



Connecting and Informing our Neptune  
Community with:  
**Safety, Camaraderie, and Club Legacy**



Fall Classic, Lobster, Yellowtail, Halibut...Tuna?

What does this time of the year mean for you? Can every day be this good?



**2017 Long Beach Neptunes Board****President**

Todd Norell  
(562) 309-3308  
[Todd.c.norell@gmail.com](mailto:Todd.c.norell@gmail.com)

**Vice President**

Bruce Dardis  
(310) 625-1029  
[Bruce.dardis@verizon.net](mailto:Bruce.dardis@verizon.net)

**Recording Secretary**

Jesse Goode  
(562) 704-2360  
[Jessebgoode@yahoo.com](mailto:Jessebgoode@yahoo.com)

**Treasurer**

Bill Peratt  
(310) 938-6040  
[Bill.peratt@aol.com](mailto:Bill.peratt@aol.com)

**Tentative Manager**

Danny Jones  
(562) 631-8228  
[H20apnea@yahoo.com](mailto:H20apnea@yahoo.com)

**Newsletter Editor**

Dave Freeman  
(949) 945-8930  
[Dbfreeman.jr@gmail.com](mailto:Dbfreeman.jr@gmail.com)

**Club Historian**

Masahiro Mori  
(310) 628-8082  
[Morifish@hotmail.com](mailto:Morifish@hotmail.com)

**Web Master**

Brandon Ward  
(714) 321-1707  
[Webmaster@longbeachneptunes.com](mailto:Webmaster@longbeachneptunes.com)

**Conservation Liaison**

Terry Maas  
(805) 642-7856  
[Tmaas@west.net](mailto:Tmaas@west.net)



## Attention Members:

I need your help to make the newsletter a monthly success. Need reports, pics, and videos.

The October meeting is going to be an important one. Make sure you show up for updates in regards to the club.

Time keeps on slipping and so do a lot of quality fish for perspective awards. Keep an extra copy of the fish app in your dive gear and have your partners sign it. The year is winding down and there are a ton of awards still available.

This year is our first lobster competition at Spear America. We have an awesome format and want to see all the Neptunes support. Everyone is a winner. Call me if you want to sign up or you can do so online.





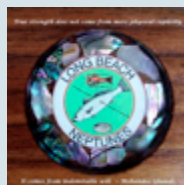
## Presidents Message for October 2017

And so it goes, summer is now a wrap - Lobster season is Game On! And of course another always memorable Fall Classic is on deck. Great to hear that so many Neptunes have gotten out there and enjoyed our local islands this season, lots of beautiful Yellowtail, Seabass, and yes several Tuna once again hit the decks. The best news we got this summer was that our brother Byron Quinonez has made it back. He went through quite an ordeal. I know he thanks and appreciates all of you who have been sending such positive and healing vibes his way. It's going to be amazing to see him at our meetings and out on the water once again. As for your president, my wounds have healed. The broken leg is all bolted up and in strong form. The detached retina was surgically fixed and I received the green light for full activity on August 16<sup>th</sup>. On August 19<sup>th</sup>, Mike Marsh and I took out my boat The Ocean Dancer to our local favorite spot. It was nothing short of epic. You can read about and see the pics in my story. So great to be back! White seabass and multiple big Yellowtail. It could not have gone much better. Of course you all know that our "new" event - my brainchild that we called the First Annual Yellowtail Roundup, was canceled in September. Not enough entries. Lets all talk about it and decide if a midsummer tournament during the Neptunes year is of interest. The Team roundup was a very cool and innovative concept that I'm sure could be a lot of fun. We need at least 20 or 30 participants involved for it to make sense as a club sponsored/sanctioned event due to all the expenses involved. I remain committed to the Club and to bringing fresh new ideas for consideration. I am certainly open to members suggestions on how we can keep it fun and keep it fresh. Please call me directly any time if you'd like to share your thoughts or ideas at 562.309.3308. At our October meeting we'll again discuss your LBN board positions for 2018 and in November lock those down. As for the Yellowtail Roundup ~ maybe next year!

*"Change is the law of life. And those who look only to the past or present are certain to miss the future". ~ John F. Kennedy*

Long Life Ahead

Todd Norell





# 2017 Fish Standings

2016 Calico Derby: Scott De Firmian 9.5 lbs.

Biggest Bluefin Tuna (California): Mark Navas 40.0 lbs

Calico: Scott De Firmian 9.5 lbs.

Biggest Yellowfin Tuna (California):

Dorado:

Bonito:

Biggest Tuna (Out of Country/State):

Sheephead:

White Sea Bass: Mike La Riva 69.05 lbs.

Yellowtail: Jeff Benedict 36.9 lbs.

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

Biggest Reef Fish Out of Country/State:

Halibut: Hobie Ladd 16.6 lbs.

Lobster:

Abalone:

Kent McIntyre Award: Joe Prola 46.7 lbs WSB/ 32 lbs YT

John Hughes 40.18 lbs WSB/ 32.96 lbs YT

## Neptunes To Do's:

- Show up to October meeting 10/04
- Sign up for the Fall Classic Oct 13<sup>th</sup> & 14<sup>th</sup>
- Treasurer and VP providing a message and report for considerations for club updates.
- Board Member positions discussion at this upcoming meeting.

- Get your Club T-shirts
- 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.





# LONG BEACH NEPTUNES FALL CLASSIC SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 2017



This meet is held by the Long Beach Neptunes at Catalina Island and is OPEN TO ALL QUALIFIED FREE DIVERS. **Divers may begin at dawn but must conclude their diving and be at the Isthmus by 4:00 PM (Lobster may be taken the evening before [Friday, October 13th] starting at dusk).** Any fish and/or lobster not in the weigh-in circle by 4:00 PM will be disqualified, NO EXCEPTIONS! The eligible fish are: Yellowtail, White Sea Bass, Dorado, Barracuda, Bonito, Halibut, Tuna Family, Calico, and Lobster. **"NO SCUBA DIVING IS PERMITTED"**. The diving area will include all waters from San Diego to Santa Barbara and include Catalina Island, San Clemente Island, San Nicholas Island, and Santa Barbara Island. **The Cortez and Tanner Banks are OFF LIMITS.** THE WEIGH IN AND WINNERS CIRCLE WILL BE LOCATED AT THE PICNIC AREA BEHIND THE HARBOR REEF RESTAURANT AT ISTHMUS COVE, CATALINA ISLAND AT 4:00 PM SHARP.

