

The Fishfinder General



As a young man his skills were honed to the extraordinary by years of subsistence fishing with his father in Mazatlan on the west coast of mainland Mexico. Stories of incredible sportfishing fired his spirit of adventure to cross The Sea of Cortez and seek his destiny on the seas off Cabo San Lucas at the tip of the Baja Peninsula. Some years ago fate played its uncanny hand when a boat problem placed us in the hands of Captain Efren Beron which proved to be a milestone in our fishing lives over the years we have fished and become friends with him. This wiry little Mexican with "raccoon" eyes from his many days hunting the banks and ribs of this gamefishing Mecca has put us on so many fish the statistics would be a hard act to follow anywhere in the world. He has the gift which all serious anglers recognise in a skipper if at home or away. With eyes born of a falcon he scans the Ocean for action. Not for him idle chatter on the radio or any sign of indifference just the admirable intensity of a true man of the sea. We know the signs now after years of practice. First the engine note changes, then he stands up on the fly-bridge focussed on some sign us mere mortals cannot see. Then a machine gun of Mexican Spanish as crewman Kiko lands on the deck from above and prepares for action whilst the 28ft Luhrs gameboat hurtles towards some spot in the ocean at 30 knots plus. We



arrive in a wash of white water as Efren eases back the power. There are hordes of frigate birds overhead and down in the water we can see a Mackerel shoal packed so tightly together you would have trouble putting a "rizla" between them, ask Captain Dave Woodhams from Poole Sea Angling Centre - he has lost a few during these regular adrenaline rushes. Striped Marlin are on the surface slicing furrows of white water as they force the baitfish to the surface. Kiko has cast the first livebait and Efren is shouting for us to put out another one. The great scythe of a tail reflects the sun as the "lit up" Marlin powers in on the bait at unbelievable speed, then away with the prey like a thief in the night. Patience and self control are needed now with the lightest thumb pressure the only testimony to revolving maelstrom occurring on the reel. After forever come the ignition. Hooka! hooka! is the order from the bridge. Push the lever to the strike position or say goodbye to some layers of thumb skin and set the hook with a series of sharp jabs. The events which follow bring anglers back year after year to this wonderful place. Life is not a rehearsal so check it out and fish with the "General" or others like him. Should your journey begin here let me assure you it will end in your soul. Discover Los Cabos. Rediscover yourself.

Jon Petterssen