in which I could never believe, and I was forced to be dishonest time and again in order to account for property. During a period of over two years, I marked each day off on the calendar and counted one less, and on the last day I counted hours and minutes. Finally I was released, and I was free to live up to the principles I had been taught many years before.

Long ago, my dream of becoming an ornithologist was put away, but now it has been taken out and dusted off. I learned the meaning of integrity, and I now realize and appreciate its value. Integrity should be instilled in man through teaching; he may be forced to lose his integrity; he may cast his integrity aside for want of worldly possessions; he may have integrity because of necessity. But I believe that life is worth living only when man can honestly and truthfully say that he is living the life in which he believes. The meaning of integrity may then be realized.

Impressions of Keats

Jack Albertson

In the poem "Ode on a Grecian Urn" there is a reflection of the character of Keats. This reflection is made more remarkable by his life. He had always known poverty, hardship, and suffering. His health was bad because of his struggle for existence. With this kind of environment one would expect Keats to have a gloomy outlook on life.

But Keats was quite the opposite. His hardship seemed only to deepen his perception of beauty. Note his interpretations of the figures on the urn—a maiden never to lose her beauty, a lover never to lose his love, a tree never to lose its splendor, the musicians never to stop playing their ethereal melodies.

Yet upon closer examination one may detect a certain unhappiness in all this beauty. The lover will never reach the lips of his maiden fair. The tree will never bring forth its fruit and fulfill nature's cycle. And the melodious music of the musicians will never be heard by the ears of mortal man.

It seems as though Keats were saying, "My life has been drab, but I am able to see beauty all around me. This beauty is wonderful to behold, yet it saddens my heart. For how can I attain this beauty, this happiness? It is always just beyond the reach of my fingers, always ahead, driving me on to realms unknown."

However, I think Keats did find happiness. He found it in his search for beauty. He found it by reaching and climbing to heights unknown to other men. He lived in a dreamer's world, and in that world he found happiness and beauty.