THE TRIDENT

The Monthly Newsletter of The Long Beach Neptunes

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Your Newsletter Editor taking full advantage of his "Executive Privilege" to land himself on the cover with this *3fer3 BFT Aboard Namaste*

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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.

2024 CALENDAR

- **August 7, 2024 Monthly Meeting**
- **Sept. 4, 2024 Monthly Meeting**
- **October 12, 2024 - Annual Fall Classic**

FISH STANDINGS

CALIFORNIA

Calico Derby	Jeff Benedict	7.0 lbs
Calico Bass -	Jeff Benedict	7.0 lbs
White Seabass -	Jeff Bilhorn	69.0 lbs
Yellowtail -	Dr Ivan Sanchez	45.4 lbs
Halibut -	John Carpenter	23.3 lbs
Sheephead		Open
Bonito		Open
Barracuda		Open
Dorado		Open
Bluefin Tuna -	Dan Keeler	70.1 lbs
Lobster	Dr Ivan Sanchez	7.3 lbs

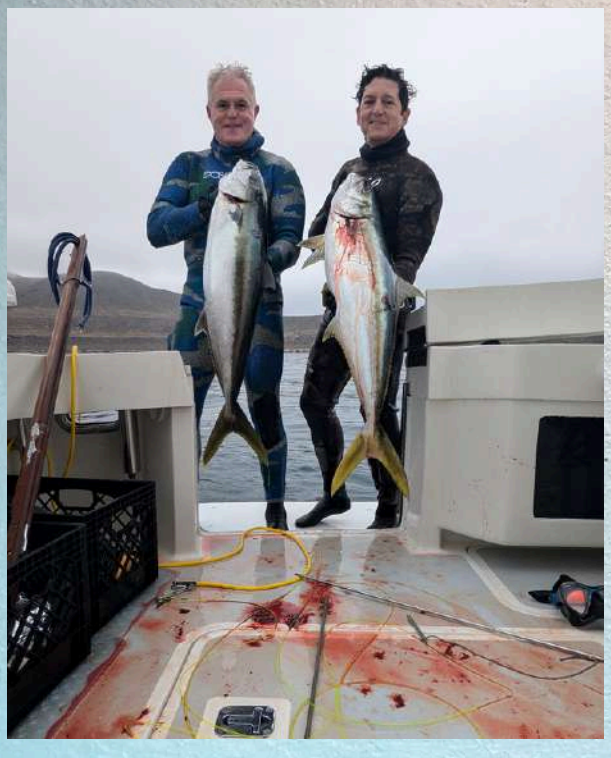
OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

Yellowfin Tuna		Open
Reef Fish		Open
Pelagic, non-tuna -		Open
Kent McIntyre Award	Paul Zylstra	105.7 lbs
Perpetual Big Fish Trophy		Open

San Clemente Island & Beyond Aboard Whiskey Tango 7/18-21/2024

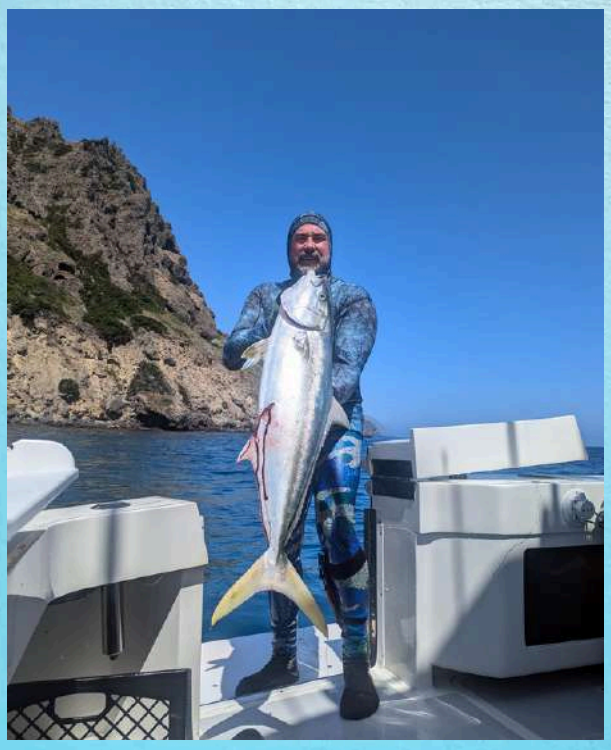
John F. Carpenter

Dan Keeler, Mike DeGiosa, Bill Peratt and I pushed off from Huntington Harbor early Thursday morning for a 3 night trip aboard Bill's 50' Viking "Whiskey Tango" to chase Bluefin Tuna and do some diving around San Clemente Island. The weather/wind report was sketchy, so we were not sure if we would get any "windows" to effectively chase tuna. Whisky Tango threw a belt about 3/4s the way to Catalina Island, which sounded an alarm and forced us to anchor up near the east end.



