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A Science Service Feature

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? WHY THE WEATHER ?

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THE MARCH LION ROARS

After quite a rest from early till late February the weather lion roared loud and long. And well he might. During the preceding three weeks the country had been so ruled by the March Lamb's weather that the snow usually left till March had disappeared south of the 43rd parallel and was all but gone south of the 45th. Only north of the Lakes and at Quebec where the snow had been 3 to 4 feet deep were conditions as they should be. With four feet of winter at Quebec and the vegetation of spring awakening just across the border - it was high time to roar at and because of the incongruity. In storms begat of the contrasts, the wind blows with the force of a gale.

One of the grandest phenomena of spring is the northwest gale. Roaring, puffing, buffeting, swirling, it rides rough-shod over the trees and fields, buildings and dusty streets. Punctuated with turbulent clouds and brief though blinding snowflurries - the air darkened by great flakes as if by a limitless swarm of bees - on comes the wind at a moderate height, down fall the cold air masses in twirly catspaws of leaves or snow; up bound the warmer air pockets forming the aerial white caps of cloud and snowy foam. And on they go across the sky as the gripping wind roars wildly through the trees.

(Tomorrow: Varying Speeds of the Weather Procession)

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