



Connecting and Informing our Neptune Community in:
Safety, Camaraderie, and Club Legacy
May 2015

White Hot Sea Bass Action

With stories of epic white sea bass scores coming in left and right, it would seem that now is a good time to get out and get some if you haven't already (or even if you have). Fish are dying, and some big ones too.

Also, be sure to plan on making it to the next meeting (Wednesday May 6th) for "Manufacturers Night" to touch base with the innovating talent that is advancing our gear and see what innovations might be on the way.



**Congrats to Jeff Bilhorn, our
new WSB Leader (69.5 lbs)**

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Neptune To Do's:

- ❑ Pick up your club jacket at the May 6th meeting.
- ❑ Late dues are now \$75. Anyone with unpaid dues cannot submit fish for awards.
- ❑ Time to start planning for The Blue Water Meet

2015 Neptunes Calendar:

- May 6th – Manufacturers’ Night – Deliver Club Jackets
- June 3rd – BWM applications due
- June 13 – BWM
- July 1st – BWM Awards
- August 5th– TBD
- September 2nd – TBD
- October 7th – Fall Classic applications due
- October 24th - Fall Classic
- November 4th – Fall Classic Awards

Be sure to see what is new at our web site at:

LongBeachNeptunes.com

Thanks to Brandon Ward (Wardo) for the updates!!!





Photo by Terry Maas

2015 Fish Standings (updates since last newsletter in [Blue](#))

California

Barracuda:	Open
Bonito:	Open
Calico Bass:	Open
Calico Derby:	Keith Kaufmen: 6.9 lbs
Dorado:	Open
Halibut:	Open
Kent McIntrye:	Open
Lobster:	Jeff Benedict: 10.8 lbs
Sheepshead:	John Hughes: 22.8 lbs
Tuna:	Open
White Sea Bass:	Jeff Bilhorn: 69.5 lbs
Yellowtail:	Open

Out of Country

Reef Fish:	Open
Pelagic (non tuna):	Michael DeGiosa, Amberjack: 53.0 lbs



Photo by Terry Maas

May 2015 President's Message

Hello, Fellow Neptunes!

I hope this letter finds everyone and their families well. It's really turning out to be another hot seabass season, and I hope everyone is getting their shot at a big slug! There have been quite a few large fish already submitted, and I'm sure there will be plenty more to come.

This has been quite a year for the club! April saw an incredible auction- by far the most successful auction in club history!!! Please, please, please support our incredible sponsors! Their contributions help fund our events, as well as our spearfishing relevant causes. Please continue to support all of our incredible sponsors!

May means many things to us- a good seabass season, kids are thinking about getting out of school, families are planning summer events, and of course- Cinco de Mayo! This might be a good time to get down to Mexico, to load up on Jurel, Cabrilla, and Pargo! We have lots of friends and partners down there, including Palapas Ventana and SeaSniper Baja, so try to give them our Neptune support! Cedros, La Paz, Puerto Vallarta, and BOLA are calling! Don't forget to submit your fish stories and photos from your trips!

June is right around the corner, with our annual Blue Water Meet! This is the oldest tournament in the nation, and we have some great partner clubs that attend each year. Let's look forward to a fun Blue Water Meet!!! Maybe this is the year for a tuna to win???

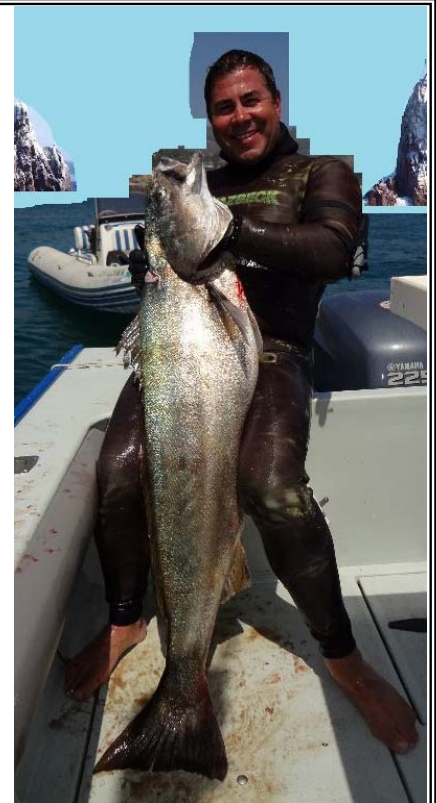
Our May club meeting is packed- we have the new Club Jacket orders to distribute, Blue Water Meet T's and Hoodies, new medical kit orders (thanks again to Keith for his hard work!), some sponsor stuff, and of course, our monthly raffle. We're also looking forward to a few new fish stories, and hopefully some nice fish photos as well!

Please look forward to a special email next week. The board has worked on integrating our constitution, so look forward to a submitted version. All Active and Lifetime Members will have plenty of time to review and make suggestions, with a final club vote this summer.

So let's look forward to a fun May month, a fun meeting, and please continue to support our sponsors! And don't forget to submit your fish photos for our annual contest!

Dive safe, and I'm looking forward to seeing everyone at the May meeting!

Byron Quinonez



Blue Water Meet Tees and Sweatshirts

Okay guys, here it is! Check out the epic artwork from Wardo, and our good friend Dam Nguyen! This year's t's are going to go fast!

