



NOVEMBER 2014

TRIDENT



Be Thankful

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2014 Neptunes Calendar:

- Wednesday November 5th
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As November and Thanksgiving come upon us and the nights get colder we still daydream of the epic summer full of exotics. Dorado anyone? Tuna? Wahoo? I say again, Wahoo?!! What more could you have asked for? The Fall Classic has now come and gone and soon all the pelagics will be gone for the year. Will they return next year? Will they ever return like this year? There is no way of knowing, but Lobster season is now in full swing and it's time for the smack talk to begin and see if anyone can unseat the Woodster from his throne by surpassing his scrawny little lead stuffed 9.75lb cockroach. I know Hughes won't do it because he doesn't dive anymore now that he has a kid. Someone else will have to step up!

On another note, the long awaited Christmas party is coming up so make sure to look for the Christmas party invitations and pay on time. This will be another event that you will not want to miss. The board has decided to schedule this event on Saturday December 6th, so we can all stay out a little longer and not worry about work the next day. This year the annual Christmas party will be held at the Forbidden Palace in LB on Dec, 6th. Bring your favorite person and tell your favorite stories and lies as we come together – the best club in the world!

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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Fish Standings 2014:

2014 Calico Derby – John Hughes: 6.65 lbs

Lobster – Woody: 9.75 lbs

White Sea Bass – Paul Hugoboom 72.65 lbs

Halibut – Scott de Firmian: 31.1 lbs

Calico Bass – Mark Hultgren: 8.8 lbs

Yellowtail– John Hughes: 45.75 lbs

Tuna (California)– John Johnston: 25.9 lbs

Kent McIntyre– Open

Sheep Head – Todd Farquar: 23 lbs 9 oz

Reef Fish (out of country) – Masahiro Mori:

(Pargo: 50.2 lbs)

Pelagic (out of country) – Steve Parkford

(Yellowtail: 61.25 lbs)

Announcements

Terry Maas is generously offering a 20% discount off of the spring special price of \$1250 for his Freedivers Recovery Vest. Member price will be \$999 + tax. Cartridges are extra. See the brochure near the end of the newsletter for a description of the vest.

Fall Classic: Mark it on your calendar! October 11th. At the Isthmus. Be there.

Christmas Banquet: December 6th. Forbidden City Restaurant in Long beach.
www.forbiddencitylongbeach.com Dinners will be less than \$28 per person.

BANKS BOARD

Please Thank our Sponsors:

The Long Beach Neptunes would like to thank our sponsors. We have some great sponsors that have given generously to support our club. Please make use of our sponsor's services whenever possible. It's the least we can do.



2014 DFW Regulation Changes: **Summary by Mark Navas**

The DFW has published the new Sport Fishing Regulations for the 2014/2015 seasons. Download the regs at:

http://www.dfg.ca.gov/marine/sportfishing_regs2014.asp

Red Abalone

Early morning closure: no abalone diving/rock picking before 8 a.m.

New annual limit: 18 abalone, of which only 9 may be taken south of Mendocino County.

Fort Ross Area now closed year-round.

Spiny Lobster Report Card

If you failed to return your 2013-2014 full season spiny lobster report card by April 30, 2014, you will be required to pay a \$20 non-return fee at the time of purchase of your 2014-2015 full season spiny lobster report card. Individuals may alternately choose to not fish for one season.

Lobster report cards are now valid for the duration of the lobster fishing season, as opposed to the calendar year, and the deadline for the return of lobster report cards is now April 30 following the season for which the report card was valid. Individuals that lose their lobster report card must provide a written affidavit to CDFW, which is the same as for sturgeon and abalone report cards. Mailed report cards not received by CDFW will be assumed not returned, and the individual will be subject to the \$20 non-return fee and required to report their card as lost.



2014 DFW Regulation Changes: **Summary by Mark Navas**

Pacific Halibut

The Pacific Fishery Management Council took action recently to close August to recreational fishing for Pacific halibut in California during 2014. This change will be reflected in new federal regulations expected to be in effect prior to the start of the fishing season. Anglers are advised to check the CDFW Pacific halibut website or the Regulations Hotline at (831) 649-2801 for updated information prior to engaging in recreational fishing for Pacific halibut.

Ocean Salmon

The Fish and Game Commission is considering a proposed regulatory change that may increase the ocean salmon possession limit from a single daily bag limit. Final regulatory decisions will be made in March, 2014. For more information, visit the Ocean Salmon Project web page.

For complete information, consult the regulation booklet, currently available online and in paper format beginning March, 2014. Paper copies will be available wherever sport fishing licenses are sold, and at your local CDFW office. Booklets may also be downloaded to smart phones or other devices for easy reference by using iBooks on Apple devices, or your favorite book reader on the Android platform.

DFW November Calendar of Events:

1st **Opening of Sport Dungeness Crab Season Statewide.** For more information, please visit the Invertebrate Management Project [website](#).

