THE TRIDENT

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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:

Chris Yates, Taylor Yates and Jacob Seto

2024 CALENDAR

- **Monthly Meeting March 6, 2024**

FISH STANDINGS

CALIFORNIA

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

OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

Yellowfin Tuna	Open
Reef Fish	Open
Pelagic, non-tuna -	Open
Kent McIntyre Award	Open
Perpetual Big Fish Trophy	Open

MONTHLY CLUB MEETING

March, 2024, 7:00PM

This month's club meeting will be held <u>IN PERSON</u>, at

Me-n-Ed's Pizzeria

4115 Paramount Blvd, Lakewood, CA 90712

Dare to Share

Well, it was worth a shot, but like that yellowtail that's just out of range, this spear missed its target. I did have one nice response from Todd Farquhar. Here's what Todd had to say:

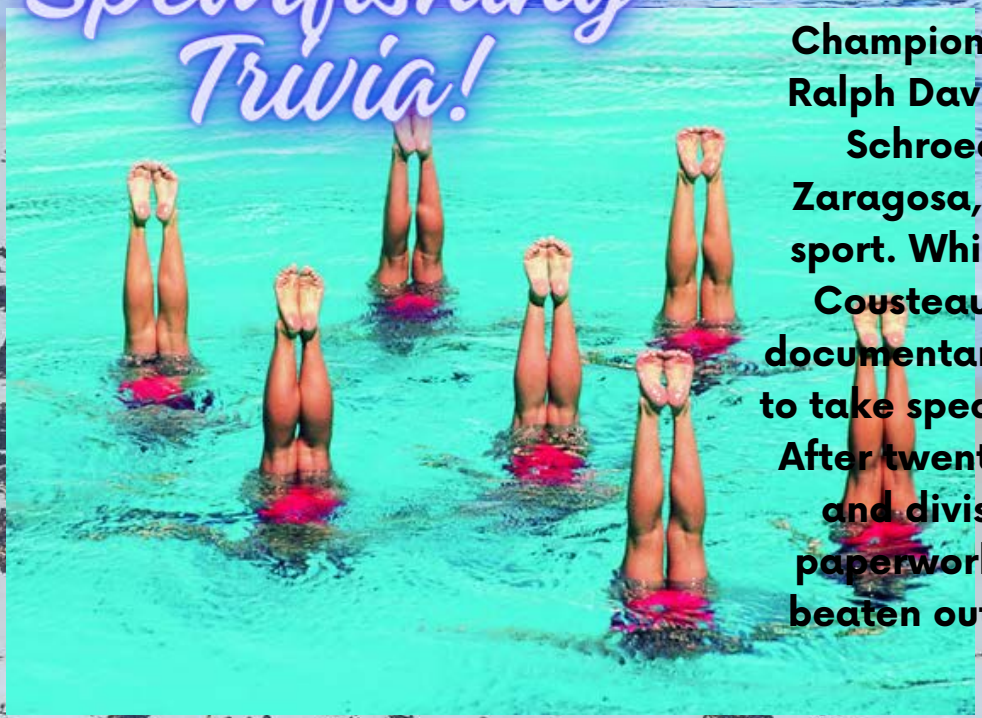
When I started diving I would often have so much excitement for the trip that I would be up all night in preparation and anticipation. I suffered many trips dead tired from having little or no rest the night before.

For preparation, I came up with a checklist so that I could take care of packing and rest with out laying awake wondering if I forgot anything.

For the anticipation, I found that if I abstained from any caffeine, nicotine and alcohol I would be much better able to rest as well as be more steady when the opportunity I worked so hard for finally unfolded.

Thanks Todd. If any of you has a suggestion of regular articles or pieces to include in the newsletter, let me know at my personal email: bondc007@yahoo.com. Thanks to all who sent articles for this edition, Hobi Ladd, Tod Farquhar Juan Aguilar.

Spearfishing Trivia!



Championed by spearfishing enthusiasts Ralph Davis, Jacques Yves Cousteau, Bill Schroeder, Fred Beitz, and Ernesto Zaragosa, it almost became an Olympic sport. While you may recognize Jacques Cousteau from his famous underwater documentaries, Ralph Davis led the charge to take spearfishing to the Olympic Games. After twenty years of work creating rules, and divisions, completing the official paperwork for the bid, spearfishing was beaten out by synchronized swimming in 1968.

CMAS.ORG website

Winter in the Isthmus

By Juan Carlos Aguilar

I've had the pleasure of living in the isthmus of Santa Catalina Island full time since 2003. My first couple of winters here involved a bit of a learning curve. Going from a full speed summer vacation destination to the "dead" of winter is quite the experience. If you've never come by during the off season, I highly recommend doing so. The town is quiet, and you feel like you have the entire island to yourself, often because this is the truth. You can be the only boat in the surrounding coves with barking of the sea lions and callings of the gulls to disturb the peaceful repose. The weather between the wind events and the storms can be absolutely gorgeous, with temperatures in the 70's and hardly a breath of wind.