Short Sleeve T's: \$10.00

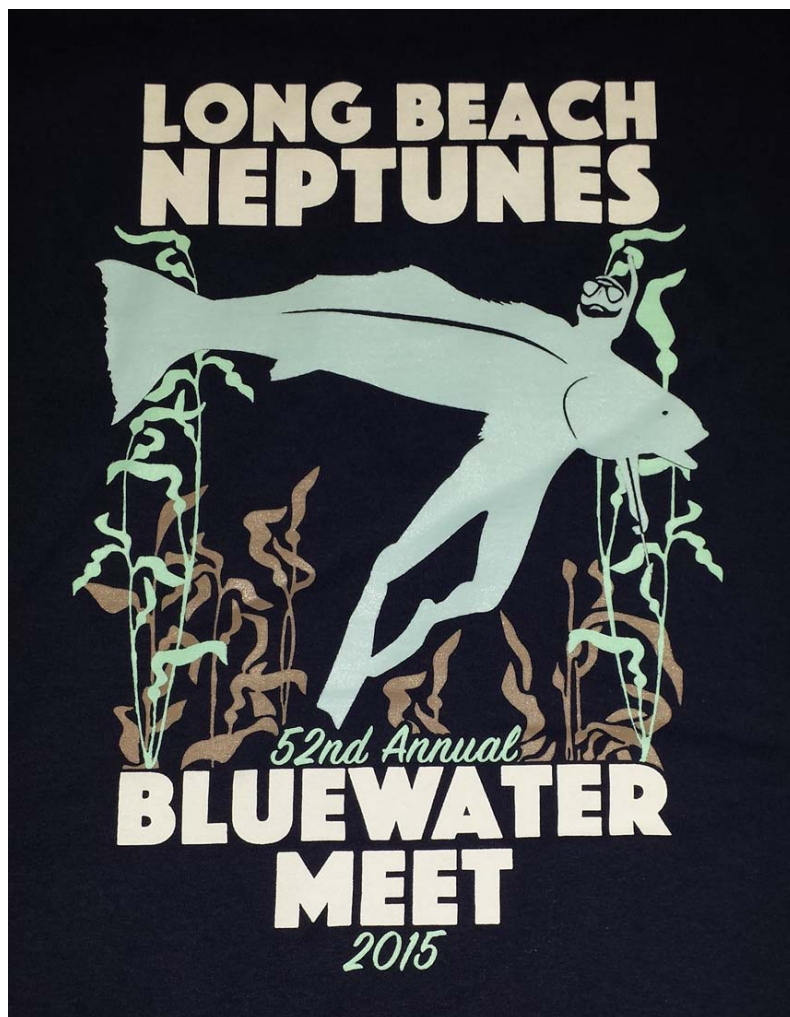
Long Sleeve: \$15.00

Hoodies \$30.00 (Pullover or Zippered)

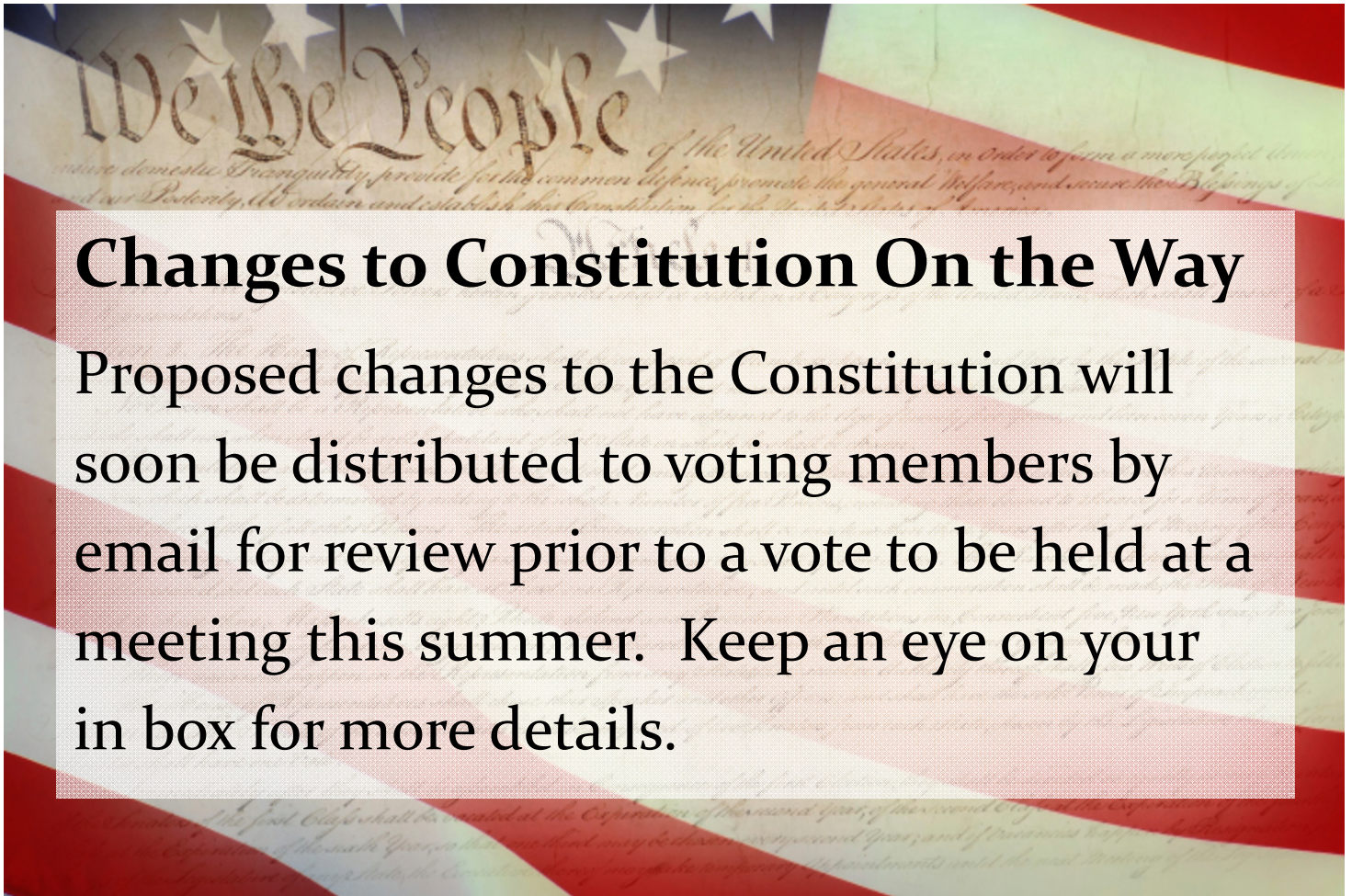
Come get it at the auction, or order from Bruce or via PayPal!!!



