

The

TRIDENT

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2023 Board Members

President

Taylor Yates
714-747-6807
tayornyates714@gmail.com

Ex-Presidio

Juan-Carlos Aguilar
310-569-3316
juanmilliondollars@yahoo.com

Vice President

Keith Kauffman
310-629-7605
Kauff270@gmail.com

Treasurer

Brandon Ward
714-321-1707
brandonward.info@gmail.com

Tentative Manager

Richard Cunningham
562-274-6198
arealone562@gmail.com

Newsletter Editor

Jacob Seto
424-219-6937
xtrdae86x@gmail.com

Recording Secretary

Chris Yates
714-642-8388
chrisryates@yahoo.com

Club Historian

Paul Byrd
949-500-1459
pbyrd@argosx.com

Conservation Liaison

Terry Maas
805-642-7856
tmaas@west.net

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
Calico Bass
White Seabass
Yellowtail
Halibut
Sheephead
Bonito
Barracuda
Dorado
Bluefin Tuna
Lobster

OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

Yellowfin Tuna
Reef Fish
Pelagic, non-tuna

Kent McIntyre Award

Will it be you this year???

Perpetual Big Fish Trophy

Let's go!!!

Open
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- ## 2023 CALENDAR
- **March 1st** - Monthly meeting IN PERSON at Me 'n' Ed's Pizzeria
 - **March 1st** - 2022 Fish Awards Ceremony
 - **March 22nd** - California Spiny lobster season ENDS
 - **April 5th** - Long Beach Neptunes Auction
 - **June 10th** - 60th Annual Blue Water Meet
 - **October 14th** - Long Beach Neptunes Fall Classic



MONTHLY CLUB MEETING

March 1st, 7:30 PM



This month's club meeting will be held IN PERSON,
at

Me-n-Ed's Pizzeria

**4115 Paramount Blvd, Lakewood, CA
90712**



2022

Winners

FALL CLASSIC



2nd Place - Kevin Inkster(Guest)

26.3lbs Yellowtail

3rd Place - Todd Norrell

25.3lbs Yellowtail

1st place - Juan Carlos Aguilar
34.3 lbs White Sea Bass
2nd place (Calico) - 2.1lbs



1st Place (Calico) - Chase Buchanan - 6.2lbs
1st Place (Lobster) - Chase Buchanan - 2.2lbs

Jeff Billhorn 2nd Place (Lobster) -2.1lbs

In Memoriam
Don Paul
Gaboury



As many of you know by now Don Paul Gaboury a recently inducted Life Member of the Long Beach Neptune's passed away suddenly and unexpectedly and entered into eternal life. Through the next couple of pages there are a couple stories from fellow Neptune's and Don Paul's son Dillon, also some quotes from Don Paul and pictures that I hope you enjoy

Don Paul Gaboury

A memoir from Robin A. Carden

The night was aglow of corals, big fish and friends. I usually dream about diving, since I experienced the most fantastic adventures of my life. There is something about free-diving and being in the ocean that cleans the plaque of your soul. Once you put your head in the water, there is no sense of time, only a sense of happiness and clarity in life. It was late one night when I was dreaming about diving in the Papua New Guinea. The colors, the big fish and the stories at night. Suddenly, this incredible dream went black. This incredible diving dream faded into a black visual nightmare. I never have nightmares and this made me get up out of bed, take a bathroom break and get some water. I looked at my iPhone and it was 2am in the morning. I finally went back to sleep on the top of the bed because I was over heated and trying to understand this faded dream. I finally found sleep.





Don and our tribe, with Dixie holding the firepower in San Francisquito, Baja



In the morning, I was awakening to a call from Don's son Dillon. He asked me if I was sitting down. I knew there was something wrong. He told me that Don had passed away. He told me it was at 2am in the morning. I could not talk and told him I would call him back in a bit.

