

THE
TRIIDENT

September 2023
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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

2023 CALENDAR

- **September 6th** - Monthly meeting IN PERSON at Me 'n' Ed's Pizzeria
- **October 4th** - Monthly meeting IN PERSON at Me 'n' Ed's Pizzeria
- **October 14th** - Long Beach Neptunes Fall Classic
- **December 9th** - Long Beach Neptunes Christmas Party

FISH STANDINGS

CALIFORNIA

Calico Derby		Open
Calico Bass -	Todd Farquhar	7.8lbs
White Seabass -	Paul Zylstra	71.6lbs
Yellowtail		Open
Halibut -	Jacob Seto	20.9lbs
Sheephead		Open
Bonito		Open
Barracuda		Open
Dorado		Open
Bluefin Tuna -	Juan Carlos Aguilar	62lbs
Lobster		Open

OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

Yellowfin Tuna		Open
Reef Fish		Open
Pelagic, non-tuna -	John Hughes	Yellowtail - 47.8lbs
Kent McIntyre Award		
Paul Zylstra - YT -39.6lb WSB -71.6lb		111.2lbs

Perpetual Big Fish Trophy



MONTHLY CLUB MEETING

September 6th, 7:00PM



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

Me-n-Ed's Pizzeria

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





2023
BLUE WATER
MEET

CEREMONY
TROPHY

MY FIRST SPEARED BLUEFIN

I went out with Juan and his buddy, Shane, on Juan's boat. We headed south out of Cat Harbor and within an hour we were sitting fish. Not foamers but onesy twosy jumping. As we pursued the jumpers we would start marking schools on sonar 100+ feet down.

I had heard that if you dive on deep schools the fish will come up to check out the diver. Juan was first in the water and was able to come in contact with the school. I won't elaborate on his first turn in the water but soon it was Shane's turn to go. His turn was similar to Juan's and I was up next.

Another school was located on sonar and I was in the water with my heart beating like a drum. My first dive I made it all of about twenty feet before I had to surface for air. Second dive wasn't much better and the school sank out.

Back in the boat it didn't take long to locate another school. The third dive was just slightly better and as I leveled out at 35 feet the bluefin were all around me. The first one I spotted took a turn away from me but it was followed closely by another, closer one. I let go a good shot and saw the spear hit the fish and watched the black bungee fly by me. Score!

On the surface the float was tombstoned and not moving much. It didn't take long to pull the fish up to the shooting line. Then, with the help of my boat mates, we pulled the fish up and I was able to put a kill shot to the head.

Shane got his BF shortly after that and Juan not long after that. Weighing in at Juan's house, we found my fish was smallest at 58 lbs. , Juan was next at 62 and Shane had the winner at 92 lbs. Three for three. What a fantastic day!

GRAIG



BOB

Night Out

with the "But" master

Late July one evening I responded to one of Hobie's invitations on our newbs' group chat for tentatives. The invite was to night dive in his infamous "brown triangle." I figured I haven't dove with the 'but master yet so I headed over to his place at about 21:00 one evening. He carools us over, I imagine so as to not immediately reveal his secret location. He didn't really have to worry because I was too preoccupied with being suffocated in my suit that evening anyway. I had just returned from diving in Vancouver Island at sub-50s waters and I was still too cheap to get a proper 5mm suit so it was either freeze in my 3mm surf suit or go rug-shopping while being cooked alive in my 7mm. I should've picked the former because by the second time I had peed, only adding to the heat, I was panting like a dog. Still, I persisted for 2 hours. Finally after I reconvened with the Halibut King in the water and was about ready to throw in the towel, I see him bag a decent 28 incher. He tells me where to go, and 5 minutes later, sure enough, in about 7 feet of mud, warm water, and even warmer piss, I stick my first little brown triangle summer souvenir of just 24". I would have used the whole carcass, but at 1am and with the assurance of his neighborhood raccoons being kept happy we tossed the scraps in the bushes and I made for home with four dinner sized filets.