Front



Back



Changes to Constitution On the Way

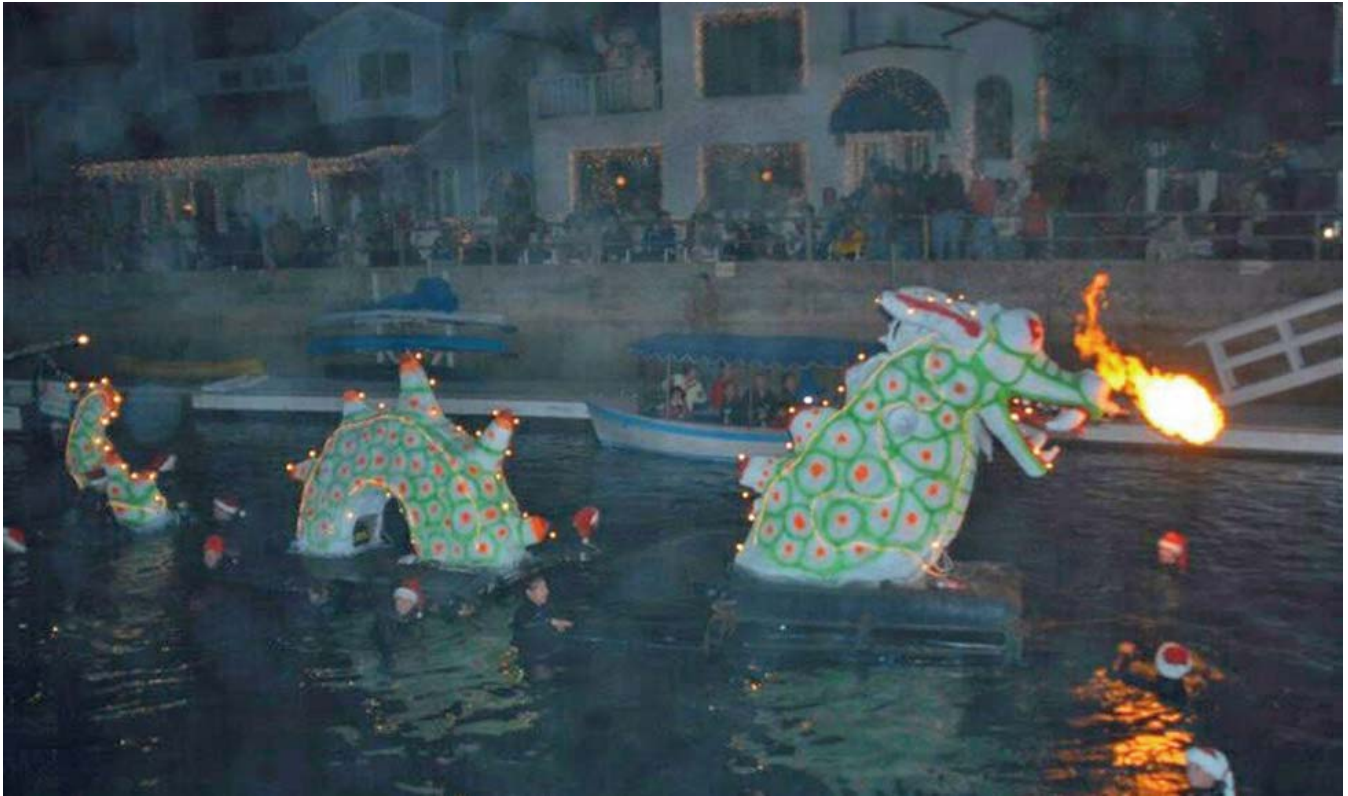
Proposed changes to the Constitution will soon be distributed to voting members by email for review prior to a vote to be held at a meeting this summer. Keep an eye on your in box for more details.



The Trailblazers

This section is dedicated to the pioneers of our sport.

To the brave who paved the way for the diving community. To the parents who led us by hand to expose us to another world; a world that does not exist for those who do not leave the surface.



"The Dragon... Oh man, that was fun!" I can hear the excitement in his voice as he starts to laugh; I am talking with Long Beach Neptune **HOWARD SCHAACK**.

Howard Schaack was born 87 years ago in a hospital that has long since disappeared. The year is 1928, the city is Los Angeles. Our nation was coming out of the roaring 20's and soon would be unknowingly headed towards the Great Depression. Howard's father worked as a garment cutter. *"He made patterns for clothing, you know, pants & dresses. He created them from other people's ideas and suggestions. He was good; good enough to keep twenty-four women busy sewing and making new clothes!"*

The Schaack family soon moved south and away from L.A. In the coming years, Howard spent many days fishing in the surf off Oceanside & San Clemente. *"My dad loved surf fishing and taught me so much,"* says Howard. When the bite slowed or Howard got bored, he would cool off in the water. Before long, he was diving for small objects that he would throw back into the water and dive for again and again. The early divers had no wetsuits available and braved the cold waters of the Pacific. *"I had a bathing suit and that's it! It wasn't until 1939 or 1940 that I got my hands on a pair of flippers."*

Face masks were very new and very rare; I didn't have one," recalls Howard. "A few years later, we wore flannel pants and wool sweaters to help keep us warm. I finally got a mask from Hawaii and made my own pole spears from a broom or mop handle. At the end of the handle, we attached a 'frog gig' that we picked up from the hardware store."

