



Connecting and Informing our Neptune
Community with:

Safety, Camaraderie, and Club Legacy

June 2017



TUNA?

TUNA.

TUNA!

2017 Long Beach Neptunes Board

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Attention Members:

Prepare yourselves for the year of the tuna! I hope everyone has put in the overtime and is prepared to fork up the \$\$\$ because it's just starting and it looks like this year will be the one that sets itself apart with the sheer volume of fish in comparison to the last two years. Get out there before it's wrapped up and you're kicking yourself because you shoulda, coulda, woulda. The waters still cool and we've got Bluefin Tuna, Yellowfin Tuna, and recently a new species discovered on social media Yellowtail Tuna, be on the look-out Neptunes!



President's Message

Here we go again guys. Summer is on and the local tuna scene is already coming together. Some recent King Neptune grade Yellowtail have been landed and it just looks like the months ahead will be epic. Be sure and get those photos and stories in to Dave Freeman. At the upcoming meeting we'll be taking in Bluewater Meet apps so dont forget to sign up! Also, World Record Holder Bill Ernst will be sharing some tips on White Seabass hunting. It should be a fishy BW meet this year! Be safe guys, in the water and on the boats. Let's make it an awesome 2017.

"The pursuit of knowledge is simply an ocean we must cross, with the faith that wisdom lies on the distant shore"

Long Life Ahead

Todd Norell



2017 Fish Standings

2016 Calico Derby: Scott De Firmian 9.5 lbs.

Biggest Bluefin Tuna (California): They're out there!

Calico: Scott De Firmian 9.5 lbs.

Biggest Yellowfin Tuna (California):

Dorado:

Bonito:

Biggest Tuna (Out of Country/State):

Sheep Head:

White Sea Bass: Mike La Riva 69.05 lbs.

Yellow Tail:

Biggest Pelagic Fish (Non-Tuna) Out of Country/State: Masahiro Mori 20.5 lbs. Rooster Fish

Biggest Reef Fish Out of Country/State:

Halibut:

Lobster:

Abalone:

Kent McIntyre Award: Mike La Riva 69.05 lbs. WSB/ ? YT

Larry Heinrich 65.7 lbs. WSB/ ? YT

Neptunes' To-Do's:

- Pay your dues to Bill Peratt via cash or PayPal. If you choose PayPal make sure you send it to LBNEPTUNESPAYMENT@GMAIL.COM. Let Bill know who is sending the money. Make sure you select the friends and family option.
- Congrats Scott on the 9.5# Calico Derby fish.
- Show up to June's meeting 6/7

- Get your Club T-shirts/Bluewater T-shirts
- June 24th Bluewater Meet
- Send me your photos of any successful hunts to (949)945-8930.
- If you'd like your photos on the Neptunes' website submit your photos to Brandon. Make sure you choose the option to downsize the pictures' file size.

Please join me in congratulating King Neptune #43, JOE PROLA!



Joe lives in Encinitas and has been a consummate waterman his entire life. He's an avid surfer and spearo that has quite a few accomplishments under his belt. Last year, he took a couple of BFT (although he keeps it very quiet) and is well-known around North San Diego county for taking quality gamefish. He also is known for sliding a few placing fish into the winner's circle at past Blue

Water and Fall Classic Meets. Joe is a firefighter/paramedic for the City of Encinitas.

Joe first began his quest for his first King Neptune fish by landing a trophy 68lb. White Sea Bass off



La Jolla on March 27, 2009. After that, he

went "old school," and took a 119lb. Black Sea Bass in Mexico the same year. Like many, he got stuck on the Yellowtail, not completing his trio until almost a full 8 years later with a 31.7lb. Yellowtail on May 9th of this year.

Dive Safe,

John Carpenter





**FOR MORE INFO & ENTRY FORM VISIT:
WWW.LONGBEACHNEPTUNES.COM**

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June 24th Blue Water Meet

It's just around the corner guys. Sign up and start picking your boat buddies.

Bluewater T's will be available at the June meeting.

