



THE TRIDENT

VOLUME 73 ISSUE 3

WSB vs 7-Gill

By Eric Rail

Here's a story I certainly won't forget... Matt Cruz, Steve Parkford, NateDogg, and I went on a WSB hunt. We stopped at a spot commonly known as Parkford's Spot # 179. The viz was around 10-15 feet with minimal wind and swells. The sun was out, and it was a beautiful day. I jumped in first, and within 5 minutes a 35 pound WSB swam directly under me in the same direction I was heading. I quickly took a shot from the surface with my Mori-modified Ulusub and nailed it right behind its head. The fish took off, peeling off most of my reel line before I put some tension on it so it would wrap up on the kelp. The other guys weren't even in the water yet when I yelled that I had a fish on. I let go of my gun and started following the reel line to where the fish tied up. It was a good 200 feet away. I took a dive and found the fish at the bottom, 25 feet from the surface. It still had some life in him, but my slip tip was perfectly toggled. I gave the fish a bear hug and dispatched him. I was running out of breath so I went for my ascent, but instantly got hung up on my shooting line. My knife was still in my hand, so I made the quick decision to cut myself free and get to the surface. I had ahold of my reel line so I wouldn't lose my gun, and I held onto the kelp stock so I wouldn't drift off of the spot. I yelled for help once I realized I was in a tough position. Matt got to me in about 5 minutes and I explained to him what just went down. I handed over my reel line to him and took a dive to retrieve my fish, but the damn thing was gone! Nate and Steve arrived at the spot when I surfaced, and they both went down for a look as well and couldn't find it either. Then Nate, who has 10 years of military training, started having Army flashbacks. He took control of the situation and quickly went into Search and Recover mode. I think his Army platoon motto was "leave no soldier, or fish behind." Nate came back up after another drop and said "There is a big 7-gill down there. Follow the shark and you'll find your fish." I took another drop and couldn't find the shark, but Nate did. He saw the direction the shark was heading and then performed a tactical search pattern on the ocean floor. His zig-zag search method proved to be effective because he found the damn fish! It only took around 10 minutes to find it, but it seemed like an hour! My brand new Mori-shaft was gone, but Matt found the slip tip right next to the spot that Nate found the fish. The the 35 pound WSB was now more like 25 pounds after the shark had a nice meal out of it. After wiping the tears of joy out of my eyes and high-fiving Nate, I started swimming the fish back to the boat with the shark following closely behind. The fish took quite a bit of damage, but we all got some nice fillets out of it. The meal I made at home never tasted better!

One thing that I'd like to point out is that we constantly have to remind ourselves that our spearfishing addiction is dangerous. No matter how much experience we may have, shit happens. Getting hung up on my shooting line was an eye-opener. I like to think of myself as ultra-safety conscious, but I still managed to get myself in a sticky situation. The comforting part of this story is that although I've only dove with Steve and Nate a couple of times (and Matt a million), those guys were there to help a brother out as fast as they could. There is an innate desire, or responsibility for spearfishermen to look out for one another, and I love that! This club has proven to be an ideal place to hang with like-minded people who just want to experience great adventures and have fun while doing the thing we love. Thanks again to Matt, Steve, and Nate for helping me land this bastard of a fish!



