



Thayer's

# Wild Bunch IX

By J E Ted Thayer

**Thayer's Wild Bunch IX**

**Published by J E Ted Thayer**

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## Thayer's Wild Bunch IX

### PREFACE

January 2, 2020

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**TedThayer.com**



**J E Ted Thayer | 01-02-2020**

## THIS ONE ...

Is dedicated to the Thayer girls - Ruth, Claudette & Mary-Ellen, pictured left to right here with the Thayer kids ... Amanda, Janet, Courtney, Ruth, Malissa, Mary-Ellen & Claudette.



My mom, Ruth, passed away some years ago. My brother Bill's wife, MaryEllen died a few years back. And my beautiful wife Claudette died July 29<sup>th</sup> of 2019. It seems like part of life is losing one's family members, one at a time, to the protection of the Heavenly Father. I dearly miss those beautiful women.

This work is a compilation of The Wild Bunch commentaries published in an email broadcast and on Facebook every Monday and Thursday.

## Thayer's Wild Bunch IX

In September of 2020 I discontinued the email and started publishing it and a PodCast reading of it on the TedThayer.com website.

As I stated in the original *Wild Bunch*, I love to write, so I save most of my stuff. This exercise became an easy way to write some history and keep it safe. It's interesting to see how facts and opinions change over time.

Each pair of chapters represents a week's offering without the former website banner shown above. On June 16<sup>th</sup> of 2016 we switched to two weekly columns because it was nearing the close of another election cycle. We'll keep it at two per week and see how it goes. So, how do you think 2021 will turn out? Stay tuned, kids!.

It's gonna be another great ride!



Friday, January 1, 2021

## Lockdowns and Masks

In the last week I've seen a number of articles relative to lockdowns and masking. Just taking the crux of each story leads to a story of its own centered on the fact that if given half a chance people do a pretty good job of caring for themselves.

When it comes to lockdowns, California and New York are the absolute worst! Both states have the strictest lockdown policies and the worst results among the fifty states. The economies of both New York and California are in dire straits because small businesses, the economic backbone both states, are effectively shut down.

Residents of the Empire and Golden states are furious that the "big box" stores are allowed to accept customers indoors with no more protection than masks, while small businesses that have gone to the mat implementing masking, distancing, barriers and sanitizing to protect their customers and their employees are forced to close.

One of the articles I read made a pretty good case for allowing businesses to implement their own policies - the idea being that an open business will carefully protect its customers and employees who, after all, are the source of its income, whether indoors or out.

Furthermore, there is little, if any, empirical evidence, much less scientific studies, that bars, spas, salons, restaurants and gyms are responsible for spread of the coronavirus in any particular area of the country. Instead, the mainstream news media has concentrated on large gatherings and intimate contact as responsible for the spread of disease. But then, there's a lack of evidence that the virus has spread as a result of riots and

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demonstrations across the country. The lack of the so-called "Thanksgiving bump" also helps debunk those theories.

Florida stands out as the way to do business. Simply, do business! Governor Ron DeSantis figured out early on that when people are given correct information they will do whatever it takes to protect their interests. Few Florida businesses have closed because of government edicts forcing them to shut down. And people have adopted the old, proven customs that generally contain the spread of diseases of all sorts: Reasonable personal hygiene including hand-washing, good sanitation practices and "social distancing" or masking when in close quarters with strangers.

Another article delved into the efficacy of masks and came up dry. It found that states requiring masking had higher concentrations of disease than those that did not. It also revealed that fewer people became ill when they just went about their business compared to those who sequestered at home.

So, I've taken down my New Year's post and replaced it with this. Along with hopes for a little more common sense this year.

Happy New Year!

Improvise - Adapt - Overcome. Semper Fi.

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Monday, January 4, 2021

# My Babes

My Claudette passed away on July 29th, 2019, over a year-and-a-half ago and I've had a time dealing with that fact ... I think it just comes with the territory. We were married over 57 years! How do you deal with that? What a tremendous loss ... but, there's no denying our time together was an incredible gift from God!

Well, I've finally come to grips with reality ... and have moved on to embrace the friendship and good feelings exuded by a few really great friends from years gone by.

A couple of girls I was aquatinted with back in the '50s asked me to have dinner with them the first week in October last year in Monterey, California. That's nice - but I live in Globe Arizona, east of Phoenix, some five-hundred miles away! Well, I drove over there - took two days each way - but I pulled it off! The reward was three wonderful days with two lovely Babes, Millan - a former cheer-leader, now a buff World-Class Zumba Instructor and great-grandmother - and Maxine - the 1958 Monterey Union High School Prom Queen! Wow! We had a wonderful time. It just doesn't get much better!

Come January 10th, we're gonna do it again. January 11th is my 80th Birthday and I hope I can survive it!

The itinerary isn't totally set yet - I added up the costs involved with the October trip and decided it would cost about the same and take four days off the round trip if I flew. However, the airlines (Millan's and mine) both changed their take-off and land times, so our plans got all bollixed up!

