

mutterhood

every woman is a story



WANDER

2019



welcome

Road trip, anyone?

Imagine just hopping in a car and driving, no destination in mind, the windows open, music playing, a bag of M&Ms or gummy bears, and in a perfect diet-Coke-is-good-for-you world a Big Gulp filled with ice resting in the cup holder.

Sounds amazing, right?

While the great American road trip isn't in the cards for most of us this fall, we think the spirit of the wide open road certainly should be. Sometimes all it takes is to enjoy something familiar in a new way, which is the idea behind this issue, WANDER.

The idea of wandering is to walk or move in a leisurely or aimless way, so taking that to heart we set out for this issue just to see what we could find. We rode the rails one beautiful fall morning to enjoy the view above the streets, and we strolled the pedway below ground with a woman whose business it is to show people what it is they pass by.

Our stories cut a path through memory, and show how even simple tasks can take our thoughts in unexpected directions. Along the way we discovered women whose ambitions matched their dreams, leading them to accomplish things few of us could even imagine.

We encourage you to drive without a destination, look up to the sky, follow a thought you're tempted to brush away, and ask a question when you don't know the answer. When you allow yourself the possibility of surprise, you never know what you'll find.

We hope you enjoy WANDER,

ellen & cathi



mutterhood

cathi kern borushek
Publisher/Creative Director

ellen fowler hummel
Publisher/Editorial Director

CONTENTS

- a world down under6
- room with a view 16
- above and beyond 20
- reading between the lines 38
- the explorers 42
- behind the scenes 46
- contact & credits 47
- final photo 48
- next issue 50

Unless otherwise indicated, all works represented here are the property and copyright of mutterhood, cathi kern borushek and ellen fowler hummel.

All rights reserved. 2019

the guide

a world down under

The first hit pieces always start popping up around this time of year, but Margaret Hicks has weathered this storm before. The news media has nothing against her personally; instead, it's the subject of their scorn that hits Margaret especially hard. Don't we all have our loves, and wouldn't we feel bad if they were unjustly attacked? For Margaret, one of her true loves is the Chicago pedway, and she's tired of seeing it maligned.

"I get angry for the pedway, I really do," says Margaret, who spends her days talking up the pedway to tour groups. "It gets beat up on all the time, but I think it's amazing."

Margaret's passion for underground Chicago is understandable, given that she's made the pedway her business. A former legal secretary and Architecture Foundation docent who trained in improvisation at Second City, in 2010 Margaret founded Chicago Elevated, her one-woman company that operates tours of the Chicago pedway, among other out-of-the-way places.

"The pedway is maddening, confusing and hard to use, but once you know that ..." Margaret says, laughing. "I'm very affectionate about this space because it's really the opposite of what everyone says it is."

The Chicago pedway is a system of underground tunnels (and a few ground-level hallways) that runs approximately five miles, or 40 blocks, south of the Chicago River and east of the Kennedy Expressway. Contrary to popular belief, the pedway isn't one continuous system, nor is it managed by the city.

Instead, the pedway consists of a series of basements that connect public and private buildings to create tunnels underneath the city streets. Not all of the tunnels link up, as technically a pedway can connect as few as two structures, and not all pedways are underground, as some continue along ground-floor lobbies.



Margaret Hicks



Chicago Elevated pedway tours begin at the Thompson Center. The building, designed by renowned architect Helmut Jahn, houses Chicago-based offices for the State of Illinois. Long criticized for inefficient and expensive climate control, vast unusable space and an open-plan concept that makes most floors distractingly noisy, the building was put on the market last April.

Chicago has plenty of both types, but regardless of length and continuity, the pedway system as a whole is free, open most of the time, and yes, it can be hard to follow. But Margaret makes a living from showing people that walking below ground is just as rich an experience as traveling above — even though the feeling can leave you a bit unsettled.

The pedway itself dates back to 1951, when the city of Chicago build a one-block tunnel to connect the Red and Blue line subways at Washington Street and Jackson Boulevard in the Loop. Since then, the pedway has grown organically with public and private investment expanding its reach throughout downtown.

Surprisingly, there isn't one overall entity that manages the pedway, nor is there any governing authority. Instead, each building, be it public or private, manages its own section, from cleaning to retail to security. The Chicago Department of Transportation oversees sections connected to government buildings, but otherwise there's no real pedway authority.

Recently, partnerships with the School of the Art Institute and other civic organizations have brought original artwork and Space p11, a temporary art gallery with works that focus on art, architecture and design, to the pedway areas near Michigan Avenue. For a place not

known for art, the pedway is starting to spark oohs and aaahs from passersby.

"The pedway is very much a sensory experience," Margaret says, entering a long hallway outside Macy's department store where 22 stained glass windows glow from where they are mounted inside the wall. The

windows, which date back to the late 1800s and include an original Tiffany, were installed in 2013 in partnership with the Smith Museum of Stained Glass (now closed). The gallery is an example of the surprises that the pedway provides people, Margaret says.

"Macy's was the weak link of the pedway, and it's still not great, but when you walk along these windows you come out the other end a different person."

Further east, a 40-foot by 8-foot portrait of Chance the Rapper welcomes pedway pedestrians with open arms, thanks to three students from the School of the Art Institute.

The mural, "Chicago Has My Heart," features Chance and portraits of young Chicago poets, musicians, clothing designers and artists who are making a positive contribution to the community. It's a jolt of color that makes you look up because how could you not? "Everybody knows the city's past, let's talk about the future," the mural proclaims.

"Chicago has more than 200 neighborhoods, and this is one of them."



One of the 22 American Victorian stained glass windows that line the pedway entrance to Macy's department store.

