

Dec. 22, 1930 - June 27, 2015

IN MEMORY OF
DR. PHIL AND CHICK SAWYER

Dr. Phil & Chick Sawyer
Life and Legacy

Dr. Phil & Chick Sawyer Memory Book

Friends of ACSC/SOS
September 23, 2023





This Memory Book is dedicated to the Life and Legacy of Dr. Phil and Chick Sawyer and their family. Words cannot express the love, gratitude, and admiration that they have earned and deserved from so many of their friends.

10 Years ago (2013), some of us talked about an idea to honor Dr. Phil. After discussing with Dr. Phil and Ms. Chick at their favorite watering hole in Columbia, SC (The Mouse Trap). The idea about a message from Dr. Phil, was to be put in a sealed bottle and per his request it was to be opened in 10 years (2023). The bottle was placed in the SOS Company Store for all to see for 10 years.

Now is the time for us to unseal this time capsule and to learn what Dr. Phil had to say. We celebrate his life and all his accomplishments which are too many to list. Dr. Phil and Ms. Chick lived their lives with such purpose, a tireless worker who was dedicated to the success of SOS and ACSC. Their biggest pride was their family, which they talked about all the time.

We honor these 2 special people, who were so loved and admired from their family and friends. Today we honor you and you are truly missed.

The SOS Family



SOS Carefree Times

2023 Fall Migration Special Edition



*Tribute to
Dr. Phil Sawyer
His Life & Legacy
Dec. 22, 1930-
June 27, 2015*



Dr. Phil Huff Sawyer

*SOS President Emeritus - Past ACSC Chairman
Shagging Icon - Author - Shag Historian*

Dr. Sawyer will be remembered for his tireless efforts, leadership, and dedication to make the Society of Stranders (SOS) a huge success.

*Message in Bottle
Opening Fall Migration*

S. O. S. in Retrospect *A Brief History*

By Phil Sawyer

"S. O. S." "The Raven is rolling and rocking off the coast. Get in touch with Capt. Earl Bostic aboard the Flamingo and ask him to meet us at Oak Tree in Sept. (Signed) Captain Wynonne Harris . . . June 14, 1896."

The antique bottle was authentic. The message neatly printed on what appeared to be very old parchment was legible. The bottle was found and reported to several museums. The curators believed it and announced the find and the story soon made the national wire services. S. O. S. was hot national copy after a D. J. solved the riddle.

Thus, with a hoax and a hope, Gene Laughter, a former life guard and beach bum on Ocean Drive in the early fifties launched the first S. O. S. in the spring of 1980. September 1980, the magic week-end finally arrived. The migration began and never stopped. They came by the hundreds. Billy Smith's Beach Party, Fat Jack's, The Afterdeck were packed. The Oak Tree Inn sold out early. Gene expected two to three hundred former lifeguards, stranders, and beach bums but about 5,000 showed up. Ocean Drive Beach hasn't been the same since; neither has anyone who was at that first, never to be duplicated, experience.

S. O. S. continued but it's future in the early days was by no means certain. The format evolved. At first there were contests and bands. Many of the clubs had a cover charge. Clubs opened and closed. They changed hands from one season to the next. What was, suddenly wasn't. The city fathers didn't quite know what to make of or what to do with it. Encourage or prevent . . . support or squash. No one quite knew what to make of it.

Gene Laughter knew. He, more than any other one person knew the people, the music, the beach, and the potential of the brand new product he had suddenly become the guardian of. But the unbridled joy of everyone who attended told him one simple thing. This is too good to be true . . . keep it going and even expand.

Thus, in September of 1981, S. O. S. II, and September 1982, S. O. S. III followed. Things were now well organized. There was a data base of members, regular publications, and organized and structured events. Membership cards replaced cover charges and entrance to the clubs. The early Boogie Boat proved unworkable. Contest and bands were eliminated. The D. J.s took over. S. O. S. began to look like what we know it is today.

Throughout the mid to late 80s, S. O. S. grew in strength and character. Shaggers and stranders came back to Ocean Drive in the Spring and Fall by the tens of thousands for what everyone who ever had one grain of sand in his shoes agreed the S. O. S. was great for the Grand Strand, and to miss one was unthinkable. Fat Harold's, Duck's, Crazy Zack's, Harold's Across the Street, and the Gallion became shrines to which devout

stranders made pilgrimages many times each year.

Everything was good until 1988 and 1989 when the business interest at the beach became divided. Further, the originator for personal and business reasons could not continue to run S. O. S. The dancing space became smaller as the crowds grew larger and larger. The competition became fierce, and the one thing that had kept it all going was uncertain.

In February 1989, the Association received an offer from Gene Laughter for the sale of S. O. S. The Board of Advisors discussed this offer at length at the Winter Workshop in Moresville, NC and without a dissenting vote approved the purchase of S. O. S. The discussion centered around the desire of the Association to bring unity to all elements involved and to assure that the kind of S. O. S. that we all loved so well would continue for many years to come.

Since there were scarcely six weeks until the Spring Safari, the interim board plunged into the planning and organizing for that event. The Association ran our first S. O. S. with Headquarters at Crazy Zack's. As in any first effort there were mistakes, but we learned a lot. The bottom line is we brought it off, paid the bills, and made a little money. A lot of people worked long and hard and managed to have a good time doing it.

The interim board, with minor modifications became the Board of Directors of S. O. S. and Larry Taylor of Columbia was elected Chairman. The Board then elected officers of the corporation with Phil Sawyer, President.

The new board and officers discussed the goals of S. O. S. at length, and little has changed. Unity, crowd control, high class parties, responsible use of funds, permanence, and outstanding relationships with the North Myrtle Beach municipal officials and residents were then and are still the goals. We are proud to report that we have achieved all of these objectives.

S. O. S. continues unprecedented growth. Many exciting features have been added. The uniformed security at all participating club doors, the Trams, food, and expanded Carefree Times are Association initiatives. Funds from S. O. S. support local club activities, The Association budget, the Mid Winter Beach Classic, and charities. We are committed to a contribution of \$100,000 over time to a foundation to support the national Hospice effort.

S. O. S. is now in its twelfth year. It will soon be a teen-ager. Most of us were teen-agers when we got on this train; many of us have teen-agers of our own now who we have brought through these troubled waters. We know that they can be difficult years. However, with our attention firmly focused on our established objectives and a deep commitment to "do what's right", S. O. S. will grow to a rich and rewarding old age.

The S. O. S. Board of Directors: Larry Taylor, Chairman, Phil Sawyer, Bob Wood, Joe McGhee, Shirley Gough, Sandy Braddock, Ken Hudspeth, Donny Way, Hector Pheifer and Speedy Lewis.

The S. O. S. Officers: Phil Sawyer, President, Speedy Lewis, Vice President, Ken Hudspeth, Secretary, Pat Smith, Recorder, Foster McKinney, Treasurer, and King Holmes, Council.





A TRIBUTE TO MY FRIEND

The Beginning

Phil and I became friends back in 1980 through shag dancing. Columbia had a vibrant shag culture going on in a club called Wit's End. Rock Hill had revived their shag culture as well. Peggy and I visited Columbia often due to having Peggy's cousin Sylvia and her husband Jerry, aka Freck Greene. We went out to all of the popular spots with them to enjoy the dancing, party atmosphere of Columbia, and met many Columbia folks that later became close friends. One of the couples we met during this time was Phil and Chick. This relationship between the four of us would endure the test of time. We had found new friends through shag that we may have never had an opportunity to meet any other way.



In 1981, Phil Sawyer had become the second president of the Columbia Shag Club. I was into my first year as president of Rock Hill Area Shag club. Phil and I encountered each other many times as our respective shag clubs had, or attended dances, or parties, in the upstate areas of South Carolina. Phil and Ms. Chick, like Peggy and Myself, were shag dance enthusiasts. We loved to dance. We never missed an event that we could attend. The four of us were friends immediately. Bonding is easy in the shag community. Having Ms. Chick and Peggy with us just simplified the task. Chick and Peggy were crowd pleasers. A hug n kiss on the cheek, how are ya, just like being at a family reunion, except these were all newfound friends. Friends forever, from everywhere and every walk of life. Bonded by the love of a dance, its music, mixed with southern charm, a dash of exuberance, served with a cold beer. Shag dancing at it finest, within a community of new friends. It just doesn't get any better.