In addition, we've asked a gal to attend that's related to me through relatives back in the 1600s in Boston, Massachusetts,

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including the "Father of West Point", Sylvanus P Thayer. Phyllis Thayer Briggs may be joining us, and maybe her ol' man Giuseppe will come along. There's another couple, Linda and Chuck Phillips, old friends who have sequestered themselves for months, who may come out of hiding to join the get-together - or not - that remains to be seen. "The Bay Area" has been on lock-down for some time and a lot of old friends are afraid to come out. Understandable.

I'm pretty much convinced at this point that any ol' fart like me who had the Measles as a small child is probably either a carrier or immune to the Corona Virus (SARS-CoV-2). It seems that many of my old friends survive and thrive despite Covid-19 and I think that's significant.

Old friends are the operative words. We're all celebrating our 80s! We ARE the ol' farts! We ARE the ones living out our last years, trying to leave lasting legacies for our kids, our grand-kids, and in some instances, great-grand-kids. I really don't think that any of us are ready to pass on to another realm just yet. But, other than getting together with old friends, does it get any better? Other than hangin' out with Jesus, I think not.

Improvise - Adapt - Overcome. Semper Fi.

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Thursday, January 07, 2021

# Fourscore

Here we are, a little over a week into the new year, and I'm toodling off on another mini-vacation with my lady friends in Monterey California. This time, however, I have no expectations because, so far, my input has not been needed. Millan is in charge of the itinerary this time around.

My Birthday is January 11th. I was born in 1941 so Monday officially makes me an octogenarian! Millan and Maxine left me in the dust in December - they both turned eighty-one.

There is something about the Monterey Union High School Class of 1958 that few people know or understand. It takes a slow page-turner in the MUHS Yearbook *El Susurro* 1958 to understand completely. After just a few fleeting glances, it becomes clear that we were the beginnings of a decade of what was called the "beautiful people."

We dressed well and we were well-groomed. All the girls were lovely and the guys were handsome. I have photos from three or four class reunions and they all show beautiful, happy people having a wonderful time. Somehow everyone in the Class of '58 grew up with an understanding of the word "class". Over the years, we managed to rub off all our rough edges ... and "class" emerged.

So it is with my two lady friends, one from El Cajon, the other from Del Rey Oaks, both still radiant beauties, both still sharp as tacks! While there are only three of us together, we still know how to have fun and exude "class" while we're at it.

Millan and Maxine are both Babes, as I like to call them. When they get all gussied-up they attract admiring glances wherever

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they go. Each of the three of us immediately attract attention when entering just about any venue. We are part of the beautiful people from the Monterey Union High School Class of '58.

I never thought I'd see eighty. Just getting past thirty-five seemed to be a major accomplishment at the time! But now, at fourscore, celebrating my birthday with a couple of mature, gorgeous women with "class" is just the best present any guy could ever want!

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Thursday, January 14, 2021

### Fun

Last year in mid-Fall, one of my long-forgotten acquaintances from the Monterey Union High School Class of '58 confided that she takes a min-vacation every three or four months to spend some quiet time at a family gravesite, visit with old friends, and generally have a fun time relaxing and enjoying her time off work in her old home turf.

My friend invited me to come along in October. The only hitch was I had to create an itinerary that included another dear friend that was always included in her recreating. No problem. The third one in the bunch was the 1958 Monterey High Prom Queen. Oh, my! Well, it was great. We had a wonderful time.

When the time came (three months later) we settled on January 10th, 11th and 12th, with my birthday as the centerpiece. I turned 80 on Monday, January 11th. Even though central California was effectively locked down because of the state's edicts relative to the spread of Coronavirus, we had a ball!

This is the report I promised everyone. Careful. It's a long one.

The January 10th flight aboard American Airlines from Phoenix Sky Harbor to Monterey was uneventful. It was a no-food-or-beverages flight except First Class passengers got free drinks! So, I had a Bloody Mary! The flight ran twenty minutes early, so instead of deplaning at 3:40pm, I was on the ground at 3:20pm. Millan was going to pick me up at 4:00pm and she wasn't answering her iPhone, so I waited - something I learned how to do in the Marine Corps!

After getting me checked into our hotel Millan took us to a food store with a deli that she likes. We assembled take-out and

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Millan picked out a Birthday Cake for me. I got an Italian Sub piled high with four or five different meats and cheese and banana peppers and all that stuff. We sat on a bench next to lake El Estero to eat our dinners and discovered it was WAY too cold out there so we ate in the car! Now, if you're messy when you're eating outdoors it's not so bad, but inside a car? That Sub was drooling and falling apart all over the place! I finally packed half of it back in its wrapper and cleaned up the mess. Just sittin' on the Group W bench again!