FISH STANDINGS

Todd Farquhar



6.4

Hobie Ladd



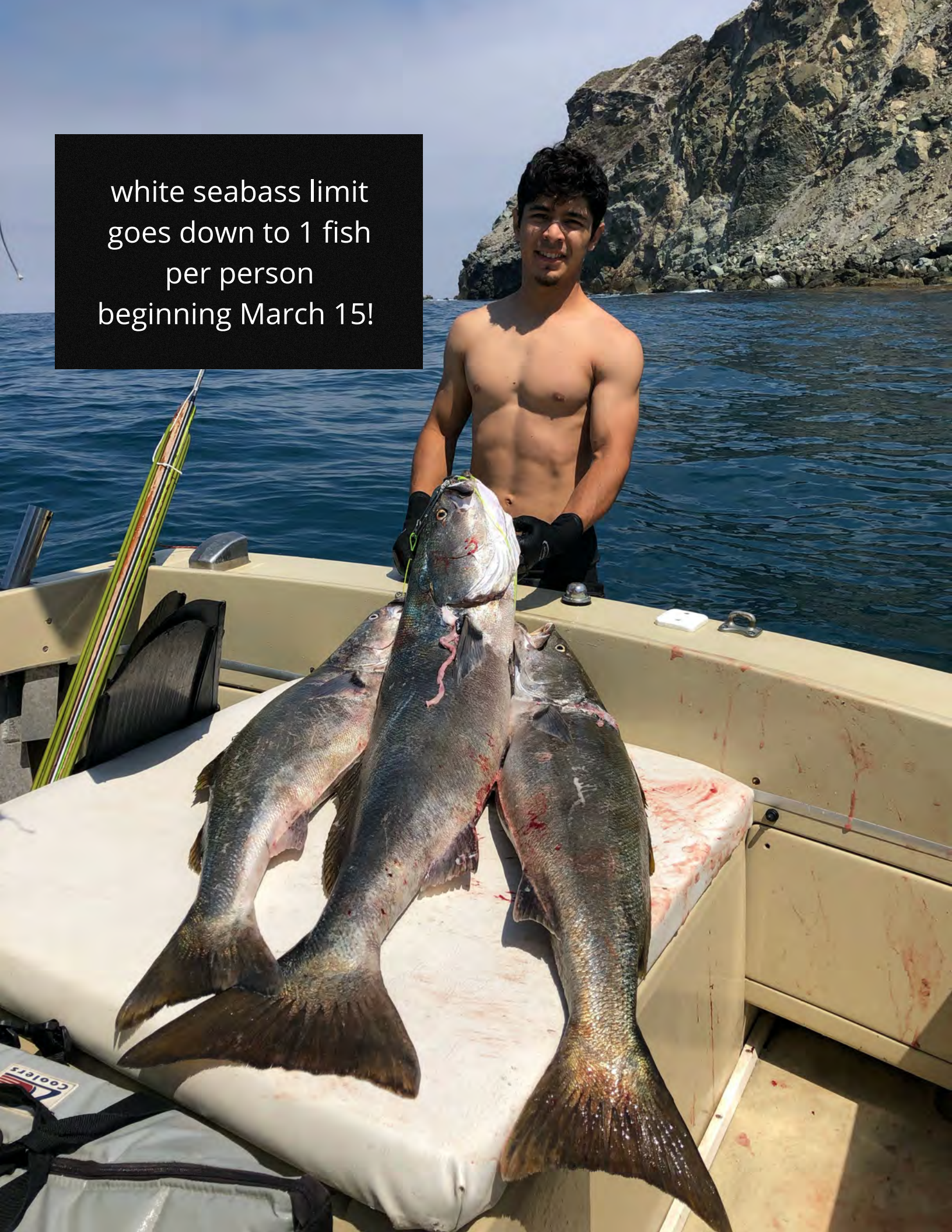
8.2

Richard Cunningham



24.9

white seabass limit
goes down to 1 fish
per person
beginning March 15!



FALL TRAVEL

My Dad use to say "it's not what you know, it's who you know." That saying was never truer to this story.

I got a phone call from my friend who lives in Santa Cruz asking if I wanted to fill a spot that came available for a Mag Bay trip he was going on. It was a group of guys who live up there and are members of the spearfishing club The Santa Cruz Kelp Stalkers. I checked with my wife and she was good with it so I was in.

We all communicated over the next several months and met up at the Cabo airport. When I walked outside Joe Prola was there. He and his family were friends with one of the guys on the trip and he was going with us. I was stoked he was on the trip too! So, we crammed eight grown men and all our gear in a van and drove to Mag Bay. We arrived at about 11pm and the boat was waiting for us. After we got our gear aboard and settled in the captain casted off the lines and we headed out. He told us the weather looked good for the next few days and more importantly his last fishing trip they found an area of wahoo no one knew about. As excited as I was the boat did its job and rocked me to sleep that night.

