

THE TRIDENT

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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.

The Long Beach Neptunes would like to thank the following members for their work in obtaining our 501(c)(7) non-profit organization status:

Jeff Benedict, Brian York, Jon McMullin, Will Wither, Steve Parkford

FISH STANDINGS

CALIFORNIA

| | |
|---------------|--------------------------------|
| Calico Derby | Closed |
| Calico Bass | Juan-Carlos Aguilar - 5.62 lbs |
| White Seabass | Jeff Benedict - 72.0 lbs |
| Yellowtail | Juan-Carlos Aguilar - 41.8 lbs |
| Halibut | Open |
| Sheephead | Open |
| Bonito | Open |
| Barracuda | Open |
| Dorado | Open |
| Bluefin Tuna | Open |
| Lobster | Open |

OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

| | |
|-------------------|---|
| Yellowfin Tuna | Open |
| Reef Fish | Jorge Veliz Ramirez - Grouper 78.94 lbs |
| Pelagic, non-tuna | John Hughes - Yellowtail 45.5 lbs |

Kent McIntyre Award

Juan-Carlos Aguilar - 51.6 lb WSB + 41.8lb YT = 93.4 lbs
Jeff Benedict - 72.0 lb WSB
Steve Parkford - 64.2 lb WSB

Perpetual Big Fish Trophy

Jeff Benedict - 72.0 lb WSB

2021 CALENDAR

- July 31st - Deadline for Picture submission
- August 4th - Monthly meeting IN PERSON at Me 'n' Ed's Pizzeria
- October 2nd - Spiny Lobster Season Opens
- October 9th - Fall Classic
- November 25th - Thanksgiving
- December 4th - Christmas Party at Acapulcos in Marina Pacifica Long Beach
- December 25th - Christmas



MONTHLY CLUB MEETING

August 4th, 7:00 PM



**This month's club meeting will be held IN PERSON, at
Me-n-Ed's Pizzeria**

4115 Paramount Blvd, Lakewood, CA 90712

**Casey Shedd (Board member of the CCA and
President of AFTCO) will be at the meeting to
discuss the CCA and conservation issues.**



President's Letter

Hi everyone, Summer is in full swing in SoCal and I love it! We are so fortunate right now. You can choose to hunt tuna, yellowtail, white seabass or all of them at the moment. It doesn't get better than that!

The most important thing we can do at the moment is remind ourselves to be safe no matter what type of fish you are hunting. Be conscious of where your shooting line is if you're retrieving a tuna, for example. It's easy to get caught up in the moment and have the line in a position where it could take you down if the fish runs.

If you're taking divers on your boat for the first time remember to show them where your safety equipment is and how your boat operates in case they need to get you. Like operating the windlass. It sounds simple but it may not be to someone new. I'm looking forward to seeing everyone at the next meeting.

Paul Zylstra

Editor's Note



Juan-Carlos Aguilar

The adventures of summer keep on coming!

I've seen a bunch of our members with full kill bags, and smiles that light up the sky.

I hope everyone is having as much fun this year as is legally allowed.

Keep it up Neptunes, this is a year to remember!

Bluefin Blessing

John Carpenter

A couple years ago I met a nice, young man named Dodger Kremel and his family (OC firefighter, extremely accomplished surfer/waterman) while staying a long weekend at Cherry Cove. We dived once and I promised to get him out on my boat. Although we stayed in contact, for various reasons we never got a trip together. He was relatively new to the sport of freediving/spearfishing, but again very comfortable in the ocean.

I gave him a call a few weeks ago and asked him if he wanted to chase Bluefin. He eagerly jumped aboard the next day and along with Robert Strolbach we headed south following the latest intel. We came across one foamer, but could not get on it adequately with all the damn fishing boats in the area! We worked the surrounding area and gradually headed farther out toward the traditional offshore spots. Dodger was excited - he had assisted dive buddies several times with landing Bluefin, but had never speared and landed his own.

Meter marks became scarce as did signs of life. Although San Clemente Island was scheduled to be closed for the weekend, I suggested we head out there and roll the dice anyway; all agreed. Heck, you can usually sneak in for the night about 50% of the time!

We jumped several paddies along the way, but there was not much in the way of pelagic life. One of my "bucket list" items has always been to shoot a nice size Mako shark. Robert and I dropped off Dodger on one paddy as we engaged in conversation (old guy stuff - prostate, colon health, sleep, etc.) Within a minute, we hear Dodger yell, "Shark, Shark!" I quickly backed down the boat and Dodger catapulted up onto my swim step as quickly and smoothly as any seal. He said that the shark was longer than the beam of my boat (the beam is just under 11') and "as big around as a 50 gallon drum!"