This is going to be my crew for this year's BWM. Sea Hunt has won four BWM over the years. With a crew of five beautiful women, I am hopeful that the 5th BWM win is in Sea Hunt's future! -Strohbach



Other Important dates to remember:

Family Campout Aug 3-6th

Yellowtail Shootout August 19th

Weigh in on the beach at Rippers Cove

Fall Classic October 14th

OKATIN

AMERICA'S SURF CO.

Ladies and Gentlemen, it's time to recognize a great company that's helping us out. They are producing our Club T's, Bluewater T's, and these amazing Neptune boardies. They donated a bunch of hats, t-shirts, and pins for the club auction. So if you need any other gear, look no further. In addition, they are offering an exclusive deal for the Neptunes. Shop at Katinusa.com and use promo code NEPTUNES25 for 25% off of your order. Still not too late to get a pair of boardies for the summer ask Jesse how to get them.



Will with his King Neptune Sea Bass, Congrats!





Attention Tentative Members/Sponsors of Tentative Members/Members!

We're going to have the Bluewater T-shirts available at the June meeting make sure you grab one from the tentatives that will be selling them. If you haven't already make sure you go around at meetings and introduce yourselves to all of the members. I know it's tough to remember so many faces and names, but members want to know who you are so put yourselves out there and say hello.

Jason Taylor with his King Neptune Yellowtail

Good luck on the WSB Jason



HANNIBAL BANKS - PANAMA

MAY 2, 2017

BY MIKE MARSH

Ascending above the murky thermocline from a 60' dive, the visibility began to increase. The 40 foot clarity was comforting, but also disappointing at the same time. It was around 10am and I had zero yellow fin sightings since 7:30am. I heard what I thought to be a gun going off, in reality it was a boat's transmission engaging. Hovering at 40 feet, I turned to my left to witness an endless wall of tuna stretching to the surface. I slowly extended my Alexander tuna gun, aimed, and squeezed the trigger. The 5 bands exploded and my shaft was off.

You don't think you're going to get off that easy do you? You're going to have to endure the rest of the story to find out what happens.

The Panama group consisted of 5 Neptune's which included: Del White, the organizer, Robert Strohbach, Todd Norell, Bruce Dardis, Bill Peratt, and yours

truly. Also along for adventure was Joe Farlo proudly representing the Fathomiers. Several months prior, Del had arranged two consecutive trips with Tim Hatler of Palapas Ventana who was handling all of



the logistics, accommodations, boats, guides etc. The trip would consist of flying into Panama City and seeing the canal and local sights with our very fun and knowledgeable tour guide Carlos. The following day, a second flight on a 707 dropped us into David, a small town further North and driving distances to the bon voyage point. From there we all loaded into a van driving through the Tropical Panama forestry to where we would board the 78' DEVOTION, the mother ship. From there it was a 6 hour voyage to Punta Hermosa off the Isla De Coiba. It would be here in a protected anchorage that the Devotion would remain for the four days of diving. We were all jacked-up to begin our adventure.



First a word or two regarding the sleeping arrangements on board the Devotion. Del was in charge of sleep assignments and it worked out this way. Del, because he organized this trip, acquired the Grand Salon at the bow. It was fully furnished with what appeared to be Louie the 14th style furniture along with a queen size bed, probably from the same period. Next was to be the equivalent to Business class suites. Todd and Robert share one and Bill and Joe the other. Although dramatically less spacious and lacking in elegance, they were more