Back at the hotel Millan asked me in and we lounged on her king-size bed and watched TV and chatted for a while. No romance involved; just very close, trusted friendship. She said she was so excited about our trip that she had only gotten three or four hours of sleep the night before and just a nap on her flight from San Diego. That's when I was summarily excused so she could catch some Zees. We agreed to meet in the morning at 9:00 to get my car and a bite to eat.

I had just stepped out of the shower when the iPhone went off - it was Millan with an offer of Half-and-Half. She had used half of it in her coffee and offered me the rest - so after dressing, I went to her room, picked it up, took it back to my room and drank it. Just before 9:00 the 'phone rang again. Millan said she was running a half-an-hour late and wanted me to come over and play with Lambi, her Certified Mini-Poodle Service Dog, while she did her cardio exercises. So, Lambi and I played fetch and I got to watch my Babe work out. Oh, mah goodnezz! I couldn't believe my eyes - there is no way I could do that and keep up for a half-an-hour. She's a beauty who, I think not that long ago, could have qualified as a Dallas Cheerleader!

This gal is going to be a half-an-hour late to her own funeral! We finally got outa there just before 10:00am and headed back to the airport so I could pick up my car while she went back to the hotel for a bit. Hertz had my reservation for a small Ford for two days.



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When the clerk learned I was turning 80 she said, "Happy Birthday - I think you're going to like this" and she handed me the key with instructions on where to pick up the car. It was a loaded 2020 Ford Mustang Convertible with 5.0 Ltr power plant and all the bells and whistles ... the day was just starting and I already had two beauties to deal with!

What a day! After picking up pastries and coffee at the Bakery, we headed out sight-seeing on a long, lazy drive out Carmel Valley. On the way back I made a wrong turn and Siri (the iPhone travel-guide) took us on a ride all over the hillsides above Monterey. It was spectacular! We ended up at Jack-in-the-Box on Abrego Street downtown, picking up a hamburger patty and some water for Lambi.

After depositing the hamburger patty on a bench, Lambi and Millan went for a "little walk." When they got back, they discovered that seagulls had absconded with the hamburger. So, back to Jack-in-the-Box it was for another one! That done, Millan was hungry again so we stopped at a market downtown so she could get some cherry yogurt. She left me with instructions to give Lambi little cooled-off pieces of the 'burger. Lambi had other ideas and decided she wanted no part of it. Oh, well. Back to the hotel so Millan could get her car and get ready to party.

With that I was off to pick up my other Babe, Maxine. Max wasn't impressed with the Mustang and said she much preferred a restored Ford Ranchero. So, we went sight-seeing on a ride out to Lover's Point in Pacific Grove. Both of us used to go swimming there in the salt-water pool that has since been covered over with sand.

Then, we drove about a mile down the winding PG streets to a million-dollar home under construction. One of her grand-babies was building a three-story house with an enormous, full

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height, glass facade overlooking the Monterey Bay. The thing had an elevator from the garage to the top floor! We got the tour and ended up in the kitchen, the cabinetry of which was custom-designed and fabricated in the orient. The thing was perhaps 1200 square feet, about two-thirds of the third floor. Magnificent. Owned by two millionaires.

From there, we toodled our way around parts of PG and Monterey for a while until it was time to get her back home where the Birthday Party was to be held. On the way, we stopped at couple of Chinese restaurants and got menus for take-out since the whole of Central California is on lock-down. We needed the extra time to freshen up and meet at Max's place at five o'clock - that's when a third gal was to arrive. Phyllis Thayer Briggs, a distant relative, is a January Birthday Girl joining our advanced age-group on the 25th. She, too, is an alumnus of the MUHS Class of '58.

Phyllis, Millan and I arrived at five o'clock in separate cars and parked out front of Maxine's place in Del Rey Oaks. Chinese was the fare they had decided upon. After calling in our orders, the girls decided that I should take Millan and Phyllis to go get dinner. We had been to the wrong restaurant for Millan's take-out, a Thai outfit two blocks south of the one Max and I had been to for the menu. So that sucked up some time. (Remember, this was for Millan, the Time Bandit!) From there we went about ten minutes down Fremont Street to the other Chinese place, where I went in and traded money the girls had given me for a humongous pile of food. I was worried about the food getting too cool and hurried us back to Maxine's place. It worked out just fine and there was enough warm chow to feed a football team!

There was beer and sodas to go with dinner. And presents - and that "Happy Birthday Ted" Cake Millan had bought - with one candle that I let burn down to almost gone before taking TWO breaths to blow it out! The presents included a crazy card, pointy

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Birthday hats, noise-makers, an honest-to-goodness shower foot-scrubber and a ton of candy. Wow! What Fun! We broke it up after chewing the fat until about 9:30pm. Hugs and elbow-bumps all around and that was it ...

When we got back to the hotel, Millan and I chatted a while on our phones and agreed that we'd check out, gas-up and head for the airport at 10:00am. Guess who waited until 10:10 before headin' out? Yep.

