2001-03 N. California



Worst Rooming House I Ever Lived In

I moved to 2001-03 N. California (above the liquor store) 2 days before June 1, 2013, and lived there for 12.5 month, and it has, by far, been the worst removing house I ever lived in (from an economical standpoint). It is 4 bathrooms for 28 rooms, which is 1 bathroom in each hallway. This rooming house is the 3rd 1 I lived in, and is filled with old school gang members (with the largest being Latin Kings) and cocaine-addicts, and a combination of both. 2/3rd of the building are Hispanic (1 Mexican and the rest Puerto Rican, as we are 2 blocks from Humboldt Park). And 1/4th White, 2 of the White people are also in former gangs. (All are mostly in their 50s.).

To date, I lost about $1100, most of it gone to cocaine dealers, and the rest being beer and cigarettes.

I lived there for 12 and a half months. I moved out on June 16, 2014.

Prior to moving here, I happen to know a bit about the Latin Kings. I already uploaded a pamphlet I wrote with my experiences on the Latin Kings gang, found at <http://homepages.neiu.edu/~njconroy/LatinKingsPamphlet-English.docx>. I moved from Little Village, a predominantly Mexican neighborhood, which is my Latin Kings story.

Scams:

The 1st started on July 12, when I gave a M.L.D. (Maniac Latin Disciple) $80, and then $40 in the next day within a 3-hour period, all for rock cocaine. (Whom moved out August 12.).

On July 25, loaned another old Latin King $20 3 times in a day, all for rock cocaine, whom moved out early in the morning on October 1.

Another 62 year-old neutron (likely never in a gang) got $60, also for cocaine (whom was later killed in the winter, his body was found by the railroad tracks by Grand and Homan in the spring).

And when I put a stop loan to these people, the majority of the time scams come, with sometimes physical threats. (This is kind of what you get when you’re a nice guy.).

On July 18 around 3 a.m., I could not get the M.L.D. out of room. He wanted another $10 for weed (after already getting $120), but kept trying to talk me into giving him $10 as we sat on my bed, and kept trying to throw his phone into my pocket.

The M.L.D. would do non-stop scams until he moved out. For example, on July 28, I came home that night to him telling me the police are looking for me, as a person I seem to have liked at the time he says was arrested and held on $50 bond. Then, he went to his room, told him what happened, and this plan backfired, and as I was on my way to knock on his door, he called me in time to tell me he wasn’t locked up.

There was another retired Latin King and former Spanish Lord whom were real close to each other. I often bought them beer and cigarettes at the liquor store, but never gave them cash.

The vast majority of these old school gang members are on welfare, they pick up their paycheck via direct deposit, or cash at places like Currency Change. According to 1 old Latin King in my building, whom got $60 in 3 separate times just for the heck of it, he claims the 1st old Latin King I loaned $60 owes him $150, and owes the building manager (also Puerto Rican) $120. After he moved out on October 1, according to him on October 29, he gets paid the next day, and they know which Currency Exchange he goes to to pick up his cash, predicting he did not yet relocate to a different Currency Exchange. He invites me to come with him. I 1st telling the building manager about it and asks if he’s coming with us (whom is close friends with him) and he says no. I ask 2 other old gang members whom I bought beer and cigarettes for, and also owed a little money from him, and they claim to not know anything about it. Now, if there’s a theme to living in this rooming house, it’s that cocaine people always stick together. So, as predicted, they warned him about tomorrow. So later that day, the guy is now angry at me, saying he got a phone call from the culprit, whom heard about him trying to get back his money the next day, and says he ain’t paying him back and that he’s doing it at a different Currency Exchange. So now he is mad at me for opening my mouth about it.