In 1941, things began to slow down after Japan attacked Pearl Harbor and WWII began. Howard's father is sent to the South Pacific as a Merchant Marine, running supplies for the United States troops. *"When my father left, he did not want anyone to drive his new car (a 1940 Chevrolet 2-door sedan) so he put it up on blocks, removed all four tires, and removed the oil from the engine. After a while, my mother asked me, 'Howard? Do you think that you could fix your fathers car?' I answered, 'I think I can'. I put the tires back on, the oil back in, and I practiced driving up and down our driveway until I felt comfortable driving the car. My mother didn't know how to drive which meant that I would become her chauffeur when she needed to get groceries, run an errand, or visit her sister, who still lived in Los Angeles."* Howard was 14 years old at the time. *"There were no freeways then; we took PCH up to Alameda. Boy, it sure took a long time!"* he laughs.

After meeting Frank Taylor in 1958, Howard was introduced to the Long Beach Neptunes. Frank offered to sponsor him into the club, and in 1960, Howard became a member. *"There were still no wetsuits. I was still using my pole spear and it was a few years later that I was given my first speargun as a Christmas gift! I still have it! It was a single banded gun and once I figured the darn thing out, I got all the fish I wanted!"*

The old tradition, LB Neptune Christmas Float, was well under way at this time. *"We had a sleigh that we would pull through the water. It had Santa on it and he was waving a trident in his hand. Then we had a big seahorse, but, it soon gave out - it didn't last too long. The floats were attached to paddle boards and man, people loved it! After that it was a whale. We covered it with fake epoxy snow and we put a propane burner inside that shot flames out of its blowhole!"* Howard laughs again. *"You could climb inside of the whale and sometimes we would pass out drinks from inside the thing!"* His laughs continue and I picture his face gleaming. *"Mel Clark, Bill Green, Dewey Hennessey, Bob Donnell, Sid Binder, Mike Oceanus ...they were all into it and wanting to make it bigger and better! Me too! Then it was the dragon... Three separate floating pieces: the head, mid-section and the tail. It had nine car batteries, lights, a 12v siren, a very loud 'ooga horn' & rigged propane to shoot 12' – 15' flames out of the nostrils! The kids and adults too would cheer as we pulled it through the canals. They would follow us from bridge to bridge as we swam and pulled it along."* He pauses for a few seconds... *"Long Beach Fire was afraid that we would get hurt or catch something on fire and it got too expensive for the club to continue. The cost of insurance and the permit was just too much. It was a part of Christmas in Naples for decades!"* another pause... *"The Dragon... Oh man, that was fun!"*

Thank you to **Howard Schaack** for sharing your memories with your fellow Long Beach Neptunes. I remember the dragon swim very well and I believe we *all* miss it – even the LB Fire Dept.

- Phil Polanco

2015 Auction

The Annual Club Auction on April 1st was a resounding success. The crowd turned out with big time support to take advantage of the generosity of our awesome sponsors and help to fund our club activities as well as the non-profit causes that we support.

A BIG thanks goes out to:

- ◆ Our loyal attendees (ok, well call them “Fans”) that showed up to support the event
- ◆ The Board for all of its efforts to plan, organize, and execute the big event
- ◆ Robert Strobach for his awesome auctioneering
- ◆ The good folks at Me ‘N Eds for letting us take over the place once again
- ◆ **And most especially to our sponsors who contributed so much making all of this possible**

Sadly my photo files of the event seem to be lost from a technical oops, I will include them in a next issue if able recover. If you snapped any photos that you could forward to me that would be much appreciated.

Thanks, Todd F.

Second Annual Neptune Family & Friends Catalina Campout

This summer, July 23-26 (Thursday-Sunday), we have two campsites at Little Harbor on the backside of Catalina, reserved that can hold approximately 40 campers. The campsites are site #2 and site #6. The camping trip is for Neptune members, their families and friends. If you are not a Neptune, you must be a guest of a Neptune (family or friend). If your schedule does not permit you to stay for the full four days, you are welcome to come for however many days that you can stay.

Little Harbor is a beautiful campsite and you can find more information about the site by visiting <http://www.visitcatalinaisland.com/camping-and-boating/two-harbors-camping/little-harbor> on the web.

Transportation to the campsite will be up to the individual camper. If you do not have a boat and cannot get a ride, the Catalina Express makes daily runs to two harbors from San Pedro. From Two Harbors, you can take a van to the little harbor campground.

If you are planning to attend, please contact me at long.beach.neptune@gmail.com, so that you can be kept informed of any information or planning that you should be aware of. In addition, you will need to take care of your own reservation by following the instructions in the next paragraph.

The cost is \$22/night for adults 12 and older and \$12/night for children under 12. You can reserve a spot by email, telephone or in person. To reserve a spot by email, include the reservation #11001203, the number of people in your group, the specific dates that you will be staying and a callback number. (The reservation is under my name) Visitor services will then call you back or email with the amount and take your credit card number. Their email is visitorservices@scico.com. To pay by phone, call (310) 510-4226 with the reservation number and the number of people to add and number of nights. Especially as we get closer to summer, it may be difficult to get through and email may be the best option. Last minute adds (if there is space), can be made with the onsite ranger on arrival (cash only), or at visitor services at Two Harbors. If you have questions or suggestions, let me know at long.beach.neptune@gmail.com

Lou Rosales



Fish and Wildlife Information and Updates

Seasonal Fish and Wildlife Dates to Keep Track of

- ♦ March 15: WSB limit changed from 3 fish to 1 fish (through June 15)
- ♦ April 1: Red Abalone Season opens (through June 30)
- ♦ June 16: WSB limit changes from 1 fish to 3 fish

morifish



ATOMIC
AQUATICS



ELECTRIC



SUNGLASSES

2nd Annual White Seabass Spearfishing Classic in Honor of Kirk McNulty

Tournament Dates: March 1- May 30, 2015

Cant believe its already that time again! The first year was an absolute success and we are kicking of the 2nd annual tournament to honor the legacy of Kirk McNulty, a Surfer, Diver, Brother and Son. Kirk was a world class waterman who was inspired by everything ocean. Although some of you may not have known Kirk we hope that you will participate as we are a small family of spear fishermen here on the West Coast and there will be some epic prizes up for grabs!

