

# *Heinzel the Gnome's*



*Almanack*

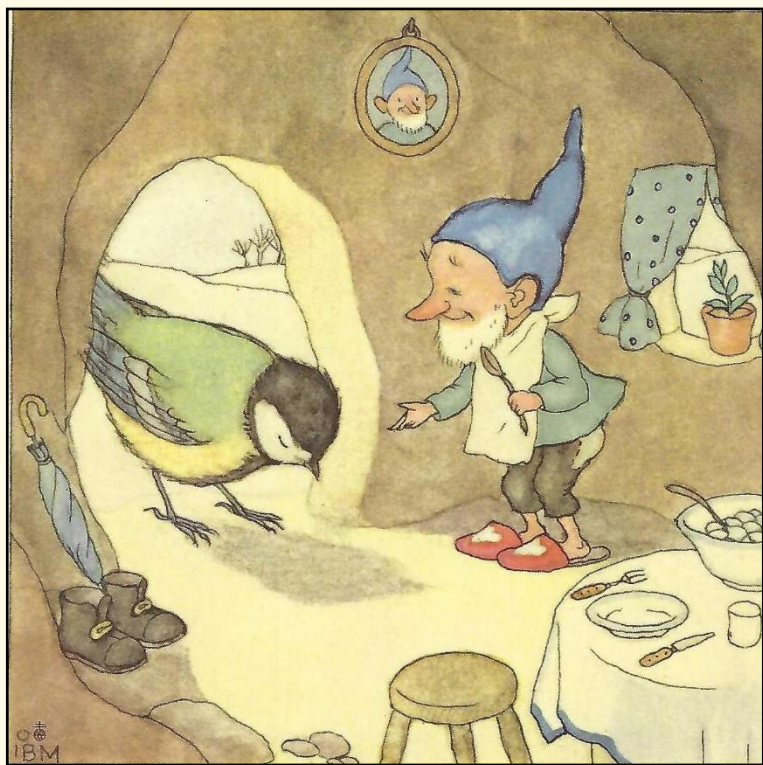


Ida Bohatta-Morpurgo

Heinzel wandert  
durch das  
Jahr



Verlag  
Josef Müller-München  
COPYRIGHT 1931 BY VERLAG JOSEF MUELLER-MUNICH



January

*“Pray pardon this intrusion,”  
Mr. Tommy Titmouse said.  
“But times are hard and I am forced  
To beg a slice of bread.”*

*“Come in, my dear, the table’s laid,  
There’s insect’s eggs for two,  
I’ve stored them up since last July,  
They taste as good as new.”*



