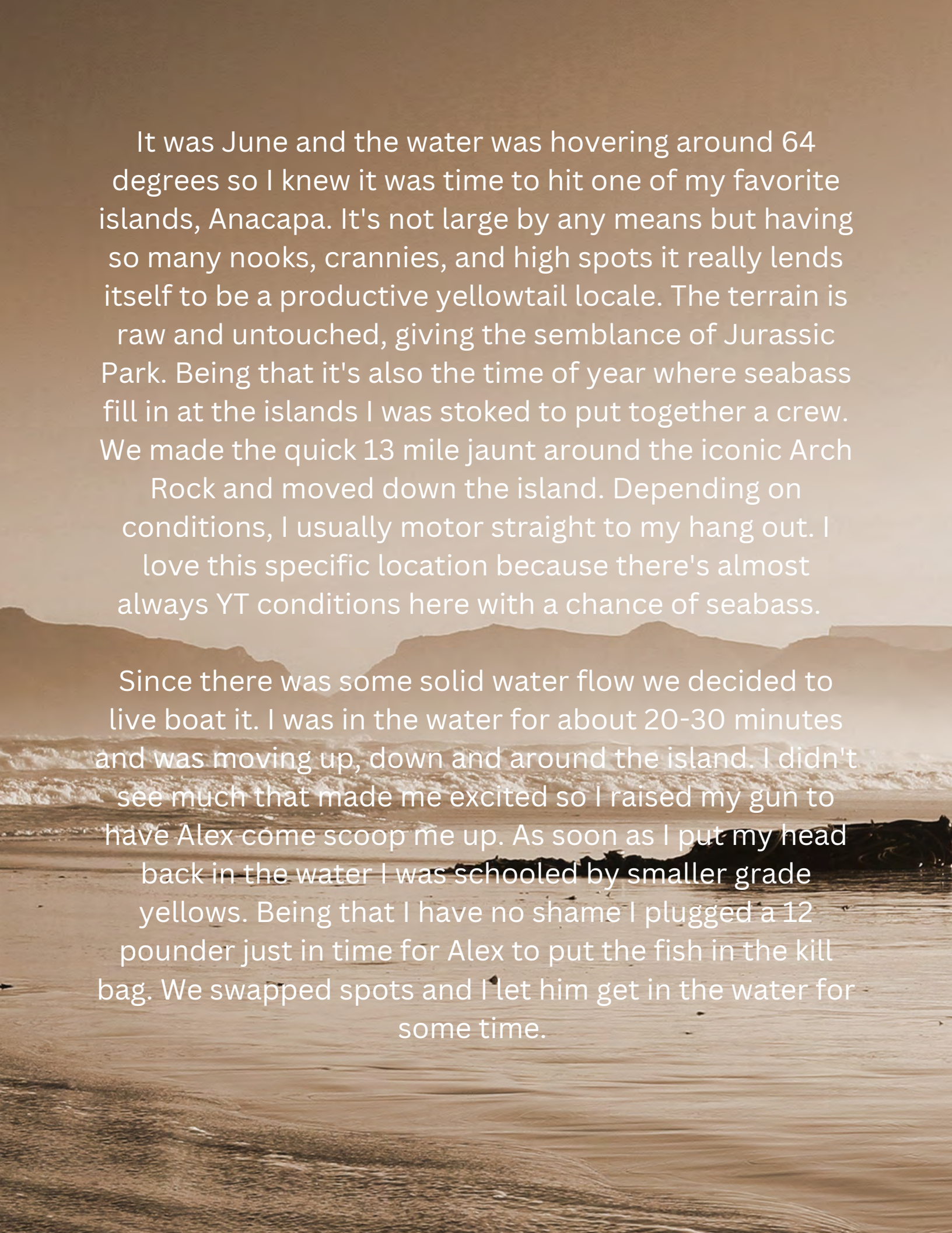


# THE TRIDENT

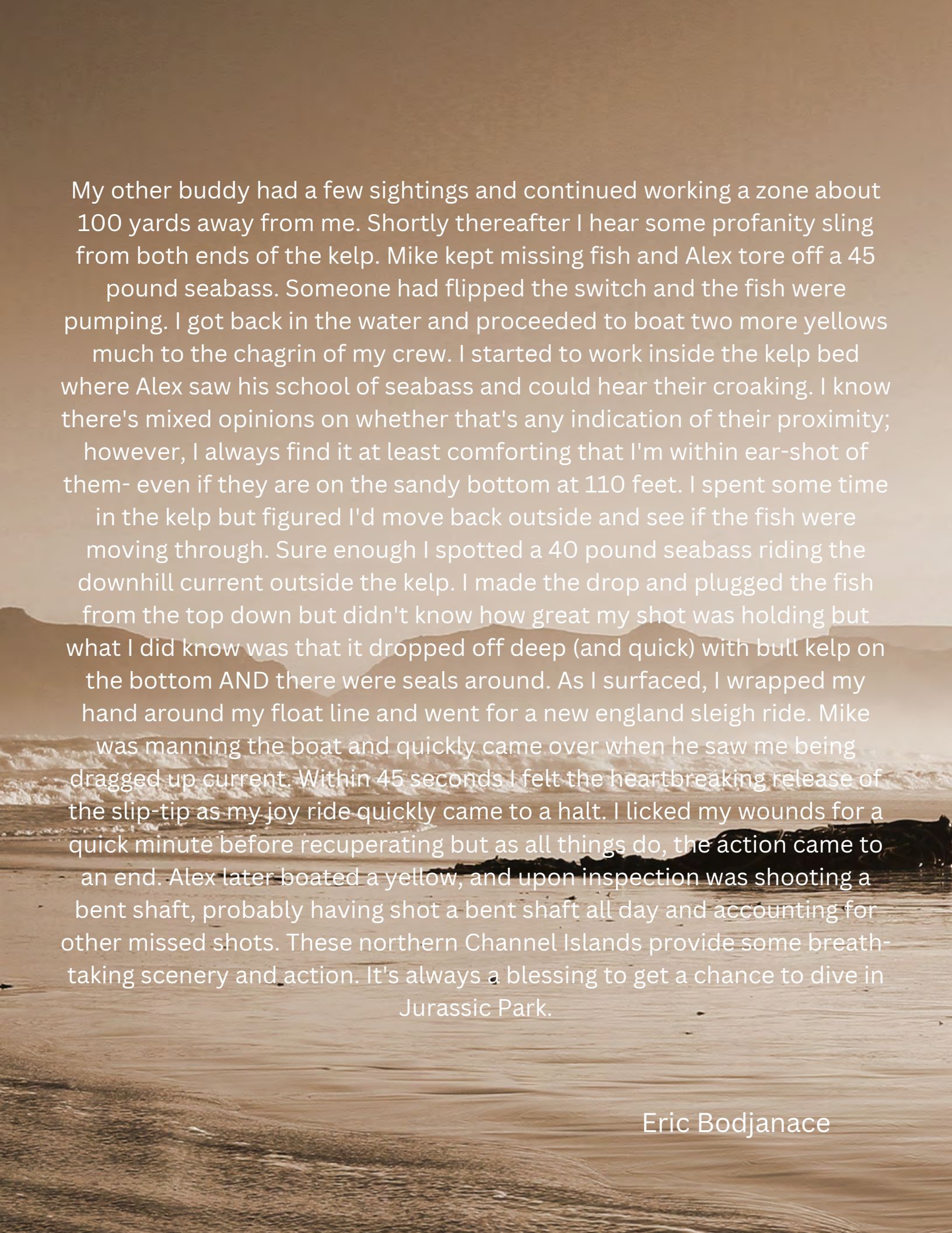
VOLUME 74 - ISSUE 11





It was June and the water was hovering around 64 degrees so I knew it was time to hit one of my favorite islands, Anacapa. It's not large by any means but having so many nooks, crannies, and high spots it really lends itself to be a productive yellowtail locale. The terrain is raw and untouched, giving the semblance of Jurassic Park. Being that it's also the time of year where seabass fill in at the islands I was stoked to put together a crew. We made the quick 13 mile jaunt around the iconic Arch Rock and moved down the island. Depending on conditions, I usually motor straight to my hang out. I love this specific location because there's almost always YT conditions here with a chance of seabass.

