

# THE TRIDENT

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JUNE



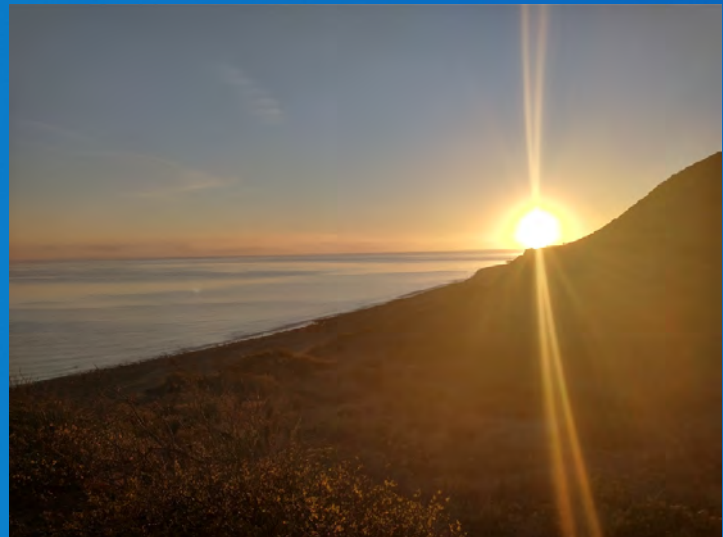
# ***MAG BAY***

- Josh Wels

A couple of years ago I was fortunate enough to take Seamus's freedive class. If anyone hasn't done it, I highly recommend as it opened my eyes to everything I was doing wrong diving. I didn't change anything but at least now I know why I'm such a shitty diver. During the trip out to Catalina, he mentioned that they do a Mag Bay trip every year, something about glamping. For me, all you have to do is mention wahoo and I'm in. A fish you only have to dive 5 feet for? Sign me up! I asked him to keep me in mind if they ever had a spot and the call came this month.

I was joining a group of regulars, Seamus, Parkford, T-Man, Jim and Craig. Seamus just told me to give him my credit card, SSN, Passport and "I would be taken care of". Without hesitation I forwarded all the info, the same stuff the Nigerian princes email me asking for. Seamus had everything dialed, took care of everything and all we had to do is show up. I had no idea what to expect but I kept seeing on Instagram were pictures of big dead grouper coming in from Mag Bay so I figured the wahoo were scarce. Unfortunately, Parkford and Benedict had been down a couple of weeks before and confirmed the suspicion.

Undeterred, we flew down to Loreto, grabbed a hotel for the night and after a leisurely wake up, took the van across the peninsula to grab the boat. Our superstar guide was with other clients in LaPaz but had everything set at the camp and would be there late that night. The glamping set up had everything that you need and nothing more. It was perfect except for the fact that you could still get cell service if you stood on the right rock to keep you from forgetting about work. .



The next morning, the man was there and confirmed that the wahoo had started to show up. We had a green light on the weather for the next couple of days and two boats of divers that had no interest in reef fish. We beelined for Thetis! Of course "beelining" in Mag Bay is taking the panga a few miles, loading it on a trailer, crossing a mile of mangroves followed by a surf launch through piles of some grass that stinks like bad kimchee and sticks to everything in the boat. Definitely an experience.

The fish were in. We started seeing some small packs but they were being shy. It may have been something to do with the 2 other boats of divers on the high spot, something our crew had never seen before. It felt like Farnsworth during the BW meet which is incredible for what it takes to get out there.

We all had some chances but whether it was good divers reluctant to take a long shot or me just going buck fever with Hail Marys, we ended up with the stripe

After some solid food and a good night's rest, we were right back at it the next morning. We pulled up to the same story, 2 more boats of divers, but the fish didn't seem to care. They were coming through in both small packs and large schools in waves. Jim was on right away and as I dove to get some video of his fight, the rest of his school circled back and I lined up. Right as I took the shot, Seamus took his and I believe for a brief moment we had a triple going. The good part about being so close to other divers is that you didn't have to throw your flasher. I learned quickly that all I had to do is wait until a fish nosed up on another guy's and right before he dove, drop in and take the shot. Sorry Steve but it was just too easy! On one drop, I saw Todd with what had to be one of the prettiest shots I've seen. A 20ft beauty that tagged a zebra with a solid holding shot. After an hour or so of action, we met up with the other panga and they all had fish in the boat. Success! They were all 30-35lbs except for Parkford with a nice 43. Seamus got bored and spent the rest of his day pulling shafts out of the rock at over 100 ft with our guide... because they can. I "spotted" him which meant, float around worthlessly on the surface.



The final day saw a little wind move in and when you are talking about a 25 mile panga ride, any little wind feels like a lot, especially on day 3. Seamus and I did our best to try and talk the guys out of another ride to Thetis but all we got was blank stares. Bluewater it was! It was a slow go out to high spot and we arrived to only 2 other boats this time but it was dead.

