

THE TRIDENT

VOLUME 73 - ISSUE 9



When the things you've learned pay off....

I had recently reached out to a spearo who had recently got into the sport. I had met him getting out of the water at a local spot and he was brazen enough to ask if we could exchange numbers after talking a little while. I've never had a problem showing someone new to the sport the basic techniques I use for diving and hunting so I didn't mind. Anyways, I had given my buddy a call and asked how things were progressing with his diving and especially his underwater hunting techniques (it had been a couple months since our last dive together) and happily, he replied "I think I've come a long way from the first time I met you". I asked if he had been out in the water lately and he was super excited to say that he was shooting fish on an almost regular basis.....this was something that I wasn't doing and it was really starting to get to me. The past few months for me had been so hectic and busy that I couldn't find the time to get in the water. It was depressing to me knowing that this has been one of the most action packed seasons to date and everyone I knew was out there killing it.....and it was passing me by. So I asked my buddy if he wanted to hit a shore dive on the weekend and he was up for it. He said he had come across a spot that was holding yellowtail and the last few times he had gone out, they were there. The only problem was he couldn't dive down deep enough to get close to them. I told him let's see what happens Saturday and if they are there maybe we can get one.

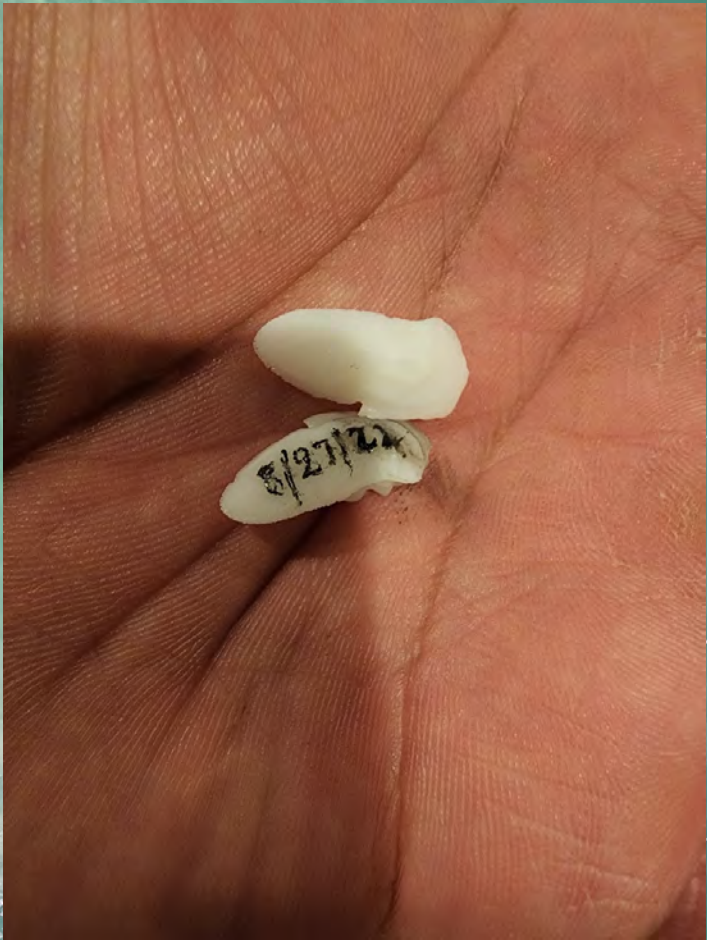
We agreed to meet up at 6:30am and when we got to the spot I went and checked conditions. Having been to this spot plenty of times before I knew just by first glance that the conditions were going to be junk. Since I hadn't been in the water for a while I was willing to work with anything and asked what he wanted to do. I could hear the reluctance in his voice when he said "I thought it was going to be better, I guess we can still try it out though". I told him I had another spot down the way that was not too far that would probably be way cleaner and better viz and we both agreed to make the move. Upon arriving, we were greeted to awesome conditions. There was very little swell, the tide was in our favor, and from the top the viz appeared to be great. I was super stoked that things were starting to fall into place. I got into the water and did a couple shallow water drops to get my dive reflex going while I waited for my buddy. Once he swam out and got comfortable we both agreed that we were ok and comfortable finding our own adventures so we both went off in our different directions. About an hour or so later I had made my way over to where my buddy was at and asked him how he was doing. To my surprise he had managed to stick a few smaller sheepies, and a few opaleye. I was super stoked for him and actually felt a tinge of jealousy because even though there were plenty of both of those species of fish around they are not the fish I am usually targeting and I had nothing on my stringer to show. My buddy had said he missed a couple of bigger sheepshead because they were in deeper water. We made our way back in to shore and not sure if out of spite or just because I wanted to shoot something and not be fishless in front of my buddy but on the way in I crossed paths with a decent sized Sheepshead and I was feeling the stoke again because I finally put one in the bag.

