Kate Walker—everyday heroine

—for thirty years keeper of the red and white lighthouse tower of Robbin's Reef, at the entrance to New York's inner harbor. Her light has pointed the way toward France for hundreds of darkened transports and fantastically painted destroyers during the last two years. *Photos by Paul Thompson*

Operating the siren looks like heavy work. But it is Mrs. Walker's chief joy these days to blow the siren and ring the fog bell to greet the homecoming troops. She is the first woman to welcome them back, as she was the last to wave them farewell.

Hauling up and making fast the lifeboat that is Mrs. Walker's means of communication with the mainland is all a part of the day's work for this courageous harbor woman.

Nervous people needn't attempt to call on Mrs. Walker. To reach her front door it is necessary to scale this almost perpendicular ladder. Having the water directly below wouldn't be likely to increase one's confidence.

The keeper of the light certainly earns her cup of tea, enjoyed in this inviting corner. We can just smell the Atlantic's fresh salt breeze blowing in the window.

Filling the big lamps that throw their light far out to sea by means of huge reflectors. Everything is polished and shining; no smoke specks are tolerated for a second on these lamp chimneys.