That's how Margaret describes the pedway, and the people she's met there remind her of that fact. There's Ed, who sits outside Marriage and Civil Union Court at the bottom of the escalator below City Hall. Ed greets couples waiting for a Cook County judge to marry them with a suitcase full of silk flowers, 'congratulations' banners and ties for grooms, and a camera ready should the happy couple want a photo.

Or Kyle, who used to work security under the Heritage Millennium building. He and Margaret would chat frequently until one day, he was gone. She looked for him but couldn't find him, until he reappeared as a security guard under Daley Center. "We were so excited to see each other again," she says.

And Bill, who Margaret got to know when he sang under the Chicago Cultural Center. A consistent and recognized pedway performer, Bill disappeared from the pedway but he and Margaret still remain friends on Facebook.



Ed, a longtime fixture in the pedway,

It's not just the people who give the pedway that neighborhood feel. Like any stretch of the city, the pedway has its own rhythms — when it's busiest (morning and evening commute times, for example, and bad weather days); the good places to eat (fast food and restaurants abound); where to get your shoes shined or repaired, a hair cut, a mani pedi.

There's even a bar at the Metra station at Millennium Park. A few blocks north, another section underneath Lake Street connects the Illinois buildings with hotels such as the Fairmont, the Hyatt and the Swissotel (these sections show off with carpeting) and three new residential high-rises. The Hyatt pedway features comfy chairs and beautiful views outside.

In January of 2017, Margaret tested this neighborhood theory out by spending one entire week inside the pedway — eight days of working, eating, shopping and swimming (LA Fitness has a pool you can see from the pedway), no outside activity allowed. Her pedway odyssey was helped by a sponsorship from the Fairmont Hotel but the point was to see if she could live, comfortably, inside.

The result? A resounding yes.

"I tried to think of anything anyone would do above ground, and the only thing I couldn't find in the pedway was some type of spiritual space, a church or a place to meditate, and medical care. Otherwise, I didn't want for anything," she says.

One of the highlights was a late night walk she took through an empty pedway.

"I left the Fairmont at 11:00 pm and made it all the way to the Metra station by myself," she says. "It was empty and safe and beautiful."

Margaret's love of the pedway comes naturally. Raised in Wilmette, Ill., a suburb north of Chicago, her parents divorced when she was young and she spent time each week visiting her father in the Old Town neighborhood where he lived.



The CTA's Blue Line pedway station features tile work in the distinctive colors of the Chicago flag.



“Chicago has more than 200 neighborhoods, and the pedway is one of them.”

—Margaret Hicks

The LA Fitness pool under Randolph Street.

“My father would walk us everywhere,” Margaret says. “He didn’t have a car, so our time with him was spent walking Chicago. He would test every door, every walkway, every interesting turn. He was never afraid of exploring and I think he passed that on to me.”

A child of theatre parents, Margaret attended improv classes at Second City when she was a teenager, which allowed her to develop her comedic skills.

“My mom was so brilliant to let me explore that,” she says.

After college, Margaret performed improv, which she credits for helping her develop skills she uses in her business today.

“The skills I learned were listening, confidence, trust in my own voice, and trust in other people’s voices. It’s such a great art to work on.”

Her theatre skills helped when she launched her business. “I was on the news a lot because the pedway was interesting to people,” she says, “I was also on the radio, which is a great place to market yourself. The audience is wide and varied, and they need people to talk about what they’re doing.”

Her business grew via word of mouth and websites like Trip Advisor. “My marketing tends to go where my creatively goes, so it depends on the tour, on the season, and work that keeps me on my toes,” Margaret says.

In addition to Elevated Chicago, Margaret also conducts a tour for Second City that returns her to her father’s Old Town neighborhood. The Second City Neighborhood Tour explores the history and architecture of Old Town along with personal stories about Second City. It’s a popular summer tour.

As a one-woman shop, she does everything herself, from marketing to guiding to coming

up with new ideas for tours. She is currently working on two new ideas, about the lost language of buildings (what the exteriors of buildings can teach us about them) and an over-under tour of Chicago.

“I think it would be fun to explore all the levels of this city,” she says.

Margaret also offers private tours, like bachelorette parties (“always a challenge”) and private tours, like the one she gave a woman who wrote down every turn and landmark so that she could follow the pedway on her own. As she’s primarily self-taught in pedway history, Margaret is fascinated to hear about people’s experience in the pedway.

“The flood brings out a lot of stories,” Margaret says, referencing April, 1992 when 250 million gallons of water from the Chicago River flooded the pedway and building basements in the Loop after a construction accident. Businesses

were closed for several days, and parts of the pedway for several weeks, during the cleanup. (The flood didn’t shut down the entire pedway, however. The only time that occurred was in 2012, when Chicago hosted the NATO summit.)

On her tour she passes a set of display cases underneath City Hall, where someone (Margaret’s not sure who) places posters featuring Chicago crime cases and other historical facts. It harkens back to her theory that the places we take for granted are talking to us, if we’ll only listen.

“We’ve all seen the buildings in our towns a million times, but look a little more closely,” she says. “Are there lions on them? Columns? Leaves? What kind? Each of those answers means something, and it’s fun to figure out what they’re are trying to say.”

Margaret’s tour follows the longest continuous section of the Chicago pedway, starting at



"Chicago Has My Heart," a mural by students at the School of the Art Institute.