After a quick break on shore to drop our fish off we were back at it again in the water. Though it was in the back of my mind I kept thinking about my buddy saying he missed some fish because he couldn't get down to depth. He said he could only go down about 20ft but he didn't have a dive watch so he never knew the true depth. I asked him to duck dive for me to a spot I pointed at so I could see his technique. Upon watching, it was the usual mistakes I think we've all made. Neck craned back trying to look where you are going in front of you, diving down at an angle to your target point instead of diving vertical to the bottom and moving slowly to that point and kicking harder and faster thinking if you get to the bottom sooner you'll have more oxygen for bottom time but you almost never make it to the bottom and end up planeing out somewhere around 5-10ft above coming back to the surface almost right away. When he came back up a few seconds later he told me he kind of struggled and I told him the things that were probably the contributing factors to why he couldn't get down deeper. I asked him to watch me and did my duck dive to the same spot and stayed down and then slowly made my way back to the surface. I informed him that the bottom showed on my watch at 14'. He was super surprised because he thought it was much deeper. We agreed to stick with each other for a little while and made our way around the point, all the while helping my buddy improve little by little on his technique. I saw a dark hole and made a drop, it was in about 29ft of water and when my eyes adjusted to the darkness I was greeted to about 40-50 lobsters doing the overly crowded version of a high school cheerleader pyramid. I came back to the surface and told my buddy to relax get a good breathe up and dive straight down slowly to the dark spot I pointed at. I was a couple feet behind him but surprisingly he made it. I came up next to him and pointed out all the feelers from the lobsters stacked on top of each other and I heard him say "woah" underwater. It's always a beautiful sight seeing a bunch of bugs right before the season opener. Upon returning to the surface I congratulated my buddy because I told him in less than 30 minutes he had managed to double his depth and there didn't seem like any signs of a struggle. He was stoked to say the least and with his new skills and confidence he said he was comfortable enough and wanted go off on his own adventure again. It couldn't of been at a better time because we had moved into an area that looked like it could be really fishy. I had figured that with all the recent bluewater action on the tunas, yellows and mahi mahi the local kelp beds were probably pretty quiet and maybe I could get lucky on a late season WSB. I moved out further and was making drops in about 40' of water. Even though the area felt really fishy, I just wasn't seeing any life.....I mean nothing. I figured I'd make one last drop out where I was at and then head in to another closer area that had good sign of kelp. Now it's funny and ironic how you can be out doing something with someone and you critique them on what they are doing wrong and then find yourself doing the same thing. On my last drop I realized I was straining my neck to look where I wanted to go. When I came back to the surface I kinda laughed to myself and called myself a clown as I made my way towards that other kelp bed. I made my way through the kelp and found a little space to allow me to breathe up without getting tangled.

As I did my duck dive I realized once again I wanted to strain my neck. Catching it sooner than later I turned my head down and tucked my chin into my chest, kicked a few times looked up and got startled as a fish was literally within two inches of hitting me in the mask. I cursed that fish as it was swimming away because I lost all concentration. As it swam away I thought I saw a stripe on a silver body and was thinking, stupid sargo. That's when I caught movement, and lots of it. I focused and realized the kelp bed had come to life. There were fish everywhere.....WSB everywhere! A school had moved in that had lots of different sized fish. As I was suspended upside down in the water like a dyslexic sperm whale sleeping the wrong way, I found my bearings through the excitement and managed to focus on a fish and pulled the trigger. I watched my shaft hit the fish up high in the shoulder right behind the gill plate and I knew I had a good holding shot. I put the brakes on the reel and the fish wrapped up right away. I pulled my knife and swam down and secured my first wsb with a swift stab to the brain. I was in a surreal moment. I had waited for this day for so long and been so close a few times before but it just wasn't the right time. That's when I was suddenly snapped back to reality. I realized that this school of fish were still moving all around me and I caught sight of a good one.....a really good one. As I struggled to untangle my shaft from the kelp and not get tangled in my shooting line I was getting anxious. This bruiser of a fish decided to stop broadside to me behind a kelp stalk about 12' away. I could see it's head and I could feel it's eye staring at me like the T-REX from Jurassic Park. With every movement I made and they were slow, I was getting closer to victory. I had the shaft loaded and was making the final wrap on my shooting line. As I grabbed for the first bungee(nothing different about my movements)the fish took off like a bat out of hell. I laughed to myself because it's like the fish knew what it was doing. Like it was deliberately playing with me. In the heat of the moment though with my first WSB in the bag, I couldn't be satisfied, I wanted more. I kicked around for another hour but the kelp bed had gone silent.

