



PBBR FRIDAY FLASH



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“When it snows, you have two choices: shovel or make snow angels”

LEADERSHIP 2007

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION



Congratulations to the Schafer Family! It's a "family affair" at Pro Realty of Cadillac. Agent Scott Schafer and his wife Deb are the proud parents of Joseph August Schafer born November 19th. His grandparents are, Broker Shirley Schafer, and Agent Will Schafer. Proud grandmother, Shirley, stopped by the board office with a slew of photos. We can attest, Joseph is one REALLY CUTE baby. Ask her to show you the photos the next time you see her!

Message from Cadillac Title

"Tis the Season for Giving"

Our office is donating funds to the Family of Cathy Miller in lieu of gifts to our clients this year. Cathy died unexpectedly leaving six children to live on their own. We value you and your business and look forward to seeing you in 2008!

Editor Note:

If you are interested in assisting in this effort, an account for the Miller Family has been set up at First Bank in Cadillac. Checks may be made payable to Rob Milkiewicz.

2008 REALTOR® Membership Dues Due by 12/31/2007

Don't forget you can pay by credit card online this year as well. Even though time are "tough", please consider a voluntary contribution to RPAC along with your dues payment.!

PAUL BUNYAN MLS

Paul Bunyan MLS Committee

Rick Lantz, Committee Chair ; Keith Johnson, Judy Greeley, Jim Meier and Barry Fall, Jo Ellen Serum, Dave Becker, Mike McCullough, Mark Hacker, Sandy Keezer

New features to explore on Paragon 4

Spell Check:

Have you noticed the new Spell Check Feature on line in the free entry fields? Check it out near Public Remarks, Private Professional Remarks, Directions and Legal.

Don't let spelling errors or "typos" ruin your image when sending listing information to a potential customer. There is a small "check box" icon with "ABC" in it next to the box where your free entry field data is entered. Click on that "check box" and a new menu will appear with the misspelled word in red, possible options for the correct word, and a way to correct the mistake with a click of your mouse.

eAdWriter feature:

No more staring at a blank page trying to figure out how to write your ad copy or create interesting Remarks. The new ad-writer feature hopefully will be activated on our system next week. To use the eAdWriter feature, you will go to Resources on the tool bar above, choose eAdWriter under the Marketing tab, and it will bring up your inventory of listings. You will click on edit next to the listing you wish to work on, and you will be given choices. You can ask it to write you a 200 character ad, a 250 character ad, a 2 to 3 line newspaper ad, or even a web copy ad. If you don't like what it writes the first time, then click on the Write button as many times as you want until it provides you with copy you like. You can edit, copy and paste into the ad, and then you can copy it and then go paste into your Remarks if you'd like.

WHY WE REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR DAY

Today is the 66th anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor.

I remember Pearl Harbor Day because as President Roosevelt was quoted, because it was "a date that will live in infamy." And my family is a military family. My father was a decorated Marine Corps aviator who engaged in battle during WW II in the South Pacific only months after Pearl was hit. He will be remembered not only by his family but because his memory is honored on the WWII Ace Monument at the Naval Air Station at Pensacola.

And there but for the Grace of God not only did he survive his South Pacific adventures, but he also was fortunate to not be at Pearl Harbor that day, December 7th, 1941, because the deployment of his squadron from El Toro Naval Air Station to an air station at Pearl Harbor had been delayed. Soon after, he approached death's door in the skies over and over again in the South Pacific, but the Grace of God also brought him safely home to become my father. And my cousin's birth (mid afternoon in MI, December 7th, 1941) and birthday would forever be memorialized and almost overshadowed by the events of that day.

If you've ever been to Hawaii, and out into the Harbor on a guided tour, the memory of it never leaves you. It's like seeing Gettysburg for the first time. I was there on a high security tour during the Vietnam War, because it was once again the hub for all South Pacific Naval Operations.