**YOU PROVIDE:** 1) Entry Fee; 2) Signed Registration Form/Liability Release; 3) Your own transportation; 4) Steak, Fish, Chicken, Lobster or other protein; 5) Game Fish/Lobster

**WE PROVIDE:** 1) 1st – 4th place trophies for largest fish taken the day of the meet (Only one fish per person); 2) Biggest lobster trophy; 3) Largest Calico Bass trophy. The winner's name and club affiliation (If applicable) will be inscribed on the trophies. 4) On the beach BBQ and charcoal, fire pit, grandstand, green salad, rolls, side dishes, BEER, soda/water, and paper plates, napkins, utensils. (BBQ Utensils not provided)

**"ALL ENTRIES MUST BE INDIVIDUALLY LANDED WITH NO ASSISTANCE FROM OTHER DIVERS"**

## LONG BEACH NEPTUNES FALL CLASSIC 2017 WAIVER

DIVER'S SIGNATURE REQUIRED. IF UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE, PARENT OR GUARDIAN MUST SIGN AS WELL. I assume entry into this event at my own risk. In consideration of my participation, I intend to be legally bound. I do hereby assume risk for myself, heirs, executors, administrators and assign, waive, release and forever discharge any and all rights and claims for damages I may hereafter accrue to me against the sponsors, LONG BEACH NEPTUNES or any other individuals and/or groups involved in the LONG BEACH NEPTUNES 2017 FALL CLASSIC MEET. I further attest and verify that I am physically fit, enjoying good health and have sufficient expertise for participation in this event. Parent and/or guardian agree to indemnify and hold harmless the above sponsors of any and all damages received in the event the entrant is a minor.

"REGISTRATION FORM & ENTRY FEE MUST BE RECEIVED NO LATER THAN OCTOBER 12, 2017"

PARTICIPATING DIVER ENTRY FEE (\$50)  NON-DIVER (\$15)

"ALL PARTICIPATING DIVERS RECEIVE A FALL CLASSIC TOURNAMENT HAT WITH ENTRY"

NAME OF DIVER (*Please Print*): \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_ DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

IF DIVER IS A MINOR, INDICATE AGE: \_\_\_\_ PARENT OR GUARDIAN SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to **LONG BEACH NEPTUNES** and return to: Bill Peratt, 1607 N Dressage St, Orange, CA 92869. You can also send forms by email to, [bill.peratt@aol.com](mailto:bill.peratt@aol.com). **PayPal** payments can then be made to: [lbneptunespayment@gmail.com](mailto:lbneptunespayment@gmail.com). Include Full Name and "Fall Classic 2017" in description field. Please choose the, "I'm sending money to family or friends" option when sending payments via PayPal. Direct any questions regarding your entry form & payment to, [bill.peratt@aol.com](mailto:bill.peratt@aol.com).



## **Ricky's Lost Gun story or How I Know Scott D Is the Consummate Gentleman Diver**

by Michael La Riva

Yeah, we all know it happens. Guns get lost and I'm not talking left in the parking lot at the local dive spot and we drive off without it. The only positive is someone getting their gun back and everyone seeing the good side of the Dive Tribe. So yeah, I think Neptune Scott DeFermian deserves a shout out for making a young diver buddy of mine very grateful and happy.

I've been busy the last few years and haven't been able to dive or attend Neptune meetings as much as before but it happens when you go from being single to being a single dad. Not only do I have a now five year old son but I've had my now adult stepson for the past five years too. We persevere, we adjust. Locally, I will still shore and kayak dive, sometimes with one of my younger dive buddies Ricky. Well, I got the call earlier this summer from a dejected Ricky telling me he had lost his gun, his only gun, a Riffe Euro. Well, Ricky is no slouch. He is very much an accomplished diver whether free or scuba and he has already shot quite a few white seabass. He works weekends at Dive 'n Surf in RB. It happens.

So yeah, it was the usual story. Ricky shot a fish in 50' of water 20' down and the reel locked up so gun goes down and diver comes up.....without gun. Well, Ricky is young and that's his only gun so he climbs up the hill and goes all the way home and grabs his scuba gear to search for the gun to no avail. When he gave me a call later that day he truly believed his gun would never be seen again. I told him it would show up sooner rather than later, especially since that spot was seeing a lot of pressure. I mean, hey, I've seen a buddy get their gun back six months after losing it at the Channel Islands!

When I got home that day I posted a short thread on the spearboards and a few posts went back and forth. I wrote that Ricky is a really nice, deserving guy. He is the type of guy you would want your daughter to bring home, microbiology major at CSULB, a hunter, a diver, a surfer. Well, a few days pass and some guns are found (ask Hobie) and some are lost during this time. Ricky, he is working away but he's not diving because that is his only gun. I would have to think it's like being one of those nice guys and losing your girlfriend. It's hard to get over and move on.

And on the seventh day here comes the message "I think I found it" from ScottyWotty. It's the weekend, Ricky is working, but he gets in touch with Scotty and yes, the numbers match. Ricky's lost gun was returned. I don't know how Scotty did that day he found the gun but he made someone very happy and grateful. It seems when we're out there on the water, in the water, everyone watches out for the other person. That level of friendliness and helpfulness is part of the sport of freedive spearfishing and this just affirms that thought. I just want to thank Neptune Scotty and recognize that he is not just an exceptional diver but a consummate gentleman.

## Back to the Future ~ A Yellowtail Epic by Todd Norell

As I sat there on the swimstep of the Ocean Dancer, I looked up at the island, glanced out to sea and just contemplated the silence. I saw Mike's float in the distance. I'd just battled my third bruiser yellowtail of the morning, the pulsating beast laid there beside me.

