THE TRIDENT

The Monthly Newsletter of The Long Beach Neptunes

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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.

2025 CALENDAR

- September 3rd, 2025 - Club Meeting at Me-n-Eds
- September 26th, 2025 Lobster Season Opener
- October 11th - Fall Classic Tournament
- December 7th - LBN Christmas Party

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FISH STANDINGS

CALIFORNIA

Calico Bass - Dennis Emeterio	9 lb
White Seabass - Richard Cunningham	80 lb
Yellowtail - Jeff Bilhorn	40.25 lb
Halibut - Lauren Renteria	41.3 lb
Sheephead	Open
Bonito	Open
Barracuda	Open
Dorado	Open
Bluefin Tuna - Juan-Carlos Aguilar	168.75 lb
Lobster	Open

OUT OF STATE/COUNTRY AWARDS

Yellowfin Tuna	Open
Reef Fish (Broomtail Grouper)	Open
Pelagic, non-tuna (Striper Marlin)	Open

Kent McIntyre Award - Richard Cunningham	114.5 lb
Perpetual Big Fish Trophy - Juan-Carlos Aguilar	168.75 lb

Neptune Catalina Camp Out 2025

By John Hughes

I was a little shocked at how much fun this actually was. Ronn Warrren was generous enough to loan my family his 22 foot outrage for the weekend which gave us a lot of freedom. From loading the boat to getting over there and figuring out how to get everything on shore, to putting the kids on the bow for the dolphins both directions, it was just a blast all the way through.

Neptune Catalina Camp Out 2025

By John Hughes cont'

I think I was caught so off-guard because I didn't expect all the kids to mesh so well. There were kids between seven and 13 and they all got along so well and basically just stayed in the water for 2 1/2 days straight from Sunrise to dark. What that meant for my wife and I was that we actually had plenty of time to ourselves and it provided a lot of time to get to know some of the newer members of our club better as well as all of their wives/girlfriends. I can honestly say there wasn't a person there that I didn't really like. I had so much fun talking to everybody and hanging out and getting to know everybody on a deeper level.

The new location at the Emma Campground worked out incredibly well and gave everybody the option to go in for supplies or just send the kids into town for an ice cream in the afternoon. It also totally accommodated everybody that came along. Almost the whole board was there, and I was so grateful to them for all the hard work they put into this trip, organizing, helping everybody out along the way, and dealing with anything that came up in the midst of it. My level of respect went way up for these guys for all that I saw them doing and it was really nice to see them all get into Dad mode whether they were dads or not. Such a solid group of individuals that came out on this trip, it was nice seeing them in their own family dynamic.

Neptune Catalina Camp Out 2025

By John Hughes cont'

The timing of this trip was perfect for my family as it was the last weekend of summer before my kids went to school and also my son's birthday weekend. It was a nice bonus that EZ shot a Junior world record 1.15 pound Opal eye to take down all the heavy hitting crew under 14 for that Neptune's Junior Spearfishing championship of the world lol. Juan showed up all weekend in between work doing his normal thing and was even generous enough to make a custom trophy that just says "champ". I told EZ the trophy was nicer than any of the other tournament trophies. I've won over the years lol.

Neptune Catalina Camp Out 2025

By John Hughes cont'

I've been in the club somewhere around 15 years and by far this was the fun event I've been to in my years in the club and really rejuvenated my love of the club in general. I hope next year's board decides to do this again and I hope it will grow in size so that more experience what a great time this is in the midst of fellow club members and all of our families.

Thanks again to this year's board and all their hard work and just providing such an amazing experience for my family. So grateful.

PLAN B

By Mike Marsh

Del White put together a 3-day trip with the primary goal of looking for bluefin. On board, along with Del, would be Jason Taylor, Mike Feldman (Too Tall), and me, leaving Thursday evening and coming back to port Sunday. We motored to SCI, cruising at 10 knots to conserve fuel, figuring that we might be running for an extended period searching for foamers. After Del drove all night, we anchored at Northwest Harbor, where Del finally hit the sack.

Friday morning, we hit the backside searching for signs of bluefin. The conditions did not seem right, and we all agreed to hunt on the island for yellows and whites. The next day, the seas will be calmer and we will have a better chance of seeing formers and boils.