This time is usually fairly slow when it comes to spearfishing, since the waters surrounding the island have cooled, and most of the pelagics have gone their way for the season. This by no means there's nothing to hunt for though! With the occasional squid population making an appearance, as well as the steady action of reef fish, halibut and lobster, there's plenty of reasons to slide into your smelly suit and slip into the cold, green water.

To be fair, it's not enticing with temperatures dropping to the low 50's some years. But here's a selection of a few highlights I've managed to scrape out of the ocean during the break from all you weekend and summer warriors:

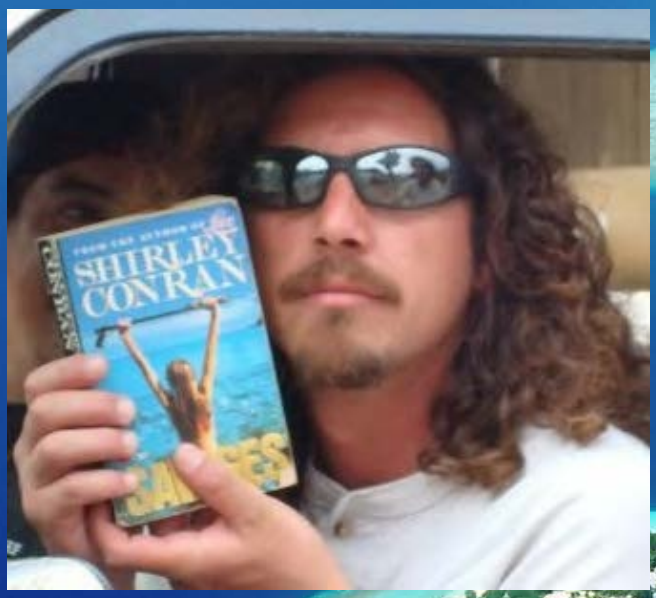
Calico is the staple for wintertime action here on the island. There's always a chance of finding a toad while freezing your ass off, and hopefully you have the luck of getting a shot at one over 5 pounds. This one was, and probably still is my personal best: 8 pounds on the nose. As you can probably tell from the picture, it's been quite some time since I shot it, in fact, this one is from 2012! One other great thing about calico in the winter months is the chance to put my name on the perpetual Calico Derby trophy. I think I'll be giving it a go these coming months to try and put my name on it for 2024!

Halibut is another regular target for this time of year. I rarely go for them, in fact I shot my personal best this past year, but since it was in summertime, and I already wrote about it in the Trident, I'll spare you the details. This one however, is a special one. I didn't shoot it, but I figured it deserves to be shared with the world, since it was a massive fish. This halibut was shot by one of our Baywatch Lifeguards who was stationed here at the time. Her name is Dani, and she is an incredible woman. She shot and landed this beast completely solo, and it is still the largest halibut I've ever seen personally. 38 pounds. She's a certified badass.

Of course, lobster season is this time of year, and that is the main reason most of us decide to get wet, even in marginal conditions. This season I managed to find my personal best bug, at 5 pounds. I know it's not a "big" bug by our Club's standards, but it still gives me a little zing up my spine when I think about when I laid eyes on him crawling along the bottom in a spot I have never dived before. Such a cool feeling to up your own record, and even better getting to eat it with friends and family.

Speaking of which... sharing my catch during the period when those particular fish aren't around is a special treat for me as well as anyone I make food for. I really enjoy cooking, as well as experimenting with different ways of preparing some of the best quality seafood on the planet. This is a little something I came up with that I need to make a "how to" video on. I call it my "Yellowtail sushi casserole". It's a bed of fried pho noodles, topped with avocado, yellowtail sashimi, a cilantro/lime/jalapeño/olive oil sauce, sriracha, kewpie mayo, and lemon/lime zest. Trust me, it doesn't suck.

Another thing to occupy your time during the slow season is to re-rig or refinish your gear and guns.



You can enjoy a good book,

or hang out with friends while doing bourbon luge shots from your speargun. Get inventive.

This is all in preparation for the elusive white seabass to make their triumphant return, even if they're barely legal.

With a great amount of luck, you can even be like me, and find two nice yellowtail at your favorite spot that decided to hang around for the quiet off season of Two Harbors. They were kind enough to accept my invitation to dinner that January night.

Stay warm and enjoy the serenity of the winter.

From Fins to Hooves

By Todd Farquhar

From Fins to Hooves- Making the move from SoCal to rural Montana

As my family and I finish up our first year in Montana since moving from SoCal, I can't help but be grateful for how much adventure I have enjoyed, thanks to the quest for adventure that I learned from diving with the indominable souls of the Neptunes.

One day at work in September 2022, I le a meeng and returned to my office to find a new property lisng in Montana that was just what I had been praying for. I went home that Thursday aernoon and shared with my wife that we really needed to fly out and look right away. Because she had plans with our two sons, we seled on my flying out solo to take a look. I booked travel plans that evening to fly out Friday and made an appointment to view the property that Saturday. I made an offer on Sunday and with a whole lot of in-between we ended up with our own slice of heaven in rural Montana.