Shag Revival

In late 1983, I mentioned an idea of joining the existing shag clubs under an umbrella group to Ken Hudspeth and Phil Sawyer. This would provide a strength in numbers, along with organizational guidelines. Organization would keep the shag clubs motivated and focused on scheduling parties and events since the number of shag clubs had begun to grow. This was accomplished through many meetings, phone calls and trips to other fledging clubs. Phil wrote the bylaws of the newly formed ACSC. We decided on the name of Association of Carolina Shag Clubs, Inc. Now our friendship was a partnership of shag clubs. Our friendship grew into a brotherly love, consummated thru respect, honor and trust of each other.

Phil loved everything about this new lifestyle we were experiencing. Comradery abounded with new prospects of new shag clubs being formed, new venues baring opportunities to showcase our dance. One of the first successes of the ACSC was a cruise upon the SS Galeo. We were 150 shaggers strong, bound for a new experience on the oceans blue. The ship sailed from the port of Montego Bay Jamaica. The shaggers were an instant hit. The casino crew were all British and had heard that a shagging club was aboard. To the British shag was a roll in the hay. They could not wait to meet us and see what we looked like and where we would be shagging as a group. The crew would do anything to acquire one of our souvenirs that said "I love to shag" on it. The casino crew adopted our shaggers and came to watch us dance after their workday had finished. Many of the passengers came to watch us dance. We offered free dance instruction and taught many the basic step. We were true ambassadors of shag on that trip.

The other ports of call were the Panama Canal, Cartejano, South America, Grand Bahama Island, and docking in Miami, Fl. This was the first of many great ACSC cruises through the years.

A Story of Success

In 1989, at the Winter workshop in Mooresville, NC, Phil brought to the ACSC an opportunity to purchase SOS. The owner who had started this great reunion of Stranders had to divest himself from the venture. Phil's relationship with Swink Laughter presented this opportunity to us. Many others want to buy this party, but Swink knew that we would foster his party better than anyone else. The ACSC was still in its infancy with very little money. It was a risk but one that must be taken. After all negotiations were complete, it was agreed that we would purchase SOS for the sum of \$100,000.00, payable at \$10,000.00 per year til paid off. As luck would have it, SOS was bought and paid in full after three years.

The New Society of Stranders, Inc.

Phil became president of SOS in 1989 and became the face of SOS as it continued to grow and get better established with each and every event. He served in this role for eleven years, achieving Emeritus status in 2000. He served the position until his death.

Personal Accomplishment

It was told by Phil and Ms. Chick that one year, and I can't remember which year, that they went out shagging every night. That is three hundred sixty-five nights of shagging before missing a night. They probably didn't realize that they had set a Guinness Book of World Record. They just loved to dance anytime they had the chance.

Ms. Chick's Version

This must be true because Ms. Chick told this British chap sitting next to her at the Mouse Trap one day at lunch, that she and Phil liked shagging so much, lots of times, they would push the kitchen table out of the way and shag on the kitchen floor. This Brit didn't quite know how to perceive this tale that Ms. Chick had just told to him. Shagging in Europe defines a sexual act, not

dancing! I'm sure Ms. Chick never used the word "dancing" at all when she was telling the Brit her story.

Accolades

PhD. Phil Sawyer became our Dr. Phil, after the tv series of a psychiatrist giving advice to the forlorn on national tv. Dr Phil was a wise and storied fellow who gave his all to the shag dance world. He guided the Columbia shag club to prominence in our earliest days of organization. He was a great force in establishing the ACSC and chaired that position for at least three years. He was the emissary for the offer to purchase SOS from Gene Laughter. He served the new ownership of SOS as president for 11 years. In the year 2000, he became SOS President, Emeritus until his death in 2014.

Dr Phil was well-spoken, with a great voice. Always aware of the needs of what must be done to allow SOS to be successful. He could tell you many stories of things done and undone. The many parties he attended. Admittedly, this young man from Salley, SC married up in status to land Ms Chick in matrimony was his greatest feat.

Phil told the best jokes. He always closed the ACSC meetings with some a one liner that would bring the house down. Phil laughed with, and at, the antics of Murl. He enjoyed his time with the SOS board members in the quiet hours at the workshop meetings. Porch parties at the Arcade were a must do on an afternoon during SOS. One of the best afternoons on the porch was when Wanda told Dr Phil she was going to do a lap dance for him. His surprised expression was one for the ages and was captured in photograph. The blue hand bud was working its magic. All was well in the shag kingdom!

Inspiration

Dr. Phil's quip of SOS being like a house built of cards. It can come tumbling down very easily with out careful attention and planning for future needs.

Phil's friendship, his compassion for our dance and ACSC/SOS organizations, his wisdom and love for others inspires me to this day. He was a wonderful individual with an upside to most situations. I know how much he enjoyed being part of the leadership of this organization. I know of the pleasures he had of dancing and being a big part of the shag culture that he played a large part. He helped numerous shaggers start their new life together, marrying them at SOS events. A man of many talents with a pen and paper. He penned a column for the Columbia Shag Club newsletter named Tassels. A keepsake item if you can find them.

Ron Whisenant





Dr. Phil and Miss Chick, I don't know where to begin! They are both Legends, that will live on in the hearts of thousands, forever.

Miss Chick, she was the epitome of a classy lady. Always the most polite and welcoming woman in the room. She accompanied and stood by Phil in whatever endeavor he had gotten himself into, and there were so many.

Dr. Phil officiated our wedding ceremony in 1992, at the long gone Tilghman pool party. He estimated around 700 in attendance at that particular pool party and declared it his largest wedding to ever officiate!

When he and Miss Chick were chosen as the SOS Grand Marshall's and received their plaque, he saw that the silhouette on it was the silhouette of Kevin and I. They found us so they could have their picture made with us. That was one of the biggest compliments we have ever received!

They are both, always and forever in our hearts.

Kevin & Susan Harrell



Dr. Phil married Kevin & Susan Harrell on May 2, 1992



Dr Phil by Billie Culp – Columbia Shag Club

I was blessed to be in a supper club with our Dr. Phil in Columbia, South Carolina. Somehow, I always ended up sitting beside him and he would entertain me all night long with stories of the shag world. He talked all about getting SOS started and how it wasn't easy at first to get the clubs to join in this crazy plan for a big reunion at the beach. He talked about all the SOS weddings he officiated and how hard he fought when another member of the committee said we should audition to prove we could shag before getting our SOS card. Can you imagine if we all had to audition to get our card? He traveled all over helping clubs get set up when communities called to ask about forming a club. Much of this is in his book "Save the Last Dance for Me". Anyone who hasn't read it should as it's the best book I've ever read in the shag world. We are all so fortunate that we had a wonderful man like Dr. Phil to get this whole thing started. What a dear, sweet man he was!!!!

Bill Culp, Camden, South Carolina



*Dr Phil Sawyer. He epitomized term re' Gentleman and Scholar
I doubt anyone ever saw him and thought ; I bet that guy really can
dance; but he was a classic shag dancer, of old school variety. His
dance was smooth & eloquent.*

DON YONCE. ODSC Charter #76



Dr. Phil Sawyer was not large in stature, but he was a giant of a man in many ways. We all knew him as the Godfather of shag, but he was so much more than that to so many people. He was soft spoken but when he did speak, everyone listened. The fun side of Dr. Phil would let you know in a heartbeat that he was the "original Dr. Phil." He was well educated and that was quite evident to any and all who listened. He assisted in keeping SOS going when others failed. I was secretary of SOS for several years and even in the midst of flaring tempers, he was calm and decisive.