As I walked back to the car, fish hanging over my shoulder I couldn't help but feel on top of the world. This was a moment of accomplishment many spearos/spearas and even fisherman have dreamed about. I brought home my first WSB...."The Ghost". Though it wasn't a big old "Oil Tanker" like my uncle would call them, to me it was a great fish....my fish.

- Jacob Seto



**Congrats on
your first
ghost Jake!**



Life is a roller coaster. Sometimes up, sometimes down. Scary, exhilarating, stressful, and a rewarding adventure is all part of the journey. This was definitely one of the "highs" of my life.

My longtime dive buddy Josh decided to come and get in on the action that had been all around the island lately. We went for an afternoon session in search of yellows and white seabass, only to come back not just empty-handed, but without some gear as well. He managed to find a toad yellowtail in the thickest of the kelp bed, and put a holding shot in it. It dragged him around and during the tussle his fin managed to get wrapped up in a strand of kelp. As it continued to pull, he slowly began getting dunked, and had to make the decision to let the line go. He made the right choice, no fish is worth your life.

As I swam back to the boat, I asked him what happened, and we began to search the bed to no avail. Oh well, sometimes you're on the bottom of the roller coaster.

We decided to take another look the next day, with no luck finding the wayward gear, but managed to each land a perfect sashimi sized (small) yellowtail. Looks like we began the climb back up to the top!

The next day was spent in preparation for our tuna trip we had planned. Gathering ice, intel, gear, fuel and whatnot took all day, and by 9 pm we were turning in for the night, with visions of jumping tuna flowing through our minds.

Up by 5 am and out the door at 6 we met up with our other buddy Greg who would be our third for the day. He was bringing his rod and reel setup in case we couldn't get them close enough to spear. We picked up his three pieces of bait, and made way to where we hoped to find the fish. On the way we were greeted with two makos, dolphins, and molas all over the place. The seas weren't exactly flat, but luckily the wind was mild and allowed us to make good speed.

We got just south of the bank when we spotted the first foamer. I had already loaded the big gun, and was ready to hop in when the only other boat in the area, who was trolling, decided to basically cut the school in half. Fricken KOOK. Luckily, the fish decided they didn't spook, and continued doing their thing without a care in the world. I hopped in and made way towards the school. After a few minutes of swimming, the kooks decided to come by again and swung their boat on the far side of the school, driving them towards me. Visibility wasn't the best, and I couldn't see anything below me. I looked up and saw the back of a big tuna roll on the surface about 20 feet directly in front of me. I dove.

I only took about two or three kicks when I began to see fish. They were moving quick, and were not afraid of me at all. I leveled off, and picked one out of the school. I aimed at it's nose and pulled the trigger. The shot landed just behind the pectoral fin, and the fish sounded immediately. I watched as my float skimmed along the surface, and began to tombstone. I popped up and squealed with joy. I knew it was a good holding shot, and I knew it put the hurt on the fish. I pulled the bungee until I reached the shooting line, then asked for a second gun. I loaded it, dove, and managed to stone it with the second shot.

I pulled it up and handed it up to Greg in the boat. I was on top of the world. It was by far the biggest fish I have ever landed, and to have done it on the first dive of the day was unreal. We put the fish on ice, and began the hunt for the next one. The school I had shot my fish from had disappeared, and we didn't see any action for nearly an hour. We decided to head south in search of more luck, and it was the right call.

As we neared the next area, we spotted a mass of birds working a few miles ahead of us. I told Josh to get ready as we sped towards a foamer that was nearly third of a mile in diameter. There were THOUSANDS of fish. I have never seen such a sight. The sound was like a rushing river. Tuna jumping in every direction, not another boat in sight, scales shimmering in the azure blue water. Truly wild.

