

OrionWorks Sonova Quark

Brought to you by Steven Vincent Johnson and Darlene P. Coltrain, mailing address: 6666 Odana Road, #213, Madison, WI 53719. Email Steve: orionworks@charter.net. Email Darlene: dpcoltrain@gmail.com Web: <http://OrionWorks.com>. All material is Copyrighted © by Steven Vincent Johnson and Darlene P. Coltrain unless otherwise specified. Quark is brought to you by *OrionWorks* with occasional help from **Grasshopper Press** when I feel an inspirational mood overtake me. Final layout is assembled in InDesign CS5. Printing done on a HP Color Laserjet Pro MFP M277dw. Some might be asking how do you pronounce "Sonova Quark"? There isn't one.

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Archie W. Service September 13, 1926 - March 3, 2019



Clockwise from 9 O-Clock:
Archie W. Service, David Service (son), Basil Service (son),
and Leon. Photo taken in the early 1970s

On March 3rd of this year, my uncle Archie, my only uncle, passed away peacefully after living 93 years. By all accounts Archie lived a long and fruitful life. He is survived by his two sons David and Basil service, and a grandson, Cameron Service. His wife Anastasia (Dokos) Service passed away on July 3, 2010. Everyone knew her as Shea.

Early in June I flew out to Pocatello, Idaho, to participate in a celebration of Archie's life. I met up with my older brother, Norm and his wife Kay and extended family members from the Service and Dokos clans. Hundreds of friends and associates stopped by to pay their respects and to recount their own stories of Archie.

A paragraph from Archie's obituary, the official obituary, that is:

A life-long resident of Pocatello, [Archie] was born in September of 1926 to Walter and Edna Service. Archie

graduated from Pocatello High School where he was Student Body President of the class of 1944. Upon Graduation, Archie enlisted in and served two years in the United States Naval Reserve during the 2nd World War where he was stationed on the Pacific Island of Guam serving as an electrician and receiving an overseas ribbon. After being honorably discharged, Archie then attended both Idaho State University and Stanford University where he received his bachelor's degree. Archie then enrolled in the College of Law at the University of Idaho and while there was associated with the Phi Alpha Delta professional fraternity and in 1953 was awarded a Juris Doctor degree (JD). Except for a short period as a part-time judge on the Shoshone-Bannock reservation, Archie practiced law as a private practitioner with fellow attorneys Jim Green, Clark Gasser, Ron Kerl, Jim Spinner, Hon. Rick Camaroli and Hon. Jim Papas. In 1953 Archie was admitted to the Idaho and US District Courts, and in 1956 was admitted to the US Tax Court and the United States Supreme Court. In 1962 Archie served as the Sixth District Bar President and from 1978 thru 1979 President of the Pocatello Estate Planning Counsel. In 2003 Archie received the Sixth District Bar Professional award and was recognized by the Idaho State Bar for 50 years in the practice of law. In 2018, Archie was again recognized by the Idaho State Bar for 65 years in the practice of law. From 1959 to 1964 Archie served as Chairman of the Lava Hot Springs Foundation and from 1978 thru 1979 was Treasurer of the Bannock Memorial Hospital Board. In 1979 Archie was appointed by fellow Stanford University Graduate and Idaho Governor John V. Evans as a member of the Idaho State Board of Health and Welfare where he served three times as its chairman till 1987.

I'll now add a few unofficial notes:

Over the decades when I visited Archie's family in Idaho what I recall most was how my uncle made me feel useful. It wasn't just that he appreciated my art, he was constantly pumping me for tech information on computers since he knew I was a nerd. I did my best to keep him informed on the best equipment and services for his dollar.



Archie, 1930 (approx.)

I heard unsubstantiated rumors that Archie's career as a lawyer started out chasing ambulances. (I suspect Archie started the rumor.) Whether the account is true or not, Archie retired as a very successful and wealthy attorney. He was a well known and sought after attorney throughout the state of Idaho. He knew where all the skeletons lay and how to keep them buried.

