

Tuna Fishing with Father

The first time I heard about tuna was in Barrytown, when we were preparing for the Madison Square Garden campaign. One day at lunchtime there, we were served tuna sashimi. I thought that tuna fish was something that came in a can, but here we were served raw tuna with a side dish of something green, which turned out to be Wasabi, which was very hot. As I was eating it I thought that this had a strange taste, but I gradually got used to it. Believe it or not, the dinner on my honeymoon was raw tuna, and it was so delicious that it became my favorite food. I love it so much, that I don't eat canned tuna anymore, period.

At that time Father was telling us, that he would get another tuna for us, if we were doing well, and if he couldn't catch one, he would buy one. We were talking about 800 pounds of giant Atlantic Bluefin tuna. I thought that it shouldn't be too difficult to catch a tuna, and I was expecting Father to easily catch one. But reality was completely different. Tuna, weighing in at 800 pounds or more, are guaranteed to be a least 30 years of age, and for sure had avoided all kinds of dangers while roaming the oceans during those 30 years. So it must be a pretty smart fish and not so easy to catch.

Well, it turned out, that Father could not catch even one tuna in 1974. All the fish he brought in had to be bought from someone else. Father's tuna fishing became serious in 1975, and he really made strong efforts to catch tuna. However, all the fishing gear he used was not really suitable for catching Giant Bluefin tuna. For instance, other people used the hooks, Father was using, for shark fishing. In other words, they were not suitable for tuna fishing. The shank of the tuna hook has to be bent, so that the hook could lodge in the jaw of the tuna, once the fish bites and doesn't dislodge when the tuna takes off at

high speed, meaning, the hook has to have this unique shape. Interestingly enough, the Japanese know much more about tuna hooks. We found out, that Japanese tuna hooks are the most effective.

The leaders of the fishing gear Father used at that time were actually piano wire, and in the beginning the tunas managed to break some part of the gear, either the wire or the swivels, or the lines broke or the hook came out. Anyway, in 1975 a period of 21 days elapsed, before Father caught the first tuna fish. Then, sometimes in the mornings, he handed me some cash and sent me to the bait stores to check out their gear and buy the most suitable for tuna fishing.

So I went from shop to shop, driving all over New England, buying anchor balls, harpoons, harpoon shafts and harpoon poles, different styles of lines and even some clips, designed to hold the tuna line in place. When a tuna took the line, the clip would release, making a unique clicking sound. Whenever we heard that clicking sound while tuna fishing, we were instantly in “high alert mode”, because it meant that most likely a tuna was hooked. Believe it or not, I also bought some 7-strand stainless steel cable, which we used as leaders.

Interestingly enough, Father really liked the cable and asked me to buy more of it. The cable was stronger than any other wire we had been using so far, and it was highly unlikely, that the tuna would be able to break that cable. Father liked this stainless steel cable so much, that he even used it on his fishing poles for the big tuna reels. Of course it was thicker than the 120 pound test line which was usually used for that purpose, and as a result only a certain length fit on the reel. I also would like to mention, that one of the tunas Father caught, almost completely emptied his fishing reel, and it was extremely difficult for Father to fight the fish and bring it back in.

When father saw the hooks I bought, he said that those are Japanese hooks and too small for tuna, and no good.

However later on we found out, that those hooks were the best we could use for tuna fishing. Gradually everyone else started using those hooks.

During the first twenty days of fishing Father had some strikes, but he could not land any fish. I especially remember one particular day, when I was chosen to be the “chummer”, meaning I had to cut bait. Father had 6 strikes and lost all of them. I recall the conversation I had with Father later on, when he told me we lost the tuna because my skill was not good enough. When I mentioned to him, that he lost once 6 tuna while I was the chummer, he replied, laughing and with wide eyes, “6”?

On the 21st day Father managed to catch tuna. He hooked 3 fish. The first one was 550 pounds, the second got away and the third weighed in at 840 pounds. I like to compare those with the three Adam’s. I likened the first Adam, who fell, to the 550 pound tuna; the second Adam, Jesus, who was unable to form his own family, nation or world and thus couldn’t complete his messianic mission, to the second tuna which was lost; and True Father who established the True Family, True Lineage and eventually Cheong Il Guk to the third tuna, weighing 840 pounds.

When Father brought the fish to the dock, he picked up Mother and everyone else, and we went across the harbor to unload the tuna fish. The news, that Rev. Moon caught two tunas, spread like wild fire. I recall people leaving the restaurant and running to the dock, to see the tuna fish Rev. Moon had caught. It seemed that almost half of the Gloucester population wanted to see the fish. Father gradually caught more tuna and then asked for the Flying Phoenix to be brought to Gloucester. Even with the Flying Phoenix tunas were caught.

Next I would like to talk about an incident in Provincetown. We all know that the success of a fisherman depends very much on the weather conditions. On this

particular day, the sea was very rough and no one could leave the harbor. All the fishermen went into restaurants to have breakfast, and we mingled with them. I noticed an old fisherman, surrounded by people, who basically talked to himself, explaining, how this 7-strand stainless steel cable could be connected to the hook. He demonstrated how to connect the hook and the 7-strand cable by splicing it right into the eye of the hook. With a little bit of twine he wrapped the splice and the cable together into a very beautiful connection.

It so happened, that we ourselves had problems with the cable connection. I remember Father saying, after he got the cable, that the cable was good, the problem was the connection. We had no professional knowledge as to how to connect the cable to the eye of the hook. After we came back from the restaurant, we showed Father, what the old man was talking about. Father was instantly excited and went right to work connecting the cable to the hook in a proper way. Finally we succeeded in having a really successful tuna leader, consisting of a good Japanese tuna hook, a 7-strand stainless steel cable and heavy duty swivel, all spliced together to form one leader.

This assembly proofed to be excellent for tuna fishing and turned out to be our specialty. When we caught more and more tunas, the native fishermen were complaining, that the Moonies were using a towing cable as a leader to catch tuna, and that the stupid tuna would bite those cables. We really had the most success with this special assembly.

