REMARKS ON PROFESSIONS IN MEDICINE

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This invitation of yours to speak here to-night I regard as no ordinary honor. Once before you offered me this same opportunity. Ten years ago seems so far behind us as to have occurred almost in another life time. Some of you must remember that through a long hour you were patient. And now you ask me again. You give me the chance of feeling a deep satisfaction in the belief that I was tried and was not found wanting. We both take a great risk. I take mine willingly. For there are things as to which I believe I shall feel the better for having shared my thoughts. Nor can I think of men and women with whom I prefer to share them better than with you. We have, as it were, through long personal friendships, established common points of view which, on such occasions as this, come to some sort of systematic expression.

But I can not begin without recalling that I was brought here originally by Jack Wyckoff, whom I have always cherished as one of the most gifted of my friends. His gifts were not the gifts of tinsel—he did not shine by any of the arts that compel the immediate and spontaneous admiration of other men. Quite otherwise. His virtues came to be impressed upon us by their sheer weight—massive things which, because they were exercised in right directions, came to be understood to be expressions of deep intelligence and actuated by profound human sympathy. Wyckoff understood, I think, that the profession of medicine is so inextricably embedded in the social forces of our, indeed of any, time that it is a distortion of the facts to think of its position as something isolated. To