Temple Fay, M.D., Unconformable Crusader and Harbinger of Human Refrigeration
1895–1963

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In these days, a hospital would be considered inattentive to the modern climate of medical scientific splendor if it did not display at least one of the available variety of apparatus for "refrigerating" patients. The list of indications for the newly recognized art increases steadily. Surgical teams the world over reach profoundly low levels of hypothermia as routine workaday procedure for heart and brain operations, and the era of attaining core temperatures near freezing is close at hand. In some institutions there are well-organized hypothermia units, functioning as a specialty service.

Human refrigeration is carried into effect with a snug efficiency and sophistication that betrays its infancy as an accepted utility by the profession. The notion that clinical hypothermia is newly come to medicine and surgery is, indeed, far from the truth.14

Almost thirty years have passed since Temple Fay courageously, almost entirely alone in the midst of doubtful and untrusting colleagues, broke the temperature barrier. On March 7, 1963, in his home in the Philadelphia suburb of Germantown, Dr. Fay was lost in death to his family, his profession and to an uncountable number of patients who have reaped the benefits of a life devoted to unconformable crusading. It is fitting to briefly review the life and work of this dauntless medical frontiersman who was a living example of Harvey Cushing's dictum that a surgeon is nothing without a thorough knowledge of medicine, and a good physician is one who has a knowledge of surgical operations.4

It was only forty-seven years after the very first handful of settlers planted themselves on Alki's Point when Temple Fay's father, John Fay, travelers to what had become by then a booming town called Seattle, Washington. It was March, 1889, when this young, energetic lawyer, not long out of Harvard Law School, went west on a case which was not expected to occupy him in Seattle for very long.

The tranquil setting of the Sierra of the Olympics across Puget Sound to the west, the serene Cascade range back-dropping Lake Washington to the east and snow-capped Mt. Ranier to the south must have enchanted him beyond cure, for John Fay never left the place. It was here, on January 9, 1895, that Temple was born.

The very ancient Fays are now a rather ill-defined, almost legendary set, sprinkled amongst the best breeding stocks of early seventeenth century England, and beyond. This tendency to maintain a sterling pedigree persisted long after the arrival of eight-year-old John Fay, aboard the "Speedwell" out of London in 1656. In the then rugged and sparsely settled colony of Massachusetts, he was deposited in a collection of crude houses in what became Watertown. From then until now the name of Fay became interwoven with other names important in early American history. Brigham, Ober, Winthrop and Priestley are amongst these names. Eli Whitney was a cousin of Temple's grandfather and Frederick Ober, world-renowned ornithologist, explorer, historian and associate of the Smithsonian Institution, was a brother-in-law of his father's. Alexander Agassiz, of the Harvard Museum, was a close friend of the family. This intimacy with naturalists may, in part, explain young Fay's proclivity for

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