The desperation of the local fishermen was understandable. Not only did we have the best leaders. On top of that we used shark as tuna bait. No one in New England has a good opinion about the spiny dog fish, and they usually threw it away. But we caught it, kept it and used it for bait and found out, that it was the best bait ever, producing great results. During that particular year Father actually caught 10 tunas in a 70-day period.

In 1976, the tuna fish sometimes were swimming close to the surface, to absorb more sun. I remember the days, when we were unable to catch any tuna at all, sitting in the rocking boat all day long without a single strike. We knew that the tunas were around, and could even see them hitting the surface. I remember Father telling the captain, to drop the anchor ball and to pursue the tuna with the New Hope, as someone else prepared the harpoon line. Father then went to the bow of the boat with the harpoon in his hand. When the boat got close to the tuna, just before the tuna dove down into the sea, Father threw the harpoon into the fish and actually hit it. The harpoon line went out and we followed the red ball attached to the line, trying to pick up the tuna and pull it in. After roughly one hour of fighting a tug of war between man and tuna, the fish was tired enough and came really close to the boat. At that time Father threw a second harpoon into the tuna, bringing it next to the boat, where we could tie it up. In 1976 Father caught quite a few tuna this way.

I remember in the spring of 1977 in East Garden, Father called me and told me to buy harpoon poles. These were round poles of wood, twelve feet long and about two and a half inch in diameter. When I brought those poles to Father he trained himself by throwing them into the East Garden swimming pool. Some hula hoop rings, tied down, served as targets. So Father practiced almost all day, trying to hit those targets. I also tried to throw some harpoons. In this way Father and I prepared ourselves for the coming tuna season. Father invited me to lunch that day and kept talking about the upcoming tuna season.

As Father was throwing the harpoons into the water the True Children jumped into the pool to retrieve the harpoon poles. It was a nice family outing.

However, the 1977 tuna season turned out to be different than expected. Later on in the season some killer whales moved into Massachusetts Bay, and as a result all the tuna fish were

fleeing. We started fishing, but the entire bay felt empty, completely void of tuna. I still remember looking over the side of the Flying Phoenix into the water on one particular day, and to my amazement, I saw a big killer whale swimming by. The evening before, I watched the movie "Orca". Orca is the Latin word for killer whale. In the movie a fisherman killed an orca. The orca's mate watched the killing and remembered the man. Ever since that day, the orca chased the fisherman and eventually succeeded by killing him. As I saw the orca underneath our boat, I just hoped, it wouldn't kill me. Luckily it had no intentions of doing that. The orca was only pursuing the tuna fish.

So our 70-day tuna fishing condition was cut short, and Father moved the operation further south to Montauk, New York, at the tip of Long Island. But even there no tuna fish were to be caught. After trying for a few days, but without success, the tuna season ended.

It was a very memorable time for me though. I remember sitting in a restaurant in Montauk next to True Parents, when Father told me, that my time as a body guard was over. He asked me, what I wanted to do and whether he should buy a trawler for me, so that I could go fishing. I replied that I knew nothing about trawling. He told me, that the principle is basically the same. I did not jump at the idea right away, and when Father sensed my hesitation he told me, he would make a decision tomorrow.

The next day Father told me, that I would be on security duty at the World Mission Center until the start of the next tuna season. So I understood that Father wanted me to go tuna fishing again in 1978.

I would like to remind the reader, that our movement in America suffered a lot of persecution during those years. An American congressman involved Dr. Bo Hi Pak in a court case and it became clear, that the real reason was to get Father

involved. In the meantime Father had traveled to England to conduct a marriage blessing in London. Sure enough, the court tried to subpoena Father, but since he was out of the country, the subpoena couldn't be delivered.

It was a rainy day and it felt, like it didn't want to become light at all. It was pretty dark for a long time before eventually daylight came. It was a sad day, as if all creation was crying. All of us were sad, that Father had left for Europe. Actually, the following night I had a very vivid dream. In my dream I went to Father, telling him how lonely we all felt here in America without him. Father listened to my report, stroking my forehead with his hand, and I woke up instantly. I brought my hand to my forehead, but Father's hand was not there anymore, but it surely felt as if his hand had touched me.

Father initiated the Home Church Providence in England at that time. When the tuna season of 1978 approached, I packed up and left for Gloucester. Of course the director of the World Mission Center did not like the idea and gave me a hard time. But I was just fulfilling Father's directions. Even though Father was not in America, a few people had come to Gloucester to start the tuna season. At that time Jerry was the captain of the New Hope and I was the captain of the Flying Phoenix. We also had a little rubber boat, called the Zodiak, a French built boat, and used that for tuna fishing too.

At that time the New Hope was out of the water and just in the process of being launched. Unfortunately, the company responsible for the task dropped the New Hope to the ground instead of into the water, causing some damage to the struts and propellers. The repair work took several weeks, keeping the New Hope out of commission. One of our members then offered a 48-foot wooden lobster boat, The Harvard, for tuna fishing.

I remember the sensation I felt when I caught the first tuna that season. After checking the lines and the bait I did let

the first line back into the water, I felt some movement. It did not behave like tuna fish normally do, making a strong run, but it rather started to move in circles, trying to get the hook out of its mouth. I actually thought I had caught a shark. But as the fish continued fighting, it eventually became clear, that it had to be a tuna. Amazingly enough he took the bait while I still had the line in my hand. It was the one and only time this had happened to me.

After about an hour of fighting, the fish was so tired out, that he came close to the boat. That's when I harpooned him and pulled the harpoon line back. With two lines attached to the fish, we brought it close to the boat and tail-wrapped it.