You could feel it. After a few drifts, the group made the call to move inside back to the reef. This was the point when the old guys showed me that I need to do some work. I was exhausted from two days of diving, "glamping" and now panga ass whooping and couldn't dive worth a shit. The reef was 65-85ft and these guys were dropping to the bottom and waiting for their fish. Nobody was interested in shooting a big old grouper with all the fresh wahoo so they plugged some little pargo for dinner and we ran in.





The trip was everything you could ask for. Great company, good food and I didn't even have to book my own flight or throw my own flasher! Thanks again Seamus for a trip of a lifetime. Great to share the stoke with the guys.





Last month I was fortunate enough to spend some time in and above the water with Kimi Werner and Ryan Callaghan while they were here in California hunting white seabass. They had been diving PV hard with no luck for a few days before we headed to Catalina and the morale was low. We loaded up Mel Mitchell's boat, The Rapture, and went straight to the Isthmus to pick up Juan. We all dove hard all day with only a couple calico and a bonito to show for it. Juan and Jewelry being the amazing people that they are, opened up their home to all of us for dinner where we cooked the calico and had bonito sushi. We caught wind that there was a little boy on the island who was Meat Eater obsessed, so Kimi and Cal went over to his house to surprise him and hangout. We dove hard again the next morning with sightings of both white seabass and yellowtail but couldn't make a connection. Although the trip was unsuccessful in the fish department, the camaraderie and laughs could not be beat. I think all of us at some point on that trip realized that we were there for the people and not necessarily the fish. I can't thank the Riffe family enough for giving me the opportunity to play hooky from the office for a few days to get in the water with some of the greatest people I've ever met, Mel Mitchell for getting us over to the island, and of course the Aguilar's for opening their home to us for the evening. I'm looking forward to getting over to HI this summer to dive and hangout with Kimi some more!

- Taylor Yates



# Lost & Found

-Jorge Veliz

In April, I must've dove somewhere about 20 times or so of the 30 days of the month. I put in a lot of hours only to be rewarded with a tiny 30" white seabass I obliterated out of frustration with my 60" mid handle. I'm sure we've all been there. Everyone around me was shooting slugs and for some reason I just could not connect. But then my luck suddenly changed the first week of May. I was seeing fish everywhere, almost every time I went diving. I shot 5 white seabass in 6 days but the most memorable day was when I lost and found a fish in the same day. On this particular day, it was a Saturday morning and there was not a single soul in the cove, just me all day.



I was working in the water (collecting snails for an aquarium) and for some reason it was very slow. I began searching in about 5 feet of water and later moved out to about 15 feet of water hoping I'd find more snails. I dove down to the bottom, scanned for snails and when it was about time to come up, I looked out in front of me and there they were, a school of 5-7 wsb well in the 35-45 pound range. Just taking a little siesta on the surface, weren't even bothered one bit that I was there.

I quickly remembered that I had my rob Allen in the truck ( for emergency purposes like this ) I quickly dumped the snails I had in my bag, I got out the water, ran up the cliff , grabbed my gun and hopped right back in the water. I saw those fish about 30 yards from shore. So I began swimming towards the same area and about half way there, I moved some kelp out the way and to my surprise I saw a big tail on the surface, I dove down about 3 feet , leveled out with the fish and pulled the trigger. I hit the spine and the fish took off into the dense kelp and did a full circle and came back literally right into my arms, I didn't even have to move.





I grabbed the fish's head and I noticed the shaft was about to fall out as it had only poked the spine and hadn't gone all the way through. The shaft fell out and the fish woke up and wiggled out of my grip. I was chasing him like an absolute maniac! He was flopping on the surface, swam in circles around me, went to the bottom then BACK to the surface and I was inches behind him the entire time. But I eventually ran out of breath and hit the surface to get air where I found myself tangled up in kelp. Unfortunately I lost sight of the fish and my gun and decided it was more important to find my gun than the fish.