I found myself flashing back to the past, some 45+ years ago, far before spearfishing or boating to the islands became a reality for me. I would inflate four or five inner tubes and lash them underneath a sheet of plywood. I had a mesh potato sack, in which my precious swim fins, mask and snorkel would be stowed. For extended journeys I would pack my provisions into a coffee can that I'd cleverly nailed to the deck of my mighty vessel. My rain jacket and sleeping bag, securely tied down amidships. Yes, I was very proud of my feats of nautical engineering. Those prescient voyages somehow crafted my path in life, and helped me materialize the old adage ~ "whatever you can conceive and believe, you can achieve". Pure wanderlust it was. The pains, griefs and agonies of future life still worlds away. The sharks, whales, sea serpents and all forms of gargantua were friendly, and always lurking just below me. The vast oceanic domain that I navigated was the small backyard of my modest childhood home. Most of my epic journeys concluded with glory and worldwide acclaim . . . and my mothers voice ~ "Todd, come in for dinner now!"

I look up proudly the boat, tow. He "holy going only the misty



and see Mike, coming towards nice yellowtail in looked up and said crap, this spot is off!". And it was around 10AM in morning.



Mike Marsh and I had planned for some time to get out on the water as soon as my eye surgery had fully healed. I was awaiting a clean bill of health from my doctor after 3 months of waiting, starting with an eye that had lost its sight due a detached retina. That was a very difficult thing to endure - starting late one evening with a dark shade inexplicably beginning to lower over my right, dominant eye. Within 24 hours I was on the operating table. Very weird, being zonked by drugs but actually fully awake as all of these bizarre forms gathered in my field of view above - probing and poking me. It kind of reminded me of the time I was abducted by aliens

while on a solo climb in the Himalaya. An alien said, "we are here to study you, to find out why you look so different, and speak so strangely". I yelled out "WO WO WO, are you sure you're not looking for Seamus Callaghan!" Anyway, we left the dock bright and early on August 19<sup>th</sup>, 3 days after my eye surgeon told me I was good to go, all healed up, diving pressures will not affect my repaired eye. So thrilled. We got to the 9 fathom spot and the current was pumping,

so we headed off to another of our favorites. We anchored up and Mike was first in (imagine that). Current was pushing pretty good and the viz was not so hot. The pockets of bait were dense when you found them, just very intermittent. Made a long swim, surveying a lot of area. I didn't have any sightings, but on approach to the boat, there was Mikey grappling with a mid-twenties yellowtail within a big wad of kelp. I came over and tried to assist with his kelp ball



problem, when his head came up I just got a gruff, "what are you doing?". So I headed over to the boat, hopped on and popped a Gatorade, as I happily observed Mike, dragging in his fish, his gear and about 200 lbs of kelp that was trailing him. Time for a sandwich. I'm sure many of you (boat owners in particular) are well experienced with Mikes famous sandwiches, piled 3 or 4 inches high with multiple meat species, various fresh & bottled vegetables, 4 or 5 different sauce combinations, and every condiment ever discovered by man. Amazing.

We headed back to 9 fathom, it was now mid-afternoon. Current was absolutely ripping. We decided to live boat it taking turns drifting. I was first in and started far upcurrent. The kelp was laying way down, probably 25 ft below the surface. As soon as I dropped in I could see that

I was flying. No need to kick. I would drop down to just above the strands and be hurtling at warp speed past the bait and everything else while trying to peer into the darkness beneath the kelp, as the viz was only about 25 ft. Then from the surface I saw a tail, frozen in the water column. I thought it must have been a barracuda since it was so still. I spun around into the current and dropped down, kicking like hell just to stay in one spot. I look up and it is a group of white seabass, hanging together in the current. One darts to my right and I blast the 20 pounder dead center - then realize I shot the smallest one! I surface and with the fish tied up in the kelp I am hanging from my float line like a banner in a strong wind. Literally could not pull toward the fish it was cranking so hard. By the time Mike had arrived with the Ocean Dancer I had torn the WSB from the kelp mess, practically tearing the fish in half. Nice to get one aboard. Mike did a couple long drifts but didn't see any. Tomorrow's another day!

Four or five battle wagons joined us in the anchorage that night. Come sunup, they were all gone. We headed straight away to our predetermined honey hole and dropped an early anchor. A calm, warm and misty dawn. No boats in sight that day. Hard to fathom that in such a beautiful place. I got in first to Mike's dismay and swam 30 or 40 feet from the boat. Breathing up and just taking it easy. Lots of smelt, blacksmith, anchovy and roaming schools of big sardine. Everything was feeding. On the Solunar table that day game activity in the morning was to be supremo maximo. Everything was absolutely buzzing. On about my 4<sup>th</sup> drop, here they came, like a herd of wild ponies. Bingo, center punched a 31 lb yellowtail. He ripped me pretty hard and fully tombstoned me, then got deeply kelp wrapped. I approached the fish several times where he was tied up at 30ft and he was pissed. It was really nasty with lots of line in thick thick kelp. Took 45 minutes to work it out. Hop on board, pound a Gatorade, then calmly drop in again. I could see Mike way in the distance off the point. I'm soon in the exact same spot, about 40 ft from the boat, 3<sup>rd</sup> drop, Hello - a group of 5 or six nice fish come flying by and in a nice long shot I connect with a 28 lbr. After that last exhausting ordeal in the kelp, I was happy to see this guy head away from the bed and up to the surface. I began handlining him in with authority. He was bent in half & I thought I'd stoned him. As he got close I slipped my right hand into his

left gill. He immediately lit up and started swimming like a mad dog, towing me on the surface right at the boat! I shit you not, he towed me straight to the swim step, my snorkel out of the water the entire way!! I got him aboard, time for another breather. Soon, Mike slowly made his way back to the boat. He climbed aboard and took a gander at the two nice ones in the fish box. He said, "man you're on fire" and proceeded to try and rub up against me as he said "I need some o that!". It wasn't much of a rub but Mike was bound and determined to put blood on the deck so he was quickly back in, headed back to the point. I geared up, swam 40



feet from the boat, and after a few drops, there they were again - a beautiful group coming from left to right. I let my arrow go and connected dead center again. As I swam back to the boat I saw Mike looking up and I yelled, "right here man!". Before I climbed on the swimstep Mike was on with nice YT. I pulled off my weight belt and was absolutely filled with total stoke as I pulled my tip out of the 26 lb fish. Mike brought his fish to the boat and did a U turn, heading right back to the same spot in an aggressive trajectory. I pulled off my booties, grabbed a beer and went back and sat on the swimstep, I was totally satisfied as I sipped the frosty Heineken, my feet dangling in the cool water. I admired the brooding rockscape up on the island. A sea lion wailing. I looked to the left, Mike ~ swimming toward the boat, with that happy look on his face - another nice one. I notice the time, just about ten. I looked down into the calm water & peered as deeply as I could through the kelp. I thought to myself ~ "I'm so lucky today, I feel so good, so many good times still yet to come". As I looked at my reflection in the water I saw that little boy staring back at me, from 45 years ago. How did he know?