7th **Pacific Fishery Management Council Coastal Pelagic Species Management Webinar**, open to the public. For additional information, please visit the PFMC [website](#).

8th **Fall General Turkey Season Opens** and extends through Dec. 7. For more information, please visit the CDFW [website](#) or contact Levi Souza at Levi.Souza@wildlife.ca.gov or (916) 445-3709.

8th **Late Dove Season Opens** and extends through Dec. 22. For more information, please visit the CDFW [website](#) or contact Levi Souza at Levi.Souza@wildlife.ca.gov or (916) 445-3709.

9th **Last Day of Recreational Ocean Salmon Season from Horse Mountain to Pigeon Point.** Recreational ocean salmon fishing is now closed statewide. For more information, please visit the ocean salmon web [page](#) or call the ocean salmon regulations hotline at (707) 576-3429.

15th **First Day of Commercial Dungeness Crab Season South of Mendocino County.** For more information, please visit the Invertebrate Management Project [website](#).

30th **Last Day of Recreational Red Abalone Season.** Closed Nov. 1 through March 31. For further information about red abalone, please visit the Invertebrate Management Project [website](#).



JAMES & JOSEPH

SPEARFISHING SUPPLIES

SAN DIEGO



October President's Message:

Greetings, Fellow Neptunes and Families! Wow! I can't believe how fast this year has moved along, and what a fun year its been, but there's still plenty of time left, and a few remaining exotic fish to be had, so I'm looking forward to your stories at the upcoming November club meeting, where we also pay tribute to the winners of this year's Fall Classic tournament!

November is a time of family gathering, celebration, and of course Thanksgiving. What an honor it is for us to enjoy the blessings that our mother ocean has bestowed on us! Its such a special feeling, being able to participate in a wonderful hobby or sport, and then sharing our bounty with family, friends, and loved ones. Your board wishes everyone a wonderful Thanksgiving this year, as we reflect and give thanks for our many relationships we're honored with.

There were many accomplishments in 2014, and many Neptunes worked hard to support your group- including John Carpenter, who lead our Safety Corner this year; Lou Rosales, who arranged our Catalina Family Campout; and Paul Zylstra, for coordinating our August Club Dive on the Sand Dollar. And of course, continued thanks to Captain George and Lindsay Plank for all of their support to the club this year!

Saturday, December 6th, we have our annual Christmas Dinner, at Forbidden City in Long Beach. We're looking forward to our Neptune Friends and Families to enjoy this gathering, as we celebrate another fun year, and look forward to many great years ahead.



President's Message: continued

So get out there, enjoy and share your blessings of the sea, and I look forward to seeing everyone at the upcoming November meeting and the December 6th Christmas Party!

Dive safe!

Byron Quinonez

Be Safe

By By Ivan Sanchez

Sadly, in the last months there have been a lot of diver deaths. I believe there were about six for the month of October alone. Don't ignore or pass off this fact as the result of inexperienced or out of shape scuba divers not knowing their limits and making stupid decisions. Freedivers can just as easily make bad decisions as well. We are all entering into a dangerous world when we slip beneath the surface. We should all take this into consideration when we are caught up lobster diving through caves and breakwaters. Or when we are cutting out a fish. Make sure to have a spotter and practice proper spotting techniques. Use a tank if it is available. Leave it if it is too dangerous. No lobster or fish is worth your life.



THE EASIEST FISH I'VE SPEARED

By Tom Blandford

Twenty years ago I speared a white sea bass at the Los Angeles breakwater that was a pretty easy shot. But not THE easiest (more on that later). I was literally hanging onto breakwater rocks while facing into the current--a technique that Tom Murray taught me. Over my right shoulder, I saw a ten or twelve pound WSB swimming toward me but from behind. I slowly turned my gun to the right thinking the movement would spook the fish. To my surprise, it didn't turn away but continued on its path and into range. It was an easy shot as the fish practically swam up to me like a slow swimming, curious yellowtail. When I got the fish back to the boat, I noticed its left eye was stark white. The fish was *blind* in that eye and apparently didn't have a clue that I was present. I felt bad about the shot; it didn't take any skill to shoot this fish, but that didn't affect the taste.

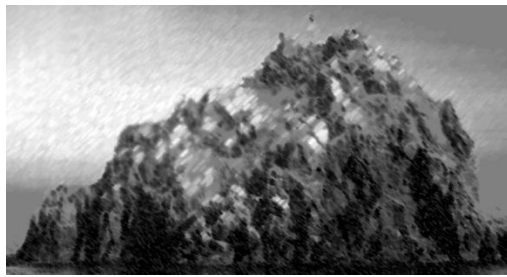
THE easiest fish I shot was two years ago. I was on my boat in Marina Real, San Carlos, Mexico. The boat was tied to the dock and while sitting in the cockpit having a cup of coffee, I heard a bit of a commotion in the water and looked over the gunnel and saw five or six very large corvina swimming right under the transom. The water was fairly clear for the marina, maybe ten feet or so, and warm. A fresh corvina fillet sounded pretty good for dinner. I grabbed a small fishing pole I keep in the cockpit and bounced a lure in front of the schooling fish. I spent fifteen minutes trying to hook one of these fat and slow swimming critters, but none of them showed any interest in the lure. It took me a while to realize the fish were spawning and had absolutely no desire to feed. Okay, there's a *Neptune* solution to this problem: I grabbed my fins, mask, weight belt and gun--no need for a wet suit--and slid into the water (very much against marina rules).