We woke up the next morning anchored on a spot the captain wanted to look at on the way to the secret spot. Everyone suited up, the panga was set loose to follow and keep track of us and we were in the water. It was blue! I kicked away from the boat and in about ten minutes about six wahoo came swimming by. I was thinking to myself as I dropped in on them the water is pretty clear so aim a fuzzi high. Guess what, I missed a fuzzi high on my first chance. Of course, they swam around me as I re loaded with their little fin flipping me off and disappeared as I got my last band on like all fish do.

Now I could hear and see a few other guys had shot fish. All the divers were experienced and really good about carving out a spot around the boat so not to crowd anyone. I did the same and waited. Throwing my flasher, drifting back in the current and kicking back to my little spot until another group of wahoo appeared. I dropped in again and swam away from the group for a second then turned back in their direction. As I turned back the whole group a fish was right in front of me gliding by. I watched their eyeball moving around looking at me as I picked out the closest one and shot it. It took off like a rocket and as I surfaced, I watched my float racing off. The pangero came over and I handed him my gun and went for a swim in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. After a little while I caught up to my float and pulled in my first fish of the trip. The panga came and picked me up and took me back to the boat where breakfast was waiting and I enjoyed a burrito and some coffee. Life was good and about to get better!

As the day went on the wahoo thinned out. I tore one more off and saw a few more but it was not as good as the morning for sure. We had twelve wahoo on the boat for the day. That evening the captain pulled the anchor and headed to the "secret" spot. Dinner was great and everyone enjoyed hearing each other's stories of the days adventure. The boat did its job again that night and rocked me to sleep.

I heard the anchor drop sometime in the early morning hours as I dosed back to sleep. I woke up a little while later to enjoy the sunrise and a cup of coffee. The captain was having a cup as well and told me he could see a school of wahoo on the sonar. Perfect! As the guys got up, we chatted for a few minutes and got suited up and jumped in. The water was just as blue as before but this time I saw about twenty wahoo gliding by. What stood out to me though was how big they were. My first wahoo on the trip from the day before was about 25

pounds. These fish were much larger. As I processed what I was seeing I felt like I had to pinch myself to make sure all this was real. A great group of guys, a nice boat, blue water, calm weather and a large school of wahoo swimming by. When my little moment passed, I told myself go shoot a fish you idiot! Ha! So, I did. I'm pretty sure these fish had never seen a diver because they swam straight in front of me. All of them. What a sight! Now I'm not the kind of diver that looks for the biggest fish in the school to shoot. I always shoot the fish closest to me. This time when I was surfacing, I watched my float disappear into the blue. The panga came by and told me my float came up on the other side of the boat. Lucky for me it was down current so off I went for a swim. I caught up to my float and pulled my fish in. It was a nice one. When I got back to the boat, I took a few pictures and taped the fish. It calculated to fifty-one pounds. My personal best.

Several other guys had shot fish by now too and we were putting a good score together. One of the fish that day taped out at seventy-two pounds!

One other spectacular sight we saw at this spot was the amount of marlin that were here. Every time we were in the water, we had marlin swimming by. Sometimes singles and a lot of the time groups of a dozen or more. One time I had one come in and swat my flasher with its bill all light up.

We continued to shoot wahoo on and off but they definitely got shyer as time went on as you'd expect. We stayed on that spot for two days and on the last day we went and tried some shallower reefs for a few yellowtail and one tuna.

That afternoon the captain pulled anchor and we headed back to the dock. We arrived in the early morning hours and the crew was packing our frozen, vacuum sealed wahoo for us to take home. We did the reverse loading guys and gear into the van and we were off to the airport.