We picked an area of the mass of tuna to work, and dropped Josh in, but the fish were shy. Every time he would approach them, they would move away. We dropped him in about 10 times with nothing to show for it. He had one good chance, but when he pulled up for the shot, the slip tip had fallen off the shaft and there was nothing he could do. Whenever we would drop him off and shut down the boat, the fish would end up only 15 feet off the bow. I told Greg to try his luck and he quickly tossed a bait in the middle of a pile of fish. A few seconds passed when he calmly looked over at me and said, "I'm bit." He waited a beat, and set the hook. "I'm on" is all he muttered. I hollered at Josh to get in the boat, and we focused on getting Greg's fish onboard.

It was a quick fight, relatively speaking, and he soon had it up to color. We grabbed the gaffs. (Side note: I've never gaffed a fish before.) He got the fish to swing near the boat and I plunged the gaff into it's head, it went berserk! Josh quickly put the second gaff in it's tail and in no time we had it up over the rail and onto the deck. High fives were had all around.

Josh tried a couple more times without any luck, and he began to tire. Just as he said, "I'm done," the foamer sunk out. The fish had been on the surface for around two hours. Absolutely incredible. We all just laughed as we made sandwiches, enjoying the success we had already experienced. As we cleaned up our meal, the fish popped up directly in front of us as if they were waiting for us to finish lunch. We decided to make way back home, and try to get Josh a fish on rod and reel. We had one piece of sad looking bait left, which quickly snapped off as it was cast at the first foamer. We set up a flying fish lure and dragged it though the middle of a big foamer, no joy. We tried casting a jig into the middle of another foamer, nada. We continued on towards Cat harbor and just enjoyed the ride with some good tunes blasting. We kept finding spots of fish and eventually came across one that looked very active. I glanced over at Josh and he had a twinkle in his eye.

He hopped in on the school and they quickly moved on, but as he was getting back on board, another foamer popped up nearby. This one looked different. They were moving very quickly in a single direction, and I knew this would be his best chance. I pulled up in front of the school, shut down and he hopped in the water. They were coming right at him. He dove.

The float took off and he popped up screaming "I'M ON!!!" He grabbed the float, and giggled like a little kid. "I'm going for a ride! See you in Japan!" He began to bring the fish up, and I handed him a gun for the second shot. He put a solid second shot in and we soon had it on the deck. More hoots, more hollers. What a day. We were officially out of room and ice. We beelined towards home, seeing foaming fish nearly all the way back into the harbor. We smacked a mola, but luckily it did no damage. We pulled into Cat Harbor and began the long clean up and processing of our catch.

It took days to finally clean everything up, and we gave away most of the fish to friends and family. We kept the primo cuts for ourselves, and ate tuna until we couldn't take another bite.

We weighed our fish on a Mori certified scale. They were all similar in size. I had even saved the guts to weigh along with the fish, since I knew it was going to be close. It went 99.2 lbs. It had been shot around 7:30 am and was weighed nearly 9 hours later. It was likely over 100 lbs. if I had not bled it out. It would have been the final fish for my King Neptune. Oh well, that just motivates me to get out there and do it all again.

Buy the ticket, take the ride.

- Juan Carlos Aguilar



THOSE AREN'T DOLPHIN

This year has been blessing me with lots of quality fish and I think a huge factor has been being able to hop on last minute trips. I've been "on call" as I've told my friends. Ready to go. I got laid off my job earlier this year and the timing could not have been any better as this season has probably been the best one for me.