Don and I first met in 1982. I had a saltwater fish importing company in Laguna Hills, next door to Don's fabrication shop. I would import rare aquarium saltwater fish and then acclimate them and then distribute them to saltwater fish stores. We started to bond over time and talked about diving locally every day. It was either Don or myself that would visit each other and talk about diving that day. Per both of our dive logs, we dove together 832 times since we first met in 1982. We would dive at least 4-5 times a week since we met. Early in the late 80's we would use his red van to keep all of our dive gear in. It was exactly like the trailer used in the movie "The Big Blue". The smell from that Van as we opened it up made us smile. Kelp, fish scales with a small smell of stale beer were in the air always. We were friends for 40 years. He was my best man at my wedding in 1986. He was my best friend.

We dove together all up and down the coast of California. Calico's, Corbina, Sand Bass, Sheephead, Yellowtail, Halibut and the White Sea Bass ghosts were our bounty from the sea.



We started to venture out to the islands off California. San Clemente was our favorite. We both had Skipjacks back then and would venture out to San Clemente and shoot fish. We would stay the night in back coves, drink wine and beer and eat our fresh fish. This was our pandora's box. One night we were boarded by the San Clemente Navy Seals and were told to vacate the area by the night because there will be dangerous ordinances being delivered to the Island the next day.

We were at Pyramid Cove with a great catch of pelagic fish. We talked to one another about staying the night and getting up early to have one last early dive and leave to Catalina. The yellows and whites were in thick. We all got up and entered the water around 7am. The Yellows were everywhere around the upper cove. Boom! Suddenly, there was a huge noise and a power that you could feel from your inner core. The Navy had started with the ordinance flacking. We each made a fast kick cycle back to the boat and started to leave as fast as possible to Catalina, still in our wetsuits. As we were less than a mile off the island we heard and radio blast from the Navy Seals asking us to stop and await boarding. We increased our speed and saw a black Zodiac boat approaching us quickly. We kept our tact and moved toward Catalina. They were in fast pursuit of this Skippy. Finally, after 30 mins there was another blast over the radio. "This is the U.S. Navy", we were told to continue on our route and not come back or face criminal charges. We moored in Avalon and smiled over cold beers and sashimi. It was like a feeling that we got away with something. From that date we monitored every opening of the island.



Early in the morning at San Francisquito, Baja. Don with his gloves sharpening the speargun tips.



Don with two nice Wahoo's in Baja at our secret Wahoo spot.



Don with a 48lb Dorado aboard the Mary Lee. Cerralvo Island 2 miles south.

My favorite memories involved taking the Red Van down to San Francisquito, Baja. We would load more gear and used tires in the Van, a zodiac and motor, beer, water, food, extra gas and head down. Don built a speargun rack on the back of the Zodiac, which he called "Breathless"! One year we decided to take the Los Arco's cutoff and travel on the bad dirt road over the pass. It was a really bad dirt road with sharp granite rocks and very dusty. The temperature was in the high 90's and the only way we could cool down was to open all the widows, soak a bandana and wear it around your head and mouth. Just before we made the Los Arcos high pass, we saw a man waving a flag and asking us to stop. He asked us, in Spanish, "where we were going". We told him "To San Francisquito"! He asked us if he could get a ride. We said "Why sure"! Suddenly, out from behind a cactus came, not one but 3 kids and his wife. We loaded them up in the Red and moved on. As soon as we started the travel, all of the kids started crying and yelling because of our bandanas, they screamed "Banditos, banditos"! We would spend days diving and night eating our bounty with cold beer while camping on the beach. At night we would also read Steinbeck's "The log of the Sea of Cortez"! We would travel over 50 miles a day in that Zodiac around San Francisquito, with air leaks and a lack of gas at times. We dove Cerralvo Island many times and ventured to the 11 islands north of La Paz on John Barnes boat the "Mary Lee" many times. Wahoo up to 80lbs and huge pargo's were our bounty.



A quick afternoon dive with a yellowtail and a cabrilla for dinner. Notice the gun rack.



Coming back from a long 50-mile journey with a 50 lb Yellow and a large grouper. We ran out of gas next to Bahia Los Muertos with a leaky boat.