I made a dive that was less than ten feet and settled into the muddy bottom. It took about ten seconds for an eighteen pound corvina to swim right up to the tip of my gun. I shot the fish and quickly tossed it onto the dock. The local workers and deck hands were a bit surprised that I had landed a fish in the marina, but they encouraged me to continue to shoot fish--they had not been spooked by my presence--hoping to get a fillet or two. I just didn't have the heart to do so. This was probably easier than shooting fish in a barrel. I actually felt guilty about sticking this fish. Corvina are related to WSB and can be difficult to approach and are easily spooked. But I learned that like WSB, a diver with gun can get very close to them when they are spawning. I felt guilty as hell for shooting this fish, but I got over it quickly and had a very nice corvina dinner that night.

ELECTRIC



SUNGLASSES



SHIP ROCK

~ Tales from the Mako Whisperer ~

The sun hung heavy as it breached the horizon, the morning calm and currentless. Toss in the Mori gun, follow it . . . load . . . ready. Against its eastern face and around the shoulders of Ship Rock, dagger-like rays dripped with the mists of daybreak. We're now immersed within dense congregations of Blue Perch, Opaleye, and familiar others hanging still in the water column. Scattered groups of large Sardine & fluttering Anchovy are cruising intently in the clearness, intermittently scattering, perhaps after a near pass by a patrolling sea lion, or for other reasons, known only to them.

Working my way around the rock I'm filled with the anticipation of the first dive of the day. The viz is awesome, the bait – motivated & looking tasty. It's very fishy. SC was working it outside. I couldn't help but keep an eye in that direction, expecting him to score early and often, as usual. As I lingered at the south side of the rock I envisioned the two horse yellows that blew past me there early on the day of the Bluewater Meet. I close my eyes for a moment, then take a dive down as I relish the thought of another crack at that pair. Forty anxious minutes are past, no sightings - I'm so used to that.

Getting out deep on the east side drop off now. Top view of an elegant Bat Ray in slow motion flight far below, then his wing man cruising in close formation. Still lots of bait as I go out deeper, sun's a bit higher, I'm feeling it. Haven't shot a really big fish all year. My mind wanders as my eyes remain transfixed on the flickering bait schools. Thoughts of the long springtime at PV flash by, when on so many days I was in the zone . . . but the WSB eluded me.

Back to reality, thinking about my mantra – the last words my father ever said to me, *“Expect something great to happen”*. It was only SC and I in the water. I noticed he'd passed inside me and was now about 100 ft from the SE corner of the rock. As I approached from deeper water I spied the familiar sight of SC's small orange float levitating 15 ft. below the surface, his 60 ft. float line disappearing into the depth straight as a frozen rope. I hung there, barely breathing, counted 100 seconds before I saw the float release from its tense submersion, then SC vertically thrusting from below.

Again I meandered out from the rock, noticed the bait & reef fish were becoming strangely scarce, so I turned and came back in. A flash of scattering Dines swept in front of me, I was readv. heart poundina. then a bid flash to mv right, get ready for the



shot! I went down and swam in on it. Whoa! Big YT . . . WITH A SHAFT IN IT!!! SC mightily closed in for the gill grab. Very cool. As I hung there in admiration I could see the smile in his eyes as he grabbed both gills, then straddled the beast over its dorsal acting out a ride on a maverick stallion, his head wagging forward and back. As SC swam back to the boat from the kill site he dispatched his harvest with a quick plunge of his handy blade, a thin crimson ribbon trailing him in the meager current. Within moments, I was back to it, back looking for the bait ball, looking for the big yellow. Five minutes pass, look left . . .