At this time I would like to talk a little bit about harpooning. Sometimes when you stick a harpoon into a fish, the harpoon hits the bone and as a result the harpoon shaft turns into a half-moon shape. I still remember the first tuna fish I had harpooned. It is unforgettable. Jerry and I were on the Flying Phoenix when we had a strike. He brought the fish close to the boat and told me to harpoon it. I grabbed the harpoon and struck the fish just behind the side fin, focusing my eye on the eye of the tuna. When the harpoon entered the body of the tuna, his eye changed and it was as if a grey curtain was covering it. The eye then was not black and shiny anymore but became cloudy. This was the very first time I had killed a tuna fish. For my entire life I will remember this one incident. I harpooned many, many tuna fish in my years as a tuna fisherman, but this one I can never forget and it will always be with me. I felt so sorry about having killed this innocent tuna.

Father was saying at that time, that tuna symbolizes man, and the catching and killing of a tuna fish shall prevent the killing of men. The shedding of tuna blood in the ocean shall prevent the shedding of human blood on the earth. That is the only consolation for me, when I remember the dying tuna fish I harpooned. Later on it became a tradition for us, that

once we have caught a tuna, we would have a prayer on the boat, offering that fish to God. I remember my tuna prayer at that time: “Dear Heavenly Father, I pray that this tuna fish shall not have died in vain, but that his meat shall be eaten by man, the children of God, and that the tuna fish shall be able to resurrect to a higher level, as his meat becomes flesh and blood for the children of God.” So the tuna can be resurrected to that level.

I remember those times especially, and it felt, as though God was right there, pulling on those lines with us. I remember thinking, that God is the greatest fisherman. Every day we started fishing with a prayer, and not once has a tuna ever interrupted the prayer of the day. As I have mentioned before, I’ve caught many, many tuna fish, but not one of them stayed with me. I offered them all to God. The only one moment that I many times reflect upon, is the time, when I killed the first tuna and watched the fish dying from my harpoon. Even now it is a very sad moment for me.

At this point I would like to reflect upon a phenomenon in 1976, when Father’s daughter, Sun Jin Nim”, was born. Father was out on the water catching tuna at the time of her birth. It then became a tradition to keep on tuna fishing while a baby of the crew is being born. In 1977 Daikan’s first son was born, and according to tradition, he had to stay on the boat and continue tuna fishing in the presence of the Lord. In 1978 my first son was born on August 3rd. We were just returning from tuna fishing, and when I entered Gloucester harbor, Rutherford was standing on the dock, screaming on the top of his lungs across Gloucester harbor: “Gerhard, your wife is in the hospital, giving birth soon”. All of Gloucester then knew. According to tradition, I had to keep tuna fishing. But later our leader gave me some cash and told me to go visit my wife, which I did.

When I returned to Gloucester after seeing the baby, my mate, Galen, had caught a tuna, and one of our friends, Sal, said to him, maybe your captain will be happy, you caught a fish, but then again, maybe he won't. Anyway, the next time we went out again, I could not find an anchor spot to my liking. A couple of days ago our boat, the Harvard, could not get the anchor up. I therefore anchored at their anchor ball, a little bit outside the normal anchor spot for the fleet. I remember while fishing, that fish were biting right at the bent of the northwest corner, before eventually one fish was caught at the Harvard ball.

Anyway, we were chumming all day long, but in the afternoon we had one strike. The line went out like crazy and we just barely could stop the fish from taking the line out all the way. As we were working to pull in the fish, the line was partially on the deck of the boat and I, clumsy as I am, managed to step on the line when the fish made another run. The fishing line wrapped around my leg as the fish was in the process of running. I could not hold the fish in place and I had to let go. As the fish took off, my leg, being caught in the line, was lifted up and I barely managed to brace the leg at the gunwale, trying to stop the fish from running. The fish circled around and made another run with all its strength. During those few seconds Galen managed to free my leg from the tuna line. As soon as the leg was free, the fish took off with high speed. I could not hold the fish, no matter how strong I was. I had to let it run. If Galen would not have taken the line off my leg, the fish would have pulled me into the water and that would have been the end of me. But as I said, at the very last second the line was freed. It wasn't my time yet.

After about 45 minutes fighting the fish with two people, this tuna came close to the boat, ready to be harpooned. Then we tied it up and went home. It seemed to be a pretty big fish. As we dragged the fish home, we ran out of gas outside

