



THE TRIDENT

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SEPTEMBER 2020
LONG BEACH NEPTUNES
NEWSLETTER



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- September 2nd- Meeting
- October 3rd- Lobster Opener (6am)
- October 7th- Meeting
- **October 10th- FALL CLASSIC**
- November 4th- Meeting
- December 2nd- Meeting
- December 5th- Christmas Party
- December 25th- Merry Christmas!

FISH STANDINGS

CALIFORNIA

Calico Derby	Open
Calico Bass (Scott Defirmian)	10.1 lbs
White Seabass (John Hughes)	68 lbs
Yellowtail (Lyle Davis)	49 lbs
Halibut (Todd Farquhar)	18.6 lbs
Sheephead (Jeff Benedict)	21.66 lbs
Bonito	Open
Barracuda	Open
Dorado	Open
Wahoo	Open
Bluefin Tuna (Josh Wels)	138.1 lbs
Marlin	Open
Lobster (Hobie Ladd)	11.2 lbs

OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

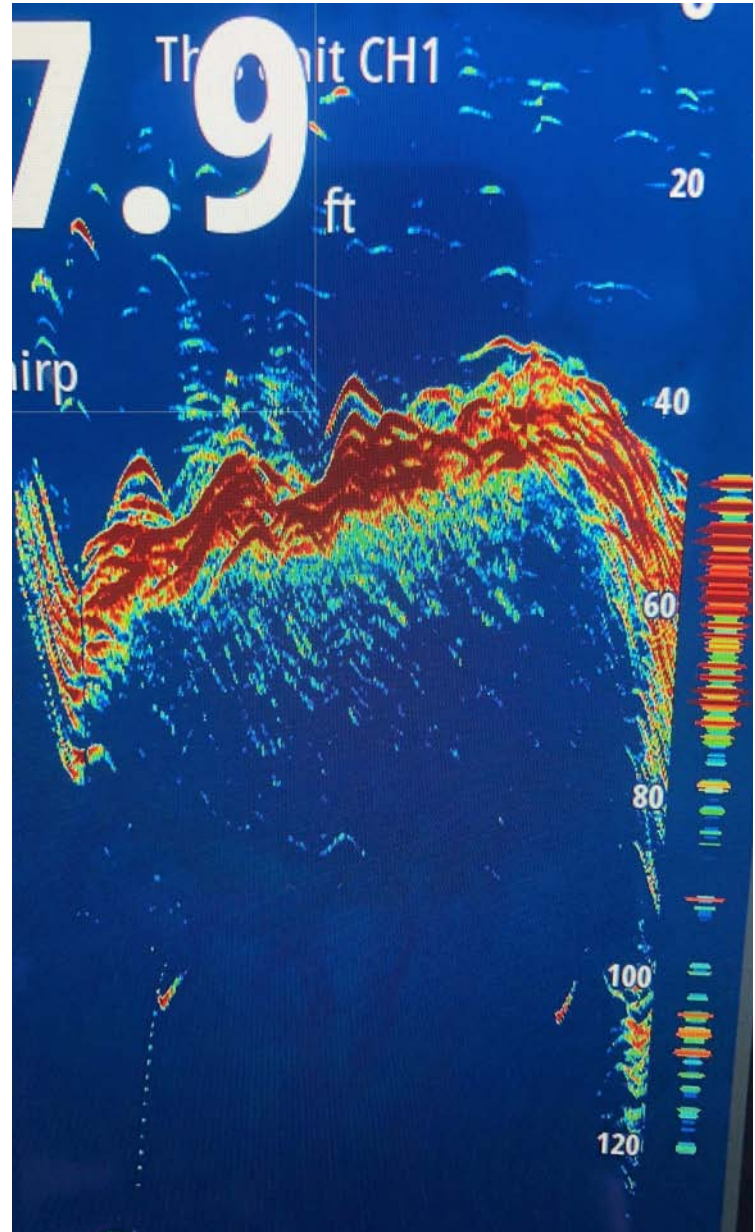
Yellowfin Tuna	Open
Reef Fish (Mike De Giosa)	47 lb Cubera

Kent McIntyre Award

(John Hughes) 68 lb WSB + 36.4 lb YT = 104.4lbs
 (Lyle Davis) 50.84 lb WSB + 49 lb YT = 102.8 lbs
 (Jeff Bilhorn) 58 lb WSB (boat weight 55.1)
 (Paul Zylstra) 38 lbs WSB
 (Tod Norell) 33.2 lb YT
 (Mike Marsh) 29 lb YT

