

Issue 181, Winter 2022

# TROUT FISHER

*NZ's dedicated trout fishing magazine*

**NZ FLY FERNS – EXCITING TIMES AHEAD!  
DILUTING THE SALT ~ NZ REBOOT  
THE POOR COUSIN  
TRAPPING TROUT**

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## Cover

*The NZ Fly Ferns Captain totally tip-loads a 3-weight (NZFF)*

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## EDITORIAL

This issue's 20% retail price rise, the first since 2009, is simply a recognition of reality. Despite resurgence claims, lockdown sales losses have combined with rising print and distribution costs to produce a significant loss in the tax return I'm filing.

If prime costs fall so will the RRP but for the moment, I'm re-establishing a clear incentive to subscribe and thus, aiming to reduce the inherent waste of sale-or-return retail publishing.

With prime costs flagged to keep rising I'm also investigating a means to reinstate in-house digital sales that avoids piracy. This version will remain available via magzter.com and zinio.com if I do.

Thinking back, the frequency of global crises has kept increasing throughout my lifetime and I cannot see this trend reversing until humanity accepts the underlying cause – something each one of us CAN control – over-population.

Despite creating means to control population, the global strategy still seems to be to let it keep expanding, because that ensures economic growth (for some at least). Anywhere you care to look on this planet you'll find water and land being degraded in the name of feeding the world, when the actual aim is to create profit, whatever the long term environmental cost.

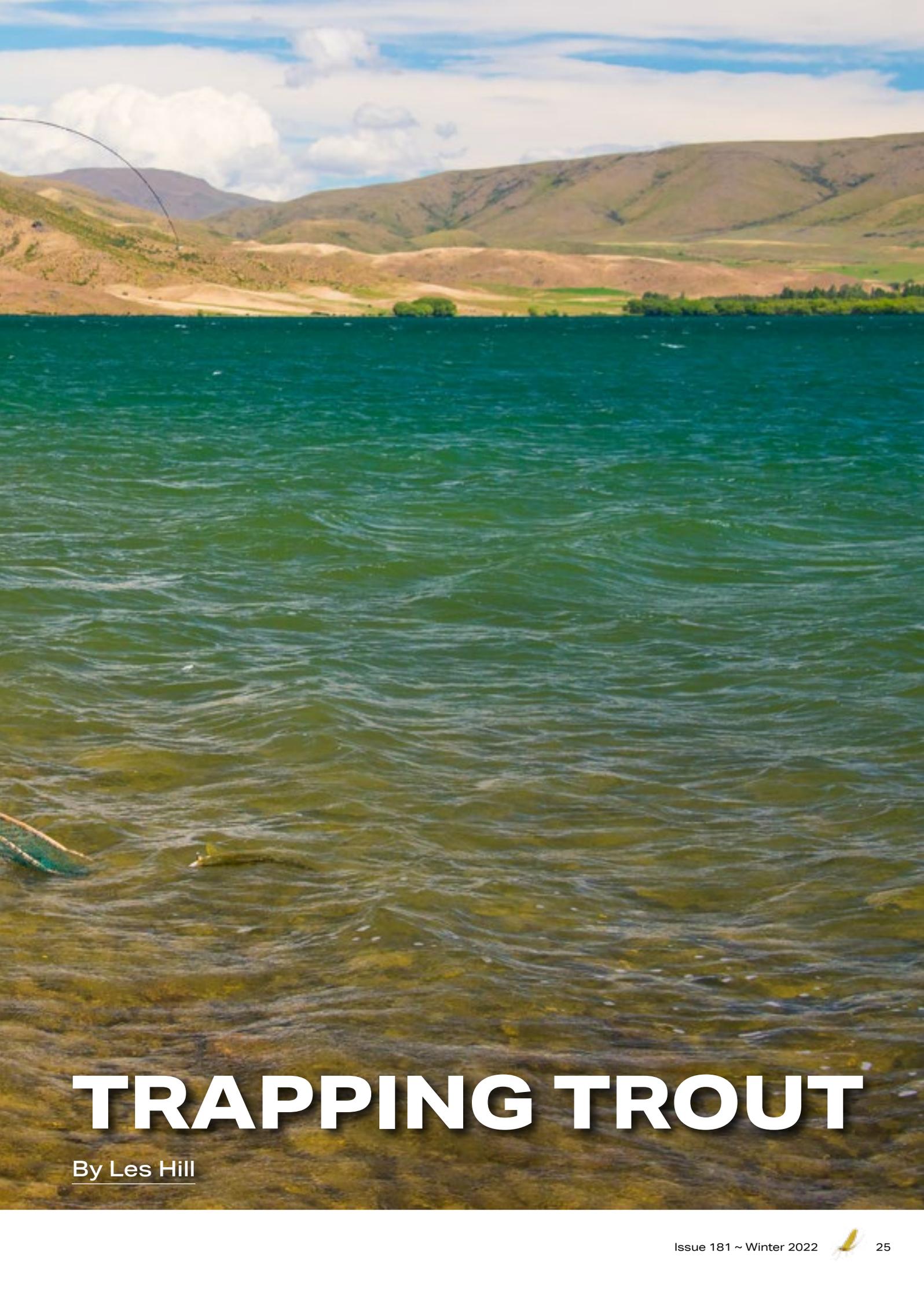
It seems to me that almost every challenge facing humanity comes back to one fact: that, despite understanding the consequences, too many of us still choose to live by precepts that will ensure our extinction.





*Bright sun, wind obscuring the line and adding movement to fly or suspended nymph: good conditions for . . .*





# TRAPPING TROUT

By Les Hill



*"Mate, I've organised a trip to Aitutaki! Everything is sorted! You up for it?"*

# Diluting the salt

By Simon Hoole

I stared at the phone in contemplation. Job on the rocks due to Covid, massive uncertainty at what the new year would bring, but my arm didn't take much twisting; from the moment those characters were radiated, my mind was already made up. The lure of crystal waters, coconut trees and shiny, elusive fish that screech well into the backing within seconds, coupled with the chance encounter of a behemoth BUFGT (Sorry Roald), how could I say no!

Will and I had spent the Summer bashing marker buoys and cruising urban flats predated upon those predatory yellow tailed marvels with ever growing success, feeling closer and closer to solving that unsolvable Rubix Cube we call fishing. All the while Will equated everything to bonefishing with a passion that 23 tours to Aitutaki had burned into his soul. Finally now that opportunity was upon me.

It was go time... "Just don't test positive!", ran through my mind repeatedly as we had our noses swabbed. Will got his call out, "You're good to go!" High fives we're on! But why was mine taking longer? The tester popped his head out the other door and came walking towards us slowly. He called my name but said nothing more and the anticipation and worry stretched into eternity. Finally he smiled, "Negative!" We were on!

Arriving at Aitutaki on dark, we were met by big hugs from Will's close friend, and needed to adjust to island time. Our focus was getting the baggage and frozen goods secured. Dean had another: sit in the car, crack open a cold one and "have a chill-pill you city slickers!" Our eyes kept flicking toward the emptying baggage carriage. "Chill out you guys!" Dean barked at us until beers were drained and we set off to enjoy a few more at the Boatshed, before a great introduction to the family and a few more bubbles to set in the evening.