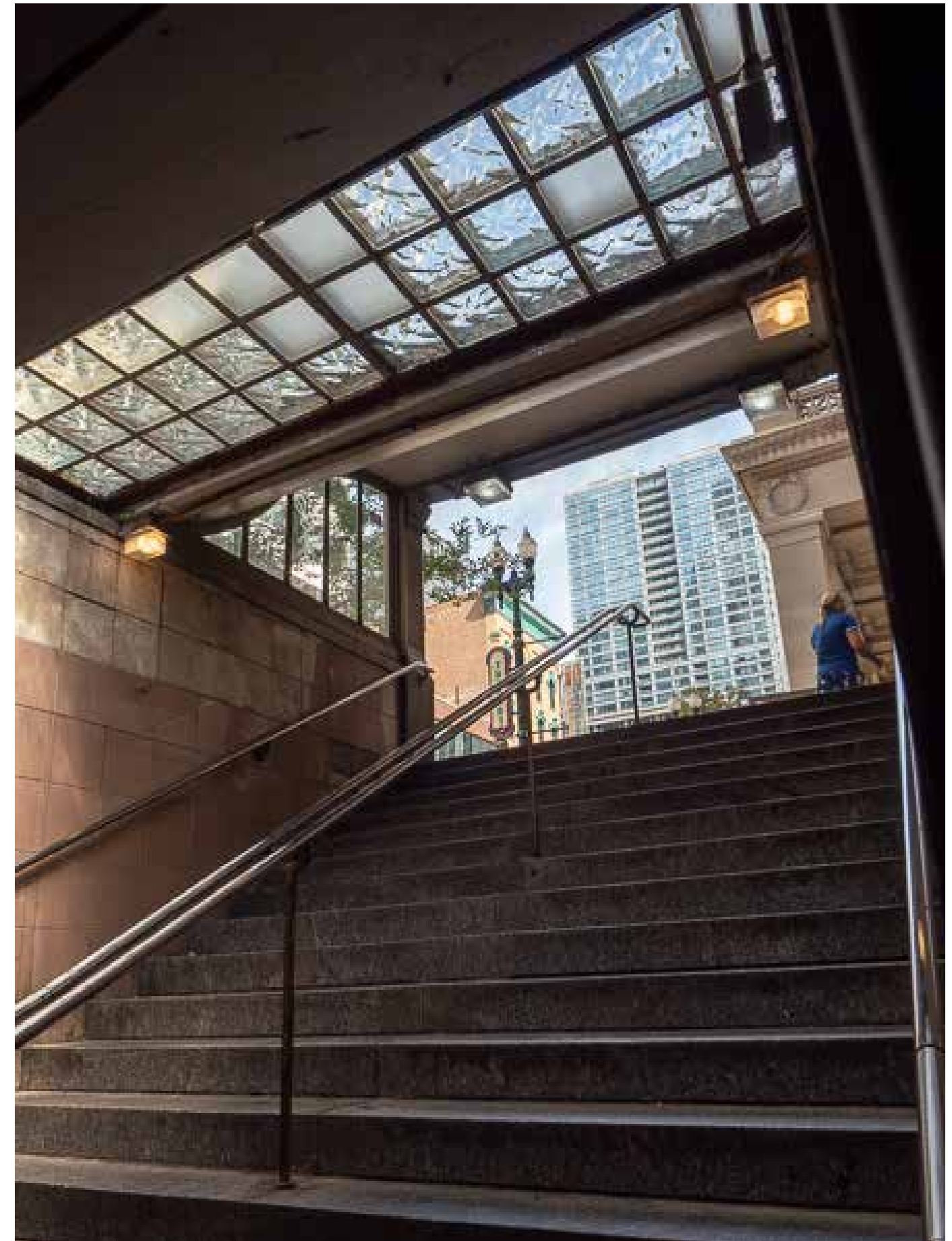
the James R. Thompson Center (State of Illinois building) and ending in the lobby of the Prudential Building just east of Michigan Avenue. It's the new home of the *Chicago Tribune*, after the company moved out of Tribune Tower in summer of 2018. The tilework on the walls resembles newsprint; the acoustics focus sound into tall chairs in the lobby. Outside, Millennium Park tempts with fresh air and sunshine.

"The pedway is a sensory experience, with smells and sights and sounds," Margaret says. And it's true: there's art that appears out of the blue along stretches of what used to be blank walls; the sound of cash registers; snippets of conversation coming from the Chicago police break room under City Hall; the scent of coffee and caramel corn; the tinge of electricity from the Metra tracks at Millennium Park.

There's cool air under one building and bus exhaust wafting down the stairs that lead to Washington Street. A broken tile marks where the pedway floor meets the asphalt near the train station. Someone walks a bike, because there are no rules in the pedway so why not take a bike down there. And there, on the wall, is the compass the city of Chicago posted along the pedway which doesn't help at all because the points don't actually correspond to the actual directions because, well, why should they.

It's the pedway after all, and if you embrace the disorienting nature of it then Margaret insists it has a lot to say.

"It's like discovering that a house you've lived in for 30 years has a secret room," she says. "It's just that wonderful."



room with a view



ellen fowler hummel

Back in 1993, before the Internet took over our lives, I traveled America from an 8-foot by 10-foot beige cubicle in a suburban gray office building with a giant globe in the lobby.

The building was the headquarters of Rand McNally, the gold-standard publisher of the first United States road atlas, among other maps, world atlases and travel products. I was there as part of a team of freelance writers working on a top-secret project (we signed a confidentiality agreement) that promised to speed Rand McNally onto the dawning information highway.

The super-secret project was a software package called TripMaker, a set of CD-ROMs that enabled users to plan road trips from their personal computers. (Microsoft Windows 3.1 required.)

TripMaker was cool: it mapped more than 650,000 miles of roads through more than 125,000 cities and towns across the country. But that wasn't all. It also included preplanned scenic tours featuring thousands of attractions, and it allowed you to print out directions and information on hotels, national parks, discounts for seniors and kids, even the cost of lift tickets at ski resorts. TripMaker had everything, which is where the writers came in.

The Rand McNally freelance job itself was pretty straightforward: Research and write 150-word descriptions of the places people would find along the driving route they chose.