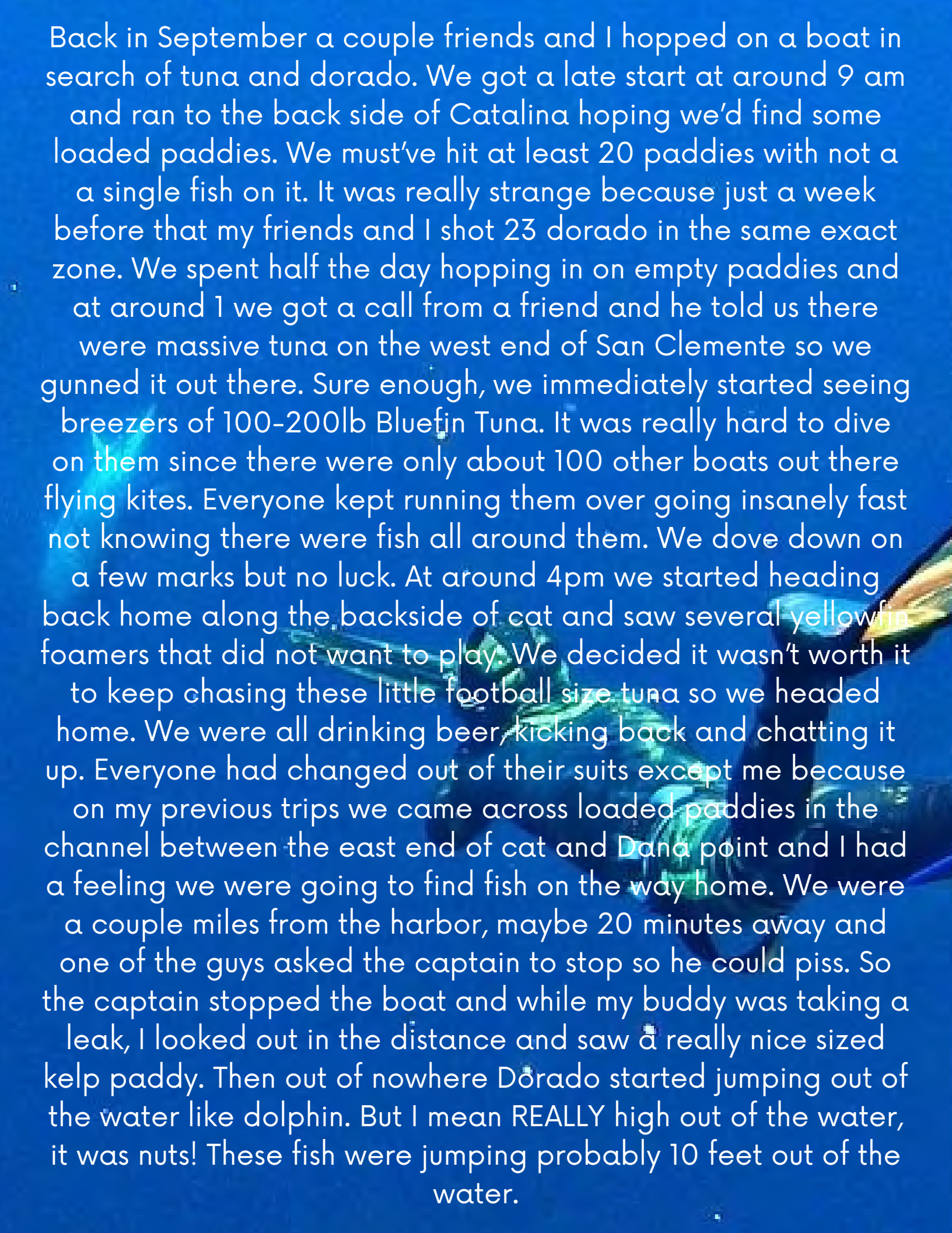
Since there was some solid water flow we decided to live boat it. I was in the water for about 20-30 minutes and was moving up, down and around the island. I didn't see much that made me excited so I raised my gun to have Alex come scoop me up. As soon as I put my head back in the water I was schooled by smaller grade yellows. Being that I have no shame I plugged a 12 pounder just in time for Alex to put the fish in the kill bag. We swapped spots and I let him get in the water for some time.



