

Angela and I married Nov. of '82,  
and you all left for Florida early '83. We  
stayed with Rick & Missy 'til you settled in,  
and we then followed you down to Hollywood.  
It's been 23 years, so I don't recall the month,  
but it happened a few weeks before Angela and  
I left to return to Ohio. The "Spadeful" was the little  
apartment we had there at the end of the  
block, the motel converted to apartments.  
That's the time frame.. maybe early summer of  
'83. Late spring, early summer.

That's Hollywood, Florida.. and just  
beside us is Janis - right? Okay. You go to  
the end of the street we lived on, the Italian  
restaurant there. U.S. Hwy #1 - just go a north  
and south. Hang a left and head north a few  
blocks to the next main road heading east  
and west.. east to the beach. Spiceman, believe.  
Turn right and head toward the beach, east.  
Before the causeway there's a park on the right,  
I believe called Spiceman Park. Little wooden  
place, bike paths, a small pond.

I met her riding bikes. We went to  
the beach, rode around down there, and came  
back up Spiceman and into the park. That's where  
it happened. White girl, red hair. Maybe 110 lbs.,  
5'5". I think her name might have

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been Katherine. It's been so long ago. She spanked me for  
3 years, and we made peace. She moved on.  
She was really mad at first, missed her parents.  
But she learned things over there. That helped  
her, and she got to understand who I was and  
why I'd done such a thing. She forgave me.  
I was forever my girl.  
I believe she was found the next day,  
the following evening. There was a story in the  
evening paper, a composite picture drawn of me;  
someone remembered us riding around by the  
beach. Didn't look much like me. I think there's  
a reward. There was. I believe it was either \$10,000,  
or perhaps even \$100,000.

John "Mango" Curcio  
954  
Cal: 954/-

I'm trusting that you'll deal with this  
fairly, with the respect it deserves. No  
circumstances. You check the newspaper  
archives you'll find the story, the name of  
the family. If you can track them down on your  
own, great. If you cannot, then John can, for  
sure. I trust Mango, he'll handle it well  
enough. He already knows that I have

"someone" who's gonna handle this whole thing  
once in good, but doesn't know who. I've  
never given him a reason to believe I wouldn't  
take care of it, so he trusts me that far.

Always been straight with him, which is  
why he respects me and we're "friends".

But Mongo's a cop. Now, I believe  
that if you went to him and handle this  
with you very quietly, non-publicly. However,  
ethically for pretty sure he'll have to tell  
his superiors, and at that point I lose  
faith. Anything could happen from there.

Of course he'd do his best to keep it  
as secret and quiet as possible, on his  
end, but his no control over the others.

There are leaks in the system, and the media  
could get stuff, and run a story in the paper  
of a 23 year old cold case being solved,  
posthumously. I don't know. I certainly prefer

that it be done discreetly, that it  
doesn't come to fuck out of me. God,  
anyone else. God knows. Or at least,  
he knows that you gonna give this to you  
to handle for me. Doesn't know any  
details.

Again, if you can find the case on your  
own, reach the family, that's my

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preference preference. But, for frustrating you,  
and you do the right thing. You have every-  
thing here to complete the mission. K? However  
you gotta get it done. If and when, please  
you to let these people know I had you do  
the right thing. I wanted them to know. It's one thing  
to learn that their daughter's killer has  
finally been brought to justice, one way or the  
other. But it's more of a closure instance  
when the information came about peacefully,  
without disgrace, so that peace is added  
to peace, rather than adding a measure/clement  
of negativity. I'd considered writing something to  
give them, but I believe that after all these  
years their closure process doesn't need to be  
overly complicated. So, you just let them know  
that I am deeply sorry, that I could be just easy  
until they know the truth. Let them know  
that in the end I became a better person, and  
I did the best I could to be as much  
much as I could for them, & out of respect  
for the ones in Harrold.  
I know it's a cliffy thing to have to do,  
so I thank you for the right thing. You be  
watching and do what I can to help from  
over there.