We started each day with a dot-matrix printout of dozens of national parks, campgrounds, ski resorts, amusement parks, historical sites, shopping malls, boat rental companies, motels, and state recreation areas. Our job was to use the dozens of phone books in our cubicles to call each place, get some basic information, and write it up.

The basic information was easy: We'd ask about costs, operating hours, parking and directions. The challenge was to get the kind of details that would make someone want to go there. I mean, what's the point of a guidebook if when you read it you don't say wow, that sounds like something we should see.

We were paid by the entry — \$25 for 150 words — and we were expected to crank them out as fast as we could. If we couldn't reach anyone, we had to call the local chamber of commerce. If a time difference got in the way (TripMaker included Hawaii and Alaska too) then we made a note and left it for the late shift. That wasn't ideal, because passing on an entry meant someone else got \$25 for the work you had already done. So we skipped over those and concentrated on the continental United States.

We were each assigned a cubicle in a big beige room somewhere deep inside the building. Each cubicle had a desk pushed against the wall, a word processor and a beige push-button phone, and that was it — no pictures, no maps, just that blank wall.

I'd come in, look at my dot-matrix list, go grab some phone books, and start dialing.

While I waited for someone to answer, I stared at the beige wall in front of me and tried to imagine the place I was calling. Would this particular beach motel have board games for families, and would the beach be sandy or rocky? How hot does it get in Maine in July? Is Lake Tahoe in the same time zone as Denver? How many ways are there to say, 'kids eat free'?

TripMaker included popular tourist destinations — the entry for Niagra Falls, for example, came with boat schedules and costs and the best times to go — but our job was to call every hotel, motel and campground off every road that led to the falls and write each one in a way that made people think if it wasn't for TripMaker, they never would have found that place.

So we called and called, hoping to get an owner or staff person on the line, and ask them to what made their place special, what people loved about it, what it was like in the spring, summer and fall, when was the best time to visit. Those were the details we wanted, and when you got something interesting the entry wrote itself.

After a couple of weeks on the job, I had the interview down to about five key questions and could pull descriptions out of my hat. On the weekends I went to bookstores and read Fodor's and Triple-A guidebooks to get the feel of travel writing. I put a trip with friends to the Wisconsin Dells on my credit card for both a mini-vacation and to experience firsthand the thrill of a wave pool, the quiet of a boat trip through the dells, and the touristy

grandeur of the 20-foot statue of Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox.

I tried to remember family trips we'd taken when I was a child to Florida, upstate New York and downstate Illinois, remembering details about the intercoastal waterway, Cooperstown and Shelbyville Dam to incorporate into my 150 words. On Sundays, I turned to the *Tribune's* travel section first, hoping to find something about the places I was writing about.

The project introduced me to people I still remember today, like the man I talked to who owned a bed and breakfast on Cape Cod. He'd lived there his entire life, and after asking him to repeat his answers several times we laughed and decided that spelling the words he was saying would work best, given that his Massachusetts accent was so thick I couldn't otherwise understand him.

The TripMaker project lasted a little less than a year, and I was sad to see it end. The product launched in 1994, earning several travel awards. Rand McNally updated it annually until 2000 when they incorporated it into the company's website as personal trip planning. You can find it there today, or if you're nostalgic you can buy the original 1994 software on eBay (if you still have CD-ROM capability, that is).

When TripMaker ended, I accepted a new project writing marketing copy for a national bank in another suburban office complex. Financial writing is very different from travel writing, and while the new office was nicer (it had windows) and the job paid more, I missed my beige cubicle and the building with the giant globe.



Then there was the work itself. Writing descriptions of annuity products had me wishing for the time I spent trying to picture the fog hanging over the Golden Gate Bridge: "Golden Gate Park is free to enter, so grab a picnic and spend the afternoon listening to the fog horn call to the boats."

Sometimes, I'll notice something about a place we visit or I read about, and a description from TripMaker will pop into my head.

The most memorable time this happened was the night I met my husband, in a bowling alley on league night with mutual friends. We were talking, and he mentioned that he grew up on the Jersey Shore. I flashed back to the afternoon I spent at Rand McNally calling

people who managed boardwalks in south Jersey.

"Oh really, where?" I asked.

"A town called Ocean City," he said.

"You mean America's Greatest Family Resort?" I said, reciting the phrase I'd written for the Ocean City boardwalk.

"Do you know it?" he asked, surprised.

"I know all about it," I said.

Thank you, TripMaker.



The Fullerton stop on the CTA Brown, Red and Purple lines serves DePaul University and the Lincoln Park neighborhood.

above & beyond

"Chicago's neighborhoods have always been this city's greatest strength."

Jane Byrne, former Chicago mayor and first woman to be elected mayor of a major US city.

One gorgeous late summer morning, we took the spirit of wandering to heart and set out on a trip just to see what we could see.

We boarded a Chicago Transit Authority elevated train (what Chicagoans call the L), the same train we've each taken hundreds of times before, and settled in for an express ride to the Loop, Chicago's downtown business district. The photos you see here were shot from the windows of the train as we traveled through neighborhoods and city blocks familiar from a distance but surprisingly new when we looked up close.

What we discovered along the way was that a place we thought we knew still holds plenty of surprises when you look at it with fresh eyes.



A train, downtown buildings and other mid-morning hustle and bustle reflect back to passengers from a glass building adjacent to the elevated train tracks. Each weekday, the Chicago Transit Authority's eight train lines carry three-quarters of a million people to and from Chicago and the suburbs, offering amazing above-ground views from every window.