Well, like a dipstick, I turned in the Mustang early, not thinking I had a long wait 'til my flight to Phoenix. The gal at the Hertz desk remembered me and said she had another present for me. Instead of \$110 for my rental as agreed, the charge was half that ... I was the beneficiary of a monster Mustang for two days for a paltry \$55.

Meanwhile, somehow, Millan got to the airport and boarded her flight before I could get to her for a goodbye hug. But, she called from her seat in the plane, wished me a Happy Birthday again and went on iPhone "Airplane Mode" for her trip back to San Diego.

So, there I sat in the Monterey Airport Terminal, waiting for my flight on American, when I figured out that I was going to have to wait five hours! It was a little after 11:00am when I called Maxine and asked her if she could come rescue me. She agreed, said it would be about a half-an-hour or so, and she'd come pick me up. (Maxine is a retired widow-lady and spends a lot of time doing whatever she wants, so this was not an imposition, especially for a good friend.)

Max picked me up just before noon and we took off for parts unknown. She asked what I'd like to do to kill the next four hours or so and I suggested we just drive around to places she hadn't been in a long while. So that we did ... except for the cake.

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Remember the Birthday Cake that Millan had bought? Well, we only ate about a quarter of it because it was so rich and Max wanted to take it to the construction site and give it to the boys. So that's what we did. Fun.

After that we drove to a little bakery tucked away in the bowels of PG near the rocks on the ocean. It was donuts and donut holes to take along on our ride. After she whipped out a wad of money, I insisted that it was my turn to buy, and I did.

Then, we drove all over the West side of PG, where it seemed like every street had some kinda closure for construction - it was a fun challenge - and then over to the top of Carmel Hill, back into Monterey and out to Del Rey Oaks and Maxine's house. We sat and shot the breeze about everything any old person could possibly remember for the next two-and-a-half hours. And we had coffee and ate the donuts and just had a wonderful time.

Max took me back to the airport when the time came and we parted good friends who had a really grand time!

I got home in one piece, thanks to American Airlines, Phoenix Sky Harbor, their Valet Service and an hour-and-a-half ride home in my trusty Nissan Sentra. I've never had a Birthday that took three days. This was a good one, filled with memories, love and Babes!

Improvise - Adapt - Overcome. Semper Fi.

Monday, January 18, 2021

## Democratic Socialism

Well, we've taken a break from politics for a while, so I thought it might be fun to poke the beast a little bit. Like many Americans, I'm angry and afraid.

I'm angry that our national mass media - including newspapers, magazines, radio broadcasts, cable and over-the-air television - have gone to Hell in a hand-basket embracing the principles of Socialism. I don't recall when it started ... maybe with President Obama and his extensive background as a "community organizer" ... or in the mid-twentieth century, dating back to the days of Senator Joseph McCarthy and the American Inquisition. How the people of the United States could allow "the public well-being" to overcome American individualism is beyond the grasp of my mental capacity. How the Hell did this happen?

And I'm afraid ... that The Left has succeeded in brain-washing our children and our children's children that "the greater good" is best

for every American's future. The problem is that left-leaning ideals have never born the fruit of nirvana posed as the future for those who will follow the leaders - the community organizers, if you will. It scares the Hell out of me that a majority of Americans actually believe the pap that has been fed to them for at least the last decade. Older Americans - those who fought to keep not just this country, but the whole world, free from totalitarian rule and despotism - are the ones that understand what has been happening to our beloved United States of America. I'm just at a loss for what to do about it.

NY Dist 14 Rep. Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, bless her heart, nailed it when she joined Senator Bernie Sanders in endorsing the ideals of "Democratic Socialism." In my estimation, she's a

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Democratic nutcase! Democracies and Socialism don't mix in any circumstances except to screw things up and convince "the people" that the government knows best. Pure Democracies are doomed to fail because when half plus one equals the majority, despotism is not far behind. Add to that incredible taxes, rampant inflation, capitol punishment for petty crimes, and totalitarian rule by a "privileged" few and you have Socialism.

On Saturday, August 31st, 2019, in a critique of Kristian Niemietz' book "*Socialism: The Failed Idea That Never Dies*" Dr. Rainer Zitelmann wrote the following:

"Despite the numerous examples of capitalist economic policies leading to greater prosperity - and the failure of every single variant of socialism that has ever been tested under real-world conditions - many people still seem incapable of learning the most obvious lessons."

I still have no solution to our current dilemma - except to perhaps wait until the 2022 election cycle and see if we can't, through the ballot box, return our country to the way it was designed.

Improvise - Adapt - Overcome. Semper Fi.

Thursday, January 21, 2021

## New Old Same

Well, I watched the Inauguration and I was impressed that Joe Biden could project such grace and anticipation of the future. However, I was totally un-impressed by the Democrat Party and MSM's inability to turn out throngs. One reporter announced that it was because of the Coronavirus that attendance was so restricted.

