

Craft pays tribute to Gertrude Jensen

Friends on both sides of the Columbia River joined last week in a tribute to Gertrude Glutsch Jensen, who labored for many years to protect the scenic values of the Columbia Gorge and who died December 27, 1986, at the age of 83.

Services were held December 30 at the Caldwell Colonial Mortuary in Portland. Among those paying tribute to her memory were former Oregon governor Bob Straub of Salem, under whom Mrs. Jensen has served as chairman of the Oregon Columbia River Gorge Commission — a commission she had been instrumental in creating. She had held the post from 1953 to 1969.

Over a span of many decades, Mrs. Jensen helped arrange land trades between federal government and private interests and preserved thousands of acres of scenic property.

A longtime advocate of a national scenic parkway, she had opposed the recently enacted National Scenic Area legislation.

Her dedication to the Gorge was not limited to the scenic beauty but included the people as well.

“While initially favoring the concept of a national parkway, prior to and after the enactment of current federal legislation she had grave fears for the disenfranchisement of the people.” said her son, Frederick Jensen. “Mother was dubious of the bill as passed but now that it is law all of us will continue to work to preserve the grandeur of this national treasure.”

Over the years Mrs. Jensen had received numerous awards and



Gertrude Glutsch Jensen

commendations; among the major honors was the U. S. Department of Interior's Conservation Service Award in 1961. In 1964 she was the first recipient of Oregon Governor Tom McCalls' Distinguished Service Award; and she received the Golden Beaver Award from the Izaak Walton League in 1969. She is honored by an inscription on the drinking fountain at Chanticleer Point, just west of Crown Point.

She enjoyed the honors but her greatest reward was in her periodic drives up river from Portland to The Dalles and back again on the Washington side of the Columbia, relishing the

beauty she had helped keep unspoiled.

Mrs. Jensen was born May 17, 1903, in Portland and graduated from Franklin High School. She studied political science at Reed College. She was a free-lance writer for The Oregonian for 14 years and after becoming a real-estate broker in 1938 she helped create the first legislation in the nation to regulate real-estate brokerage conduct.

During the years she worked to protect the Gorge, she made a number of trips to the nation's capitol at her own expense to arrange land trades and assure public ownership of scenic properties. She was a one-woman lobby who asserted power in the halls of the mighty.

Oregon likes to claim Gertrude Jensen as its own but she belonged to both sides of the river. Among those attending her

services in Portland were Lena Pierce, who had donated the 300-acre Pierce Ranch to the federal government as a national wildlife refuge; and Lucille Aalvik, a Cascade Indian, now an enrolled member of the Yakima Nation.

The late Marshall Dana, journalist and conservationist, had dubbed Mrs. Jensen "The Angel of the Columbia River Gorge." Friends on both sides of the river agreed on her right to the title.

Over the years Mrs. Jensen had been sensitive to the needs of the deaf. Her mother was deaf and during her life time Gertrude had served as a volunteer in many areas helping deaf people. A Gertrude Glutsch Jensen memorial fund has been established at Reed College to provide scholarships for deaf students.



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GERTRUDE GLUTSCH JENSEN

Mr. HATFIELD. Mr. President, one of the great joys I have had in my lifetime was my association with Gertrude Jensen. Mrs. Jensen is no longer with us, for she died on December 27, 1986. But the commitment she made to preserve the beauty of the Pacific Northwest will be remembered in testimony to her indomitable spirit.

The first time I became acquainted with Gertrude was when I was a young Representative in the Oregon State Legislature. I can still see that stately and proud woman now. Gertrude always wore hats, and each one she wore had its own story. She came, as she had always come, to lobby for the preservation of the Columbia River Gorge. She somehow seemed to draw the States of Oregon and Washington together in the common cause to preserve the natural wonder dividing them, the Columbia River Gorge.

Gertrude Jensen must have died a happy woman. The cause for which she fought so long and hard finally prevailed in Congress. On October 17, 1986, 2 months and 10 days before her death, the U. S. Congress passed by unanimous consent the Columbia River Gorge National Scenic Area Act, which will preserve this unique area in its original beauty for generations to come. Without question "the Gorge bill" bore her distinct

mark and carried with it her years of hard work.

Mr. President, recently I came across a eulogy praising this fine woman. On this day where another comprehensive bill to protect Oregon's natural resources, the Wild and Scenic Rivers bill, is being introduced by myself and Senator Packwood, I believe it is appropriate to again pay tribute to Gertrude Jensen. I ask unanimous consent that the eulogy given by Mr. Roy Craft be inserted in the Records following my statement.

There being no objection, the eulogy was ordered to be printed in the Records, as follows:

EULOGY — GERTRUDE GLUTSCH JENSEN (By Roy Craft)

I feel honored to be asked to participate in this gathering of friends, celebrating the life of a remarkable woman, Gertrude Glutsch Jensen.

Some years back she told me she was putting her affairs in order, planning against the day when her life's work would be finished, and asked if I would be apart of a simple service. She did not want an elaborate and mournful funeral.

When Fred called Saturday to say his mother was gone, I welcomed his invitation to be a part of this memorial service. Her passing was sad, but not tragic, for she had led a full life and

contributed far beyond her fair share to the welfare of the society in which she lived. Her final rites should be an occasion of thankfulness for the privilege of having known her.

