



MICHIGAN FISHING

Fall 2019



Design by Autumn Quigly

Volume 1: An Everlasting Memory

THE MAGAZINE WITH BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS AND UNBELIEVABLE FISHING STORIES

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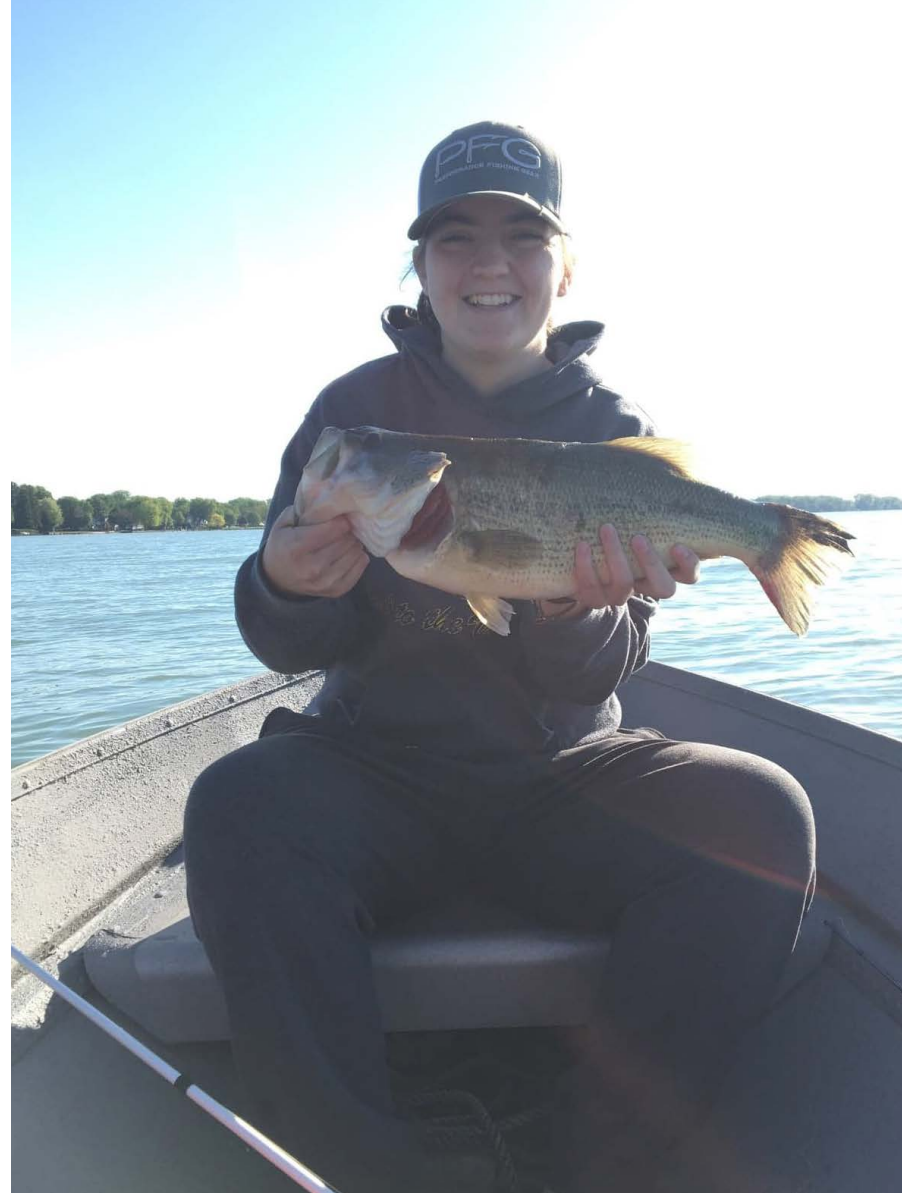
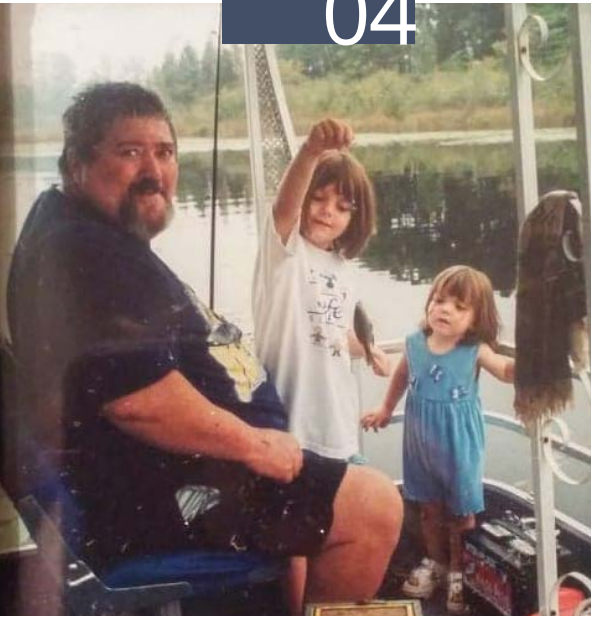
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**MICHIGAN
FISHING**
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For many of us fisherman we have a story of how we came to love fishing, whether it was the largemouth of a lifetime or a simple family camping trip. I am so glad I am able share how my fishing story began with you and create a magazine full of beautiful photographs and crazy fishing stories. Each of these stories are just as true as the size of the fish they caught, and I am so excited to be able to share them with you.