THERE'S A BIG ONE . . . holy shit YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME . . .!! Back to that later though. Four more jumps throughout the day. All on the frontside since we heard a large southswell was hammering the back, and around the west end. Stunning day with azure sky & wispy warm breeze. Each time I ventured deep I thought about that first dive, about what I saw – what I felt, knowing it won't be forgotten. Stayed somewhat close to SC on the rest of the dives that day, expecting him to find the fish. Off Arrow point the bait was looking good, a school of mackerel filed by in perfect order. A bit later I was looking left watching SC on another of his seemingly interminable deep dives to the bottom. As he rose to the surface in no big hurry he quickly pointed his finger straight to my right . . . Holy Crap . . . a school of a couple hundred nice fish maybe 20 feet out! I took a deep breath and dropped down facing the school. SC had his hand out, WAIT!! The school passed, we hung there. My heart was pounding & I figured this it, they're coming around again! Just as that thought reached its climax in my brain, here they come again!! I hardly take the time to breathe and drop down about fifteen feet and face the onslaught, now

ATOMIC
AQUATICS

around 10 ft out from the tip of my extended gun. Each of my eyes seemed to pick a different fish and the greedy part of my brain was searching deep within the biomass scouting for the biggest of the bunch. In that instant I pulled the trigger. I watched my glistening shaft rip a seam through the group then fall beneath. SC's shaking head incentivized my reload. I realized I never made my choice!! A moment later I put my head up in time for SC to look over and yell, "next time mate you better just pick the one you want!". And so it continued. What the hell will it take to get a decent fish this year? SC didn't get one out of that school either though, and on continued the day. A couple more jumps, hours in the water, no sightings.

In the evenings wane, SC's 30 lb. fish from that now infamous first dive was feasted on. Ceviche, sashimi, seared with sesame seeds, and brilliant handrolls festooned with all the right trimmings and sauces - it was glorious. Tired out after all the day's events. Encountering that big school (biggest I've seen) was powerful. It somehow made me feel I'm getting close, that things are going to change for me. Sequestered tight on anchor near the Rock Quarry, the view from the deck was beautiful that night. Sitting back, carefully sipping a glass of Cab, I gazed up & contemplated the waxing supermoon . . . as it nestled into the inky blackness. Couldn't help but think about Ship Rock & all the images of the day, dive after dive with mind racing, trying to focus on the real . . . not the illusion dweller, the one lingering just ahead, just out of view.

Early start. The swell has subsided a bit. Underway to SBI. Sunrise today is shrouded in grey, with a subtle morning breeze. The island stands clear and dark in front of us. We've dropped anchor on the shelf at the north side of Sutil. More thoughts about yesterday give way to the anticipation of today as we fluidly begin our morning's quest. The plan is to cruise east and turn south through the channel between Sutil and SBI then west and around the berg, and back to the boat. The low sun and soupy sky darkened the seascape. Very little life surrounded us as we rapidly made our way into the channel, where we'd heard a 30+ plus had been harvested in the recent days. We continued . . . around Sutil, and out into the open water of its south side. The current had picked up & the kelp on its projecting finger-like reef(s) was in a state of commotion. Swimming into the current, we slowly were gaining ground toward the west end of the rock. Still no sightings. We were an hour in. A few scoundrel sea lions began fiddling around with us and the once copious bait schools were becoming scarce. Based on the current, we think

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we should have swam the other direction around Sutil (west to east) instead of what we did, the opposite. I was about 20 yards away from SC. Right about then, several nice yellows came by from the left. I dropped down and released the shaft from about 15 feet. NAILED HIM! He snagged up in the kelp and as my heart rate peaked, then modulated, I was fully stoked and dropped down to make a couple kelp cuts. SC provided a well appreciated assist. Hell ya, first fish on the new Mori gun finally, a 20 lb YT. I brained him, kissed him, then stringered him. A great start for the day. The sky was brighter, but the greyness lingered on. We were going to leave for home early so we wanted to get in at least one more good spot. SC was chomping at the bit to get his fish, to validate his



preeminence and ensure his supremacy. We anchored well inside Arch Reef. Too far to swim to it. SC and I kept our distance in the vast bluewater, the bottom nowhere in sight. Lots of vibrant baitfish breezing through including flying fish, big mackerel and tons of horse sardines. Looking reeaally good out here! Eyes now couldn't be wider. Lots of dogs darting and swooping . The inexorable pertinacity of the whiskered tribe is fun to watch but a pisser when the bait keeps scattering. Every few moments I feel the drag then a tug on my 75 ft. float line. An over-exuberant bloke diving over and into it. Time and time again I look back and see one swimming the line down in his mouth then releasing it 20 ft below while looking me straight in the eye, sheepishly acknowledging his misdeed. Now and then, after a lull, a startling flyby out of nowhere rattles me. Been out a while, time to grab some lunch. Right then a group of three YT flashes by – a quick gulp of air, I drop, wheel to my left & fire, BAM got him, he goes nuts. Not huge but he's on the shaft 30 ft below me. I hand line him up and swim 150 ft to the boat.

No. 2 on the day, life is golden! Couldn't wait to get on deck and get a photo of my two fish day.

