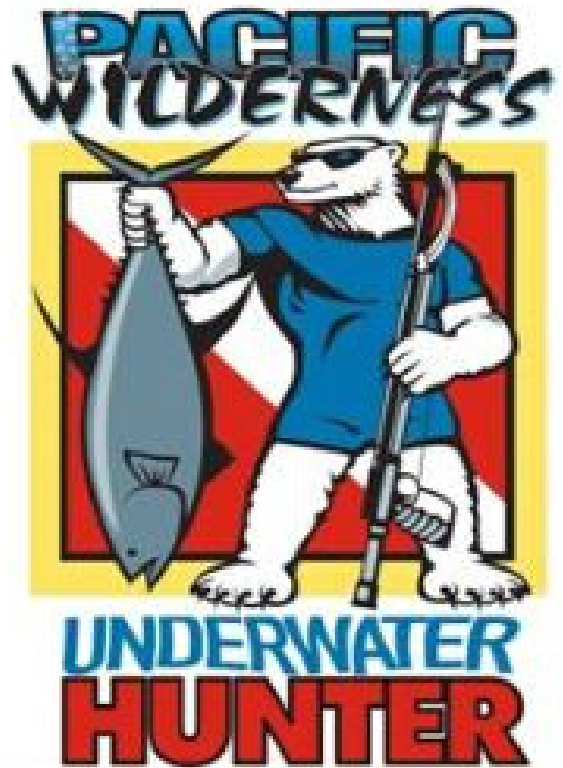
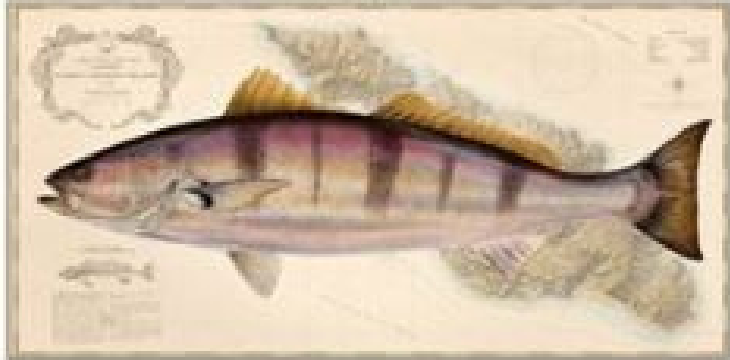


FIND REFUGE IN THE SEA



**THE LONG BEACH NEPTUNES
ARE PROUDLY SUPPORTED
BY THESE GREAT ENTITIES**







"There is sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are messengers of overwhelming grief...and unspeakable love."

-Washington Irving