Banting and Macleod: Insulin and the Miracle of Recovered Life (1923)

April 5, 2026



Imagine a world where the cruelest disease didn't strike in old age, but stole childhood itself. A world where, if your child started losing weight for no reason, drinking water incessantly, and urinating constantly, you knew it was the beginning of the end. There was no cure, no hope. Childhood diabetes was, in essence, a swift and heartbreaking death sentence.

In the early 20th century, this was the grim reality for thousands of families. To watch a child, full of life one day, languish the next, wasting away until their small body could no longer cope. Doctors called it 'diabetes mellitus' and its prognosis was invariably fatal. The only 'solution' was a strict, near-starvation diet, which merely prolonged the suffering for a few weeks or months, until exhaustion and acidosis eventually claimed the patient.

Think of Leonard Thompson. He was 14 years old in 1922 and was dying in a Toronto hospital. His body weighed barely 64 pounds, his skin was dry and scaly, his eyes sunken. He was in a diabetic coma, on the brink of the abyss. His desperate parents had exhausted all options, and doctors could only offer resignation.

This was not an isolated case; it was the norm. A death sentence that knew no social class or country, and that struck especially hard at the youngest. Hospitals were full of children like Leonard, awaiting the inevitable end.

But despair, sometimes, is the mother of the boldest invention. In that landscape of desolation, a young orthopedic surgeon from Canada named Frederick Banting had an idea. Not a brilliant idea, not a polished plan, but an obsession that gnawed at him ever since he read an article about the pancreas. His instinct told him that the key was not to remove it, but to extract a vital substance from it.

Banting, a man of fierce tenacity and little research experience, secured a small borrowed laboratory at the University of Toronto and a medical student to help him, Charles Best. His supervisor, Professor John Macleod, a renowned physiologist, was skeptical. Banting's idea, to isolate an internal secretion from the pancreas that controlled sugar, had already failed in the hands of more experienced scientists. But Banting's passion was contagious, and Macleod, though doubting, gave them a chance and ten dogs.

During the summer of 1921, in a hot, ill-equipped laboratory, Banting and Best worked tirelessly. Their hypothesis was that small structures in the pancreas, called 'islets of Langerhans' (imagine tiny archipelagos of cells within a large organ), produced a substance that regulated blood sugar. They believed that the pancreas's digestive enzymes destroyed this substance before it could be isolated. Banting's idea was to ligate the pancreatic ducts of the dogs so that the exocrine part (which produces digestive enzymes) would atrophy, leaving the islets intact. Then, they would extract a 'solution' from those islets.

Initial results were crude but promising. They injected this extract into diabetic dogs (whose pancreases had been removed and were doomed) and saw their blood sugar drop dramatically. It was as if they had found the key for sugar, the vital energy for cells, to re-enter them. But the extract was impure and caused fever and abscesses. They needed a chemist.

The Refinement: The Missing Piece of the Puzzle

This is where James Collip comes in, a brilliant biochemist whom Macleod brought to the team. Collip was the architect of refinement. His task was to purify that crude extract, to turn it into something safe and effective for humans. It was a process of trial and error, sleepless nights, and the pressure of knowing that outside, children like Leonard Thompson were dying daily.

Finally, Collip achieved a purer form of the extract. In early 1922, the entire team's gaze fell on Leonard Thompson, on his deathbed. On January 11, they injected him with the first dose. There was a slight improvement, but the impurity of the extract caused a severe allergic reaction. Far from giving up, Collip worked frantically to refine it further.

Twelve days later, on January 23, 1922, Leonard received a second injection, this time with Collip's improved extract. What happened next was nothing short of a miracle. Leonard's blood sugar levels plummeted to near normal. His symptoms drastically improved, and his coma began to reverse. The dying boy was coming back to life! It was like turning on a light bulb in a dark room.

Insulin: The Key to Life

The substance was named 'insulin', from the Latin*insula*, for the islets of Langerhans. How does this magical 'key' work? Think of your body as a house with many rooms (your cells) that need fuel (glucose or sugar) to function. Glucose enters your blood through food. For that glucose to move from the blood into the cells, it needs a 'key' to open the 'door' of each cell. That key is insulin. In type 1 diabetes, the body does not produce insulin (the islet cells that make it are destroyed by the immune system itself), so the cell doors remain closed. Glucose builds up in the blood, causing havoc, while cells starve for lack of energy.

By injecting insulin, that key that the body no longer makes is provided. The doors open, glucose enters the cells, blood sugar levels normalize, and cells regain their fuel. It's a daily lifeline.

Global Impact and a Shared Prize

News of the success with Leonard Thompson spread like wildfire. Suddenly, diabetes was no longer a death sentence. Hundreds, then thousands, and eventually millions of people worldwide were given a second chance. Children who would have died in months could now grow up, play, go to school, and live full lives. The transformation was so drastic that some described diabetic children's hospital wards, once places of silent despair, as 'places of joy' after the arrival of insulin.

In 1923, barely two years after their first experiments, Frederick Banting and John Macleod received the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine. It was the fastest recognition in Nobel history, a testament to the urgency and impact of their discovery.

- Banting, in a gesture of great humanity and recognition, announced that he would share his half of the prize with Charles Best, the student who had been by his side from the beginning.
- Macleod, in turn, decided to share his half with James Collip, whose purification work had been essential for insulin to be safe and effective for humans.

This decision to share reflected the true nature of science: a collaborative effort, where the ideas, hard work, and dedication of many come together to achieve transformative breakthroughs.

Life After Insulin

Insulin is not a cure. It is a treatment that requires meticulous daily management: regular injections, constant monitoring of blood sugar levels, and careful attention to diet and exercise. But, before Banting and Macleod, there was no 'after'. There was an 'end'.

Today, thanks to their work, millions of people with type 1 diabetes lead active and healthy lives. Research continues, seeking even better ways to administer insulin, to predict the disease, and even to find a definitive cure. But the legacy of Banting, Best, Macleod, and Collip remains one of the most moving chapters in the history of medicine: the story of how one man's obsession, a student's help, a professor's supervision, and a biochemist's skill, together, recovered life from a disease that mercilessly stole it.

Their story reminds us that, sometimes, the greatest miracles of science are not born from large laboratories or unlimited funds, but from human tenacity in the face of despair, the willingness not to accept 'no' as an answer, and the conviction that every human life is worth fighting for.