As I thought of this lovely lady's life, I was reminded of line from Ecclesiastes: "To everything there is a season; and a time to every purpose under the heaven. A time to be born, and a time to die, a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted. A time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance. A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silent, and a time to speak. A time to love — and a time of peace."

Today is our day to pay tribute to an exceptional woman who, in her busy lifetime, received numerous awards and accolades but who left her own lasting memorial in the beauty of the Columbia River Gorge, which she fought for so many decades to protect from despolment.

Think of the Gorge and you think of Gertrude. You think of the Gertrude and you think of the Gorge. Marshall Dana dubbed her the Angel of the Gorge. She helped create the first Oregon Columbia River Gorge commission and served as the chairman from 1953 to 1969. She fought to prevent industrial development in key areas and it was through her efforts that thousands of acres of scenic properties were acquired through voluntary trades. She joined with many of us in successfully opposing a scrap metal mill at Cascade Locks, and a possible pulp mill on the Washington side of the river.

I shall not recite all of the awards and commendations she received, but among the major honors was the U. S. Department of Interior's Conservation Service Award in 1961. In 1964 she was

the first recipient of Governor Tom McCall's Distinguished Service Award; and she received the Golden Beaver Award from the Izaak Walton League in 1969. She is honored by an inscription on a drinking fountain at Chaticleer Point, just west of Crown Point.

She enjoyed the honors, of course, but her greatest reward was in her periodic drives upriver from Portland to The Dalles, and back again on the Washington side of the Columbia, relishing the beauty which she had helped keep unspoiled.

I first met Gertrude many years ago when she came into my newspaper office in Stevenson. She was wearing one of the designer hats for which she was famous and my wife Gracie later remarked that the pink roses on the hat complemented her complexion perfectly and that Mrs. Jensen was a woman of extraordinary beauty.

I agreed, but to me her greatest beauty came from within — the sum of loving and sharing and caring. Gertrude saw beauty in the great vistas of the Columbia Gorge — the hills and cliffs and and rocks and cascades. She also saw beauty in small things — a colorful pebble, a single flower.

As her family and friends knew, Gertrude suffered for some years from failing eyesight and finally underwent corrective surgery. The day the bandages were removed she phoned Gracie and me. "I'm looking out my window and I can see the raindrops on the spruce needles," she said. "I've never seen anything so beautiful. I wanted to cry."

I mentioned Gertrude's hats. One she called her "Mark Hatfield hat" because she had selected it, for an occasion hosted by Senator Hatfield. Another was her "Bob Straub hat," chosen for an occasion sponsored by her then Governor, and so

on. Each hat had its own story.

Throughout her lifetime, Gertrude was a do-er, and even before women were properly(?) accepted in positions of public responsibility, she got things done through an uncanny instinct for political realities.

She was born May 17, 1903, in Portland and attended Shattock grade school and Lincoln High School before graduating from Franklin High School. She studied political science at Reed College and, had she been a man in those male chauvinist days, she surely would have ended up in high public office. I am inclined to think she accomplished more in her career of non-elective service.

Gertrude was a free-lance writer for the Oregonian for 14 years and after becoming a real-estate broker in 1938 she helped create the first legislation in the nation to regulate real estate brokerage conduct.

During the years she worked to protect the Gorge, Gertrude made many trips to the nation's capitol at her own expense to arrange land trades between private holders and government entities to ensure public ownership of certain scenic properties within the Gorge. She was a one-woman lobby who asserted power in the halls of the mighty.

Her dedication to the Gorge was not limited to the scenic beauty but included the people who live there as well. While initially favoring the concept of a national parkway for preservation of the Gorge, prior to and after the enactment of current federal legislation she had grave fears for the disenfranchisement of the people. As her son Fred notes, she was dubious of the bill as passed, but now that it is law all of us will continue — as we have in the years gone by — to work to preserve the grandeur of this national treasure.

Oregon like to claim Gertrude Glutsch

Jensen as its own, but I must remark that she belongs to both sides of the Columbia. We share the Lewis and Clark Trail and we share the Oregon Trail and we insist on our right to share Gertrude.

Among her friends here today, from the Washington side of the Gorge, are Lena Pierce and Lucille Aalvik. When Mrs. Pierce donated the 300-acre Pierce Ranch to the federal government as a perpetual wildlife refuge, Gertrude was among the first to call and thank her.

Mrs. Aalvik, as Cascade Indian, descendent of Chief Tumult and Indian Mary, is now an enrolled member of the Yakima Nation and is grateful for the help Gertrude has given the Indian people over the years, in protecting their heritage. They join with friends from throughout the onetime Oregon Territory, in this tribute to Gertrude.

The Columbia Gorge is the only canyon in the world through which a major river makes its way to the sea. It is still an area of singular beauty. We owe it to Gertrude to keep it that way.

There are verses in Isaiah which seem especially appropriate in our celebration of Gertrude's life.

“For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

“Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a memorial, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.”

A more modern poet than that ancient scribe has written:

“Life, what is it? Ah, who knows? Just a visit, I suppose. Children, morning. Manhood, noon. Age, the warning night comes soon. Shines a star to guide us then it's not far to home again.”