He had a helpmate by his side whom he loved and who loved him and supported him. Phil and Delora pledged their vows until "death do us part," and that's how it was. Everyone knew his Delora by "Miss Chick" who was quite a character in her own right. Every afternoon Phil and Chick would enjoy a Budweiser on their screened porch at their home. In case there are new members out there, Dr. Phil loved his Budweiser!

I will never forget his kindness, his legendary suspenders, and closing each of his reports at ACSC with a joke. Wonderful memories remain in my mind and I call up those memories often and they always bring a smile.

Anne Henry



Dr. Phil Sawyer, The Tapestry of a Life Well-Lived

The noun "tapestry" is a piece of thick textile fabric with pictures or designs formed by weaving colored weft threads and can be used in reference to an intricate or complex combination of things or sequence of events. It occurred to me that an analogy could be made between a tapestry and the life of Dr. Phil Sawyer.

When Dr. Phil was born, his tapestry began to take shape. It took on different, more vivid colors when he met the love of his life, Delora, better known as "Miss Chick." A favorite saying of his was that "he married up." In my opinion, it was an equal, perfect union. Phil, Jr. and Dell added depth to the tapestry. Dr. Phil's love for his family, his intelligence, quick wit, a career that he loved, politics, his passion of shag dancing and its lifestyle, and his loyalty to his friends enhanced the fabric of his life. I could go on and on with the list of positive attributes but all of us who knew him knew what they were.

You cannot think fondly of Dr. Phil and not remember that some of the flamboyant thread in this tapestry came from colorful suspenders and Budweiser beer.

One of my many blessings was having known this beautiful, wise man and Miss Chick. Allen and I were fortunate to have visited with him just before his last visit to the hospital. He was very alert and as clever as ever. When he was asked if he missed his Budweiser or ice cream, he said "no, but I sure would like some barbecue!" Just before leaving their house that evening, we were reminded by him that he was the "original Dr. Phil." Indeed, he was.

The tapestry is now missing some very important threads but the fact remains that it is still beautiful because of the love of Dr. Phil's wife, the respect of his family, and the admiration of his abundant number of friends. The tapestry will live forever in the hearts of Dr. Phil's family and friends, its value undiminished, and its beauty even more exquisite by a life well-lived and the man who created it.

Anne Henry

A Tribute to Phil Sawyer

Dr. Phil Sawyer was a bright star in the Shag universe as his business administrative and communication talents were significant in shaping the Society of Stranders, Inc. into a profitable and successful institution. As a result, thousands and thousands of fun loving folks enjoy the carefree times of shagging, listening to beach, boogie and blues, and making wonderful memories at SOS three times a year. The Burlington Shag Club is forever grateful for Dr. Sawyer's vision to perpetuate SOS through the hands and "feet" of the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs (ACSC). His famous quote known to all who enjoy the Shag lifestyle, "A cold beer on a warm night with a hot date and no plans for tomorrow" is a reminder of our youth. How awesome is it to remember and relive those days with our friends at SOS. Thank you Dr. Phil Sawyer!

Darlene Oakley, Burlington Shag Club President

Jack Oakley, Burlington Shag Club Past President



It was my pleasure to meet and spend time with Dr Phil Sawyer and his wife, Ms. Chick.

Dr Sawyer was someone who had tremendous foresight and because of his love for Shag, we all enjoy the benefits of his efforts to preserve our lifestyle. I am so grateful and honored to be able to say I knew him and talked with him on occasions about our dance. Always willing to share, Dr Phil would then tell me stories of the early times which gave me a wealth of knowledge of the history of ACSC and SOS. The twinkle in his eye while recalling the stories he shared, it became obvious that his love and passion for the Music, the Dance, and the Lifestyle was forever ingrained in his heart and was contagious. I love his poem, The Crown Jewel, and it says it all. I am so grateful and honored to be able to say I knew him, talked with him, and laughed with him.

Brenda R. Smith



Dr. Phil and Miss Chick meant so much to me over the years. I used to tell them they were like my Mom and Dad but not my Mom and Dad and they would laugh every time I told them that. They were always friendly to everyone and always the life of the party. Those two people were loved by everyone including myself and Sonny. I miss them dearly and will remember them forever.

Glenda Brown



Helen Still Meyers
228 Saddlebrook Trail
Graniteville, SC 29829

Dear Dell and Phil, Jr. :

As we remember Dr. Phil today, as we did so often, I just wanted to share some of my thoughts about him and Ms. Chick. To say they were a special couple is an understatement. Most often if you saw one, you'd see both together. They were a precious couple.

In 2012, when the board voted to have Dr. Phil's' book published. We were thrilled because no one had the memories about ACSC and SOS as Dr Phil did. That book held the memories for all of us to look back and recall it, just as Dr. Phil penciled it.

They were special to me during my time on the SOS Board of Directors and Dr. Phil was very supportive of me, and that meant so much to me. I will always cherish my memories of him and Ms. Chick.

Your parents were so respected and missed by the many people's lives they touched. I know you both miss them so much. They certainly left a special and touching legacy for us all. I loved and miss them both.

Fondly,

Helen Still Meyers



I knew Phil for nearly thirty years. He was always kind and respectful and loved to share a laugh or a good time. Everyone knows that suspenders and a Budweiser were his trademarks. But beyond that he was an intelligent man devoted to perpetuating shag clubs, the ACSC and SOS. During the many years I served on the ACSC and SOS Boards, Phil always contributed thoughtful insight on issues. Phil was a "thinker" who loved to write. He sent me several letters over the years, some personal and some for publication. He also enjoyed reading things others created and was complementary of the monthly newsletter I published for Twister's Shag Club (affectionately known as "the little red book") as well as articles Peggy or I had written for it and the Carefree Times.

Chick was Phil's loyal companion, always there for him but quick to distance herself from any shag "business" or "politics". For her, it was all about the fun. Many memorable stories exist of events she was involved in over the years. We don't have time or space to get into that, here. :-)

I am including a couple photos I took decades ago at a party in Virginia Beach when he, Fat Harold, Speedy Lewis, Bob Wood, and others dressed as women. There's also one where Peggy and I went to Columbia and presented Phil with a framed copy of a print I had created of all the many years' worth of covers of the Carefree Times publications (published by Michael Payne).

The shag world was fortunate to have had Phil as a loyal contributor, and I am glad to have had him as a friend.

Mike Rink





I was first introduced to Dr. Phil Sawyer many, many years ago through his writings. He had a unique realistic viewpoint with a pen. The writings of the CF Times and his book "Save the Last Dance for Me" are priceless.

Then the day came when I met Dr. Phil and Miss Chick. We were at a Summer Workshop in Columbia. I was chatting with Ron and Dr. Phil approached us and it began. I chatted with him several times through the weekend. I happened to have peppermint Altoids with me and we became Altoid friends. I sat and chatted, and he shared many wonderful life stories about his family, his writings, and his love of shag.

So..... years went by and kept following Dr. Phil. He was very active in the shag world. He loved and had such a great influence on ACSC and SOS. I had wanted to become involved in ACSC in some form or fashion and he was encouraging. Our relationship continued to grow, and he received peppermint bark often. He was a sweet, sweet man.

I became the vice chairman of ACSC, and our telephone conversations were at an all time high. He would tell me to light a fire under the presidents and get them going. I would ask for advice on many, many, subjects and he gave the best. I grew to love him dearly.

His health started to decline, and he would bounce back again and again. We visited and called as often as we could. I remember our last hospital visit I took his peppermint Altoids and peppermint bark.

Phil was a comedian, a wonderful husband and father, a dancer, historian, Budweiser man, Mouse Trap Charter Customer but more importantly my friend. God enriched my life through Dr. Phil Sawyer.

