

FOUL AIR IN STREET CARS.

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FOUL AIR IN STREET CARS.

Editor The Tennessean:

Everybody comes to you with their troubles, from finding homes for orphan babies down to the most seemingly insignificant item. So here I come with my "thorn in the flesh," and ask, now that you can lay aside the "Swat the Fly" warning, that you replace it with all you can say against the closed ventilators in the street cars.

During the flu epidemic much good was done by your paper along this line, but evidently it has been forgotten. I boarded an empty Belle Meade car out at Thirty-eighth street (or Christopher) at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and the foul air met me like a slap in the face. As I paid my fare I asked the conductor to please open a few ventilators. He made answer in a very patronizing manner, "Lord, lady, this here car is cold enough now."

I live in Murphy Addition, and by the time the West Nashville car reaches our street it is always crowded and always has the closed ventilators; with people coughing, sneezing, spitting and dozing, the effect is very nauseating. An extra extra motorman got on the car one morning, and I asked him would he please open a few ventilators. He frowned at me, and growled out: "You get that conductor back there to open 'em."

Now, I don't mind opening them myself except it seems so conspicuous for a woman to be forever opening ventilators, especially as I have to carry my husband's walking cane along for that purpose, and have my friends ask me when they see the cane, "Am I crippled?"

Oh, yes, and will you make it very plain what a ventilator is and where located, as one conductor asked me three times what I was talking about, and I finally pointed them out to him. Shall it be "Swat the closed ventilator?"

Thanking you kindly for any help you may see fit to give; I am, yours
for service, SUBSCRIBER.

Nashville, November 25.