Perpetual Big Fish Trophy

(Josh Wels, Bluefin Tuna) 138.1 lbs



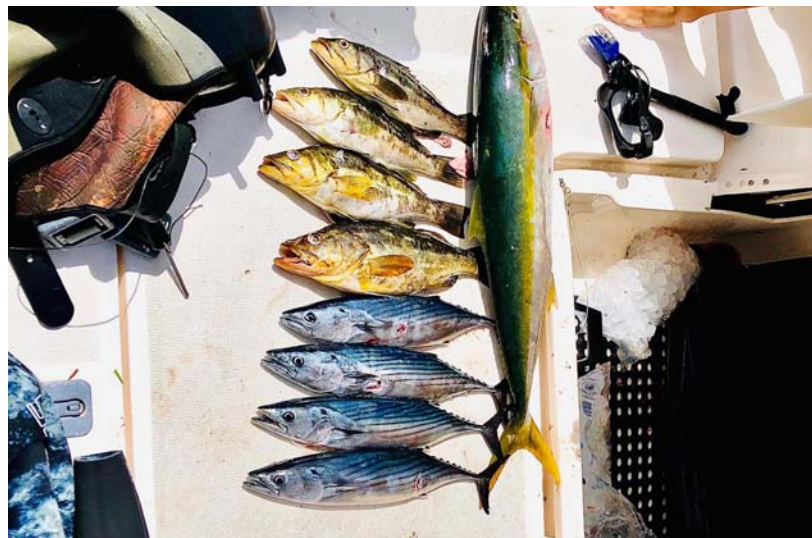
The Trident is the official newsletter of the Long Beach Neptunes, a non-profit organization. The Trident is published monthly and is provided free of charge to the members of the Long Beach Neptunes and associates.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Written By: Jeff Benedict



Fellow Neptunes, I've received several notes from our members stating how proud they are to be a part of an organization that extends itself in support of others within our community. The members only raffle was a huge success as we were able to raise \$2,150 in support for Amadeo Bachar's family. I know many of you donated outside of this raffle as well. I'd say Neptune members donated close to \$5K in support of Amadeo's family. Neptune Proud!! The private boating and fishing industry is stronger than ever. That being said, many boaters have no clue as to regulations and safety. There was a recent fatality within in our local spearfishing community. Inexperience seemed to play a great part in this accident. Many lives will be hugely affected by this tragedy. Please be extra careful out there and keep one eye open for the unexpected, inexperienced boater. The 2020 Fall Classic, scheduled for October 10th, will soon be upon us. Flyers and applications will be forth coming. As it now stands, protocol will be the same as the 2020 BWM. Weigh-in on Two Harbors Fuel Dock, drop off fish and lobster entries by boat, no congregating on the dock, etc. This is the minimum scope of what the event will be as we continue to research expanded options. I look forward to seeing you all at the September 2nd ZOOM meeting of the General Membership at 7PM. Meeting ID: 882 9994 3245 Come and learn how to make a SUSHI CUT ROLL!!



NEW BLOOD PART I RUSTY DEEBLE

HI NEPTUNE'S, MY NAME IS RUSTY DEEBLE AND I'M EXCITED TO APPLY FOR AN ADVENTURE IN A GREAT GROUP THAT HAS AN AWESOME REPUTATION. I HAVE GROWN UP AS 4TH GENERATION LONG BEACH NATIVE AND I'M HAPPY TO HAVE A GREAT HISTORY HERE AS MY LOCAL AND ONLY CITY I HAVE LIVED IN. I USE THE OCEAN AS VACATION AND LOVE THE WATER. WE HAVE A 25FT 2012 SCOUT AND I STARTED SPEAR DIVING IN 2017. I MET JAY RIFFE IN HIS SHOP IN SAN CLEMENTE AND WE HAD MANY FRIENDS IN COMMON. I WAS FORTUNATE TO TRAVEL WITH A COUPLE OF NEPTUNE IDOLS MICHAEL AND MORI ON A

PUERTO VILLARTA TRIP FOR 5 DAYS AND THEY SHOWED ME WHAT ONE DAY I CAN ONLY DREAM OF. I HAVE CONTINUED TO PUSH MY DIVING AND TRAVEL TO CATALINA, CLEMENTE AND PV ON A REGULAR BASIS. I DON'T MIND A QUICK DIVE AT THE WALL EITHER. VISIBILITY COULD HINDER THINGS SO I RESORT TO A TANK AS NEEDED. I HAVE A PALAPAS LA VANTANA TRIP COMING UP WITH A BUDDY OF MINE AND I CAN'T WAIT FOR THE ADVENTURE. I HAVE 2 BOYS, VAUGHN AND HUDSON, AND GOT REMARRIED TO JENNI AND SHE HAS 3 GIRLS. KIDS AGES ARE 17,16,15,14 AND 10. WE HAVE A FULL HOUSE FOR SURE.. I OWN AND OPERATE DIGITAL INSTALLERS WHICH IS A LONG BEACH BASED COMPANY SPECIALIZING IN HOME THEATERS, WIFI, AND SMART HOMES.