Four Free-divers with a variety - San Francisquito. 1984

Don was a master in metal fabrication and speargun development. Most times when we were about to leaving on a trip, we would visit Jay Riffe's garage at his house in Dana Point. Sometimes it would be late at night. Jay would also be there asking "What do you need"! We always heard Jay's wife yell out "Jay, is that Don and Robin again, tell them to be quick about it". Both Don and myself had a developed a great relationship with the Riffe family.



Don Pauls custom built Speargun he so called "Double Trouble"



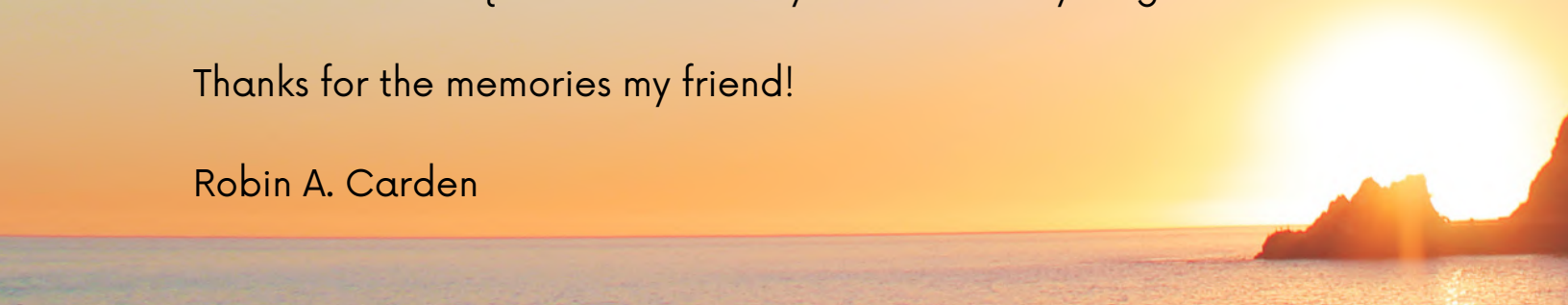
Don Paul Gaboury and Jay Riffe

These stories, and many more, will forever stay with me forever. I smile now when I look at the ocean and feel that I was lucky to dive with him so many times and be a part of Don's life. Somewhere he is designing and fabricating an ancient trident and waiting for another adventure.

One who was born by the ocean or has been associated with it, cannot ever be quite content away from it for very long.

Thanks for the memories my friend!

Robin A. Carden





In 1979 I lived at Victoria Beach, a hippie named Richard always had a few of the local cuties gather when he came out of the surf with a nice fish. The other big chick magnet was a dog named Bear, a huge red husky we had trained to pee on tourist's beach towels. I decided getting a dog was out of the question and set out building a pole spear out of some left over carbon fiber rod I had in my garage. I borrowed the green trident head from my childhood flounder sticker and I was ready to go. The next day I walked down the long stairs past Ozzie Nelson's house armed with my frog fins, mask, and new pole spear. At the base of the stairs I was refreshed by the spray of a large shore-brake as it curled down the sand. On the beach, my friends were playing volleyball as I waited for a lull in the set and hustled through the white water.

Once outside the breakers I pulled my mask up from around my neck, sealed it and dropped into the crisp clear November water. Now the lack of wet suit, big surf and a long pointy thing got me thinking a dog may be not such a bad thing after all. Just then a small corbina finned into view, I dropped down and saw the dark shape of a large uncovered halibut. In one motion I dove to the bottom thrusting the frog gig hard into his head. Great billows of sand erupted as I pined his head and finally was able to get a death grip within the gills. Now the fish was convulsing bait fish as a started for shore. As I looked at my friends on the beach I could see them standing up and pointing at me. Finally a little attention for the non-surfing Yankee Boy. Wow.... where did all that water go...what is that loud hissing sound ? As I glanced over my shoulder a sick feeling came to the pit of my stomach, like when you run out in front of a car and say ...Oh Shite! The huge wave sucked me in and over the curl, I didn't know where my mask and polespear were but me and my flatty were heading for shore. I also don't remember body slamming that tourist with the black knee socks and sandals, lying on that new \$20.00 beach chair. Then the great wave receded with it's bounty of coolers, boggie boards and tanned bodies. Bear was licking my face when I opened my eyes, blood was dripping off my trashed hand and a 25# Halibut was in my lap. "That was Far Fuc-kin Out" how long you been surfin flatties? asked a sleek blond bartender I knew from the White House Pub.