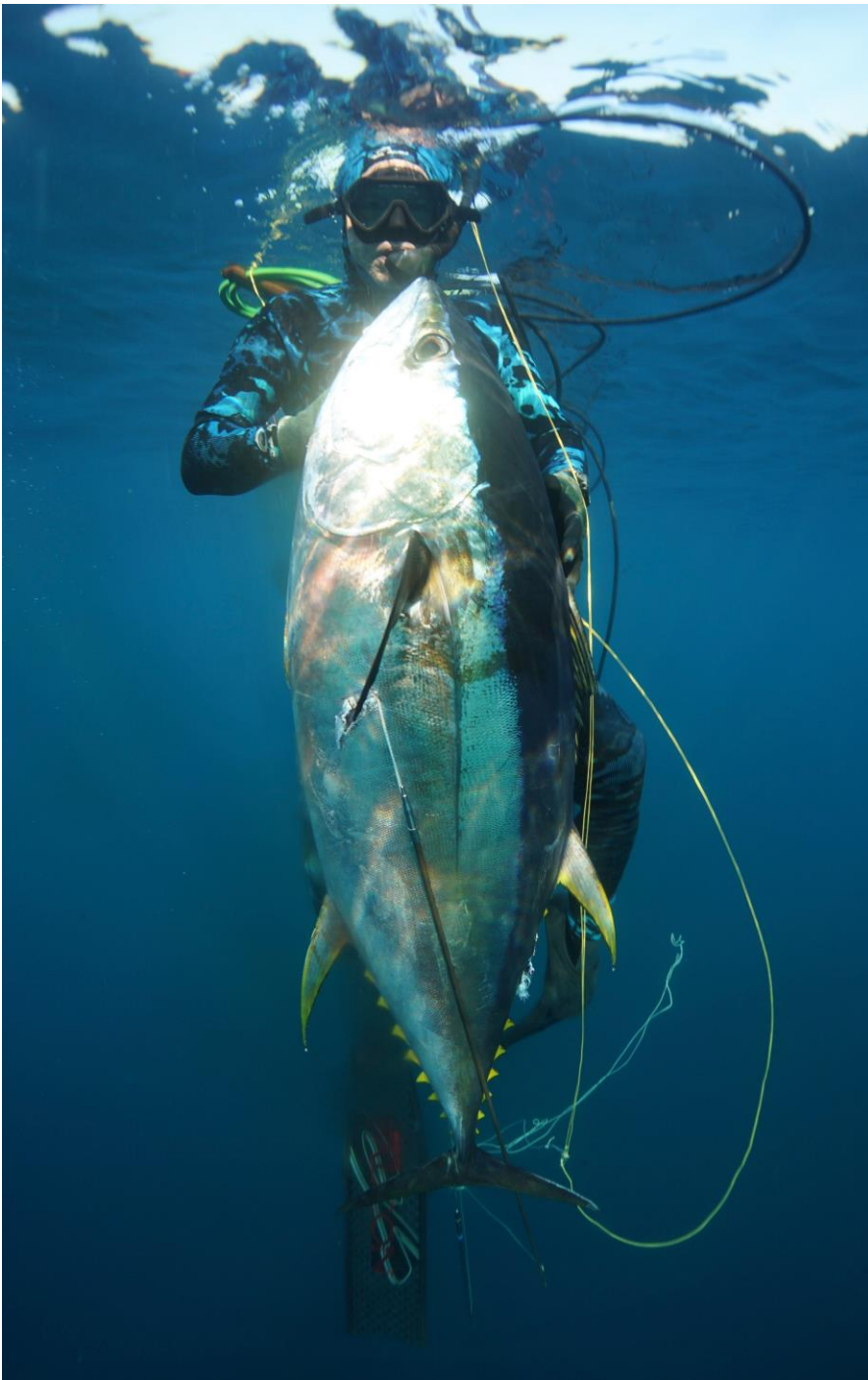
than adequate including private heads. The private heads were especially important so that Robert could apply just the right amount of styling gel each morning. That would leave Bruce and me as bunk mates. After viewing our fellow mate's lodgings, we were excited to see our quarters for the next 4 days. We entered through the main salon and all was good until we were lead through the galley, past the food storage area and down to the hallway where the "L" shaped single bunks awaited us. Hum, oh well how bad can this be? Tim who didn't have it much better also informed us that the 6 or so crew members will be sharing our head. With ear plugs in place, it was lights out.



Morning came with a squeal. Bruce, AKA Spackle, had spotted a cockroach twice the size of my big toe crawling across my bunk. "Get it", "No, you get it." Smash, Bruce nailed one of 6 legged beasts with my flip-flop. The other, of a slighter build, would see another day hopefully on Bruce's bunk and exterminated with something other than with a piece of my apparel. With our gear loaded into the two 35' center consoles, we were off in search for yellow fin tuna at the Hannibal Bank.