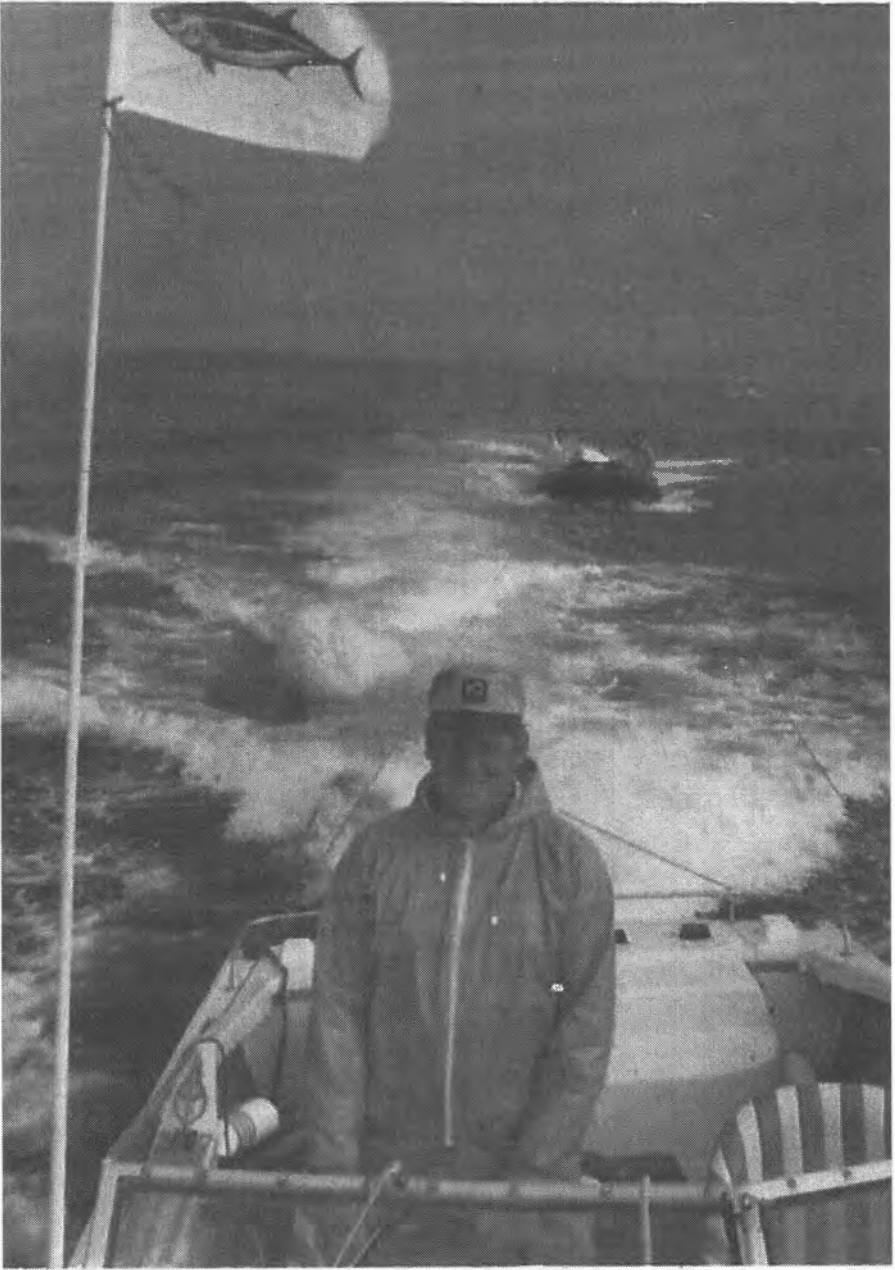
Gloucester Harbor. I had to call in for help to be towed all the way in. I told them on the phone, that I needed a tow, because our tuna was too big. At the weighing station we found out that our catch weighed in at 1,025 pounds, meaning, it was the biggest fish I had caught so far.

According to the heavenly tradition, the father of a new baby is to be catching tuna fish while the baby is being born. I caught this big fish, 1,025 pounds, on that special day of my sons' birth in 1978. We continued to go out catching tuna, and I remember this one particular day, when we had a fish in our chum line. We were quiet, doing our job by throwing chum into the water in rhythmical sequence. As I was cutting the bait, Galen was watching and tracing the chum pieces into the deep, when suddenly the chum was gone, just disappeared. Galen then saw something black sliding by, and he said to me, that there is a tuna in the chum line. I continued to throw chum into the water, and after a couple of minutes the silhouette of a fish appeared. All of a sudden the chum was gone, where it had been clearly visible a moment before. A tuna fish is black on top and silvery white on its belly. So if you look at the surface of the water, you would only see something black. If you were at the bottom of the water, looking up, all you would see is the silvery outline of the fish. Therefore, the fish blends quite well into its surroundings.

That fish stayed in our chum line for quite a while, eventually coming up higher and higher. As I continued to throw chum into the water, I was actually feeding him. I had the idea of putting chum on the hook and throwing that hook and line into the water along with the other chum.



Flying Phoenix entering Gloucester Harbor



Gerhard driving the Flying Phoenix while towing a tuna fish and the rubber boat with its fish.

The fish approached, looked at the chum and picked out those pieces not attached to a hook. Then I tried another tactic. I just threw a line with a piece of bait on the hook into the water. The fish came back, looked at it and didn't take it, because he saw the hook and the leader. I continued throwing some more chum into the water, and again the fish came back, took the chum and swam another circle. No matter what I tried, I could not trick this tuna into taking my line. He was smarter than I. So I decided to throw the harpoon into him, when he came back again. I stood with the harpoon in my hand, as Galen threw chum into the water. The fish came back, took the chum and turned a little sideways as if to say: "What the hell are you doing?" I then saw the whole outline of the fish, and it looked like a mini submarine diving underneath our boat. However, I failed to throw the harpoon into him and he did not come back anymore. Clearly this tuna fish outsmarted me.

I also remember a certain time, when our boat as well as the rubber boat each caught a tuna. However the rubber boat broke down, after it was done fighting the tuna, and I had to tow it into the harbor with the Flying Phoenix. Just imagine this little boat, the Flying Phoenix, 24 ½ foot long, towing a tuna along its side and at the same time towing a rubber boat with another tuna on its side. Moving very slowly, we made it into Gloucester harbor.

I remember another day, when for one reason or another, I had diarrhea. As we were coming home, just outside Gloucester harbor, I could not hold on any longer and had to use the bucket, filled with some water, to relieve myself. Interestingly enough there was a small whale without its mother, circling around the Flying Phoenix. When I finally emptied my intestines into the bucket and emptied the bucket into the ocean, the ocean turned cloudy and this little baby whale, stupid as it was, came up for air, right into that cloud. His head was half out of the water and it seemed, as if he

would smell the environment and then went backwards into the water as if he did not like it. This baby whale then swam away and didn't come back to us anymore. Nature sure is interesting.

As the tuna season of 1978 progressed, the New Hope, being under repair, was still out of the water. At that time two sisters, Sandy and Isabella, came to Gloucester for tuna fishing. Both ended up on the Flying Phoenix with me. Now imagine, being on a boat all day long, day after day, we had to use the toilet every so often, but as there was no toilet on the boat, we had to use a bucket. When the girls wanted to use the bucket, they went into the little foxhole of the Flying Phoenix, and when I wanted to use the bucket, the girls had to look to the front while I was using the bucket in the back. Needless to say, it was a rather strange experience in the beginning, to use a toilet with members of the opposite sex being present.

Yet all of us had to deal with these circumstances, and later on, when we had a fleet of Good Go boats, all of the crew members had to use buckets, alternately looking into different directions. At times this was rather uncomfortable, especially if someone had diarrhea.