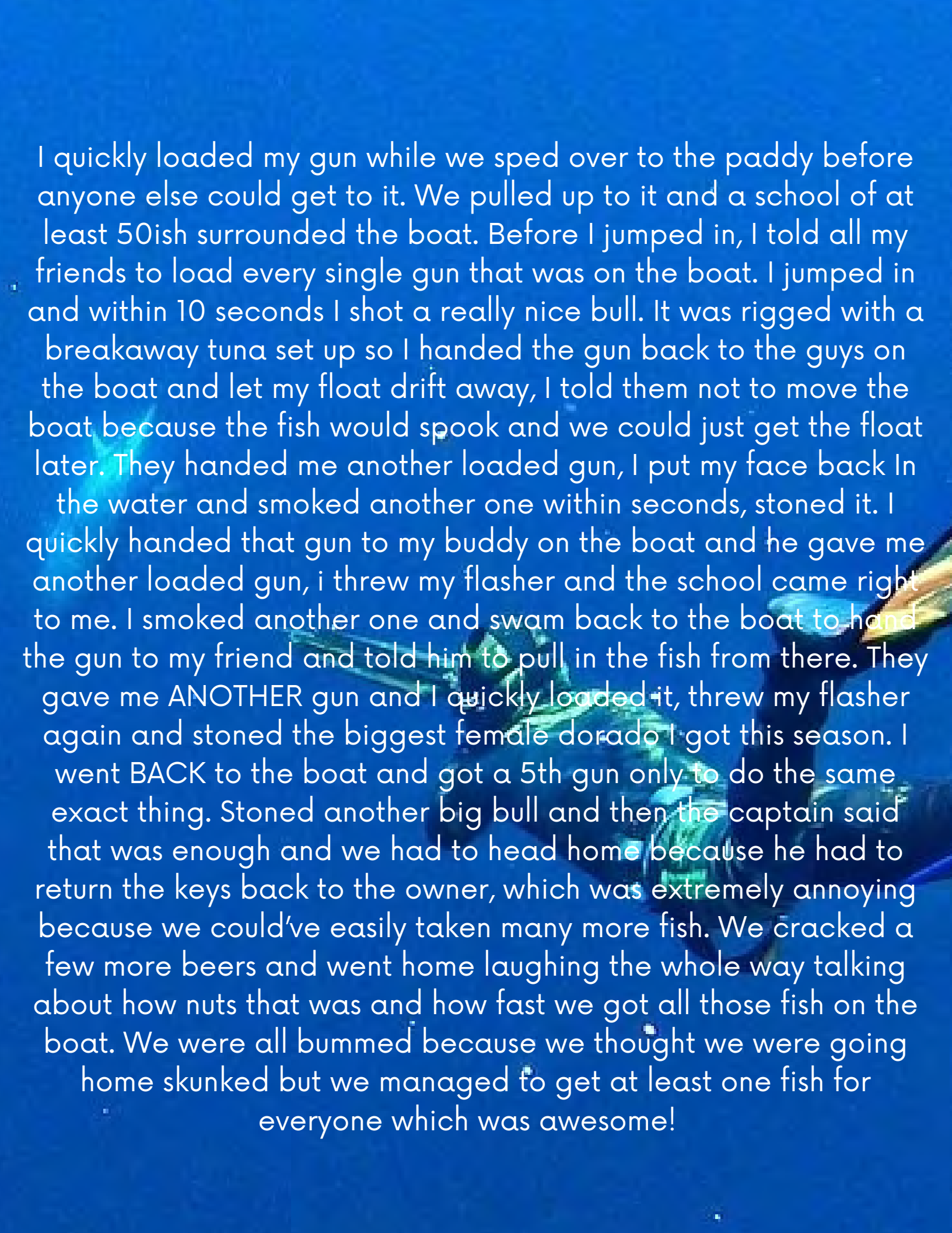
My other buddy had a few sightings and continued working a zone about 100 yards away from me. Shortly thereafter I hear some profanity sling from both ends of the kelp. Mike kept missing fish and Alex tore off a 45 pound seabass. Someone had flipped the switch and the fish were pumping. I got back in the water and proceeded to boat two more yellows much to the chagrin of my crew. I started to work inside the kelp bed where Alex saw his school of seabass and could hear their croaking. I know there's mixed opinions on whether that's any indication of their proximity; however, I always find it at least comforting that I'm within ear-shot of them- even if they are on the sandy bottom at 110 feet. I spent some time in the kelp but figured I'd move back outside and see if the fish were moving through. Sure enough I spotted a 40 pound seabass riding the downhill current outside the kelp. I made the drop and plugged the fish from the top down but didn't know how great my shot was holding but what I did know was that it dropped off deep (and quick) with bull kelp on the bottom AND there were seals around. As I surfaced, I wrapped my hand around my float line and went for a new england sleigh ride. Mike was manning the boat and quickly came over when he saw me being dragged up current. Within 45 seconds I felt the heartbreaking release of the slip-tip as my joy ride quickly came to a halt. I licked my wounds for a quick minute before recuperating but as all things do, the action came to an end. Alex later boated a yellow, and upon inspection was shooting a bent shaft, probably having shot a bent shaft all day and accounting for other missed shots. These northern Channel Islands provide some breathtaking scenery and action. It's always a blessing to get a chance to dive in Jurassic Park.

