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# TOWN TURNS OUT TO GREET A P.O.W.

Sirens Wail in Uniondale for L. I. Army Sergeant

#### By DAVID A. ANDELMAN

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UNIONDALE, L.I., March 19
— Sgt. Richard Perricone's hometown gave him a rousing welcome today — something

hometown gave him a rousing welcome today — something they had been waiting to do for more than six years.

Uniondale Avenue, the main thoroughfare was lined with American flags and banners were strung across the street proclaiming "Welcome Home, Pichard" and the fire which. were strung across the block proclaiming "Welcome Home, Richard." And as the fire chief's red car, trailed by a brown se-dan carrying the returning pris-oner of war, turned down Jeru-salem Avenue, the firehouse and every engine in it let loose with sirens. with sirens.

The Fire Department said that 8,000 to 10,000 people had lined the sidewalks. In a crush of affection, they pushed and shoved to touch the soldier who had been a prisoner of the Vietcong for people size view seems.

cong for nearly six years. Uniondale is the heart Nixon country on Long Island, the hometown of Joseph M. Margiotta, the Nassau Republican leader, and, as Charles Voorhes, post commander of the local American Legion, said, "There isn't a soul in town who didn't support those boys."

### 10 Died in War

More than 500 bracelets bear-More than 500 bracelets bearing the name of Richard Perricone had been sold here. In years past his father, Eugene, was a frequent visitor at high-school assemblies.

Ten of the 141 Uniondale sons who fought in the Vietnam war died there and for a corre

war died there, and for a community of 22,387 "that is a record we are very very proud of," Mr. Voorhes observed, pointing to the sign in front of the American Legion post on Uniondale Avenue that lists each of the Vietnam veterans.

Inside, at the post's bar, several dozen men, many sporting their yellow-on-red nylon Legio jackets, toasted Sergeant Perri-cone and "all those other boys who went over there."

who went over there."
Thirty-five community organizatios, virtually every one in Uniondale have anded together organize a formal welcome home day at the end of April for Sergeant Perricone and all other Vietnam veterans from Long Island.

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"There are no radical organizatoons here in Uniondale," one community organizer explained.

"Uniondale was behind the war and behind the P.O.W.'s 100 per cent and we still are. When Nixon began the bombing again last December, everybody's heart was glad here.And, you see, why the P.O.W.'s themselves said that's what brougt them some."

## Others Return Quitely

The mass welcome for Sergea The mass welcome for Sergea Perricone was the first by any Long Island community. Other returning prisoners of war, such as Sgt. Arthur Cormier of Bay Shore, have slipped back to Lon Island with scarcely a whisper, and most people, even in the home communities of the men, do not even realize they are do not even realize they are

But in Uniondale, there were

But in Uniondale, there were even baby carriages bedecked with tiny American flags in the crush of spectators in front of the high school.

"I'm trying to make him patriotic," Mrs. Joan Glibbery said as she wheeled her 18-month-old son, Christopher, who clutched one tiny flag among the ones fluttering from the edges of his pram. the edges of his pram.

#### Sirens Herald Arrival

Sirens heard blocks away heralded the arrival of the re-turning soldier. His progress was slow through the center of

was slow through the center of town.

When he reached the firehouse, which is at the community center of Uniondale, an unincorporated area in the Town of Hempstead, Sergeant Perricone was embraced by his grandmother, who rushed forward to his car. She had not seen him for seven years.

The streets off Uniondale Avenue were bedecked with flags on the small clapboard houses, hung from the doorways, on poles, draped across garage doors or sprouting on lawns.

"I love it," Sergeant Perricone kept repeating over and over again as the volunteer firemen formed a protective ring around him, guarding him from the thousands who pressed in to touch or see him. "I love everybody for what they're doing for me."