Never a better lunch on deck. SC was bound and determined to nail a nice one, so we stayed on the spot. An hour later, under the still overcast PM sky, we got ready to give it another go. The breeze had picked up. We entered the water and swam the same direction – straight out into the bluewater. And blue it was. As we made our way it was evident that something had changed. As I panned around and then stared straight out into the aquasphere, the visual silence was deafening. No cruising bait swarms, No reef fish, No sea lions . . . absolutely Nada. I went near SC. He agreed, something had changed. Nothing happening. Oh well. For me, anything else would have been icing on the cake. I was envisioning my glory back on the boat, my kickass photo of my two fish day, the awesome meals I was going to cook, the long awaited congratulations from my wife (as she's thinking FINALLY!) when I tell her I got not none, not one, but TWO nice fish!

As all Bluewater hunters can attest, the lack of absolutely anything in the water, an infinite void of lifeless blue all around, is fertile territory for a wandering mind. Thinking about Ship Rock again. Been out here for about 50 minutes, don't think I've seen a single living organism. I decide to head back to the boat. I hesitated and looked out to check on SC, he's on a dive. I wait till he's up, then I turn and look below. Four strong ponies crossing fast from right to left. Can't tell how big or how far. They're on a mission. I drop down on a full breath and extend my muzzle under a full kick. One comes in on me, then turns to make a sharp downward left. Without hesitation I let the shaft go. I couldn't believe it when I saw the penetration of flesh a foot in front of his tail – my mind's now spinning at warp speed, heartbeat getting ready to max out. I bolt to the surface holding my gun handle with both fists. The line is ripping off, I can hear the submerged reel singing as the knot approaches. I grabbed the line but let it slip through my gloved hand as the fish was pulling me down. I instantly thought and then thought-not about doing a couple hand wraps with the line. I let the gun go but kept a grip on my float line. At this point my heart was pegging. I was kicking like a mad dog. The fish had gone way down to a hundred plus and wrapped on kelp. More line slips through my hands – I then see a plaintive flash about 50 ft out and 50 ft down. I focus in, it's the fish – shaft was out and hanging, Mori slip tip perfectly positioned perpendicular to the exit wound. I swam across the surface, until the line was straight below and I began to pull. The fish disappeared from sight. I still couldn't tell how big it was. SC came over and took a deep dive on it, then came up and said,

"It's a good shot and I think you can pull him out of that". So I swam further off to the side and back again, working the fish the best I could from so far above. She was very much alive and wanting to swim the other way – badly. I'm now at peak adrenaline, I feel something starting to give and get a glimpse of things unraveling as I pull the fish straight toward me from the depth, tail first. The whole pull is a tug of war – me kicking like a mad man to keep my snorkel in the air. The unlucky mossback wants nothing to do with this shit show. After nearly wrapping myself in a line wad, SC hung out off to the side and scolded my disregard for loops that bunched around my ankle and fins, the kind that could be tragic. As the fish makes its way up I start to feel its weight without the line stretch. She heads down again, pulling line through my grip. The thing feels massive and appears to be almost as long as me. I go into agro mode as I get her close and make the gill grab with my left hand. The fight continues. I'm kicking like a maniac to keep my snorkel up. I reach deep into her gill cavity from underneath and then press her pulsating body against mine, holding her in a tight embrace with my left elbow while squeezing the girthy length of its shimmering body between my thighs. I carefully reach to my waistbelt to grab my trusty Riffe stiletto. Then with respect but no hesitation I slowly press my blade through her skull plate and into the brain, while I look straight into the animal's eye, just inches from mine. The fear and struggle give way to a slowly diminishing quiver, then stillness, her life force drained. It was a long and arduous swim back to the boat, wad of gear trailing, and this



huge fish that fought like hell - we could only guess how much it weighed. SC and I thought it looked mid forties in the water, and very fat. On the slow swim back I thought about all the fish today, last nights anticipation, yesterday's school, SC's 30 pounder . . . and oh ya, Ship Rock.

YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!! - was all I could think. Once I realized "that's not a Yellowtail", the dark yet familiar form took immediate shape. Out of the abyss he had come, couldn't tell how big at first, just looked dark and menacing after it's first pass. The Beast must have been attracted by SC's fish! It's second circle around me was tighter,

slow . . . and deliberate. I looked straight at it, it toward me. All I could then think about was, "I need to know if this is normal here, is this common or what!". I haven't seen a shark this size in California, ever – in 30 years of diving!! I honestly couldn't tell if it was a White or a Mako. I think Mako though, about 8 or 9 ft. and definitely agitated based on a couple quick turns it made in front of me. I kept my 62" Mori pointed straight at him as he circled and stalked, I wheeled around, all the while staring him down, talking to him, letting him know this might not end well. Looking into the eye of the predator ~ seeing the glisten of hungry teeth ~ conjures the most primitive of instincts & emotion . . . the fear of being eaten alive. The twisted side of my brain flashed the thought "Dude, can you imagine the glory, DURING SHARK WEEK!!!" And then off he seemed to go, out of sight. I waited, then swam backwards toward the boat, head on a swivel. Felt pretty good getting to the swim step, exhilarated to the max, & anxious to know just how rare that was. I see SC's fish laying on the deck. A beautiful day was emerging – when's my luck going to change! Still expecting something great – more dives ahead. I looked up high toward the island as I pulled off some gear, admiring the rugged ridgeline, that day brownish bronze with green topped peaks . . . black speck of a bird making slow loops in the sky.