Donald Trump had a crowd in the range of some half-a-million at his January 20th, 2017 Inauguration. Joe Biden had, according to some estimates, roughly 2,000 people in attendance ... and the National Mall, instead of crawling with hundreds of thousands of people, as it has in the past was paved with American flags.

Last I heard, they issued only two tickets to each member of the Congress. For decades Congress-members were given 200 tickets to give to constituents - some 100,700 people could attend at a minimum! This time, one for the Congress-member and one for a guest! That's just 1,070 - two orders of magnitude less than previous years.

Is this what we can expect from our new Congress and our New President? If we shut this country down over Covid as hard as they did for the 2021 Inauguration, we'll be headed for disaster or a new '50s format!

All together now, one, two, three!  
Keep your mind on your drivin'  
Keep your hands on the wheel  
Keep your snoopy eyes on the road ahead.  
We're havin' fun sittin' in the back seat  
Kissin' and a'huggin with Fred.

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The good one - <https://youtu.be/DDYpr99FgEk> The Avons  
or - <https://youtu.be/YBmZ8k6eYeE> Bombalurina  
or the original - <https://youtu.be/0DWyJkVaEew> Paul Evans

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**Monday, January 25, 2021**

## **Another Senate Trial**

Last week it was reported that today, January 25th, US House Speaker Nancy Pelosi would deliver new Articles of Impeachment of former President Donald Trump to the US Senate.

It was also widely reported that the House and Senate want more time to be able to put together arguments for the Trial, which is expected to last three days. New Senate Minority Leader Mitch McConnell asked that the trial be put off until February. A deal to make that happen will no doubt include time for the Senate to vet and approve President Biden's Cabinet appointments, each of which require a simple majority approval vote with a quorum present.

I wrote in a Facebook comment last Friday that the US Constitution is specific on the Impeachment and the subsequent Trial of a Sitting President. But it is silent on a Senate Trial of a former President who is a civilian. The question surely will go before the Federal Judiciary and the Trial could be put on hold until that question is answered.

Friends and I have discussed this issue and pretty much agree that the charges against the former President are unfounded at best. All of us who watched President Trump address the crowd on the 6th, whether in person or on TV, said Trump never said anything that would incite anyone to riot and storm the Capitol.

Investigators for the DC Police and the FBI have leaked that the storming of the Capitol was planned and involved members of Antifa and Black Lives Matter as well as other extremists.

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It remains to be seen whether our newly-elected Senate will spend the time and incredible amount of money it takes to put on a Trial that requires 67 yes votes to convict. That means that all the Democrats, seventeen Republicans and both of the Independents would have to agree in order to convict citizen Donald Trump.

Somehow, I don't see that happening.

Improvise - Adapt - Overcome. Semper Fi

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Monday, February 1, 2021

# Babes

I so delight in bragging on my Babes!

My wife Claudette was a Babe, beautiful, an absolute delight to be around and she put up with all my nonsense for 57 years. She was a blessing from God that brought sunshine into my life every day.

Last year another Babe came into my life. Millan, from El Cajon in southern California, by email invited me to have dinner with her and her chum, Maxine. The two had been meeting in Monterey three or four times a year for some time. Max, who lives in Del Rey Oaks, is also a dyed-in-the-wool Babe!

I've written about Millan and Maxine several times since last October's dinner out on the Wharf in Monterey. And I've learned many new things about these two wonderful women since last October. We trade email and Facebook posts and messages and try to stay in touch by 'phone, too. Millan speaks and writes in short to-the-point sentences but at the same time always seems anxious to share her feelings. Max, on the other hand, will talk your ear off for an hour before you know it! They're both wonderful ladies that I'm proud to call good friends.

When I first knew of Millan at Monterey Union High School, her name was Nellie. Other than being a teen-aged beauty, she sorta stayed in the background unless making mischief off campus. When somewhat older, she fancied a visit to Italy, where she visited a Catholic Church located in Milan and had a lengthy conversation with the Priest. She has always been a good Catholic and was so overwhelmed with the welcome and happiness and compassion shown her there in Milan, she decided to change her name to Millan, in honor of the place that

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impressed her so! Millan still works, at age 81, and looks and behaves like a woman half her age! She teaches Zumba dance exercise (see Millan Chessman on YouTube) and is an expert in the care and maintenance of the human body. She's in good shape physically and financially.

Maxine was our High School Prom Queen in 1958. She had been voted onto the Cheer Squad that year and so was obligated by a long-standing school custom to become a candidate for Prom Queen. Max had always been a shy girl and had a hard time dealing with the spotlight. She had a boyfriend at the time and everyone thought they would eventually get married. So, when she was picked for Prom Queen everyone just assumed that she and her boyfriend would be a couple. Not so much. They broke up before the Prom and Maxine didn't have a date! But, a boy she knew from Southern California traveled to Monterey to take her to the Prom. Great story, right? Well, it turns out that the young man was "all hands" and pretty Maxine had a miserable time. That's the kind of stuff that builds character ... and I can tell you she's a tremendous lady just oozing with character! And, what's more, at 81, she's still a Babe!

