

## SNAKE RIVER

The 2013 Federation of Fly Fishers' (FFF) Conclave was held in West Yellowstone, Montana. This year's event promised to be a great one, with many exciting classes. I was joined this year by my younger brother Mike and his wife Jennifer. Our first stop on this trip was the Snake River in the Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming.

With the excitement of the first morning and my brother pushing us to hurry up, we jumped into the pickup and headed down the road. Four hours into Wyoming, while discussing what flies to use on the Snake River, we realized that in the rush of the morning the bag containing the majority of our flies was left sitting on the table at home. After some discussion about who was to blame and whether or not to turn around, we decided to continue on as we had to visit some local fly shops anyways. (Being outnumbered my brother was found to be at fault.)

Arriving in Jackson Hole we were on a mission find out what flies they were biting on. After visiting several local fly shops the report was pretty much the same, "they're hitting big dry flies late in the day." We were restocked and ready to roll. The next stop was the boat rental. With a credit card on file and a quick safety lesson we pulled out with a float boat in tow. The Snake River was soon to be ours.

We hit the water at 10am, which may seem a little late but was advised by the local guides. The forecast called for cloudy skies with a chance for occasional showers. With very little sun breaking through the clouds we changed up our plan from throwing dries to pulling streamers. Luckily, I had tied a few leeches with Larva Lace Mohair in the box of flies that I did remember to bring. For any of you that have floated the Snake River in the fall, you know that with the fall foliage, wildlife and beautiful mountains the six hour float was over in a snap.

We left Jackson Hole with West Yellowstone, Montana in our sights. But, as we passed Moran junction we couldn't resist one last chance to fish the Snake River. We jumped out of the truck with three different colored streamers. It didn't take us long to figure out that white was the magic color, the first fish of the day hit that white streamer with ferocity, swam deep and snapped the line, not a bad way to start the day. An hour later we lost the last streamer to a nice rainbow that ran straight for main current and broke the line like he knew what he was doing. We said good bye to the Snake River and turned north to continue our journey into Yellowstone National Park.

Check back next month for the conclusion!