*It is possible to believe that all the past is but the beginning of a beginning, and that all that is and has been is but the twilight of the dawn. It is possible to believe that all the human mind has ever accomplished is but the dream . . . before the awakening.*

*H.G. Wells (1866-1946)*

~Long Life Ahead~

Todd Norell - October 2017

### Halibut Hobie Takes the Red by Hobie Ladd



One of the most anticipated times of the year..... Lobster season. I didn't get out last year as much as I'd liked, but hoping to get out more this year. 2 days before the opener the waves were flat. I got the idea to go check the surfside jetty for halibut. Its a long walk from the water tower but i thought it would be worth it. Made it to the jetty around 11 pm and swam out thru the 1 ft surf. Spotfin croakers in the surf, beyond that the sand was littered with stingrays, batrays, and thornbacks! As I was swimming

towards the rocks, I saw a couple of legal bugs walking on the sand. Along the rocks the bugs were crawling on top of each other. I spot 3 legal halibut next to a rock and blast the biggest one. 34 inches 15.6 lb. I swim around, bugs everywhere. Lots of barely legal halibut all over. Not wanting to carry a bunch of small ones back to the truck I passed on a bunch of them, still searching, I was willing to carry back a barn door but never found the one that haunts my dreams at night. The walk back felt longer than the walk to the jetty! The next day my buddy Adrian that lives on Maui called. He was in town for a week! He said he hadn't dove since I visited him 4 years ago!! I told him bug season starts the day after tomorrow and talked him into getting a 2 day fishing license and bug card. The plan, walk to surfside jetty at around 5 am and get in about 6am. There's a south wind that morning and we swam out. The wind had blown this dark stringy surf in and the whitewash from the waves looked almost black. We couldn't see a thing, we kept swimming hoping it would clear up. It didn't. I pointed my light at my face from 1 foot away and couldn't see my light. Finally we got passed the black murk and the vis was a sandy 2 feet at the most. Saw 2 small bugs and 2 small halibut. The worst dive conditions I've ever dove in in my life! I had a long walk back to the truck empty handed!!! With a 3 hour power nap I ran around getting things to get the sea pickle sea worthy once more. Mission accomplished! We launched the boat a few hours after sunset, we arrived at the first usual spot. Hoopnetters everywhere but didn't see any divers. One of the benefits of having a small inflatable boat is throwing the anchor 10 feet from the rocks! The bugs were crawling , I got 5 Adrian got 3. We moved to another spot Adrian got 2 more. I ran into another diver with a broken fin blade. It was Woody, he was with a boatload of newbies that were down the line. We all went to our boats and took off in different directions. We jumped back into some thick kelp on the wall and grabbed our last 2 each, nothing too big but all nice bugs! On the way back in my buddy said, "I didnt think



I'd



be diving while I was here!" I said , "thought we wouldnt!!" All and all, it was a fun dive with my buddy. He was the guy i first started diving with years ago. Thats how i met Stevo and Big Jim Christiansens son Don. A great dive to start out the season. It will be remembered forever! Best friends no matter how long you haven't seen each other!! Have a safe season guys!!!

# 1ST ANNUAL SPEAR AMERICA MONSTER BUG OFF



**\$30 buy-in for a new tee shirt and a season's worth of chances to win. Info below!**  
**Plus – entrants receive VIP entry to the Spear America private party!**

*Here are all the details of the First Spear America Monster Bug-off: \$30 buy-in gets you a ticket and the new Spear America series California Lobster shirt valued at \$27.95. Your ticket will be entered to 5 raffles one every month of lobster season for a chance to win a \$75 Spear America gift certificate. Largest lobster of the month will win a \$150 Spear America gift certificate. Largest lobster of season will win \$500 CASH. All contestants will be invited to the end of the season Spear America private party. You either have to weigh your lobster at a Spear America location or take video of the lobster with its weight with a witness. - No hookah, hoop netting, or scuba. This is a freediving only contest. Dive safely and have fun!!! Lobsters can be released at your discretion.*

## The Big Easy by Josh Wels

I was fortunate enough to fly out to Louisiana last week for some diving out in the gulf. The first part of the trip was arranged by DFAC and one of the guys we met down in Panama, Capt. Trey Talbot. The gulf is his backyard and he grew up rig diving but there is one fish that he lights up for, cobia.

The base camp for this segment was west of Port Fouchon in a place called Dulac, Louisiana. We ran the glacier bay catamaran about 45 miles out in dead calm seas. Most of the rigs we were diving were perched in less than 100 feet lending itself to murky green water and 10-15ft of vis. However, we didn't need any more than that. For the first two days, every other stop saw groups of 6+ cobia rushing the divers the minute we got in. We were frantically trying to load our guns and eventually I was just shooting with one band. Although the fish were averaging 25-30lbs, the shots were mostly under 10 ft. The rigs had all the usual suspects including schools of good sized mangrove snapper to provide action once we limited out on



the cobes.

One of the more exciting moments was when we were diving some bait on the up-current edge of a triple. The bait was thick and jumpy so we took drops, watching the patrols of the larger blacktips. When out of the corner of my eye I see a big spike approach and it takes a few seconds to realize we are getting buzzed by a marlin. Not bad in 75ft of green inshore water. The third day, the water cleared up to about 30ft and the cobia went deep and skittish. We were swarmed with 15-20lb red snapper as they seemed to know they were out of season. There were 2 more billfish sightings including us getting to watch a sailfish take 4 passes slashing bait right next to us.