A \$10 entry is required prior to spearing a fish. Register at the bottom of the page. The proceeds will be donated to the White Seabass Hatchery Program led by Hubbs-Seaworld to help improve the WSB population on our coast. Please join us in the 2nd Annual tournament to celebrate Kirk's life and passion for the sea. Winners will be chosen by Top 3 **Biggest Fish!** Awards Party held in June at Body Glove Headquarters in Redondo Beach.

Click the links to view 2014 [winners](#) and [video](#), 2015 Leaderboard and be sure to join our [Facebook Page](#) to keep up with current fish counts and tournament stats.

Prizes:

- **1st Place** - Coronado Islands Dive w/ Guardian Charters, JBL Reaper 100cm Speargun, Electric California Prize Pack, Pelican Products Gear, Subscription to Spearing Magazine...(More prizes coming soon)
- **2nd Place** -Body Glove Freedive Wetsuit, Electric California Prize Pack, Celestron Binocular, Pelican Products Gear, Subscription to Spearing Magazine...(More prizes coming soon)
- **3rd Place** - Electric California Prize Pack, Pelican Products Gear, Subscription to Spearing Magazine...(More prizes coming soon)

Rules:

- You must be registered in the tournament prior to spearing your fish. No exceptions
- All WSB must be taken between March 1st and May 31 2015
- Need Photo of Catch and Digital Scale readout (photo of fish/weight must be taken on land, not from boat)
- Proof of Catch date must be supplied. Newspaper article or Date Stamp on photo

Submit all Photos to Support@hookbuzz.com. Qualifying fish will be added to the [leaderboard here](#). Dive Safe!

**2ND ANNUAL
KIRK MCNULTY
WHITE SEABASS SPEARFISHING CLASSIC**

ONLY \$10 ENTRY **ENDS ON MAY 31 2015**

VISIT HOOKBUZZ.COM TO ENTER AND FOR DETAILS!

HOOKBUZZ TACKLE • GEAR • LIFESTYLE **GUARDIAN CHARTERS** **ELECTRIC** **BODY GLOVE** **DIVE N' SURF**

Taking the Lead

By Jeff Bilhorn

I finally had a whole day to go diving. Its a good thing too, because it nearly took that long to get a fish! The conditions were good; just enough vis for whites, light current, and a smattering of mackerel here and there. By the time 3:00 came around, I had had 3 sightings and one missed shot. I figured that God had given me my opportunities for the day, and I had screwed them up! My ears were squeaking and I was tired, so I started making my last circle back to the boat.

Suddenly, I looked down into a little kelp room and there was a nice big white, cruising very slowly away from me. It was only about 10 feet down and pretty close. I froze, waited until his head disappeared behind one small strand of kelp, spat my snorkel out and dove. I didn't even take a big breath, so I could sink without much movement.

In the haze, I must have thought that the fish was closer and smaller than it was. I shot for a spot behind his right eye, and he was off like a shot. I figured I had him good, and was too tired for a long tangled retrieve, so I horsed him. At lease that's what I thought I was going to do. He dragged me through the kelp, and I had to keep letting go of the reel to breathe. When he finally stopped, and I dove down to see him, I just about flipped! He was a TOAD! In addition, what I thought was a well placed shot went in just above the right ventral fin, and exited the bottom of the fish between the ventral fins. Thank God that is such a tough spot! He was tied up at only about 45 feet. Again, thank God!

When I got ahold of the fish I figured he was over 50 lbs. Then, when I had to pull him into the boat, I thought maybe 60 lbs, but I didn't really get an idea of his girth until he was hung up on the scale; 69.5 lbs! A new PB!



Easy as Pie

By Michael DeGiosa

Heard of some big local fish yesterday and got really excited but wasn't feeling 100% (sinus headache). Told my buddies that I didn't think I was going to make but would set my alarm for 6 am anyways and make the decision in the morning. Well at 5:45 am I texted Dan and no response. I waited until about 6 in the morning and called him, woke him up. "Let's go"!

We noticed a bit of swell developing on our drive down the coast but figured it was worth a try anyway. Suited up and as we were strapping on our weight belt another free diver walks by us and tells us of a 50 lb fish he took the day before. Really excited now, we figure we need to beat him to the kelp bed so off we go for what felt like a 25 minute solid kick out to sea. Tons of bait, 15 ft vis from the surface and the kelp was sitting just right, a slight current on the outside and the middle of the bed was standing straight up. Did I mention there were tons of bait, large and small Spanish mackerel,



top smelt, king smelt, and green back mackerel. We worked that bed for about 45 min and after confirmation from Dan that it was quiet we decide to go to the bed where he shot a 35 lb WSB the day before. This bed had even more bait and something was pushing them through and around the kelp bed. It all seemed right but where were the White Sea-bass? Creeping through the kelp and about ten feet in from the edge, I see this monstrous head near a stalk of kelp. My spear tip was maybe 10 degrees above the fishes head and only about 3 feet away. Instinct set in and I lowered the gun to line up the shaft with the fishes head and bam#\$%! I stoned the fish, it rolled to its side from the weight of my shaft sticking out of its head while slowly sinking. CLASSIC! No need to untangle this one. Spent a minute jamming my shaft through her hard head, cinched her to my weight belt, and restrung my shaft. Easy as pie! Personal best, 55.64#

