Subject: : Stream Reports
Topic: : Santa Ana River, San Bernardino County, CA 4-13-13
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Things went so well with our west coast implementation that we got the weekend off so I decided to head back up to my favorite water on Saturday. A guy from our team found out I was heading up and wanted to learn fly fishing so he asked me if he could go with me. Hey we help newbies on the east coast so I figured why not. Unfortunately he had nothing which was not a problem except for waders or hip boots. So he heads out to get hip boots, 2 hours later he comes back with breathables and wading boots. Apparently finding fishing gear in SoCal is a chore.

We finally head out for our 90 minute drive, which by the way once you get into the mountains is gorgeous, to the stream. This stream unfortunately gets stocked with rainbows and apparently got stocked this week so we had plenty of company but it still beat sitting behind a desk. I wanted to explore new water but with a newbie along I figured I'd better go where I knew he could cast and hopefully catch fish. The first two spots had cars and looked like opening day in PA around pools no bigger than a pool table. We moved on and finally found a place with no cars.

I got him on 2 fish in the second pool we fished and he landed them both (and yes he got a toned down version of the fox call) but then he lost focus or whatever because he missed every fish that came up for his fly for the next couple of hours. I hooked quite a few again but not nearly as many as the Sunday before I believe due to people already having fished the water.

We both got all browns which is what we wanted anyway. We waded along and came to more people fishing so we had to jump out and drive up to water I was reluctant to take him based simply on his lack of experience and the water got smaller. He was a trooper and continued to keep up with me. As I mentioned we got out later than I wanted so by now it was getting late in the day and we had a 30 minute or so walk back to the car. I didn't want to be up on that mountain after dark but I was determined to get him at least 1 more fish before we headed back. I looked for the best water and set him up and we actually got him 2 more. The look on his face was precious. I was planning on going again Sunday but on the drive back I realized I had to dry out my stuff by Monday to be packed and stored there and did not want my waders or boots dry rotting in the pack until I got them out again. So Sunday was cancelled. I got a txt later last night that if I changed my mind and headed out Sunday, he would love to go. So I guess he enjoyed himself.

He took a couple of pics of me with fiash I landed. Enjoy.

Attach file:

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