I STARTED THE COMPANY WHEN I WAS 20 YEARS OLD, AND I JUST TURNED 40 IN APRIL. I HAVE A GREAT SCHEDULE AND LOVE TO MAKE TIME DURING THE WEEK DAYS TO DIVE. I WOULD LIKE TO JOIN THE NEPTUNES TO FURTHER MY SKILLS IN SPEARING, MAKE SOME NEW FRIENDS WITH SHARED INTEREST AND HAVE A REASON TO ENJOY GOOD PIZZA AT ME AND EDS. I APPRECIATE THE SPONSOR FROM MORI. I'M EXCITED FOR THE NEPTUNE OPPORTUNITY AND WHAT I CAN DO TO HELP THE GROUP IN ANY WAY. THANKS AGAIN FOR THIS OPPORTUNITY.





MY LOVE AND PASSION FOR THE WATER STARTED EARLY IN LIFE. MY PARENTS ALWAYS TOOK ME IN THE POOL, AND THEY TAUGHT ME TO SWIM BEFORE I COULD EVEN CRAWL. GROWING UP IN LONG BEACH, CA, I WAS ALWAYS AT OUR LOCAL BEACHES TRYING TO "BEAT THE HEAT" BODYBOARDING, FISHING AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT I COULD DO TO GET INTO THE WATER. WHEN IT WAS TIME TO GO, I WAS ALWAYS THE LAST ONE OUT, AND THE TOUGHEST ONE FOR THEM TO GET OUT OF THE WATER. SOMETIME LATER, IN MY TEENAGE YEARS, I WAS WITH SOME FRIENDS AT CRYSTAL COVE BODYBOARDING AND WE HAD SEEN A GUY COME OUT OF THE WATER WITH A HUGE HALIBUT THAT HAD TO HAVE BEEN OVER 30 POUNDS. HE GOT IT WHILE SPEARFISHING. WE WERE ALL AMAZED AND STOKED OVER THIS DUDE'S CATCH. AFTER SEEING THIS, ONE OF MY FRIENDS SPOKE UP AND SAID, "I HAVE A SNORKEL, MASK AND SPEAR GUN. LET'S GO SHOOT SOME PERCH AND BASS!" AND, THAT WAS MY FIRST EXPERIENCE SPEARFISHING. EVEN THOUGH I/WE DIDN'T SHOOT ANYTHING, I FELL IN LOVE. AROUND THAT SAME TIME, I STARTED DABBLING IN DRUGS AND A RISKY LIFESTYLE. I AM A HUGE ADRENALINE JUNKY, AND BECAUSE OF THIS, I FEEL THAT KIND OF LIFESTYLE WAS JUST ATTRACTIVE TO ME. SO, BECAUSE OF MY NEWFOUND ATTRACTION, UNFORTUNATELY, I STARTED TO DRIFT AWAY FROM THE THINGS I LOVED. MANY YEARS LATER, IN 2014, I FOUND MYSELF GETTING OUT OF PRISON AND NOT WANTING TO LIVE A CRAZY LIFE ANYMORE. I STARTED TO MAKE SOME CHANGES IN MY CHOICE OF PLAYGROUNDS AND PLAYMATES. I MOVED INTO A SOBER LIVING IN SAN PEDRO, CA. AND IT JUST SO HAPPENED THAT ONE OF MY ROOMMATES WAS A DIVER. I ASKED IF I COULD TAG ALONG ONE DAY. HE ONE-UPPED ME, TELLING ME IF I HELPED CARRY HIS GEAR DOWN THE CLIFF, NOT ONLY COULD I TAG ALONG, BUT HE WOULD LET ME USE A SNORKEL, MASK AND SPEARGUN.