David Service, one of this two sons, talked about one particular incident when the firm Archie worked in was sued by Larry Flint, of Hustler Magazine. Nobody could remember, including David, why the firm was being sued or what the outcome was. We knew Flint had a propensity to sue just about anyone who ticked him off, particularly anyone who was suing him or his magazine. Flint's lawsuit made the local Pocatello news. Someone asked

Archie how the firm was going to approach the lawsuit. Archie replied that the first order of business was to get everyone in the firm to cancel their subscriptions to Hustler Magazine.

Domestic life in the Service household was, I suspect, colorful at times. Archie and Shea, his wife, argued with each other on a regular basis. Shea was a strikingly handsome woman of passionate Greek heritage. Archie, on the other hand, learned the art of arguing taking notes from his own parents, Walter and Edna (my grand parents as well), who also constantly bickered. David Service learned to stay out of his parent's arguments. There was no point adding gasoline to the fire. Basil, on the other hand, particularly when he was a teenager around the time when one is learning how to stand up to authority and express their own opinions, would sometimes challenge his parents propensity for arguing so much. As Basil matured, I suspect he eventually came to the realization that his parents would never stop arguing. It was as if it was a form of verbal calisthenics. In all the years that I knew Archie and Shea, I never saw any evidence of physical or emotional abuse. What I saw was a relationship that spent a lot of time together, enjoying each other's company as they traveled and vacationed throughout the world. In their maturing years they built a plush condo adjacent to Pocatello's prestigious country club golf course. They also purchased a condo in the Sun Valley area. And so did Basil, who worked for a title company. Shea passed nine years prior to Archie's own passing, I suspect he was very lonely during those nine years. When you've lived that long practicing the art of arguing with your partner-in-crime, it's no fun arguing point blank at a wall.

During the last four or five years of Archie's life he succumbed to dementia. He had good days and bad days. Cameron, David's son, who was a teenager at the time, took on considerable responsibilities. He made sure Archie would get out of bed, shower, brush his teeth and take his pills. He made sure Archie's condo was clean and that the refrigerator was stocked with food.

I should point out that Archie was a life-long card carrying republican. For what it's worth, so was I my 20s. I finally wised up when Reagan's true nature became more apparent to me, that along with Phyllis Schlafly helping to drag the party, a party I had originally respected, a party I originally believed was *progressive*, back into the dark ages. As the 2016 presidential election approached, Basil

and David's son, Cameron, pleaded with Archie not to vote the republican ticket, particularly for Trump. Cameron even threatened grandpa by refusing to drive him to the polls if he was going to pull the lever for Trump. All Archie did was hem and haw back. But in the end Archie pulled the lever for Trump. After the election, after a few months had passed, Basil and Cameron watched Archie fume and as he watched Trump's outrageous behaviors soil the office of the presidency. It truly saddens me that Archie voted for Trump. I say this because deep down I knew Archie was a closet liberal. He genuinely wanted to help others in need. He respected the environment, and protected it from greedy land developers. Archie once told me how upset he was over what happened to me and my fellow state employees in Wisconsin when Scott Walker got himself installed. But Archie lived all his life in Idaho, one of the mountain states that voted for Trump. Trumpers are everywhere in the state of Idaho, including a few friends and in-laws. Norm and I overheard one relative expressing high approval ratings for Trump. There was no point getting involved. An argument would only ensue. For what it's worth, Basil eventually told me his dad didn't vote so much for Trump. He simply couldn't bring himself to vote for Hillary. I suspect there was a lot of that going around in all parts of our estranged country.