It was right then I knew California was my new home.
Beach's, barbecues, and blonds with a dog named Bear.

Cheers Don Paul



As most of you probably know, Don Paul Gaboury recently--and unexpectedly--passed away. He had a lot more life to live and more fish to hunt.

I did not know Don extremely well. We dived together at Catalina in the 80ies, along with his close friend Robin Carden. About once a month Don, a few other Neptunes, and I would make the drive to San Diego to hangout with Jack Prodanovich and Wally Potts. What a learning process that was.

Don was a competent diver and a true sportsman. He was genuinely concerned about the environment and the well-being of our fisheries. He was always serious about our sport; however, once you got beyond his serious side, Dons humor and infectious smile were on display.

Some of you may not know that Don was fiercely loyal to his fellow Neptunes and friends. If you had a serious problem, Don would be first in line to help, sometimes to his own detriment.

We will miss him.

Tom and Judy Blandford





A coffee cup from Lockburne AFB (where I was born in Ohio) full of White Sea Bass otoliths.

I made a necklace and bracelet with larger ones I had. I only remove them from the fish over 50 lbs now.

Cheers, Don

My Fav YT and Tuna dinner... after Sushi.

- 1. Cut 3" square and 1" thick.*
 - 2. Wrap with Boar's Head bacon pinned with tooth picks.*
 - 3. Melt 3 clove diced garlic, juice from 1 lemon, 1/3 stick butter in small metal cup. (No microwave)*
 - 4. Brush fish with baste top and bottom.*
 - 5. Barrbi on med heat app 5 min per side till golden brown.*
 - 6. Use a Wee Bit of Guinness to put out large flame outs.*
 - 7. Pepper to taste.*
 - 8. Serve with fresh dill sauce on the side.*
 - 9. Drink any left over Guinness.*
- Cheers, Don*



I've known Don since the '70s. Don would often come to the Charlie Sturgill pole spear meets that we staged over at Charlie's house and partake in the activities. We would always compare notes on speargun manufacturing and current things that we were developing while spearfishing competitions. He was always a lot of fun and a great technician. Super knowledgeable, mechanical aptitude as well. He would always give technical advice on engine rebuilding, motor tune-ups before our long road trips down to Baja. He would also give us input when we were looking for stories to publish in the newsletter.

He touched so many of us in so many ways. Don, buddy, you are greatly missed.

Fellow Neptune

Paul Major



I have never lost a fish to a seal, and I have gone face to face with some big bulls. I have hunted in front of many rookery's as some times they be great WSB spots because no one likes to dive there.

A big bull Fu#ked with me for 30 min when I had a 40 # yellow in one hand and was fighting to not get swept off Pyramid head by a raging current on San Clemente isalnd. I still had my lower shaft cocked and locked on my double, but there is no way I would have shot him, even though he bit my fins a few times and was barking in my face. When I finally made it to me swim step, I flung the yellow over the stern and the asshole went on to the swim step barking his ass off. Before he made it onto the deck my friend hit him over the head with his teak gun which did nothing but piss him off more. I got to the bridge and grabbed a air horn and that did the trick.

*If they ever get a few fish from you they will try to rule the spot. I had a few guns on my boat but there is no way I would ever kill one. It's their ocean, but they will have to compete with me for the fish I shoot. I would not want to Fu#k up my karma. I have not fared as well with Giant Black Sea Bass, big one's have
swallowed 30# yellowtail and bent my shaft a few times.*

Cheers, Don

I was diving with a buddy on a 105 mile offshore bank and we had washed the deck and packed the fish and were on our way home. My friend says " let's hit one more bank that has some kelp for White Sea Bass".