~ Long Life Ahead~

Tman (aka the Mako Whisperer)

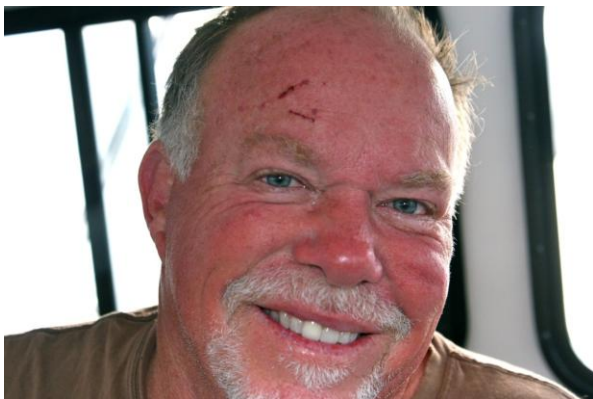
morifish

The Fall Classic

By Mike De Giosa

I Started off the week before the Fall Classic with a terrible head cold which my son so lovingly passed onto me. Light fever, head pounding, runny nose, and sore throat. Looked like I was going to work twice as hard as everyone else at the Fall Classic. I decided not to cancel, didn't want to let all my "foody" dive buddies down, so I prepped the food, packed the bags and was off.

I actually felt crappier Friday afternoon as we prepared to leave but felt confident that the antibiotics I had been taking for two days would begin to kick in. Calm crossing and we were treated to some finback whales doing their thing in front of Avalon. I let Danny take all the glory the first night with his limit of lobster, he was working like a mad man as if picking up \$100 bills off the ocean floor. The lobstas put the hurt on him though, one tried to suck his brains out through his forehead!



Photos by Mike De Giosa

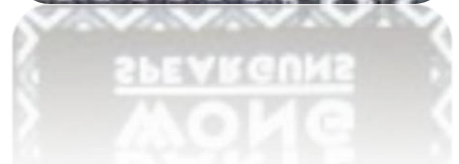
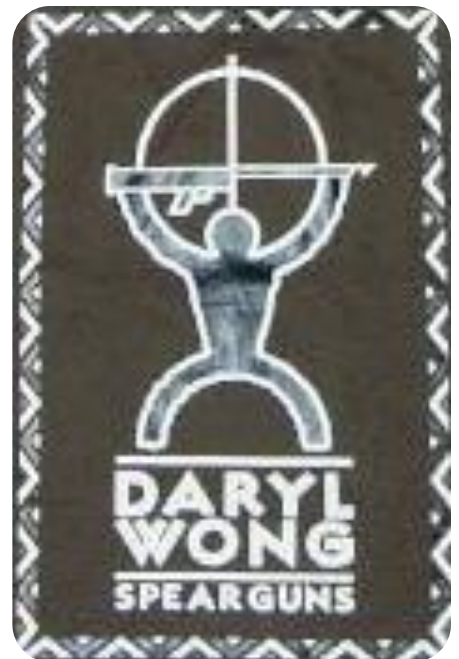
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My decision to rest turned out to be a good call because I actually felt minutely better the next morning at 6 am. I dove hard all day, spent 8 hrs in the water. It is amazing how long you can hold your breath when your max depth is 10 ft. My forehead felt like it was in a vise and my sinuses had soo much pressure squeezing on them. I did see some rat yellows but couldn't get any. I tried!

The BBQ and raffle were great, but being the serious hunters that we are, we skipped on the heavy drinking and went lobsta diving instead. I stayed shallow, worked hard and easily got my limit.

Sunday, I was insistent that we get some yellows, we were going to the "hotspot". Needless to say, it was "hot" the day before, so we moved to another well known spot. It produced well! Nothing large, up to 14 lbs or so, but I took 5 fish. The current was kicking my ass but I kept kicking, dove to my 10 ft max, and "became the log". Did I tell you, I love pulling the trigger! :) What a great sport we all enjoy.
Michael De Giosa





More photos from the Fall Classic. Photos by Mike De Giosa



So what do you want for your Birthday?

By Mike Marsh

That's the question my wife Margaret asked me for my 60'th birthday. Without the slightest hesitation I blurted out "go diving". With my wish granted, she found me a spot on Captain George's boat the "Sand Dollar" to Cortez Banks. A few days later, I was on the boat with about 20 other fellow Free Divers ready to begin our journey. Prior to leaving, Captain George gathered all to the Aft deck for roll call and to announce that due to disappointing fish sightings at Cortez from a very reliable source, Terry Maas, a better choice would be Tanner Banks. Even though most of us had never been there, including myself, we were in full agreement, not that that would matter.

