



Issue 196

TROUT FISHER

Fly focused but totally transferable

Autumn 2026

THE HUTT: hanging on by a thread?

Cool & Well-Oxygenated ~ Sparse – the name of the game

More adaptations ~ Trout Moods

DODGING BEARS AND SEALS

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Cover & Here: Passion Vine Hoppers. (PWS)

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Cool & Well-Oxygenated

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Talking Plenty with Peter Storey highlights the basic facts behind successful high summer and early autumn fishing and introduces an alternative profile to show to river fish.

SPARSE The Name of the Game

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Tony Orman contends that human vision and perception is at odds with a trout's vision and perception.

THE HUTT: *hanging on by a thread?*

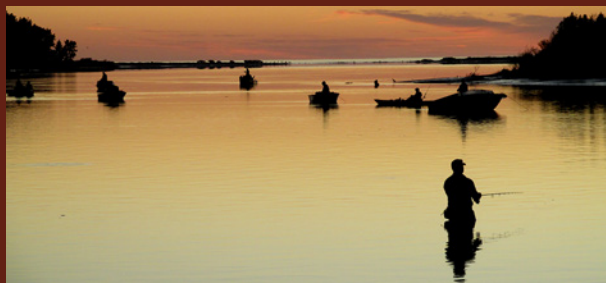
16



Andrew Harding believes the Hutt, 'is a measure of how New Zealand chooses to value its rivers in an increasingly crowded landscape.'

More Adaptations

30



Part 13 of Confessions of an Addicted Salmon Angler finds Larry Burke enjoying a bumper season with DIY lures.

Trout Moods

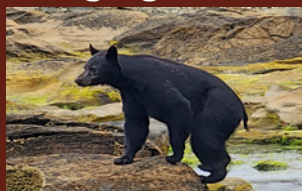
36



Matt Hoole suggest that, 'if you've been fly fishing for a long time, you would've no doubt come across trout that really do appear to display certain emotions, not unlike humans.'

Dodging Bears and Seals

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Garry Scrimgeour and Rob Davidson make a trip to Vancouver Island, BC, trying to catch salmon while avoiding 'The Cap Of Shame'.

THE HUTT: hanging on . . .





... by a thread?

By Andrew Harding



There are rivers that feel remote, untouched, and safely distant from the pressures of modern life. Then there is the Hutt River – a fishery that runs straight through the machinery of a capital city, Wellington, and somehow, stubbornly, remains an incredible fishery for those who are prepared to accept its challenges... and there are many.

To fish the Hutt is to accept contradiction. It is a river under almost constant assault – mechanised, reshaped and cross-bladed by a Regional Council completely detached by the realities of how a river functions and its special meaning to the hundreds of people that enjoy its presence every day. Hemmed in by stop banks and suburbia, the Hutt, remarkably, continues to produce beautifully marked and well-conditioned browns. Few rivers in New Zealand test the resilience of both trout and angler quite like the Hutt.

The Hutt is a river under diggers however. On any given day, it is not unusual to arrive at the Hutt and find excavators sitting in the channel, reshaping gravel bars, trimming willows, pushing shingle, or re-profiling banks – the muddy slicks sweeping downstream for many kilometers. Flood protection work by the Greater Wellington Regional Council is a near-constant presence, particularly through the lower to middle reaches. The stated aim is safety – protecting homes, roads, and infrastructure from the river's frequent floods – but the cost to the river's natural form is obvious. The Hutt has been here long before humans walked its banks, let alone readily granted consents to build on its floodplain.

Cross-blading, a practice banned in almost every developed country due to its ecological impact, is still used throughout New Zealand. Gravel is flattened and redistributed into ruts, runs are filled, and braids simplified. The natural river is converted into a fast, shallow, shingle chute from source to sea; long sections resembling a managed drain, rather than a living river system. Invertebrate habitat is stripped away, spawning gravels disturbed, and holding-water disappears overnight. And yet, somehow, the fish remain, and in some stretches... in staggering numbers.

How?! The quality of its water . . .

