THE WORLD WITHIN

It can not be possible that we have people who do not day dream. If I can imagine such a person, this is how I would describe him: He is very alert and unimaginative. He is extremely busy with some task which requires skill and speed, but very little thought. As he goes through the motions of performing his hazardous task his mind must be concentrated upon it. He hurries at his job and then rushes to meals, after supper he glances through the news and then retires, falling asleep almost immediately, not to awaken until morning when he will start his daily routine again.

I don't think that we have any one like this, I assume that everyone day dreams; perhaps builds castles in the air which will never come to earth.

I have been day dreaming this afternoon and I shall write down the things that I have been dreaming about during the past half hour:

Shall I invest in a new typewriter? I would like to have one of those new Remington noiseless portables. I could get one for about sixty-five dollars, I think. Yet, how much would I use it if I had it? I can't type anyway, except by the Columbus method. Maybe I should spend my money for something else? I could save it and add more to it and take a trip somewhere which I would remember and enjoy for the rest of my life. I could go to South America and see what life is like down there. I would of course have to buy a good camera and take pictures. Those few pictures I took on my last trip were so interesting. I almost think I would buy a little movie camera with a high speed lens. A moving picture would be much more realistic. Maybe I had better not think about these things at all. I could buy some land in northern Wisconsin or Michigan, and build a cottage. It would be a nice place to go for a few days at a time in the future. I could rent it to my friends once in a while; perhaps my children would enjoy spending a week or so there each summer.
I could let some of the neighbors' children go there too. It would be a lot of fun for them. I really should buy a new car first; my old one is quite out of date and it is so noisy that you couldn't hear a radio in it. I could afford a new car right now, but a new car costs quite a lot; and I don't use a car so very much anyway. One of those new Ford convertible coupes would be just the ticket. It sure would be fun to go for a drive on a nice day with a car like that. We could take a two-hundred mile trip in a day easily and come back before midnight too. Frank would do the chores for me if I couldn't come back to do them myself. It sure is a nice day today. I wish that I could be hiking on the hills back of Gasser's barn. It would sure be warm and sunny there. I might even find a crocus or see some oppossum out sunning himself. The last time I saw an oppossum there, it was just such a beautiful day as today. I wonder who is approaching the door. It sounds like August's walk. I wonder what he wants to tell me or ask me. There goes the door now.

"Hy-ya Slab," says August, and my day dreaming is stopped. August starts to tell me about what he just finished doing and that he is going to Sauk and don't I want to go with him. After a few minutes deliberation on the matter I tell him that I have to go to a class yet today so I can't go with him. Then Less enters and says, "O'mon, Hank, let's go to class. You don't have to do that anyway."

- Henry Ochsner - '38