Somehow the news about the bucket situation spread and reached Father's ears. Father, in his great wisdom, remarked, that people in Spirit World would give a fortune, if they could come back down to go fishing on Rev. Moon's Good Go boats, using a bucket as a toilet in front of everyone. So gradually we got used to that idea and it did not bother us that much anymore, using the bucket with other people present.

Actually, with Sandy and Isabella on the boat, we did catch our fair share of tuna fish together and turned out to be a pretty good team. I remember one day, when we were fishing out of Provincetown, going to the south west corner. One of the Flying Phoenix's engines was dead and had been taken out off the boat. So to balance the boat a little bit, I put cinder blocks in place where the engine used to be. Then one day, the sea became

very rough. As I said earlier, I was crazy for tuna fishing and compelled, to go out, even on a rough day and with just one engine. The rubber boat came out fishing also, all the way from Gloucester with Joe as the captain. As the boat did not have a compass, Joe had a compass hanging around his neck to find his way on the water. We met at the south west corner, and as the sea became rougher and the waves were building, we hooked a tuna and fought it for half an hour. But we were not able to land the fish, and it broke free. I don't remember why we lost the tuna, but the fishing got better, and even the rubber boat hooked a tuna and was fighting the fish. After about 45 minutes they had the tuna close by the boat, ready to be harpooned. But at that time the waves were really high, and when the tuna was in a wave, the rubber boat was in a trough, and it looked, as if the tuna was higher than the boat. When harpooning, normally you throw the harpoon down towards the water to hit the fish. But this time they would have to throw the harpoon up high, in order to reach the tuna. Therefore they failed to harpoon the fish and eventually lost it.

By that time most of the boats already left the fishing grounds. We were ready to turn back also, but I could not get the Flying Phoenix started. It so happened, that salt water had eaten through the motor casing and found its way into the cylinder. Therefore the engine of the Flying Phoenix would not start. To make matters worse, the radio of the Flying Phoenix didn't work either, and believe it or not, the bilge pump gave up too. Every so often I had to use a hand bilge pump to get the water out of the boat. The rubber boat didn't have a radio neither, but there was still one other boat out, the Fantasia. I sent the rubber boat out to the Fantasia asking the captain, to please come and make a radio call for me. That boat came and made the emergency call for me, asking the Coast Guard to tow me in.

It is common practice on the high seas when you call the Coast Guard for a boat in distress, that you have to wait, until the coast guard arrives, to make sure that the boat in distress is being taken care of. However, this boat made the phone call to the Coast Guard and did not wait, but headed home, because the weather was getting so rough. The rubber boat also went back to Gloucester, about 30 miles to the north, which is quite a distance for such a little boat with no radio or compass and waves building up 6 to 8 feet. So we were waiting for the Coast Guard to arrive, to be towed into Provincetown.

After waiting for quite a while I saw something appearing on the horizon, looking like the outline of a boat. Hoping that it was the Coast Guard, I fired one flare, but the Coast Guard did not see it. By then I knew, I had to do something else to attract attention. Either I had to get the engine running, or I had to make the radio work. As I knew it was impossible to get the engine running, I worked on the radio. I ended up holding some wires together, and temporarily the radio came on. I then told Isabella to hold those wires together, so that the radio was working. I then was able to call the Coast Guard and asked them to look at a certain compass bearing, and I fired another flare. Finally they saw the flare and came to the rescue.

By that time it was really rough out there and the waves were building up higher and higher. I ordered the girls to put on their life jackets. When the Coast Guard came, they looked at the situation and threw me a line, which I tied up on the bow cleat, and they then started to tow me in towards Provincetown. We encountered a southerly wind, and with the seas building, it was a rough ride against the waves. Every wave seemed to be coming over the bow and stern of the Flying Phoenix.

Half way to Provincetown the Coast Guard came alongside our boat, offering us to board their boat. I politely refused as I wanted to stay with the boat, and even the girls

wanted to stay with the Flying Phoenix. While the Coast Guard boat was next to ours, the waves pushed our boats together and caused our railing to break. It looked really bad. Anyway, they continued towing us into Provincetown harbor. In the meantime, the Flying Phoenix gradually filled up with water, and as we finally entered Provincetown harbor, the Flying Phoenix had only about 4 inches of free board left. She was sitting that low in the water.

After we anchored the boat, I pumped out the water for 45 Minutes straight. That gives you an idea as to how much water the boat had taken on. It could have easily sunk while being towed by the Coast Guard in those heavy seas. However, a heavenly force was watching over us and made sure, that the Flying Phoenix did not sink, because it was Father's speed boat.

After we got off the boat, we went to the Provincetown Inn to stay overnight. We rented one room, so that the girls could catch some sleep. I stayed in the lobby in one of the very comfortable chairs and fell asleep. After a while Isabella came and told me, that I should not sleep in the lobby but with them in their room. They slept in the beds, as I laid down on the floor near the toilet. I still remember them telling me not to look, when they wanted to use the toilet. The next day we had to call for a truck and trailer to lift the Flying Phoenix out of the water and bring it back to New York. I salute these two girls, my mates on the Flying Phoenix, for their courage and their unwavering faith in this extremely dangerous situation.

I remember another incident while fishing at the Harvard Ball. When we were coming out that day, we saw a shark at the surface of the water. I got so excited and wanted to harpoon the shark. As a matter of fact I actually did just that. I would also like to mention, that this shark was a Baskin shark. Baskin sharks are huge, easily weighing 2,000 pounds or more, but they have rather small teeth and are not man eaters or even fish eaters. They feed on plants or plankton. Anyway, as I

harpooned that shark, he dove. We tied the harpoon line up on the stern cleat, and when the line was tight, the shark still tried to dive deeper, and as a result the Flying Phoenix almost capsized. Because the fish was pulling the line down, the boat could just barely stay afloat. We had no choice but to untie the line and let the shark go. Of course the whole gear, my harpoon pole, the shaft, the dart and the harpoon line, were all gone too.

