

# P.O.W. Comes Home to Find Warmth in Maine's Crisp Autumn Air

Special to The New York Times

GREENVILLE, Me., Oct. 14—Walking next to his father near a lake he fished as a boy, Navy Lieut. Markham Gartley looked up at the clear, blue sky and filled his lungs with crisp autumn air.

The 28-year-old pilot noted the colors of the northern Maine woods—the McIntosh reds and of the sugar maples, the pumpkin yellow of the hardwood birch and evergreens of spruce and balsam fir. The setting sun was riding low on the mountains, sending orange sparks across the wind-rippled water.

It was like old times. "As I was traveling' around it, the world to get home from North Vietnam," said Lieuten-ant Gartley, "I realized that on each mile brought me closer to home. When I could see the changing foliage from the plane on this last flight I knew I was close. But it wasn't until

I stepped off the plane and heard my name being called without the 'x' that I knew I was really home. "It's great to be here."

Lieutenant Gartley, released a month ago after spending four years in North Vietnamese pris- on camps, returned last night to this sportsman's paradise of 1,900 residents. The closely knit community gave him a rousing welcome that featured the presentation of a new car. "He's a smart boy, good in sports," Selection George Wheel- man recalled before the pro- gram. "When he was declared missing, it was just like World War II again—everybody knew

As I was traveling' around it, there was an awful lot of emotion over it for a long time. The only thing we had to go that he was still alive was a parachute. "In a small town like this, every boy is your own."

drive that raised money for the white, red and blue car. Al- most half the town and several families of New England pris- oners of war turned out at the high school gym, where Gov. Kenneth Curtis and a small slate of local persons spoke.

Daunted at first by the pres- sure of bright lights and cam- era crews, the young Greenville High School marching band finally caught the spirit of the Down East audience. It swung into the Navy theme as Lieut-enant Gartley took the stage to a warm ovation. The student council of this school, where he started in three sports and graduated valedictorian of the Class of 1962, served free soft drinks and coffee.

The gymnasium was decor-ated by the students in red, white and blue crepe and large homemade banners. Flanked by his mother and father and sur- rounded by the speakers, Lieut-enant Gartley let his eyes wander over the audience

throughout the ceremony, try- ing to pick out familiar faces. He grinned broadly when two 3-year-old girls who were born after his capture stood up in the bleachers and struggled with a sign: "Welcome Home, Mark."

"This is really sincere," said the Governor after the pro- gram. "There was no politics, no phonies; this is real New England spirit."

He told the audience, "this is the time for all of us to thank God for the safe return of Mark to the state of Maine, and ask . . . that the war be ended so that other prisoners be returned to Greenvilles across the country."

stepped up to the microphone to another warm ovation. A shore emotional address, he emphasized, "I'm home; I'm one of the lucky ones. One of the hardest things to do was leave some of the best friends a man could ever have. We've got to redirect our attention and ef- forts to the men who remain."

Lieutenant Gartley's mother, Minnie-Lee, received a corsage. Although she did not know for certain that her son was still alive until months after his crash, she said she never lost hope. "Now my heart's too full to speak."

Finally Lieutenant Gartley