A northbound train is a blur as it rushes past a southbound express headed for the downtown business district. (above)

The metal perforated disks of "24/7," a suspended stainless steel sculpture, scatter rays of light that welcome passengers to the lobby of the Howard Street station. The sculpture is one of 60 works of public art commissioned for the CTA's more than 50 rail stations, which are chronicled in the 2016 CTA Public Art Catalog. (Artists: Carla Arocha and Stephane Schraenen)



An explosion of color greets passengers waiting for a train on the Howard Street platform.



Views from the Merchandise Mart station, built in 1930 to serve one of the largest commercial buildings in the world. The station sits above street level on a steel structure covered by a canopy and an enclosed bridge above the tracks that lets passengers access the north and south platforms. The station can accommodate trains as long as eight cars, the longest possible in the CTA system.



Passengers wait for a lunchtime train.



Ghost signs appear frequently on Chicago brick buildings along an elevated train route.



Gargoyles on top of the Harold Washington Library watch over the tracks.



Old and new Chicago converge at this downtown intersection.



An empty water bottle rolls through the train (top); a CPR dummy covers up in a downtown window.

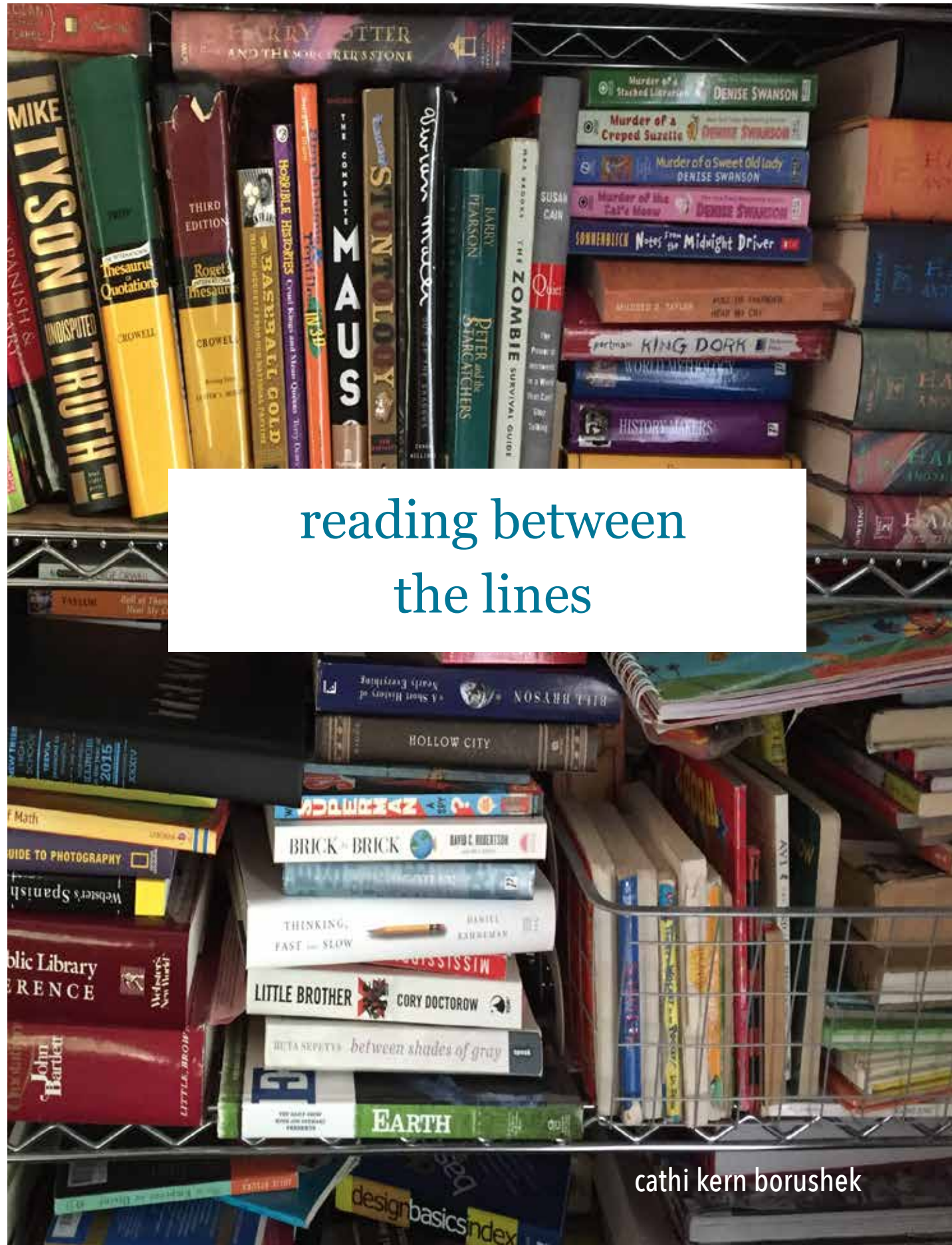


The power of suggestion.



Light and color greet an incoming train as it pulls into the station. (left)

Distinctive metal turnstiles point the way out as the journey comes to an end.



reading between the lines

cathi kern borushek

Did you know that Utah has the world's largest man-made hole and koalas sleep 22 hours a day? (*2005 Guinness Book of World Records*)

That Jim Crow laws were named after a song lyric sung by a white performer in blackface? (*Don't Know Much About History*)

That the first step in foiling a UFO abduction is Do Not Panic (*The Complete Worst-Case Scenario Survival Handbook*) even though US citizens are not legally permitted to come into contact with extraterrestrials or their vehicles? (*1001 Facts*)

That paring down a personal library is really hard? (Me)

One day when I was procrastinating tackling more important things, the time seemed right to purge books from our family library.