So when we went back to our anchor ball and eventually hooked a tuna and caught it, we realized we did not have any harpoon. As we know, necessity is the mother of invention. So out of a boat hook, a screw driver, electric tape and a spare harpoon dart, Galen made a substitute harpoon. However, that did not do the job. Therefore Galen called some friends of ours on a boat named Andiamo on the radio, and offered to trade an anchor ball for a harpoon. The Andiamo was just sitting there all day, trying to catch a fish, but without luck. So they picked up their lines, moved to our boat and handed over their harpoon, enabling us to harpoon the tuna. They then went to our anchor ball. It is an interesting phenomenon, that if one spot produces results and a tuna bites, then normally that spot provides more catches, and a second or even a third tuna might be caught there. However, one hundred feet away from that anchor spot, you might not be able to catch anything.

We also experienced another phenomenon. If one boat found a good spot and another boat would be tied to the cleat of the back of the first boat, so that two boats shared the same anchor, the second boat normally catches the tuna fish. The reason being, the additional chum in the water provides more food. When a tuna finds chum, drifting in the ocean around two boats sharing one anchor, the fish follows that chum line to its origin. The tuna then starts feeding from the back, approaching the second boat. This way we found out, that tunas love shark bait. While the New Hope was anchored at one time in 1978, another boat tied up behind the New Hope, because they

couldn't find a good spot, and put out their fishing lines. They did not have enough bait either, so the New Hope crew gave them some dog fish. Lo and behold, in the afternoon that dog fish bait attracted a tuna, while the others couldn't catch anything. Then we knew that tunas like to feed on spiny dog fish. Actually it proved to be their favorite bait.

Another interesting aspect I would like to talk about, concerns our docking place in Gloucester in 1978. At that time we were tied up at the Gloucester lobster plant, next to Bob's Clam Shack, where many of Gloucester's young people met every night. It was usually packed and noisy because of the music. We always used the restroom facilities there. Yet after Father bought Bob's Clam Shack in 1980, the young people of Gloucester avoided it like the plague. However, every single day demonstrations were staged in front of that restaurant, as the persecution in Gloucester became very severe. Those demonstrations continued for over a year, proving the endurance, New England people are known for. They made so much noise, demonstrating there with signs, threw rocks at us and some people, driving by, even used to shoot at us. So the former Bob's Clam Shack remained a point of interest for the young people of Gloucester, albeit in a very different way.

Father returned to America in 1979 and supervised the tuna fishing himself. I remember, when Father came to Gloucester that year, I was out on the water with the Harvard, this very slow lobster boat, only being able to go 5 or 6 nautical miles per hour. Father was already on the New Hope at the dock, and some members were with him on the boat. Because the Harvard was so slow, I was late for the meeting at the dock. After I tied up the boat up, I went to the New Hope, bowed to Father and participated in the meeting. At that time Father asked everyone to hand over all the quarters they carried with them. Whoever had coins, donated them, but quarters only. Then Father divided them evenly among the boats participating

in tuna fishing event and instructed us, to throw them into the water, saying, first you stand at the bow and throw some quarters over the bow, then you go to the stern and throw some of them over the stern into the water and then proceed to starboard and port.

He did not explain the meaning of this. He just told us what to do. At this time, I would just like to elaborate a little bit on that. These coins were a condition of indemnity. The money we threw overboard was given to Satan, and with this offering Father was buying protection from Satan for the tuna season.

When I was Father's bodyguard, we had some guests at East Garden. Just after we left the estate with Father's party, Lady Dr. Kim opened the car window and threw a bunch of quarters out onto the street. This made quite some noise and was supposed to be a condition of indemnity for the safety of Father and his party. After this experience, I also did this many times, whenever we were starting a trip with Father. I offered a handful of coins out of the car when we were leaving East Garden and pulled into the street. I would like to mention, that on those days nothing bad ever happened to Father, his party or his cars. It was like a spiritual protection. Likewise, these coins we threw into the water, also offered spiritual protection for the boats during the tuna season.

Every tuna season is different, and different aspects are being pursued. 1979 was the only time we threw coins into the water. Afterwards Father would speak to the members, and I recall his words very clearly, when he talked about me. He said "Gerhard catches the most fish". So I thought, wow, I am going to have a good season. Then afterwards, when he decided who was going on what boat, he decided that Gerhard goes on the Flying Phoenix. Normally I would have loved that, however the engines of the Flying Phoenix were completely shut and did not run. Then I thought, how in the world would I be able to catch the most tunas, when my boat does not even run. It became

very clear to me, that I first had to fix the boat. But, as I mentioned earlier, there was a flaw in the design of the Flying Phoenix. The engines were completely shut and the salt water caused the engine walls to rust through. As the salt water was inside the cylinder, the engine could not crank over. I worked hard on the Flying Phoenix, but we could never really fix the boat.

Finally, halfway through the tuna season, I decided to take out the Harvard, the slow old lobster boat from Maine, for tuna fishing. On top of that, Father did not give me any mate to work with. Every boat has at least one captain and one mate, but I had nobody, meaning, Father was expecting me to catch tuna all by myself. As the season continued, I went out with the Harvard and caught a few fish. Actually, I had a talk with Rutherford, and he told me: "When you hook a tuna, call me on the radio and inform me, that you have engine trouble. Please come". Then Rutherford would pick up his lines, come over to my boat and drop off one person to help me catch the fish. It surely was necessary, because one tuna, I caught, was so strong, that it dragged the Harvard, the 48 foot wooden lobster boat, 5 miles against the current. We fought the fish for 2 hours. After we eventually landed it, we had a hard time seeing the fleet. That explains how far away the fish had dragged the boat while fighting for its life, which in the end it could not win. I was amazed at how strong the fish was, when back at the harbor we found out, that he only weighed 600 pounds. But I would have never been able to land the fish by myself.

I remember another incident. While I was sitting at anchor, a small boat arrived and anchored really close to my boat. The name of the boat was Satan. After the captain put his lines out it became obvious, that he was interfering with my fishing. So I screamed at him: "Satan you are too close, you have to move elsewhere". I was grateful, that the guy actually picked up his anchor, left and tried his luck at some other

location. After that, it did not take much longer, when I had a strike and could catch a tuna.