The boat rosters went like this. Robert, Todd, Bill and Bruce were on one boat with Tim as their guide. The second walk around had Del, Joe, me and our guide Peter Correale. Each boat had an extremely knowledgeable, attentive and humorous Captain and deck hand. Pete is truly an amazing free diver capable of diving and shooting fish at depths exceeding 100'. On our boat, Pete was responsible for all the great photos, filleting our fish, drifting us across the high spot and entertaining us with hilarious tales of misfortune. Tim was no slacker, along with guiding his group; he had to put up with Todd's jokes and Robert's constant complaining about being on what Robert thought to be the smaller boat. Dive apparel is essential to ones comfort in the water and can often provide a source of amusement as in my case. Not willing to fork out the cash for yet another wetsuit, I donned my 8 year old Blue tone 3 mm suit unaware of the entertainment I was providing for the other boat. It felt like my first day into junior high, when I wore a pair of burnt orange plaid pants with matching shirt. Well you can imagine how that went. As our two boats past each other, Tim's group presented me with yet a new nickname to add to my vast collection. "Hey Poppa Smurf, Nice wet suit". As it turned out my blueness may have been a lucky charm, sort of a fish attracter.





Here's the payoff. As in the beginning of this story, remember the wall of tuna, bands exploding etc. My arrow hit its intended target and my bungee stretched as I made it to the surface. I grabbed my Gannett float and as I lay on top of it, the fish towed me for what seemed to be 20 minutes.

These fish are extremely powerful and even when you think there are done, they get a second wind and will not give up without a fight. The fish slows its pace and I began to retrieve it by slowly pulling in my bungee and clipping it off just above the shooting line. It took a second shaft to dispatch this 116 pound beauty.

Both groups had several sightings throughout the first day but the fish were not cooperating until late that

afternoon. Todd was on the last drift of the day, around 4:30 PM, when 3 or so yellow fin emerged out of the murk. He hit the fish and his Riffe 3ATM float was soaring across the surface with Todd in tow. Those of us on the boats were screaming like a bunch of cheer leaders at a high school football game. Once the fish tired out and the second shot taken, the yellow fin was weighed.

Amazingly, like book ends, both Todd's and my fish were the same at 116 lbs.

Bill, AKA Bill Dozer. A nick name I'm sure he acquired not due to his petit size, also had multiple sightings. Dozer, completely out of chum, was on the final drift of the day when a large silhouette appeared just above the dirty water. Taking a breath and kicking towards his target, Dozer was now within range. He pulled the trigger hitting the tuna mid-body above the back bone. The bungee stretched as he kicked to the surface. After a good tow, the fish slowed and Dozer began pulling in his float line. Pete swam up with a second gun and camera in



hand. The shot appeared to be solid so Dozer continued to pull until he reached the shooting line. That was when all Hell broke loose and the monster took another dive sawing through the cable which attaches the tip to the slide ring. The fish disappeared. I can only imagine what the comments sputtering out of Dozers pie hole. Definitely not G rated.

It was time for the 30 minute ride back to Devotion to clean up, eat dinner, and down a few cocktails. Speaking of cocktails, Joe the lone Fathomier, along with his outstanding diving skills, ability to out talk Todd, also took first place in the Mojito category. Way to represent Joe.