NEW BLOOD PART II

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM

THAT NIGHT WE ENDED UP CATCHING LOBSTER AND BARBECUING IT UP. NEEDLESS TO SAY, I WAS ALL IN, SUPER STOKED, AND ONCE AGAIN THE FIRE AND PASSION BURNED INSIDE OF ME. LITTLE BY LITTLE, I STARTED PIECING MY OWN GEAR TOGETHER AND GOING OUT ON MY OWN. I WAS GETTING MORE AND MORE INTO FREEDIVING AND SPEARFISHING. I MET A SOLID GROUP OF GUYS WHO DOVE OUR LOCAL COAST AND STARTED HANGING OUT WITH THEM AND DIVING IN MY FREE TIME. THERE WAS A LITTLE BIT OF A LANGUAGE BARRIER, BUT I HAVE FOUND THAT SPEARFISHING AND DIVING HAS A LANGUAGE OF ITS OWN, AND THAT LANGUAGE BOUND US TOGETHER. I LEARNED A LOT ABOUT HUNTING FISH FROM WATCHING AND DIVING WITH THESE GUYS. PRETTY SOON AFTER MEETING THESE GUYS, I WAS SEEING AND SHOOTING MORE FISH AND BIGGER FISH. AS I GOT BETTER AND BETTER, I WANTED TO TRY NEW AREAS. MY BUDDIES SEEMED TO ALWAYS DIVE THE SAME SPOTS. I REMEMBER I WOULD GO FOR WALKS WITH MY WIFE AND SEE THESE BEAUTIFUL KELP BEDS AND WONDER WHAT TYPE OF FISH WOULD BE LOUNGING WITHIN. MY BUDDIES NEVER WANTED TO VENTURE OUT, SO I STARTED TO ASK THE LOCAL SPEARFISHING SHOP OWNER, DAVE FREEMAN, ABOUT THESE AREAS. DAVE WOULD SMILE COYLY AND TELL ME, "NO, THAT'S A TERRIBLE AREA."



THERE'S NO FISH THERE" BUT THAT SMILE SAID IT ALL, REGARDLESS OF THE WORDS COMING OUT OF HIS MOUTH! I STARTED DIVING ALL THE NEW AREAS THAT DAVE TOLD ME THERE WERE NO FISH. I STARTED FINDING AND SHOOTING MORE WHITE SEABASS, BUT I KEPT HAVING THESE FISH RIP OUT ON ME! DAVE HELPED ME GET MY GEAR DIALED IN, AND I WAS FINALLY ABLE TO GET IT DONE. I SHOT AND LANDED MY FIRST BIG WHITE SEABASS. I WAS SUPER STOKED, AND I KNEW IT WAS A BIG FISH. I CALLED DAVE RIGHT AWAY TO GO WEIGH IT IN. THAT MONSTER TIPPED THE SCALE TO 70 POUNDS. AFTER THAT DAY, I NOW HAVE THE SEABASS FEVER. SINCE THIS HUGE CATCH, MY WIFE AND I BOUGHT A BOAT AND IT WAS AROUND THE TIME THAT COVID STARTED HITTING OUR AREA. WE KEPT THIS BOAT AT CABRILLO MARINA AND ONE DAY I HAPPENED TO MEET A LADY NAMED BROOKE BASE (SHE HAD HER BOAT IN A SLIP NEXT TO WHERE MY BOAT WAS). WE DOVE TOGETHER A FEW TIMES AND SHE INTRODUCED ME TO A GROUP OF AMAZING WATERMEN, ONE OF WHICH WAS A GUY NAMED JOHN HUGHES. I FOUND OUT JOHN ONLY LIVES A COUPLE BLOCKS FROM WHERE I LIVE. I RAN INTO JOHN ONE DAY AT CABRILLO MARINA. HE MENTIONED THAT BROOKE HAD TOLD HIM ABOUT ME AND HOW WE DIVE THE SAME AREAS AND WE SHOULD HOOK UP AND DIVE TOGETHER.



AFTER DIVING TOGETHER A FEW TIMES, HE ASKED IF I KNEW ABOUT THE LONG BEACH NEPTUNES AND IF I WAS INTERESTED IN BECOMING A TENTATIVE. OF COURSE I IMMEDIATELY SAID YES, I HAVE HEARD OF THE LONG BEACH NEPTUNES AND YES, I WAS ABSOLUTELY INTERESTED IN BECOMING A TENTATIVE. HE TOLD ME ABOUT A TOURNAMENT THAT HE WOULD SPONSOR ME IN. I FELT COMPLETELY HONORED AND HUMBLED. TO WRAP THIS UP, I'VE ALWAYS LOVED THE OCEAN AND I FEEL SO BLESSED TO HAVE MET SO MANY AWESOME MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE HELPED TEACH ME THE INS AND OUTS OF THIS KICK-ASS SPORT THAT HAS HELPED ME IN SO MANY WAYS. FOR THAT I AM FOREVER GRATEFUL.

THANK YOU.





PICTURED ARE TWO RARE THINGS- A SMILING JASON TAYLOR AND A ONE-OF-A-KIND MASTERPIECE. THANK YOU TO ALL WHO CONTRIBUTED TO AMADEO'S RAFFLE!

PUDDLING

TERRY MAAS
TUNA

"GET THE FXXK OUTA HERE," YELLED THE FISHERMAN OVER A FOOTBALL FIELD AWAY, "GO FIND YOUR OWN BAIT." THIS WAS DAY TWO LOOKING FOR BLUE FIN TUNA 10 MILES SOUTH OF SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND. WE WERE RETURNING TO THE SAME SPOT WHERE AREA WHERE WE SAY GOOD BAIT ON THE METER THE DAY BEFORE. WE HAD HUNTED FOR 8 HOURS COVERING ACRES OF OCEAN WITHOUT A SINGLE METER READING OF TUNA.