Eric Bodjanace

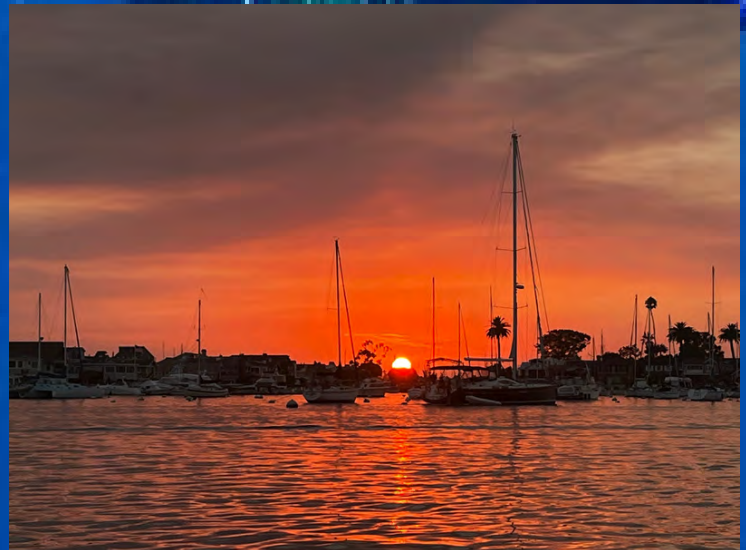




Back in September a couple friends and I hopped on a boat in search of tuna and dorado. We got a late start at around 9 am and ran to the back side of Catalina hoping we'd find some loaded paddies. We must've hit at least 20 paddies with not a single fish on it. It was really strange because just a week before that my friends and I shot 23 dorado in the same exact zone. We spent half the day hopping in on empty paddies and at around 1 we got a call from a friend and he told us there were massive tuna on the west end of San Clemente so we gunned it out there. Sure enough, we immediately started seeing breezers of 100-200lb Bluefin Tuna. It was really hard to dive on them since there were only about 100 other boats out there flying kites. Everyone kept running them over going insanely fast not knowing there were fish all around them. We dove down on a few marks but no luck. At around 4pm we started heading back home along the backside of cat and saw several yellowfin foamers that did not want to play. We decided it wasn't worth it to keep chasing these little football size tuna so we headed home. We were all drinking beer, kicking back and chatting it up. Everyone had changed out of their suits except me because on my previous trips we came across loaded paddies in the channel between the east end of cat and Dana point and I had a feeling we were going to find fish on the way home. We were a couple miles from the harbor, maybe 20 minutes away and one of the guys asked the captain to stop so he could piss. So the captain stopped the boat and while my buddy was taking a leak, I looked out in the distance and saw a really nice sized kelp paddy. Then out of nowhere Dorado started jumping out of the water like dolphin. But I mean REALLY high out of the water, it was nuts! These fish were jumping probably 10 feet out of the water.

A person is seen from behind, sitting in a boat at night. They are wearing a dark jacket and a hat. They are holding a flashlight that illuminates the water in front of them. The water is dark blue, and there are some reflections of light. The person appears to be fishing. The text is overlaid on the image.

I quickly loaded my gun while we sped over to the paddy before anyone else could get to it. We pulled up to it and a school of at least 50ish surrounded the boat. Before I jumped in, I told all my friends to load every single gun that was on the boat. I jumped in and within 10 seconds I shot a really nice bull. It was rigged with a breakaway tuna set up so I handed the gun back to the guys on the boat and let my float drift away, I told them not to move the boat because the fish would spook and we could just get the float later. They handed me another loaded gun, I put my face back in the water and smoked another one within seconds, stoned it. I quickly handed that gun to my buddy on the boat and he gave me another loaded gun, I threw my flasher and the school came right to me. I smoked another one and swam back to the boat to hand the gun to my friend and told him to pull in the fish from there. They gave me ANOTHER gun and I quickly loaded it, threw my flasher again and stoned the biggest female dorado I got this season. I went BACK to the boat and got a 5th gun only to do the same exact thing. Stoned another big bull and then the captain said that was enough and we had to head home because he had to return the keys back to the owner, which was extremely annoying because we could've easily taken many more fish. We cracked a few more beers and went home laughing the whole way talking about how nuts that was and how fast we got all those fish on the boat. We were all bummed because we thought we were going home skunked but we managed to get at least one fish for everyone which was awesome!