Some were easy calls — like the despised books assigned to high schoolers who were no longer in high school. That means you Faulkner, Knowles and Homer. Not one but two copies of Oedipus can take their mommy issues elsewhere. I shed no tears for the two copies of *Roll of Thunder Hear my Cry*, although I was getting a little choked up wondering why we kept buying two copies of things. And the *AP History Test Study Guide?* History.

Beach reads set aside for guests at other summer cottages and the complete (and unread) set of Lemony Snicket I was passing along to my niece's son were easy decisions. A hardcover of *The Onion's Best Writing*, an impulse purchase from a remainder table at

the long gone Borders (moment of silence), was a no-brainer. Everyone knows irony is dead anyway.

I was starting to feel productive.

Next went the celebrities. Kudos to Oprah for bringing back book clubs, but I no longer need so many inspiring reads of loss and redemption as part of my personal journey. Reese, I know you're busy being an actress, producer, home goods designer and Hello Sunshine motivational speaker, but have you actually read some of your stamped-with-approval books? Donate pile. And Jenna Bush Hager, your choices are . . . wait, these are really good. Keep.

I'm not sure where I got the *Ultimate Birthday Book*, with its cover promising to reveal the secrets of every day of the year. Hmm. I share a birthday with Woodrow Wilson and I have "a serendipitous conjunction of my external and internal orientations"? You never know when I'll need that kind of information. Keep.

Clan of the Cave Bear? No chance I'm reading that again. It reminds me of a time in my 20s when I was working in the city and commuting on the L. I was usually so engrossed in a book that I tuned out everything around me, something not easy to do on a subway train pre-iPhone. I was deep into the Ice Age so it took me awhile to realize the guy behind me was reaching around the seat and rubbing my thigh. My screaming startled the weary evening commuters, who stepped aside as the pervert ran to the next car. Ewww. Donate. Or burn.

The well-worn copy of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*? I'm not sure I'll read it again but it's the book that made me a reader when I was young. I can instantly conjure up images of sitting in the screen porch at our first house, lost in the story of Francie and her family, how she struggled alongside her brother to stand up against the weight of a Christmas tree being thrown at them. Or how she tidied up the lawn of the house she pretended was her family's so she could attend a better school. Or the time she . . . oh, who am I kidding? Keep.

I discovered *The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier and Clay* at my in-laws' place in Florida. We were spending spring break with them, waiting to meet up with my husband who had been working overseas for several weeks. The quick weekend reunion was all he could manage before going back to work, so being together was important to us all. While the boys vied for his attention in the pool, I sat under an umbrella, lost in the story of a Jewish immigrant who escaped Europe in the 1930s for his chance at the American dream. It mimicked the story of my in-laws, immigrants from Argentina who made a life here but never really called it home.

The keep pile kept growing. Each book seemed to hold something more than the words on their pages. *The Mystery at the Ski Jump* became my first Nancy Drew book when my mother brought it home after her shift at the Marshall Field's bridal department, rescued from the store's lost and found. I read the entire

book that night by the light filtering in my bedroom window from the street, my eyes straining to find the clues.

Here's the copy of *Ready Player One* that my youngest and I shared, each of us reading a chapter, then waiting for the other to catch up. It's a book filled with homages to pop culture from past decades that, to his amazement, I remembered living through. Keep.

Here's the book I read when we flew across the country to drop him off at college. Keep. Here's the book, here's the book, keep, keep, keep. Even guidebooks from trips that as a family we're unlikely to take again were saved. Books I read on those trips were keepers too. I may not read them again, but it's comforting to know they're there.

By the time I reached the back of the shelves to discover my boys' first books, I knew I was done. There was zero chance I could give them away. Running my hand over tiny teeth marks left in colorful board books while reminiscing about the thousand times I read *Hop On Pop* sealed their fate. The Richard Scarry book that made sounds when small fingers pushed the pictures, so annoying at the time, so precious to me now, put me over the top.

As a person who fully embraced the e-reader revolution, I was surprised at how hard it was to let go of the real things. I get anxious if I run short errands without a fully stocked Kindle in my bag, prepared in case something like the zombie apocalypse happens while I'm