Back at SCI, we tried our luck at the 9 Fathoms high spot, only to find green water and nobody home. We moved the bed to the east of Northwest Harbor, where we found favorable conditions. Too Tall shot a nice 29-pounder, and one well, let's just say one considerably smaller. Del had a few sightings, but no shots were taken. Jason saw Jack, and I spent most of this dive in the kelp bed with the same result. We headed down the front side, diving multiple spots with few, if any, sightings.

What turned out to be our final spot for the day would be the wall off China Hat. This area would usually produced when there is current, and the current on the outside was definitely up. We anchored in the cove, sheltered from the current, and both Del and I headed for the wall. Too Tall, the wiser of the threesome, stayed back to enjoy the protection provided by the cove's boundaries.

PLAN B

By Mike Marsh cont'

I had lost sight of Del as I made it to the shallows at the wall when 4 good-sized yellows blazed towards me and made a left turn heading to deeper water. It wouldn't take much to get deeper, as we are in five feet of water. I ducked below to a record deep of 3 feet and let the arrow fly, hitting one just below the dorsal fin. It took off in the opposite direction across the shallows, made a U-turn past me, then down the face of the wall. The shot held even as this 27-pounder was going ballistic. This fight took several minutes, allowing the current to sweep us further, and further from the calmness of the cove.

More time and distance passed as I bled my catch. I held it by the gill plate and, with my free hand, clutched my loose shaft and Riffe Islander. I notice the Esta Bien 2 was now a considerable distance off, and looking at the bent kelp lying in the opposite direction, I knew my work was cut out for me. I know this spot, and the best way for me to make it to the boat was to stay shallow where the current is reduced. This presents another problem. Not only was I kicking my slow ass, the fish, gun, and spear through the water, but my shooting line would occasionally and most irritatingly catch on the reef, further slowing my escape. No need for the gym today, I was huffing and puffing, making extremely slow progress, but making progress nonetheless. Grabbing an occasional kelp stock to hold my place and catch my breath, I made it back to the swim step.

Back at SCI, we tried our luck at the 9 Fathoms high spot, only to find green water and nobody home. We moved the bed to the east of Northwest Harbor, where we found favorable conditions. Too Tall shot a nice 29-pounder, and one well, let's just say one considerably smaller. Del had a few sightings, but no shots were taken. Jason saw Jack, and I spent most of this dive in the kelp bed with the same result. We headed down the front side, diving multiple spots with few, if any, sightings. What turned out to be our final spot for the day would be the wall off China Hat. This area would usually produced when there is current, and the current on the outside was definitely up. We anchored in the cove, sheltered from the current, and both Del and I headed for the wall. Too Tall, the wiser of the threesome, stayed back to enjoy the protection provided by the cove's boundaries.

On board were Jason and Too Tall, who helped me throw the mess aboard. Del was still out on the wall in deep water and raging current. He also had a fish on, asking for help. Well, I'm not sure if asking is the right word, but in any case, we needed to get our butts out there pronto. The anchor was up, and we headed for our buddy.

PLAN B

By Mike Marsh cont'

Del had shot a 31-pound yellow in deep water, while fighting the fish, and, making his way back, he developed a disabling calf cramp. A small walk around with several fishermen was near him as we pulled up to retrieve Del, and they gave us a WHAT FOR, for leaving our diver unassisted. Even though this happens frequently, they were correct, and I thanked them for staying nearby.

The rest of the night was spent at the Pyamid anchorage, having a beer or a cocktail or both, and enjoying another one of Margaret's home-cooked dinners. It's always a highlight of any trip and the main reason I get an invite.

Saturday was spent with Jason and me on the aft deck, fermenting in our wetsuits all day without a single bluefin sighting. After several of my complaints, Del had had enough and opted for a new plan, probably just to shut me up. Plan B was underway, and I was out of that 5 mil so fast your head would spin. We were at the Snail Bank and fairly close to SBI, but the reports there were dismal, so we motored to Catalina, hoping for more favorable conditions and another chance to shoot yellowtail.

It's Sunday, the last day of the adventure, and we stared at the backside. The four of us spread out in different directions, diving into a not so super secret kelp bed. The water was green with limited visibility, maybe 20 feet. Too Tail, Jason, and I saw plenty of barracudas, but none of the targeted pescado. Del, on the other hand, shot and tore off a white sea bass and just missed a yellow. Even with a sore calf, he managed to swim to the furthest end of the bed and back. Way to hang tough, Del.

