



Ted Thompson

May 23, 2026

TED THOMPSON

1941 – 2026

Ted Thompson, brilliant creative spirit, infinite light, loving husband and father, died

peacefully on May 23, 2026, at noon in Truckee, California, at the age of 85.

Born in Scarsdale, NY, Ted grew up in New Canaan, CT, attended college at UCONN and

The Rhode Island School of Design. He launched his advertising career in New York City

and later transferred to San Francisco where he lived for 35 years. He loved the City and

walked in Golden Gate Park every morning. He was a fan of and an occasional topic in

Herb Caen columns, a fervent supporter of the 49ers, an active member of the community

and a frequent visitor to Washington Square Bar and Grill.

He was a major force in advertising at J.W.Thompson, where he was the youngest Creative

Director ever appointed. He later founded his own advertising agencies: Ted Thompson

& Partners and Ted Thompson Period. His last “Thompson” endeavor was Hart Thompson,

a collaboration with his wife, Mary, in new product development and brand positioning.

Although accomplished as an artist, a writer and a creative director, he considered himself

primarily a poet. He was the author of two books of poetry, Meetings with the Gods and

The House of the Old Poet. He also authored a novel called MacDonald Coyote A Search

for Heaven in the High Sierra.

Ted was preceded in death by his parents, George Thompson and Jane Stringer Thompson

and two siblings, Anthony (Tony) Thompson and Clare Jane (Bin) Gippo. He is survived

by his wife, Mary, and two exceptional daughters: Victoria (Loren) of Atlanta, GA and

Jenny (Donald) of Evanston, IL, as well as his beloved puppy, Happy. He also leaves

behind remarkable nieces and nephews and his good friend, Craig Close.

Ted and Mary moved to Truckee, built a log cabin Teddy named "Good Dog Ranch" and

formed lasting friendships. He loved his many dogs, revered the land, treasured his home

and everything Truckee represented.

Our lives were enriched by him and are devastated by his loss.

His Last poem:

Against the tumult and misery

I am an island of

Peace, sauvignon blanc and weeping willow trees.

Amidst the warfare and cruelty

I am an island of

Healing, gewürztraminer and serenity.

Among the violence and injuries

I am an island of

Comfort, chardonnay and tranquility.

Remember him with donations to the Humane Society of Truckee-Tahoe:

<https://hstt.org/>. Most of all remember his generosity, his enormous wit, his charm, his larger-

than-life enthusiasm, his 'joie de vivre' and his love of history, the land, democracy and his family.

We were fortunate to know him and will hold him in our hearts forever.

Many thanks to the remarkable staffs at Tahoe Forest Hospital and the ECC.