We listed our home in Fullerton, got rid of most of our stuff and moved to icy Central Montana in the middle of winter. While the "property" was everything I could have hoped for, there was lile in the way of structures. A small cabin (less than 1/3 the size of our SoCal home), an 8x10 "power shed", and that's it! It was called a "power shed" because it housed the two 12V baeries, 800 wa inverter and a couple of solar panels that provided power to the cabin...this place was off grid with less power than I had on my boat!

The family toughed out a rough winter with water available only when we could get a generator started (engines and baeries don't do well in -30 degrees and the 800 was we had could not run the well pump). We could not be happier to welcome the lush green and mild of spring. I soon set up a solar power system that made life "mostly normal" in terms of power.

We explored the local rivers and soon figured out how to catch the fish that are abundant here: Walleye, Drum, and Northern Pike. Were back in fish! (although not quite as delectable as the ocean fare we had been used to). As we got later into the year it was me to prepare for the transion I had been looking forward to... hunng for Deer and Elk.

With the help of a neighbor who quickly turned into a brother level friend, I jumped right into the deep end by bowhunng elk. With two trips and some "up-close and personal" encounters I got close but no cigar. Following the bow hunng season I bought a riffle to connue the quest for an elk in the general season. On my first rifle trip I had an incredible opportunity at one of these behemoth and majesc creatures...and I blew it!

Trip number four however would be special. In hindsight, it was the reason that my previous opportunies needed to fail. Jeff Bilhorn had an Elk hunt in Montana scheduled and we had planned

that if the earlier part of his hunt weren't successful, we would meet up and hunt together. We had access to an incredible place where we would hunt by day and strategize in the evening for our next day. On the evening of day three, with snow piling up and stamina wearing thin, we resolved it would probably be best if we just seled for cow Elk if blessed with such an opportunity...basically, we couldn't afford to be picky.

In the aernoon of the fourth day as legal shoong light was nearing, we both had opportunies at cow elk. Counter to our plan, we both passed on them. In the last minutes of shoong light and within 10 minutes of each other, we were both presented with opportunies at bull elk and were both successful. The experience and well over 1,000 lbs of animal between us would make all of our toils on the trails and
in the snow worthwhile.

Jeff and I returned to my place to process our prizes at my neighbors butcher shop and enjoy the post success high. I asked Jeff, “didn’t you get a Deer tag with your Elk tag?” We debated if it made sense to pursue a deer and seled on him keeping his rifle ready in the truck as we went between my place and my neighbors. Half way down my driveway on the way to my neighbors we see it, a deer in the distance. Jeff got out of the truck, set up and dropped it where it was standing. Score!!! We scoop it up and are off to the butcher shop with another to process.

In between processing we sneak out for a lile pheasant hunt and knock down a few to put a perfect frosng on the cake. What an amazing me with a fantasc Neptune brother!

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Toward the end of the Deer season I was treated to a visit from another Neptune brother, Josh Wels. Josh had a Montana deer tag and was more than ready for this sort of adventure. Hunng a neighboring property, Josh and I end up with a mule deer crossing a field in front of us. Josh has his sights set on something beer and deferred to me. I chase it down and drop it for my first deer kill.

Aer a few days in the field we end up at the last day of the season for the region where I'm at. Josh headed out early in the morning to go make it happen. A few hours later I get the call...he has one down! I drove out to his posion to find that it had fallen into a steep sided ravine. Josh shot a nice 4X4 mule deer. We gued it in the field to lessen the weight we would have to drag out to find that his 325 yard shot had gone directly through it's heart.- nice shot! We drug it to the truck and processed it with mine and a doe that my older son (Joshua) shot later in the day not far from where Josh got his.

We now live a life that is worlds apart from the SoCal I was born and raised in. And while I miss so much about SoCal, I couldn't see going back. I traded my boat for a tractor and rather than commung to work daily, I wake up to projects like building fences, taking care of livestock and doing whatever else it takes to make a successful ranch living by regeneravely producing ultra-premium beef and lamb to sell direct to consumer.

I sure do miss a lot about what we le behind; family, diving, and especially the comradery of the Neptunes! I was able to return to SoCal for the 2023 Blue Water Meet and my goal is to return each year for the BWM to maintain my connecon to this life changing group that I so appreciate and admire.

LONG BEACH NEPTUNES

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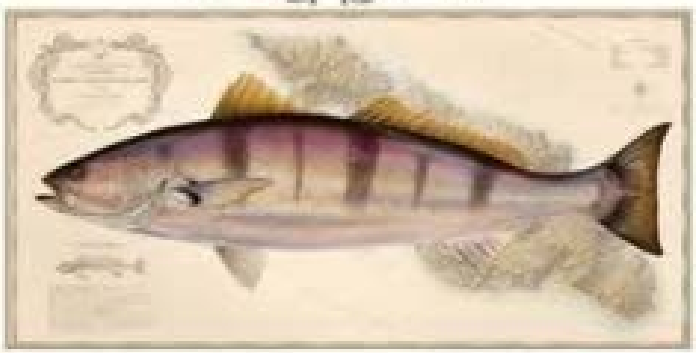

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