After a 45min ride he drops me on a 100 foot kelp bed with no current. I swim 50 feet into the bed and make a dive to look for bait, but it's dead. As I reach the surface I flinch as a Nice Yellowtail charges into my face and disappears behind thick kelp stalks. I take a hail Mary and seconds later my float is getting dipped on the end of the 100' drag line. After my buddy Donnie spots me I begin 20mins of deep diving, cutting and clearing kelp to get to the fish. The shaft had entered the gill slit and out the gill plate. Back on the boat the fish weighed 48.5lbs. A nice way to end a long dive day.

Cheers, Don Paul



The first time I met Don Paul he was gifting me something for my wife. I had never spoke to him in person, however through the magic of the internet, I was connected to one of the legends of our sport. I was very active in the online forums years ago, and was soliciting advice for ideas on how to solve a problem. He chimed in, offered some great info, and I thought that would be the end of my interaction with him.

I had known about Don Paul for years from his appearances in Terry Maas' publications. The pictures and stories of him in Bluewater Hunting and Freediving have been permanently imprinted in my mind since I first laid eyes on the book. Now, years later, here he was talking to an unknown "newbie" on the internet, helping solve my (and my wife's) problems.

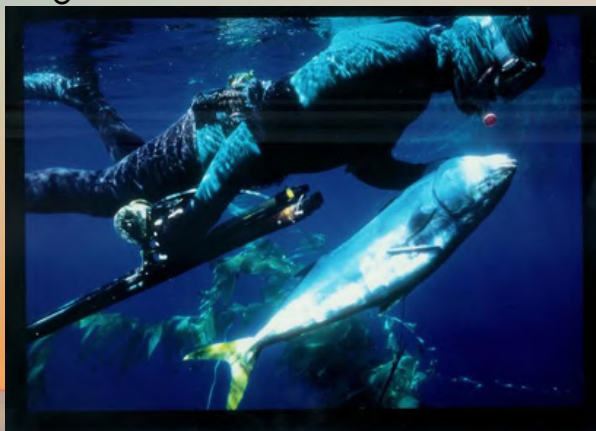
I managed to sneak away from the island to come to a Neptunes monthly meeting, and lo and behold, Don Paul happened to be there. I mustered up the courage to go shake the man's hand, and meekly introduced myself to this larger than life personality. He gave me a stiff handshake, and a serious smile, and said, "Oh! I have something for you!" He went to his car and brought back a bag with some green 9/16" rubber. Written on the bag was 32Juan, my screen name. "I thought this might help your wife load her gun, it's stretchy and should do the trick", he said. I hadn't told him I was going to be at that meeting. He had made up this bag and was keeping it in his car on the off chance we met in person.

It was a humbling experience. It really showed me the level of thoughtfulness a person can have, and meant the world to me.

When I became a Neptune, I would occasionally see him at meetings, and when I was the Newsletter Editor, we talked about what the Neptunes meant to him. God, family, and the Neptunes were the three pillars in his life, he told me. I knew he meant it. When I became President, I wanted to honor him with the Life Member Award, and the Board was unanimously in favor of the action. When I told him he was being inducted as a Life Member, he lit up like a fish. His eyes told me all I needed to know, and he gave me a big hug. Handing him his Award and seeing him speak at the Christmas party was a highlight of my life.

Thanks for being so welcoming Don Paul Gaboury, you will be missed.

Juan-Carlos Aguilar



I don't find WSB to be just ghosts or smart fish, they are just white sea bass.....

In the world of legendary White Sea Bass there are no rules that apply the same every day or every season. They can be hard to find and easy to piss off, then harder to get rid of when your cutting out that yellowtail from the kelp in 40 feet of water. I have had a pair of 50's swim and park like bookends starring at a big yellow wrapped at the East end Quarry.

I have shot them at Tanner Bank on a 60 foot high spot,(110 miles offshore) and shot big fish while kneeling in 3' of white wash water. I have had them swim up and watch me knife urchins to draw in calico bass then give me time to pick my gun from the sand and place a head shot.

