

*A Day Fishing on
Lake St. Clair –
May 28, 2015*



Double-header

John Correll

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Dedicated to my grandson Liam. May you live out your life in your healthy-weight range, and strive always to become the finest person you're capable of being, and help others to do the same.

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**Continue to Next Page to begin the
Pictorial Story**

This fish story started a typical way. My brothers **Tom Correll** and **Don Correll** made a trip to Michigan to fish Lake St. Clair for three days with friend **Pete Harrie**. The three fishing days were May 26, 27, 28 (2015). Pete supplied his “fishing machine boat,” a Lund 1650 Rebel. They invited me to go with them. So I broke free for the third day. On this day they started fishing at 7:00 a.m. and I joined them at noon and we fished the remainder of the day until we quit at 8:00 p.m.

The weather was ideal: 75 degrees F, sunny, blue sky and, most importantly, with a gentle wind — a must-have condition for enjoyable fishing of this lake. As you may already know, Lake St. Clair is located just north of Detroit, and spans approximately 25 miles north to south and east to west. Just a moderate wind from the wrong direction can whip up scarily treacherous waves for small craft in a very short time (I speak from scarily treacherous personal experience here).

On this day, just as I'm heading out the door to go fishing a strange event happens. My 5-year old grandson **Liam** says, “Papa, are you going fishing with someone?” I tell him that Uncle Tom and Uncle Don will be fishing, and also our friend Pete Harrie. He then says, “Bring your fish home for me to see.” I tell him that we'll be returning the fish back into the water and so I won't be bringing any home. He then asks, “Will you be catching any?” I tell him that I should catch a few. Then, with an emphatic tone, he says, “Write down how many fish you catch on a paper so I can see how many.” I'm slightly puzzled now. He then continues, “Take a paper and a marker and every time you catch a fish write down the number. When you catch the first fish write a '1' and when the catch the second fish write a '2'.”

I'm now taken aback just a bit by this request. But I go along with it anyhow. I tell him to bring me a piece of paper and a pen and I'll record each fish I catch. He then says, “Yes, and write down how many Uncle Tom and Uncle Don and Pete catch, too.” He dashes off and comes back in about 30 seconds with a piece of yellow paper and a pen. “Here, Papa, write down the number of every fish you catch and every fish Tom and Don and Pete catch.” I say okay and fold the paper and put it into my shirt pocket and proceed to leave. He then says, “And take your camera so you can take pictures of the fish.” I pat my pants pocket, which contains the camera, and assure him I'll bring home pictures, too.

So I leave with marching orders from my 5-year old grandson.

After joining Tom, Don, and Pete at the lake I explain the special instructions Liam gave to me. I tell them I'll be recording when each of us catches a fish and I'll also try to take a picture of it, too. They smile when I explain all this. I think they didn't believe I'd be doing it. But I did do it, at least to a large extent. I recorded the appropriate number each time one of us caught a fish (a photo of the actual paper is at the end of this story). And, initially, I took a photo of each fish (but cut back on the picture-taking after about four hours because I was collecting too many photos to deal with).

So, here now are the photos I took to fulfill grandson Liam's request.

