



Douglas Percoco

January 7, 1945 - February 16, 2026

No obituary found for this tribute.

Previous Events

Visitation

FEB **26**. 5:00 PM - 7:00 PM (ET)

Fabrizio Funeral Chapels
475 Sunrise Hwy North Service Rd
West Babylon, NY 11704
(631) 345-4000

Visitation

FEB **27**. 10:00 AM - 12:00 PM (ET)

Fabrizio Funeral Chapels
475 Sunrise Hwy North Service Rd
West Babylon, NY 11704
(631) 345-4000

Burial

FEB **27** (ET)

St. Charles Cemetery
2015 Wellwood Ave
Farmingdale, NY 11735

Tribute Wall

KS

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Kenneth Spooner - March 02 at 09:09 AM

KS

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Kenneth Spooner - March 02 at 08:57 AM

MA

“ To the Doug Family,



Please accept my deepest condolences. I truly cannot express in words how deeply saddened I am by his passing. Doug was a wonderful man, and I will always cherish the many talks we shared. I loved listening to his stories — he certainly had so many to tell.

I used to joke with him and tell him not to share anything that might get me into trouble. Those moments will always make me smile.

He loved his family deeply, and it was clear how proud he was of each of you. I will truly miss him.

May he be shining in God's glory, resting in peace and surrounded by love.

*With heartfelt sympathy,
Maribel from Agra Services*

Maribel - February 27 at 09:25 AM

BE

“ I didn't know Doug to well, but my fiancé and I lived in the apartment above Doug's home for three years while I finished law school. He was very kind to us, even giving us cooking ingredients when we ran out and were too lazy to run to the store. He'd always stop us on our way out to walk our dog and say "Now let me tell ya" and get into some crazy story. I never thought I'd have a good relationship with a landlord, but Doug was always looking out for us. He was more like a land uncle. I wish Vanessa, Evan, and the rest of Doug's family and friends the best.

Bennett Sterrer

Bennett - February 26 at 03:29 PM

KS

“ EXCERPT FROM "THE CONTINENTALS" CHAPTER 5 OF IF THE DEVIL DANCED IN EMPTY POCKETS HE'D HAVE A BALL IN MINE by Ken Spooner

It's early summer of 1964 the band has been working weekends steady at a real popular road house called the Palm Terrace in Riverhead ./....

As I mentioned PA systems were not around, so we decided to build ours. We bought four twelve inch speakers and separate wall enclosures, like the kind they used to have in school or church. We also bought a Bogen 35 watt public address amp, good for making political speeches, and lots of wire. Then Doug sprung for \$400 and bought a Guild Binson Ech -O-Rec, an Italian echo chamber. It just kind of repeated the distortion. Doug had a real good day job, as we were only making \$15.00 a man per night there. It was during the purchasing of some extra speaker wire, that I ran into John Cusimano who shall be referred to hereafter as ...

THE MANAGER FROM HELL or M F H!

John came on easy, but once he got rolling, well remember James Taylor's "STEAMROLLER"? That was a sidewalk scooter compared to the manager from hell. He came to a rehearsal and told us about his big plans to turn us into STARS! (Don't Let The Star's Get In Your Eyes, If You Got Water On The Brain – Homer & Jethro) Now this John boy was really trying to sell us the Brooklyn Bridge. Funny thing though, Doug was buying it, I was leery, Johnny was ready for

anything and Frankie was against it. At his first and last rehearsal this M. F. H. tells us that he has watched us in action over the weekend and he knew exactly how to fix us. Though the place was packed, no one in our band recalls seeing him there. He claimed he came in late and sat at the bar. "You guys sound good, but you look like you're asleep up there, especially you." He pointed at me and I thought he might have been there, as I usually did do the last set in my sleep. So then he goes on telling us of his Hollywood credentials, claimed to have had a lot to do with the film "The King of Kings" an old Bible Pic. What that had to do with music was beyond me. He used all the stereotype agent jargon, like Baby and Booby and was kind of amusing, until he goes to his car and brings back an old beat up Harmony arch top guitar, with this Gene Autry style rope cord for a strap. I don't think there were three strings on it. Now he was trying to show Frankie how to move in front of a mic. Frank says, "Yeah, right, but I don't play guitar" With that M F H does an 'Elvis Has Split His Pants' move and flings the guitar behind him. Well, his pants held, but the strap didn't. This refugee from a garage sale leftover goes sailing through the air and makes contact with Doug's new Fender Precision Bass. Taking not only some of the finish off, but the actual wood of the instrument! Doug was always a VERY PARTICULAR guy about everything. He goes ballistic! The M F H says "OH SHIT!" and takes off running, then stops and looks around to see if Doug is chasing him. He's not, he has laid his bass on the ground like it was a dying cowboy and is in shock, but babbling to himself that Fender guitars has a refinish service in their catalog. So the M F H says, "Don't worry booby, when I'm through handling you, you can buy a bass for every day of the week, then throw them away and start all over again. I saw the humor in the whole thing but Doug got pissed a me too for laughing.

For his next act, the M F H tries to get our parents to sign contracts. Doug was the only guy over eighteen. Well, Potts said OK, I said maybe, and Frankie said NO. So for act three, he tries to get us to dump Frankie. This guy was a desperado. We called a meeting to

basically figure out how to get rid of this guy and he shows up carting his mother, who's in her eighties and in a wheelchair. I guess he wanted sympathy. Then the M F H picks up my phone and makes a call to Kentucky of all places. He tells us he's calling Colonel Tom Parker to share his discovery. Maybe he read that the Colonel,

Kenny Spooner - February 22 at 10:34 AM

KS

THE REST OF THE STORY : But "The Colonel" as he was known in the Biz, lived in Madison, Tennessee; Las Vegas, Nevada; and Palm Springs, California. What it probably was, is John may of had a relative in Kentucky who would accept the charges. When he left, my mom who always trusting and looked for the good in people said, "HE'S A NUT, I'd stay away." We tried, but somehow he talked us into another meeting. This one took place in a women's beauty parlor after hours. There he had some guy named Rene style our hair. When it was over we looked like, Moe, Moe, Moe, and one mo Moe. Yep it was a new act all right, and like the Stones it wasn't very pretty. But his final act was one right out of Hollywood, the land of make believe, which was where he claimed to come from. This was his grand plan to introduce us to the world. It was at the height of the British Invasion. He planned to to "BORROW" a Pan Am 727 and have us taxi up to the Kennedy Terminal as the latest thing from England. It set Doug off into howling, as his father had worked at that airport all his life and Doug was working there for the last two years. It would be a Federal offense and if the M F H could pull it off, we would all go to the Big House. I cannot for the life of me recall just how we finally got rid of this guy, but we did. We played in the Palm Terrace every Friday and Saturday night for over eight months, I don't know exactly what happened or why, but we all decided to split up. Doug said he was tired of the commute. He worked at Kennedy, but always came home on weekends anyway. A short time later he was playing bass for The Kingsmen and I tried to keep the Continentals going with several subs. That didn't last long. Several years later the Palm Terrace burned to the ground.

Kenneth Spooner - February 23 at 10:31 AM

DO

“ We have been together for most of our lives and have enjoyed many holidays and Christmas holiday feasts in particular. Love and miss you our dear cousin.

Mary, Donna, Sebastian, Debra, Rob, Stephen, Kim, Stephen, Angelina and Nicole.

DonnacDeAmicis - February 19 at 11:16 AM

KS

Donna : Are you Doug's cousin who spent summers at the Percoco Savarese compound in Mastic Beach in Doug's uncle Harry's home ?

Kenneth Spooner - March 02 at 09:26 AM