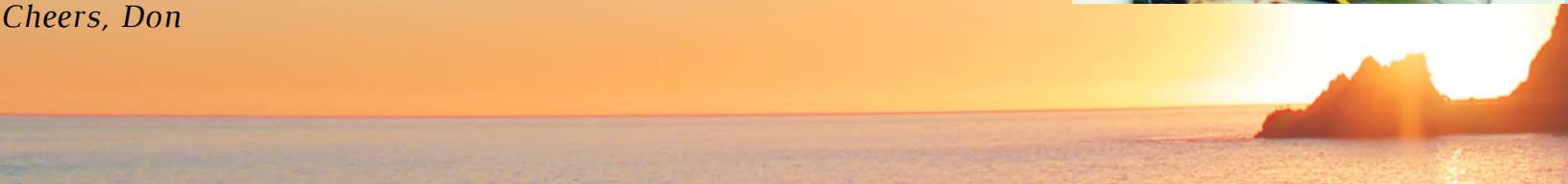
During the Blue Water Meet scouting a 151ber followed me for a bit and never led me to her mom.:rolleyes1:

Try laying your gun on a grass covered rock while you and a Nor Cal friend spot each other in a crevice diving abs in 6' of water while a 60 pounder looks at the mesh bag.:@ Yes she was a ghost that day... as soon as I crawled back to my gun.

Two very legendary hunters saw fish for three days before the Blue Water Meet. One spot held a school of 30 to 50 lb fish between a inside bed and a ledge. Even after Terry croaked to them and swam out the way he came in, the fish were not any where to be found at 5am on meet day.

That's what make White Sea Bass a life time fish we can hunt but never truly know for sure, and that's what I like about them. One day while swimming back to the boat on the "wrong tide"with big current; you will look down after you uncock your gun, only to see a stream of golden/green backs of 40lb fish glide past in the blue water. Those are the days I live for.

Cheers, Don



haven't been a Neptune for very long and I don't have any stories from back in the days or of now that I could share with you about diving with Don Paul Gaboury.

What I can tell you about Don Paul Gaboury is this... I remember as I was a tentative I had just gone up and did my normal introduction and sat back down and I remember Don Paul coming over to my table, sitting down across from me, smiling and reaching out his hand he said "I just want to thank you for all your help you have been providing to the club." I had no idea who this man was but I shook his hand as I said "Thank you, I'm glad I can be of service".

Meetings came and went and I remember seeing Don Paul here and there and even though being in close proximity to each other, we never exchanged anything else besides the usual "Hi" or "Hello". Truth be told I was trying to keep my distance because I felt like a jackass because I had forgot Don Paul's name.

Finally the day came, and here I was standing in front of everyone being accepted into the Long Beach Neptunes. As I got my patch and went to go sit down Don Paul came over shook my hand and welcomed me into the club.

I didn't know Don Paul Gaboury, We had never hung out or been friends, and I can't even tell you his favorite color (even though I think it's black). This is all I can say. Don Paul had a gravitating energy about him. I could tell that the Neptune's meant a lot to him and that he was happy welcoming a new member into the club. We sat and talked for a few minutes one night and Don Paul had so many great stories of different fish he'd speared all over the world.

I learned that Don Paul Gaboury was a Pioneer, a developer, a master at building what his mind could think up, a traveler, a highly accomplished spearo and a very loving father. I am honored to have shared the few minutes I did with Don Paul.

Thank you for your kind heart and wisdom

Jacob Seto



The Dragon swim is a unique event that used to take place in conjunction with the annual boat parade in Long Beach Harbor. A enormous fire breathing dragon is propelled by thirty to fifty Neptunes and few special guests.

The members are all adorned in red stocking caps as they swim the dragon through the harbor. The dragon it self is astonishing, but the history behind it's creation is truly amazing. One of the founders of the group told me the immense dragon started out as a small potted Christmas tree with lights. Little did Big Jim Christiansen and his friends know that on a cold night in December they would begin a tradition that would last for many decades.

For them, swimming around the harbor carrying a small Christmas tree with lights was all in a good days fun.

These were the days before wetsuits were invented, and therefore these Neptune members received rewards for braving the cold waters of December. As they swam to different boats displaying their lighted tree, the occupants of the boat usually found it in their hearts to issue these men a beer for the good nature.

After swimming through three or four rows of boats the men were sufficiently inebriated, and so started the tradition which is now known as the Dragon Swim.