Photo 1-355



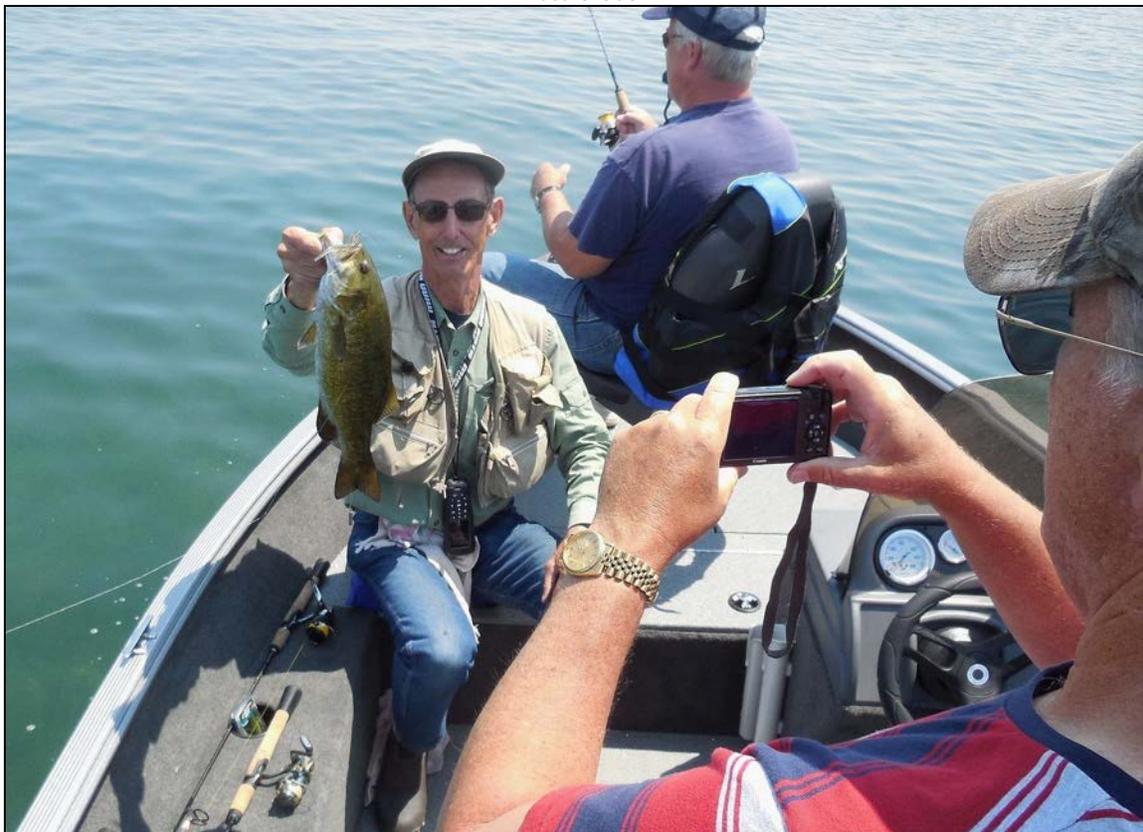
The first thing we did after I got there was have lunch. We ate at Brownies on the Lake restaurant in Jefferson Beach Marina. Here we're entering the marina. On the left is brother DON. In the middle (front of boat) is brother TOM. And on the right, driving the boat, is friend PETE Harrie.

Photo 2-357



Pete gets us started with a feisty smallmouth bass (a.k.a. *smallmouth* or *smallie*).

Photo 3-358



Ta-dah ... here she is, boys!

Photo 4-359



A rock bass, my first fish of the day (hey, we're photographing every fish, right?)

Photo 5-360



**Don's first drum of the day.
(Don, by the way, is known throughout the Correll family — and perhaps the entire Midwest — as the Drum Master.)**

Photo 6-361



A rock bass — a.k.a. *rockie* — caught by Tom

NOTE: next four pics are a series.

Photo 7-362



Pete's into another fighter

Photo 8-363



Almost got it

Photo 9-364



Not bad ... not the biggest ... but “not bad.”

Photo 10-365



Side view is best — Turns out it's better than "not bad"