Angela and I married Nov. of '82,  
and you all left for Florida early '83. We  
stayed with Rick + Missy 'til you settled in,  
and we then followed you down to Hollywood.  
It's been 23 years, so I don't recall the month,  
but it happened a few weeks before Angela and  
I left to return to Ohio. She "haunted" the little  
apartment we had there at the end of the  
block, the motel converted to apartments.

That's the time frame.. maybe early summer of  
'83. Late spring, early summer.

There's Hollywood, Florida .. and just  
beside us is Dania – right? Okay. You go to  
the end of the street we lived on, the Italian  
restaurant there. US Hwy #1 that goes north  
and south. Hang a left and head north a few  
blocks to the next main road heading east  
and west .. east to the beach. Sheridan I believe.  
Turn right and head toward the beach, east.  
Before the causeway, there's a park on the right,  
I believe called Sheridan Park. Little wooden  
place, bike paths, a small pond.

I met her riding bikes. We went to  
the beach, rode around down there, and came  
back up Sheridan and into the park. That's where  
it happened. White girl, red hair, maybe 110 lbs.,  
5' 5". I think her name might have

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been Katherine. It's been so long ago. She haunted me for  
3 years, and we made peace. She moved on.

She was really mad at first, missed her parents.  
But she learned things over there that helped  
her, and she got to understand who I was and  
why I'd done such a thing. She forgave me.

I never forgave myself.

I believe she was found the next day,  
the following evening. There was a story in the  
newspaper, a composite picture drawn of me;  
someone remembered us riding around by the  
beach. Didn't look much like me. I think there's  
a reward. There was. I believe it was [ILLEGIBLE] \$10,000,  
or perhaps even \$100,000.

John "Mongo" Curcio

954(old number)

Cell 954(old number)

I'm trusting that you'll deal with this  
tactfully, with the respect it deserves. No  
circus. Hear? You check the newspaper  
archives. You'll find the story. The name of  
the family. If you can track them down on your  
own, great. If you cannot, then John can, for  
sure. I trust Mongo, he'll handle it well  
enough. He already knows that I have

own, great. If you cannot, then John can, for sure. I trust Mongo, he'll handle it well enough. He already knows that I have

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“someone” who’s gonna handle this whole thing once I’m gone, but doesn’t know who. I’ve never given him a reason to believe I wouldn’t take care of it, so he trusts me that far. Always been straight with him, which is why he respects me and we’re “friends.” But Mongo’s a cop. Now I believe that if you went to him he’d handle this with you very quietly, non-publicly. However, ethically I’m pretty sure he’ll have to tell his superiors, and at that point I lose faith. Anything could happen from there. I’m sure he’d do his best to keep it as secret and quiet as possible on his end, but .. he’s no control over the others. There are leaks in the system, and the media could get whiff, and run a story in the paper of a 23 year old cold case being solved, posthumously. I don’t know. I certainly prefer that it be done discreetly, that it doesn’t come to freak out Mom + Dad, anyone else. Dad knows. Or at least, he knows that I’m gonna give this to you to handle for me. Doesn’t know any details.

Again, if you can find this case on your own, reach the family that’s my

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preference. But, I’m trusting you, and you do the right thing. You have every thing here to complete the mission. K? However you gotta get it done. If and when, I want you to let these people know I had you do this. That I wanted them to know. It’s one thing to learn that their daughter’s killer has finally been brought to “justice,” one way or the other. But it’s more so of a closure instance when the information came about peacefully, without resistance, so that peace is added to peace, rather than adding a measure/element of negativity. I’d considered writing something to give them, but I believe that after all these years their closure process doesn’t need to be overly complicated. So, you just let them know that I am deeply sorry, that I couldn’t rest easy until they knew the truth. Let them know that in the end I became a better person, and I did the best I could to be as much as I could for others, out of respect for the ones I’ve harmed. I know it’s a hell of a thing to have to do, so I thank you. It’s the right thing. I’ll be watching and do what I can to help from over there.

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over there.

[Illegible]