So I said to him “That’s no problem, I’ll reimburst you it.” But I didn’t want to do it right there and then. I wanted to wait a day to see if that will really happen, and that if he didn’t get paid back the next day, I’ll reimburst him $150 that he owes.. However, I said this to him in the manager’s room, and the manager felt I was also obligated to pay him the $120 he was owed, in which the other guy went “And if he paid me $150 back, I would have tried to get [manager]’s $120 back also.” The next day, I reimbursted him $150, and I did that outside the manager’s room, in which later that night the manager knocked on my door to collect his $120 also. I didn’t pay him that yet, but I did do it over time. For several reasons.

1st, I don’t think this culprit would have paid both $150 and $120 in 1 day, from 1 month’s paycheck (these welfare people get $730 from the government, and some get more if they worked some.). And 2nd of all, I would rather wait some months, because if he’s likely to pay some the 1st month, he may pay some the upcoming months. And 3rd of all, if I paid them immediately, then neither of them will have any moral obligation to collect the money they’re owed from him. And 4th of all, if they did collect their debt money back that I paid them, how do I know they will reimburst me, when they can just keep that money to themselves? When I told the 1st guy I’ll pay him back $150, I said I will then want you to call him on speaker phone and tell him I reimbursted him $150 (which would therefore prevent him from wanting to pay him back $150), but when I paid him $150, he did not make that phone call, so if he ever did pay him back (which could be more likely given that they were both former Latin Kings), I probably would not get that back… After I reimbursted the 1st 1 and he was later mad that I didn’t reimburst the manager, I told him I’ll reimburst him when I move out, but, that happened much sooner.

Now, for the 2 that I opened my mouth too, I knew which 1 of the 2 that made the phone call. And I confronted them about it, telling them he got a phone call about a cancelled transaction (but I did not tell them who I thought made that phone call). And so I told them that because he was mad at me, I will therefore reimburst him $150. The 2 of them grabbed me by my wrists at the 3rd floor back porch, and pushed me towards the back. Remember, cocaine people stick together. And later that night, I wrote a note, telling them I knew you made the phone call due to you taking offense of me bringing it up, and they shortly knocked on my door with the note and threatened me some more.

From October 30, to November 25, loaned a White guy whom was a former I.G. (Imperial Gangster) about $120, also went to cocaine.

Funniest scam played to me:

The funniest scam ever played to me, would be the same 2 that I bought a lot of beer and cigarettes for. This whole building knew that I never had a girlfriend before and am a virgin, so this scam was built on this idea (and well thought out). Across the side of our building, there is a Cricket store, for most of the times with all young female Hispanic employees. Remember, I don’t just live in a building full of Puerto Ricans, and Latin Kings, I also live in a building full of pick-up artists. Since the Cricket store opened up half a year before I moved in, a chunk of the people of our building go into there, including if they aren’t actually with Cricket or have a cell phone “Hey gorgeous how’s it goin, hey beautiful.” And for those of us that are with Cricket, they still come in just to make small-talk, as well as come in half-drunk. Likely none of these are major issues to them (as they’re all Hispanic). The employees know about half our building. So this scam, on November 17, was a setup that they arranged a date with 1 of the employees the next day, and that I should have to buy them beer and cigarettes for them setting this up.

And even though I’m not with Cricket, they knew of me at that time, and know I live in the building, as they have a view of our front entrance and our back porch stairs. (So as I 1st moved in, I would hear all kinds of stories.). The 1st story I heard was when the 62 year-old did something that they will never forget. His 3rd time going there, he brought the manager roses with teddy bear. And came back there a couple times (and he not with Cricket). Eventually, I was inspired to do my own pranks there, but I am not Puerto Rican, and all my pranks were a reflective of my own race, I am half White and half Chinese. So I did things nobody else in my building would ever have thought of. The 1st formal time I walked in, which was my 5th time overall, on a day the manager wasn’t there, I said “Oh heyyyy” I pulled out $20 bill on 1 hand, $20 bill on other hand, and said “I’ll pay the 2 of you, $20 each, if you 2, kiss each other, right here, right now.” About a month later, I changed the address of the building, they were 2759 (for west Armitage), and I changed it to 2769. The address were black and golden stickers, so I bought and put a 6 on top of the 5. 5 days went my and nobody noticed anything so I came in on a day when the manager wasn’t there and told all the employees I changed the address. The next day when manager came in, the address was shortly changed back.