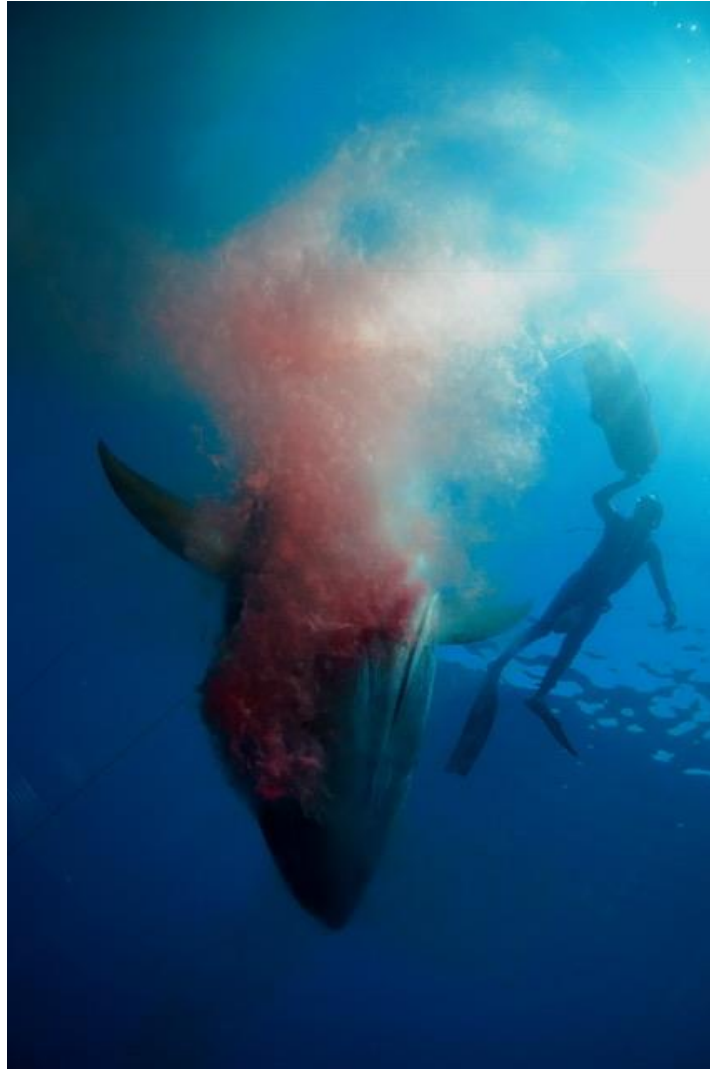
An alarm was not necessary to wake Bruce and I on morning 2 of our trip. Promptly at 4:30 AM, the crew was busy in the galley prepping breakfast and paying visits to the communal head. Bruce exploded out of his bunk screaming derogatory comments in reference to a cockroach making way across his feet. He

calmed down when to only be a sock bunks edge. With a

consumed, we were for day 2 of our

As during the bank was littered combination of and divers eager to morning drifting spot. Pete would set several yards off for

allowing other drift over the high entangle the lines. prospective, divers were cooperating by staying out of However, on one saw a competitor cut setting it adrift.



it was discovered falling off the light breakfast off to the bank spearfishing trip. previous day, the with a

fishing boats start the over the 140' high a marker buoy a drift reference fishing boats to spot and not

From my and fishermen with each other each other's way. occasion, Pete our buoy line

Pete was pissed

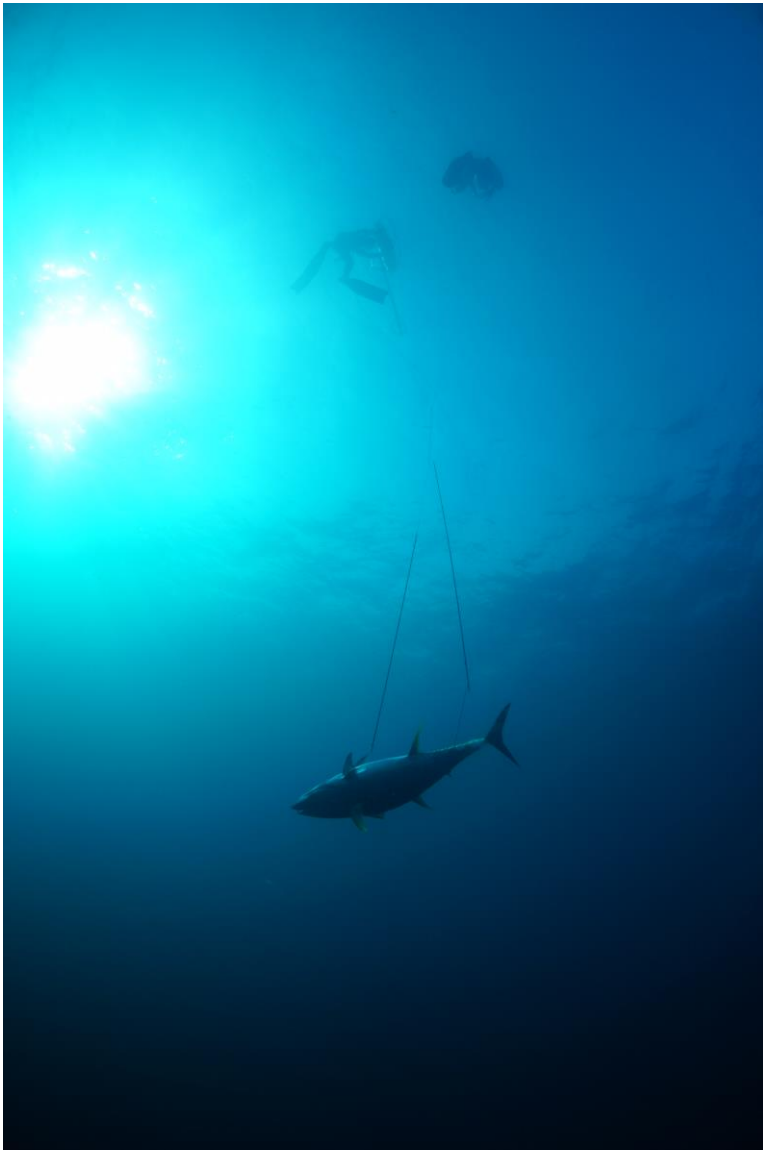
and apparently knew the saboteur. Pete re-secured the float and continued with his derogatory barrage towards this knucklehead.