I'm sure that, as time goes by, there will be other stories about the Babes in my life. But for now, that's all you get!

Improvise - Adapt - Overcome. Semper Fi.

Thursday, February 4, 2021

## Inciting Sediton

I wonder how many people are keeping up with the drive in the US Senate to try Former President Trump for *Inciting Sediton*.

According to the negotiations that have taken place among the Trial Managers and the Senate and House Leadership, the Trump trial is supposed to get off the ground next Monday (February the 8th).

Because the Senate will be trying a Former President who is now officially a private citizen, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, John Roberts, will not be presiding over the trial. Instead it will be the Senate President Pro-Tempore, Patrick Leahy of Vermont.

It's a goofy thing politicians do ... they have this habit of tilting at wind-mills! The vote to go to trial was lacking aye votes from forty-five Republican senators, leaving only five who sided with the Democrats and Independents. It takes twelve more Republicans to reach the required seventeen to convict. That's simply not going to happen in our lifetimes.

What a waste it will be of American time, talent and treasure if they insist on putting on another Circus ... like they did last year!

Improvise - Adapt - Overcome. Semper Fi.

Monday, February 8, 2021

## Can We Beat Covid

Well, today the US Senate was supposed to begin its second Circus centered around Former President Donald J Trump, but the event has been pushed back one day to tomorrow, Tuesday February 9th. They planned for a three day - three-ring Circus. But, if what we've heard over the last week or so is true, they will come to a 55 to 45 vote with Republicans Mitt Romney, Ben Sasse, Lisa Murkowski, Pat Toomey and Susan Collins voting guilty with all the Democrats and both Independents.

The Impeachment charges are here:

[tedthayer.com/2021/02/08/House%20Trial%20Brief%20Final.pdf](https://tedthayer.com/2021/02/08/House%20Trial%20Brief%20Final.pdf)]

A minimum of 67 Senators is required to convict any Federal official. With Trump now a civilian, could a simple majority be acceptable? Since Supreme Court Chief Justice John Roberts will not preside over the current trial, could the Senate Majority Leader Chuck Schumer and President ProTem Patrick Leahy, both Democrats, convince their colleagues that the thing is a Tribunal rather than an Impeachment Trial? Does a Tribunal need just a simple majority? Would that make way for a rule that could convict Donald Trump of Inciting Insurrection? We'll have to wait and see.

New subject: Can we beat Covid?

The answer is no. We have not beaten the Flu and we haven't beaten the most prevalent Coronavirus, better known as the common cold. We've beaten the worst of human diseases including Smallpox, Measles, Diphtheria, Mumps and even Polio. But we're never going to conquer SARS-CoV2. And for the same reason we haven't beaten Influenza. Like the Flu, it mutates in a cycle taking roughly a year.

## **Thayer's Wild Bunch IX**

A little over a week ago, I heard a very good presentation of how Coronavirus works. It was explained in a half-hour interview with Former president of the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons Dr. Lee Merrit. She has some very credible qualifications, but she sounded like a nutcase at first. Doctor Merrit claimed that we are in a war being waged with a lab-produced Coronavirus and a vaccine that will eventually contribute to massive loss of life. Now, that just sounds crazy!

Let's see if I can condense Doctor Merrit's half-an-hour to a very concise couple of minutes.

The SARS-CoV2 virus was created by adding a tiny thingy to it that makes it stick to certain parts of the body. Once stuck, the virus breaks off and the thingy slowly starts to reproduce itself. It invades the most vital parts of the body including the lungs, heart and the brain. Eventually, it simply overpowers its host - unless there is some kind of intervention. That would be the antibodies created when someone confronts a similar virus or it could be a vaccine. It could also be a medicine like Hydroxychloroquine or Ivermectin. The point is the disease doesn't have to be fatal.

However - as the virus mutates, it becomes much weaker but more contagious. This is fine for people with robust immune systems and the symptoms are a lot like the Flu. But just as with the original virus, some people become violently ill and without treatment they will die. Doctor Merrit explained that several iterations down the line, the super-weak but highly contagious virus will just create antibodies.

That's a good thing except for people who had been vaccinated against it. The effects of the vaccine plus the additional antibodies created by the infected body create what she called Antibody Enhancement which quickly overtakes the system and

## **Thayer's Wild Bunch IX**

effectively suffocates the vital organs, killing the host very efficiently.

In summary, the good Doctor was trying to tell us that we are being invaded by a man-made biological weapon that, if it doesn't kill one percent of the population initially, will - perhaps five or six years down the road - kill everyone who had been inoculated against it.

That sounds crazy! But, now you have some choices to make ...

Improvise - Adapt - Overcome. Semper Fi.