Besides doing solo pranks to Cricket, I also did pranks as a group. With the other 2, the 3 of us went into Cricket on March 3 next year all wearing the same T-Mobile uniform, and on March 15, we all came in wearing glasses.

Next year on Easter Day, April 20, I went into Cricket also to do something they will never forget. I came in shirtless, and with a basket, delivered chocolate candy, saying “Happy Easter” to all the employees and their customers.

More scams:

And now I will talk about who I consider the worst person in the building. Another former M.L.D. that became worse in the fall weather and has remained since. He’s the only 1 that threatened to beat me a couple of times. He’s a nephew of the former Latin King I loaned $150 to and $60 3 times. The 2 of them are the most territorial. Whenever he sees me in his hallway, he’s known to do the “what are you doing here, you don’t live here.” Although I live in the same hallway as his uncle, his uncle did that previously, but he discontinued that now now that he doesn’t talk to me anymore.

Only 1 of the 4 kitchens in the building has a microwave, and it is in his hallway. He’s most of the time up the ass about me being in that kitchen using the microwave. The real problem came on the night of November 5, around 10 p.m., where for the 3rd time in a week’s period, he decided to say “Ay, whatcha doin” and I point to the microwave “macaroni and cheese.” I ended up repeating the conversation I had months ago when I 1st moved to the building, that this is the only microwave in the 4 kitchens, and I hear him saying to a neutron in the hallways “He’s gotta go.” When I finish, he tells me to go out the back door, but as it is winter night, my back hallway door is closed, so I tell him I can’t exit out the back, I must exit through the front, and he just says “I don’t care, go” (pointing to the back door). But I was backed by the old school king that defended me and let me take the stairs. It will be several months before the 2 fought.’

The sad and interesting thing is I might be the only person that uses that uses that microwave without living in that hallway. Almost everybody has a microwave of their own, so probably nobody shares my pain.

On January 8, I was watching T.V. at night in the manager’s room, and the worst guy comes into his room. He takes him out of his room because he doesn’t want to talk to him in front of me. (And when they do, it’s in Spanish, so I wouldn’t understand anyways.). He was asking the manager for money, and after the manager said no, he turns to me. I remind him of the money he owes me, and that doesn’t go well, until he physically threatens me, and so the manager eventually kicks him out.

Worst scam played to me:

On January 17, the biggest scam played to me and it still hurts. I got a phone call from the manager asking if I was home, and I was, and he says he needs a favor and to come over, but he didn’t say what the fvor was on the phone, so I went over to his room. He says the Mexican guy only paid $325 in rent (his rent was $450), and that he lost it. And that the building owner will be over anytime now to come pick it up. He says he will be here around 11 a.m., and it was around 10:50. The manager was asking for $200 and that he got the other $125. So I agreed. I ran over to the atm and withdrawed $200 for him. Regardless of when he said he will pay me back the next time he gets paid, it hasn’t happened. So that $200 I never got back.

On February 1, I paid rent and the manager still did not say anything about the $200 I loaned him. That night, I handwrote a note about the whole situation, and shoved it under the door of the old school king that played the Cricket prank on me. As far as I know, the manager has never been in a gang before, but his friend, that I gave $150 and $60 3 times, was. And I don’t believe this idea could come to his head by himself, I think his friend put the idea to him and they thought about it over time. This would be the 3rd scam Latin Kings played to me in my life. So at the end of the note, I put I thought his friend put that idea in his head (who’s the uncle of the worst guy in the building) and that I thought the money may have went to the 2 of them also.