With all the luck we had on cobia, it was time to switch it up and head over to Venice, Louisiana to meet up with Capt. Brett Ryan. October is supposedly the best time of the year to dive shrimp boats for yellowfin tuna there. My buddy Russ had gone with him last year and they shot 4 nice fish in a single day of diving. We were pumped to be chasing some bigger game and for the change of scenery. Brett has arguably the best houseboat setup in the Venice marina and runs an immaculate 34' Freeman cat. When I say run, I really mean run too. Brett does not waste time and on our 40-mile run out, we were doing 50mph with the JL audio pumping out death metal.

After getting bait from the Lady Jennie from Bayou La Batre, we were off to find a shrimper holding fish. We were in luck because the second boat we found had bonita and blackfin with some good marks





at 40ft. Their method of diving involves throwing some chum on the back of the shrimp boat and then punching a quick dive as you hit the water. It was army green at the surface but cleared to a nice haze after 20 feet. On the first drop, I came up surrounded by over a dozen 6-7ft blacktips in a feeding frenzy on the chum. The vis was so bad that they were crashing into my fins (which I could barely see) and trying to bite at anything shiny. I even had one bite the tuna clip on my bungee and start swimming away. We decided we had enough of that and tried to find some boats in cleaner water.

While waiting on boats to move out, we dove some deep-water drill ships that have been anchored in 200ft of water due to low gas prices. On the second one I shot a nice cobia, which turned out to be my best of the trip at 41lbs. Of course, cobes were the last thing we wanted after 3 days of blasting them. However, on one of my next drops I was presented with a couple

of wahoo giving me a nice broadside shot. Time was wasting though so we went back on the hunt for yellowfin.

Late in the day we had fish responding to the chum in decent water. I was the last of the three of us to jump in but the only one to see the right kind. With the other guys facing the boat, a fish swam behind them and I angled for a clear (safe) shot. It held and I was going for a sleigh ride. About 30 minutes later I have my first gulf tuna on board the Freeman and I couldn't have been happier. I'd rather be lucky than good and was able to hit the gulf trifecta that day surrounded by much better divers. I can't thank Russ Glahn, Tracy Palmisano, Brett, and Shane enough for everything.

The next day we were trying to get Russ, Tracy and Brett on their own fish. Unfortunately, nobody ever saw a yellowfin. The team resorted to shooting some blackfin while I was up to my elbows in chum. Overall it was a fantastic trip and if not for family obligations, I'd probably still be there. If anyone has a desire to see what Brett's high-octane operation is like, I highly recommend it.

-Josh Wels

# 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](https://katinusa.com) and use promo code NEPTUNES25 for 25% off of your order. Still not to late to get a pair of boardies for the summer ask Jesse how to get them.



## Lobster Opener by Todd Farquhar

I was stoked to get an invite to join Paul on Flattie for the bug opener and quickly accepted. We headed out Friday afternoon with a multi-day in hand and plans to return



Sunday morning. We had an uneventful crossing. With the new 6am start time there was nothing to do but relax and enjoy dinner and some hanging out.

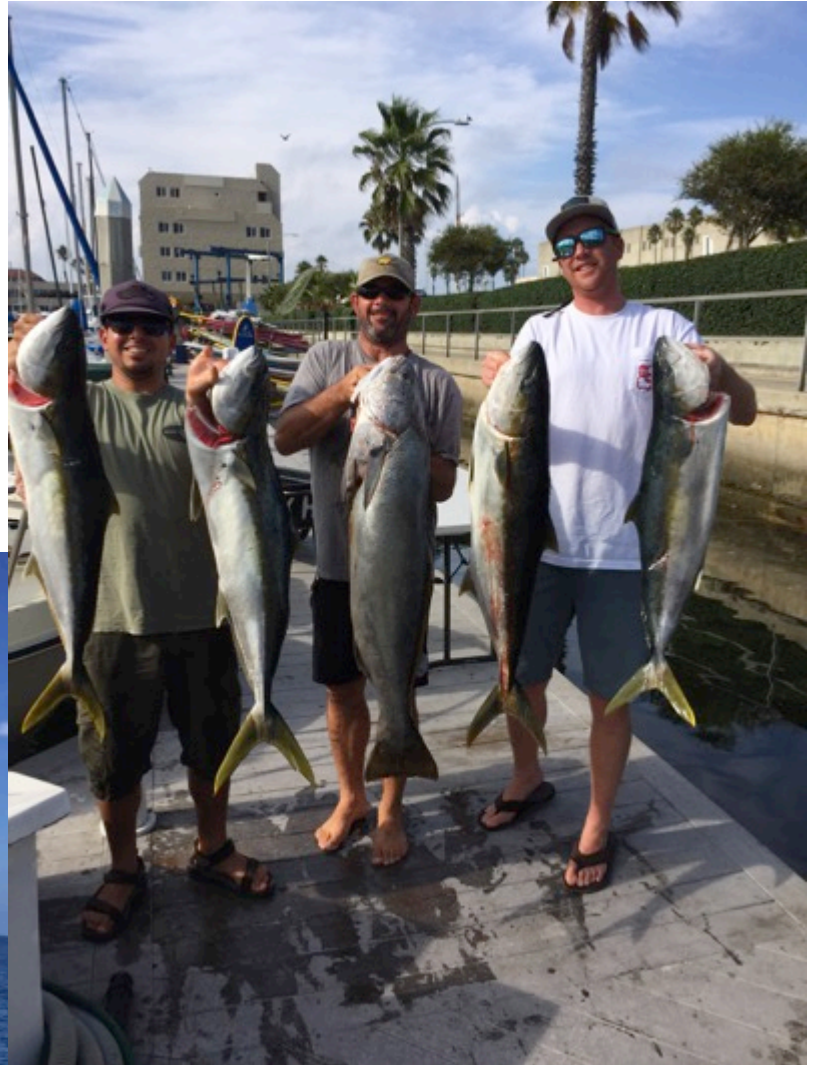
We got up at 4am to be ready to jump in at 6am. As we are shopping for a spot we get a visit from DFW. Nothing to see here guys. Paul grabs up a limit before sun up and I manage just one lonely bug. I got to make up for it spearing when Paul has me jump in to check a spot. On the first dive I connect with a 25# yellow. 2nd dive after getting back in the water and another just like it.