Robin Morley





Dr. Phil Sawyer—what a remarkable man he was. To the new shaggers in our shag family, you missed knowing a treasure. Phil's involvement in ACSC and SOS went back to the beginning in the early 80's. He was one of the group of 4 or 5 that were instrumental in creating the ACSC. Their first meeting was around a kitchen table in Columbia. In 1989, SOS as we knew it was beginning to have some problems. Phil had the vision for the ACSC to purchase SOS from Swink Laughter. Many thought he was crazy. How could that happen? But boy what a deal! Look how far we have come. Phil worked so hard. He was a Southern Gentleman who loved to shag and his S.C. Gamecocks. He was truly a visionary and always had Miss Chick by his side. Phil loved to dance with the ladies and tell jokes. He always had a joke at the ACSC meetings. Sometimes you raised your eyebrows at them. He used to call me and say Judy we need to talk. Always available for him.

In my first term as chairman of the ACSC, we endowed a scholarship at USC in the school of dance in Phil's name. He was so proud of this. Miss him and Miss Chick every day. I encourage you to stop by The Company Store and see his portrait.

We share the same birthday (Different years). Always think of him on that day with love and respect.

Judy Vick





SAVE THE LAST DANCE FOR ME

PHIL SAWYER



TOM POLAND

A Love Story of the Shag
and the Society of Stranders

Dr. Phil's Last Dance

We were at an SOS/ACSC workshop many years ago (I can't remember where) and Paula Sue and I were sitting at a table with Dr. Phil and Miss Chick. As we were talking, listening to the music, and watching people dance, a song was played that Dr. Phil loved to dance to in his younger days. He leaned over, said he wanted to dance and asked if I could help him out. I was a little surprised because by then he had started to become a little wobbly. But I said, "Sure what can I do?" he said, "Just stand here and hold me up". I whispered to Paula Sue what was going on. We stood up and she took his hand and led him out onto the floor. The people at the tables were watching in amazement as Dr. Phil began to dance. I was standing beside him in case he started to fall. He and Paula Sue were simply doing the basic, when he leaned into me and told me to hold on to him because he was going to do his fancy steps. I held on to his right arm while he cut loose indeed with his "fancy steps". He was tearing up the floor and had the biggest smile on his face. It wasn't any time before the ladies started lining up to dance with Dr. Phil. They would cut in like they do in the Birthday Dance. They wanted to dance with the man who had made SOS what it still is today. There were many pictures taken that night and I wish so much I had one with which to remember this unplanned "happening". I consider it quite an honor to have helped Dr. Phil in what I believe was his last dance. As I think back on that night, I can't help but remember the title of his book, "Save The Last Dance For Me."

Respectfully submitted by:

Dwayne Baggett

Co-authored by

Don David





Dr. Phil Sawyer

Quote from "SOS deja vu"

1989 article "Robert's Remembered"

"...the bottom line is I saw shagging for the first time, somehow learned to do it in the next year, got it in my blood, and my life has been greatly enriched ever since."





**Missed you
Dr. Phil and
was needing a**

\$20 Lap Dance !



I was so blessed the day that I met Dr. Phil. Anyone and everyone would fall in love with this man immediately. My favorite memories of him are the times he would call me and we would talk for hours. He would have an idea or something for me to help him do for SOS. Then I had the honor of him talking to me about the history of ACSO/SOS and I cherish every minute of him. He will always hold a special place in my heart and so will Miss Chick.

Vickie Harrison



Dr Phil was bigger than life to all who loved our dance. He was the role model that set the wheels in motion. As I set my mind on remembering him, I can see his kindness first of all. Everyone knew who Dr Phil was and wanted just a moment to speak or shake his hand. He always found that moment no matter who approached him. I go back to the early 80's when SOS began-we were all young then. So many memories are stored in my mind so many faces that I may never have known their name. Dr Phil stood out because he was already somebody special and I was a nobody. CB & I came to SOS to sell shag clothing. We set up at Fat Jack's front room. I had a great spot to watch all the creators of SOS. It was easy to see why this event was going to be something special. Dr Phil made a point to walk over and introduce himself to us. Man did we feel special. From that day forward I never changed my mind about him and his sweet wife Miss Chick. I am so honored to be asked to write words to honor a man I admired and appreciated so much. Those who had the pleasure to know him were blessed. If you did not, see his great love for our lifestyle and dance every time you set foot on the dance floor. Thanks always Dr Phil for lighting up a room by just walking thru a door.

Joan Kimbro





A Very Special Friend,

Years ago, I met Dr. Phil at an ACSC event and after hearing so much about him, I noticed how much that he and Ms. Chick loved what they were doing and their friends around them and our dance. What I didn't realize was what all that Phil had accomplished and how deep his commitment was to the music he loved and his friends. He worked very hard to make his lifelong dream come true. He was so dedicated and had such a vision and focus on making this dream come true. Phil was very good at making new friends, talking with anyone, or just telling a funny joke. He was a very intelligent man; he could reach out and talk to anyone and just be fun to be around. Always talking about Ms. Chick and their children. He was very professional in his endeavors. But he was just down to earth and a good ole' boy. Always had a good time when he was around and Oh! how he loved to dance and all the women loved to dance with him. Always looking for a new challenge or adventure from writing his book to making his dreams come true. He was so easy to talk to and to share his experiences. I respected Dr. Phil so much as many others did. Phil and Ms. Chick will always be remembered and they will always have a special place in Mary and my hearts. There is no higher honor that I could give them but to call them our friends.

Thank you for the memories and the journey and letting us be just a small part of your lives.

Forever,

Ronnie and Mary Gregory





My Memories of Dr Phil Sawyer

I met Dr. Phil and Miss Chick probably in 1989. I knew that I would enjoy this friendship for many reasons. I loved the Southern accent that both shared and of course Dr. Phil's humor and stories. This started in 1990 and continued through the years, Dr. Phil would come to Ducks on Saturday afternoons, the last day of SOS, and all the meetings were over and most of the issues had been solved. Dr. Phil would order his favorite cold "beer" Budweiser and watch the dancers for a while. Then when one of his favorite songs started playing, Dr. Phil would ask me to dance. And I loved it!!!! That always made my SOS. There were always more dances those afternoons.

I so enjoyed listening to Dr. Phil & Miss Chick talk about their days and where they had been. Miss Chick could not understand why Dr. Phil would keep all these Shag papers. My guess - was all the shag club's newsletters that he received every month, which would have been around 100.

At SOS or other shag events there is a deep void for me since Dr. Phil and Miss Chick have passed, but I am so thrilled & blessed that I knew Dr. Phil and Miss Chick.

And I have the very special shirt with Dr. Phil's motto:

*"A Cold Beer on a Warm Night
With a Hot Date
& No Plans for Tomorrow!!"*

Ann Sigmon

Co-founder of Lake Hickory Shag Club



SPRING SAFARI

2ND THRU 29TH, 2005





Phil Huff Sawyer, Sr.
"Dr. Phil"
 SOS President Emeritus

December 22, 1930
June 27, 2015

**Heaven has a
 True Southern
 Gentleman**



Photo by Phil Sawyer 1991

**"A cold beer on a warm night with a hot date
 and no plans for tomorrow" - Dr. Phil Sawyer**



Dr. Phil Sawyer

Quote from "SOS deja vu"
 1989 article "Robert's Remembered"

**"...the bottom line
 is I saw shagging
 for the first time,
 somehow learned
 to do it in the
 next year, got it
 in my blood, and
 my life has been
 greatly enriched
 ever since."**



"Save the Last Dance for Me"

*A Love Story of the Shag and the Society of Strangers
 by: Dr. Phil Sawyer and Tom Poland*



TABSELS

S.O.S. AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

By
Phil Sawyer

It happens every year. Along about the middle of S.O.S., an ole timer will lament to me "S.O.S. ain't what it used to be." "Who are these people? Where do they come from?", he will continue. "I walked all the way from Duck's to the deck of the Galleon and I didn't see a single person I remember from the beach in 1947."