Later that day, a local 6 pack was having one hell of a time reeling in a decent size tuna and asked in Spanish if Pete would spear the fish. Pete agreed, suited up, grabbed a 110mm Euro gun with a reel and jumped in no questions asked.

These fish go ape shit trying to flee when a diver is insight. After a few attempts, he was able to shoot the fish, bring it to the surface all the while not getting himself entangled in the 2 Mono lines. The fishermen were extremely grateful for Pete's efforts. Pete was pretty modest about the whole ordeal just saying it was a bit difficult not having a float. You're the man Pete!

Day 2 was a bust with some sightings but no tuna taken. It was approaching midday and my only sighting other than massive quantities of jellyfish was an impressive marlin which appeared out of the murk within 20 feet of me. Feeling frustrated, I unloaded on a 15 pound rainbow runner who was devouring my chum line. It's a great appetizer by the way, not the chum but the rainbow runner. This day, all the fish were concealed below the murky thermocline. It wasn't until the last drift of the day that I spotted the yellow finlets of a tuna hovering just below the dirty water swimming back and forth eating the chum. I hesitated for a better shot but too late, it was gone. That night, this missed opportunity was constantly on my mind. Get over it Papa Smurf.

The chumming process works like this. Bait fish would be chopped up and placed in a mesh bag attached to your weight belt. Diving down 25 feet or so you would start dispersing the tidbits to create a ladder in the hopes that the yellow fin would snack their way up to within visible shooting range. 90% of the time all you would see is the bait disappearing into the murk. As soon as the chum disappeared, you would dive just above or into the haze hoping to catch sight of one.



Day 3 Started the same way minus the cockroaches and we were off to the bank. Around mid-morning, Both Del and Joe shot 123 pound bookends. The fish took Del's float down at least twice for 45 seconds at a time and each time the float submerged, we would all yell in excitement! Joe's shaft was bent to the shape of a large boomerang, so he reloaded with a new 3/8" shaft. Meanwhile, Tim's group decided to look for dolphins in the hopes of finding tuna amongst them. So they did, but not without slew of problems. Bruce's new tuna gun, with bands fully loaded, wouldn't fire without applying extreme finger pressure causing him to jerk the gun and missing targets on multiple occasions.

Todd, who borrowed Seamus's tuna gun, had the line release snap off and now had to borrow Tim's backup gun which had a reduced range. But the real story as recounted by multiple witnesses and video surveillance was Roberts's adventure, AKA Greased Lighting. So here is the reduced version. While diving with dolphins, Robert shot an 80 lb. tuna. Bruce being near Robert, was eager to assist, so he Spackled himself to Robert's weight belt for a tandem tow ride. Without going into any further details, the fish began to rap both divers and Tim helped to dispatch the fish. I wonder how much that video is worth. Later that same afternoon, I was schooled for the second time on this trip. It must have been the Smurf suit. This wall of fish was moving fast so I took aim and let it go. Hitting the fish forward of the tail and off we go for another tow. At the