We hit a spot before rounding the corner to the front side, where there were reports of bluer water. Del would usually hide a piece of my dive gear to slow me down, but not this time. I was first in the water. It was a short swim to the reef where the bait and blacksmith were collected on the outside of the stringers. I dived to 20 feet, only a few seconds had passed when a large school of yellow tail came by at medium speed. I shot one away from the kelp, and it appeared that I had stoned it. Oh, this should be an easy retrieval. All was going to plan till I went for a tail grab, and it woke steaming straight to the kelp and wrapped itself a half a dozen times. This easy retrieval has now become more complicated.

PLAN B

By Mike Marsh cont'

I cut the fish free and started to swim back to the swim step. I would land two more at this spot. Jason was on the other end of the bed and also had sightings, but no shot was taken. Back at the boat, Jason explained that his trigger was malfunctioning and would not release the spear. I told the boys about this encounter, and Too Tall also landed one near there, smaller than mine, of course. Del said to Too Tall time to head back to the boat. Too tall was taking his sweet time, and we were wondering why. Sometime later, he made it back to the swim step, apologizing for the delay. The delay was for good reason: a 60 to 80-pound bluefin had passed through some distance away from Too Tall, then disappeared. This was well worth the wait.

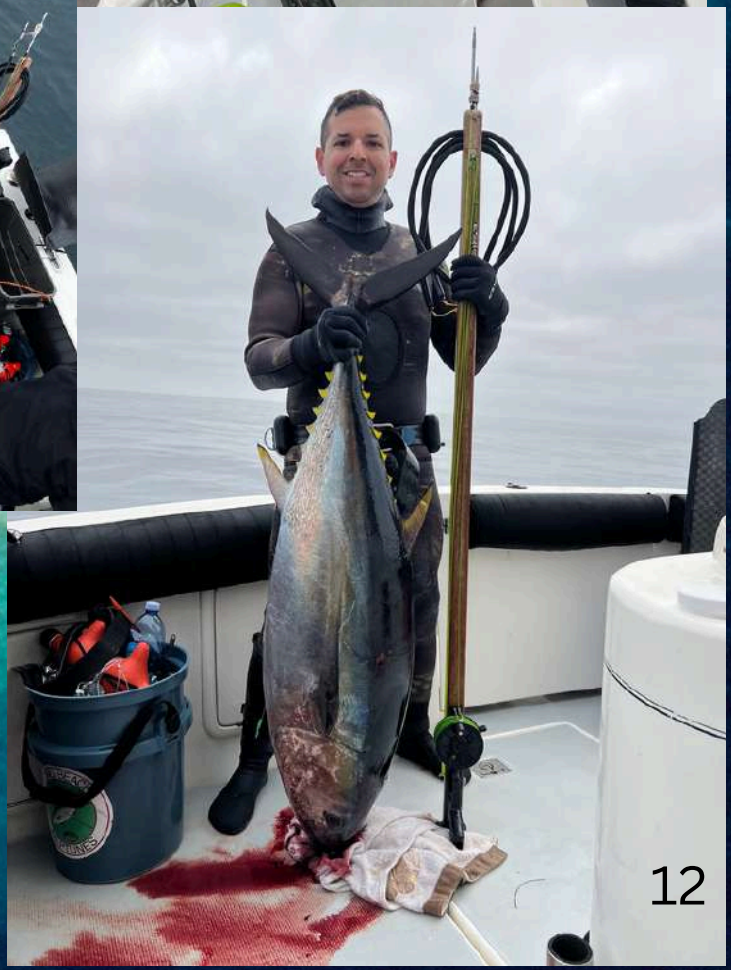
Del and Jason weren't finished, so I live-boated them to a few front-side spots, but the vis was bad. We made it to Ship Rock, and it was Del's final dive of the Trip. No more fish were taken, and we headed back to the home port.

The fish count was 8 yellowtail and one calico. Del was in first place with a sizable 31-pounder, Too Tall in second with his 29-pounder, me in third place with a 27-pounder, and Jason with an honorable mention and comedic award.

Even though Plan A, targeting bluefin, was unsuccessful, one must always adapt to the conditions and circumstances the ocean presents. Camaraderie with your sperro's must always be the priority.

Mike Marsh

Tuna on the esta bien!



THE GOOD OL SUMMER OF 2025!