The evening and morning dives left us a few short of double limits. On the way home by 9am to crash hard. So tired we forgot to take bug pix but y'all know what they look

like. Better to show Paul's version of a perfect finish to the trip.

## SBI by Ivan Sanchez

Will, Tood and I headed out on the seabasstard for an overnighter. With a screaming current most everywhere we had to live boat nearly the entire trip. Found lots of shy yellows that didn't want to play, but Will and I



managed two each. Todd nailed a seabass that tied up deep in the current so the team recovery effort went into action. Todd shot another seabass that also tied up deep but sadly team fur bag (3 of them) made the recovery on that one. Another epic trip for the three of us

with memories to last a lifetime.



## **Attention Tentative Members/Sponsors of Tentative Members/Members!**

**Board shorts will be available at the October meeting for those that ordered them.**

**Tentatives: 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.**

## “OH” The things we find! by anonymous

Anyone who has put a significant amount of time in the water will have many stories and experiences to share with their friends and fellow dive buddies. We as divers are fortunate to have experience's that many will never have while exploring our seemingly endless oceans, lakes, and waterways.

Recently an elite team of fellow Neptune's decided to go on what we had hoped would be a covert mission to chase the increasingly popular “Bluefin Tuna”! With reports of these speed demons basically everywhere we loaded the boat early and headed out of the harbor excited and ready to use all 200 lbs. of ice to preserve our catch. Our plan was to head straight for the tuna grounds and search for patties on the way to add some yellows and dorado to the buffet. The discussion began about all the reports on social media of fish everywhere and raised our confidence levels to full limits.

Leaving the harbor entrance we had solid high clouds and calm water that was sure to help with spotting patties and raised everyone's excitement levels. We were all happy to be back on the water and doing what we love. The stories of past trips and experiences were non-stop and all positive until the third or fourth patty was checked and void of fish sucking some of our excitement back to reality.

A collective decision was made to stop wasting time on the patties and head straight to the grounds before everyone else and start our day of stove pipe floats! We had been on the water about an hour and a half when we started to make our turn around the corner of the island where we were greeted with an armada of no less than fifty boats! “Thanks social media”

We proceeded out to the grounds with everyone else and began looking for signs of life on the sounder. Many boats were trolling, working the kites or soaking baits on the drift. We saw one boat of fellow divers with guys perched on top of their boat maneuvering through the slalom course on the hunt.

After about an hour and a half of searching only to find skipjack hitting micro bate and no tuna sightings we decided to go find some solitude and hunt inshore on a seek and destroy mission, actually it felt more like “tuck our tail between our legs and salvage the day!”

The water was a hazy green full of vis destroying particles that reflected off the sun making the glare and visibility difficult but doable. We picked a favorite spot and jumped in, some looking for seabass and calicos while others looked for yellows with hopes of breezing tuna. We all met back at the boat and shared our spoils of halibut, yellowtail, and calicos and all agreed we were having so much fun diving in warm water with 3 mil suits that we would enjoy the remainder of the day doing the same.

We took a break for lunch and discussed our options for spending the night and all agreed on a location. We worked our way up the island collecting more fish until about 5 p.m. We were all tired and ready to call it a day but I suggested one last spot for some halibut and two of the guys agreed so I dropped them in and told them I would pick them up at the opposite end of the beach. While up on the bridge I always keep a close eye on my guys in the water and watched one of my team spending a very long amount of time in one spot making numerous dives with no care of his spastic surface thrashing. I spun the boat around and backed in to see what he had found? He swam back to the swim step and removed his snorkel, looked up and said "I found something!" Knowing the location I immediately knew what he was referring too and replied "I want it"! After a back and forth discussion of who would take the responsibility I assured him as captain of the boat I would take any heat and prepared a location to stash what I knew he must have found. He went back to the spot, retrieved my gift and swam it back where I met him on the swim step and quickly grabbed the item and threw it in the fish box for further inspection later that night.

We moved on to our anchorage for the night, set the hook, showered up and while enjoying a great hot meal and cocktails discussed what we had found and how we were going to deal with it? The following day we dove for half a day, cleaned fish all the way home and had a great time!!

The story you just read is true however the identities of these elite divers shall remain nameless. I will end my story by saying “what you see in this photo” is in fact a training



weapon and has NO actual parts or military identification. The weapon was donated to a club that provides gun safety to new enthusiasts as well as hunter safety courses.

Signed,

Anonymous

## Tuna, Tails and Buffalo, Oh My!

### The 2017 Neptune Family and Friends Campout By Lou Rosales

I had been looking forward to the Neptune Family Campout for two years. Unfortunately, leading up to the camping trip, almost everyone seemed to be hit with varying degrees of bad luck ranging from health problems to boat transmissions, and everything in between. The many dark omens warned that this year's campout would be a disaster! Regardless of the many setbacks, we still had a solid group of Neptunes, along with some of their friends and the dark omens never came to fruition. It was another great Family campout made great by the people attending.



On Thursday, Donny and I headed out from King Harbor; Donny and his crew of 6 on SeaBastard and me with my son acting as first mate on Olivia. We got a late start but conditions were pretty nice for most of the trip and we arrived at Little Harbor sometime around 2:00, set up camp and settled into relaxing island life. We probably could have squeezed in a dive but Thursday was our day for dinner so diving would have to wait until the next day.

Friday, we looked for halibut in little harbor without finding any legal halibut but I was able to find two short halibut to show Mark. One was actually right on legal but I didn't want him to risk taking a short halibut. If legal, it would be a great start for the Jr. Neptune BWM but having him shoot fish that may be short wouldn't



exactly be a good example to set for Mark. I try to go by the policy that if it looks barely legal, it's probably short.



