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V.73 - ISSUE 7

A FISHY STORY

Jason Taylor, Juan and I left just before 6 am, June 4, and made our first dive about 6:20 am. We then went west for about two miles when we came around the corner and saw a white object floating at the edge of the kelp line in the spot we wanted to dive. It was about 7:00 am now and as we got closer we realized it was a small 8 foot dingy that had capsized. As we got even closer we notice a women hanging from the boat in the water. We asked her if she was OK and she replied no. I jumped in and Taylor threw out his dive float with the float line attached and pulled us both to the boat. Juan was already on the radio calling Bay Watch to be ready at the Isthmus since she was showing signs of hypothermia. We asked the woman a few questions and found that she had been in the water since 10 pm the night before (8 hours). She said she was with a man who swam to shore at about midnight. We got back to the Isthmus dock in about 20 minutes and transferred her over to the paramedics and left toward the west end again scanning the water and shore for signs the missing male. 30 minutes later we heard over the radio that they located the male in his bed back in Emerald Cove. I'm pretty sure the woman will be okay but not so sure about the male. I hope the police get to him before the woman does. Sorry it's not a fish story but it is a little fishy.

- MIKE WELLS



BLUEFIN MADNESS

- Jorge Veliz

It was Tuesday, May 30th when I had just returned from a pretty epic baja trip with some friends. I was sitting at my dinner table and I received a text notification and it said "tuna tomorrow?" I immediately replied with "Send me the address, I'll be there" and quickly packed my gear I had just stored away in my garage a few hours before. I drove down to SD that night and slept on my friends couch, met up with the Kinetic crew, Blake and Captain Evan Wagley at 5:30 and we were off.

After a rough ride out to the grounds, we stopped to suit up and we literally got caught with our pants down, a giant school of tuna cruised under the boat for a few minutes and we were rushing to clear the deck and get everything locked and loaded. We took too long. The school passed and we didn't see any signs of fish again until about noon. We began chasing birds and breezers but they were moving very fast. But then Cpt. Evan gunned it way ahead of one of the breezers and shut the engines off. We waited for a bit and then..."100 feet, 80 feet GO!!" I slid off the back of the boat and I could see all the tunas backs way below me. I punched a dive down to about 50 feet and I lined up a shot on a decent fish, just when I was about to pull the trigger, I heard Blake take a shot, the school dispersed and I waited for them to come back around. Sure enough, they did.





I locked on to the closest fish I'm guessing 120-140lb range and hit the fish center mass. Blake and I were doubled up! Our floats took off simultaneously and at the same time, both fish tore off. We were super bummed. We chased the same breezer after loading up again and I jumped in. We marked them at about 100' again and they met me half way. This time I took more time to pick my fish and I fired another solid shot, the float passed me on my way up and at about 20 feet it pulled out. Another tear off. Blake didn't get a shot off that time.

I was pretty frustrated. But we had a lot of time left in the day and I knew if I wanted to land one, I had to remain calm and focused. 3rd time around Blake and I punched dives at the same time and both hit fish again, we both tore off AGAIN. We were so frustrated, I couldn't figure out what I was doing wrong. I saw my shots hit the fish center mass just like I was supposed to. Blake decided to load up the bigger guns, his 72" 7 band x 3/8th shaft and Mori cable tri tip. We chased the breezer once again and this time I was very patient and let the fish get closer and closer until I had one within 15feet. I smoked him and watched the shaft punch through the fish. He took off like a rocket leaving a trail of bubbles and I let the bungee run through my hands as I headed to the surface.

I looked up expecting to see my float coming towards me. But all I saw was a bungee with no float attached to the end of it. I quickly hit the surface and yelled at the boat to hurry the up and bring me a float. It was too late. I saw the end of the bungee ripping towards me and I caught it, wrapped my hand around it once and went for a fuckin ride. He towed me on the surface for a few seconds, I put my legs under me to kick against the fish and he woke up and pulled me like a grandma getting towed through the grass by a big dog. He took me down to about 30-35 feet in a matter of seconds and hurt my ears pretty bad as I had a very late and awkward equalization.



I knew I wasn't going to win that battle, but I had to try. I let go of the bungee and watched the whole thing disappear into the blue. Shaft, tip, bungee...gone.. Blake gave me the set up, Evan dropped me off and threw the bungee over the boat with no float when I jumped in and I fired the gun and lost the gear , so we all took the fault and didn't point fingers since we all didn't catch the mistake before we jumped in. After about an hour, we found fish again. Blake and I hopped in, we both shot fish! I took a shot on a 90-100# fish and he stoned a 110ish. My fish sank the float and fought like hell for a small fish. It was a miracle we got that one in the boat. I dropped down to about 60' for the 2nd shot and noticed it was only hanging on by an inch of skin. It wouldn't give me a clear head shot when I went down for the back up shot so I took a center mass shot and was relieved when I saw the amount of blood the fish was losing. We loaded that fish and Blake's fish on the boat and as we were taking pictures, a big spot of fish cruised 30 feet under the boat.