LONG BEACH NEPTUNES

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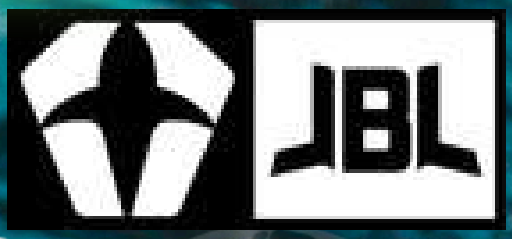

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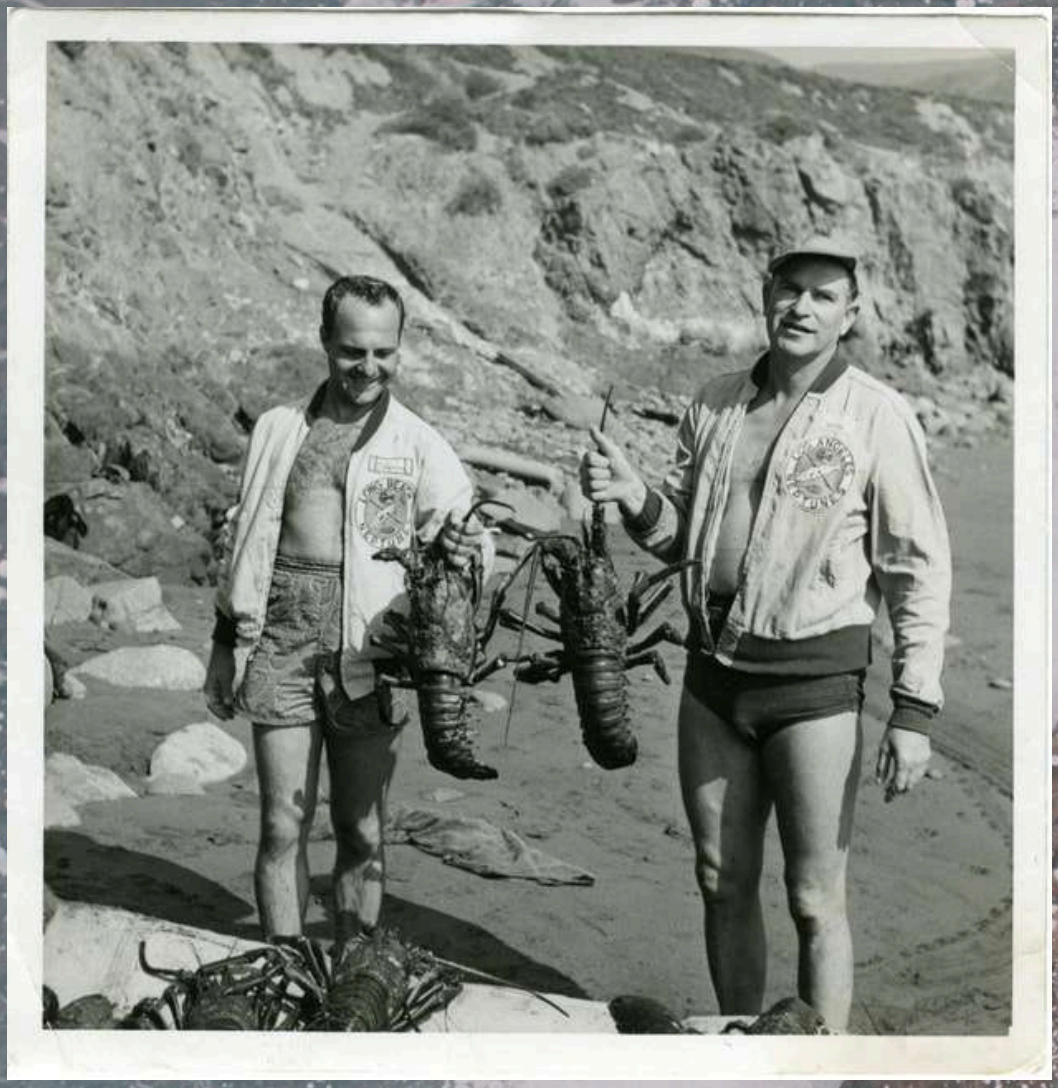

Lobster season is coming up, want to meet more bug hunters like yourself? Join us at one of our monthly meetings or check out our website for more info!

MONTHLY CLUB MEETING

September 3rd, 2025, 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