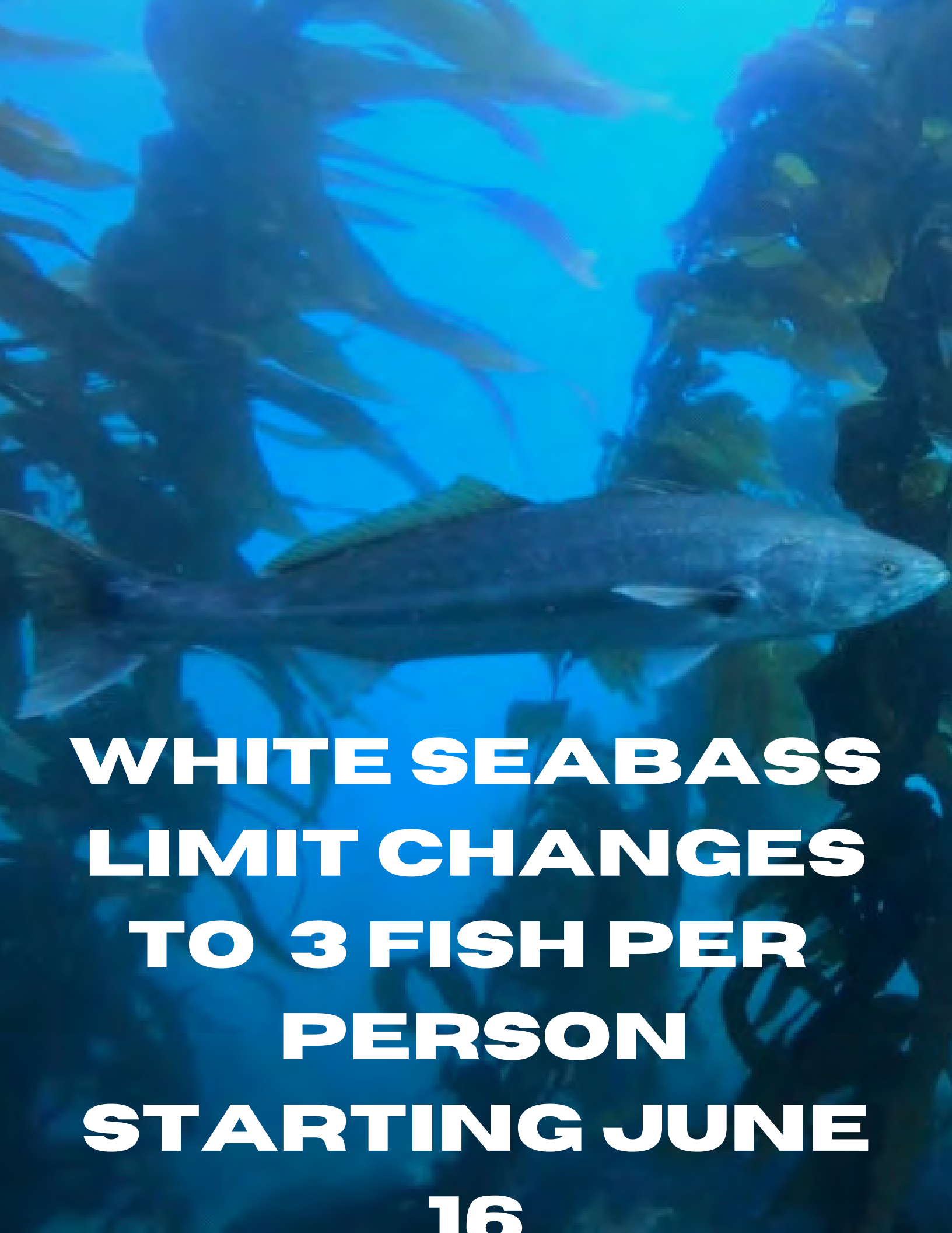


Eventually I found my gun , loaded up again, and continued hunting. About 10 minutes later I shot a lone fish, about 25lbs. I strung it up and continued to look for the fish I had lost earlier. I ended up seeing schools of monster fish between 50-75lbs. I couldn't shoot any more fish so I went home, dropped off the fish, called my friend Dennis and we went back a few hours later. I dove and hoped to find my lost fish and in the process of doing so, I saw schools and schools of white seabass but didn't pull the trigger. The sun went down and I kicked back to shore where I told Dennis about all the monster seabass I saw.

He didn't say anything back about that, all he said was " dude It's all good, I found your fish.....and it's all of 50 pounds like you said". I was shocked, I couldn't believe it. I ran up the cliff to check the kill bag and sure enough, it was my fish from earlier. My friend said he was swimming back to shore when he saw something big moving slowly on the bottom, he noticed it was a seabass swimming side ways on the bottom like a halibut. It was very injured and tired so all he had to do was dive down and grab it by the gills. We were both amazed that the fish was only 20 yards from where I had lost it and hadn't been eaten by a shark or something bigger 5 hours after I shot it.





An underwater photograph of a white seabass swimming horizontally through a dense field of seaweed. The fish is positioned in the center-right of the frame, facing right. The seaweed consists of long, thin blades that create a complex, layered background. The overall color palette is dominated by various shades of blue and green, with the fish's silvery-grey scales providing a focal point.

**WHITE SEABASS  
LIMIT CHANGES  
TO 3 FISH PER  
PERSON  
STARTING JUNE**

**16**



**MONTHLY CLUB MEETING**

**JUNE 1ST @ 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

- June 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

Ron Warren - 70.15

Paul Zylstra -

30.4 Open

Richard Cunningham - 24.9

Open

Open

Open

Open

Open

Hobie Ladd - 8.2

### OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

Yellowfin Tuna

Open

Reef Fish

Open

Pelagic, non-tuna

Hobie Ladd - 31.1 (yellowtail)

Kent McIntyre Award

Open

Perpetual Big Fish Trophy

Open







The Long Beach Neptunes are proudly supported by the following entities

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