Photo 11-366



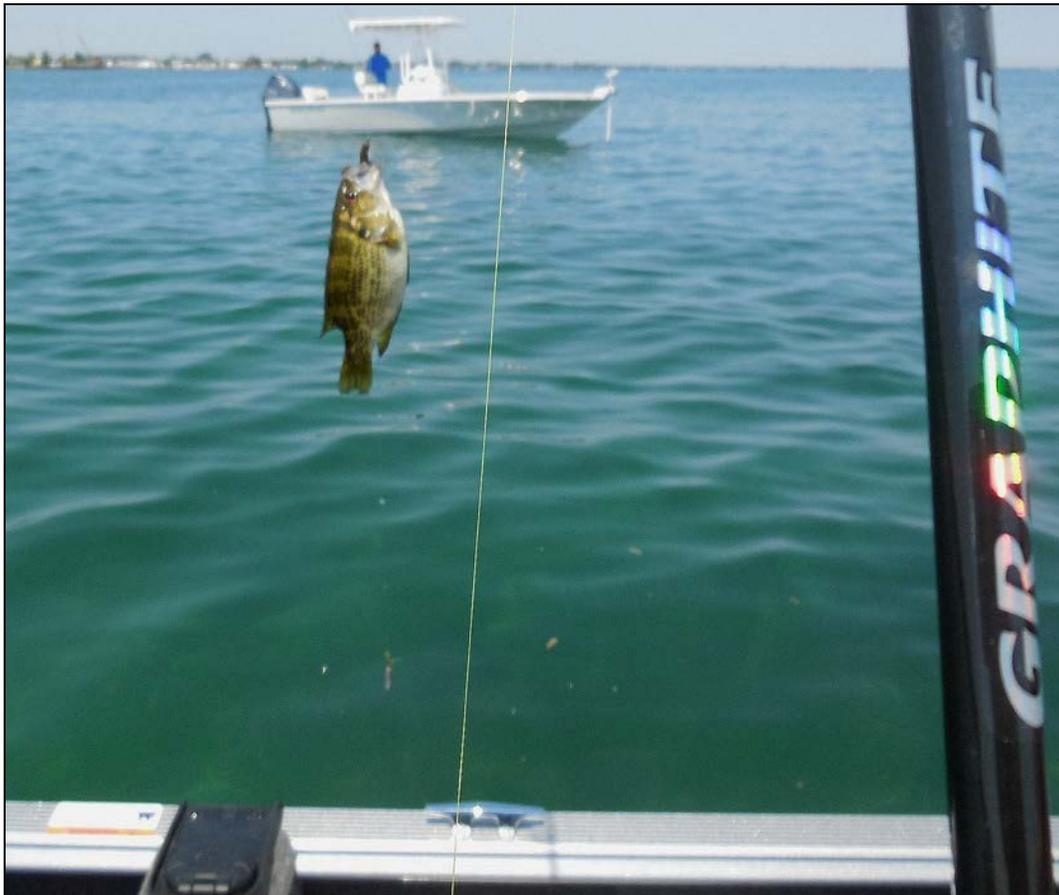
A rockie for Don. Good work, Don.

Photo 12-367



And, *another* rockie for Don. Keep up the good work.

Photo 13-368



And ... a rockie for *John*. (Photo made by holding rod in one hand & camera in the other.)

Photo 14-369



And, yes, another rockie, compliments of Tom

Photo 15-370



And, yet another — by John!!! Wow, keep up the good work, John.

Photo 16-371



We take a break from rock bass catching to, yes, catch a smallie.

NOTE: next four photos are a series.

Photo 17-372



Don preparing to assist Tom with landing a lunker smallmouth.

Photo 18-373



Got it!

Photo 19-374



Pete positions the lunker on the fish-length measuring line.

Photo 20-375



And here she is: A 20-inch, 4.5-lb smallie — biggest smallmouth of the day. (She's a little on the slender side because she recently released her eggs, otherwise she probably would have weighed about five pounds.)

Photo 21-376



And ... another rockie by Don. She's a plump one that hasn't yet dropped her eggs.

Photo 22-377



An unusually dark colored rock bass. Don, you have the “rockie knack.”

Photo 23-378



Another smallie totally disgruntled from be snagged by a fisherman’s hook.