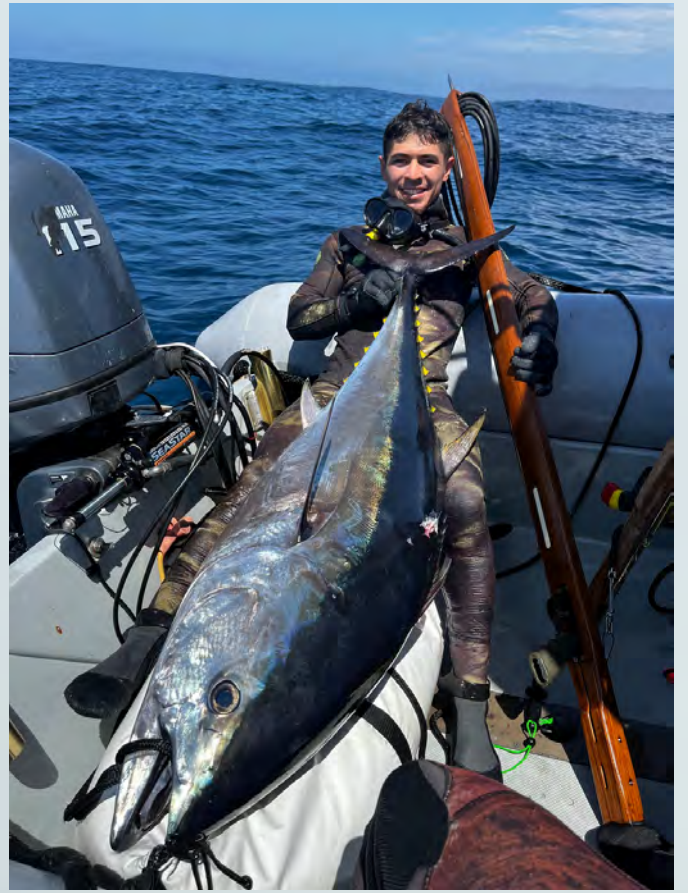
Last Wednesday my buddy called me and asked me if I could go tuna diving the next day. Hell yea I can. I dropped everything and scrambled to get my gear ready for the next day. We met up at 6am at the Cabrillo launch ramp and loaded the gear on his 18 foot center console RIB. We zoomed over to the east end of cat where we were greeted with large island swell. We were going almost straight up and down on these swells and my buddy was close to calling it and turning back to the front side. I told him not to worry , that it would clear out once we got away from the island. We kept pushing. I was standing on the side of the boat while holding on the the T-Top looking for life. After seeing some tiny paddies with nothing on them, there was a big wave coming our way and as the boat got to the top of it, i looked out in the horizon and about 2 miles away I saw lots of splashing. Out of excitement I quickly yelled at the crew " 11 OCLOCK, GO. " They looked confused. They couldn't see what I was seeing. Then after a few minutes of heading in the direction of the splashes they saw them. " Dude are you kidding me, that's a huge pod of dolphin" is what my buddy Ricky said. " Those aren't dolphin, that's tuna" is what I told him. I loaded my gun and got ready. We got closer and both my friends simultaneously realized that the splashes were ALL blue fin tuna.



No kidding, it was a massive area of foamers, probably about a mile long and we had not a single boat in sight. We ran to the closest one and saw there were mixed grade fish. So we drove past the 40-60lb fish and went to the 100lb foamers. I hopped in and swam straight off the bow towards the foam. About 20 yards from it, I looked down and saw a few fish well in the 100-120lb range. I punched a dive and leveled out with the school of tuna which was a pack of about 10 fish. I locked eyes on the closest one and fired a perfect center shot and saw the slip tip toggle on the other side. He took off like a rocket and tombstoned the float. I called for the boat to throw me my fighting float and we put that fish in the boat 5 minutes later. That one was 100ish. One hour later the fish came back up and I got dropped off on another foamer. Not as big of a foamer as the first one but the fish were bigger for sure. I swam towards it and I saw a nice fish coming straight at me on the surface so I dove down to about 5 feet and anticipated for the the tuna to veer off either left or right and sure enough, he took off to my right. I intercepted his path and took a loooong shot with my 72" wells speargun. I got a good shot and he took my float down about 20 feet. This one really did not want to die. It took about 15 minutes to bring him up to the shooting line and 2 back up shots to the dome to finish it. We boarded that one and estimated it to weigh about 115lbs. After that, we chased more foamers but they were moving really fast and were very skittish. After a few attempts at diving them with no success I grabbed my jigstick and tied on a popper. I casted into the next foamer not realizing they were 100lb fish since the previous foamers were smaller fish. I handed the rod to my buddy and after a long 1 hour battle on 40lb line, we got that one on the boat. So now we had 3 tuna all over 100 pounds and we had an amazing ride home. We basically surfed it the whole way along with a ginormous pod of dolphin, and also some Risso Whales. It was truly an amazing experience! Two days before that I was lucky enough to get invited on yet another last minute paddy hopping trip and I smoked 6 dorado but I'll save that story for next time.

- Jorge Veliz Ramirez





BUG SEASON!!

