

loo, with men falling all around him, he lived gloriously on, winning a medal for bugling without faltering in the face of battle.

We find no record of any musical bent in Heinrich's childhood, but we know that he became a forester like his father, and hewed his existence from the oak, fir, and spruce of the mountain forests. The first recorded musical note sounds in the Steinweg story when Heinrich, in his dull garrison, postwar days, spent his time making musical instruments—a mandolin, a zither, and a dulcimer. Perhaps he was completely unaware that this escape from daily boredom was to prove the key to his future, that his fingers were weaving the first immortal threads into his name; but either fate or intuition led him after his discharge into the significant trade of cabinet-making in an organ factory. Thus, the forester returned to his wood—never to leave it again.

Marriage to Juliane Thiemer was the occasion for a wedding gift of major significance to the bride—a new kind of piano, with two strings to each note, designed and made by Heinrich. Their first-born, C. F. Theodor, inspired another piano, one with three strings to each note—a work of love which required fourteen years of devoted evenings to perfect, with the aid of an ardent young son. Still, it was not until Theodor won first prize in a recital at the State Fair that Heinrich finally made the momentous decision to quit his trade, and spend his life making pianos.

War struck the Steinwegs again in the Revolution of