After we finished scouring the sand, we decided to go looking for yellowtail. Mark is good in the water but he's still a new diver and I wanted to start him out slowly so rather than follow Donny to Farnsworth, we decided to dive right outside Little Harbor. As it turns out, Marks ankle was hurting him so he stayed on the boat while I jumped in with my new dirty water gun. Vis was worse than it looked. It was about 15 feet at the surface with an extra layer of dirt about 15 feet down. It took me a while to find the bait (blacksmith) that were hanging out near the washrock right at the top of the layer of dirtier water and I was diving down

and hanging out with the bait thinking about how bad these conditions were for shooting yellowtail and how I wasn't having any fun and generally feeling sorry for myself ☹️. This went on for a few minutes....dive down, hang a bit, don't see anything, repeat when all of a sudden.....Hot Dang, %^%\$, those are Bluefin! A school of footballs was zooming by. How many in the school? I have no idea! There were at least 10 but more could have been out of visible range and I wasn't counting anyway. I swung my gun, pointed at one fish and then changed to a second target before pulling the trigger for the very first time on my new gun! Shot was good. It looked like center mass and the fish was off. I'd like to say the fish took float to 30 ft but the fish was only about 15# for crissakes! No matter! It was my very first BFT and boy was I stoked. The shot entered just behind the pectoral fin and exited in the gill plate and my new gun was no longer a dirty water seabass gun but is now a dirty water tuna gun! As much as I love my big gun, I don't think I would have landed it with my blue water gun because it doesn't swing as well. Those fish were moving and having a gun that I can swing quickly really makes a difference in a situation like that. Filleted the fish on the boat and BFT collars and meat to go along with Donny's excellent mixed meat grill and taqueria.

Saturday I decided that I wanted to take Mark to San Clemente Island. I have a spot that is good for yellowtail and is a relatively



easy dive (it's much better for beginners than the exposed spots). The plan was to get an early (but not too early) start to Clemente and shoot a yellow that would ensure Mark first place in the Junior Blue Water meet but before that could happen we met with a BIG delay; a 2000 lb delay! Neither Mark nor I had been sleeping too well, so I let him continue sleeping while I got up to make breakfast. While I was pretending to be Julia Child, a huge Bull Buffalo wandered into camp, walked around and laid down right next to our tent. It took our guest about 15 minutes to settle in while I was trying to keep calm and avoid agitating the Buffalo and wondering what to do. After another few minutes, he snorted and woke Mark from his slumber. Mark was able to exit the tent without incident but about 15-20 minutes later things got interesting. First the Buffalo got up and decided he wanted to drink from the faucet (he turned it on with his nose). After drinking his fill, he started to give Mark the stink eye for a few seconds and then charged. Luckily those things don't accelerate very quickly! Mark took off with the philosophy that he didn't have to be faster than the buffalo....just faster than his dear ol dad! Anyway, we both ended up safe but the buffalo tossed a picnic table and camping supplies about 15m feet over its shoulder and we got the ranger who seemed to really enjoy chasing off the big bully.



So anyway, back to San Clemente! We went across to Clemente island and my spot was green and warm. The water was about 75 and vis was about 10-15 (maybe less) and we didn't see much of anything in the water so my strategy didn't work out. After pulling anchor we saw Bruce Dardis who said everyone and their brother was at the island. After speaking with Bruce, we decided that the best plan was to turn back to camp with our tails between our legs and see if we could salvage the day there. As it was, my new Tuna spot was dirtier than the day before and we returned to camp for dinner with the camp and the new arrivals. Keith and Mark, with their boys had been

transported in luxury, Bamsey and his crew came over on the Corsair and Del made an appearance with Joe Farlo and a couple of his boys after spending a couple of days at San Clemente Island. To put the final icing on the cake, Juan and Jewel came over from the other side of the island. The highlight of the night was Jewel's painting activity. Donny brought over some hats and Jewel brought painting supplies and then spent several hours leading a wonderful activity where the kids were able to make their very own hats. Donny also weighed some of the fish taken. The rules were highest score from one fish determined as follows: Weight of fish times 100/weight of kid. This was an attempt to even



the playing field a bit for the younger divers. As it is, the younger divers did quite well and made it hard for the older divers.



Sunday was time for a relaxed breakfast before packing up and leaving but Mark still had some unfinished business to take care of. He wanted to shoot his first yellowtail and I wanted to help make sure it happened. I had a spot that I wanted to try on the way home. Based upon the conditions near Little Harbor, I thought the vis would be slightly better and I know Yellowtail swim by. I shot my Tuna at a wash rock where the ripping current pushes water up from the bottom. That water was dirty but the water outside of the rock and in front of Little Harbor was

clean so I thought that a place where the fish are more along an edge or drop off and doesn't have as much upwelling might be a good spot to look. I was right and as Mark was loading his last band, I spotted a fish coming by but missed my shot (my shaft was bent...that's my excuse and I'm sticking with it!). The fish weren't coming by too frequently, there were a couple of schools of Bonita that came by until, and about 45 minutes later, I saw a fish about 15-20 ft down. I motioned to Mark to dive down and shoot it but he didn't move. I decided that if he wasn't going to shoot it, I would and dove down. As I dove down, I had a perfect view of a shaft travelling down and hitting the fish in the head. It was about a 20 ft shot and hit him in a perfect spot! I think I'm gonna sign up for shooting lessons from Mark.

Thanks to Mori's usual generosity, the first 3 divers will get plaques and 4<sup>th</sup> place will get a certificate. The final standings are as follows.

1<sup>st</sup> place: Mark Rosales: Score 19.25 (26 lb Yellow Tail)

2<sup>nd</sup> place: Drake Harris: Score 3.06 (2.2 lb Opaleye)

3<sup>rd</sup> place: Isaac Jones: Score 1.33 (2.0 lb Opaleye)

4<sup>th</sup> place: Miles Jones: Score 1.14 (0.8 lb Opaleye)



## JUST A QUICK TRIP TO SBI. Yeah Right! By Mike Marsh

The title of this story is a complete oxymoron. No trip to Santa Barbara Island is quick, but rather an all day adventure and then some. Never the less, when the opportunity presents itself, I'm all in. SBI is truly my most favorite of all the Channel Islands. To top it off, I have an opportunity to join two of my favorite Buds John Johnston and Larry Heinrich for a full day of comedy and verbal abuse. The recent storm made the 6:15 AM ride from Redondo Harbor to SBI a bit bumpy, but with clear skies and no wind, we were off.