I ALWAYS PLAN OFFSHORE TUNA HUNTS AROUND FORECASTS FOR CALM WINDS. WINDY.COM ALLOWS US TO LOOK UP TO 10 DAYS AHEAD FOR A PATCH OF LOW WINDS TO TARGET (SCREEN SHOT OF WINDY) I USE FISHDOPE.COM FOR THE LATEST TUNA SIGHTINGS FOR A GENERAL IDEA FOR WHERE TO BEGIN THE DAY'S HUNT. THE DAY BEFORE, I USE AN APP RECOMMENDED BY RICHIE BALTA CALLED BOATBEACON. THIS PINPOINTS WHERE COMMERCIAL HEAD BOATS ARE CURRENTLY SEARCHING. THE APP ALSO INDICATES WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN SEARCHING WITH BREAD-CRUMB TRAILS AND A CLICK ON THE BOAT ICON REVEALS IF THEY ARE UNDERWAY, OR MOTIONLESS, PERHAPS FIGHTING A FISH. SEVERAL STILL BOATS IN THE SAME AREA IS PROMISING.





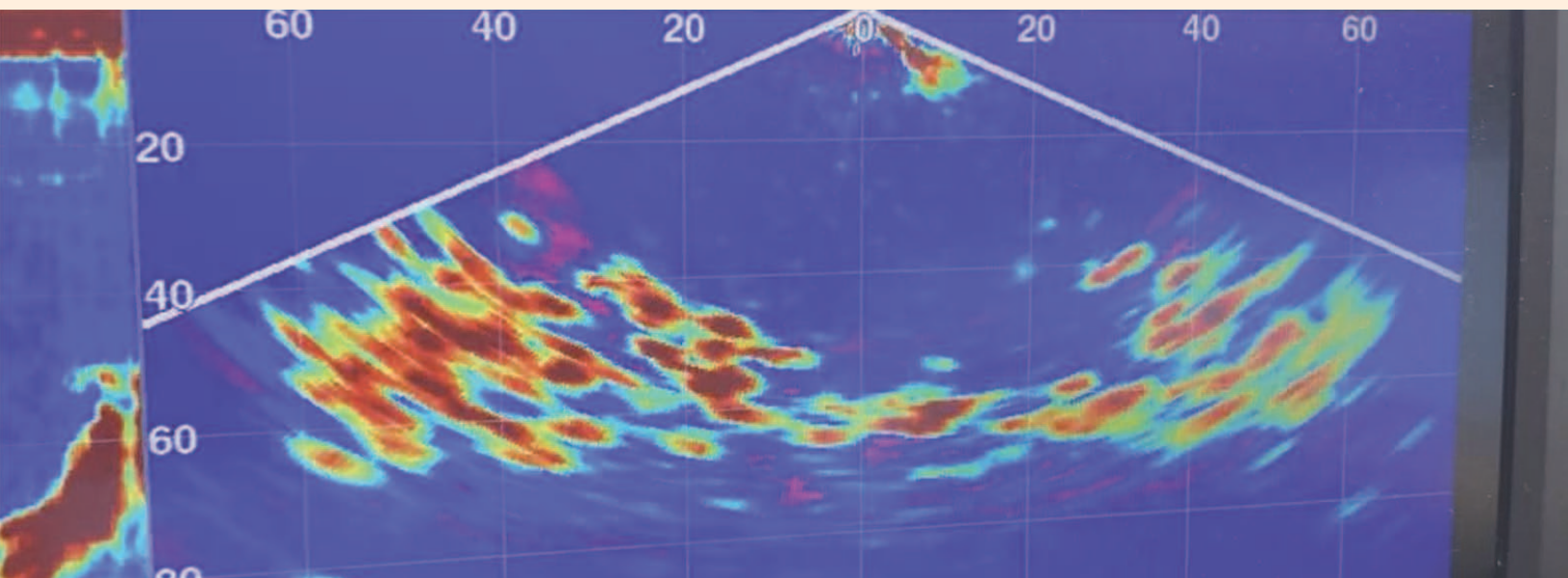
LEAVING THE FOUL-MOUTHED FISHER GUY BEHIND, WE MOTORED AT ABOUT 5 KNOTS WITH MY BUDDY ANDREW REINHART, PATAGONIA'S BIG-WAVE SURFER CLIENT COORDINATOR WAS SCANNING THE SURFACE WHILE I WAS GLUED TO THE METER.

