

Girl Sees World As Ship's Officer

By PAUL LEWIS

Tall and friendly, a 24-year-old Canadian girl is seeing the world, acting as radio operator and ship's officer and serving under the flag of Norway in an American-built ship.

Olive Carroll, who has called the Norwegian motorship *Stranger* "home" for three years, and whom the crew, in turn, has called their "Sparks," has a sailor's unconsciously sure-footed grace as she mounts to her workmanlike "shack" abaft the wheelhouse.

The 9000-ton vessel, immaculate in gray and white, is berthed at the Howard Street Terminal of the Port of Oakland. She is taking aboard general cargo for European ports.

'NO-NONSENSE GIRL'

The ship is owned by the Westfal-Larsen Line of Bergen, Norway, and is employed as a "tramper," carrying cargoes wherever the world's markets summon her. There is space for 12 passengers.

Olive, an air of "no nonsense" about her, is an old hand at the Morse key. She trained in Canada, worked for that government as an operator for three years, and then took the seagoing assignment from her native city of Vancouver.

She's not been lacking in feminine company, however. Aboard ship on this trip are two stewardesses, Mrs. Solveig Eriksen, 50, the wife of the third engineer, and Mrs. Randi Martinsen, 31, wife of another line officer who is traveling back home to Bergen.

Another stewardess, who signed off the ship last month in Albany, N.Y., was Estelle Stone, 31, whose home is at 345 Holly Park Avenue, San Francisco. Miss Stone visited the ship last week to renew her acquaintance with the crew.

EXCITING LIFE

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To Olive, the vessel's roving assignments are exciting, but of her own work—as purser, secretary and paymaster, in addition to manning the wireless set—she would say only that it is "routine."

She stands a two-hour-on, two-hour-off "trick," beginning at 8 a.m. and ending up (with a feminine sigh) at 10 p.m.

"It's a little lonely, working by oneself all the time," Olive admits, the plaint of every ship's radio operator on the high seas.

But there are things to make up for it.

For one, her girl friend on another ship. The two of them "talk" on the airwaves ("all with messages in proper form, mind you") and hope to get together in the same port some day.

Of her four visits to Leningrad, Olive said she noticed nothing more untoward than that the women, shabbily dressed for the most part, appeared to do all the hard work on the docks, acting as tallymen and truck drivers.

GOOD SAILOR

In the vessel's hierarchy, Olive ranks somewhere, she thinks, between the second and third mates. For formal occasions in port, she has a dark blue skirted uniform, a single stripe of braid and a "Sparks" insignia to denote her calling.

Otherwise she wears simple cotton dresses or slacks, affects no makeup, and, to the crew of mixed nationalities, is a thoroughly acceptable "sailor."

When she gets a "holiday," having had no time off in five years, Olive wants to see her parents in Vancouver and "perhaps settle down." But of the immediate future, she says:

"I want to see where we're going next."

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