same time, Joe shot at a tuna. Since my fish was hot, Pete went to assist Joe. Being towed by these powerful pelagics, seeing them school, and diving amongst them is truly heart pounding. As the tow subsided, I began to bring the fish to the surface tail first. The tip had not toggled, so I asked Del to second shoot the fish. As Del took his dive, I began to pull up my shooting line to reduce the depth of Del's decent. Del hit the fish but not before it freaked avoiding the kill shot. The fish took off while my right hand had coated cable double wrapped around it. Through my gloves, it felt like the skin on my index fingers was being torn off. The coil slid off but my right hand ached and was all but useless. We got the fish on the boat were I pulled off my glove to see that, although painful, everything was intact. Both Joe's fish and mine were in the 80 pound range.

Day 4 began with a new set of problems, mainly for Todd. While Todd was walking down the wood spiral stair way to the bunk room below, he somehow missed a step and hurt his ankle. He was done. As it turns out, Todd fractured his fibula near his ankle. Hopefully he'll be healed up for the Blue Water Meet in June.

Except for Del who was staying for a second week in Panama, this would be our last day of diving. It seemed like everyone was having sightings but me. I was literally diving within 30 feet of either Del or Joe but I'm not seeing jack. Afternoon was approaching; it would be an early day so we could make it back to the lodge before nightfall. Dropping my chum ladder and descending down I saw again what I had seen a few days earlier. It was the yellow fin-lets of a tuna just below the murk line swimming back and forth eating the chum. This time I'm taking a shot. Still descending, I pulled the trigger on the moving target and a total surprise happened, I hit the thing. I don't know where, but my bungee was stretching and I grab my float for one last ride.

Back on the boat with another 80 pounder, I grabbed a beer as Tim's boat cruised near for a look. After a few blue berry and papa smurf comments, Joe said smugly "I don't know what you guys are making fun of. He's shot more fish than anybody".

Thanks Guys for a great trip. Oh and I'm pretty sure that Blue will be the new camo.

Mike Marsh

BlueFin with Joe Prola

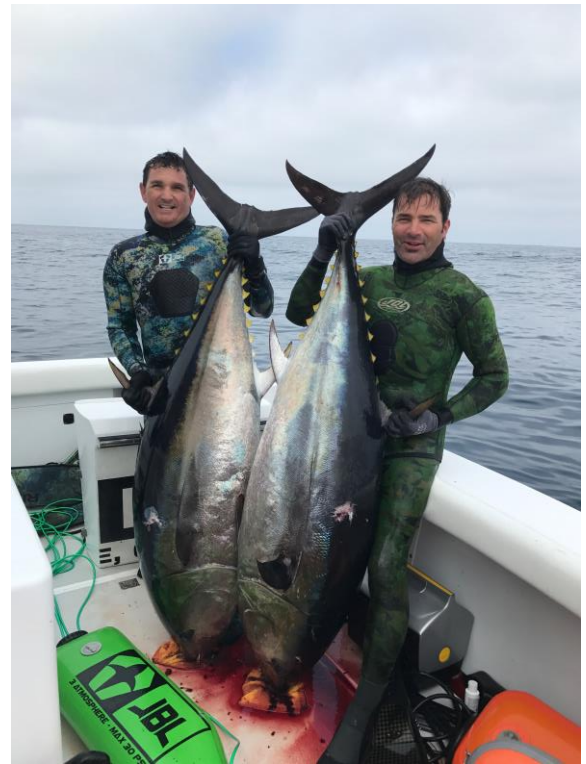


Joe went out on a 49' boat with his four buddies including JBL's Guy Skinner. They worked the fish for a while seeing breezers and scaring them away in the big boat because it was probably too loud. After a while they had a couple 30-40lb fish in the boat and were starting to see schools of bigger cows in the same area as the smaller models. The cows didn't seem to be feeding. As they would find out later the smaller fish were filled with micro bait while the cows were jugged full of tuna crabs.

The first fish of the schools would turn into walls of tuna that would vortex him and although they were being a little shy he would pick out the closer fish and take his shot. They took turns and worked the water from sunrise to sunset for two days straight.