8/21/2022

Mike Marsh

## **This ain't no Tupperware party, we need the Coast Guard.**

This trip was originally planned to include 4 divers, Robert Strohbach, Larry Heinrich, Jeff Benedict, and me. Mainly to hunt for tuna, but dodos and yellow tail were also on the shopping list. Jeff had to drop out so it was now the 3 amigos. Fueled up, gear aboard, and Margaret's dinners in the frig. , we headed out for a 3-day adventure.

I should partially explain the title of this story. 23 years ago, Robert became the proud owner of a thirty-foot Skip Jack. He named the vessel after his favorite TV series "Sea Hunt" which starred his boyhood hero, Lloyd Bridges. Lisa and Robert had busied themselves equipping the boat with all the necessities of home, including plates, cutlery, and even new Tupperware. While Robert was prepping dinner on one of our maiden voyages, he caringly unpacked the brand new Tupperware, which mysteriously found itself on the starboard side rail. After a great dinner, Larry and I were discussing the benefits of Robert on clean-up duty, when a gust came up, and off went the prized container with lid included. We were in disbelief not of the lost pieces of plastic, but Robert's concern about how to break the awful news to Lisa.

For 23 years the disappearance of this storage container would come up, often with a tear in Robert's eye. Hopefully, this trip would put an end to it when Larry and I presented him with a four-pack of new Tupperware. Hence the leading edge of the story's title. The remainder will come later.

Day one. Friday:

Because it had been some time since Larry had shot a bluefin and he complained so vigorously about loading the 600 pounds of ice by himself that morning, he suited up first. Robert would be driving and I would be punished by being the deck boss in charge of assisting the diver, Larry. One of my main duties is to deploy the float when ready and make sure it doesn't wrap up. This is not always a slam dunker as one will soon discover. It was around 11:30 AM When a large boil was spotted and heading in our general direction. Larry swam off toward the foamers. The diver, captain, and deck boss need to communicate while this is occurring. Larry found himself in perfect position when the Simrad screen lit up as a massive school of tuna was swimming 35' below him. Larry is an excellent diver and surely he will connect with one of them, but the float remained flat. Larry pops to the surface saying his bungee is rapped and he was unable to intersect the massive targets and they were out of range. His bungee wrapped around the boat's rudder. Unable to free it in time, the school disappeared. Apparently, the boat had drifted



back causing the entanglement. Larry's version is somewhat different than mine, which not only included the rudder wrap but also me standing on his bungee to insure a 100% failure.

An hour goes by and we had been spotting breezes and foamers off in the distance but they did not want to cooperate when we approached them. Larry is still on the swim step when we finally closed the distance on a large foamer. In he goes and dives as the school passes below him. The float tombstones and the fish is on. Larry takes a second shot and has a nice 55-pounder aboard. My turn to suit up.

It is now late afternoon and the previous calm conditions changed to whitecaps which made spotting foamers almost impossible so we decided to look for yellowtail at SCI. Robert was running a live boat for me as we tried several spots without a single sighting. The last spot to try before heading to the anchorage would be Arch Reef. Here the current was mild and the vis was 25'. Now in the water, I spotted the calicos and blacksmith, so I knew I was on the high spot.

On the second dive, I lined up on a pair of nice size YT and took a long shot with my Alexander tuna gun. I hit the fish but the shaft did not punch through. Not wanting it to wrap around the reef at 60-plus feet, I short-lined it and hollered to the boat some distance off, "fish on". I tried to hold its tail several times to gain control, but this 33-pound YT was too hot for me to handle. This YT was pissed off and was determined to drown me in the process. Robert quickly backed down the boat and I was now at the swim step. Totally out of gas, the fish broke free again and wraps the Dyneema shooting line around my knees. After yelling several four-letter words: Help, Gaff, Line F..k, both Larry and Robert were there to save the day and probably my bacon. Larry grab the Dyneema taking the pressure off me as he yelled to Robert for a knife to cut me free. Robert thought I could take a few more gulps of saltwater so he thankfully did not hand Larry the knife. The YT was eventually gaffed by the captain and successfully placed on the deck. Larry took the worst of it though. While standing behind Robert, he took the handle side of the gaff to his eye creating a Rocky Balboa shiner. Yo Rocky. This would not be my last entanglement of the trip.

Day two, Saturday:

After a somewhat bumpy night, we awoke to hot coffee prepared by our captain and consumed cold cereal and blueberries. The Ocean Dancer was parked near us. We talked to Todd, Eric, and Craig for a few. They could not get on the tuna but did land 4 yellowtails. Today was Robert's turn on the swim step, Larry took the wheel and I was deck boss again. Robert is a bit more demanding than his predecessor requiring cold Gatorator Aid and snacks at a moment's notice. Since the tide was better for tuna later in the day, Robert would jump in several spots along the shore to look for YT. We noticed several of the long-range boats near the shoreline were all heading south. We all assumed they were fishing for YT. Come to find out days later, schools of large tuna were

breezing only  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile offshore. Unsuccessful, we moved to the tuna ground where they were spotted the day before.

