Presidential Address—A Proper Study of Our Program

The honor you have given me tonight,
In spite of ulcers and a touch of fright,
Has warmed the very cockles of my heart.
I only hope that I have served your part.
But you know how things are—throughout the year
The Council did the work, and I stand here.

From such a rostrum presidents review
Some modest topic, be it old or new.
The Popeian verse tells us to study man.
When gathered here, whom ought we all to scan?
Surely the dictum which must head the list
Is—Know thyself, Endocrinologist.
Arms and the man Aeneus sang for us;
Our program and the man I would discuss.
Just who are we, and what keeps us alive,
Chasing the hormones round in sixty-five?
Our labs are full of gadgets shining bright,
Our journals publish some of what we write,
And since the noun collective is a fad,
How will men group us? With what accolade?
A “harmony of hormonizers,” say?
Or just, “a plague of glanders—go away”?
Well, once again, my friends, what have we been?
A part, as Albright wrote, of medicine?
Ah yes, but in our present serried ranks
We owe all sorts of scientists our thanks.
Th’Anatomist has told us where the gland;
The Physiologist has lent a hand;
Pathologists see what has caused dysfunction;
The Chemist tells of each atomic junction;
And Industry serves both research and practice
By hormones pure produced from cow or cactus.
(They also give libations and awards
To brighten our already festive boards.)

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Our program is a forum to display
Our disciplines diverse in broad array.
The first address by C. deM. Sajous
Set forth a theme still good for me and you.
Whate’er the doctor knew of glands, said he,
Must be enriched by physiology.
Kendall and Samuels, my forerunner Hal,
Told of the mighty progress chemical.
And this year, we’ll enjoy le bon Monod
Qui dit, cellules se régént comme il faut.
Is regulation in each cell entrenched?
May further hormones from the cells be wrenched?
From Gilbert’s writing in the days post-Popeian
Let us recall his magic isle utopian.
We need the noble lord who bleeds the rat,
We want the duke who runs the thermostat,
The marquis who’ll correctly analyze
The thyroid nodule and protruding eyes.
The daily problems we enjoy so much
Should find enrichment from the common touch.
Display the harvest which research doth reap
In simultaneous talks—a massive heap.
Yet from diffusion, union should emerge,
So half a day or more, I warmly urge
We meet as one. Select for this the cream,
The topics that will most advance man’s dream.
Do not select by clinic, lab or gland,
But choose the polished effort that may stand
As that year’s model in its chosen field
To show what fruit sound thought and effort yield.
For those who know how much must still be done
Biology and medicine are one.
Dream less than this, Endocrinologist,
And you will join the men who won’t be missed.
’Twixt clinic and the lab let’s have no schism
Combine them both in broadest humanism.

—F. D. W. LUKENS

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