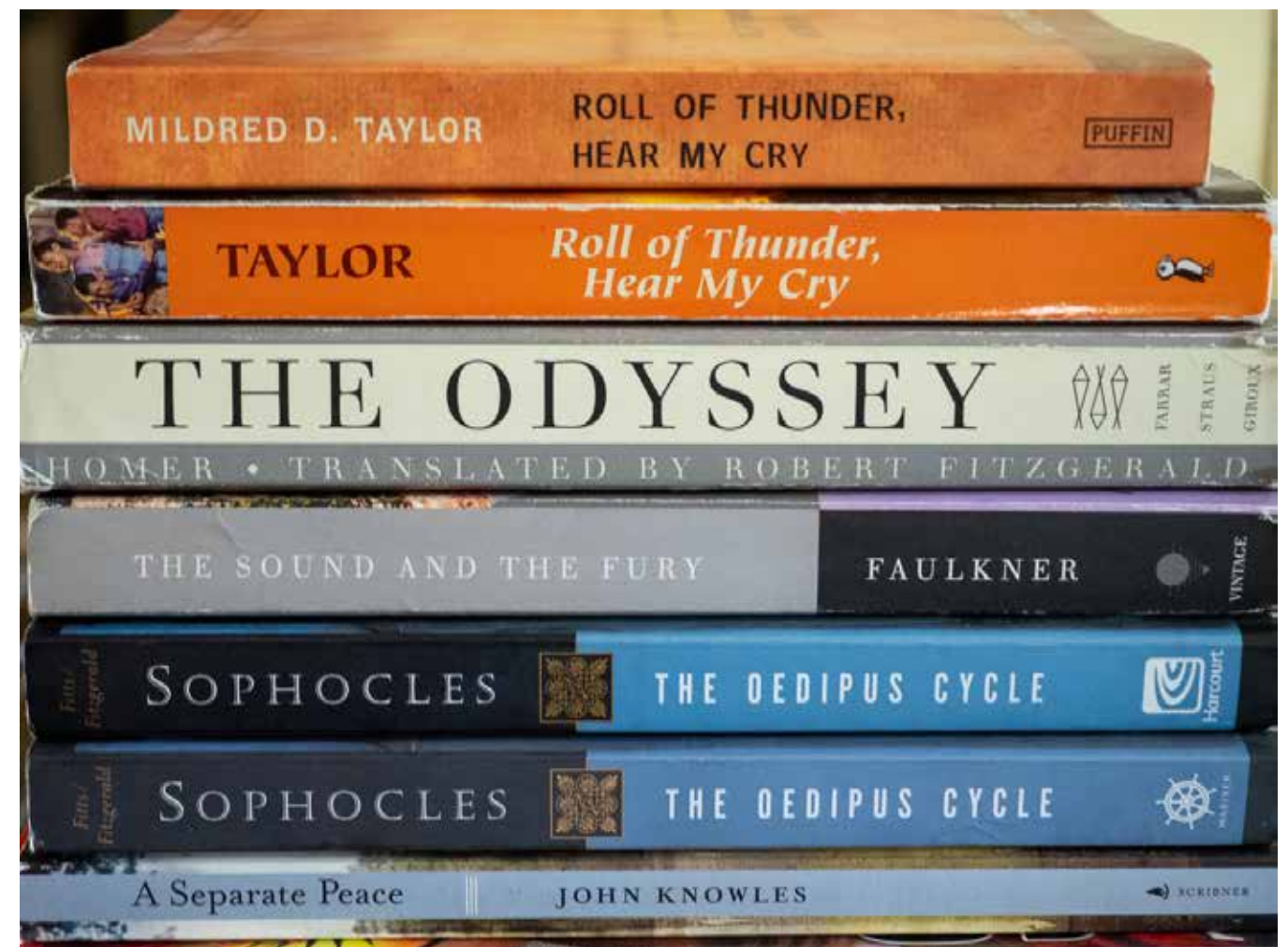
out and I'll need something to read to get me through. (Although I'm usually at Costco which, according to *The Zombie Survival Guide*, has useful roll-down steel doors that can keep zombies at bay for up to 10 days.)

Let's be honest. Most of my e-books aren't worth the paper they aren't printed on. The majority were free, cheap or borrowed. They're filled with typos, poor

grammar and bad storylines. They'll be fine for a zombie apocalypse, but I have no attachment to them.

For reads that really matter I still reach for an actual book. Collected over a lifetime, they tell my real story.

mh



the explorers

charting their own course

Whether by land, air or water, these extraordinary women broke new ground by wandering their own paths.



Sacagawea

Guide

A Shoshone Indian, Sacagawea was captured at 12 and sold to a Canadian trapper who made her one of his wives.

In 1805, Lewis and Clark hired her husband for their expedition and, though pregnant, she joined the group as a guide and interpreter.

The sole woman on the trip, she gave birth, negotiated for supplies, found food and edible plants, saved cargo when their boat capsized, traded her beaded belt for a fur robe for Thomas Jefferson, and convinced the Shoshones to provide horses for crossing the Rocky Mountains.

In return, the group gave her a vote on where to put the fort when they reached the Pacific Ocean.



Nellie Bly

Journalist

Elizabeth Jane Cochran wrote under the pen name Nellie Bly, adopted after she was hired as a journalist for her impassioned piece advocating women's rights.

Bly went undercover to expose the brutal conditions of women working in factories as well as those committed to insane asylums, getting herself committed for 10 days.

She is most famous for her 1888 72-day trip around the world, modelled after the Jules Verne novel. Her reports from the solo trip captivated the nation, and she set a time record for circumnavigating the globe.



Annie Londonderry

Cyclist

In 1894, Annie Cohen Kopchovsky became the first woman to bicycle around the world, motivated by a \$10,000 prize offered by skeptical men.

Wanna bet?

Having ridden just a few times prior to the 15-month journey, she endured crashes and other misadventures before successfully collecting her prize.

A relentless promoter, she made money lecturing along the way, embellishing her background and exploits to enthrall the audiences. In addition, she sold sponsorships and ad space on her bike and person. Her pseudonym came from the name of one of her sponsors.



Emma Gatewood

Hiker

Married at 19 to an abusive and cruel man, Gatewood endured abuse and forced labor for 33 years and 11 children before divorcing him.

Her solace was walking in the woods. In 1955, at age 67, she told her children she was going for a walk, which turned into a hike through the entire Appalachian Trail outfitted with her Keds, a raincoat, a blanket and a plastic shower curtain. She would make the same journey at ages 72 and 75, making her the oldest female thru-hiker on the trail.

Before her death at 85, she also walked 2,000 miles of the Oregon Trail, from Missouri to Oregon.



Junko Tabei

Climber

Born in Fukushima, Japan, Tabei began mountain climbing at 10. Post-college she formed a woman's climbing club after men in the sport refused to climb with her or claimed she was only looking for a husband.

In 1975 she became the first woman to reach the summit of Mount Everest. She would go on to become the first woman to complete the Seven Summits challenge, scaling the highest summit on each of the seven continents.

An environmentalist, she led climbs to clean up garbage left by hikers on the mountains. She died in 2016.



Janet Guthrie

Racer

An aerospace engineer, Janet Guthrie was originally one of four women to qualify for the first NASA scientist-astronaut program, but was disqualified for lack of a doctorate.

She turned to racing in 1963 and by 1972 was racing professionally full-time.

She became the first woman to qualify and drive in the Indianapolis 500. Among her other accomplishments, she was the first woman to compete in NASCAR and the first woman to be named top rookie in the Daytona 500.