**AWEI
LU**



A Day Out with some Navy Boys

I've recounted stories of my unsuccessful WSB streak on many a Neptunes' nights in the past several months, partly out of tentative story obligations and partly at the encouragement of my sponsor, Mike, and other Neptunes who seem very amused by them. It began in the 2021 bluewater meet with a shot placed on a massive fish at 45 feet that led to it taking off with Seamus' gun due to a reel jam. To my chagrin, neither the gun nor the fish attached to it were ever found and I'll likely never hear the end of it.

The losing streak continued this season when I was out huntin' for ghosts with our esteemed newsletter editor. One foggy morning on the peninsula, in one dive, I had encountered and undershot two (one of which Seto estimated to be at least 40 lbs) over-estimating the power of the gun I was borrowing. Evidence of both shots were captured on footage that I hastily stored on a drive, then padlocked in a reinforced steel chest and subsequently sunk to the bottom of the ocean because nobody is ever watching that. So that's 0 for 3 and by early August I was resigned to switching to YT mode.

It was at this time that a student from the PFI course I was assisting Seamus with invited me out to a day on the Northern Channel Islands with him and his boys. They scooped me up at 0430 one morning, and all present in the company sans yours truly were active or former Navy boys. My other observation was that the whole party of six comprised of Asians, so my immediate thought was that we were gonna be sitting ducks for fish and game to pull over (it's been a while since I've practiced pretending like I don't speak English).

Shortly after 0600 we had an old Navy police center-console zodiac set up and loaded like it was ready for surface warfare. We mobbed out to the backside of S. Cruz Is. going 24 kts on glass surfaces. She was an inviting ocean on this day and, even on two hours of sleep I was itching. After watching the fellas hook & line for a couple of hours, filling an ice chest with ocean whites, mackerel, and rocks, I lazily donned the aforementioned 7mm and requested a drop off up-current.

The kelp was at a 30 degree angle. I zigzagged my way through 30 ft of water drifting about 300 yards in 10 minutes. I couldn't believe my eyes then, in 20 ft I saw three WSB all within a 40 ft radius. I took a shot from the surface, missed, and when I saw that the other 2 were not spooked yet I reloaded my gun in movements that were so smooth and measured I must've appeared robotic. It required all my willpower to suppress my excitement and act nonchalant. Not bothering to even wrap the line on my gun, loading only 2 of the 3 bands on my 63" marauder, I drifted with the direction of the last WSB in sight, who was already suspicious and starting to evacuate. I croaked, she turned ever so slightly... good shot. She took off and ten minutes of wrestling kelp later I was swimming back to the zodiac with my first ever (kept) late-season Californian ghost.



The return drive consisted of a pit-stop at the Hueneme Naval Base in Ventura where we attracted some onlookers as we washed significant blood volume from the boat. No fish and game authorities were encountered that day, but I did battle rats in the dark while delirious and processing the fish at 3 am. The stones were kept for a future art project and I went to sleep dreaming of golden kelp forests.

Awei Lu

TENTATIVE INTRODUCTION

David Schwier. Huntington Beach. Male 42. Husband and father of 2. I started spearfishing when I was working summers at Von's just out of high school in Avalon around 2001. My uncle Martin Bruechle aka DockRat gave me a small rusty gun and I walked over to Pebbly area and jumped in. I had no idea what I was doing, but loved every minute I was in the water. Shot fish, cooked them, shared, and had a blast. My background skills are all mountains and snow growing up, so I don't have any "my pops showed me how to fish" stories. I like to prepare, be safe, be successful and have fun.



I've been to a couple Blue Water meets and fall classics with my sponsor over the years and have seen a solid crew that I would be proud to be a member of. I even had a memorable experience last month meeting the "Anchor Angel" Richard Cummingham out in his "backyard".

My memorable fish story to share is my first 2 small WSB. Camping at Little Harbor 2009, kayaked outside the kelp with my brother in trunks and a ridiculous striped shirt. Shot both before he was done tying the kayak up to some kelp. Fed everyone in the campground. Over the years, I've harvested a bunch of fish, just not trophy size yet. Can't wait to get more. Also, thanks to Longlifeahead.com for the best sashimi knife ever, The Ruby White Pearl.

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Mark you calender and don't forget to

sign up!

2023 LONG
BEACH
NEPTUNES

FALL
CLASSIC

OCTOBER 14TH



The Long Beach Neptunes are proudly supported by the following entities

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