



## Albert Milton Haberer

April 27, 1920 - November 9, 2017

Albert Milton Haberer, 97, of Little Rock, Arkansas died November 9, 2017. He was born April 27, 1920 to Albert Otto and Gussie Frances Milton Haberer. He was retired Postmaster of Ozark for 30 years. He was a veteran of the United States Army. He graduated from Ozark High School and attended College of the Ozarks (University). Albert left with the Arkansas National Guard at Camp Robinson in 1940. He was sent to Camp Adair in Oregon, Fort Lewis in Washington, and then to the Aleutians Islands in Alaska as Sergeant of 153rd infantry. He then served in the Philippine Islands. He was commissioned a Lieutenant in a field promotion as a result of his display of courage and skill in the handling of forty men in his platoon in heavy combat in the Battle of Leyte Gulf. Albert received his 2nd injury on Okinawa. He received two Purple Heart medals. Albert was presented the Bronze Star Medal on November 11, 2003 (after almost sixty years) in a ceremony for WWII Veterans who earned the Combat Infantry Badge or the Combat Medical Badge, each considered as a citation in orders of exemplary conduct in ground combat against an armed enemy.

Albert was named Ozark Citizen of the year in 1970, was the recipient of the Lifetime Achievement Award in 1996, chairman of the Turner Memorial Hospital Board of Trustees for four years, a Library Fund chairman in securing for Ozark the Franklin County Library, he was instrumental in getting the Arkansas Valley Vocational Technical School (now Arkansas Tech University Ozark), and was a member of the Presbyterian Church having served as an

Elder and Chairman of Stewardship.

He was preceded in death by his parents; two sisters, Frances Marx and Dorothy Castle; a brother, Charles; and a granddaughter, Natalie Lane Calaway.

Albert is survived by his wife, Marjorie Lane Caulk Haberer of Little Rock; two sons, Brent Haberer and wife Paula of Golden, Colorado, Robert Haberer of Little Rock, Arkansas; two daughters, Frances Bradley and husband Joe of Little Rock, and Ann Calaway of Lakewood, Colorado; three grandchildren, Mark Bradley and wife Jennie, Sara Calaway White and husband Brandon, and Beth Bradley Reynolds and husband Jason; eight great grandchildren, Jackson, Lane, and Grace White, Luke, Bennett and Blake Bradley, and Jude and Jackson Reynolds; they called him "Boompa".

Funeral service will be held 2:00 PM Monday, November 13, 2017 at Shaffer Funeral Home Chapel with Reverend Ted Darling officiating and burial at Highland Cemetery under direction of Shaffer Funeral Home of Ozark.

# Cemetery Details

## Highland Cemetery

Highway 64 West  
Ozark, AR 72949

# Previous Events

## Service

NOV 13. 2:00 PM (CT)

Shaffer Funeral Home  
2315 West Commercial Street  
PO Box 680  
Ozark, AR 72949  
(479) 667-4147  
shafferfuneralhome@gmail.com

# Tribute Wall



“ *Albert Milton Haberer*

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January 30, 2023 at 02:28 AM

FB

“ My name is Francés Haberer Bradley and Albert Haberer was my wonderful Father. I loved him so much. My first memories were of him rocking and singing to me and I felt loved and secure. I could always go to him for the truth about anything. He was a man of honor and truth and I learned to always tell the truth. He noticed people in need and helped them and I learned to look at others and help. He loved people and they loved him and a man of peace when He could be, but if something was bad or wrong, I saw him stand alone against wrong and injustice and I learned to stand alone. He was a man of truth, honor and courage. He planned fun things for us like picnics at the park ,trips, swimming at Cass. My favorite when little was flying on his feet. He told us we could be anything we wanted to be. He was an encourager. He taught me so much by his example. He was tender and caring and strong. He was wise. He never complained that I saw. He and my Mother took us to church every Sunday and when I was older I learned to love Jesus with all my heart and to live for Jesus in whatever I did.

My Dad was 6 mo. Old when his father died and the depression coming. It must have been hard. He joined the National Guard, worked, and saved to go to college that first year. Then they called him for training at 19 in 1940. He guarded the Boeing airplane factory in San Francisco. Mr. Boeing ask him to have dinner at his home. Alaska was pretty hard with blizzards most of the time and working in them. Tents blew down and you had to tie yourself into your tent so you wouldn't be blown away. They marched 20 miles a day if a carrier wasn't needed to be unloaded for the airfield they were making. They shot reindeer for food and Daddy, who was a beautiful writer, wrote " beans for breakfast, beans for lunch and rumors of beans for supper". Then he was sentenced to Leytein the Philippines. He was always in charge of his platoon and their first meeting with the rebels fighting with Americans they took him to their village king who gave them "poi" to drink and a Japanese head( not shrunken) for gifts. Daddy took them graciously. He never hated the Japanese and felt they were just doing their job, but no one took Japanese prisoners because