Her helmet and driver's suit are in the Smithsonian Museum in honor of those milestones.

"You can go back to antiquity to find women doing extraordinary things, but their history is forgotten. Or denied to have ever existed. So women keep reinventing the wheel." Janet Guthrie, first woman to qualify for the Indianapolis 500



Bessie Coleman

Pilot

Born in 1892 to Texas sharecroppers, Coleman moved to Chicago in 1916, working as a manicurist at the White Sox Barbershop. There she heard aviation stories from WWI pilots who inspired her to want to fly.

No American flight school would admit her so she trained in France. In 1921 she became the first woman of African-American and American Indian descent to earn a pilot's license.

She continued training in Europe before returning home to perform in airshows as "Queen Bess," becoming a popular stunt pilot, speaker and advocate of racial parity before dying in a plane crash at age 34.



Sally Ride

Astronaut

Ride was the first American and third woman in space. (Russians Valentina Tereshkova and Svetlana Savitskaya were first and second.) She remains the youngest person in space, completing her first mission in 1983 at age 32.

Recruited in 1978 for the first class of female astronauts, Ride's two missions were on the Space Shuttle Challenger. She was scheduled for a third mission when the Challenger disaster occurred.

After leaving NASA she worked in academia and co-founded Sally Ride Science, which creates science programs for schools with a particular focus on girls. She died in 2012.



Women in space

Astronauts

On Oct. 21, the first all-female space walk is scheduled to take place at the International Space Station.

The walk was scheduled, with much fanfare, last March. It was scrapped at the last minute because NASA couldn't find another medium-sized spacesuit for the second female astronaut.

Apparently even in space it's hard to find the right outfit for an important event.



Gertude Ederle

Swimmer

Born in New York in 1905, the first woman to successfully swim the English Channel learned to swim at the Women's Swim Association, which produced famous female swimmers including Esther Williams.

Ederle earned gold and bronze medals in the 1924 Paris Olympics but, disappointed in her performances, she turned to professional long-distance swimming.

As warm-up for the English Channel, Ederle swam from Battery Park, NY to Sandy Hook, NJ in 7 hours and 11 minutes, a record that stood for 81 years.

A ticker tape parade in her honor was attended by an estimated 2 million people.



Sarah Thomas

Swimmer

Just weeks ago, the American swimmer did something no one else has done - swam across the English Channel four times non-stop. It took her just over 54 hours.

Thomas accomplished this two years after being diagnosed with an aggressive form of breast cancer.

A long-distance swimmer in high school and college, she was introduced to open-water swimming when she was 25.

Before her most recent record-breaking swim, she earned records on famous bodies of water including lakes like Tahoe, Powell, Champlain, and Loch Ness in Scotland, which she swam across in just over 10 hours.



eXXpedition

Scientists/Sailors

On Oct. 8, an all-female crew launched from Plymouth, England, embarking on a two-year voyage around the world to investigate the causes and potential solutions to ocean plastic pollution.

Under the leadership of ocean advocate Emily Penn, the crew will sail more than 38,000 nautical miles to study ocean toxins. Over 10,000 women from 30 nations in fields like science, medicine, academia and business applied to participate.

In addition to cutting-edge research, the mission aims to celebrate women in STEM (science, technology, engineering and mathematics).

You can follow their progress [HERE](#).

behind the scenes



A family trip to Scotland included a weekend in the Highlands with our Scottish-Rastafarian kilt-wearing tour guide.

In between wandering through whiskey distilleries and stopping at the famous battlefields of Culloden, we boarded a boat to explore Loch Ness lake. The cold and rainy day left most of the group huddled inside the small cabin, searching in vain for the legendary Loch Ness monster through the boat's tiny windows. I took hundreds of pictures on the Loch, but this is one of my favorites. To me it feels like Nessie will pop up among the shadowy waves at any moment.

The monster legend is hundreds of years old but persists to this day. Recently, a group of scientists suggested that the Loch Ness monster may be giant eels. Personally, I like to believe in the legends and the thought that there's a real secret laying low in the depths of Loch Ness.

As we close our look at **WANDER** we hope you'll join us for our next issue — **SECRET**.

— *ckb*

mutterhood

contact

editor@mutterhood.com

ckb@mutterhood.com

efh@mutterhood.com

follow

www.mutterhood.com

[instagram@mutterhood](https://www.instagram.com/mutterhood)

[twitter@mutterhood](https://twitter.com/mutterhood)

facebook.com/mutterhood

CREDITS & RESOURCES

Margaret Hicks owns Chicago Elevated. To learn more about her tours visit chicagoelevated.com.

Explorers photo credits: Sacagawea - By EncMstr - EncMstr, CC BY-SA 3.0; Nellie Bly - By H. J. Myers, photographer - This image is available from the United States Library of Congress's Prints and Photographs division; Annie Londonderry - <http://www.annielondonderry.com> |Date -1890s, Author Unknown Fair use, out of copyright; Emma Gatewood - By Stratness - Own work, CC BY-SA 3.0; Junko Tabei - By Jaan Künnap - Jaan Künnap, CC BY-SA 4.0; Janet Guthrie - Creator: Science History Images / Alamy Stock Photo; Copyright: Science History Images / Alamy Stock Photo; Bessie Coleman - Original source: George Rinhart/Corbis via Getty Images, Public Domain; Sally Ride - By NASA - Public Domain; Gertrude Ederle - By Bain News Service, publisher - This image is available from the United States Library of Congress's Prints and Photographs division; Sarah Thomas - ESPN - Ken Classen; eXXpedition courtesy of eXXpedition press kit.



mutterhood

every woman is a story



Next:

SECRET

2019