

WEATHERADIO

Rainy Days and TV Meteorologists Always Get Me Down

Lloyd Lindsay Young has a cameo—thankfully confined to a TV set, in *Working Girl*. Al Roker's about to debut as a TV talk show host, Storm Field's female fan clubs are growing more frenzied by the day, and the granddaddy of 'em all, old Willard if-nuthin'-else-works-flip-the-toup-Scott, has risen triumphantly from the ink-stained ashes of tabloid controversy.

But now, fellow weather purists, you can get your highs and lows without the cute TV graphics our weather heroes pose themselves in front of, clouds swirling across the plains with hand motions like demented hula dancers. Radio Shacks everywhere sell pocket-sized transistor Weatheradios (\$21.95) that only tune into the National Weather Service's 24-hour all-weather broadcast. The anonymous announcers sound like New England farmers, their voices blessedly untainted by broadcasting school. I picture them bundled in wool scarves and earmuffs, surveying the city from a glass tower like air traffic controllers, but without the cocaine. Their grammar isn't perfect ("more abundant sunshine"), but they never utter a nonweather word. If there's earthshaking news, you won't hear about it on Weatheradio unless it somehow affects the forecast ("Radiation from the bomb will cause the rain headed our way to evaporate . . .").

BY TOM O'NEILL



PHOTOGRAPH: CAROLINE HOWARD; MODEL: FLORIAN BACHLEDA