

Jordan LaBree

was born in Miles City, MT, on November 9, 1938, the second son of John Earl LaBree and Mary Frances Jordan LaBree. He grew up on the family ranch, south of Ismay, MT on Ranch Creek with his 3 brothers, and 2 sisters. Jordan attended O'Fallon school at Pat LaBree's for one year. (Written by Jordan: I graduated from the 8th grade at Ismay in 1953. I ranched with my dad when I wasn't working on other ranches. I worked for Bickles in 1955. I batched with Buster Hamby the winter of '57 and '58 on the old Nate Hamilton place. I worked for Mrs. Manroe the spring of '58 and stayed on when the Joneses bought the place the summer of '58. I went to work for the MaKay Ranch in the fall of '58 when the Joneses to the Hunt Oil Co. I worked for Don Steen the summer of '59 at Watoga, SD. I stayed at the Fulton Ranch in the winter of '60 for Wallace and Love. I served in the Army for two years, most of it in Germany, starting the fall of '61. After the service, I helped Bunn Castleberry out some, the winter of '64 and '65. I then worked for Earl Whitney in the spring and summer of '65. I married Shirley Laurene "Rene" Frye on January 4, 1966, in Belle Fourche, SD. We moved to Arthur, Nebraska and worked until the fall of '66. We came back to Ekalaka where John Edward "Bud" was born on December 7, 1966. We then went to work for Glen Rugg for a year, starting the fall of '66. We moved to a grazing association in North Dakota in the spring of '68 followed by moving to the old John Henry place in January of '69 and we have been here since. Lee Tat was born on November 25, 1969. I had helped Elgin Miller a few times in the 50's on the place where we now live.) Jordan enjoyed bowling and was a good calf roper as shown with the buckles and trophies. He was a local brand inspector for over 40 years. For many years, Jordan served on the grazing district board and was member of the Stockgrowers. Jordan hated weeds with about as much passion as he hated a broken wire or a staple out in a fence. He always wished he lived 100 years ago so there were no fences, and he could have raised a herd



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November 9, 1938 - October 9, 2023

of horses, long horn cows and 2-year-old steers. Jordan and Rene purchased a ranchette on Sunday Creek, moving there in 2013. After moving, he spent a few days a week at the ranch, fencing, cleaning spring boxes and tanks, spraying weeds and tending his horses. Jordan enjoyed playing most any card game but really enjoyed pinochle. The main reason he went to the Baker Fair was to play pinochle with Roy Williams, Bud Brown, Mike Murphy, and Marvin Gookin. He also spent a lot of time playing cards at the local sale barns and enjoyed many games of cribbage with family members. Jordan was preceded in death by his wife, his parents, brother Harold, and brother Larry. He is survived by his son Bud(Amy), Brandee Maier and Tyann(Kory) Gausen, son Lee(Cam), granddaughters Hannah, Heather, and Heidi, brother Emmett LaBree, sister Johnella Lambert, sister Julie Livengood, and numerous nieces and nephews. Should friends desire, memorials may be made to the Carter County Museum, Range Riders Museum, or charity of ones choosing.



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FUNERAL SERVICE

Wednesday, October 18, 2023 2:00 pm
Stevenson Funeral Home
Ekalaka, Montana

VISITATION

Wednesday, October 18, 2023 12:00 - 2:00 pm
Stevenson Funeral Home
Ekalaka, Montana

OFFICIATING

Jesse LaBree

MUSIC

Robert Boggs Phil Cook
Les Barnhart Lisa Koppinger

PALLBEARERS

Jesse LaBree Fulton Castleberry
Art Drange Marvin Gookin
Cy Pilarski John Brown
Les Barnhart Wally Badgett

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

All of Jordan's Family & Friends

INTERMENT

Beaverlodge Cemetery
Ekalaka, Montana

ARRANGEMENTS BY

Stevenson Funeral Home
Ekalaka, Montana

Coffee and cookies will be served at the
Carter County Event Center
following the graveside service.
Everyone is welcome.



O'Lord, I've never lived where churches grow,
I love creation better as it stood,
That day you finished it so long ago
And looked upon your work and called it good.
Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun,
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.
Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the hoss between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze!
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said
And right me, sometimes, when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.