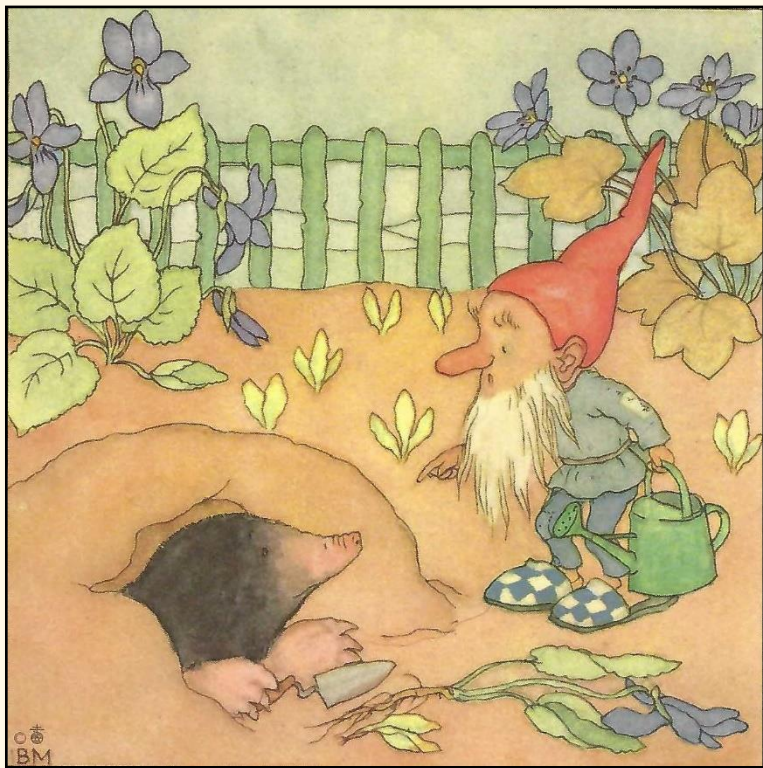


February

*Robin Redbreast sent a note,  
Let me tell you what he wrote:  
“Dear Sparrow, this is just a line  
To hope you’re well - I’m doing fine -  
Am moving house - have lots to do -  
Must finish now - it’s time I flew.  
With love and chirps to you from me,  
I remain, Yours faithfully.*





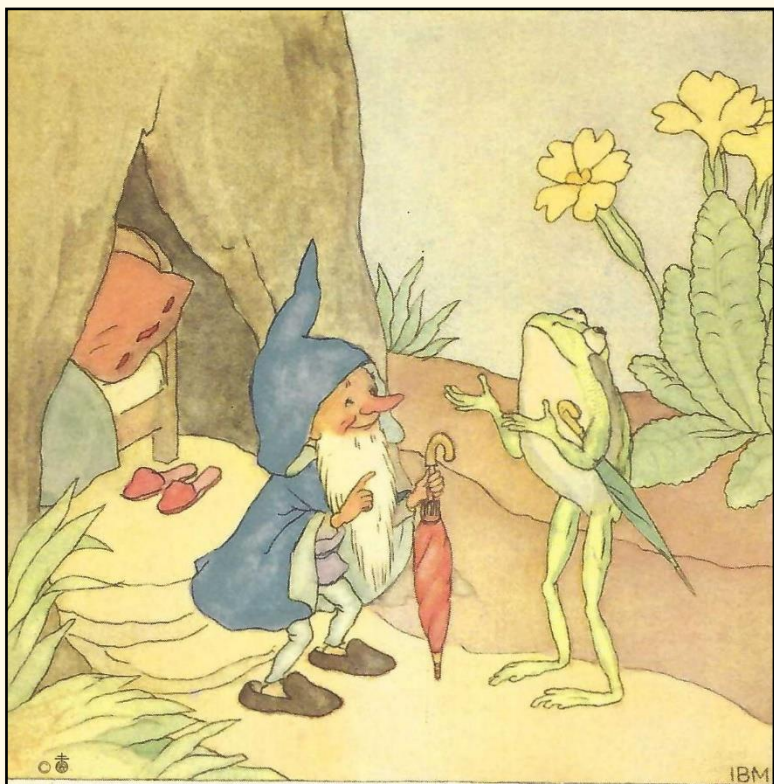


March



*You call yourself a gardener!  
Why look what you have done,  
Pulled up my violet by the root  
And left it in the sun.  
What's that? You only want to be  
A gardener's boy, you say?  
You're nothing but a foolish mole,  
Be off! You're sacked! Good day!*





April

*Mr. Frog, you surprise me! You stand there and say  
Perhaps it won't rain - but it possibly may.*

*I'll take my umbrella in case I am caught,  
For your knowledge of weather is not what I thought.*

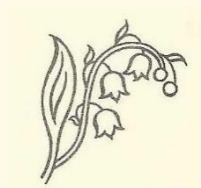
*I do what I can, Mr. Gnome, and indeed  
I may quite fairly say that I think I succeed  
In foretelling the weather - but April, you know,  
Is a month of surprises - you just ask the crow!*

