

Let your diligence, and your perseverance,
and patience, and your works be redoubled,
and you shall in nowise lose your reward,
saith the Lord of Hosts...

D&C 127:4

On the cold winter morning of December 16, 1933, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hall loaded their 5 young sons and meager possessions into a borrowed truck and moved from the small farming community of Marriott to the nearby city of Ogden, Utah. The move had become necessary because the dairy where Mr. Hall worked had closed down during the difficult days of the depression and he could not find other work. The small farm by itself was not sufficient to provide for the family and make the payments on the property which had been contracted for in more prosperous times.

They were returning to the city where the parents had started life together just before Mr. Hall entered the service in World War I. Following his return they had rented for awhile and then started building a home for themselves while living in a tent on the back of the building lot until the house was ready to move into.

As time went on and as the children were born Mrs. Hall had felt that life on a farm would be better for them than growing up in the city. She had felt a strong desire to return to the land settled by her pioneer grandparents, which was also the area of where she had been born and had lived till young womanhood. So in 1927 they had sold their house and put a good down payment on the farm where they had hoped to work out their lives together.

But the Depression had ended everything. Not all at once, but slowly the end had come as one by one they took steps in an effort to hold on. They sold the still shiny black Model T pick-up, they borrowed money, and disposed of other possessions, but these measures were not enough to stave off the inevitable end. Finally all that they had worked for was lost, with the farm itself having to be disposed of for practically nothing in return. After 15 years of sacrifice and hard work they were having to start all over again during the bleakest of times.

And so the day of moving had come! The last thing to be loaded on the truck that winter morning was a 5 gallon milk can filled with hot water around which the children might warm themselves while traveling in the open truck bed and around which they might also warm themselves in the newly rented house until the old coal kitchen stove could be installed and the house heated. But with everything loaded they couldn't bring themselves to move out until after one last look around the fields and the house. One last look across the fields. One last look around the countryside - land hallowed by their own sweat and tears and also by that of their pioneer forefathers who had struggled against the desert to make it productive. One last look into the rooms filled with treasured memories. One last effort to hold on to what had become ~~an~~ dear and priceless. But finally the break had to be made and the young family turned its back on what

had been home as the father put a comforting arm around the mother whose brave effort to control her feelings was broken by a burst of tears which flooded over immediately to the children also. But the mother, mindful of her position, recovered quickly with words of encouragement and hope, expressing her confidence that there would be better days and better times and that in the uncertain future they would all work hard and prepare themselves to do good things and to become useful people.

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On the cold winter morning of December 16, 1954, 35 year-old Dr. H. Tracy Hall was at work in the Knolls Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York. He was busy completing another experiment in man's long effort to make diamond from carbon. In his own search he had developed an apparatus that would maintain pressures and temperatures far in excess of what was thought necessary to make the transformation, yet he had experienced continuous failure. Each failure, of course, had narrowed the gap to where success might be achieved, but he sometimes wondered if he or anyone else could ever find the combination of heat, pressure, and chemistry that would work.

After breaking open the pressure vessel from his press run on that morning, he commenced to check the results with the same anxious anticipation that had accompanied each of his experiments with many hundreds of chemical systems. As he raised the sample to the window for examination in the morning light, he hardly had time to focus his eyes on the sample before they were met by the flashing of tiny triangular faces which told him that his quest had ended.

Shaking with great excitement and suffering from some trembling and weakness, he returned to his work bench to regain his composure and to put the sample through the many tests which would prove that the change had really taken place. Remembering the many reports over the years of people who had claimed to make diamond - claims that no other person could ever duplicate - Dr. Hall was very precise and careful in his analysis. After proving beyond doubt that diamond had been formed, he repeated the experiment many times in the next few days and then called in a scientist from another department who successfully duplicated the process - the first duplication of another's claim. Time after time the process was repeated by himself and others, and it proved successful each time. Man's 125 year search and his own years of effort had finally been fruitful!

With success achieved, Dr. Hall returned to the window by his workbench to examine his samples and to contemplate what he had done. He had been so busy in recent days that he had lost all track of time. In his contemplation he had become aware of what day it was when success had come, and his gaze extended past the diamonds he held at the window and beyond the snow covered landscape of the research laboratory to the snow covered fields of his boyhood home and of that day exactly 21 years before, and of his mother's love, and of her faith and confidence in him, and of his own boyhood dreams and ambitions, and of how proud and happy his parents would be when the soon to be written letter home telling of his accomplishment would make of what had been one of the most disappointing days of a lifetime also one of the best to remember!