Backtracking our path the day before, several foamers were spotted and Robert would make at least ten drops on these foamers, but the tuna would vanish only to reappear some distance off. I will note that these float deployments went off without a hitch. Robert's luck was about to change, sort of. Larry motored up to a huge football field-size foamer and in went Robert behind the starboard side of the swim step and making his way towards the bow attempting to close the gap. The tuna continued forward of the bow and eventually headed toward the port side with Robert in hot pursuit. Larry shouts tuna under the boat. Robert dives making it to 25 feet as the massive school of hundred-plus pounders congregate 20 feet below him. Excited to finally get a shot off, he makes another kick to propel deeper when suddenly he is pulled upward by his float line. At the surface and peering at me, the deck boss, AKA whipping boy, "that just cost me a 100-pound fish". I said, less than calmly, that the line was wrapped around the rudder. Larry simply stated "don't swim downwind of the boat" This is great advice to avoid entanglement. Robert put on a valiant effort but wanted a break. I made him one of my dagwood sandwiches which helped to calm him a bit. It was my turn to suit up. Larry's trained eye spotted a massive foamer the size of a football field and we headed for it.

I have learned that often schools would swim ahead and below these foamers. Once near the foamers, which were still out of range, I would dive to 30 feet to see if any of their backs would appear. This was the case when both Larry and Robert yelled to dive. Moments later, here they come, hundreds of them just below me. Kicking down another 10 feet, I aimed at the one closest to me and saw the shaft pass through its body, it was a good shot. When I hit the surface, the tombstoned float quickly laid flat indicating that the fish was off. The excitement on the boat quickly turned to disappointment. Without clipping off my bungee, I began to retrieve it but it felt heavy. When I got to the shooting line, I could see color, the fish was on but laid still. Did I stone it? I signaled to the boat to hold off and that the fish was on. Larry grabbed the second shot gun. I informed him that it was not needed after all the thing is motionless. Motionless until I reached the swim step and then the possum game was over. It came alive wrapping around my fins and index finger. I had one hand on the swim step and the other with a wrapped index finger holding the fish that was possibly related to the yellowtail I shot the day before. Unable to remove the wrap around my fins, I busted out another set of four-letter words in between gulps of air. Larry grabbed the line which allowed me to get untangled. My two amigos were able to bring both me and the tuna aboard. It was now Robert's turn at the swim step, but first, I had to clear the deck of my knotted-up Dyneema mess before Larry cut it into 6-inch pieces.

Larry has an expert eye at spotting breezers and foamers, He would see them way before Robert or me. This was the case when he eyeballed a large foamer amongst the whitecaps. It was now late afternoon with about an hour and a half before sunset. We call this the witching hour. Hunting can be the most productive during this time. Larry now maneuvers the boat to head off the school. While in a

good position, he shuts the motors off. With nothing on the sounder, Robert is off the swim step and swims towards them. Of course, they change direction and right into the setting sun, making it difficult to see our diver. Robert is trying to close the gap with the foamers, but this is a losing proposition. The school is moving away and he is getting too far out. Time to pick him up, but now the boat won't start. None of the gauges or sonar are working and the entire dashboard is dead. except for the radio. I wave both arms to signal Robert back, but he thinks that I telling him to keep swimming forward to pursue the foamers. He is now swimming further away and the wind is pushing Sea Hunt in the opposite direction. With the sun in our eyes and daylight rapidly diminishing, the last thing we see is his gun in the air requesting a pickup. We can no longer see Robert, so Larry and I decide not to waste time and to call the Coast Guard.

The call went something like this; Larry "Coast Guard this is Sea Hunt. We are disabled, without power, and have a diver in the water who is unable to swim back to us. We have lost visual contact with him" He gives our general location and we are switched to another channel. More information is conveyed as we continue to look for our friend. 30 minutes have now passed since our last sighting, but it feels much longer. We are told that the coast guard is sending help.

Robert is unaware of the situation and continues diving making several drops and swimming toward the foamers pushing him further from the boat. With no sightings, it's time for a pickup, he raises his gun, but there is no response. Waves it side to side, again no response. He can barely see Mike. Realizing the crew is unable to start the boat and now thinking his only hope is to swim back to the boat, he puts his head down and starts kicking.