Well, he's right. It ain't what it used to be, and for that matter nothing else is what it used to be. As Thomas Wolfe said, "You can't go home again." Simple arithmetic tells us that if the ole timers were in their early twenties when they were lifeguards and called Bingo, they would be in their early seventies today. Many of course are, and many, of course, continue to come to and enjoy every day of S.O.S.

There is a new generation of shaggers and stranders now. People who learned the dance and came to the beach years after Hurricane Hazel – indeed many of them were not even born then – make up the core of the eight to ten thousand souls for whom our blessed events are the highlights of the year. And thank goodness for them. Without these stout folk, there would be no S.O.S today.

Today's S.O.S.ers come from the one hundred shag clubs scattered throughout the Southeast. They learned to love and do the dance in the local lounges of their communities which are kept alive by the untiring efforts of the leadership of the local clubs. They make S.O.S. what it is today.

Each year on December 31st. at midnight, we lift our glasses high and salute the grant ole man who was the past year. We also welcome the diapered newcomer who will grow with us through the new year. So it is with S.O.S. Each year a couple of the legends are missed, but each year hundreds of the people who will become the legends of tomorrow experience the event of their lifetime for the first time.

Thank God for them both!



TASSELS

A potpourri of and about beach and shagging

by Phil Sawyer



DRIVING MISS CHICK

Driving Miss Daisy is just about the best movie I've seen since Maxie Adams and I ran the projectors at H. A. Sawyer's theater, we called it the "picture show", in Salley in 1945. If you have not seen it don't miss it. I enjoyed it so much probably, because you see Hoke and I have something in common. For Hoke, it was Miss Daisy; for me, it's driving Miss Chick.

Now Miss Daisy had the good breeding to sit in the back seat 'as befitted her station. Even though she was crotchety, she was about as parsimonious with her words as she was with her money. Miss Chick on the other hand sits right smack in the front seat where she can see everything, monitor all the gauges, signals, traffic, and give directions. Believe me, when it comes to generosity with advice and counsel on how and where to drive, Miss Chick is right up there with the Rockafellows, Mellons, and Carnegies.

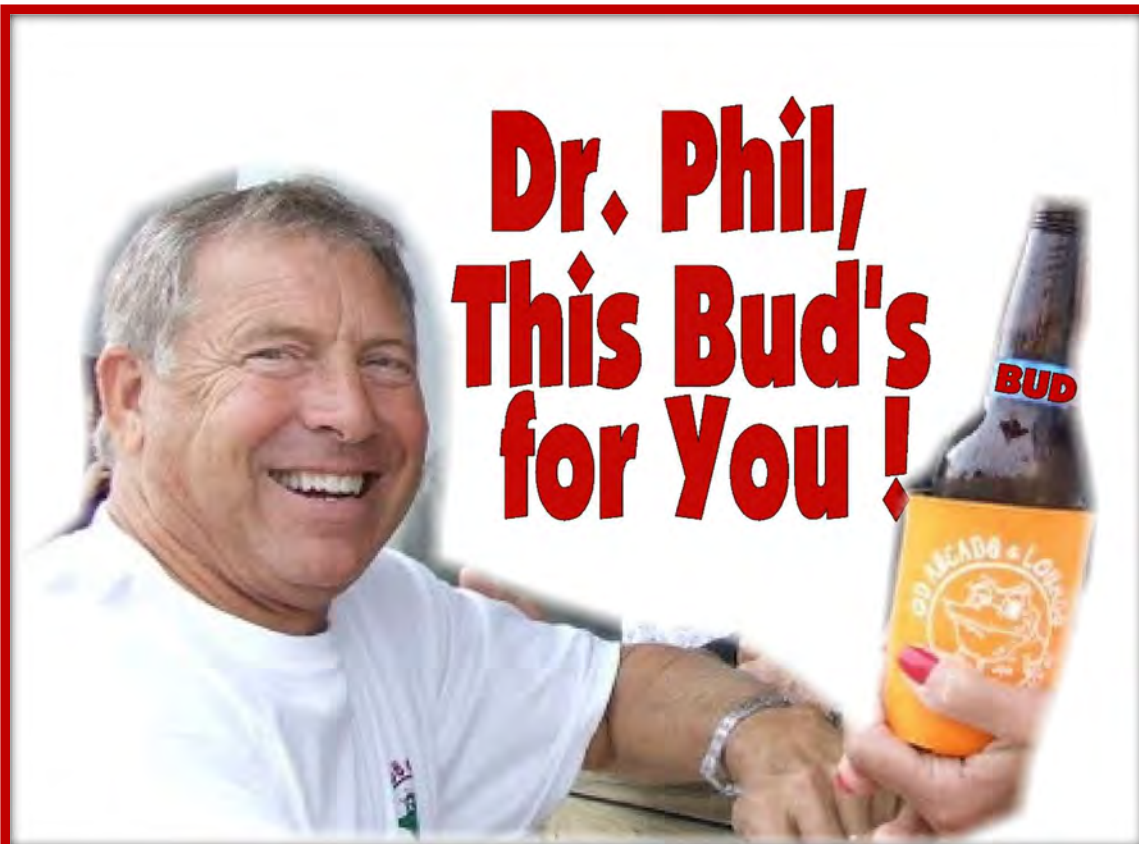
We have been in our house so long it's paid for. Most of the places we go are pretty much where they've been for these three decades. You'd think that by now, I'd pretty well know how to get from our house to say, Shealy's Sandwich Shop--right? Wrong! I have only to turn either right or left at the first street we come to when it all begins. "What are you going this way for? You know it's the longest and has all those stop lights (lights are always red). They close at 2:30 and we only have five minutes." No matter where you have to go or when you have to be there, Miss Chick allows about four minutes for the trip.

After about a half dozen turns and re-starts, the route is no longer interesting. We turn our attention to the gas gauge. Anytime the needle moves one millimeter to the left of the quarter full mark, doom is upon us. We'll be stranded forty miles from nowhere, in the rain, while every place we intend to go closes and we don't even have any Sunday beer. If any of you ever need a program for your club on driving around on an empty gas tank, Miss Chick is your girl.

So we stop for gas, it takes about nine and a half gallons (holds 18), and swing back on our way. Now it's time to play the lanes game. No matter which lane I am in, on Two Notch, Beltline, or I-20, the other lane is always going faster. Of course when I switch lanes, without a signal, and cause a thirteen car pile up, you don't have to be a rocket scientist to figure what happens. You're right. Then the question becomes, "what are you doing in this lane, the other one's going now?"

So now my orange crush (you know better) is empty, and I have this thing about being a litterbug, so I crush it (cheap can) and start to stick it under the front seat. Here it comes. A lecture on cleanliness that would earn a girl scout merit badge. An on it goes. At least for us, car trips are not boring.

By the way, Hoke, Miss Chick wants you to be her driver. Come on Miss Daisy, you can ride with me.





Dear Phil Jr, and Dale,

TK and I met Phil and Chick in the early 80's. From the beginning it was for us a great relationship with respect and affection for a couple that gave so much to our "shag world". With Phil's help and guidance, I was able to participate in both SOS and the ASCS on a leadership level. I greatly enjoyed those years serving with him.

Philip was always at the front—with his vision - leading us on, with Chick in the background with her love and patience for Phil. To say that ACSC and SOS accomplished a lot under his leadership is an understatement. I firmly believe (as many others do) that without Phil and his determination, not to mention love of the dance and music that both organizations would not have survived. He was the right person at the right time!

I hope that this note will help you realize how much your Mom and Dad were loved and respected. Lucky are you two for having parents with such a great legacy.

Much love, Mary Robinette



Back in 2006 at the Burlington Shag Club Summer Workshop, I gave Dr. Phil this Doll that I made for him. I knew of Dr. Phil and Ms Chick a little and had heard how he was such a Shag Icon, that Ronnie had suggested that I make a doll that kind of looked like him. After Dr. Phil got back home, he was so appreciative that he wrote me this letter and sent these 2 pictures to me. I was so honored, that I had to share with you. Since then I really got to know them both and found out they were more than Shag Icons, they were true friends and were very special people.