Murky Success

By Lyle Davis

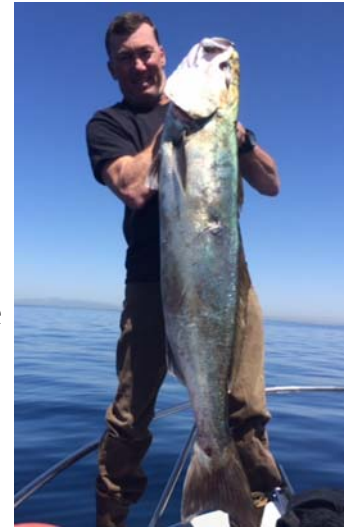
Well Steve, Jeff, Woody and I decided to venture out and see what lurks off our coasts. We knew with the big swells that there was a good chance the visibility would be an issue and boy were we right. We tried to dive our first spot and viz. was 5-10, water temp 66. You had about 10 feet on the surface and then it dropped significantly so we packed it up and moved. Second spot had a little better visibility on the surface but still a dirty water layer at about 15 feet. There was some good bait around Green-backs, top smelt and lots of barracuda milling around so we were pretty fired up. First couple of dives, I could hear some croaking but couldn't find the culprit. We dove outside beds and inside beds to no avail. We decided to move again and found some kelp closer to the surface. I was working my way through it when I decided to drop straight down through the canopy and into the abyss of zero viz. Sure as hell at about 25 feet. I make out two whites just hanging there. By the time I see them I'm three feet away, closing fast and about ready to kiss their backs. I have no time or space to extend my gun so I take the hip shot and bam the fish takes off. I've been diving a long time in all sorts of situations and there isn't anything like being short lining a fish through thick kelp with little viz. It's pulling me deeper, I'm getting more tangled and the viz becomes non-existent. I begin to panic a bit and decide to let the fish run and get back to the surface. Now the hard part, figuring out where my line goes as it is zig zagged in every direction with the fish somewhere at 50 ft. After several dives trying to trace it I'm beat because I keep losing it in the middle of thick kelp stocks then it would shoot in another direction and then back somewhere else. I could only stick with the line because you couldn't see the line going through the water. Finally, I ask for help spotting me so I could get a better breath and deal with this. 45 minutes later, 20 dives down and 1 foot viz on the bottom I bring the fish up. Thanks Jeff for bringing me some comfort in that big bad world.



Finishing Well

By John Hughes

I recently took 6 weeks off to take advantage of the CA Paternity Act which allows you time to bond with your newborn within the first year of his being born. It's been a blast. My son Ezekiel (EZ) Reef Hughes is 9 months old and I'm glad I waited to take this time together. He's just starting to talk and crawling up a storm. It's funny watching him terrorize the house by pulling everything off the shelves and it's time to start thinking about baby proofing which my house is definitely not so far.



Although we did take a few family vacations to Seattle and Bishop, I don't like to split town this time of year due to the elusive silver ghost moving into our local beds. I've been trying to get my son to say "whiteseabass" for his first words but alas, it seems he got "bubba" the dog down first. I have been able to show him what a seabass looks like

though and have been blessed to get a couple nice fish over the course of these six weeks.



I began the first week with a perfect start. I closed lobster season with a 79lb 3 day limit of bugs and then came back and shot 3 seabass in 4 dives. The fish went 61, 30 and 45lbs and I felt like I was on a roll. Of course, it quickly came to an abrupt halt and I filled my box of donuts for a few weeks straight while other guys were getting their turn. I was getting alot of family time in, but I was also putting in my time on the fish to frustrating results.





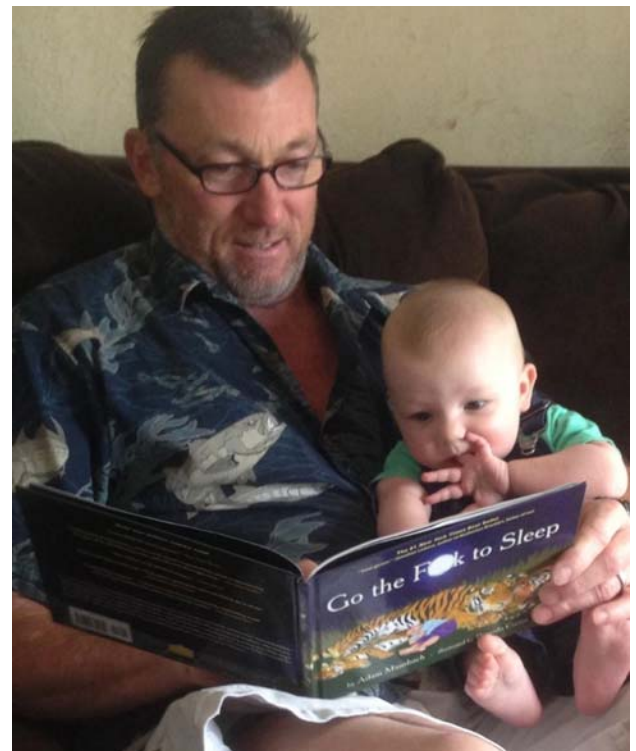
My last week off I changed my game plan. Instead of getting frustrated I was determined to be grateful for what God had given me and decided to just head out and think about His goodness, enjoy the nice diving conditions we had at the time and pray for my friends and family. It seemed to work. The first day out I got a nice 40lb fish out of a small school and I was stoked. Not being able to line up a boat ride mid week I did a shore dive with a friend and pulled a 58lb out and had a nice hike back to the car. This game plan seemed to be working so I stayed with it. The very next day I got into a monster school of over 100 fish and yanked another 40lb out right at the end of my breath hold. Seeing a solid wall of big seabass in clear water is an incredible sight. I took a day off and the last day I was able to dive on my vacation I was in the fish all morning. After having 6-7 really nice sightings I was getting

frustrated not being able to put one board but so stoked to be seeing so many great fish. In the last 10 minutes of my dive I finally saw a flicker going away from me. I turned and tracked the fish and she presented me with a really nice broadside shot about 15' out. I had my bigger gun so I took the shot and landed the smallest fish I'd seen all day which still went about 30lbs. What a week and what an epic ending to my vacation.

I got a million photos in the last few weeks but here's a few to share the stoke.

I included some of my kid as obviously I'm a proud dad these days but also because it's nice to see the club emphasizing the family aspect of our sport. I really think that's been a part of our history but also it's great to see the rest of the families participating and I think it makes it a bit more fun for our ladies who give us a ton of room to play. I had to crack up when my wife came home and saw me reading to my son and then showed me the other

photo I included. She put it on FB and got some hilarious replies, mostly from people who don't know my sarcastic nature and didn't get the joke and were ashamed of us. LOL.