In all there were forty wahoo taken, several missed or tore off, five dorado, one tuna and one marlin on the trip. I am so thankful to have had the opportunity to go with such a great group of divers and to have experienced something so special. It was a trip of a lifetime for me.

Paul Zylstra





S SPORTFIS





ATTENTION!



Lobster season ends MARCH 16! Fill up your freezers and turn in your lobster cards!



Dottie May Frazier , who was born on July 15, 1922 will undoubtedly be remembered as one of the most motivating and inspiring diving pioneers in North America. Dottie learned how to swim by the age of only 3 years old, learned how to row a boat by 6 and learned how to freedive at only 10 years old with a mask her father Francis made with scraps he dug out from their garage. Throughout her teenage years, Dottie became an avid free diver and hunter, entering tournaments all along the California coast as the only female competitor. According to Dottie, her father trained her to learn something new every single day, and even said he trained her to be “the son he never had”. Throughout her life, she picked up many hobbies /passions such as motorcycle riding, dredging for gold, surfing, boating, spearfishing, scuba diving and much more.



In the early 1950s, Dottie became a founding member of the early dive club “ Long Beach Neptunes “ and in the mid 1950s she qualified as the USA’s first female scuba diving instructor and also achieved top honors all while overcoming male resistance to allow her to enroll in the LA County Underwater Instructors certification course.

Later on she worked at the Penguin Dive shop which she ended up owning and running for 15 years which made her the first female dive shop owner! She was also known for designing and developing one of the first women’s range of wetsuits called “Penguin suits” and later manufactured drysuits for the US Navy and also supplied companies like US Divers.



In 2000, Dottie was inducted into the Women's Divers Hall of Fame and at the age of 97 was awarded the US Historical Society's Diving Pioneer award. One of Dottie's goals was to reach 100 years of age and unfortunately she came five months short of her goal. She passed away earlier this year on February 8 in Long Beach, CA where she lived all her life. Although she isn't physically with us anymore, her courageous spirit and inspiring energy will always follow our beloved club.



It is so hard to find the right words. When I look at some of the pictures at Mori's shop of the history of our club. It's pretty much the history of free-diving as we know it. I take a pause and stand awe-struck at the magnitude of greatness that Dottie, and the forefathers have forged for us guys. I love being a Long Beach Neptune. I have GOT to go shoot a fish. God Bless You Dottie! Thank you for inspiring all of us!

- Jeff Parmer



This saddens me.. we've lost our LAST charter member of the Neptunes. I have had the opportunity to get to know Dottie over the last 20+ Years and she is truly is a west coast diving icon. Her history and stories would fill a room for hours. If you were lucky enough to sit and chat with her, you'd know that she was a heck of a woman.

