

Maud Carrico Russell



Maud Carrico Russell was born on November 16, 1868 in Camargo, Illinois. She first traveled to Twentynine Palms in 1909 when she was employed by the U.S. Indian Service with a party led by superintendent, Ms. Clara D. True. At that time, the trip was arduous in that there were only rough roads that were frequently washed out by streams and rivers. They traveled by wagon with spring seats and drawn by four horses and had to camp along the way. Their goal was to visit the Chemehuevi Indians residing at the Oasis of Mara (now the site of the Twentynine Palms Inn). There they visited with Mr. Jim Pine who was the El Capitan of the Indians living at the Oasis. The intent of their journey was to talk to the Indians and to find out about their problems. Maud returned the following year (1910), but the Indians residing at the Oasis had left. In 1911 another Indian family led by Charley Pechacco took up residence at the Oasis. It is unknown whether this family was Cemehuevi, but they were said to have come from the Ivanpah area near the New York

Mountains. Since this area was part of the Chemehuevi territory, it is likely that the Pechacco family were also Chemehuevi. By 1913, they moved to Banning. Mr. Pechacco was famous because of his tracking abilities whose assistance was sought in locating missing persons in the desert. He is particularly well known for tracking down the notorious outlaw Jim McKinney who had killed many men in northern California.

After her retirement in 1941, Maud returned to the Twentynine Palms area and began to collect stories and write prolifically on the early history of the region. She particularly was good about describing the Native Americans of the region as well as early miners and travelers. She also wrote poetry and many of her poems are published. This prolific author and poet died in 1953 at the age of 85 and is fondly remembered for her efforts to document early life in Twentynine Palms.

How Are Things With Old Adobe A Memorial By Maud Carrico Russell

How are things with Old Adobe?
Is the spring still flowing there?
Do great palms still welcome travelers
Who've golden dreams of diggings rare?

Fragrances of morning coffee
As miners by their campfires kneel,
Turning flapjacks, cooking bacon,
Each resting on a trusty heel?

Kindred spirits surely linger,
And the old stage still rattles by,
Stopping to change tired horses,
Then on to Dale 'neath burning sky.

All has changed for Old Adobe _
Inevitable, yet 'tis well.
Minermen have other campsites,
Other homes in which to dwell.

How are things with Old Adobe?
Do miner spirits linger there,
Seeking gray walls of Adobe?
Do fragrances still fill the air-

How are things with Old Adobe?
Does Bill McHaney still come there
From his Home in Music Valley,
Greeting comrades camping where

Do spirit freighters pass Adobe
With Heavy-laden eight-house teams,
Wearied by the sand road pulling?
All ended now like strange old dreams.

May each have found some new Adobe
Found richer ore, in larger veins,
Treasure more than old assayings,
Found pockets of eternal gains.



BORN TOO LATE.
By Maud Carrico Russell