ANDREW WAS LOOKING FOR ANY BIRDS, ESPECIALLY THOSE DIPPING DOWN TO THE SURFACE, OCCASIONAL SPLASHES, AND FOR "WORRIED WATER." SEVERAL MILES OUT, WE WERE STILL METERING GOOD AREAS

FOR BAIT BETWEEN 50- AND 150- FEET. I HAD EXPLAINED TO ANDREW THAT HE SHOULD LOOK FOR A GARAGE-SIZED PATCH OF DARK WATER. HE SOON FOUND ONE AND WE DETOURED IN THAT DIRECTION. IT IS DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN HOW SUBTLE THIS TUNA SIGN IS. AS YOU GET CLOSER YOU MIGHT FIND WIND RIPPLES, OR YOU MIGHT FIND DOLPHIN CREATING THE DISTURBANCE. IF YOU COME UPON A PATCH AND DON'T SEE A DOLPHIN, THEN YOU CAN ASSUME THE SPLASHES YOU OBSERVED WERE TUNA. SOMETIMES ALL YOU'LL SEE IN THE PATCH IS A BRIEF SILVER GLINT AS THE SUN CATCHES A ROLLING TUNA, OR THE SHORT DORSAL FIN CUTTING THE WATER. HE YELLED WHEN A SMALL FIN TIP APPEARED. I KEPT THE PATCH IN SIGHT AS HE GEARED UP.

THE VIS HAD TURNED DIRTY, PERHAPS 12FT. I CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHED THE PUDDLERS AND ANDREW SLID OFF THE SWIM STEP WHILE I WAS CAREFUL NOT TO CHANGE SUDDENLY THE SPEED OF THE ENGINES, CURSING SEVERAL YARDS AHEAD OF HIM BEFORE SHUTTING OFF THE ENGINES FOR SILENCE. IN PREVIOUS YEARS, WE'D FOUND THAT SHOUT OR A BOAT HORN WAS ALL THAT WAS NEEDED TO SEND THE TUNA DOWN AND AWAY. USING HAND SIGNALS, I DIRECTED HIM TOWARD THE PATCH. ABOUT 50 FEET AWAY FROM THE EDGE, HE DOVE WHICH CAUSED SOME PANIC SPLASHING ON THE SURFACE INDICATING THE TUNA HAD SENSED HIM AS THEY SOUNDED. STILL, HE OBSERVED MANY LARGE TUNA STREAKING BY IN THE SKETCHY WATER, UNABLE TO LINE UP DUE TO THEIR SPEED.

IT WAS MY TURN NEXT. I HAD MARKED THE AREA AND WE RETURNED AFTER I WAS SUITED UP AND GUN COCKED. WE WERE SURPRISED TO SEE THE SCHOOL HAD RESUMED THEIR SURFACE WANDERING AT ALMOST THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THEY HAD DISAPPEARED 15 MINUTES BEFORE. I SLID OFF THE SWIM STEP AND MADE MY WAY TOWARD THE FINNERS TRYING NOT TO MAKE TOO MUCH DISTURBANCE WITH MY FINS. POPPING MY HEAD UP FOR A LOOK AND GUIDED BY ANDREW'S HAND SIGNALS, I MADE GROUND ON THE SLOW-MOVING MASS OF FISH. ABOUT 50 FEET AWAY, I DOVE AND WAS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY CONFRONTED WITH LARGE TUNA STREAKING TOWARD ME COMING IN FROM THE GLOOM ONLY TO DISAPPEAR BACK INTO IT SECONDS LATER. I COULD NOT AIM EFFECTIVELY UNTIL 3 FISH CIRCLED BACK BEHIND ME AS THEY SWAM ABOVE ME WITH THE BRIGHT SUN REFLECTING FROM THEIR SIDES. I SELECTED ONE AT RANDOM, LOCKED ON, AND AIMED



FOR CENTER MASS HAVING SIMPLY NO TIME FOR A PROPER KILL-SHOT AIM. I PULLED OFF HAVING NO IDEA IF I'D SPEARED ANYTHING UNTIL I SAW MY SECOND BUOY MOVING AWAY AT A BRISK PACE. MY FIRST BUOY HAD BEEN SUBMERGED AND WHEN THE LINE RELEASE PULLED AGAINST THE SURFACE BUOY, IT HAD RELEASED ANOTHER 150 FEET OF LINE THUS QUICKLY REDUCING THE DRAG DURING THE MOST CRITICAL PART OF THE RUN. A HALF-HOUR LATER, I'D PULLED UP THE LINE AND MADE A GOOD SECOND SHOT, WHICH SUPPLEMENTED MY PRIMARY SHOT MID-TAIL AT THE LAST 1/3 OF THE FISH.

