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Fletchers Cove Fishing Report, July 27, 2006



It's mid-summer, the heat is on, and Fletcher's Cove basks in the glory of another tropical season this July and August. It sometime seems that half of D.C.'s population leaves town this time of year, to be replaced by families and individuals from all parts of the country and globe. From San Antonio to Sidney, East Lansing to Ethiopia people still flock to Our Nation's Capital. We have always prided ourselves on welcoming all comers to that little patch of river bottom land known as Fletcher's.

Just this morning a dad and two daughters from Montana rented a canoe for a glide down the Potomac. They were fully clothed when they went out, much less so on return. But the smiles on their faces told me that they felt great about the calories they burned and the sweat they produced. Air conditioning, as wonderful as it is, can also be a trap to make one hide from reality. Our bodies need to feel the heat, sense the elements and become one with the world unaltered by technology.

So strip off some clothes, let the perspiration bead-up and come down to the river for a few hours of escape to reality. Fishing is slow but relaxing. Paddling a canoe puts you right where a Native American did just the same four-hundred years ago. A kayak makes you one with the water, half fish, half duck. A rowboat gives you a platform, (I like something solid under my feet!), to observe, drift, read, fish, picnic or just stretch those upper body muscles that walking or running don't service. A bike ride lets you glide under the canopy of the C& O Canal or Crescent Trail, making your own wind and transporting you to where mule-skinners and railroad men traversed the great distances of the past. It was just 1985 when a full scale freight railroad rumbled past Fletcher's. How quickly we can forget in modern times.

Now for a bit of a fishing report. The air is hot. The water is hot. The people are hot. The fishing is not! But just this morning, a mom with kids and friends of kids in tow, arrived with determination (and cash) to purchase a couple of spinning rods, a couple of cane poles, some bobbers, worms, and a bit of guidance. In short order the kids were fishing the canal, catching few bluegills and having a great social time of it. We like to see that. If it is busy, you'll be a little more on your own, if not, we love to help.

George Furnett, all 90 years of him, has been fishing most weeks. Using his experience, patience, and persistence, George will hook into a walleye or two, a few large or small mouth bass, and a late season striper on most trips. George says that time fishing does not count against your life span and who could argue with that?

Catfish Mona sent me an e-mail photo of a HUGE catfish she caught earlier in the season. Indeed, it is impressive. Forty-two pounds on the lap. The whiskers alone weighed half-a-pound! Mona fishes all around the globe and regularly lands the lunkers. It's in her blood.

Remember, you can get your D.C. fishing permit, basic tackle and some bait at Fletcher's. If you come see me, Dan, I may just give you a good deal on some supplies if you mention this report. I'd like to know you fishers out there are reading it. Tell you fishing friends that the web site is www.fletcherscove.com NOT the old one that you get at the top when you google fletcher's boat house. We at Fletcher's Cove are moving up the google ladder, but it takes time!

Thanks for reading and happy dog-days.

We hope to see you soon.

Dan

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