

day work weeks have not fazed this man, and his sense of humor remains as keen as ever. His particular delight is to scare city cousins and visitors with a spectacular display of his art, still plied in a 75-year-old building where he got his start.

Blacksmiths are well named. They, and their tools, and the heavy-beamed, low ceilings of their shops, the walls and cement floors are filthy black. The floors are status symbols that tangibly indicate work is being done. The more grime in the interiors the longer the work has been going on.

Tools, parts, scraps of metal are all arranged in orderly fashion throughout the Dittburner shop, while 10-year-old Tooie, a part Beagle hound sleeps in a corner on an old potato sack. There's nostalgia here.

One of a vanishing sort, Dittburner has proved that despite vast changes in the economy, farming methods and the industrial revolution, there's still room for his kind. Many men do part-time smithing, but he has managed to keep up his trade by diversification.

Thirty-seven years ago, he took on a farm implement line, with repairs and service as a feature. Blacksmith shops were handy for creating new repair parts, rather than wait weeks for an order. The stony farmland around Foresters Falls was ideal for the business of reinforcing plowshares to give them up to 5 years more life. In 1939 he became his county's first government-approved welder and introduced another

At one time he developed a carriage shop upstairs, turning out buggies, wagons and sleighs . . . and they all needed repairs ranging from new rims for wheels to new sleigh runners. Even the decline of the horse as a farm work animal has left him with a sizeable business of shoeing those used in logging camps of the Ottawa Valley.

Strength has been the motto of the man, physically and in character. Until he was 45, Henry often used to work all day, then take a team of horses and sleigh 15 or 20 miles to play hockey. He raised three children, the eldest of whom is Roy—himself the father of six daughters—and the present manager of the farm implement business. His father is still pounding the anvil.

Foresters Falls is a little unincorporated settlement of 225 souls. A grist mill used to operate 150 yards down the road, before it burned 15 years ago, at the site of the falls that gave the town a name. But it's quiet in the country, and life goes on from cradle to grave with few changes in a century. Henry still lives in the old family house that pre-dates this century. Annual hunting and fishing expeditions are important events.

About all the excitement at Foresters Falls came on one day 20 years ago. In the morning a local boy cracked up a Harvard in a nearby field, after buzzing his girl-friend, and in the same afternoon an acetylene tank blew up in the Dittburner blacksmith shop. No one was injured in either incident. But nothing much has happened since then.