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I Was Intimidated: Our way of getting from home to downtown was by streetcar along Roosevelt road. Before downtown, there was the Juvenile Detention Center, a brick building three or four stories tall, each story at least 12 feet high, all windows secured by one-inch thick bars, surrounded by a yard that resembled a moat, which in turn was surrounded by a sixteen-foot-high wall, about eight feet thick, surmounted by rolls of barbed wire.

Whenever we rode past it, going or coming my mother would say, “Teddy, you see that? That is the Bad Boys Home. That is where we will send you, if you are bad.” I suppose I should have been flattered that it would take such a building to hold me, but I just resented the intimidation.

That intimidation came to term one day when I was at most seven years old. At the culmination of a raging verbal battle between my mother and me, she picked up the phone in the hall and said, “I’m calling the Bad Boys Home to come and take you away. Do you want me to do that?” Of course, it was a grave mistake under all conditions for my mother to give me a choice. I remember pausing to think it over, thinking to myself, what could be worse, and maybe it’s worth trying. “Okay,” I said, “go ahead.” That retired the Bad Boys Home.