

Denny Frost  
Cornwall  
Interview by Dinny Greene

Denny commented that Dr. Brad was respected in most ways, but certainly as a doctor, not only in Cornwall but also in adjoining towns. He was delivered by Dr. Brad, as were all his and Charlotte's children. Charlotte once asked him how many babies he had delivered and he estimated over 1000. He never retired, just sort of wound down. In his later years, he didn't have much interest giving in annual physicals and would just ask how someone felt.

Denny was patched up by Dr. Brad on numerous occasions: broken bones, stitches, etc. He recalled Dr. Brad bandaging both Denny and one of his own sons after a Fourth of July firecracker had gone off in their hands because they hadn't handled it properly, for which he also gave them quite a lecture. He could be very gruff and Denny thinks they were all a little afraid of him. But if one was really sick, he was gentle and wonderful. He would always come, at any time of day or night, if he were needed. Denny had strep throat a few times and Dr. Brad came late at night.

Denny said that Dr. Brad had a tractor with lawn mowing attachments that he liked to use to mow the lawn, perhaps as recreation and just to get outside. One time he lost control of it and mowed down one of Katherine's gardens, after which she made him sell it to Denny who then took over the lawn-mowing task.

Dr. Brad was musically talented, playing the piano and singing. He loved parties and would play and sing bawdy songs. Sometimes Denny and his brothers or friends would sneak down and listen to him. He played with his sons in minstrel shows that they used to have here.

Dr. Brad. "ran a pair of two-tone blue Nash Ambassador cars" -- he needed two because he drove "with gusto and was always having fender benders." One time, in the fog, he came down Bunker Hill and hit a cow, killing the cow and wrecking the car. Later in life the Day family gave him a Thunderbird that he loved to drive.

At the end of WWII (VE or VJ, Denny doesn't recall), all the kids piled into Katherine's convertible and she drove all around town, blowing the horn while they cheered.

At the time Denny's children were born, Dr. Brad's fee for prenatal, delivery and postnatal care was \$300 to \$400.

Denny remembers the cigarettes, too. Dr. Brad smoked Kools. When stitching or bandaging a wound, the cigarette would dangle out of his mouth, the ash growing longer and longer over his work, a source of fascination to his patient.

His office was in the house. To get to it one walked in the front door, the secretary /nurse had an office on one side of the hall, his was across on the other. His examining room

was at the end. His office was lined with shelves of pills. It was like an apothecary shop. He had whatever medicine was needed. The waiting area had room for about five or six people to wait. It had old-fashioned church benches, stenciled by Katie and her rugs.

He worked very long days, six –seven days a week, with office hours in the afternoon from 3:30 – 6:30 every day.

His secretary for one period was called Mary Tweedy (?) who lived in the box-like house on Twixt Road. She died fairly young, Denny thinks.

Katie did a lot. She sent out the bills. Denny thinks if she hadn't Dr. Brad wouldn't have gotten around to it. She also took care of all the clerical side of his Probate work.