My Son's First Hog

By Mark Hultgren

It all started back in January when my Dad informed me that he decided to get a hunting membership for the Tejon Ranch again this year. Although it's quite pricey, the place is amazing and worth every penny as far as we're concerned. It's been a few years since we've hunted here due to membership costs and the fact that every year we find new productive areas for pigs, the next that area seemed to somehow get upgraded to the premium hunting areas we couldn't afford. This year, with my Dad being retired, he decided to get the premium membership known as the Cross & Crescent, which encompasses all the areas we've been successful in for the past 15 years. The membership access is for the spring only so it runs from March 1 of this year until the end of July.



My son Jake has really been into hunting since doing his first dove hunt in AZ last November, but he did not have a CA hunting license and you can't hunt big game until you are 12. February is Jake's birthday month, so after an on-line class and lots of studying, he passed his hunter safety course and scored higher than all the adults in his class (One even failed the test). For those with younger children I wouldn't suggest taking the on-line class as this test is different and not geared for younger kids. With all of the time & studying we did, we'd been better off doing the full one day course which is geared more for kids. Anyways, Jake now had his hunting license and we were set for our opening weekend at Tejon the next week.

The weather did not cooperate that weekend and we had half of day of scouting this beautiful ranch before the snow was coming in. It was a productive day though as we saw 10 hogs, 20 deer, 10 elk, 3 wild turkeys, 3 golden eagles and even a badger. My son hadn't shot the rifle he'd be using and thus, we took him to the range there where he had a chance to fire the .243. He shot six



rounds from the rifle and did surprisingly well from 100 and 80 yards (Many shots from shooting sticks in a “real life” sitting position as if he was out in the field). Now confident my son could deliver a good shot on an animal, we would be ready the next time.

We got out four more trips after the first and were unable to locate any pigs. We hiked our butts off, hit all of our “Honey Holes” and for the life of us couldn’t get it done. We shot plenty of ground squirrels though and continued to see a great abundance of wild life and still enjoyed our trips. A few weeks ago, I brought my buddy Todd with my Dad and I on a Monday to get out one more time before my vacation was over. My wife and I talked about Jake missing school that day,



but I said no (Part of me knowing we’d probably see the pigs that day). Sure enough, a few hours into the day my buddy shot a nice meat sow in one of our usual spots. To make matters worse, we saw another 14 on our way down the ridge as well. My son was pretty bummed he missed out that day but it appeared the hogs were starting to move around more and weren’t so nocturnal.

Our next trip was planned for this past weekend (04/25-04/26) with an overnight stay in a hotel to maximize our chances. Of course, we got word that my son had a VB tournament



that Saturday which would take away our morning hunt and possibly cut into our afternoon/evening hunt. I called up our long, lost Neptune Cody Lightfoot and invited him to tag along with us. Cody jumped on the opportunity and it was all set. We planned to head out from my house at about 3:00pm and upon arrival at the tournament, I was given the good news that we would have playoffs as well. My son’s team made it to the finals which put us behind schedule and leaving the house around 4:45pm. To add insult to injury, it rained quite a bit at the ranch which makes some of the roads pretty sketchy due to the mud.

We arrived at the ranch around 6:00pm and decided to try the desert side (Which is the southern portion and closer to home) to maximize our hunting chances before dark. The

We arrived at the ranch around 6:00pm and decided to try the desert side (Which is the southern portion and closer to home) to maximize our hunting chances before dark. The wind was howling around 50MPH and the roads were muddy making it pretty interesting coming down some of the ridge roads. No pigs seen and after thawing out and pulling the cloth interior out of our asses we made it to dinner and the hotel around 1000pm. We woke up earlier as I wanted to be on a certain ridge right at sun up and headed out. It was a balmy 40 degrees but when you added the 30MPH winds it was pretty damn cold. Once we got up high on the ridge road, visibility dropped down to about 15 feet which made the long drive pretty brutal. We probably drove by a hundred pigs, but couldn't see a damn thing. We got to the spot we wanted to be to have higher wind gusts, crappy visibility and not a lot of hope. We waited it out in the truck and watched the visibility improve and decrease just like the water. We decided to hike to the top of the ridge and see what we would be facing. I grabbed my pack, but no one else did (Mistake 1) but at least Jake and Cody grabbed their rifles. We walked up top and couldn't see down the smaller finger ridges like we'd like to and had the wind swirling in every direction. Of course, the wind took a turn for the worse and blew right down the long ridge we wanted to work and probably spooking any pig in a mile radius.

We saw quite a bit of fresh sign (Rooting and scat) so we knew the pigs were here not much before we had arrived. We continued to work our way down the long ridge hoping we'd find something out of our scents path. Jake and I followed some fresh sign down a steep ridge to no avail but Cody came half way down and informed us that they had a group of hogs on a ridge across the back side of the canyon. We scurried up the steep ridge and followed Cody to where he and my Dad had been watching about 8 large hogs and quite a few piglets. We watched these pigs for about an hour as they worked their way towards their bedding area. We saw a large Bull Elk in the same area and were enjoying the sights. The pigs were a good 450 yards plus across the canyon and the retrieval did not look very promising as there were no roads close and both sides of the canyon were tall and extremely steep. My Dad decided to hike up and over the ridge to see if anything else was moving around and Cody and I told ourselves if these pigs come to a certain area of the hillside, we should probably take the shot. Of course the pigs continued in the opposite direction and we decided to walk to our south to check things out over there. We saw 5 more Elk there but no pigs and were just about to head back to our original spot when the pigs started high tailing it out from where they had grazed to. I don't know what spooked them, but we figured we'd better get back to where we were just in case they crossed "The Spot".