Photo 24-379



And a smallie for Don

Photo 25-380



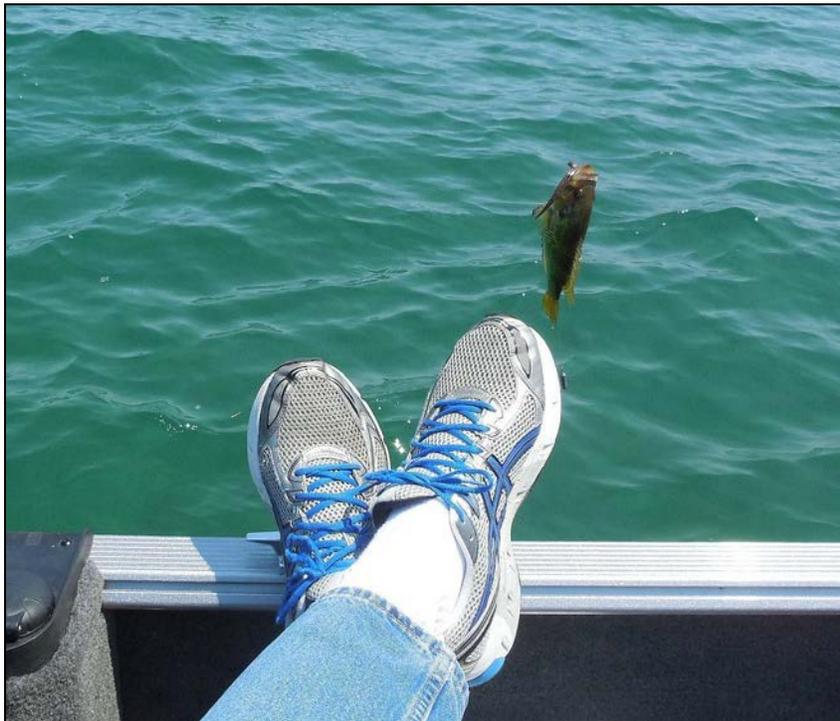
Don demonstrating his quick and careful catch-dehook-release tactics.

Photo 26-381



Not a bad fish, Don ... not bad at all.

Photo 27-382



Aaah, and “good work” to you too, John — another rockie. You’re sockin’ it to ‘em.

Photo 28-383



Blow the bugles, beat the drums — it's another one for the Drum Master

Photo 29-384



Back to smallies for Don

Photo 30-385



A nice smallie for Tom

Photo 31-386



It might be a Don-&Tom "double header" ...

Photo 32-387



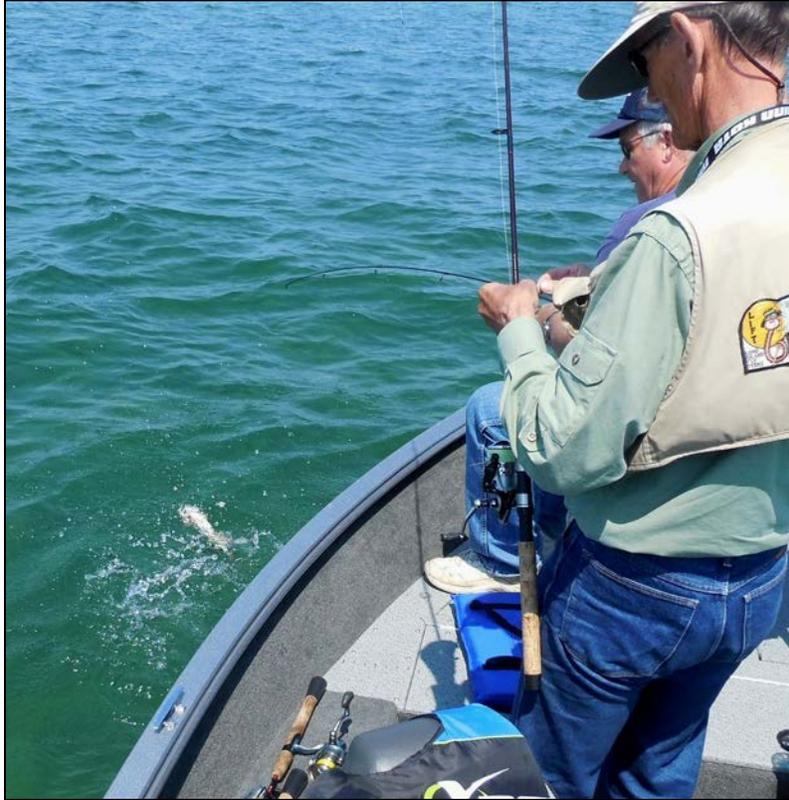
... Two at a time. Wow! — Now, quick Pete, make it a “triple header.”

