



Left: The grin says it all - beautiful deepwater blue eye hauled up off Sydney's Browns Mountain by Stephen Weaver. To fish where this beast came from requires a massive commitment in fishing skill, boat preparation, and a large degree of luck to cope with vagaries of the weather right out wide.

Right: For many years recreational anglers didn't know much about gemfish, especially as the specie was badly knocked about (unwittingly, largely) by the pros before better management practices came onto the scene. These days, as fishos travel further afield into deeper water, gemfish have resumed their rightful place as one of the best (table) ocean fish we have.

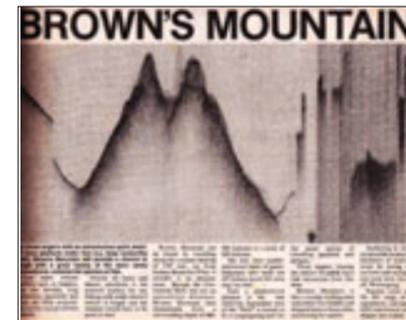


Deepwater Fishing Brown's Mountain

We don't think there is a fisherman with a pulse who hasn't dreamed of catching a big oogle from the deep . . . this is truly the stuff of legends, isn't it? All the way back to the beginnings of recorded history . . . but as the Green Movement continue their push to lock-out fishermen from waters they have fished for generations, more anglers are heading out further than ever before. In this excellent - and timely - report, Sydney based tackle guru **Andrew Hestelow provides a heads-up on what to expect and how to do it . . . in seriously deep, canyon country.**

Back in the 1970s Sydney had a weekly fishing newspaper called, appropriately enough, *Fishing News*. It was renowned for cheesy pun headlines such as, 'Trag by the Swag', and 'Thisaway to Chittaway.'

Fishing News surpassed itself when, in a freak event, a sea eagle picked up a fish from the surface of Queenscliff lagoon, then lost its grip while flying over the adjoining golf course. The resulting front page headline, 'Mullet Stuns Golfer', was an unforgettable moment of magic.



In amongst all the nutty stories, there was some very good information on fishing spots. It was in the pages of *Fishing News* that I first

learned of the almost mythical Browns Mountain.

In the 1970s, we had no GPS, VHF radio was rare, weather forecasting was hit and miss and we had no Internet. Navigation was by dead reckoning or the 'third pine tree over the surf club' technique - that sort of thing. *Fishing News* published the Giant Fishing Map Book, which included this image of Browns Mountain.

Of course that image looks nothing whatsoever like the bottom out there, and Browns does not 'rise