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## ARCHIVED FISHING REPORTS

Report from Fletcher's Cove, Valentine's Day 2007



Brrrrr!! It's cold outside. Old Washingtonians know that sooner or later you pay the piper for weather like we had in December and early January. That time has come, and yet there are distinct signs of Spring even as Mr. Frost Jack-slaps us and we take a left-hook from Old Man Winter. The late February sun gains strength each day and the virtue of patience will soon be rewarded. Our season of re-birth can be as spectacular in D.C. as anywhere.

At Fletcher's Cove on the Potomac, Spring is in the air. Our resident hawks are raising quite a ruckus, swooping on unsuspecting prey and generally making an impressive racket. Just yesterday, friend and naturalist, Gordon L., watched a hawk dive on a junco, eat it in place and then fly away for some more pre-nesting activity. Last week, three male cardinals, brilliant against the drab winter background, danced a duel over territory. I couldn't help but notice how their red robes nearly matched the freshly painted rowboats of Fletcher's fleet.

Winter is a quiet time of muted beauty around Fletcher's. Except for the sounds of a jet or helicopter overhead or the hammering and sawing of dock repair, most of what you'll hear is the transcendent sound of nature. The rush of wind through the trees, the babble of the creek water, the squawking of herons, honking of geese, cries of the hawks and the rustle of squirrels hunting for long-ago hidden bounty. Other than runners, who seem to be in a zone of their own, man is a less frequent visitor during the "off-season." In our current cultural zeitgeist, a strange marriage of globalization with the puritan work ethic, people are sadly reluctant to step through the looking glass to an unstructured moment in time. When our rental season starts, we'll have plenty of visitors. But do yourself a favor and stop by any old time. You might stumble on that one moment of peace and perspective in an otherwise busy day.

Fishing season should be underway in just about a month. Around mid to late March, herring, hickory shad and white perch will be starting their two-month runs up the Potomac, with rockfish, (striped bass) and American shad to follow. One day, frustration and impatience will suddenly turn to amazement and glee as the river comes alive with fish. Yes, our wildlife is struggling against the insults imposed on them by Man. But with a little luck, you might show up on a day which could spoil the most jaded fisherman. I know folks who annually spend many thousands on



their fishing treks, only to come back each year to Fletcher's in Spring, for a thirty dollar trip to the end of the rainbow. You could get a bad haircut for that much.



Our infamous Dock Lady has been walking the woods much of the off season, storing up the energy to impetuously abuse our customers, who usually are delighted that someone so genuine took such an interest in them. In a few weeks the store will be tidied up, bike tires pumped, fishing tackle stocked, refreshments on hand and credit card machine ready to debit your account. Please allow us the pleasure of serving you!

Fletcher's is an old-fashion kind of place. We have a bit of technology. But we would rather see you face-to-face. A hand-shake and back-slap as you head off fishing is our comfort level. This web site will let you know when our bud begins to blossom. After that, make the trip through the old stone tunnel so we can greet you properly.

Thanks for reading and hope to see you soon.

Dan

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