The first spot was 9 fathoms where there wasn't a trace of kelp anywhere or for that matter any fishing boats, not even a bird looking for bait. "lets hit this on the way out". We turned our attention to our next spot and found the current much more manageable. 'Ok who hid my dive booty". This was clearly an attempt to keep me from getting into the water first.

With booty on, discovered in my dive bag, we were now all in looking for Yellowtail at Todd's secret spot. Sorry Todd. Five dives in and seeing zip, I was wondering, hum maybe there's a reason we didn't see any boats or birds. Then while on a dive, the blacksmith and bait jerked and a single YT paralleled me to the left at 30', turned right for a broadside shot. The shaft from my Alexander tuna gun hit the fish near center and just behind the dorsal fin. While short lining the fish to the surface, I could see Larry above me taking in the view. At the surface, Larry gave me the congrats, and the two continued hunting while I swam back to the boat.

The current had intensified so we moved the boat to our third spot on the back side. Finding the kelp up, we set the anchor. This was to become John's turn. Both Larry and I only saw sightings of small yellows but John came back to the swim step with a nice yellow. He explained that he was surrounded by possibly two different schools of 50 plus good sized fish. John said he had sights on a 30+ pounder but it turned before he could fire. At the end of his breath hold he was able to land a 24 pounder. That a boy. The day was closing in on us so with anchor pulled; we headed for one last spot.

We ended up at 9 fathoms. With the current still raging we decided to drift dive. I suggested that we marked the high spot with a float for a reference point. Truly a stroke of genius on my part. So of course I offered up my float and used my weight belt for an anchor. Carefully drifting over the high spot, John called out to drop the thing. It was the most perfect landing any of us could hope for and dead center. Larry and I were admiring

our accomplishment, when a situation unfolded. The current began to drag the float under. Oh crap it's gone. John hit the man over board button to mark the area for recovery.

We took several drifts over the marked location, but due to the poor visibility, we had zero sightings. I decided to try my luck one last time and hang on to the stern with my mask on looking for it while idling slowly forward. John asked if I would like a line since the prop and prop wash could definitely be a problem. I grabbed the 50 foot line and off we went. It wasn't long when I eyeballed the red and white floating treasure 8 feet down. The engine now in neutral, I handed it off to Larry who pulled it in. That would have been a \$200 bill that I tossed so brilliantly into the ocean. Next time Marsh, use a redundant float, preferably your dive buddies, and attach it to second line.

With a couple of book end yellowtails on the boat and a 40 mile ride ahead of us, we headed home. We had a following sea which was calm enough for Larry to take a 2 hour nap, which is usually my M.O. We pulled into the dock just before sunset, long day indeed. 2 hours later the boat was gassed up and cleaned. Fish filleted, gear loaded in our trucks; we said our good byes and parted ways till next time.

A day of diving is often long and is truly exhausting, but I can't think of a better way to spend it than with my compadres. Oh and have your buddy bring an extra float.

Mike Marsh



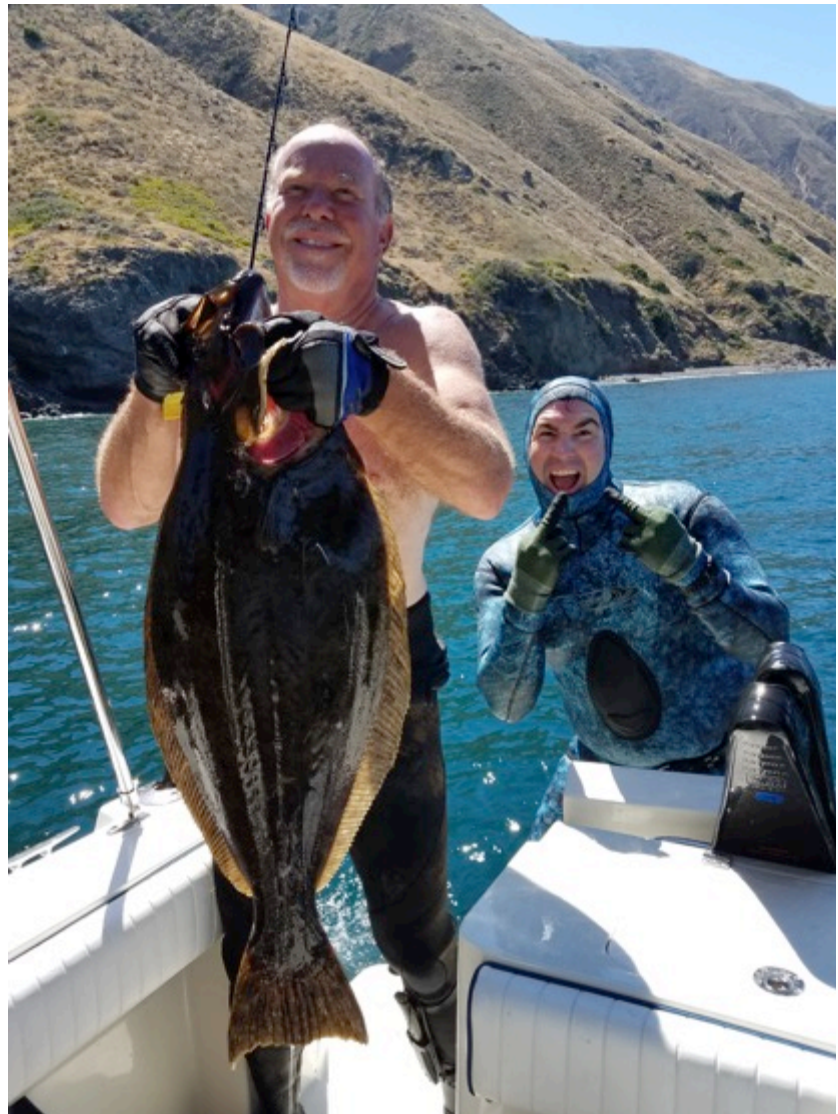


Finally able to hit one of these bumblebees while diving on some yellowtail. Good month for my biggest and smallest Bluefin. -Larry Heinrich





Senior more experienced divers after besting younger divers at the blue water meet and getting the biggest fish on another weekend can lead to jealousy and immature behavior. -Danny Jones







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