A. Paul Sigurd's Decision

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A. Paul Sigurd's Decision

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

“Well, son, I don't think anyone really knew how he got it. Some said it was always his and that he was always there. Yet others said that he inherited it from his father. And many believed that it was given to him by an impulsive woman - the Hester Prynne type - who, being in dire straits, had to get rid of it. A few even said that he built it himself when he was a young man. Me? I never cared how he got it; the fact was that he had it and he was there. But I must confess I always wondered why, I mean with no boats coming into the harbor anymore. And did you know that he used to paint it white every spring? And that he used to put the light on every night? Every night it could be seen from the mainland. Going around and around and around. But why? No boats had come into the harbor for nearly twenty years.”

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By James R. Hall, Jr.

"What — what have you been doing?" he cried suddenly.
"Playing a game, studying life, or what?"

—P. M. Forster
A Passage to India

Well, son, I don't think anyone really knew how he got it. Some said it was always his and that he was always there. Yet others said that he inherited it from his father. And many believed that it was given to him by an impulsive woman — the Hester Prynne type — who, being in dire straits, had to get rid of it. A few even said that he built it himself when he was a young man. Me? I never cared how he got it; the fact was that he had it and he was there. But I must confess I always wondered why, I mean with no boats coming into the harbor anymore. And did you know that he used to paint it white every spring? And that he used to put the light on every night? Every night it could be seen from the mainland. Going around and around and around. But why? No boats had come into the harbor for nearly twenty years.

could not thinking you should and Faulkner no. But Leopold Bloom’s father . . . The gun is there on the table the gun is there on the table the gun is on the table gun is on table gun is table gun table gun gun gun gun gun gun — Peccavi.

Yes, he certainly was a queer old man. I mean, to live in a lighthouse so far, far away and deprive himself of the fruits of civilization. Cars and bowling balls and skis and radios and country clubs . . .

A Reality

Outside I see the snow,
Inside I find dissention.  
There the green things grow,  
Here is intervention.  
Always cold winds blow,  
Life is circumvention.  
Ice pulls the branches low,  
Man but a new invention.

BERNARD J. KILONSKY

Outside people walk,  
Inside he sits alone.  
There they laugh and talk,  
Here no love is known.  
Always will wing the lark,  
Life is a way to roam.  
Ice even leaves its mark  
Upon a man’s gravestone.

Outside sky is high,  
Inside ceiling low.  
There the mountains cry,  
Here one does not know.  
Always a lullaby,  
Life we can overthrow.  
Ice can beautify  
Even pure white snow.