No journey of this magnitude could possibly begin without the ritual of the fish pool. A bag was passed around in which one hoping to land the largest fish takes all. Normally, I would gladly donate to the future winner's coffers, but this time decided not to. For me it's like bringing too much ice on a trip and no fish in the cooler. After Captain George exhausted an assortment of derogatory terms my way, among them, tight ass, not to my derriere, we were on our way.

After a bumpy 8 hour boat ride, The Sand Dollar dropped anchor around 5 A.M. at Tanner Banks and with less than a pleasant night's rest, I was out of my bunk and on the deck donning my gear. The sky still dark with an orange glow barely cresting the horizon, I entered the 72 degree water and began kicking towards the bow. It wasn't long before I confronted a massive bait ball close to the surface. Their silvery reflection was enhanced by the Sand Dollar's deck lights. I breathed up and took a dive. At about 20 feet, I found myself in the middle of this bait frenzy in which I discovered what was causing all the commotion. Silhouettes of Tuna came into view out of the darkness, a lot of them. I took aim and let my arrow go. To my amazement, I hit the Blue Fin. Let's



just say this: I was pretty darn excited. When I reached the surface I yelled "Tuna". It was probably more of a squeal than a manly yell, but whatever it was, the rest of the sleepy heads were now on deck and getting their gear.

Months earlier, I had removed the reel from my Mori gun for a La Paz trip and switch to a bungee float set up. This proved to be of great benefit, not only did the stretching capabilities reduce the chances of fish tear off, but also provided me with flotation to surface the fish. The Blue Fin now on board, the deck buzzing with interest and wetsuits were flying on like a bride gowning up for a shotgun wedding. Captain George profoundly announced "the early bird catches the worm ". We bumped fist and since we were the only two Neptune's aboard, he also said "Way to represent".



By the time I got my gear back in order, which was no easy task, the waters surrounding the Sand Dollar were speckled with free divers like cock roaches at a "D" rated diner. Large schools of smaller Yellow Tail were occasionally breezing through with a few being taken. but larger single Yellow Tail were keeping well out of range. Same with both Blue and Yellow Fin and no more were taken the rest of the morning and into the afternoon.

By this late afternoon, most of the divers, including myself, were out of the water but Captain George, with his Rebel Yell T-shirt proudly draped over his wet suit, was kicking into the current just off the Starboard side. Moments later his head popped up, and he faced all who were standing on the deck " I'm



going to get one those suckers" Possibly not quite a direct quote for those of you who know him. Besides his southern banner, Captain George was armed with a secret weapon...a flasher. This device, when deployed, seemed to attract Tuna the same way it would with Wahoo. It wasn't long after that Captain George had his Blue Fin on board. Two Neptune's, two Blue Fin's, two fist bumps" way to represent".

We spent a calm night anchored on the Banks and before day break I was up and with another eager beaver we slipped into the darkness once more. Today the Tuna seemed even more skittish and would not come in. I decided to try George's technique and began tossing my Wahoo flasher in front of me. It was incredible how this \$15.00 piece of plastic and rubber would draw in the fish. Here's how it works. Unlike other flashers which are attached to some part of the diver or his equipment, this flasher is thrown. It consist of one or more plastic cards wrapped with reflective tape which is attached to a short piece of bungee to slow it's descent. Prior to my descent, I would relax, begin breathing up, throw the flasher and when it dropped to 15

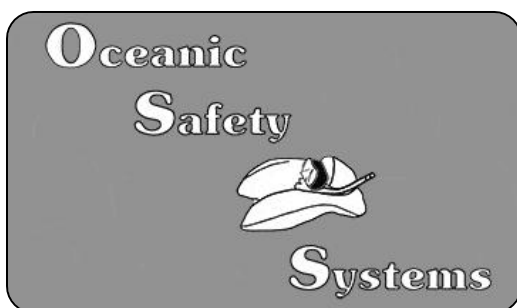


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to 20 feet, I would begin my descent. What I discovered was the following 1) if the bait was deep, they would swim up and attempt to bite the flasher and if predators were around, possibly bring them shallower into shooting range. 2) If a out of range single or schools of Pelagius came into view while I was at the surface, I would toss the flasher to draw their curiosity. I shot two Yellow Tail this way. More times than not, they would come in for a closer look. 3) Whether I saw fish or seaming blue emptiness, prior to each dive I would launch my flasher. It was amazing how if the fish were in the area, they would come into view. This is how I shot my second Blue Fin. Oh, I should mention, don't forget to retrieve your Flasher.

In summation, although I did not win the pool, I achieved a personal best, had an epic trip with a great group of fellow divers, and along with Captain George, I proudly represented the Long Beach Neptune's.

Mike Marsh







Walt Arrington 22lb Bluefin!



Dealing with a stowaway!



Robert's always got a way to one up the competition. This is a sneak preview of next year's Bluewater meet dive team. Sorry Danny, Michael and Bruce, you're out!!