Dodger said that it came up from the depths, checked out his float then swam over to him, pec fins down within jabbing distance of his speargun. I interrogated him, hoping that he would identify the shark as a big Mako. However, Dodger said that he was not sure...It either was a BIG Mako or a Great White Shark. Robert laughed at me and said something like, "Well John, here you go big boy." "Go get it" while smiling and laughing. We could actually see it on my Simrad swimming beneath our boat about 80' down - it was a big mark! I weighed my options and decided that I did not want to be in the water with a large, pissed off grander Mako or GWS that day...

We continued our journey and saw the fleet working off SCI. We got into some smaller grade BF and all ended up with a fish! It was Dodger's first Bluefin, so really it was "mission accomplished." Little did we know what would be in store for us the next day!



We spent the night in Pyramid Cove with only one other boat. The next morning, I ran a live boat while dropping off Robert and Dodger on some Yellowtail spots. Water looked OK, but no action. We headed out to some of the traditional BF spots and were surprised that the fleet had moved somewhere else. Some smaller foamers began popping up that obviously contained larger fish, but they were very boat shy. Robert was running the boat and we were trying every trick - shut down boat, don't get close - parallel, anticipate movement, etc., but they were very skittish. I told Robert to just get me in the area near a foamer and I would try to find & hang with any bait in the area. The water was gorgeous, clear deep blue and warm on the surface.

I found some bait that was obviously acting frightened. Within a minute, a wall of beautiful BF came up and began circling the area. I made a dive and was almost hypnotized by the sheer beauty of it all. After a short while, I told myself that I better line up on one or it will all be over too soon. They stayed out about 20' but I was able to line up on one and get what I thought was a solid top/down shot. I surfaced and yelled, "I'm on!"

To make a long story short - that fish would not tire! I could get it up to about 60' but that was it. The same school stayed in the area and circled my fish a couple of times. It was crazy! Robert strategically dropped Dodger on the same school and he quickly got onto a fish. Robert went between Dodger and I while we fought out fish. I grabbed a second gun from Robert and made a deeper dive for a kill shot. The fish flinched as I pulled the trigger - resulting in a shot simply through the gills and the fish taking off quickly into the depths.