Mary Gregory

Dear Mary:

I waited to write to you to thank you for the "Dr. Phil Doll" until I got a couple of pictures to send you. As you might guess, I have a room full of trophies from my twenty-five years in the shag world, but none are more important to me than "Dr. Phil.:" He stands proudly atop a bookcase where he can supervise everything that goes on.

He also is a constant reminder of the great workshop in Burlington. Chick and I had a wonderful time even if out dancing was limited. We get a little stronger each day and soon I hope we'll be shagging again.

Thanks again for the doll—tell all our friends in the Burlington Shag Club how much we enjoyed being in Burlington.

Sincerely,





Fun Times!



Sweet Memories of Dr. Phil and Ms. Chick
"Our Forever Shadow Dancers in Shag Heaven"

I had always known of Dr. Phil & Ms. Chick Sawyer since I have been going to SOS since 1987. To me they were bigger than life and just two wonderful individuals that to know them was to love them. But I truly got to know them intimately when I got elected to the SOS Board in 2010. The first thing Ms. Chick said to me was, "Well Doris, I really did not know who you were when you first got on the Board. Oh, I have seen you around SOS, but I said to Phil, exactly just who the hell is Doris Keaton?" Now some might have gotten offended by that but to me it just tickled me. I asked her what Dr. Phil said and she said he told her I was a nice person and she just better get to know me! From that moment on she did, and a wonderful friendship was formed. That friendship grew even closer when Dr. Phil passed away. We kept our grandchildren in Charlotte for five years every week and when we finished for the week, we would drive to Columbia at least twice a month and take Ms. Chick out to lunch to a restaurant of her choice.

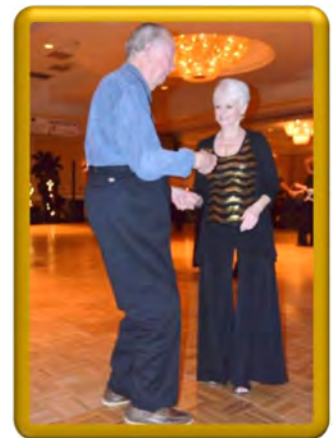
She would always greet us with, "Lord, I can't believe you have driven all the way to visit me after keeping them chaps all week. It makes me tired just thinking about it!". And then it was our talks on the phone, those are precious memories I will hold close to my heart. Ms. Chick was such a gentle soul, but she also had just a touch of a wicked sense of humor and could tell you stories that kept you mesmerized for hours.

Dr. Phil was a true southern gentleman and a true scholar. His quest for education and his desire to share it with you was all

consuming. He was generous to a fault with advice and there was no one equal to his innate charm at storytelling. I had the privilege of dancing with him and even when he felt he was past his prime, the pleasure of dancing with him ranked right up at the top as one of my fondest memories! He could always tell some of the funniest jokes but never use an improper or indecent word, it would however conjure up some images in your mind that would keep you laughing long after the joke was told. He will forever be an icon in his own right of passage who was ahead of his time in long-term thinking that has proven what it takes to keep this state dance of South Carolina, The Shag, still going and will always be associated with his name! God bless him and all he did for SOS!

I loved and will always love and remember Dr. Phil and Ms. Chick with the fondest of memories etched in my heart forever. Their love of Budweiser, ice cream, Coke Cola and shag showed that the simple things in life might not cost a lot, but they sure did bring a lot of pleasure to their world! And it was very evident that their love for one another was an everlasting love that continued from this world to the stairways to Heaven.

Doris Keaton





My favorite memory of Dr. Sawyer was 1989 when his foresight, passion and vigor led him to seize the opportunity for the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs to acquire ownership and control of SOS. At the time SOS seemed like a broken spirit sinking in doubt. It had fallen out of favor with club owners and its membership. It was being challenged by other membership organizations, divisive business interest in Ocean Drive, and rampant rumor mills spreading dissent. He seized the opportunity presented to him by SOS's owner, Gene "Swink" Laughter, for the Association to purchase SOS. There were many who thought that SOS was washed up and had no future value. Dr. Phil felt otherwise and had the foresight to see the potential, so he boldly pushed and lobbied the Association to approve the purchase. In February 1989 at its Winter Workshop, the Association's board of advisors voted to approve the purchase of SOS. His foresight, passion and vigor has since provided the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs with a goose that has laid, and is still laying, golden eggs for over three decades and counting.

Foster McKinney







**Dr. Phil &
Ms. Chick,
MISSED YOU !**

The Crown Jewels

By Phil Sawyer

The Association of Carolina Shag Clubs wears a crown. Long established as the royal house of the shag world, the Association holds court as befits a King and Queen. The symbol of royalty is the Crown. The activities of the Association are the jewels in the crown.

SOS, the diamond: Firmly set as the keystone of the crown, is SOS the most coveted of all jewels. Its facets are the participating clubs, the parade, the beach run, and most of all, just being there. It will stand.

Local Clubs, the pearl: Not a stone but created from living things – members. Local clubs are what hold this world together and make it work. The string of pearls which stretches from Florida to Virginia and points west is the culture of our spirit. The newsletter keeps us informed.

The Grand Nation, a cluster of fine stones: This one is so precious no one stone can represent it. Unique in every respect, it has helped carry shag to the nation and the shag and swing to our world. A world class event of Olympic proportions. Charlie Womble and Jackie McGee mounted this piece.

Services, the ruby: Richly colored as the beauty of the rose, the services of the Association, the toll-free number (888-SOS-3113) provides SOS information quickly and without cost, put your membership on Visa or Master Charge, start a new club assistance, contributions to the Hospice Foundation, workshops for fun, throughout the year...the heart of ACSC.

Carefree Times, the jade: Four times a year this gem informs, entertains, appreciates and recognizes. As the jade, it is strong in, articles, a photographic journal of our festivities, and a schedule of what's happening and where.

Mid-Winter, the sapphire: As rich and blue as the January sky, this jewel, once the best kept secrets, is now known to one and all. This is regarded by many as the most precious stone in the crown. A truly regal event.

Junior SOS, the opal: The rainbow of gems is the young shaggers who will be here long after we are gone. It is up to us to make sure they keep it, because the future is up to them. God loves them and so do we.

Before we complete our crown, we'll save a space or two for added jewels. Our kingdom is growing rapidly, and we are an ever-developing lot. So, we are sure to hold court for some future jewels to be added to our crown.

*Dr. Phil and Ms. Chick's
55th. Wedding Anniversary*







The Man, The Myth, The Legend



Dr. Phil Sawyer





When I think of Dr. Phil Sawyer and what he meant to us, there are several things that come to mind. He was a true Southern Gentleman, enjoyed life to the fullest, always engaging in conversation with everyone, amazing history buff, loved his home state of South Carolina, his alma mater USC and the South Carolina state dance—the SHAG.