Bill and Dan changed the belt before we continued our journey. Some of the wind & swell started increasing as we entered the outer Santa Barbara passage, but we continued beyond SCI until we reached the areas that had previous reports of BF. We heard that they were moving south, so we traversed over areas that were productive during previous years.

We decided that Mike and Dan would be the first ones suited up while Bill and I looked for tuna and worked the boat & deck. It was a long day; very few sightings and not many boats. However, we saw a San Diego boat that we did a 5 day charter on a couple years ago in Mexico along an area known as "The Ridge." That boat was the "Success," and we knew from our previous trip that its owner/captain, Cary Dodson, was a very "fishy guy" and knew his stuff. Therefore, we figured that we were in the right area. The temperature breaks confirmed it as well, but we weren't having many sightings - the ones we had didn't have much volume. However, Bill put Dan and Mike on three or so nice "dust ups" that should have produced some fish. The water was clear, and Dan started shooting at tuna like a kid trying to win a stuffed animal at an amusement park! I think he missed at least two, maybe three times that day! Mike commented that the water was clear; therefore, the fish appear closer than they are.



The weather came up a bit as well, so we motored to SCI and hit most of the usual spots around the island. We picked up some nice YT before settling in for the evening at Pyramid Cove. As usual, anybody that's been on a trip with Mike DeGiosa knows that it's wise to leave the food to him. All his dinners begin with some sort of an Italian charcuterie course followed by an amazing dinner. The food during the day is equally yummy!

We awakened to a beautiful Friday morning and headed offshore in search of tuna along the backside of SCI. Since Mike and Dan hadn't gotten any tuna the previous day, they suited up again as we covered A LOT of ocean! The Windy report called for challenging conditions, but it actually laid down a bit most of the day. We found some decent boils, and Bill put Mike and Dan on some perfect drops before each landed a Bluefin. Out of fairness to Dan, he later reported that Mori said his shaft was bent; however, the authenticity of his statement is unconfirmed to date, and Bill's drop placements were so perfect that Stevie Wonder could have shot Dan's tuna!

San Clemente Island & Beyond Aboard Whiskey Tango 7/18-21/2024

John F. Carpenter (cont'd)

I suited up quickly, but it shut down almost as quickly as it started. We decided to travel back to SCI and work the Northwest harbor area of the island before settling in for the night. We heard reports of some tuna along the front side of SCI, but the reports weren't that exciting along the backside. We decided to work on the front side of the island the next day.

We didn't see any tuna miles off the island during what would normally be "peak" times, so we hit most of the usual spots along the front of the island and picked up a few more YT. We also had a tuna sighting along the island. The sand looked perfect for Halibut at one of the traditional "YT only" spots, so I decided to look for Halibut and was rewarded with a nice fatty directly beneath me within minutes of searching in about 18' of water. I had to carefully lower my gun and do a quiet, one leg pike dive to get within effective range and land a solid shot. I came up laughing at the others as they were suiting up literally 20' away!

We picked up more YT that day and spent the final night in Pyramid before deciding to work the front side again and going home. The diving was gorgeous; more YT were taken - some big WSB sightings as well, but we couldn't get on them. Dan shot some nice YT and needed a 30lb for his King Neptune, but couldn't quite get there - frustrating!

In all, we ended the trip with 2 BFT, 11 YT into the low 30's and 1 Halibut. Again, the diving was beautiful and, as always, San Clemente Island didn't disappoint!

DOGFIGHT AT DOGTOWN

July 13, 2024

By Todd Norrell

Ivan surfaced and heroically fought that fish (47 lbs - 8 oz, after full bleedout) while dragging a float line only and NO float for safety. Biggest YT Marsh, Ivan and I had ever seen out of the water. Two bull sea lions attacked as he pulled the fish in close. I heard him yelping for assistance when I stuck my head up 50 ft away. So I charged in and started circling him, just to lend a hand.

Mess of shooting line and float line tangling all around, Ivan had the fish pulled in with one hand and his dagger in the other, punching toward the lion every time the F'er came thrusting in. He gave the alpha dog a touch up or two, right in his scarred and gnarly bumphead.

One of the lions split but the remaining one was a mean unit, bearing his teeth and coming in with no fear as I removed the tip from my gun, ready to deliver blunt force trauma if I had to. The brute was circling around us with max aggression, blowing air out of his nostrils, mouth full of sharpies open and he was pissed off.

I was pushing Ivan to swim out of the opaque crimson blood cloud that made the whole thing surreal and distorted our view of the attacker, which was then swooping in from every angle trying to sink those fangs into the fish or Ivan. I jabbed and popped him a few times with the end of my gun as the A-dog wasn't giving up on that potential meal.
My brute force distraction helped Ivan to get out of the red and into the blue. Then back to the boat unscathed, slob yellowtail intact other than having a missing tail fin and a fatal mid-body injury due to shaft penetration. That night, Ivan lived on, and moonwalked again at the cleaning table.