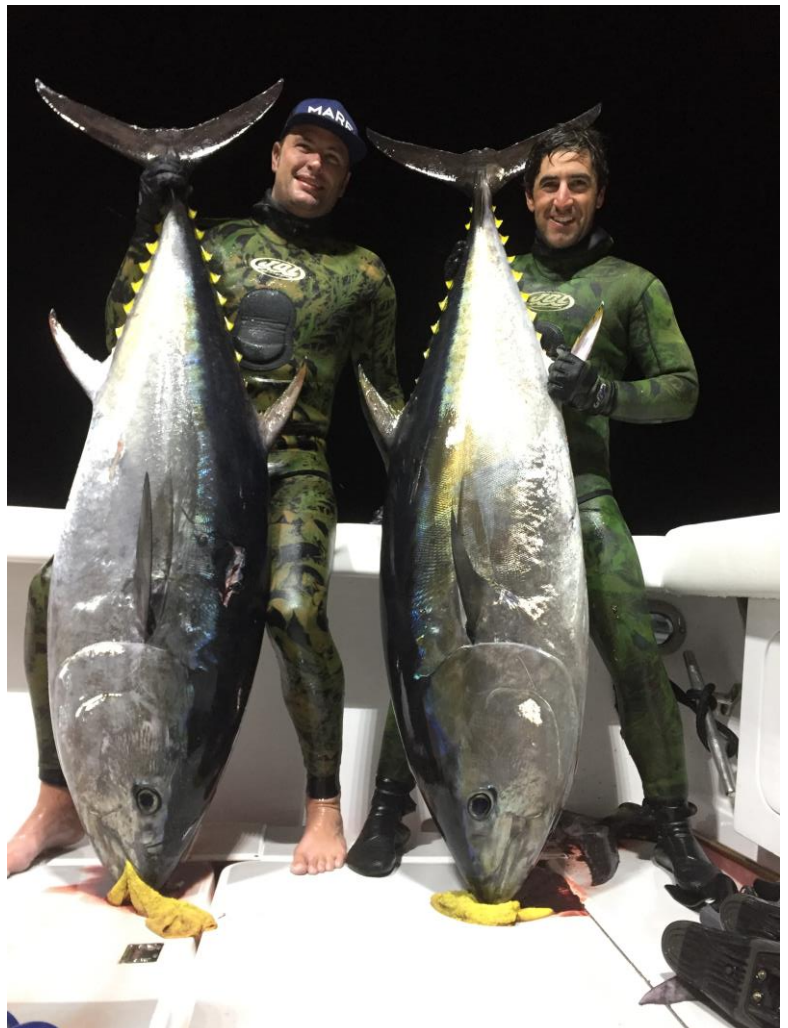
On the

second day they spotted fish off the swim step as the sun was setting. Joe and his buddy hopped in and both shot fish consecutively and his buddy using a clutch landed his fish much quicker. While they assisted the first diver Joe was left in the water working his fish and was worried that the tax man might pay him a visit. As he drifted in the open blue sun setting over the horizon he thought his worst dream was coming true. He watched as a six foot figure worked its way underneath him. Then another and another. To his disbelief as he lay there on the surface he was schooled by cow tuna. Fish would come in and almost stop to look at him and then speed away followed by another curious enough to pause before rushing back into the vortex surrounding him. He described what most people would only believe to be unimaginable.



By the time he was able to take a second shot he was using the boat light to secure the killshot. He whiffed the first try when the fish swam under the boat into the dark. After reloading it stayed underneath the lights and he secured the second shot and they hauled the fish aboard. While cleaning the fish the captain suggested they have a proper celebration. This wasn't the crews first bluefin so there was no need to eat any hearts on this trip, but beers through the mouths of their giant trophies was icing on the cake and made for some fun photos.

He took his fish down using one of Guys' new JBL skinny bungees, 30 liter float, and a 5 band Mori Tuna gun. They taped the fish out, but didn't weigh them on a scale because their top concern was proper care of the meat. After two days on the water they had nearly ran out of ice even though they were prepared with two big fish bags and multiple pelican ice chests. The fish were gutted, headed, and tailed and put on ice immediately. Joe will be eating top grade sashimi for the next week with the guys at his firehouse.



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