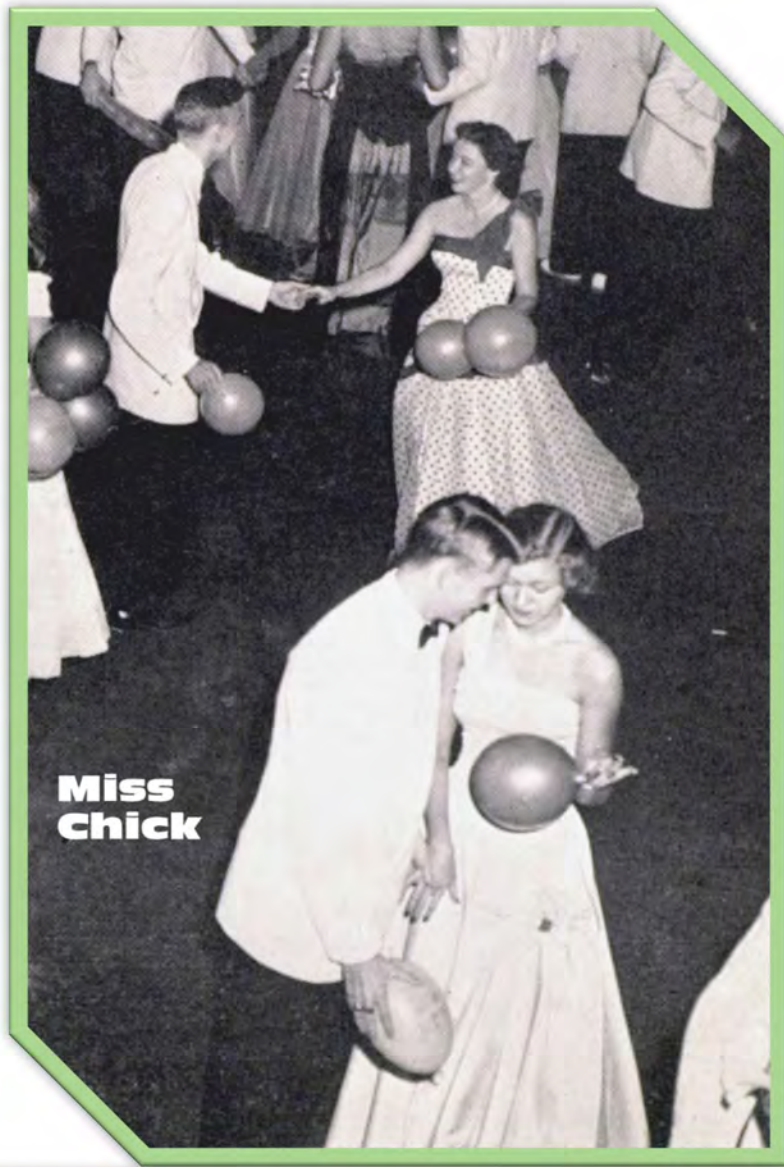
Dr. Phil was so knowledgeable of so many things and it was a delight just to hear him talk. So engaging and there was nothing you could inquire about, that he didn't have a response to, whether it be serious or humorous. What a great wit he had and his jokes were world famous, at least in the shag world, that is. I remember one of the first stories he told us was about the "Blue Hand Bud". Too lengthy to write it all but if you knew him well, you know the story. No one could tell a story like Dr. Phil and we surely do miss those tall tales and him.

A true family man and Miss Chick was always at his side. She was something else and a delightful lady to know, as well. So many wonderful memories that we will always carry in our hearts. So blessed to have known them.

Save That Last Dance For Me,

Rosemary and Billy Parten





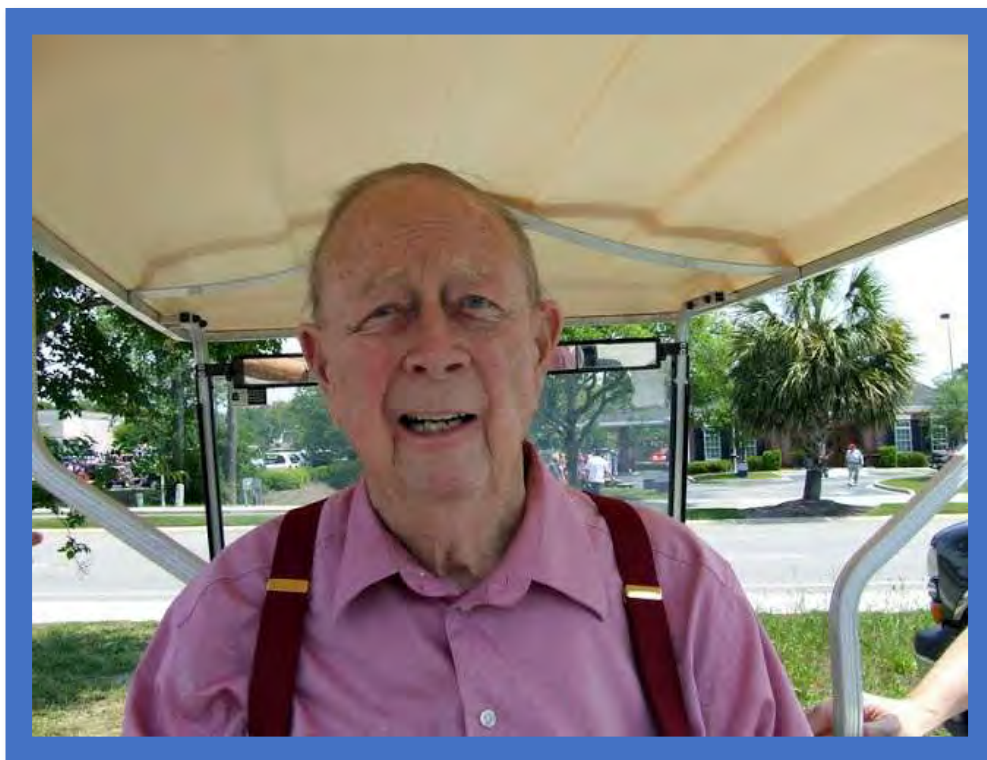
This poem was written by Phil Sawyer and was in the 1993 SOS Fall Migration Carefree Times.

This was one of the highest compliments for loving our dance that anyone could ever be paid! Phil was great with words and expressing what he felt! Phil loved our dance, the people, the history he was such a large part of and Carl and I were privileged to call him and Mrs. Chick our longtime friends.

Ellen Taylor

Ellen by Phil Sawyer

The acknowledged first lady of shag,
Over whom everyone can brag.
Earns her unique reputation
Loves each dance sensation.
Let her come to the floor even an hour or more
Nor any enjoys such elation.
Many have made the long haul,
Yet failed to arrive there at all.
For it's not the nice steps that will make you
Rise to the heights the dance takes you.
It's the friends with whom you share love,
Even more than the stars up above.
No one you meet will forget you.
Dance on! Your whole life's before you.



One of the funniest comments I have heard from Phil was he felt the songs were too long. He said, "I know only so many steps, and I can be cute just so long"!

Whenever, several of us women were standing by him, he would turn to us and say, "What a bevy of beauties". Of course, we smiled and smiled and giggled!

When you talk about Phil, you can't forget about Miss Chick! Larry and I were riding with Phil and Chick to an Association meeting in Mooresville one year when it started snowing, and the temperature started dropping and dropping fast. Now, we knew it was going to be cold, but were not expecting snow! As we pulled up to the skating rink for the meeting, I happened to look down at Chick's feet and asked, "Why are you wearing sandals"? She looked at me and said, "Why not?" What could I say???

Larry and I were so fortunate to be counted as friends of Phil and Chick. They were such a wonderful, fun couple, that people always wanted to be with them!! I miss them to this day!

Marie Taylor





Phil Sawyer

TASSELS

A potpourri of and about beach and shagging

PHIL SAWYER

The dance floor juttied out on the front left side of the pavilion. The large wooden windows opened to the ocean, wind, and a world of beach people as they sunned, swam, and drove up and down the beach. The juke box, a vintage Wurlitzer with twenty-four seventy-eight rpm records sat in a box sort of like the ones refrigerators come in. Five cents a record, six for a quarter. Robert's Pavilion in 1945 was the Taj Mahal to a 14 year old from Salley, a rural town in the sandhills of South Carolina about two light years from Ocean Drive.

We were down for a house party which was itself a miracle. Aiken, Orangeburg, and Barnwell, country people didn't go to Ocean Drive. They didn't even know where it was. Folly or Edisto maybe, but not Ocean Drive. We had just learned to jitterbug, another miracle because Salley boys in 1945 hung around the filling station and learned to fix carburetors or put hot patches on red rubber innertubes. They sure as hell didn't learn how to dance. There are about a dozen stories in these short paragraphs but the bottom line is I saw shagging for the first time, somehow learned to do it in the next year, got it in my blood, and my life has been greatly enriched ever since.

