

A Science Service Feature

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? WHY THE WEATHER ? Mailed October 10, 1930.

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SPITEFUL WEATHER

In his interesting book on Welsh folklore, Prof. T. Gwynn Jones mentions the more or less definite belief of the Welsh peasantry that the weather possesses a sort of personality and takes delight in vexing mankind. The peasants speak of the weather as "she." Should a person say, "It is clearing up," another will remark, "Hushi! Take care lest she hear you." The author tells of an old farmer, illiterate and of great simplicity of mind, who would invariably pretend to prepare for some other task when he intended to do something requiring fine weather.

A farm laborer employed by the author's father some half a century ago told of having been sent with food for two old men who were mending a mountain hedge. "By the time he got up to the mountain a thunderstorm was coming on, with heavy rain. He found the old men sitting down smoking their pipes in a kind of shelter for sheep. They sat in silence, watching the downpour. Presently one of them said to the other: 'She thinks we are out now, Dafydd.' 'Yes, Ifan,' said the other, 'surely she is venting her spleen on us now.'"

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