As Archie's dementia progressed David and Basil thought their father would be happier living in a facility for the elderly that deals with memory loss. They assumed Archie would find some company there rather than living alone in his condo. Archie only lasted a few months in the facility. David told me Archie had been bored out of his skull living there. He said Archie couldn't find anyone sufficiently intelligent (or perhaps sufficiently cognizant) that he could talk to. While that may have been true, Basil told me privately that Archie had been kicked out of the facility, for misbehaving. Basil refused to elaborate on the specifics. All that really mattered was that Archie got his way. He was back in his beloved condo.

As the months passed Archie became less mobile. Occasionally, he would step outside and wander about on the golf course greens. Club members, golfers, most who knew Archie on sight kept an eye on his wanderings. Typically, Archie became too exhausted and couldn't find his way back. He would lay down in the shade of a nearby tree and wait for someone to rescue him. Soon enough, a concerned golfer would drive by in their electric

cart and give him a lift back to his condo. Everyone knew where Archie lived.

I learned of my uncle's death when I got a call from David. He called Norm and I within 12 hours. David had been up most of the night calling and chatting with numerous folks who had known his dad. I learned that Archie had died of complications from internal bleeding possibly from a stomach ulcer. Basil told me that Archie had also been suffering from multiple fainting spells. Typically, when Archie fainted his heart would seemingly stop beating. During one of these fainting spells Basil performed CPR on his father reviving him. Archie's fainting spells and heart seizures were occurring more frequently. Finally David and Basil sat down with their dad for a heart-to-heart talk. They all decided that



Archie, (World War II)

the next time Archie fainted they would not perform any extraordinary measures. Archie was cool with that. Living had ceased to be much fun for him. The next time Archie fainted he went into a coma. He lingered in the twilight of consciousness for well over a week, far longer than the doctors had expected.

I have two more tales to tell on Archie.

The first tale: Shea's younger sister, Stella, and her husband, Jim, lived in the outskirts of Pocatello, surrounded by the beauty of Idaho's olive green hills. Around the time Archie succumbed to his final coma, Jim suffered a tragic unexpected accident. His tractor ran over one side of his body breaking bones and lacerating organs when the breaks gave out. Astonishingly, it didn't kill Jim immediately. He languished in the hospital for three weeks before finally succumbing to multiple injuries. It was very tragic. Archie died while Jim was still coming in and out of consciousness. During one of Jim's more lucid moments he told Stella that Archie had just visited him, stopping by his hospital room. Jim was surprised to see Archie's walking the hallways since he knew Archie wasn't very ambulatory. Jim complemented Archie's wellness, telling him he didn't look half bad. Archie quipped back "Yeah, not bad at all for a dead guy."

The second tale: After David had called me I dreamed of Archie that night. I found myself attending a big social event in honor of Archie. I watched my uncle walk from table to table laughing and talking with his guests. It never crossed my mind that Archie had just died. It all seemed perfectly natural as he basked in the limelight of his own notoriety. Eventually, as the celebration wound down, someone handed me a folded piece of scrap paper. The paper reminded me of an advertising flyer I had converted into a floor mat to place a bowl of cat food on top of when feeding one of our two cats, Charm. Archie must have remembered Charm. Years earlier Archie helped



Dinner at Sun Valley with Archie (2011)
Left to Right: Basil Service, Darlene, Me, and Archie

us rescue Charm from certain death. We found the kitty dumped at a rest stop in the deserts of Idaho. I suspect Charm may have been deliberately dumped there. It was a known dumping ground for unwanted pets. None of us could bare the thought of leaving her there where we knew she would eventually become coyote food. Within days, Darlene and I had bonded with Charm. We flew her back with to Madison with us where she now lives a comfortable life. But getting back the scrap paper, I unfolded it. I saw a hand written message, presumably from Archie. It was a bill for \$631 for the evening's meal, plus another \$1,571 for the rental of the social hall. I was horrified. How the hell was I going to pay the bill? I was so upset it mediatly woke up.

Good one, Archie. I'll get back to you later. BTW, how did you and Flint finally settle the suit?

Bazinga!

Or

