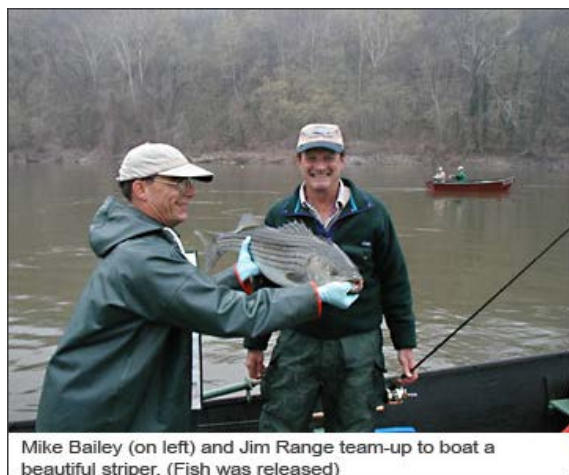



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Report from Fletcher's Cove, January 30, 2009



friends.

Here's something on Jim:

A Fletcher's Cove Memory of Jim

When I heard that Tennessee "twang", and saw those sparkling eyes, I knew that Jim had passed through the looking glass. There are places in Washington insulated from the pathways of power or the offices of influence. Jim was escaping those so familiar stations, for just a bit. If not for the unfortunate invention of the cell phone, Jim, like so many of us, might have truly been able to set the inner kid free.

I really only knew Jim from his time at Fletcher's. And that was a good place to know him. His coffee was just as bad, his boat just the same, the chill on the water a shared experience with the other anglers. Did I know he had met with Presidents and worked the halls of Congress? Sure... but on the river we were all just fishin' buddies, soaking in God's awesome creation and hoping for the big one to take our bait.

JR and his frequent fishing partner Mike (Animal) Bailey, a.k.a. "Beauty" (Jim) and "The Beast" (Mike), would wail-away on those fish more often than not. But you could tell on the good days as well as the unproductive ones, that catching was great, but it was the being there that truly mattered. That, I found, very likeable in a man of Jim's broad accomplishments and travels. On a day of crossing paths with Jim, I always had that... "I want to have a beer (or more likely, a Jack Daniels) with him" feeling.

Characters like Jim Range are cherished at Fletcher's. We've had so many, with so many unique stories over the decades. We openly embrace them. I worry sometimes that the supply of characters, odd-balls and eccentrics might dry up in the future. Jim's untimely death leaves yet another big void in the "character" department.

On a chilly Spring morning, with the promise of warm sunshine to come, I'm going to row an empty red rowboat out on the Potomac and anchor it in Jim's favorite shad spot. Then we can imagine that his spirit will get one last crack at a big roe, fresh from the ocean, bay and river that he loved and worked to protect.

This past Inauguration Day, while America celebrated the birth of a new Presidency, the Boathouse lost a dear friend. And too, the nation's anglers and hunters lost a tireless advocate for conservation and the rights and opportunities we often take for granted.

James D. Range succumbed to cancer after a two month illness.

Jim had so many personal and professional accomplishments that I won't even begin to list them here. Rather, I can direct your attention to www.jimrange.com. What I can say, is that Jim was a frequent fisherman at Fletcher's. We always loved to see his boyish excitement while gazing out onto the river. Knowing he had fished just about everywhere in the world, it was a character statement and a compliment to us that he cherished time at Fletcher's Cove.

He was a busy man who often had to work while playing, or play while working. But the enthusiasm for both was palpable, so it all meshed together for him. I remember one cold spring morning, after Jim rowed in from an eddy full of hickory shad, he said only this to me as he marched to his Mini-Cooper... "Damn, (or words to that effect!), I wish I didn't have to go downtown." He was back that afternoon, for another shot.

Jim had the woods and water in his soul. He loved his dogs and three-fingers of Jack. We will miss, but not forget his rugged smile. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his family and

Dan

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