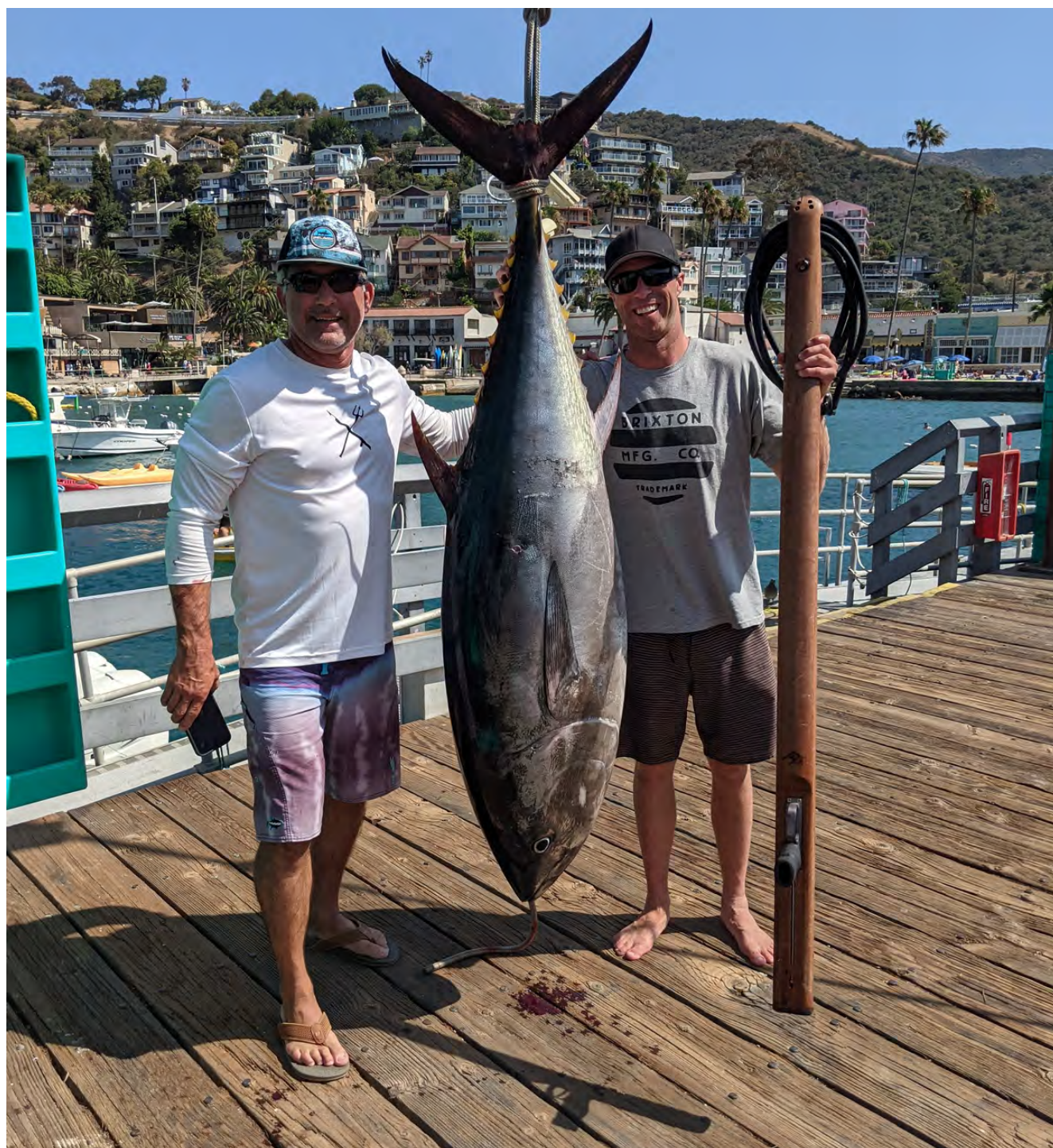


The line was screaming off the reel as I made my ascent - It was Dodger's gun, and I wondered how much line was on his reel, the condition of his mono, crimps, etc. As I began working the fish, I noticed my MAIN line, SHAFT, etc. dangling, tied up in the line of the second shot gun. It must have pulled out after the second shot - my first shot had not punched all the way through! At this moment, the only thing attached to my fish was the smaller reel gun, which was nearly spooled! I thought "Oh shit, I'll be lucky to land this one!" I gathered some bungee from the main line and began forming half hitches with the reel line to slowly, carefully gather the line on the float and bring up the fish while trying to minimize tension. He was still hot, but now swimming in large circles. Dodger landed his BF first, and Robert motored over to me to assist with my fish. I asked for another gun and made another rather deep dive to place a THIRD shot into the fish while Dodger spotted me. I slowly worked up the fish before finally securing it onto the deck!

We probably could have gotten a third big one, but we had 5 BF (literally over 400lbs of BF tuna!) and were tapped out on ice. It would have been Robert's turn, but he graciously understood the situation. We did not want any fish to spoil just for a "glory" pic, so I made a decision to head to Avalon and get some pics, weight, then head home.

Dodger's fish weighed 195lbs, mine 126lbs. I think the trip far exceeded Dodger's expectations! Lastly, anybody who hunts BF knows that it is a TEAM effort. Pulling the trigger on the fish is only PART of what is needed BEFORE and AFTER. Robert did a great job running the boat and assisting us with our fish

Thanks Roberto!



**Hobie
slaying
the
flatties!**





**Danny
making
us all
drool**



**Congratulations to Ivan and his
wonderful wife Sabrina!**

**Their personal best @ 9.10lbs Malia Jade
Sanchez 06/11/21**













Byron with a tuna selfie



SETTING THE BAR A LITTLE HIGHER

Juan-Carlos Aguilar

I'm currently in the lead for the Kent McIntyre Award, with Jeff Benedict nipping at my heels. I managed to score a nice yellowtail for the Blue Water Meet last month, and thought it would be my biggest for the year at 38.4 pounds.

I'm glad I was wrong. A buddy invited me to meet up for a dive, and we decided to check a spot that produced my personal best yellowtail last year (48.8 pounds). This was two days after the shark attack at Parson's Landing, so when I hit the water, I was definitely checking my 6.

I charged up to the spot, swimming through the salty foam of the boiler next to me, and was immediately greeted with a fish charging me head on as if it had a death wish. Only too happy to oblige it, I pulled the trigger and had it in my hands in a few minutes. I knew it wasn't a new personal best, so I decided to bleed the fish in hopes of preserving the quality of the fish.

It wasn't until I had already cut the gills when I realized that my floatline was tangled and held me up 50 feet away from the boat. Hurriedly, I swam back, cleared the line, and jumped in the boat. Definitely got my adrenaline going on that one.

The fish went 41.8 pounds.

Born Wild



▶ ⏪ 🔊 2:34 / 3:29





REMINDER

**PLEASE SUBMIT
YOUR FAVORITE
SPEARFISHING
PICTURE TO PAUL
ZYLSTRA BY JULY
31st!**

zflattie@gmail.com



The Long Beach Neptunes are proudly supported by the following entities

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