Final score: Ivan - 1, Dogtown - 0.
High adrenaline ~ grateful for this life. Enjoy the times . . . and relish the Thrill of the Hunt. It's their world, we just live in it.

South Carolina Chapter Checks In

By Kyle Brannon

An update from the South Carolina chapter of the Long Beach Neptunes. Moving out here to Charleston two years ago I wasn't sure what diving was going to be available, but I am happy to report the local diving has been pretty successful. Growing up diving the brown triangle in Long Beach definitely prepared me for the diving in Charleston. Most local dives visibility varies from around a foot to on rare occasions 20 feet. Sharks are much more of a presence here although I have been lucky and avoided getting taxed so far. We mostly target sheepshead and black seabass on the local reefs which despite the similarity in name, are obviously very different yet equally dumb fish.

Hunting the local reefs has been a ton of fun and very successful at getting fish in the freezer. I have been really excited about getting off shore which can be quite a mission. To even get to 80 feet is a 60 mile run so finding a good weather window is key.

About two weeks ago I was talking to my dive buddy and we were going to have a perfect weather window to make the run off shore and see what we could find. Only down side to the day is he had already promised to take his fiancé and her sister out for a cruise on the boat at 2PM. We left early knowing we would have limited time on the water. We got to the first spot around 7:45 and could tell visibility was on our side as the boat was instantly surrounded by schools of Amber jack and Almaco jacks as we dropped anchor. Water was a toasty 79 and jumping in we were surrounded with life. The AJ's were clearly not going anywhere but knowing the reputation for worms they were not a primary target. Bait fish, Barracuda and Amberjack were thick on every drop but the primary target was a Cobia.

South Carolina Chapter Checks In

By Kyle Brannon (cont'd)

It wasn't long before one of my dive buddies said he had seen a school of African Pompano hanging around 40 feet. Next drop he had a fish on and after a heck of a fight he got it close enough for me to get a 2nd shot on it and get it in the boat. African Pompano are not a common sighting on dives so we were all pretty excited. I made a drop a few minutes later and had three African Pompano come in but absolutely kooked it and missed my shot. The bright side though was the sound of my gun going off brought in three curious Cobia which decided to hang out about ten feet below me and circle while I rushed to get a band loaded and make a drop. This time I did not miss and was able to land my first ever Cobia. The strength of the cobia rivaled any fish I have shot pound for pound, it was a hell of a fight and a bucket list fish.

It was one of those unreal days where the weather was perfect, the ocean was dead calm and the fish were thick. After getting my Cobia I really wanted to land an African Pompano. I continued making drops to around 40 feet hoping to catch the school as they circled above the wreck which was sitting in about 90 feet of water. Eventually a small school made a mistake and came in close enough for me to get a shot. I picked out the largest one and pulled the trigger. Hearing a pop as it went through the fish I knew I had snapped its spine and the fish was stoned. At this point the anchor started to drag and we had a boat full of fish so we called it a day, cracked a couple beers and made the run back to the launch so my buddy could have his romantic cruise. We ended the day with 5 African Pompano, 2 cobia and an Almaco. My AP was just under 40lbs and the Cobia was 30. Absolutely unbelievable day on the water and excited to keep exploring.
The look on his fiancés face as she went to step on the boat with her family and saw the blood bath that we had caused was priceless. I am sure it only added to their romantic evening cruise.

I definitely miss diving in California and hope to dive with some of you guys soon. Until then I am staying wet over here and will keep you all posted.

Passing the Torch In Grand Fashion

By Jeff Benedict

The plan was for a Gentleman's departure time (aka, retired and leisurely). The goal was for Chase Davis to shoot and land his first game fish. When you see fish, hold off and call Chase over, 🥹

Upon turning the corner to the backside of SBI we ran across fellow Neptune Richard Cunningham. He swam over, exchanged pleasantries and stated that he had a pretty good morning and was leaving soon. We motored over to another bed to suit up and check the conditions. Top to bottom vis, 65* water and medium current. That stop was a quick 30 minutes.

By now there was a good spot to anchor at the head of the another bed nearby. We all jumped in and proceeded to scatter throughout. Eventually the Half Dozen came motoring along side with Steve, Lyle and Chase on board. They were ready to move untill I shared that I had seen 2 good size fish here, both types. With that news the excitement grew and they started to drop anchor. Before they were set I yelled "fish on"!

It was a nice 35lb yellow. It had been a while since I had shot a decent fish, plus used a float line so it pretty much ended up being a cluster. Steve swam over for an assist.