I plan to show you not only the excitement of fishing but also the beauty in the outdoors in which you get to spend while fishing. Fishing is not always about catching the biggest fish, it is about disconnecting from reality and creating memories with the ones around you.

Please keep your eyes open for many more unbelievable fishing stories in our next magazine. Because as you know fishing memories are created in any type of weather as long as you have a fishing rod in hand.



An Everlasting Memory

BY AUTUMN QUIGLY

Fishing has always been a huge part of my life. While growing up, my grandpa would take my cousins and I out every day during the summer. I honestly don't know how he did it with five kids fishing at once. There was always someone needing a new worm, a fish taken off or someone tangled in the line. I always was the stubborn one that had to fish in between the boat and dock in order to get the biggest fish, that's where the catfish were hiding out.

When the worms would run low, we would run to the garden and dig for more. This would go on all day until grandma would ring the dinner bell for all of us to come in and eat. We would beg our grandpa to stay out longer, but he would insist for us to go eat dinner. Every chance I got to go fishing with my grandpa, I would take. As the years passed my cousins slowly seemed to grow out of fishing and more into video games, but you would still find my grandpa and I out on the dock fishing.

As time went on, my grandpa started having trouble walking down to the dock with me. However, my sophomore year of high school my grandpa had promised

that he was going to get down there with me and we would go fishing that summer, I had not fished since he began having trouble. A few days later my mom got a call that I had not only lost my fishing partner, but my grandpa had suddenly passed away. "His health was getting better. We were supposed to go fishing this summer," I had thought to myself. That night I threw every fishing thing I had away, I could never fish again because my grandpa was not there to fish with me. I didn't know what to do, my grandpa was my everything. After 2 years of refusing to fish, something inside of me had said give it one more chance for grandpa. When I made my first cast again, I hooked into a huge largemouth, it was as if my grandpa was right there with me the whole time.

To this day I love to fish and fish every chance I get to. Whenever I am having a rough day, I find myself by the water fishing, it feels as if my fishing partner had never left. I never knew how much the little moments with him and I on the dock would mean to me until now. I would do anything to have one more fishing trip with my grandpa.





Answers with Anglers

INTERVIEW OF KYLE HEATH
BY AUTUMN QUIGLY

HOW DID YOU START FISHING?

Oh! The interview is starting now? Gotcha! I mean, I started with my dad, for sure. He used to love perch fishing. I never realized until about 2 years ago when I really got into it that all of our equipment for perch fishing was wrong. He loved using heavy rod setups and big weights to keep the bait on the bottom. He always used to say, "If your bait ain't on the bottom, you ain't catching fish."



WHAT IS YOUR FIRST MEMORY OF FISHING?

It's a bit odd, but my first memory of fishing was when we went to a trout farm on my way home from camp when I was around 7 years old. I remember you could throw a marshmallow in the water and they would all attack it like piranhas.

DO YOU WISH YOU STARTED FISHING AT AN EARLIER AGE?

Absolutely! I'm a strong believer that if I got some more time under my belt when I was young, I could've been a co-angler by now and fishing on the

tournament circuit with the big guys like Scott Martin and Dustin Connell. But maybe it's for the best. Because I didn't start until I worked at Cabela's, I got a discount on all of my fishing equipment. That made it much cheaper to start out in the long run. I also got the opportunity to be at the age to really appreciate the sport when I started.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE FISH TO FISH FOR?