After the person read that note, it took about 24 hours before he decided to do something serious with him. In fact, it seemed he took that note to his Spanish Lord friend before deciding to show it to the nephew mentioned in the note.

The next day, I helped the nephew and his uncle move king-size mattresses up the stairs to the uncle’s room. It’s just in line with being a former Latin King chief. That night, the Latin King that I put the note under his door, gave it to the nephew mentioned in the note, whom later gave to his uncle. His uncle replied back on my note about how a stupid dumbass I am and shoved it under my door. When his uncle saw me in our hallway, he shouted to me that “I have no proof of anything.”

When I met both Latin Kings outside my building they both talked about how I’m going to get my ass kicked. That night as I stood outside my building, the nephew-MLD comes over and makes another threat to crush my brains, because his name was mentioned in his note. He ends with saying he won’t come after me – he’ll send someone else to come after me.

The last months:

On February 28, the worst person in the building M.L.D. was arrested. He took a knife out on the old school king that lived in his hallway. Throughout March and April, he’s attacked several people in his hallway and some on the hallway above him. He’s been arrested 2 more times, apparently with the same victim, and I guess the police came a total of 5 times, where the times he wasn’t arrested he hid in his room to not come out.

On the night of March 2, The White I.G. guy that owes me $120, he moved out. To date, he’s only paid me back $20. On his last day, he dropped me off 3 T-Mobile uniforms. I didn’t know what to do with them. But I realized that day was the 2nd, and most of the welfare people get paid on the 3rd, including those that go to Cricket to pay their bills. So I took the uniforms and knocked on the old school king’s door “Are you and \_\_\_ Spanish Lord going to go to Cricket tomorrow?” “Yesssss” “I have 3 T-Mobile uniform…” That’s what happened the net day, and on March 15, the 3 of us went in there again wearing glasses.

On April 5, we met 2 new people that moved in, likely on the 3rd. The brother of the Spanish Cobra that used to live in our building, moved in. I never really met the Spanish Cobra since he moved out about a month after I moved in. His brother is not in a gang, or used to be, but he is a jiver.

On May 3 (2014), the 1st M.L.D. that I loaned $120 to, was back. He’s friends with the Spanish Cobra that moved out, and his brother that moved in. This was the 2nd time I met him since he moved out. He tells me stories on how he’s changed, has a full-time job, and I tell him the story of how the manager got $200 for me in a scam, and these are just god motives for him to try to friend me. There was a party that night and I went with him to by beer for him, and later that night, when he tried to get me some more, I refused, and so we split our ways again.

However, he spread these stories to the new people that moved in, to the brother of the Spanish Cobra. The very next day, while crossing the street, the new guy says to me “Ay, loan me 5 bucks” and I did, and in total ended up giving him $59.

2 days later, on May 6, he asked for another $5 which I gave him. That night, I got a phone call from the Spanish Lord that lives in his hallway to come over, where he [the jiver] asked for another $20. And his Spanish Cobra brother asked for $30 but I handed a $20 bill which he took. Well you won’t believe what happened, 2 and a half hours later, at 11:28 p.m. he calls for the remaining $10 and I tell him I sleep, hang up, and he calls numerous times before coming in to my hallway to knock on my door.

3 days later on May 9, the jiver asked me how much cash I had, which was $9, which he wanted and took and counted up how much he owes and keeps post-poning it.

On May 17, he asked me for another $20, which I said I had to go to the a.t.m. at 7-11 so he followed me over, this totals $59.

On April 20, it was Easter Day. I went into Cricket alone shirtless, to distribute chocolate candy and say “Happy Easter,” but had a witness from my building, the Spanish Lord, to watch from the side porch. However, the next day, Cook County Sheriff came in with the eviction and evicted the old king, a 4-month process or more. So the idea of the 3 of us coming in to Cricket shirtless on a later day dwindled. After Easter, Mother’s Day was next. I tried to get the building manager to come into Cricket shirtless by himself, to do the same thing I did. To give him my basket, fill it with candy, and have him say “Happy Mother’s Day” (even if it was a little after Mother’s Day). He chickened out.

