

Charlotte Observer, July 31, 1905

Those Frogs of Toxaway

As Famous As Bulls of Bashan

They Sing Well and Please the Guests of Toxaway Inn, and Are Known Far and Near for Their Wisdom – Many of the Chief Guys Call Themselves Big Names, as “Bob Glenn,” “Gov. Aycock,” “Col. Galloway” and Such Like – Capt. Bason, Clad in His Linen Suit, Spreads Consternation – The Old Man Gives Frogs a Shock

The frogs of Toxaway will become as famous as the bulls of Bashan. It is only a question of time, for “their voice roareth like the sea they ride” and the whole country-side trembles when they speak.

Dr. A. Cheatham, the resident physician at Toxaway Inn, has been making a special study of his neighbors in green, who furnish such elegant music in the wee small hours of the night. He has become an expert interpreter of their calls and songs.

Among other things, he has learned that the frogs have taken the names of some of NC’s most distinguished citizens...that they are wise in their day and generation and that they are accomplished gossipers of a most pronounced type. If any strangers set sail on Lake Toxaway or stroll about the inn, the gentlemen in green will discuss and settle his standing in the community.

Caldwell Woodruff, the dark-haired brother of sorrel-topped Croft Woodruff [*himself mentioned in [a story of the Lodge at Mt. Toxaway](#)*], of Charlotte, private secretary to Mr. J.C. Burrowes, manager of the Toxaway hotels, has been ranked and routed by the frogs of Toxaway. Being somewhat of a Romeo, young Woodruff got a fair Juliet and strolled across the little bridge that connects the mainland, on which Toxaway Inn is located, with Lover’s Retreat, the pretty little island of the lake. The deep-throated frogs saw Romeo and Juliet as they sauntered, and prepared to inquire into their case so soon as they settled.

Ten minutes after having crossed the bridge, Woodruff and his pretty lass occupied a rustic seat, beneath a large and majestic oak, hard by the splashing waters. But Caldwell Woodruff’s troubles were close at hand. The frogs were on to him. From far across the water came this warning: “I see yer! I see yer! I see yer!”

Another frog asks: “Whoo are you! Whoo are you! Whoo are you!” Quick came the reply: “Bob Glenn! Bob Glenn! Bob Glenn!”

Having gotten their bearing, the little beasts opened up on the courting couple. Mr. Glenn inquired: “Whoo is it? Whoo is it? Whoo is it?” A little bit of a frog with terrible lungs, and much wisdom, answered, “It’s Woodruff! It’s Woodruff! It’s Woodruff!”

The green spy who hangs out about the boat house, demanded: “Whoo is it with `im? Whoo is it with `im? Whoo is it with `im?”

But Dr. Galloway, being a frog of extreme politeness and old-time gallantry, cried out, "Let `em alone! Let `em alone! Let `em alone!"

However, the investigation had gotten on the nerves of the young lady and she suggested that it might be well to return to the hotel.

CAPT. BASON A GREAT FROG HUNTER

Captain George Bason is one of the greatest frog hunters in the country; he goes after them with torch-light and gig, and destroys hundreds in a single night. During the bar association, this well-known lawyer took several days off and, accompanied by Joe Dunn, the famous Toxaway fisherman and guide, went frogging. They would wait until good dark and then start out in a canoe with a torch for a blind and a terrible gig for a weapon. All innocent frogs were helpless, for they were taken right in the midst of their nocturnal song service, and Capt. Bason, being a sportsman brave and true, never failed to pursue his game to the limit; he often left the boat and waded around the edges.

But the fame of this mighty frogger had gone before him and the Toxaway wiseacres were prepared for him. The big fellow, nick-named Col. Swift Galloway, was on to the captain as soon as he landed. He had heard of the famous linen suit and was on the lookout for it.

Therefore, the very first night that Capt. Bason and Joe Dunn went gliding over the waters of Lake Toxaway, Col. Swift smelt a mouse, and asked, in a voice great and strong: "Whoo is it? Whoo is it? Whoo is it?"

The chief spy, who sits secreted beneath the boat house, answered: "It's Joe Dunn! It's Joe Dunn! It's Joe Dunn!"

"Whoo is it with `im? Whoo is it with `im? Whoo is it with `im?"

"It's Captain Bason! It's Captain Bason! It's Captain Bason!"

Col Swift: "Think of that! Think of that! Think of that!"

"He's rapid! He's rapid! He's rapid! He's rapid!"

"You'd better hide! You'd better hide! You'd better hide!"

That being the danger cry, the frogs all over the pond said "Skit!" and disappeared. Ever since that day if a man, a-wearing of a bluish linen suit, appears upon the scene, the frogs take fright.

Last week Mr. John B. Ross, known as "The Old Man" of the Observer office, took a little trip to the Sapphire country, and, being a sailor ponderous parts, donned a pair of light blue trousers and a pale gray shirt, secured himself a boat and set out across the lake. The sun was just disappearing behind a little mountain and fog frogs were just beginning to tune their lungs for the night. The appearance of the The Old Man set the gossiping tongues to wagging.

From a distant tussle, Col. Galloway asked: "Whoo i-s the big duffer? Whoo i-s the big duffer? Whoo i-s the big duffer?"

A spy at the boat house answered in a piping voice: "It's the Old Man! It's the Old Man! It's the Old Man!"

Bob Glenn chimed in: "Ain't he er whale? Ain't he er whale? Ain't he er whale?"

Col Galloway, next: "He weighs er ton! He weighs er ton! He weighs er ton!"

At that bit of humor on the part of the colonel, the frogs joined in and sang a merry song. But later on, The Old Man gave the green fellows a severe shock. He stood up in the boat to shake himself, struck a match, and lit his lantern. The frogs evidently came to the conclusion that he was no other than Capt. Bason in disguise. There was a great scattering of frogs, big and little, and the following conversation was indulged in:

Gov. Aycock: "Isn't it Bason? Isn't it Bason? Isn't it Bason?"

Col. Galloway: "I think not! I think not! I think not!"

Gov. Aycock: "He's gut his clothes! He's gut his clothes! He's gut his clothes!"

Bob Glenn: "And his tummy! And his tummy! And his tummy!"

Some little frog: "That's right! That's right! That's right!"

But the spy answered: "It's not Bason! It's not Bason! It's not Bason!"

Second spy: "It's the Old Man! It's the Old Man! It's the Old Man!"

Feeling reassured that the captain had not returned, the frogs dismissed all fear and went back to their old tricks.

The frogs of Toxaway are worth the while. They sing with understanding, and it is pleasant to hear them roar. There is nothing harsh about their tunes. The deep, bass voices soothe the breast of the nervous.

If one will read aloud the sayings of the famous frogs here quoted and get the right lick, he will find that the writer has not exaggerated in the least.