We loaded up again, chased the same breezer and this time it was only me who jumped in on it. I punched a dive into the school and noticed some bigger fish in the back. I waited for the perfect opportunity and I picked one in the 130-140lb range and hit it with a perfect shot. Right behind the head and out the other side on the gill plate. Stoned it. Hit the fish right through the brain and didn't even twitch once. I wish I could've recorded that on my GoPro because the entire school surrounded me on the surface as I pulled my fish up. The stoke was real but we weren't done. Blake ended up shooting a 190-200# fish at the end of the day. It was an awesome last minute trip that I will never forget with great people. Blake and Evan Wagley are truly world class tuna divers, it was amazing to watch them spot breezers and small flocks of birds a mile or two away and position the boat perfectly in the path of the fish. Hit em up!

By Eric Bodjanac

This trip began with a screenshot of the blue chlorophyll chart from Terrafin I blasted off to Benny, telling him he'd better get out there and take advantage of these great conditions. His reply was "are you tryin' to tell me you want to dive??" In all honesty that wasn't the first thing that went through my mind, but as soon as I read his message the gears started turning. If I wanted to dive this weekend I'd have my work cut out for me over the following few days as we are prepping for a road trip with the family for my brother's wedding in Ohio. I responded with a "I'll get back to you.." and within a few minutes we were planning for our dive.



Over the next few days we filled the gaps in the crew and before we knew it we were at the dock loading our gear. I had a few reports from the previous days but Benny had been out earlier and was working a bed that surprisingly doesn't get much attention. We stopped off at Anacapa on the way out and did a few live boat drifts for yellows. The water was 64.5 and was the temp we needed to start seeing yellows at this spot. We had a ripping current that pushed the bait deep and eventually Alex saw a pack come in but wasn't able to get a shot off. After a few more drifts we made the move across The Gap and pulled up to the bed. I immediately heard croaking and had a good feeling about the zone we were in. A few moments later I was in mid water column and made a 180 degree turn when I saw the remnants of a nice fish make a trajectory change. I could tell the fish were going to be active today and it felt good to lay eyes on the prize early in the day. I positioned myself in the kelp channel and sure enough another fish came in hot behind me and on the bottom. It moved through so fast I didn't have a chance to dive on it. Thinking this was the zone, I hung out for a bit then tried working towards the outside. I was still hearing croaking but it was growing faint so I changed directions and sure enough the croaking got louder.



As I did an aspetto dive a third fish came in on my left. I raised my gun and the fish moved behind a kelp stalk. I didn't follow as I was expecting it to turn broadside, which it did. I didn't hesitate and sent it through the gills and my floatline came tight. I traced the fish down my line and the croaking got louder and louder only to realize my fish was causing all the commotion. It was pretty neat to track down the croaking fish and witness him croak in my hands (no pun intended). It wasn't big but a small seabass in the hand is worth two in the kelp. The guys ended up seeing a few others but couldn't connect. We moved round the island to end up back at this bed where one of the crew bagged a 25 pound grade yellow. The best part of the trip was in the evening as the wind died, the sun set and we crushed beers on the anchor.



59TH BWM



***Seamus Callashan takes 1st place
with a whopping #52.9 white
seabass***

1ST PLACE - SEAMUS CALLASHAN - #52.9 WSB

2ND PLACE - JEFF BILHORN - #45.1 WSB

3RD PLACE - DAN SELESNICK - #42.7 WSB

4TH PLACE - BILL PERATT - #35.6 WSB

MONTHLY CLUB MEETING

JULY 6TH @ 7PM



**This month's club
meeting will be held at
Me-n-Ed's Pizzeria
4115 Paramount Blvd,
Lakewood, CA 90712**

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

2022 CALENDAR

- June 16th - White Seabass limit (3)
- August 5th-7th Neptunes Family Catalina Campout
- October 2nd - First day of Lobster Season
- October 15th - Fall Classic
- December 3rd - Christmas Party

FISH STANDINGS

CALIFORNIA

Calico Derby	Todd Farquhar - 6.4
Calico Bass	Todd Farquhar - 6.4
White Seabass	Ron Warren - 70.15
Yellowtail	John Johnston - 36.1
Halibut	Open
Sheephead	Richard Cunningham - 24.9
Bonito	Open
Barracuda	Open
Dorado	Open
Bluefin Tuna	Open
Lobster	Open
	Hobie Ladd - 8.2

OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

Yellowfin Tuna	Open
Reef Fish	Open
Pelagic, non-tuna	Open
Kent McIntyre Award	Open

Perpetual Big Fish Trophy Open







The Long Beach Neptunes are proudly supported by the following entities

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