During that tuna season Father told me “Gerhard, you take care of the Northwest corner and I am going to the Southwest corner and will be stationed in Provincetown”. So I stayed in Gloucester with a few boats, while Father took a couple of boats to Provincetown.

At that time the tuna line behind the leader had two nylon lines, tested for 120 pounds, going from the leader to the surface, the reason being, that the tuna should not see the lines in the water, as the 120 pound test line was really skinny. I remember one incident, when one of those lines broke and I had to tie them together. I had no idea as to what kind of knot to use. So it turned out to be a very strange knot indeed and was very big. Of course, later on I knew what type of knot to use for what purpose, and what kind of knot was required to tie lines of equal diameter together. The figure 8 knot would have been very good to use, but at that time I had no idea. After fixing the line, Ken, my mate at that time and I were fishing and had a strike. The smart tuna fish knew exactly, which one of our lines was the weakest and chose exactly that line to bite. Of course in the process of fighting the tuna, eventually this funny looking knot opened up and the fish escaped. Upon examining the line, Ken asked just one question: “Was this the knot?” While confirming it I got so angry with myself, realizing, that we lost the tuna because of my mistake.

Later on in the Ocean Challenge program I was chosen to give the lectures. Every year I gave one lecture on knots and splicing and taught everyone, which knot was good for what purpose, so that no one would make the same mistake as I did early on.

Father caught his fair share of tuna at the Southwest corner, while on the Northwest corner we were less and less successful. Sometimes we joined Father at the Southwest

corner. I remember anchoring kind of close to the New Hope when in the heat of the afternoon all of a sudden there was some splash on the side of the boat. I had no idea what it was, and as I was looking around, wondering what it might have been, there was this big noise again, "Kaboom". Finally we realized that Father was throwing some apples over to our boat. He didn't say one word, just threw the apples, so we could enjoy a snack.

Towards the end of the tuna season the tunas moved into Ipswich Bay, and we caught fish there as well as outside of Rockport. Whenever we caught a tuna and brought it in, it became a tradition, that we would cut the head meat and tail meat out of the tuna to make tuna sashimi for everyone. Of course we also checked the stomach contents of every tuna to find out, what kind of food he favored. Many times I saw sand eels in the tuna's stomach as well as chum pieces and parts of shark meat. One tuna even had a shark tail in its stomach. That was very valuable information, and from that time forward I always baited one of my lines with a shark tail. Many times it did not work out, but this one time the tuna bit and took the shark fin. I remember even finding an empty one-gallon plastic milk jug in his stomach and was truly appalled. This of course a tuna cannot digest. The milk jug had turned yellow from the stomach acid but did not deteriorate. I remember Daikan's words: "This tuna must have had a lot of stomach pain". Actually, when I caught the fish I felt, it must have been a blessing for the tuna itself, not just for us.

I also learned that tunas travel in schools of 10 to 20 or even more. I have seen it several times. When they had just arrived from their travels to the tuna grounds, they would not eat. Even if we had live bait, e. g. live mackerel, which tuna really love, they would just swim by, look at it but not take a bite. On our fish finders we marked so many tuna fish, but as long as they were traveling, they would not feed. Hundreds of

boats would be sitting there, throwing bait into the water like crazy, all but being ignored by the tuna. It was quite a sight.

As over the years the amount of boats, trying to catch tuna, increased, Father had this incredible idea to have a really large fleet of boats catching tuna. He was thinking in the range of about 300 boats. Considering, that the entire tuna fleet during the tuna season consists of about 120 boats, what do you think of how the New England fishermen would respond to the appearance of 300 Moonie boats? Father wanted to make a big impact in Gloucester and in all of Massachusetts as well as the North Atlantic.

He was talking about feeding the world with tuna, as the tuna has more meat than any of the other smaller fish. He also had the vision of farm raised tuna in the future. He wanted to catch tunas and let them spawn. Since the tuna has up to 1 ½ million eggs, just imagine how many tunas we could raise and save. Once they were football size, we would release them into the ocean and catch them again when they had developed into giants. This was not just an idea. Now, decades later, I found out, that someone in Japan is actually carrying out Father's plan by farm-raising tuna and releasing them into the ocean.

I would like to talk about a funny incident which happened that year. We took some guests out fishing and I had one of them on board. As the day was rather uneventful and slow, someone drove the Harvard through the tuna fleet really close to my boat, to do some talking. The sea was calm, but the Harvard caused a little wake while going through the tuna fleet. When the Harvard stopped, somehow the wake caught up to us and caused our boat to roll. As I mentioned before, the Harvard was a 48 foot, old wooden lobster boat from Maine. As it was drifting towards my boat, I asked the guest to push it away so it wouldn't bump into our side, and he did. Actually the bow of the Harvard is higher than our small fishing boats and the guest was holding tight on to the bow. As the wake gave the boats a

roll, the boats rolled differently than the Harvard, and the Harvard rolled quite a bit. The guest held so strongly onto the gunwale of the Harvard, that he got taken out of my boat, when the Harvard rolled really big, and as the Harvard rolled the other way, he was put into the ocean. The Harvard continued to roll back and forth and as he continued to hold onto the gunwale, he looked like a donut being dunked into a coffee cup.