The manager is now 68, wears glasses, often walks with a cane, bald, and overweight. (He’s also with Cricket, and been going there since it 1st opened.). He also wears 2 crosses as a necklace. After Easter Day, and weeks before Mother’s Day, at 1st, I offered him 50 bucks to do it, and he said he’ll think about it. I tell him they won’t call the cops on you you’re just an old man. But about a week later he says hell no. And days later I ask him if he’ll do it for 80 bucks and he says no and for a hundred dollars and he says yes. However, he chickened out again. Although Mother’s Day has now past, several times I’ve offered him in real time to go into Cricket shirtless for $100, which he kept turning down.

However, he may have worried I would have scammed him by getting him to do something and not paying him for it since he already scammed me $200.

Months after typing this article, I realize I played a fault on causing him to scam me $200. Months before the incident, I used to open my mouth about how “it’s an automatic felony for someone my age to put their hands on someone over 63.” So what did they do? They used it against me. Because I acknowledge to them I wouldn’t want to put my hands on someone over 63. And the next neighborhood I moved too, I see it’s women and elderly that want to do something to piss you off the most, and even the elderly that put their hands on you 1st..

On June 8, around 1 a.m., the worst person in the building attacked the Spanish Lord in the head with a metal flashlight 2 times, and then ran off. I woke up to hear him screaming. The worst guy in the building has 2 uncles living there, his nicer uncle (that hasn’t been mentioned here yet) immediately ran out and called 911 for the Spanish Lord, and he was ambulanced to the hospital, and came back around 4:30 a.m. with stiches to his head. I talked with him for a bit, then met him again later that morning.

On June 11, after seeing the Cricket manager’s car drive to the parking lot, I dropped off 9 condoms on the front door of the store. Minutes after the store opened, I sent the worst guy in the building to collect them back, but told him he could keep the condoms, since I have no use for them. (He’s with Cricket also since he moved in.).

I moved out 5 days later, on June 16, 1 day after the last of the Humboldt Park carnival.

Aftermath:

I moved to by 79th and Halsted on the South side, to what might be a mostly G.D.s neighborhood (Gangster Disciples). To a neighborhood that’s 2/3rd GDs and 1/3rd Black P. Stones. But I won’t be lonely there (a Whiter neighborhood is a lonelier neighborhood).

Useless trivia:

-Out of the 28 rooms, the person that lived there the longest has been living there since 1998.

-The previous building owner bought the entire building in 1990. In 2008, he sold just the 2nd and 3rd floors to our current owner, and in a couple years, he sold the liquor store to the person he was renting to. He still works at the liquor store. Only 4 people still live here from the time he owned it.

-Some good things about this rooming house, subjective, it I the only rooming house that I lived at where there were no heroin addicts.

To see a video on YouTube I took of a verbal fight in the building, go to YouTube.com and type in “2001-03 N. California” to see a video I called “A typical day in the life of 2001-03 N. California.”

See also, my pamphlet on the Latin Kings <http://homepages.neiu.edu/~njconroy/LatinKingsPamphlet-English.docx> (not about the Latin Kings in my previous rooming house, but about the Latin Kings in the neighborhood of my previous rooming house, in Little Village).

See also, <http://www.nealirc.org/Neal/LatinosAsACriminalRace.html>

Proof of Service

On June 24, 2014, I mailed this document to the following:

2007 N. California, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd floor.

2009 N. California, #1, #2, #3, #4, #5, and #6.

2011 N. California, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd floor.

2015 N. Californi, #1, #2, and #3.

2017 N. California, #1, #2, and #3.

And on June 25, 2014, I dropped off 15 copies at the front lobby of

2740 W. Armitage (where 1 side of the building sees our entire back porches).