If you've participate in the national list serves of the Internet Crusade (RealTalk, MLSTalk, et cetera) or have heard Saul speak at an E-Pro event or at NAR and MAR conventions, you know he frequently offers bits and pieces of military history passed on to him by his dad or through his own experiences in the US Navy. Like me, he was very proud of his father, retired from the US Navy, and we both carry the stories of our father's experiences in WWI.

I thought it would be fitting to post this story in our newsletter, as Saul has done on the national list serves today, as he is our PBBR list serve host.

The following recounting dated December 7th, 1991, by Marcus Klein, as a survivor of the decimation of our US Fleet and Naval Operations at Pearl Harbor. It was posted by his son, Saul Klein, Internet Crusade (IC), on a website created by Saul:

<http://marcusandlaniklein.com/>

Today is December 7, 1991. Fifty years ago today, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. I'm going to try and tell my story, the best that I can remember, of the events that occurred on that day to me.

I was attached to the USS Medusa AR- 1, which was a battle ship tender. Our duties were to repair battleships. I never was able to get back to my ship. Being married, I lived outside the base, and rated overnight liberty. The first thing that happened to me was the woman across the street whose husband was a Chief in the Navy came out and started screaming, "The Japs are attacking Pearl Harbor!" I ran out of our house and looked up in the sky over Pearl. We weren't too far away. We were next to

Hickam Field. I saw the bombs exploding in the air and the planes diving all over and I just couldn't believe what was happening. My first thought was they were having a mock battle, but I had the -radio on and the announcer said all personnel return to your ships. As I ran down the street, I told Lani, "You run up to the hills and hide if the Japs land. You don't want to be caught by them. I got on the highway. We lived right near Dillingham Highway. An officer in his car stopped on his way back and picked me up. We headed towards the base and before we got there a plane came straight down the highway, strafing, and we ran off the highway into the cane fields and bounced along until we finally stopped, got out, and ran the rest of the way to the base. As we went through the gate, the Marines were firing at the planes with their 45's. The only thing we could do was throw stones at them. That's how close they were

We headed toward Fleet Landing which was just a short distance away, When we got down there, there were lots of sailors coming back. The sailor on duty, said, "Report to any place on the base that you can be of help. There are no boats running, there's no possible way to get back to your own ship." My ship, the Medusa, was tied about as far away as it could be from the landing. We were on the other side of Ford Island. The battleship row was on this side. The Medusa was on the opposite side at a place called Middlelock, which was off of Pearl City. Next to the Medusa was the Curtis. a seaplane tender.

Along side the Medusa, on the other side, were destroyers. I think there were 4 of them, old 4- stack destroyers. In the mean time, near the landing, I ran towards a group of men. We all ran towards the Navy yard figuring that was the best place to help. We were almost at the Officers Club when a Jap plane came diving straight down towards us. Several of the men in, the group were hit and killed but we kept on going until we got to the docks. I saw a whaleboat along side the dock, and I told one of the other fellows, "Let's take this thing out and see if we can help the men in the water." You could see the flames and all the water was on fire around the battleships, mainly the Arizona and the California.

The Nevada was on her way towards the channel. We ran and got into the boat and I said, "I can run the engine if you can steer it." So I started it up and got underway. We started out towards the Arizona. That's where most of the fire was. While heading that way, I looked up and saw we were going towards the channel., I turned around and yelled at the guy with me. He had been shot and was over the side in the water. I found I didn't know what to do. I turned the engine off and dove into the water. I couldn't do anything for the guy who was in the water, so I swam over to the Okalala, which was over by the drydock and I got out of the water. The Pennsylvania was in the drydock and the Casin and Downs was forward of it. I remember my dad telling me that, when there was fire you always put water on the building next to it to keep it cool so it doesn't burn too. So we grabbed a hose. I got another guy to help me. The hose had a suicide nozzle on it and we started spraying down the bow of the Pennsylvania. It was then I could see that this fire was getting out of control. it was really bad on the Casin and Downs, so we started shooting out a stream of water on the Casin and Downs. It wasn't too long before the fire reached the magazines of one of the ships and she blew up. The concussion was so great, that the Pipe Shop, which is along side the dock on the

other side of the cranes, the corrugated metal on the walls blew off., I noticed, at this time that I was bleeding from a head wound. The shrapnel from the Casini or the Downs must have hit me; or that of a plane; I have no idea. I don't know what happened. It didn't hurt too much.