Photo 33-388



And for John it's another roc.... No, it's a SMALLIE!!! Good work, John.

Photo 34-389



Tom has one on ...

Photo 35-391



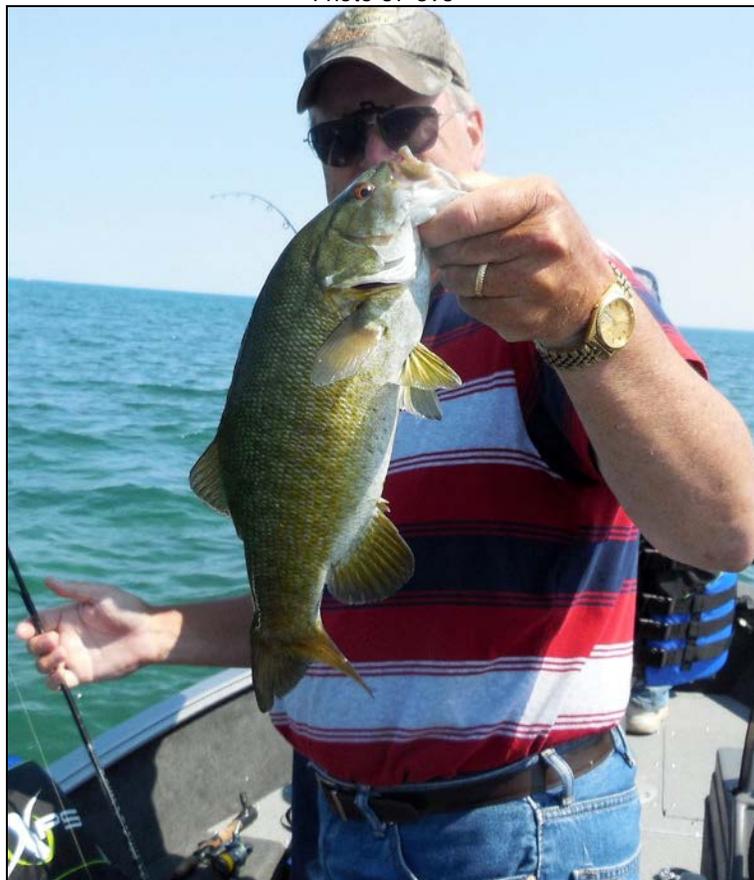
... and here it is.

Photo 36-392



First and only largemouth bass of the day. Good work, Don. Keep it up and we'll have to change your title from Drum Master to Bass Master.

Photo 37-393



Nice smallie, Don.

Photo 38-394



Good one, Pete. Another smallmouth.

Photo 39-395



And another smallie for Tom.

Photo 40-396



Don lands another one.

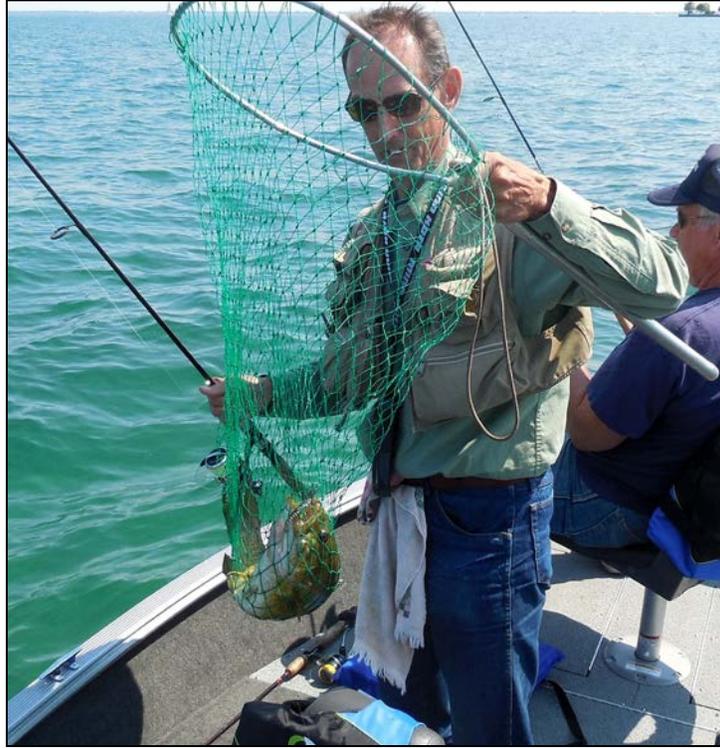
NOTE: next three pics are a series.