Another 15 minutes go by and there is maybe an hour of daylight left. I think he has a whistle, but no light, flare, or vertical safety float. Who needs all that stuff, right? The wind is dying down with the oncoming sunset when Larry spots something in the water moving our way, it's Robert. Man what a relief. I clipped together as many float lines as we had, attached a float to the end, and tossed this makeshift current line out for him to grab. Right at that moment, a plane could be heard, it was the Coast Guard. What was now circling us was an HC-144 Ocean Sentry. This bad boy is a medium-range surveillance aircraft, also utilized in search and rescue. I have never been so proud to be an American in my life.

What other nation would send such an asset to search for one lost soul? Robert is back on board and we explained the problem. He determined that the deep cell batteries used to start the diesels had gone dead, but by using the parallel switch, the house batteries could be used to start the motors. This worked and we notified the operator that we had our diver, power had been restored and we headed to the anchorage. The HC-144 circled us several times to confirm that was all good

Sometime later , we notified the coast guard that we were safely at the anchorage and were very grateful for the help. Hence the later portion of the title.

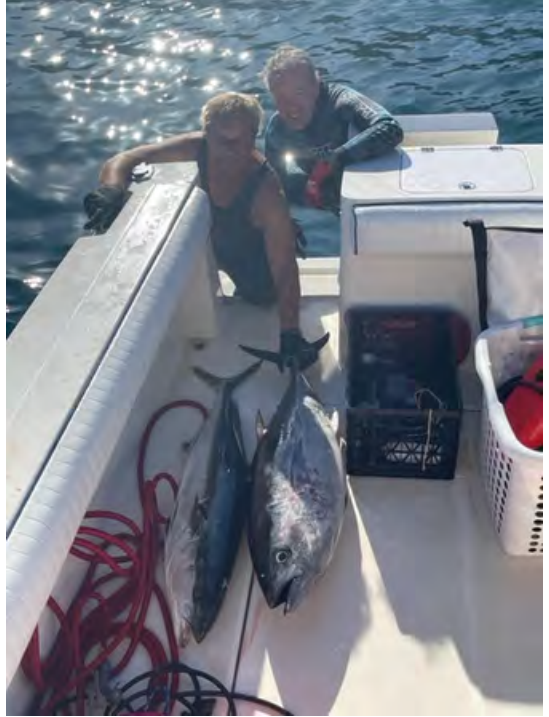
Robert shared the following on our way to the anchorage. I suddenly realized that there is a problem with the crew starting the motors of Sea Hunt and that I was not going to be picked up. My only chance is to swim back to Sea Hunt. Not sure if it was adrenaline that motivated me to keep swimming or realizing that SCI was 7 to 8 miles off. In any case, I told myself that I could do this and that is why I ride mountain bikes weekly! I thought about letting my gun go to allow me to swim faster, then suddenly realized that this was a bad idea! That gun was attached to a float that could keep me alive when it got dark. I kicked for about 45 minutes till I was about a hundred yards from the boat. I looked up to see the coast guard plane circling Sea Hunt and it was looking for me. Thank God Larry and Mike called the coast guard before too much time had passed. When I was about 200 feet from the boat, I noticed the float line that the amigos had deployed to assist me back to the boat. I grabbed it and continued to kick at the boat. It never felt so good to pull myself up onto the swim step. We were all elated to be back together and okay.

A lot was learned from this experience, the following are some of our recommendations:

1. Always make sure that your crew knows about the many safety items on your boat. Advise the crew on the mechanical functions including the parallel switch.
2. Along with a dive flag, an orange flag should be on board to signal divers to return to the boat ASAP.
3. While in the water, the diver should have either attached to them or their float, a strobe light, whistle, or a 5 or 6-foot orally inflated vertical signal float.
4. Additionally the small flashing lights hoop netter use, I know that is a bad term but works great.
5. If funds allow, also attach a Nautilus lifeline that will let others of your location

Robert has one more comment that I agree with. “ It is very easy to get complacent after you have dived with friends for many years.”

The Three Stooges, I mean Amigos  
Larry, Mike, and Robert





MONTHLY CLUB MEETING

NOVEMBER 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 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

- November 2nd - Club Meeting
- December 10th - 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	Jeff Bilhorn - 19.5
Bluefin Tuna	Richard Cunningham - 200
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
<b>Kent McIntyre Award</b>	Paul Zylstra 102.55

**Perpetual Big Fish Trophy** Open









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