*they would always try to blow themselves and Americans up. Dad was so glad when our navy destroyed the Japanese navy at Leyte. The war was not to be over though and Dad was sent to Okinawa. Winsron Churchill said this was the worst fighting of the war. Dad was shot twice. He saw his best friends killed. New privates sent over were killed almost immediately and daddy said new lieutenants lasted about 3 days. There are many heroic stories I could tell about my Dad but the space won't give me room. I thank God for my Dad's life and that he got to come home.*

*My dad did so much after the war for people and his community but most of all he was my wonderful father.*

*Toward the end of his life, whatever you did for him was fine. If you didn't do anything it was fine. Late Wed. night I went to see him and held him and told him how much I loved him, as I did everytime I saw him, and what a wonderful father he was. I got to be alone with him and he knew me. Sometime later that night he died. Someday I will see him again. Til then goodbye Daddy. I love you so much.*

*You Teach, you laugh, and most of all you love,  
Your daughter, Francés*

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**Frances Bradley** - May 26, 2018 at 01:05 PM

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“ My name is Francés Haberer Bradley and Albert Haberer was my wonderful Father. I loved him so much. As a child my first memories were of him rocking me and singing to me. I felt loved and secure. He planned fun things like picnics at the park and trips we would take as a family. I loved playing airplane on his feet. I knew if I wanted to know something, he would always tell me the truth. He was a man of truth, honor, courage, love for family and country. He saw people in need and met those needs as best he could and I learned to see people in need and help them. My Father loved people and I learned to love people and people loved him. But I also saw him stand alone when something was wrong and he spoke out and I learned to stand alone. He was wise and kind. He was tender and loving but also I had a great reverence for him. He told us we could be anything we wanted to be and encouraged us. I ask my Father when I was six if he would come to lunch with me at school and he did, No one did that back then. I ask him sometimes to take me out to lunch with him from school and he did, whether it was just us or he met men to talk business. My Father and Mother took us to Church every week and as I grew older I came to have a great love for Jesus and wanted my whole life with Jesus whatever I did. Daddy's father died when he was 6 months old with the depression coming. He and his family lived through a lot. He saved money for college and worked also through his first year of college. The National guard called him for service in 1940 at 19. He laughed about how they did their training more than once because the war hadn't started yet. He saw Bob Hope and other entertainers. In San Francisco he guarded the Bowing aircraft factory and Mr. Bowing ask him to have dinner at his home. Alaska was very hard from what he told me but he never acted like it was when telling me of blizzard after blizzard. Tents being blown down. Having to tie yourself down to keep from being blown out of your tent. Not having the right clothes at first for Alaska. 20 mile walks everyday, even in blizzards. Two men being lost in one of these little walks. One died and one walked around a mountain all night and came walking in the next day. No food sometimes so they shot reindeer to eat. Then one day in his diary ( he was a wonderful writer) “ beans for

*breakfast, beans for lunch, and rumors of beans for supper". Can you imagine Alaska to the Philippine jungles. Dad was sent out to find the rebels fighting with America. They found him and his men and took them to their village. The king gave him "poi" to drink and a Japanese head for gifts and it wasn't shrunken either. Daddy always said he didn't hate the Japanese, that they were just doing what they were suppose to do, but no one ever took Japanese prisoners including Daddy because they would often surrender just to blow up themselves and the Americans. Daddy all his life felt bad about this but it had to be done, if you didn't want to be killed. Daddy always gave others credit and he talked so much about how wonderful our navy was especially when they destroyed the whole Japanese fleet off Leyte ,where Daddy was. He was then sent to Okinawa where the worst fighting in the whole war took place. Feet were always wet and no sleep because the Japanese would sneak out at night and kill men in foxholes every night and they fought during the day. One night a man had his foot hanging off and Daddy pulled him into his fox hole and told him if he would stay quite Daddy promised him he would make sure he wasn't killed and get help in the morning. Another story during heavy fighting some man through Dad the phone that called in the air fire and ran. Daddy started calling it in and finally the guys were right on top of them so Dad said we'll i guess you better not come any closer. My Father was in charge of his platoon in the Philippines and Okinawa. He was shot twice and got a battlefield promotion for bravery. Part I*

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**Frances Bradley** - May 26, 2018 at 11:56 AM

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“ *Dillard's Information Technology purchased the Peaceful White Lilies Basket for the family of Albert Milton Haberer.*



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**Dillard's Information Technology** - November 13, 2017 at 01:41 PM



“ *Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Albert Milton Haberer.*



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November 11, 2017 at 04:41 PM



“ *Enduring Grace was purchased for the family of Albert Milton Haberer.*



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November 10, 2017 at 07:02 PM