WE GAFFED AND PULLED ABOARD A 150-POUND BEAUTY. AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, WE GUTTED AND GILLED THE FISH. WE STOWED ICE IN ITS BELLY AND GILL CAVITY, COVERED IT IN A TOWEL AND RESUMED THE HUNT. I'D MARKED THE SPOT ON THE GPS AND UPON RETURN WE FOUND THE SAME SHOAL ONCE AGAIN FINNING AT THE SURFACE. I DROPPED ANDREW OFF AS CLOSE AS I DARE, SHUT OFF ENGINES, AND DIRECTED HIM WITH HAND GESTURES TO THE SUBTLE, SLOWLY MOVING SURFACE DISTURBANCE. ANDREW REPEATED MY DIVE AND SOON WE HAD ANOTHER 135-POUND FISH ON THE BOAT.



<https://vimeo.com/444092092>

IT WAS HOT AND KNOWING THE DELICATE FLESH WOULD TURN TO MUSH, WE ELECTED TO SPEND NEARLY THE NEXT TWO HOURS BUTCHERING AND PACKAGING THESE MAGNIFICENT FISH. MEANWHILE, THE SMOOTH WATER DETERIORATED INTO WHITE CAPS MAKING ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE SURFACE FISH. UPON RETURNING ONCE AGAIN TO THE FIRST GPS MARKS, A FISH EXPLODED CLOSE TO THE BOAT. I GLANCED AT THE METER AND FINALLY SAW THE FIRST TUNA SIGN IN TWO DAYS. LATER, WE POSTULATED THE REASON WHY WE WERE SEEING NO TUNA ON THE METER IS THAT THEY WERE SO CLOSE TO THE SURFACE THAT THEY SCATTERED WHEN WE APPROACHED MAKING THEM INVISIBLE TO THE FISH FINDER.

WITH STUFFED COOLERS AND WIND PREDICTED WE SHELTERED AT FISH HOOK AT SCI AND THEN MADE TO 90-MILE RUN BACK TO OUR OXNARD HOME PORT. I PUT TOGETHER A VERY SHORT VIDEO SHOWING MY APPROACH TO THE PUDDLERS AND MY DIVE FOLLOWED BY THE FLOATS SCOOTING AWAY. ALSO INCLUDED IS THE ONLY METER MARK WE MADE ON THE ENTIRE TRIP. IT IS HARD FOR ME TO BELIEVE THIS IS THE FIFTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR WE'VE SEEN SUCH QUALITY FISH OFF OUR COAST. WITH SOPHISTICATED TRACKING METHODS AND FORUMS SUCH AS FISH DOPE, NOW I WONDER IF THESE FISH HAVE ALWAYS BEEN OFFSHORE, JUST OVER THE HORIZON?

ONE THING I HAVE LEARNED IS THAT EACH YEAR IS DIFFERENT IN PRESENTATION. FOR EXAMPLE, IN 2016, WE FOUND TUNA BY SEARCHING THE HORIZON FOR HUGE FLOCKS OF BIRDS HOVERING OVER TUNA CRASHING THROUGH LITERALLY MILES OF ANCHOVY SCHOOLS 70 FEET THICK. LAST YEAR WE FOUND MOST FISH ON THE METER. THIS YEAR THE METER WAS VIRTUALLY USELESS AND IT WAS ONLY SHARP EYES THAT MADE THE DAY.



HANG 'EM OR STRING 'EM

ERIC BODJANAC

I got word from the Seabass Mafia that some fish were around. I was feeling lucky so I made plans to get in the water the next day.

Conditions were not as good as I had hoped but were certainly workable. It felt fishy and my dives were getting better- my anticipation was building. Seabass diving is always better when you know there's fish. As you round each kelp stock the prospect of being greeted by a sleeping giant keeps your alert and the excitement grows. Unfortunately my stoke peaked and was beginning to decrescendo; I started to question if putting off housework was worth the walk of shame through my front door as my biggest fan and critic teased me "oh but it was a nice dive I bet, I'm sure it felt good to 'get wet', wheres's the fish Eric? Oh still in the water, huh?" Still, I pursued and remembered to pray with expectant faith. As I continued to feel better in the water I slipped over a sleeper. I was able to check her out for a slit second and made the decision to drop then shoot. In hind sight I realized I should have done an exhale drop as my invert produced a few bubbles.

She woke up and gave the tell-tale dorsal fin twitch which prompted me to shoot. I wasn't waiting any longer. The shaft strung her and she tied up quickly as I put the pressure on. I put the fish on my belt and made a few more dives then made my way back to shore stoked and grateful for my bounty. God is good!