Photo 41-397



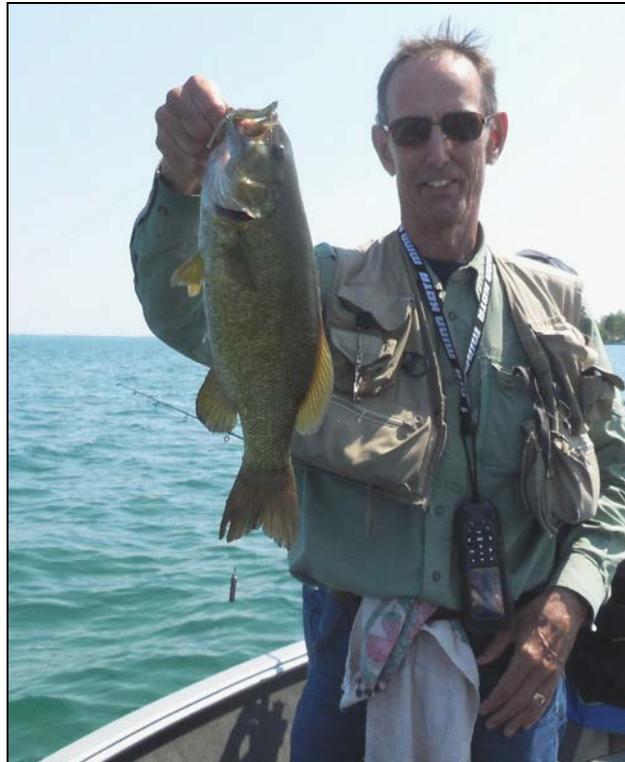
Don lends Pete a "landing hand."

Photo 42-399



Whew — pretty impressive.

Photo 43-400



Nice, Pete, Nice.

Photo 44-401



What a fish! Biggest of the day. The Drum Master does it again.