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King Neptune Update

By John Carpenter

First, join me in tentatively congratulating Ivan Sanchez and John Johnston. They recently completed their final fish category and are in the process of receiving their King Neptune award and patches. Ivan will be King Neptune #38 and John is King Neptune #39. Who will be King Neptune # 40?

Before I update everybody on current applications, there are a couple of important things to remember when submitting King Neptune fish entries. First, they need to be on the specific KING NEPTUNE fish application that has MY contact information. This application is not the same as the annual fish award application; regardless of whether it has a King Neptune checkbox (a board member probably needs to eliminate this checkbox on the annual fish award application). See our current website for the most current KN application and do not submit old King Neptune applications that have Dale Konrad's contact info and incorrect fish requirements. Second, the application must be submitted to ME within the 30 day limit; electronic copies are fine. If you submit it to a Neptune board member hoping that they

will pass it along to me – Well, good luck! Also, I have the discretion to accept applications beyond 30 days in cases such as extended dive trips, etc. Once the first application is approved by me, I will maintain a file on each applicant until all three fish requirements are met.



In closing, I thought it would be a good time to update the club on current King Neptune COMPLETED applicants. By complete, I mean that the application met all the requirements and was approved previously by Dale Konrad or myself. Also, remember that you must be a current member at the time of the application. Some of these “applications in process” are decades old and I am not sure if some applicants are still current with their membership. Nonetheless, I am including them in the update. Also, consider that the KN weight requirements for WSB and YT were less years ago, but we “grandfathered” those entries because they met the weight requirements at that time.

Take Care, Dive Safe!

John Carpenter

Current King Neptune fish applications in process:

- Phil Alley: WSB 44.7 lbs.
- Walt Arrington: YT 27.5 lbs, BFT 20.9 lbs.
- Steve Alexander: YT 46 lbs., BFT 25 lbs.
- Rick Bae: WSB 52.9 lbs.
- Tom Blandford: WSB 45 lbs.
- Jeff Benedict: WSB 60.4 lbs.
- Jeff Bilhorn: YT 35 lbs.
- Mike DeGiosa: YT 31.4 lbs.
- Bruce Dardis: Halibut 32.2 lbs.
- Scott Defirmian: WSB 68 lbs.
- Todd Farguher: WSB 56.9 lbs
- Bruce Gaudino: WSB 61 lbs., Wahoo 125 lbs.
- Marty Getrich: WSB 46.6 lbs., YT 40 lbs.
- Larry Heinrich: WSB 62.8 lbs.
- John Hughes: WSB 59 lbs., YT 45 lbs.
- Mark Hultgren: YT 30.2 lbs.
- Tim Johnson: WSB 44 lbs.
- Keith Kauffman: YT 36.29 lbs.
- Mike La Riva: WSB 51.2 lbs.
- Cody Lightfoot: WSB 43 lbs.
- Jim Matsukas: WSB 46 lbs.
- Jeff Nelson: WSB 47 lbs.
- Steve Parkford: WSB 58.5 lbs, YT 51.85 lbs.
- Joe Prola: WSB 68.6 lbs., BSB 119.5 lbs.
- Julie Riffe: WSB 41.2 lbs.
- Jay Riffe: YFT 285 lbs.
- Ethan Smith: YT 30.5 lbs., WSB 50.2 lbs.
- Ron Warren: WSB 61.5 lbs.



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These are perfect for dive instructors to get students dialed in fast. The rubber loop is perfect to clip onto a gate clip or karabiner. They can clamp onto BCD's shoulder straps and tank straps too. The rubber has a lifetime guarantee. I'll replace it free if it ever goes bad. The price on these custom made weights is \$5.00 per lb, no tax!

Email any questions to me at: conservation@pacificexplorers.org

Dive safe,

Mark Navas





So, you ask, what's next? With the year we've had I sure as heck have no idea but I'm looking forward to it!

We're closing in on the end of the year and beginning with Thanksgiving, the festivities that go with it. Be sure not to miss this year's Christmas dinner which will be held December 6th at the Forbidden Palace.

I want to thank those that responded to my pleas for assistance this month. I have always said that the newsletter is as good as it is because of the quality of the members who submit articles and photos. This month is no different. We got Mark Nava's contribution of the DFW calendar of events and four excellent articles ranging from Tom Blandford's description of his easiest trophy, Todd Norrell's adventures with Seamus and the critters of the deep, Mike Marsh's Birthday adventures on Captain George's Sand Dollar to Mike De Giosa's story and beautiful photos chronicling team Sea Hunt's Fall Classic. And Jeff Benedict has also sent in a story which will be featured in next month's issue. I cannot give enough thanks to those that have contributed throughout the year and made my job much, much easier and and more enjoyable than it could have been.

Louis Rosales

Long Beach Neptunes Newsletter Editor



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