A few weeks later I planned an two day trip to Two Harbors as soon as I found a nice weather window. My brother and I got a late start but made it to the island and worked the backside in the morning. Conditions weren't favorable, minimal current and vis was okay. We couldn't find the right kind as we worked down the backside. Eventually I went into the kelp and found a seabass on the bottom. I made a drop outside the kelp in 30 ft vis but unfortunately the fish saw me too and made a 90 degree turn and took off. As the conditions deteriorated we trekked back to the front side and eventually came up on some boiling fish. It was wide open with the 3 B's (bass, barracuda, and bonito) for at least an hour. Fish were sailing out of the water and we were having a blast pulling on some quality inshore species. At one point I thought I saw a yellow boil, and it wasn't maybe 5 minutes later when I got fright trained by what I knew for certain was a yellow. It was kicking my butt on bass gear but I eventually finessed it to the boat and my brother sunk the gaff. This got my gears turned and I grabbed my reel gun and jumped in the water and swam to the boil. It was a sight to behold. Thousands of fish swimming all around me; it was beautiful. The barracuda were stacked up in the upper water column, the bonito were mid column on the outside, and every now and then a few big breezing yellows were cruise under me. They yellows were not interested in me as much as I them and couldn't get a shot with my 55" gun. Still, it was an epic experience and I learned that it might pay to jump in on boiling cuda or bonito. The bite died and we met some friends back at the mooring where we spent the evening.

The following morning we motored to our secret spot and dropped anchor. Shortly there after I had a sighting of anti-social fish which were followed up a wolfpack of curious yellows. I called them in, plugged one, and went for a Nantucket Sleigh Ride. The current changed and we moved spots. I jumped in the water as my brother live boated for me. I found the zone and saw a fish swim by. I was happy we finally had some conditions work out. Two drops later I have some curious fish come in which came tight on my shooting line. The kelp was deep so I gave no leeway to the fighting fish. I'm not sure why but I enjoy diving bluewater without gloves, but the line and gill rakes chewed up my bare hands pretty good. It hurts soooo good. With the third fish in the boat the theme of this trip persisted and the condtions changed again. We made a few more moves but couldn't get on em. It was a successful trip and I'm thankful to share some epic memories with my brother.



BEHIND THE DIVER





Gas or beer? Gas or
beer? BEER IT IS!

BEHIND THE DIVER

THE WUZZA FUZZ AND CREW OF JOE PROLA, CHAD PRIEST AND I WERE PULLING INTO HUNTINGTON HARBOR AFTER THE BLUE WATER MEET WHEN WE NOTICED AN UNUSUAL SIGHTING. A CRAFT OCCUPIED BY THREE LONG BEACH NEPTUNES; CHASE BUCHANNAN, BRIAN YORK, AND HOBIE LADD SUDDENLY BECAME STILL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HARBOR. THE OCCUPANTS QUICKLY SCRAMBLED ABOUT THE BOAT, SCRATCHING THEIR HEADS AND REPEATEDLY ATTEMPTING TO START THE BOAT. NEXT, WE NOTICED ONE OF THEM LIFT THE LID OF THEIR ICE CHEST AND BEGIN TOSSING THE TWO OTHERS CANS OF BEER THAT THEY BEGAN POURING INTO THE GAS TANK. AS WE PASSED THEIR BOAT, JOE PROLA EXCLAIMED THAT BOATS RUN ON GAS, NOT BEER, AND ASKED THEM IF THEY NEEDED ASSISTANCE. AFTER ATTEMPTING TO START THEIR BOAT ON BUD LIGHT ONCE AGAIN, THE HARBOR PATROL SHOWED UP AND TOLD THEM THAT THEY WERE A NAVIGATIONAL HAZARD AND HAD TO MOVE. RELUCTANTLY, THEY TOSSED US A ROPE AND WE TOWED THEM TO THE LAUNCH RAMP WHERE THEY SECURED THEIR BOAT.

-JOHN CARPENTER



THE LONG BEACH NEPTUNES ARE PROUDLY SUPPORTED BY THE FOLLOWING ENTITIES

ATOMIC
AQUATICS

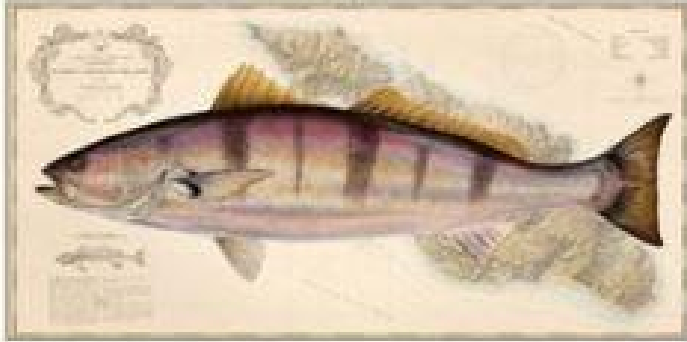


HERRANEN
SPEAR GUNS



FIND REFUGE IN THE SEA





PACIFIC WILDERNESS



UNDERWATER HUNTER



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"As we passed on , it seemed those scenes of visionary enchantment would never end."

Meriwether Lewis