My favorite fish to target would probably have to be Bass or Walleye. I love that you can really read bass'

behavior based on how they react to different baits. You can find a fish that's not interested at all by your bait, then you can switch to something smaller and tap that fish right between the eyes a few times and BAM! He's pissed off and wants to bite it. Then with walleye, I really like jigging in the St. Clair River. You use a 3/4-ounce to 1-ounce jig head with a soft plastic minnow about 3-4 inches long. Then throw a stinger hook on just in case you miss them on the drop. You drop that bait down and let it touch the bottom, then rip it up, and follow it down, and repeat.

HAVE YOU EVER FISHED IN A FISHING TOURNAMENT?

I have fished a few tournaments. Both were kayak fishing tournaments for charity. The first was the No-Mo, which stands for "No Motor." Paddle sports are the only types of watercraft allowed to be fished from. All the money goes to the Make-A-Wish foundation. I didn't do the greatest, but I had a blast fishing with my girlfriend.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE TYPE OF FISHING?

I absolutely love using spinning gear with a hot n' tot in a wadable river for steelhead in the spring. Last year I caught a beauty! You make a cast towards an area that looks a little deeper than the areas around it and let the hot n' tot dive down and then it's like clockwork, they love it too much to let it go by. You've got to be careful though because they cost like 6 dollars each and they're super easy to lose in a fast moving river if they get caught on something because you can't get to it to retrieve it.

BAIT-CASTER OR SPINNING? WHY?

I love them both, but my answer is neither! I love fly-fishing. I got this smokin' deal at Cabela's on a 9 foot, 6 weight fly rod. It's super beautiful and I got a friend to use some prostaff discounts for a reel and line. The crazy thing with fly fishing is the line is usually about a hundred dollars. I like fly fishing because it takes a lot of work to master it. I am nowhere close but I'm getting better every time. I also embraced the fly fishing lifestyle by beginning to tie my own flies. I didn't tie my first fly until recently though, so I'm really excited to try it out for the first time next season!

WHY DO YOU FISH?

I fish because I love utilizing the gifts that nature can give. Also, I think that it's a lifestyle that holds those of that group together very well. Fishing's in my blood. Not only that, but I have this personality type where once I start a task, I can't stop until it's complete. Because of that, I've spent hours on end making casts with no fish and that just makes me want to catch a fish even more.

WHAT IS SOME ADVICE FOR BEGINNER FISHERMAN?

If you don't have someone to fish with, don't let that stop you. Keep at it. If you realized you don't know how to fish a certain way, look it up on YouTube. I learned everything I know on YouTube, except things about hard baits, my girlfriend gets the credit for that one. Oh, and don't use monofilament. Use P-Line, its way better. Don't listen to the kid at Cabela's that claims his uncle is Kevin Van Dam.





Dreams of Green and Gold

BY NOAH O'REILLY

My wrists began to grow sore from the constant cadence. Twitch, twitch, pause. That was the ticket for a jerkbait all spring – why change it now? My search for a trophy-sized smallmouth bass was in the works for a few years. Patience played a big role in my quest. Which, for me, just meant ignorance. Every time I went on Facebook and saw a buddy who reeled in a monster smallie, it fueled my fire and my urge to hit the water again.

Twitch, twitch, pause. I constantly questioned whether I was in the right spot or performing the right cadence. The week prior, I heavily fished the

same area of Lake St. Clair. The GPS function on my fish finder looked like a mess of scribbles from drifting over the area repeatedly. My kayak proved to be no match for the high winds as I fought my way closer to shore to make another drift. When in these tough situations, I always tell myself the same thing: simplify. Instead of paddling and casting into the wind, I just turned my kayak sideways and drifted east to west. I made the farthest cast I could and reeled a few feet of line in, getting my bait to dive down to the depth I wanted. I continued with the same cadence, this time without

the pause, due to a tug. I set the hook and fought the smallie all the way to my kayak. This bronze beauty was only about 18 inches long and not the trophy I was looking for, but it was a great start.

The weather took a drastic turn; howling winds mixed with the emergence of sunshine invaded the bay that I was scouring. To have a successful day on the water ripping a jerkbait one needs a small amount of a few things: sunlight, stained water and wind. The conditions were lining up perfectly. However, time was running out as the sun was starting to blend into the shoreline. I was beginning to realize the stars had to align in some crazy fashion for me to pull this off by the end of the day.

Twitch, twitch, pause, and then, I felt the weight. It was like the hooks of the jerkbait were embedded in a log at the bottom of the bay. I expressed my concern out loud, “Please let this be a bass.” As soon as those words came out, I saw the football-shaped beast rocket straight out of the water; not once, not twice, but three times. I looked down and my 8-pound test line was ripping out of

my baitcasting reel, and I could not remember the last time I set the drag system on this particular reel. I turned the crank twice and started the long fight.