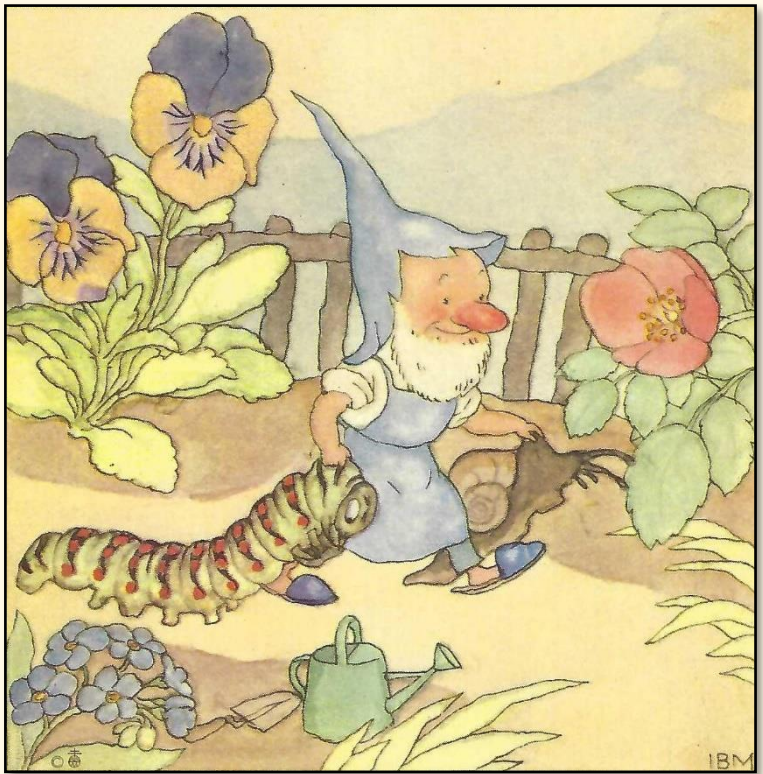




May

*A band of hungry folk are we,  
Out of the town we go,  
To eat the leaves off every tree  
In wood and green hedgerow.  
The one who eats the most of all  
Will lead the dance at the Mayflies' Ball.*





June

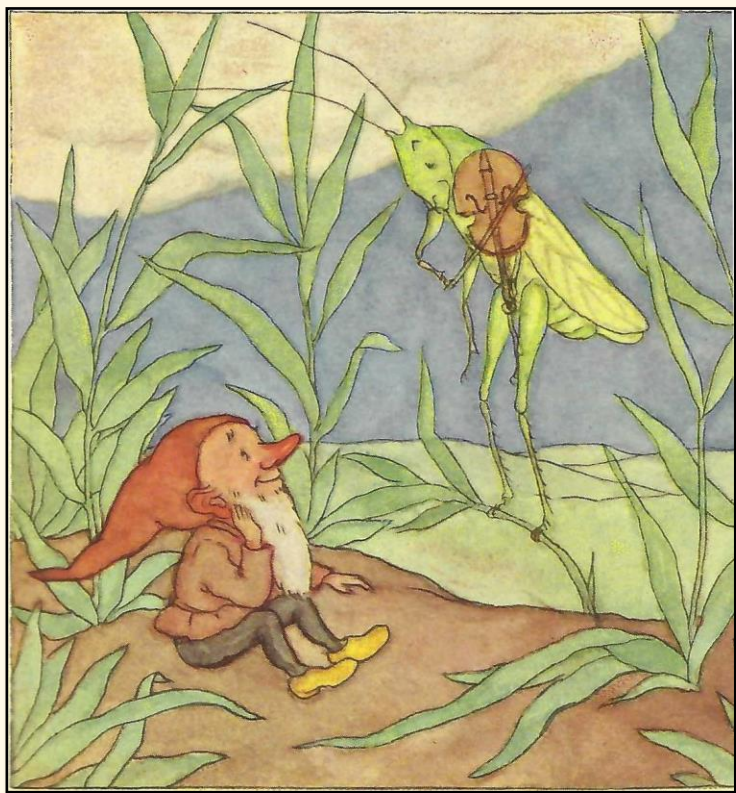
*One, two, three,  
Just listen to me.  
Out you go,  
From my bean row.  
If you want your breakfast  
There's an inn across the street,  
Where they serve the best of everything,  
Three courses and a sweet.  
One, two, three,  
Don't argue with me!*





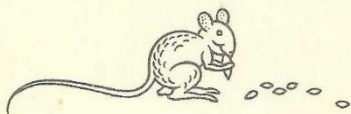
*Green, green, green,  
That's the song my fiddle sings.  
Green, green, green,  
The colour of all lovely things.  
My coat and my vest,  
The linnet's nest,  
The grass and trees,  
On hills and leas,  
Green, green, green.*