I was luck

- Phil Polanco

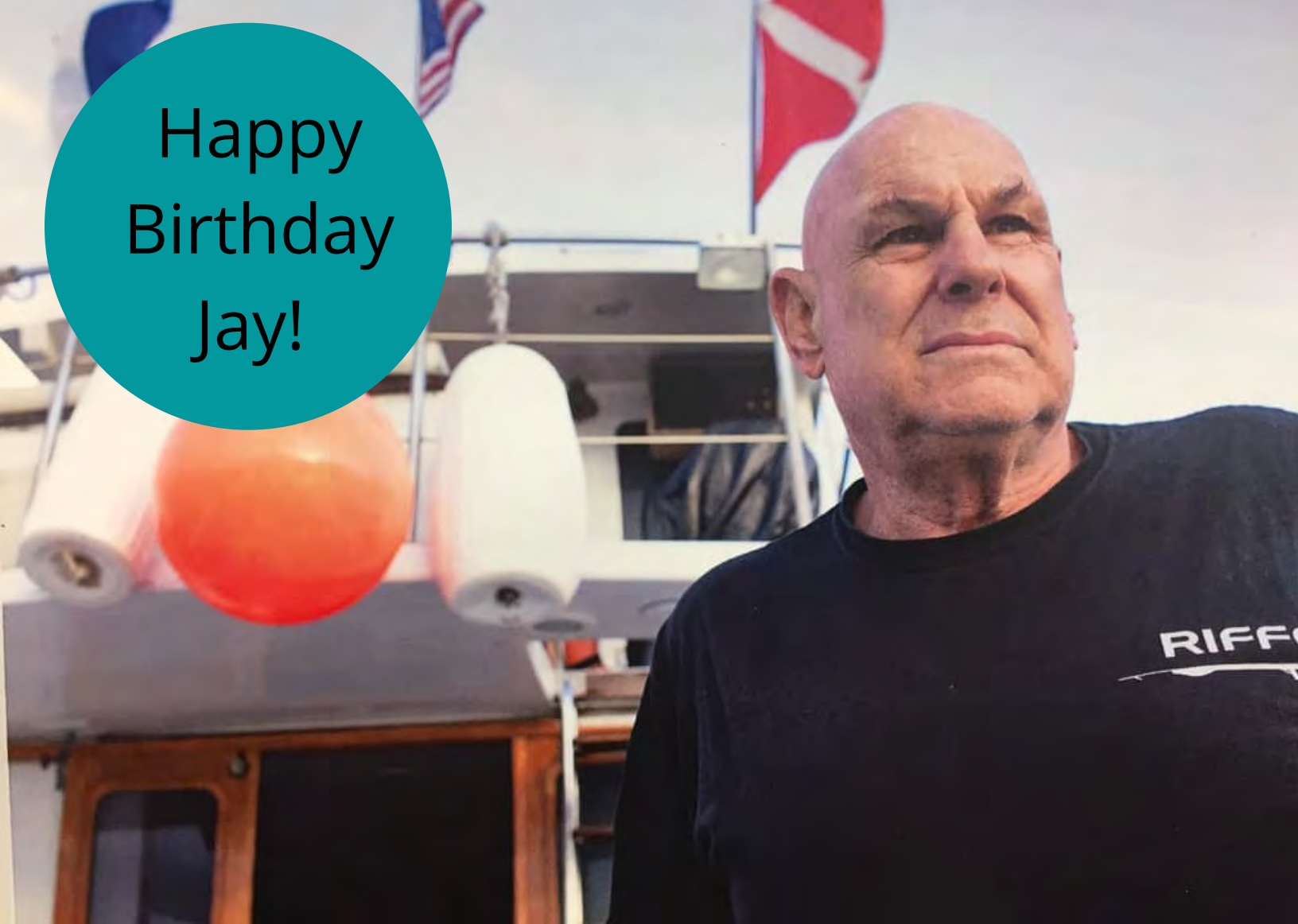


Rest In Peace
Dottie May Frazier



A ceremony for Dottie will be held
sometime around her birthday in July,
more information to follow soon .

Happy
Birthday
Jay!





Jay Riffe

February 24, 1938 - May 11, 2020

Dottie Frazier

July 15, 1922 - February 8, 2022

MONTHLY CLUB MEETING

MARCH 2ND @ 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 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

2022 CALENDAR

- March 2nd - Awards Banquet
- March 15th - White Seabass limit (1)
- March 16th - Lobster Season ends
- March 31st - Last day of Calico Derby
- April 6th - Neptunes Auction
- June 4th - Blue Water meet
- July 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

Calico Bass

White Seabass

Yellowtail

Halibut

Sheephead

Bonito

Barracuda

Dorado

Bluefin Tuna

Lobster

Todd Farquhar - 6.4

Todd Farquhar - 6.4

Open

Open

Open

Richard Cunningham - 24.9

Open

Open

Open

Open

Open

Hobie Ladd - 8.2

Open

Open

Open

Open

OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

Yellowfin Tuna

Reef Fish

Pelagic, non-tuna

Kent McIntyre Award

Perpetual Big Fish Trophy

Open







The Long Beach Neptunes are proudly supported by the following entities

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FIND REFUGE IN THE SEA

