NIKKI NORGE

... THE PRINCESS

Once upon a time in Norway,
In the land of mid-night sun,
Lived a lovely little princess,
Little NIKKI—full of fun.

All the mighty gods of Norway,
Loved the merry little girl,
Let her play with all their treasures,
Golden scepters, crowns of pearl.
But it happened somewhat sadly,
She grew spoiled a bit and bold,
Always late and would not listen,
Would not come when she was told.

Then one day when all was ready
For a most tremendous trip
To the new land of Valhalla,
In a shining Viking ship—

When the oars were in the water,
And the picnic lunches packed,
And the goddesses were seated,
And the life-preservers stacked—

When the Norseland gods were ready—
All the gods just had to wait
For the little princess NIKKI
Who, as usual, was late.

Up and thundered Thor, the Mighty,
Spying NIKKI on the cliff
"Stay!—we're sailing on without you
"Later you can follow—if—"

"If in time you think of others,
"And remember what I say,
"Learn to help and not to hinder!
"Oarsmen, ready. Pull away!"

So the stalwart ship moved onward
Out across the ocean wide,
Where the whitecaps sprayed the bow-sprit
Dipping—rising in the tide.
So amazed was little NIKKI
She forgot at first to cry
Had they really gone and left her!
Suddenly she heard a sigh—

Jumping up she looked about her,
Saw a shepherd—hair as white
As the lambs that frisked about him,
Sad he seemed, "I'm in a plight."

"I have lost my finest lambkin"—
"May I help you find him, sir?"
NIKKI clapped her hands together;
At the sound there was a stir—

All the beetle-bugs came running,
"Go and hunt the lamb, and mind
"Do not chirp until you find him,
"Look before, and look behind."

Quickly, quietly they scurried
Up the mountain side so steep;
"Chirp!—I found him."—NIKKI hastened
There he was—all sound asleep—

Little, woolly, fuzzy fellow
Curling beneath a fignut tree;
Mr. Shepherd was delighted
As for NIKKI—so was she.

And so it was, she soon discovered
When she went upon her way,
Many people needed helping.
As she neared a town one day,

There a lady selling apples
From an apple cart piled high
Was surrounded by a teasing
Crowd of boys, who did not buy.
Only pestered and annoyed her,
Almost overturned the load,
NIKKI thought a minute quickly
   Saw some dogs along the road,

Clapped and called them—what a clamor,
   Dogs and boys flew everywhere!
So relieved, the lady gave her
   Quite the reddest apple there.

Resting by the seashore, NIKKI
   Saw a fisherman in need—
For his fishing nets were tangled,
   Very tangled up, indeed.

Then the nimble-fingered princess
   Soon untwisted and untwined,
As she worked, she told her story,
   And the fisherman, so kind,

Saw that NIKKI now was longing
   For Valhalla, "Yes," said he,
"You have learned to be unselfish,
   "Earned a trip across the sea."

"But a boat—I haven’t any,"
   NIKKI spoke with such a sigh,
"Go and rest, return tomorrow,"
   Said the man, and winked his eye.

As the golden sun was setting
   Just exactly twenty-four
Hours later, NIKKI promptly
   Came along the sandy shore.

Saw a Viking ship so tiny!
   "All aboard—it's just for you,"
Called the fisherman, "Aye, Captain,
   "You’re the captain and the crew."
"How I thank you!" in a jiffy
   Then she manned a single oar,
Bravely steered the little vessel
   Farther, farther from the shore.

But instead of being happy
   She was homesick, oh so sad,
She had learned to love the mortals;
   "I would truly be so glad

"To return and stay forever
   "Helping everybody then.”
So she turned the little boat about
   And sailed right back again.

Now my story’s nearly ended—
   Where is NIKKI NORGE, you say?
She’s the little "frosty fairy—"
   Busy, busy every day

In the NORGE Refrigerator,
   Making little cakes of ice,
Keeping food so fresh and healthy—
   Don’t you think it’s very nice?

—Frances McLeod
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