I graduated from Carlisle in 1947 and entered USC in the fall. I remember seeing Bubba Snow and Jackie Sawyer (no kin) shagging in the Carolina canteen about the first week I was there. I was smitten. I went to dances just about every week-end for the five years it took me to graduate. (Shagging just may have had something to do with taking 5 years.) This was the era of the fraternity dances on Friday night with Woody Woodward's orchestra and the big bands at the township Auditorium. For \$2 you could dance all night to Harry James, Tommy or Jimmy Dorsey, Stan Kenton, or the Glen Miller Band. When black bands played for dances, white spectators were allowed in the balcony for \$1. I had surely died and gone to heaven.

Chick and I dated and were married in the late 50s. We met several years earlier at a dance at Newberry College. We went dancing on most every date at The Web, AMVETS, VFW, and other spots in and around Columbia. We slowed down a little in the 60s and 70s to raise two children but continued to dance at the Fort Jackson Officer's Club to 2nd Nature and other bands.

We became a part of the beach and shag renaissance in Columbia in 1979 at Wit's End and were out almost every night dancing. In the heyday of the old Fanny's Beach Club in 1985, we went shagging 57 consecutive nights to celebrate turning 55. We joined the Columbia Shag Club which I served as president for three years. I originated the Columbia Shag Club Newsletter the first club publication and have written articles for It Will Stand and Carolina Class.

I was co-founder of the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs and have served as Chairman of the Board of Advisors for three of its six years. The Association grew from 16 to 33 clubs with over 6000 members. Chick and I assisted with the organization of Our Time and are a Host Couple. We have attended most major Association and OD shag events since 1980.

It's a Blast From the Past...Thank You Dr. Phil

Where it all began in September of 1980

by Phil Sawyer



Phil Sawyer

knew he had to leave and kept on going. We all remember Thomas Wolfe's legacy to wisdom in this world—"You can't go home again."

At that time, there was no assurance that there would ever be another S.O.S. North Myrtle Beach didn't know quite what to make of us; there was mixed emotion. Some said move it to Myrtle. Swink knew this would not work. But the shaggers and stranders were united in one thought—we're gonna do it again next year.

Thus began the Fall Migration. It did not have a name at the time—that came later—and fortunately for all of us today, there was another S.O.S. in September 1981.

And here we are again. S.O.S. XVIII—eighteen years later. The event is so great it is measured in

Roman numerals, just like the Super Bowl.

The simple reason that we are still around eighteen years later is that we were born of demand from the stranders. We didn't try to create the demand. Swink's idea became a product that people wanted—and still want—and here we are, and here we'll stay.

All of us owe Swink Laughter. What he began has become something we must have, our events at the beach. There are none others like it. S.O.S. stands above and beyond any and all parties for true lovers of beach, beach music,

shaggers, boppers, stranders, and swingers anywhere in the country.

S.O.S. has grown with the times. We are now a ten-day festival, and throughout this *Carefree Times* you can read about the many exciting things that will be yours this week.

But as you marvel at the incredibly lucky breaks that caused you to be a part of it, pause for a moment. Walk out to the beach, look out at the ocean, turn your head to capture the pulsating beat of beach music from the nearest deejay, look up to the azure Carolina sky, and think to yourself: Thank you, Lord.!

When the first S.O.S. was over in the waning hours of an absolutely magnificent Sunday afternoon in September of 1980, Swink Laughter had to leave to get back to Virginia. He half jogged-trotted from the deck at Fat Jack's up the beach, stopped once, had a strong urge to turn and go back, but

A Shagger's Prayer

Lord shoot the gun and raise the flag,
At long, long last I've learned to shag.

The Basic I can do with ease,
The Boogie Walk with bended knees.

The Pivot I now do very well,
Though learning it was holy hell.

As well as any I Belly Roll,
And better than most I'm often told.

I Sugarfoot, Studder, Pick and Lean,
And as for presence, man I'm mean.

Flybacks and Drop-Spins I take in stride,
Non-shaggers now I can't abide.

Lord look down, that shagger you see,
With grateful heart, Lord,
that's me, Me, ME!

Phil Sawyer, Author





A TORNADO, HURRICANE AND A GOOD OLE BOY DIVORCE

There's a story making the rounds on what a tornado, hurricane, and a Good Ole Boy divorce in Lexington County have in common: in all three, somebody loses a mobile home.

Well, we thought we'd take a little innocent piece of humor a bit further and divide up the rest of the property.

BY: PHIL SAWYER

In addition to the 14 x 70 Fleetwood with 3 bedrooms and 2 baths, (and the 34 remaining payments) she also gets the children. There was never any question about this, and along with the children goes both cats, two goldfishes, the video tapes of all the Elvis Presley movies, and Hooked on Phonics. He, of course gets the pick-up truck, the chain saw, the dogs, and the jumper cables. The shot guns were his before they married. She argued a bit about the giant chrome tool case, said she wanted to store her collection of Harlequin romance novels which she said might be valuable one day, but since it was tailor made (took three-month's rent money to pay for it) for the pick-up, she gave in. This was after all a friendly parting.

He got the three piece Naugahyde living room suite along with the coffee table made from a huge slice of Cyprus stump and she got the chrome dinette (six chairs), and the four by eight velvet picture of the Last Supper they bought at the intersection of I-40 and highway 61 on their way to the Apple Valley Comfort Inn for their honeymoon at Pigeon Forge.

She would not part with the white, French-style telephone that her church circle gave her or the brass costumer that stood by the front door that she got with twelve books of Greenbax stamps. He got the infield parking pass to the Southern -500, the season tickets to the Clemson games, and the 1/8th carat Diamond Onyx/14K Gold ring. She pitched a fit about the latter because she bought it for his birthday from Service Merchandise with the money she made from working nights at Starvin Marvin's. She kept the year's supply of Garlique.

There was only one surprise in the settlement. She got the 1993 Scott 17.2 with 115 HP 4 cylinder Yamaha outboard and Shakespeare SE2500 VHF radio, Eagle Ultra II fishfinder, and Bimini top. That really did seem kinda odd, but then Judge Mary Elizabeth Spires said that was the way it was gonna be.



Jolly Knave owner Bill Harper, Phil, and myself at the Jolly Knave the year that Capital Area Shag Club hosted the ACSC winter workshop in Atlantic Beach during their annual Winter Shag Blast.

Phil was and knew most of the old timers of whom were the reason for our first SOS reunion started with Gene Laughter's message in a bottle. Phil's stories of those past times were always wonderful to hear, stories of individuals, events, and the lifestyle. I was on the SOS board with Phil for 6 years, he was a great ambassador for us and many times our voice of reason. We all should be proud of his contribution to our lifestyle.

Martha McNally

Memories



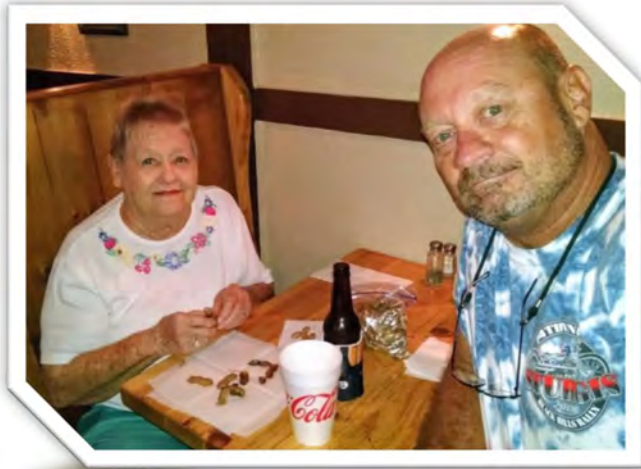
Phil and Phil Jr.



Phil and Chick



Family



Chick and Dale





55th Anniversary









Phil Huff Sawyer, Sr.

"Dr. Phil"

SOS President Emeritus

December 22, 1930

June 27, 2015

**Heaven has a
True Southern
Gentleman**