

ARCHIVED FISHING REPORTS

Report from Fletcher's Cove, January 3, 2008 Best wishes for a happy, healthy, humble and humane new year!



Wow! The holidays are past -- what a whirlwind. Now for an annual irony: The cold winds of January remind us that Spring is next on the seasonal calendar. With a little patience and visions of cherry blossoms in our heads, fishing, boating, kayaking, biking and canoe-tripping will soon be ours to enjoy again at Fletcher's Cove.

This is the time to quietly reflect on the year that has just ended and gather hope for the year ahead. On balance, 2007 was very good to those who worked at, patronized or just passed through Fletcher's Cove. The weather gods were good to us. The busy season was dry and sunny. There were no major floods and the Potomac flowed gently enough for all of our water craft to ply the river most of the time. The Shad fishing season was the best in anyone's memory, with the expectation of that trend continuing. In all honesty, other types of fishing could have been better, but hope is the foundation on which a fisherman stands, and the New Year is always filled with high hopes for the angler.



Regarding cycling, more and more people are discovering the amazing resource available to Washingtonians in the C&O Canal and the Capital Crescent Trail. 2007 saw a non-stop parade of every definition of cyclist come by The Cove. Biking has become a way of life for many people, combining exercise with recreation, environmental responsibility, and practical transportation. Mayor Fenty is citizen-biker number one. Fletcher's rental bikes await those yet to give these trails a try.

With the resources of our parent, <u>Guest Services</u>. Inc., we are fortunate to have much new equipment to offer our visitors. Even as this is written, a traditionally-styled rowboat is being constructed to add to the fleet. More bikes were acquired in the fall. Kayaks now number thirty-eight. But the real beauty of what is happening at Fletcher's is less tangible. It is a not so common merging of the past and present, where the simple pleasures of the past embrace the reality of the present. We can scan your credit card, but then the feel of an ash oar replaces the plastic in your hand. You swoop in off fast-paced Canal Road, but then must slow down to transit the single-lane tunnel built in 1828. High-tech synthetic fishing lures meet wiggly old live night crawlers. Thousand-dollar fly rods rest next to five-dollar cane poles.

Fletcher's greets those who come to spend money and those who come to hang out and see a smiling face in a beautiful place. We are steeped in history and when you visit, you step into that history and become it. I've seen a lot of faces in thirty nine years. The next one is always interesting and welcomed.

Hope to see yours by The Cove!





Dan

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