We set up and sure enough, pigs started leaving the bedding area and heading in the direction of “The Spot”. Most of the pigs appeared pretty large and had piglets in tow, so we knew we didn’t want one of them. Finally, the pigs were in the zone and we identified one that was smaller than the others and appeared to be piglet free. I got out the shooting sticks, Cody ranged the distance to be about 225 yards and Jake set up for a possible shot. Cody was going to take a follow-up shot if Jake missed and Jake appeared to be ready. Unfortunately, I didn’t have my phone and video but the shot rang out, we heard the “THWAAAP”, a squeal and we saw the pig doing cartwheels down the hillside towards the deep creek at the bottom. Part of me was in shock that he hit it, part of me thought “This retrieval is going to suck!”, but most of me was extremely proud and stoked for my son.



We found the hog at the bottom of the creek bed, where Jake finished it off and Cody and I got to work on the pig. Due to the distance from the vehicle and the steepness of the canyon we just dropped into, we decided to quarter it up and pack it out (Oh wait, I was the only one with a pack). After a good photo session, lots of sweat and tired legs we were back to the truck around 1:00pm. My Dad was bummed that he missed it, but extremely proud of his grandson. We spent a few more hours trying to find a pig a little more access friend-



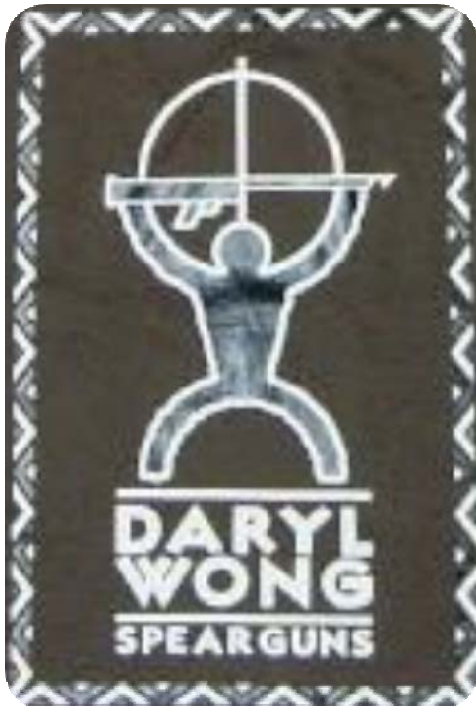
ly, but decided to head out earlier in the hopes of filling Cody’s tag some other time. I know this is a little long winded but hope some of you enjoyed this non-diving read from a proud dad.



Not sure which Neptune was on Hollywood Blvd last week, Defirmian says it wasn't him but I'm not sure (Submitted by Donny Harrison)



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Thanks for your Contributions!

I would like to thank all of the contributors to this edition of the Trident: Phil for the historical piece on Howard Shaack. Jeff Bilhorn, Michael DiGeosa, Lyle Davis, John Hughes, and Mark Hultgren for the great trip reports. Thanks again to Terry for the amazing underwater photos.

Looking forward to seeing you all at Manufacturer's Night.

Wishing all in the Neptune Community meaningful connection with one another, fulfilling adventures, and safe diving.

Best Regards and Dive Safe,
Todd Farquhar,
Newsletter Editor

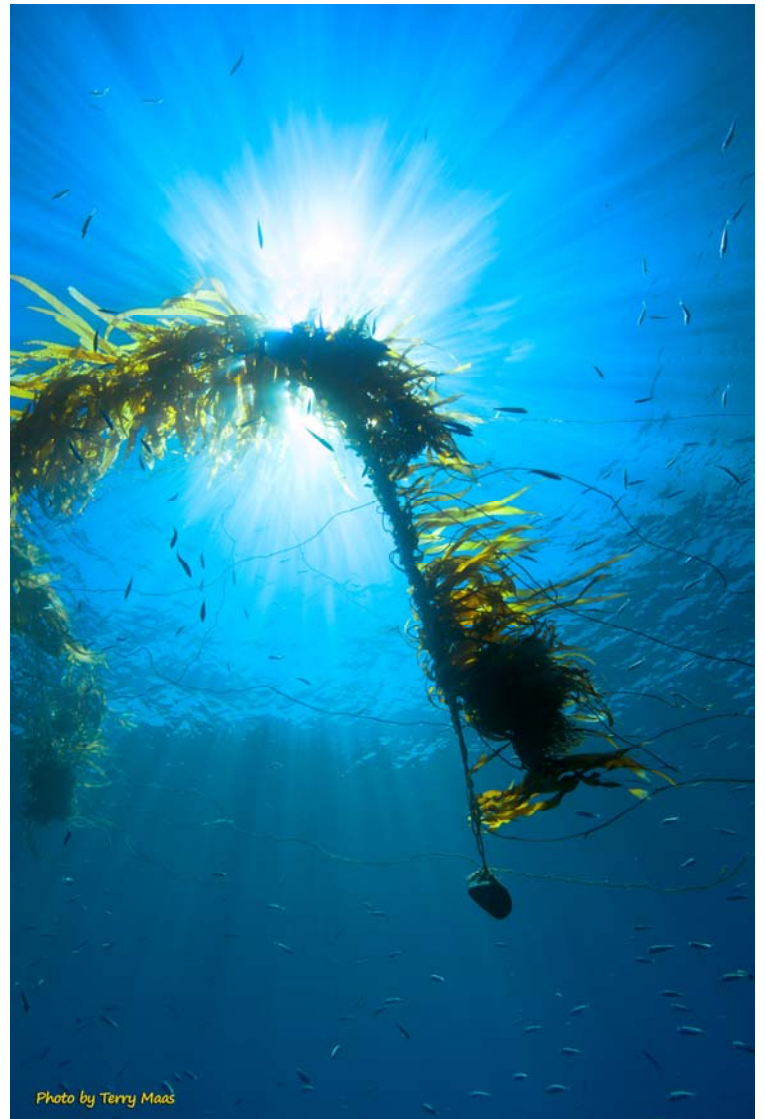


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