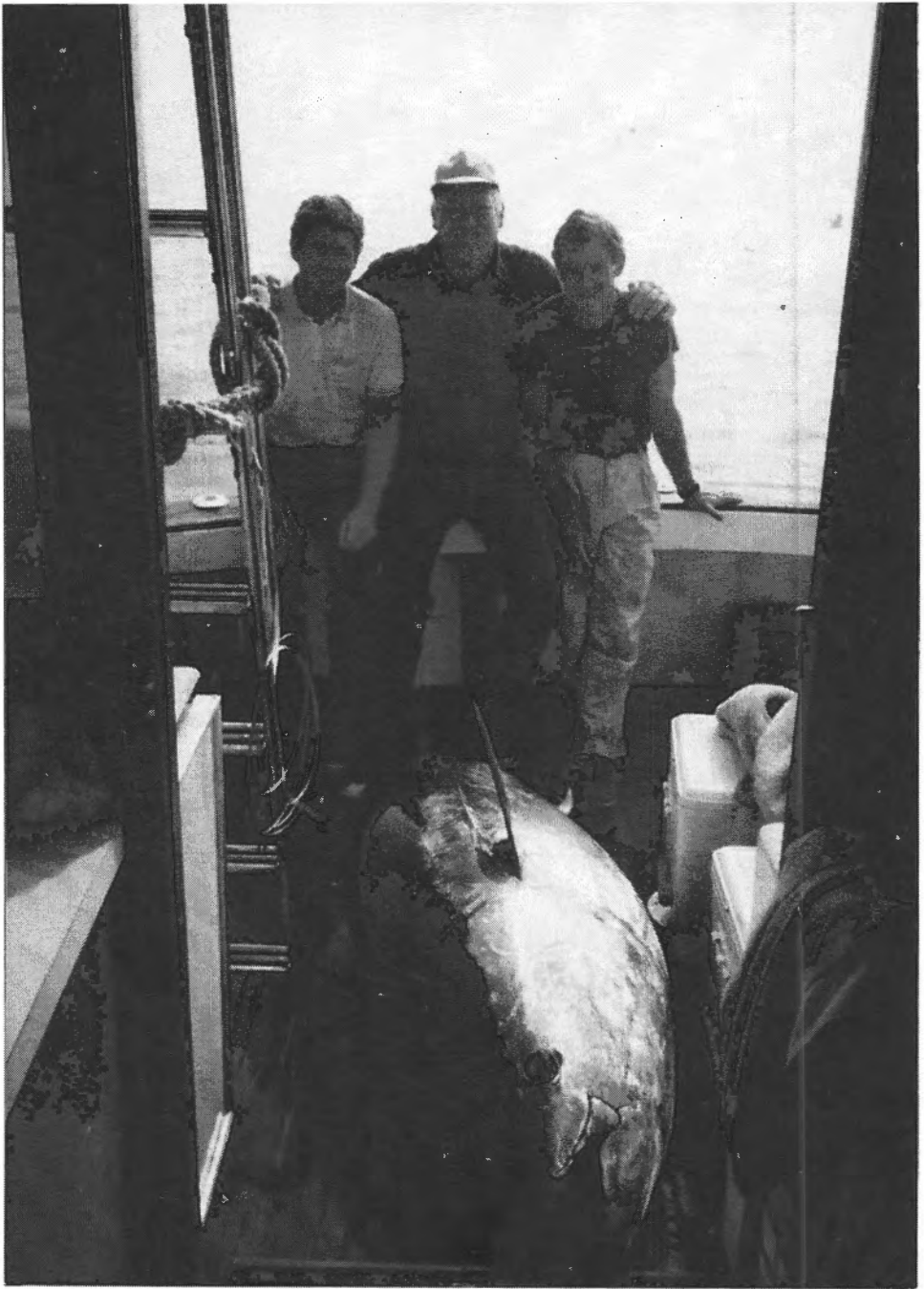
Another incident I also cannot forget. We were going down to the Southwest corner. I followed the New Hope in very high seas. The Flying Phoenix is known to be one of the "wettest" boats on the ocean meaning, if the swells increase a little bit and you head right into them, you get soaking wet. On the way down to the Southwest corner, Father signaled to me to proceed on my own and start fishing and not follow the New Hope. So in these miserable stormy conditions I increased my speed and made a little bit of a head way while passing the New Hope. The salt water was constantly covering my face, getting into my eyes and causing them to burn. The visibility was poor and it was extremely difficult to maneuver the boat, but eventually we reached the Southwest corner, anchored the boat and started fishing.

During the fishing season Father always has a reason for sending a boat ahead of the New Hope. This time Father wanted me to have a strike early that morning knowing, that it would be too late, if I would wait for the New Hope to arrive, and I might not catch a fish. This is why he sent me ahead early. At that time we were still experimenting with the fishing line from the float to the leader, the part which the tuna actually could see in the water. Father changed it to two black 120 pounds test nylon lines hoping the tunas would not be able to see these lines so easily in the water and guaranty us more strikes. But there was something wrong with those skinny nylon lines of mine and I surely had to pay the price for that. Very early on that day a tuna was taking our bait and we had a strike.

As I mentioned earlier, the tuna surely knows which line is the weakest, and he seems to be going for that line all the time. So this time he also chose the weakest of my fishing lines. After fighting the fish for about 20 minutes or more, the line broke and the tuna got his freedom, meaning, we lost the fish.

Discouraged and disappointed I went back to my anchor ball. When Father saw it he asked me: "What happened?" I answered: "Sorry Father, I lost the fish because the line broke". "Which line", Father inquired, "the two 120 pound test lines"? I replied: "Those are the weakest of our fishing lines". Father's answer was: "Lack of technique". I am quite sure he was right, but I did not like that special set up, I rather liked the Brownell lines, which are a little bit stronger and have a higher breaking strength. However, no matter what, it was my fault that I could not catch that fish, and this feeling is still with me. I feel like I owe Father this one tuna fish. Now, decades later, I still wish I could have caught this one tuna fish.

Over the course of many seasons, I caught the most tuna fish, just like Father predicted, but this one fish stays in my mind. I wish I could have the opportunity to hook that fish again. I would fight it differently and land it. Actually, I lost a tuna many times for all kinds of reasons. Also Father lost many fish, however he got many more strikes. The loss of one fish didn't really matter, because he could easily catch another one. I, on the other hand, did not get as many strikes as Father did. So for me, each tuna fish, each strike of a tuna was very precious, and I was so sorry that I could not land this fish. I don't know exactly why, but this one incident still stays with me.



Brandon, Gerhard and Steve bringing in a tuna fish