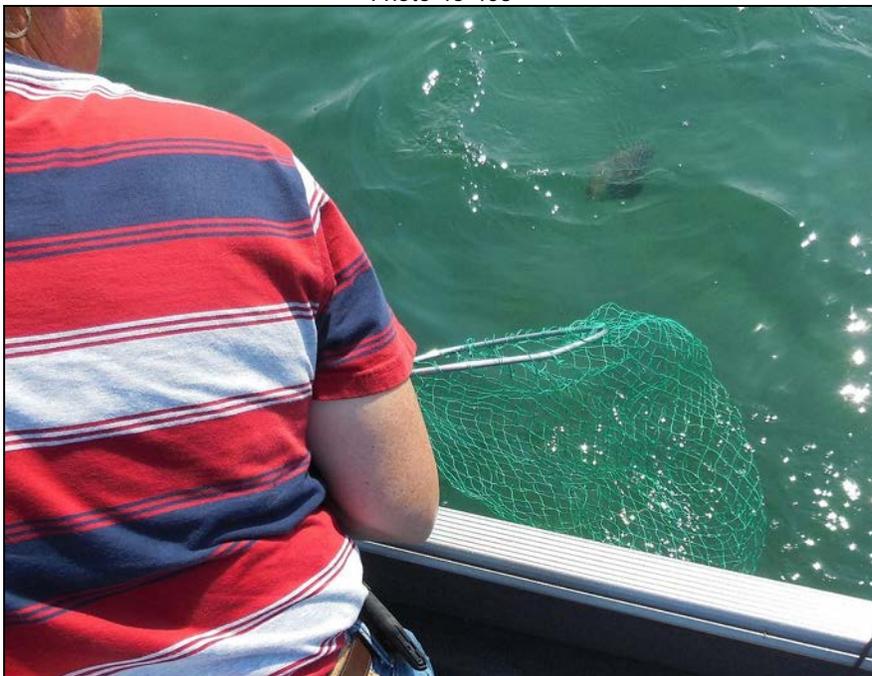
Photo 45-402



Tom tallies up another smallie.

NOTE: next three pics are a series.

Photo 46-403



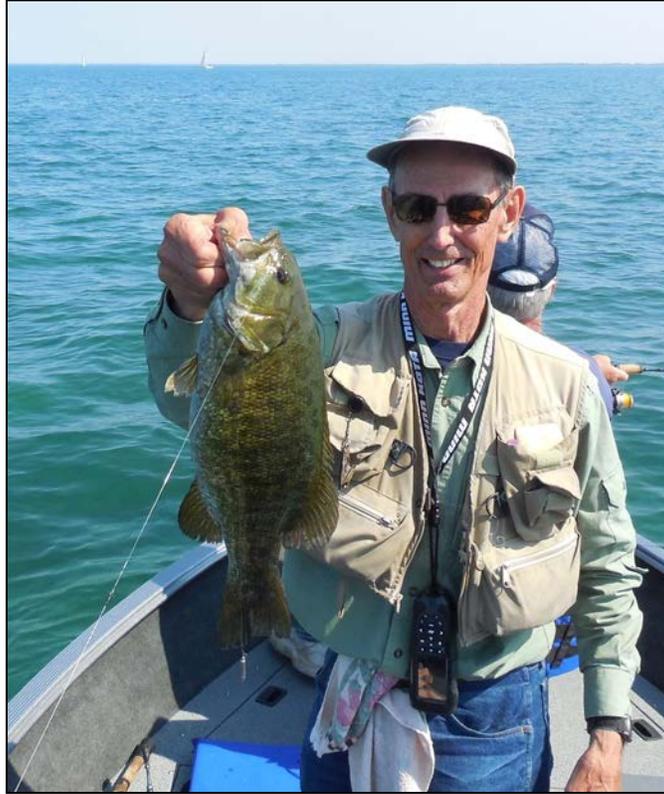
Don preparing to assist Pete with landing another lunker.

Photo 47-405



Here you go, Pete.

Photo 48-406



Here she is, folks.

Photo 49-407



Don the Landing Master, preparing to assist Pete with yet another of his lunkers.

Photo 50-408



Yup, it's a beauty, Pete.

Photo 51-409



And one more pic, just for backup.

Photo 52-410



Don landing a big one.

Photo 53-411



John's biggest fish of the day — a 19-inch smallmouth.

Photo 54-412



Another smallie — compliments of Tom

Photo 55-414



One of the nearby yacht clubs was having a “sailboat regatta” this afternoon. On our way back to the launch ramp we motored through the middle of ‘em, and got this photo.

Would you like to see the final results?

Photo 57-417

T	D	P	J
1	1	1	1
2	2	2	2
3	3	3	3
4	4	4	4
5	5	5	5
6	6	6	6
7	7	7	7
8	8	8	8
9	9	9	9
10	10	10	10
11	11	11	11
12	12	12	
13	13		
14	14		
15	15		
16	16		
17	17		
18	18		
19	19		
20	20		
21	21		

“T” stands for TOM ~ “D” stands for DON ~ “P” stands for PETE ~ And “J” stands for JOHN. That’s right, Don got the most fish: 21 (seems he’s almost always the “luckiest”). And as usual, I (John) got the least: 11. Fish #9 on my list is the 19-incher shown in photo 53-411.

And that’s all, folks.