NOTE: Photo of the USS Cassin and Downes, and the Pennsylvania behind the ruins included by Sally.

Photo # 80-G-19943 Wrecks of USS Downes & Cassin, 7 Dec. 1941



There were too many things going on. All of this was just hard to believe. Here our fleet, the greatest in the world, was destroyed, being destroyed, and no way of doing anything to fight back. This was a terrible feeling. So I kept thinking I better go and get under somebody's command. After all, the guy said "go wherever you can to help." I feel a lot of the ships men had been killed because some hadn't gotten back to their ships. I reported to the first ship I could. At least I would be under the jurisdiction of a command. I ran down the docks and saw the St. Louis had gotten under way. She had been tied alongside the Honolulu. I figured the Honolulu would go next. I'll get on her. Well, unknown to me, she had been hit by a 250 pound bomb. It went through the dock and exploded under the water ripping the seams of the Honolulu's magazines. Although she'd been casting off her lines, she came back and tied up again. I reported to the officer of the Deck and I guess It looked pretty messy, bloody, and wet. He said, "You'd better go down to sick bay." I didn't know where it was so they sent a messenger to take me down and the corpsman put some sutures in my head. Then went back to the quarter deck and he said, "What ship were you on?" I told him I was a Fireman First on the Medusa as a metal smith. He said they'd assign me to the metal smith shop. They needed help because they had several oil tanks that were ruptured. They had splits in the seams from the concussion of the bomb that went off in the magazine. So, I reported to the metal smith's shop and I went with a working party down into the magazine. I spent the rest of the day and all night in the magazine tearing off insulation so we could get to the seams that were torn open.

After I got out of there I became part of the crew on the Honolulu, so, actually, I was never on the Medusa on December 7th. I was on the Honolulu, a light square- stern cruiser. As I look back, I don't remember how I got clothes. I had no money and no clothes. I guess some of the sailors in the shop had given me clothes to wear and may be an old toothbrush. I asked if could go back to my ship and they said that eventually they'd get me

back. It was ten days before I got back. There was no way I could send word to Lani about what happened. I asked one of the yard workers that was working in the yard if he would stop by my house and let my wife know I was okay. This one yard worker finally told my wife and the family that I was still alive and aboard the Honolulu. After ten days, I was sent back to the Medusa with a letter stating that I came aboard and received a commendation on the work that I did while I was on the Honolulu. The first thing the kids aboard the Medusa wanted to show me was my battle station. It seems the destroyers alongside on the starboard side had destroyed the crows nest while firing at the Jap Kamikaza which dove into the Curtis. The destroyers were firing over the Medusa at the plane right through the crow's nest. If I hadn't been home, I would have been aboard the ship and would have been killed by my own bullets.

The events were terrible, even after the battle. Remembering December 7th and the things that went on when you look back seems like a lifetime ago. It's hard to believe that we lived through something like this. I was in three Wars. I was on submarine war patrols. Nothing could compare with the sight of seeing the fleet destroyed. I worked on and got my request approved for submarine duty. In June or July, I was transferred to the Naval station awaiting transportation back to the mainland. While there, we were sent on working parties, digging bodies out of the Arizona and some of the other ships. We were taking them up to Red Hill to be buried.

Looking back today, I hope no one has to go through this again. "This is a sorry day in our history," as Roosevelt said, "a day of infamy." Only those who were there can really understand how dreadful, how horrible it all was. I think the wound I got from the ships or from the planes that day is a small thing to happen, compared to what could have happened.

USS ARIZONA – THEN AND NOW (photos included by Sally)