This tradition, when analyzed, shows the ingenuity of the group along with their strong sense of pride. The dragon that evolved from a small potted Christmas tree was for a long time the lead float in the annual parade.

What was once a cheap way to get beer. is now a attention demanding pyrotechnic display with a forty human powered engine. Another aspect of the float that gives insight to the Neptunes true core values is the creature itself. In the days of uncharted waters tales of mighty sea monsters devouring boats struck fear into all sailors. The most formidable creature of them all, the sea dragon, was a force not to be doubted. The Neptune Dragon not only shows the group's creativity, but it is a symbol of the strength they possess in the aquatic environment.

I need to help the younger members to understand this, and help me bring the Dragon Swim back.

To be continued.....:D

Cheers, Don



Admittedly I never thought I'd be having to write something like this at 23 years old, but here it goes. I could write an entire novel about how great of a spear fisherman, fabricator, or craftsman my father was. However, I'm writing this to give some insight into another thing he was great at: being my dad.

At a young age, he instilled in me the importance of being the best person I could possibly be and that no dream or goal of mine was unattainable if I worked hard for it. He lived by the same principles. He was no stranger to hard work, and more importantly he did his best to impact every person he knew in a positive way.

He taught me how to think outside the box, and to always find a way to innovate. There were many times where he'd have an idea while we were sitting at a restaurant, and he'd draw intricate sketches of whatever he was designing on a receipt or random piece of paper.

He lived a very full life even though he was taken far too soon. Some but not all of the highlights would include: working at Ferrari, earning his King Neptune and Life Member award, becoming a father, and the countless dive trips with his best friends.

Love you dad - Dillon



PS, my 10 year old boy hit a nice home run tonight at his game, he is already 5 foot tall and 105 lb. Last night he received his green belt in Shorin ryu karate.... so it's been a good week for a dad.

Cheers, Don

Dillon and I christen Thumper in NewPort Beach yesterday with Red Brest whisky and a toast . She runs fast and stable .Thanks for following my long journey back to the sea.

All the best, Don



Please don't let another divers depth draw you deeper then you feel good at. I have a 10 year old son but I only stopped diving past 90ft a year ago. I backed off on deep caves as well, my ego around my mates made me do very stupid things.....but come to think of it I got real stupid at the last Shogun fight whensome one didn't shut up. I still need to grow up some day.

Cheers, Don



"Great mother ocean brought forth all life, it is my eternal home"

Don Berry from Blue Water Hunters.



ANNOUNCEMENTS

BLUE WATER MEET 2023

Every year for the past decade I've tried to figure out how I can get to Catalina for the Blue Water Meet in June. I live in Arizona and my boat is in Mexico, so it's always difficult. I noticed this year that several members faced the same problem and needed a ride to the meet. I'm not sure if it worked out for them, but there may be a solution next year (2023).

Juan-Carlos has chartered the Bottom Scratcher for the past two years for dive trips to SBI. These have been great trips: an outstanding crew, a diesel-powered RIB as a chase boat, limited divers and a boat that is setup for free divers. Juan asked the skipper/owner, Kevin, if his boat would be available to charter for next year's BWM. Kevin sincerely enjoys having Neptunes on board and immediately agreed to a possible BWM charter.

Tentatively, we'd leave 22nd Street Landing on Friday at midnight, dive all day Saturday, attend the weigh-in party that night and return to LA Harbor by 0600, Sunday morning. The chase boat will act as a water taxi for the beach festivities. Juan won't be able to organize the BWM charter for next year and asked me if I'd handle the charter. It was a no-brainer. Of course I would.

So, the reason for this note is to determine if there is an interest from club members in this charter for the 2023 BWM. I'm not asking for a commitment; I want to see if we have enough members to fill the boat (10 to 12, divers). I don't have a cost yet, but it will be less than the SBI charters.

If you are interested or have questions, please send me a note at mvgracias45@gmail.com , call me or text me at (562) 522-8670.

Tom Blandford

PS it's nice to have someone else prepare meals and clean the boat.





The Long Beach Neptunes are proudly supported by the following entities

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