



William Norfleet Jones 1991

WILLIAM NORFLEET JONES

Norfleet Jones, infamously known as the "Guru of do-do", was born and raised in one of the "richer" sections of Raleigh, N.C. to loving parents, Dean and Koma Jones. Dean and Koma tried hard and are not . . . repeat not . . . responsible for the wayward product in evidence today. Norfleet's formal training started at Atlantic Beach, N.C. in the mid-50's under the expert tutelage of two prominent North Carolinians . . . Shad Alberty and Doug Perry. All of his bad habits (many) were acquired from following Shad's personal example. His few good points he acquired under the loving and brotherly guidance of Doug. During the 50's and 60's, Norfleet "operated" at Atlantic Beach, O.D., Carolina Beach, Williams Lake, Faison Tobacco Barn and White Lake. He developed his now infamous "four corners" technique at Elliot's Nest in Raleigh (ask him about the rules), and after many, many efforts has succeeded in two wins, four ties, and a pee-pot full of losses. Norfleet's romances and "such!?" are legendary and have been the subject of many roasts and fodder for local gossip mills. Unfortunately, he is one of those individuals who gets caught every time he screws up . . . ; which is daily . . . and as a result, he has been credited with a most profound and oft' repeated statement. "Honey, are you going to believe me or your lying eyes?"

Since his retirement from the Raleigh Fire Department as a Captain (and a damn good one) and subsequent move to Ocean Drive, he has made an effort to improve his tarnished image to the populace of South Carolina. In order to accomplish this monumental task, he has enlisted the professional services of two pillars of the community to campaign and spread good "do-do" about his activities and reputation. These tacky "bards of the boardwalk" are Dennis "Commondirt" Sides and Cooter "13 Count Basic" Douglas, who are the cutting edge and vanguard of the "Let's Love Norfleet Despite Himself" support group. After months of brown-nosing and payoffs, they have recruited a dedicated following . . . 7 to be exact. The list consists of such notables as Butch "Cinderella" Metcalf, Rick "Smoke Gets in your EYE" Hubbard, Jimmy "Swamprat" Reeves, Judge "Bribe" Breeden, Jo Jo "P.E.P.P.P." Putnam, and the "Blister" Sisters. A very UNreliable source, Janet "Whips and Chains" Harrold, reports that they are close to signing on John (Mr. Pee Wee) Teel, Charlie (Mr. Jackie) Womble, Don "Fun" Bunn, Judy "Thunder Thighs" Duke . . . and maybe even Sandra "Tammy Faye" Schwartz . . . a real cadre of outstanding citizenry. Since his move to the beach, Norfleet has continued his business and social-ethics training under Bob "Biscuit Breath" Baker, a needy, under-privileged, ne're-do-well from Ocean Drive and Tabor City.

Remember, Norfleet has lost all his kitchen ware, Arthur Prysock records and Doug's bedroom suite (twice) in his well publicized "statements", but . . . alas, he struggles on, vowing to make yet another comeback . . . we do appreciate his initiative, but as usual . . . question his judgement!!

In all seriousness, when there were only a few people around still doing our dance, Norfleet took a real financial and personal risk by opening "Our Place" in Raleigh. In the minds of many beach folks, this single act had a great impact on the growth and popularity of the shag and beach clubs in general. His smooth dance style, cute shoes and "pretty lies" are classics. We welcome him to the Beach Shaggers Hall of Fame . . . and yes . . . he is "heavy" . . . but he has been my brother for over 30 years, and I reckon I will have to "carry" him for 30 more!

Lovingly submitted (with tongue-in-cheek),
John Douglas Perry