July

*How rich the harvest is this year,  
It's quite phenomenal, my dear!  
We mice are busy night and morn  
Collecting ears of golden corn,  
To put away for winter time -  
You really can't call that a crime,  
In spite of all the ears we take,  
There's plenty left for Farmer Jake!*





August

*My throat's on fire, my head is reeling,  
Oh, how sick and ill I'm feeling.  
Mr. Gnome, do tell me please  
What is the cause of my disease?*

*The cause, my friend, is all too plain,  
You've sung yourself quite hoarse again,  
A gnat's wing swallowed twice a day,  
Will quickly drive your pains away.*





September

*You very naughty wicked bee  
To come home at this hour,  
It's plain to see where you have been,  
Reeling from flower to flower.  
Now get undressed, don't make a noise,  
And fold your pants and vest,  
Poor caterpillar badly needs  
His eight hours' beauty rest.*



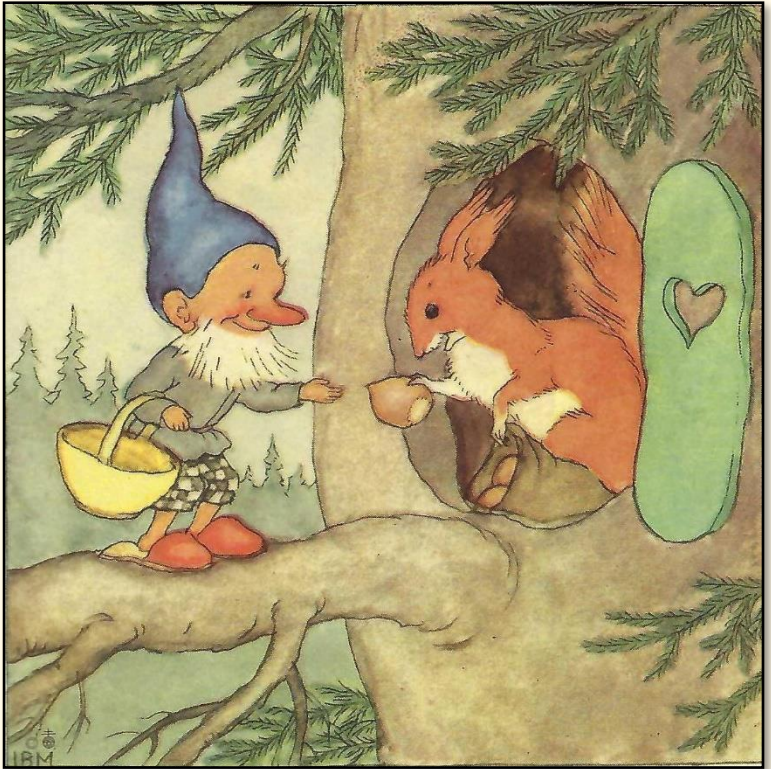




October

*It's a charming sight to see  
Mrs. Squirrel in her tree,  
Storing nuts for winter food,  
Always in a happy mood.  
Some are big and some are small,  
Carefully she counts them all,  
Though mark my words, she is not greedy,  
She always helps the poor and needy.*





November

*The little bird that Father Gnome,  
Cured of all his ills,  
Told the trees what he had done,  
The trees then told the hills,  
The high hills whispered to the stars,  
The stars told Santa Claus,  
And late on Christmas Eve, the Gnome,  
Looking from his tree trunk home,  
Found a present by the door,  
A pair of brand-new shoes, size four.*





December



***Ida Bohatta-Morpurgo*** was born April 15, 1900, in Vienna, Austria. Ms. Bohatta completed her training at the Vienna School of Applied Arts. At the age of 19, she began to illustrate books for various publishers; these included reading primers and collections of songs

and stories. Although she is best known for her illustrations, she sometimes wrote the texts or verses for her pictures herself. In 1926, she went to work for the Munich Publishing House of Josef Müller. She married in 1923, and she and her husband lived at Reiserstrasse 33 in Vienna.