Despite my best efforts, I looked down and saw my line still peeling out. The brutal winds pushed my kayak one way while the fish pulled the other. My buddies paddled over to check out the commotion — I’m pretty sure I was yelling. I carefully played every move of the fight. My rod moved where the fish moved, I turned the reel handle when the fish stopped running, and I grabbed my net when she got close enough for me to make a swipe. The next few moments are unclear as to how I got her in the net and in my kayak, yet I looked down and there she was. The sun shone off her scales, making the fish not bronze, but a beautiful gold color. She measured 20 inches and must have been around six pounds. I looked over at Mike Laritz, a fellow kayak angler, and let out a cry of joy as I could not contain my excitement. He snapped a quick photo, I brought the fish down to the water and we watched her slowly swim the same way she wanted to go the whole time, leaving me with a memory I will not soon forget.



I pulled my kayak out of the bed of my truck and gently laid it down on the grass just a few feet away from the water's edge. This was going to be a laid-back trip for the three of us. The sun was shining, and the temperature was starting to rise into the 90s. I gathered my gear and took a seat in my kayak as Mike pushed me off. This particular lake is open to the public, yet not many anglers know about the caliber of its fish. It is only 15 acres and has a maximum depth of 54 feet, making it a big fish bowl. Most of my success comes from chucking a weightless, straight-tail worm hooked through the middle along the drop-offs. I have pulled numerous 4- and 5-pound largemouth bass from this lake. That day, though, I was looking for the big one.

Towards the middle of the day, fishing was slowing down and Mike began to use different baits while my sister put down her fishing rod and set her sights on catching turtles. My phone started distracting me,

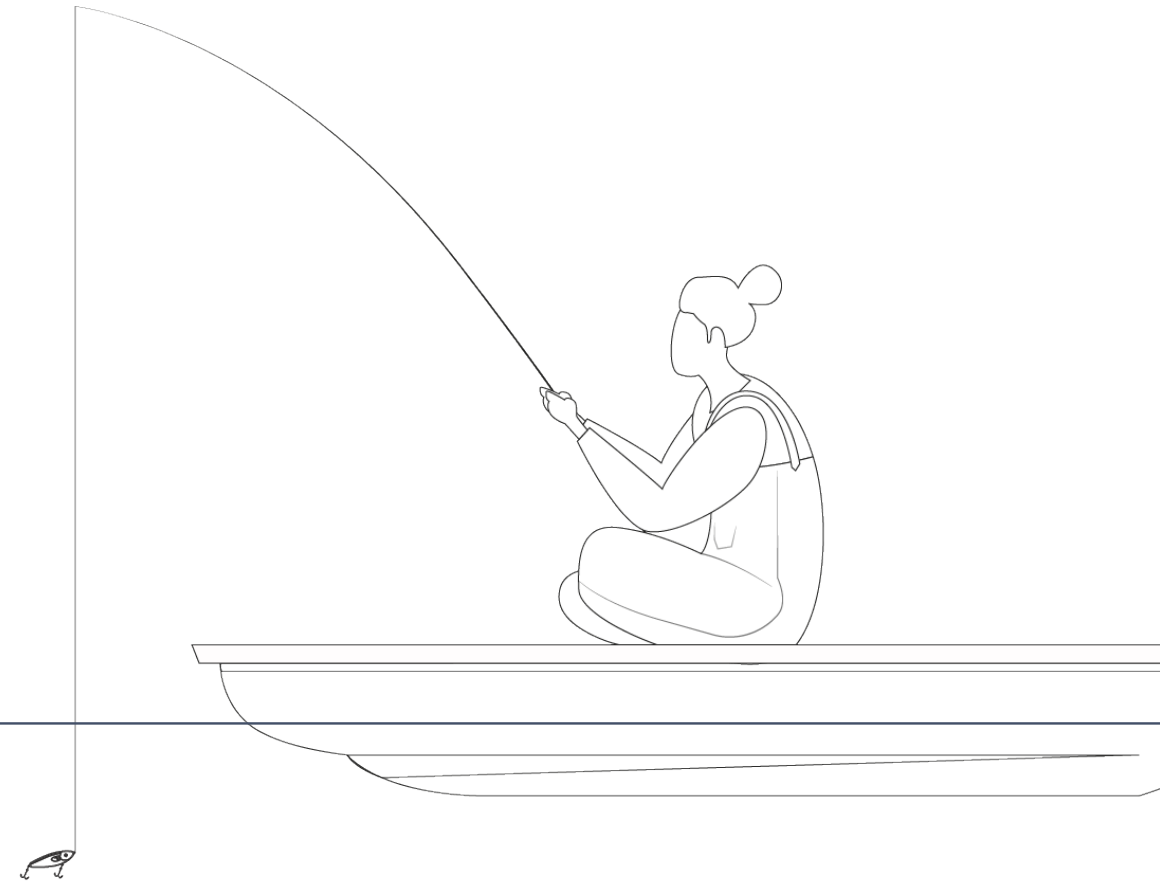
making my chances of catching "the big one" slimmer with every cast. We all paddled to the back corner of the lake which usually produces numbers. On this brutally hot afternoon, we were desperate to catch something.