Thursday, February 11, 2021

## Gaslighting

A good friend sent this to me a while back. Neither my friend, nor I know who the author is. It's a long read.

Gaslighting

*The term originates in the systematic psychological manipulation of a victim by her husband in Patrick Hamilton's 1938 stage play Gas Light, and the film adaptations released in 1940 and 1944.*

In the story, the husband attempts to convince his wife and others that she is insane by manipulating small elements of their environment and insisting that she is mistaken, remembering things incorrectly, or delusional when she points out these changes. The play's title alludes to how the abusive husband slowly dims the gas lights in their home, while pretending nothing has changed, in an effort to make his wife doubt her own perceptions. The wife repeatedly asks her husband to confirm her perceptions about the dimming lights, but in defiance of reality, he keeps insisting that the lights are the same and instead it is she who is going insane.

Today, we are living in a perpetual state of gaslighting. The reality is, what we are being told by the media is at complete odds with what we are seeing with our own two eyes. And when we question the false reality that we are being presented, or we claim that what we see is that actual reality, we are vilified as racist, bigots, conspiracy theorists, or just plain crazy. You're not racist. You're not crazy. You're being ruthlessly gaslighted.

New York State has twice as many deaths from Covid-19 than any other state, and New York has accounted for one fifth of all

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Covid-19 deaths, but we are told that New York Governor Andrew Cuomo has handled the pandemic better than any other governor. But if we support policies of Governors whose states had only a fraction of the infections and deaths as New York, we're called anti-science and want people to die. So, we ask ourselves, am I crazy? No, you're being gaslighted.

We see mobs of people looting stores, smashing windows, setting cars on fire and burning down buildings, but we are told that these demonstrations are peaceful protests, and when we call this destruction of our cities, riots, we are called racists. So, we ask ourselves, am I crazy? No, you're being gaslighted.

We see the major problem destroying many inner-cities is crime; murder, gang violence, drug dealing, drive-by shootings, armed robbery, but we are told that it is not crime, but the police that are the problem in the inner-cities. We are told we must defund the police and remove law enforcement from crime-riddled cities to make them safer. But if we advocate for more policing in cities overrun by crime, we are accused of being white supremacists and racists. So, we ask ourselves, am I crazy? No, you're being gaslighted.

The United States of America accepts more (legal) immigrants than any other country in the world. The vast majority of the immigrants are "people of color", and these immigrants are enjoying freedom and economic opportunity not available to them in their country of origin, but we are told that the United States is the most racist and oppressive country on the planet, and if we disagree, we are called racist and xenophobic. So, we ask ourselves, am I crazy? No, you're being gaslighted.

Capitalist countries are the most prosperous countries in the world. The standard of living is the highest in capitalist countries. We see more poor people move up the economic ladder to the middle and even the wealthy class through their effort and ability

## **Thayer's Wild Bunch IX**

in capitalist countries than any other economic system in the world, but we are told capitalism is an oppressive system designed to keep people down. So, we ask ourselves, am I crazy? No, you're being gaslighted.

Communist countries killed over 100 million people in the 20th century. Communist countries strip their citizens of basic human rights, dictate every aspect of their lives, treat their citizens as slaves, and drive their economies into the ground, but we are told that Communism is the fairest, most equitable, freest, and most prosperous economic system in the world. So, we ask ourselves, am I crazy? No, you're being gaslighted.

The most egregious example of gaslighting is the concept of "white fragility". You spend your life trying to be a good person, trying to treat people fairly and with respect. You disavow racism and bigotry in all its forms. You judge people solely on the content of their character and not by the color of their skin. You don't discriminate based on race or ethnicity. But you are told you are a racist, not because of something you did or said, but solely because of the color of your skin. You know instinctively that charging someone with racism because of their skin color is itself racist. You know that you are not racist, so you defend yourself and your character, but you are told that your defense of yourself is proof of your racism. So, we ask ourselves, am I crazy? No, you're being gaslighted.

Gaslighting, and aggressive ridicule, have become the most pervasive and destructive tactics in American politics and the American "media". It is the exact opposite of what our political system was meant to be. It deals in lies and psychological coercion, and not the truth and intellectual discourse. If you ever ask yourself if you're crazy, you are not. Crazy people aren't sane enough to ask themselves if they're crazy. So, trust yourself, believe what's in your heart. Trust your eyes over what you are

## Thayer's Wild Bunch IX

told. Never listen to the people who tell you that you are crazy, because you are not, **you're being gaslighted.**

Sophocles said: "**What people believe prevails over the truth.**" And that's what the media are successfully exploiting.

In closing, let me repeat Adolf Hitler's closest friend Joseph Goebbels often quoted saying, "If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it." In other words, **You're being gaslighted!**

Improvise. Adapt. Overcome. Semper Fi.

## Thayer's Wild Bunch IX

Monday, February 15, 2021

# What's Next

Well, we had that so-called trial in the US Senate last week and I'm not prepared to speak to any of the issues brought up in front of that supposedly august body. Instead let's talk about a subject that has a little something to do with the real world: Floor Redistribution - the scourge of every American shopper!