Ida Bohatta published over 100 titles with a total circulation of more than five million copies. Her books have been translated into 13 languages and have become coveted collectibles.

In addition to religious themes, her motifs include gnomes, dwarfs, humanized plants, flowers and animals. The author was devoutly Catholic and her work reflects an ideal world. She tried to appeal to her readers' sense of proper behavior, faithfulness and charity, but also to the values of hard work and diligence. Her critics never accused her of being superficial or kitschy.

During the Second World War she was not subject to any professional restrictions. In 1938 she was accepted into the Reich Chamber of Literature and her books were officially recommended. It should be noted, however, that there is no evidence of her personal involvement with the National Socialist involvement.



Ida Bohatta's "Fleißkärtchen" (diligence or hard work cards) deserve special mention. These were little cards and pictures that she designed, and which teachers and educators handed out to young students as rewards for particularly good work or special effort. There was a whole series of the little cards and pictures.

The motifs of these educational cards, designed by Bohatta-Morpurgo for the Josef Mueller publishing house, ran into the thousands and provided the artist with secure employment for years.

Ida Bohatta-Morpurgo died in Vienna on November 14, 1992.







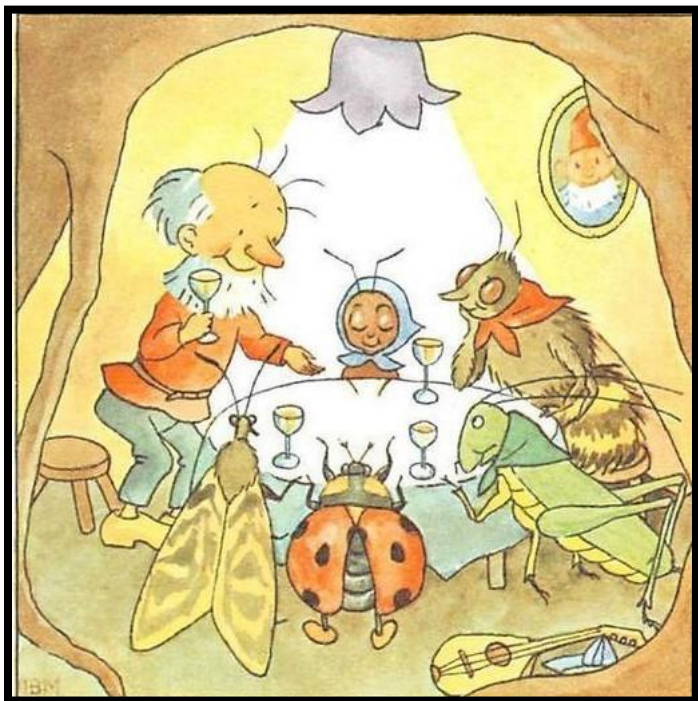
**June Head** was born in Yarraville, a suburb of Melbourne, Australia, in 1936. At fourteen she left school to commence office work, and outside work hours she taught at The Basin Presbyterian Sunday School.

During the years 1958-60 June studied at the Melbourne Bible Institute, and then, in 1961, took linguistic courses at SIL International, where she met her future husband, Rob. It was not love at first sight, but it was love eventually, and in a whirlwind few months in 1962, they were engaged, then married. They then left for Papua New Guinea to work with Wycliffe Bible Translators.

June served as a translator in PNG for nearly half a century, from 1962-2008, along with her husband Rob. Together they translated the New Testament, and a small part of the Old Testament, into four dialects of the Kaugel language group.

June suffered from bouts of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome in PNG. Even during times when she was incapacitated and could not translate, she ran a home, worked on translation projects, and homeschooled their two children, Peter and Nola.

June died on 23 November 2013, from secondary complications, just over two years after being diagnosed with esophageal cancer.



Friends, give heed to our companion!  
A picture she is of constant diligence,  
Famous is her kind upon this earth;  
Prized for that virtue, which is Work.  
Humbly she sits in our midst,  
Her bearing demure.  
So raise your glasses high:  
Long life, Mrs. Ant, and health to you!