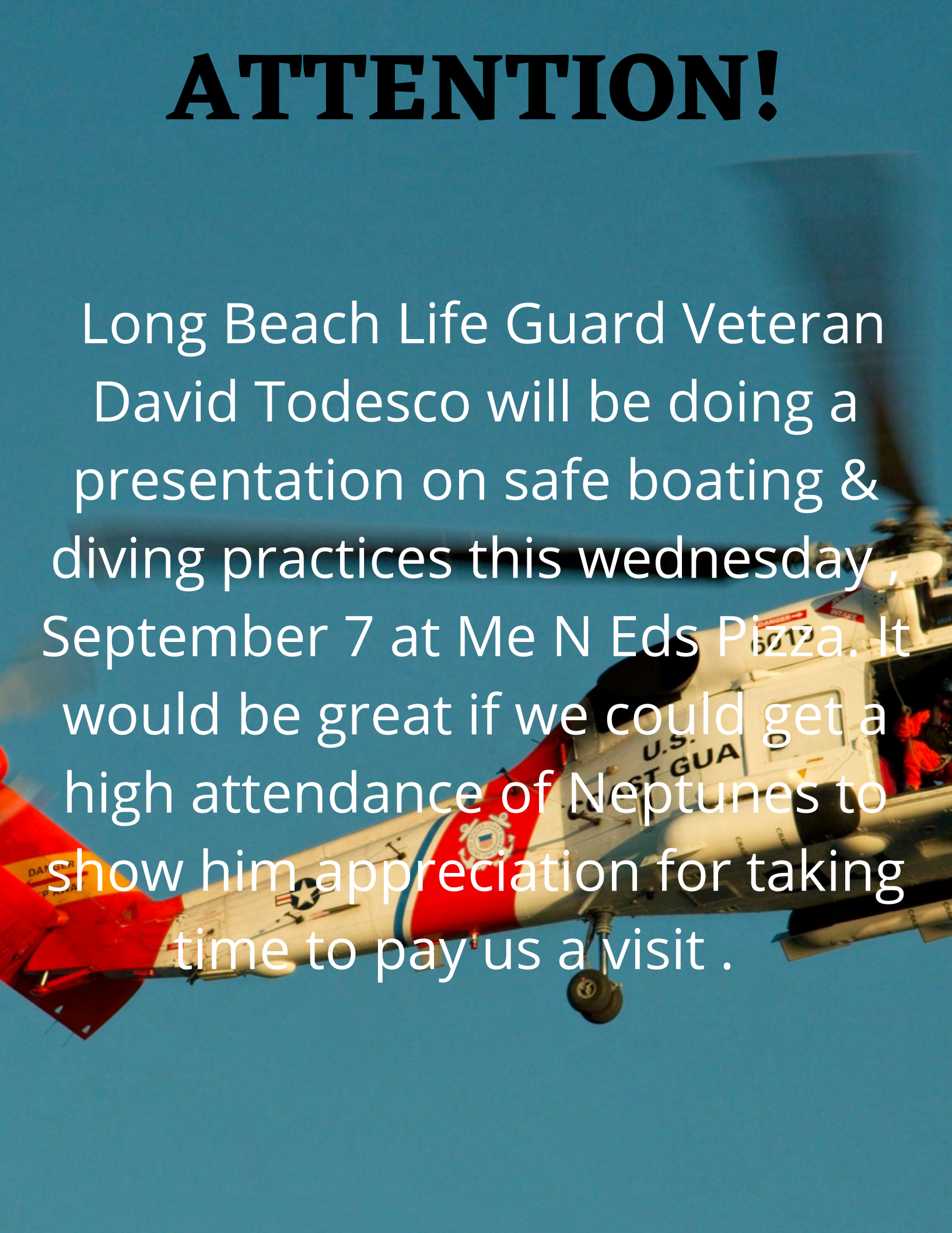
OPENS 6:00AM ON SUNDAY

OCTOBER 2ND



ATTENTION!

Long Beach Life Guard Veteran David Todesco will be doing a presentation on safe boating & diving practices this wednesday, September 7 at Me N Eds Pizza. It would be great if we could get a high attendance of Neptunes to show him appreciation for taking time to pay us a visit .



MONTHLY CLUB MEETING

SEPTEMBER 7TH @ 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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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	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	Jeff Bilhorn - 19.5
Bluefin Tuna	Richard Cunningham - 185
Lobster	Hobie Ladd - 8.2

OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

Yellowfin Tuna	Open
Bluefin Tuna	Dave Freeman - 175
Reef Fish	Open
Pelagic, non-tuna	Hobie Ladd (yellowtail) 31.1
Kent McIntyre Award	Paul Zylstra 102.55

Perpetual Big Fish Trophy Open

- October 2nd - First day of Lobster Season
- October 15th - Fall Classic
- December 10th - Christmas Party







The Long Beach Neptunes are proudly supported by the following entities

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