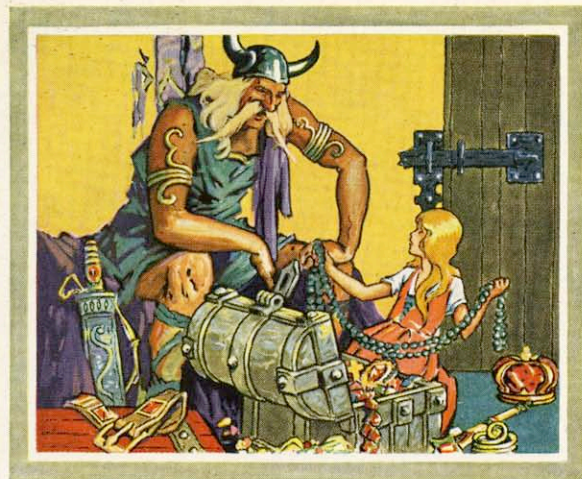


# NIKKI NORGE

THE PRINCESS

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## 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  
Curled 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.



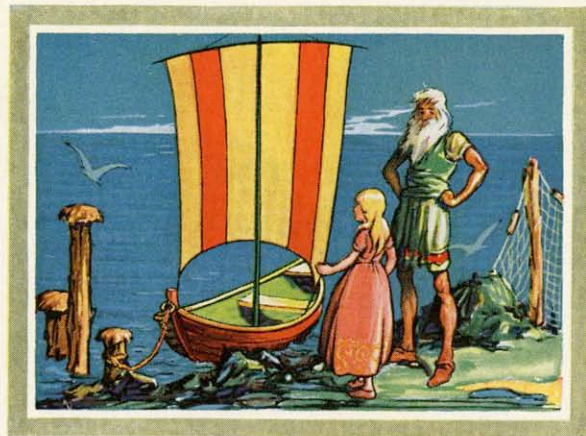
Only pestered and annoyed her,  
Almost overturned the load,  
NIKKI thought a minute quickly  
Saw some dogs along the road,

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—

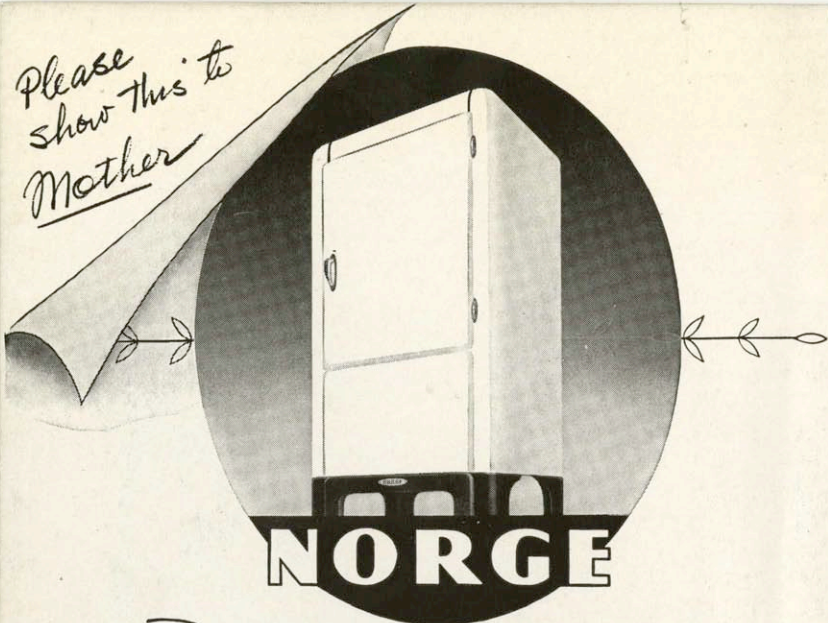
Don't you think it's very nice?

—*Frances McLeod*





*Please  
show this to  
Mother*

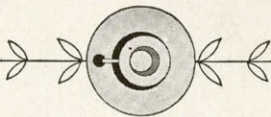


## *Rollator refrigeration*

There is a deep and ever increasing satisfaction in having a Norge in your home. Not only because of its beauty—though Norge has the lasting beauty of simple design and gleaming white finish. Not only because of its convenience—though Norge has every feature of convenience that you could wish. More important than either its beauty or its convenience is the proven efficiency, dependableness, long life and economical operation of the

famous Norge Rollator cold-making mechanism. With but three slowly moving parts, the stout heart of the Norge has surplus power to make more cold than you will ever need—is almost everlasting—and, by actual factory test, improves with use.

There is no other cold-making mechanism like the Rollator and only Norge has it. By all means, see the Norge before you invest in a refrigerator.



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