I live in Wheatfields, about six miles north of the Globe-Miami communities, about an hour-and-a-half east of Phoenix. We have a Safeway here. Fry's Food and Drug has a big presence here, also. Between the two communities is a WallMart Super-Store. Each of the three retail outlets keeps trying to re-invent their floor plan.

Maybe it was WalMart that started it by completely renovating its floor. Where once there were DVDs and CDa and electronics, now there is Hardware and Videos and Cell-phone Sales and Support. Crafts was moved and now includes paint, as well as crafting supplies. Today, TV islands are scattered all over the place!

I haven't visited Safeway in Globe of late, but I know they routinely move stuff around on their shelves. They, like Fry's, used to carry Aunt Penny's Hollandaise Sauce - but no more. And Fry's used to carry Anderson's Split Pea Soup - not anymore.

It wasn't that long ago that Fry's completely revamped their floor. The aisle where you could get paper goods like towels and TP was moved from the main floor to the east wall. Pet and baby supplies were moved, and so were the juice and chips and crackers aisles. The Produce Department also got a make-over. Thankfully the Deli and Meat Departments didn't change - you can still find the stuff you want right off the bat!

## **Thayer's Wild Bunch IX**

All three of the stores play the "Happy-Easter-Egg-Hunt-For-The-Hidden Product" game. I recall watching an Associate one day move everything from the west side of one aisle to the east. As I mentioned earlier, they routinely move stuff around or stop carrying products altogether.

For example, once upon a time, they carried the full line of TGI Friday's Wings. Now, if you want TGI Friday's Buffalo Style Hot Wings you have to go WalMart because Fry's only carries TGIF's Honey-Mustard Wings now.

I spent almost a half-an-hour one day and even got a clerk to help me try to find Aunt Penny's Hollandaise Sauce, but after the clerk finally used her scanner she said, "Oops, that's been discontinued." And you wouldn't believe what they did with the Coffee/Tea aisle!

It used to be that if you wanted Mexican food there was an aisle for it, but now it's scattered all over the store! It appears to me that moving stuff around is nothing more than a marketing ploy, forcing their customers to shop in places they would never go before the move. I remember looking all over the Asian Food aisle for Chinese Wonton Strips. After a while, I asked an associate where they were and he said they were just across the aisle from the cucumbers and green onions in Produce. It never dawned on me that Wonton Strips were produce! Well, at least, while I was at it, I learned that they moved the lettuce away from the cabbage into a display in the north-east corner ...

I look at it this way, I would never have gotten as much exercise and found so many interesting products if the stores didn't keep changing their flooring plans all the time!

Improvise - Adapt - Overcome. Semper Fi.

Thursday, February 18, 2021

## Rush's Last Words

Not long before he was called to Heaven yesterday, America's greatest conservative, Rush Limbaugh, had a few words ... he wrote:

"My days on earth are numbered; But before I fade away, there is something important I need to say. It may not be important to anyone else; but it's important to me. Win, lose or fraud...President Trump, I just want to say thank you for the last four years.

"Thank you for making it cool to be an American again. Thank you for showing us that we don't need to be under China's thumb anymore economically, or any other way.

"Thank you for one of the strongest economies we've ever experienced in my lifetime.

"Thank you for all you have done for the minority communities and the outstanding decrease in the unemployment rate you had.

"Thank you for making it feel good to love our country and to be a proud patriot again.

"Thank you for supporting our Nation's flag and the men and women who fought for the freedom that stands behind that flag.

"Thank you for supporting our nation's law enforcement organizations, and understanding how difficult their job really is.

"Thank you for quelling the flood of illegal immigration, and bringing to justice the thousands of criminals that flood brought us.

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"Thank you for giving corporations a reason to come back to America to make our own products and put Americans back to work.

"Thank you for bringing our troops home from endless deployments that presented us with little more than body bags; and for your commitment to strengthen our military.

"Thank you for operation warp speed and keeping your promise to bringing the Covid 19 vaccine to us in less than a year.

"Thank you for your never-ending attempts at bringing peace to the Middle East and your support for Israel.

"Thank you for your Tax relief, and thank you for our energy independence. Most of all though...

"THANK YOU for taking a damn rotten job that you never had to take!!

"Thank you for caring enough for this country to want to try and make a difference.

"Thank you for showing America how little Career Politicians actually work for their constituents; and for showing us how much those politicians despise you for showing America how easy it is to build a great nation, rather than rape her to line their own pockets and stock portfolios.

"Thank you for allowing us to experience a President that wasn't a lifelong politician, but a lifelong American.

"THANK YOU MR PRESIDENT... YOU DID YOUR BEST..."

Improvise - Adapt - Overcome. Semper Fi.



Thayer's

# Wild Bunch IX

By J E Ted Thayer