Seemed like we continued to land fish consistently about every 30 minutes. At one point I was on deck cleaning up the mess from another yellow when I heard Chase yelling for Lyle. I relayed the message and Lyle beelined over to his son. FISH ON CHASE DAVIS! Chase had pegged a beautiful mid thirties yellow as well. Lyle helped him out by coaching him as Chase listened intently and managed the fish back to the boat.

So much stoke was in the air! Chases' face was about to crack from smiling! His first yellowtail landed in Grand Fashion! We were all Grateful to witness the event and be a part of Chase and Lyles, father son story.

Mission accomplished. Final tally was 5-nice yellows, 2 - beautiful whites, an awesome day on the water and wonderful friendships!

3fer3 BFT Aboard Namaste

By Juan Carlos Aguilar

Alarm rings at 0430. Coffee and a quick bite to eat before piling all the essential ingredients into the truck before the dive buddies need to be picked up. Swinging by the pier just in time to pick up Craig and then on to Greg rto ound out the crew. Out to Cat Harbor as the birds start tweeting, welcoming a new day full of possibility. We're on time.

Namaste comes to life with the familiar drone of her Honda engine, a sweet sound to anyone who owns one. Making our way towards the mouth of the harbor, we chat about the plan for the day, and are welcomed by a light Western swell as we make our way to the tuna grounds.

Just under an hour later we spot the first signs of life a couple of mysterious splashes, followed by silence. Sure signs of fish. After a few minutes of waiting, we decide to move on to the main area which was also populated by a wealth of other vessels, all trying to score. Within a few minutes of reaching the "parking lot" we see a foamer. Craig is ready, and hops in. Another boat decides to get a bit too close and sinks the fish out quickly. Shit. I guess we should try to find our own fish away from all these kooks.

3fer3 BFT Aboard Namaste

By Juan Carlos Aguilar (cont'd)

We saw fish consistently which helped keep our spirits up. Unfortunately, most of the fish were just popping up quickly, and disappearing virtually every time we pulled in to drop divers on them. They knew we were up to no good. At one point, they were shining directly under the boat, but of course none of us were ready. Lesson learned. Eventually we came to a section of ocean that seemed to be devoid of life and we made the call to get away from the fleet and try out an area a few miles away. It was a good call. There were fish there too, but they must have gotten the memo from their friends a few miles away, as they were extremely boat shy. After an hour or so of chasing them, we made the call to head back to the first spot to give it a go. Another good call.

When we arrived at the previous area, the boats had spread out, and this allowed us to get on the first real foamer of our own. Craig was up to bat, and hopped in. A quick dive, and a long wait later, FISH ON!

He popped up to the surface and screamed loud enough for the whole fleet to hear. Rad. Greg was on deck, and soon he was in the water making way towards his first chance ever at a bluefin on spear. He missed. That didn't stop him from getting back on the boat, and in the water within a few minutes on the next spot of fish. Wham! Two for two! My turn.

Being in the jumpseat is always a thrilling experience. Trying to calm your nerves and trusting your dive buddies to put you on the fish is difficult, but essential to success. I try to nearly meditate, focusing on breathing, and visualizing what is coming. JUAN! TUNA! 10 SECONDS! Heart pounds and I jump in. Nothing but scales. Back in the boat. This situation repeats itself a few times, until we find a solid foamer that has potential. I hop in and the fish move away, but don't sink out. I hang out, slowly kicking in their direction until I see them coming towards me. I dive.

Fish everywhere, I pick one out and watch as my shaft skewers it. Hell yeah. Three for three.

They weren't the biggest, but damn were they fun and delicious. Thanks boys, let's do it again soon.

MONTHLY CLUB MEETING

July 3, 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

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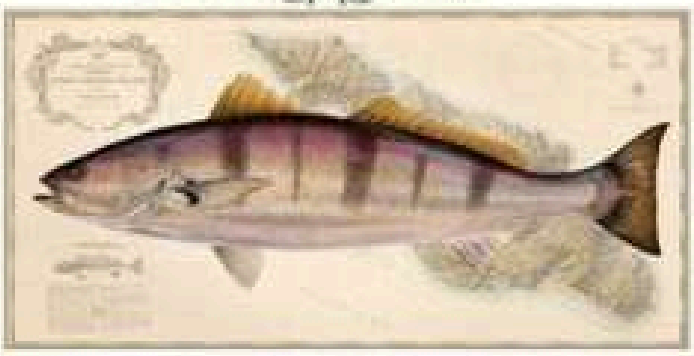

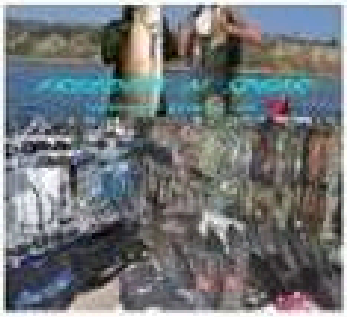

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