

A Science Service Feature

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? WHY THE WEATHER ?

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WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE

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The rural prognosticators are often at loggerheads about what kind of weather is in store. This fact is well expressed in the following rhyme, which dates back to the eighteenth century and is supposed to have originated in Bedfordshire, as the names mentioned in it are all still found in that part of England:

"Well, Duncombe, how will be the weather?"  
"Sir, it looks cloudy altogether;  
And coming across our Houghton Green,  
I stopped and talked with old Frank Beane.  
While we stood there, sir, old Jan Swain  
Went by and said he knowed 'twould rain;  
The next that came was Master Hunt,  
And he declared he knew it wouldn't;  
And then I met with Farmer Blow;  
He plainly said he didn't know.  
So, sir, when doctors disagree,  
Who's to decide it -- you or me?"

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