I watched as my bait soared through the air and landed just a few feet away from shore — right where I wanted it. My tactic was simple; let the worm sink all the way to the bottom of the slack line, reel in and cast again. When the 5-inch straight tail worm sinks, the ends flutter almost irresistibly from the perspective of a bass. However, my bait sank no more than a foot before my line ripped off the surface of the water as the unknown fish propelled itself to the depths. I pulled up the rod and set the hook out of surprise, which never yields a quality hookset.



I was using a light line on my spinning combo so I knew I had to take it slow and steady. As the fish swam deeper, I felt the head shakes and its pull. I stayed calm, as most of the bass on this lake fight the same way. I knew every move the fish was going to make. I was surprised as the fish began to swim up and towards me – this was new. I reeled in the slack line as fast as I could, looking down to see the fish lying motionless at the side of my kayak. I quickly grabbed him with one hand and swung him in. Mike was there yet again to capture this moment for me as I put her on the measuring board; 21.75 inches and about six and a half pounds. To catch fish like these in Michigan might seem ordinary, but to do it from my kayak is an accomplishment that I remain proud of to this day.

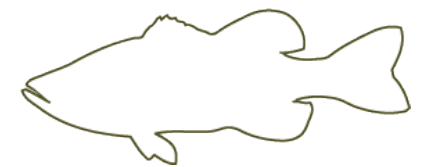
SIX MICHIGAN FISH SPECIES



PERCH



BLUEGILL



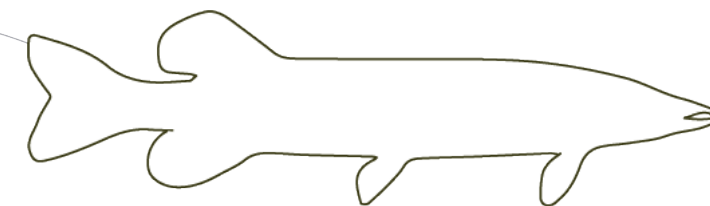
BASS



WALLEYE



TROUT



PIKE



Font

MONTSERRAT
OPEN SANS

Paper

COVER 80# SEMI-GLOSS
INTERIOR 80# MATTE

Printer

BLURB BOOK CREATOR

Article

DREAMS OF GREEN AND GOLD:
[MICHIGANOUTOFDOORS.COM/DREAMS-OF-GREEN-AND-GOLD](https://michiganoutofdoors.com/dreams-of-green-and-gold)

Photos

NICOLAS JOSSI (UNSPLASH, COVER)
AUTUMN QUIGLY (PG. 4, 16)
OLLE (PEXELS, PG. 7)
LUM3N (PEXELS, PG. 8)
MARKUS SPISKE (PEXELS PG. 10)
KYLE HEATH (PG. 14, 18)
NOAD O'REILLY (PG. 13, 19)
KAL VISUALS (UNSPLASH, PG. 20)

For the Fishing Magazine I tried to break the norm of fishing magazines. Instead of a magazine packed tight full of information, stories and little photographs; I wanted the focus to be on the beauty of fishing and the stories behind the crazy fisherman. We are living in such a fast paced world that this magazine will give you a breath of fresh air. In order to do this, I used plenty of white space to my advantage. The photos I used were made up of concepts that will bring you bliss. This is enhanced by an earth tone color theme throughout the magazine. My font choice matched the overall feel of the magazine with Montserrat: a san-serif typeface that is very light and airy. Finally, I choose to create an infographic that highlighted a couple of Michigan fish and some tackle to finish it off: hook, line, and sinker.

**DEDICATED TO MY FOREVER
FISHING PARTNER**

1946 - 2014



Design by Autumn Quigly

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