

approached them and said, 'we need so bad, we want you to stay for the party. We want you to be our guests. We insist.'

The party was a family gathering to honor the high school graduation of one of the Pappas' nieces. "I know you probably don't feel comfortable with a bunch of strangers," Harry Pappas told the Washburns and the Corks. "Nobody does. So just mingle if you wish—but I'm going to set you up your own table out on the terrace, where you can visit with each other like you planned in the first place."

The Washburns and the Corks had a wonderful time. On the terrace, the Pappas brothers set a table for them, with a view of the house's large back yard and fish pond. There was no charge; the two couples enjoyed each others' company, and they mingled with the people at the party, too. It was probably not something that every person would like—some people would most likely decline an invitation like that, and go to another restaurant instead.

But in a world that is often considered cold and distrusting, full of distance, the gesture made at the White House restaurant that day sort of stood out. The Washburns and the Corks considered the dinner to be one of the nicest they'd ever had; on their way out of the party, Mrs. Washburn stood in the room full of strangers and said, "Thank you all. I just hope you had as nice a time today as we did."

Anyway, the White House went out of business last weekend. John Pappas said that his brother Harry had died in 1988, and that the restaurant was hurt by a proliferation of local restaurants offering fast-food service. Pappas is 73 now; last weekend he held an auction to sell off everything in the place—tables, silverware, kitchen utensils, light fixtures, everything.

"Some nights near the end, we had a total of six customers," he said. "I think the problem was that we didn't know how to advertise or promote. We talked about it, but we just didn't understand how to do it. We tried to operate a place that really made people feel at home, but I couldn't afford to stay open any longer."

Other restaurants will close this summer; other restaurants will open. Some of them, once in a while, will provide lasting memories. I called Mrs. Washburn to tell her about the White House. "What a lovely place," she said. "What lovely people. What a lovely night."



ne little-noticed byproduct of the

France.

Back in New York hungry

asked Tim.

Chicago Tribune

Tempo

SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1995

(Harvard for him, Vassar for her, then Yale Law School—where they met and

The first Zagat guide appeared in New York in 1982. Today it outsells Michelin.

mentary truly seriously was Nina Zagat. She realized their decision to print the guide privately and give away copies to the participants and others was costing them nearly \$20,000 a year—and the num-

City appeared in bookstores and gift shops. "We sold out," Tim recalls. "We broke even. We were amazed."

It was just the beginning. Sales climbed to 18,000 the next

SEE ZAGAT, PAGE 6

Rescue mission

Pilot couldn't be saved, but his memory was—in Korea memorial

By Scott Baltic

SPECIAL TO THE TRIBUNE

Arthur Donald DeLacy would have—by all rights, should have—turned 65 a week ago yesterday. Instead, the red-headed Chicago kid who had always wanted to fly was swallowed up by the Korean War more than 40 years ago.

In a sense, Art DeLacy was fortunate, because his memory was kept alive, and because it helped bring about the Korean War Veterans Memorial, which will be dedicated Thursday in Washington, D.C.

How that came to be is a story of what curiosity, dedication and luck can accomplish.

As a child on the Northwest Side, Art's energy and mischievousness got him into trouble more than once, like the time he

managed to disassemble part of his crib and escape, recalls his sister, Barbara Heinrich of Schaumburg. The two children were raised by their mother, Myrtle, who was divorced from their father.

Art's disposition had settled down by the time he entered Lane Tech High School, recalls June O'Meara, a cousin. "He got all the hell out of him while he was younger," O'Meara says.

One trait he always kept, both women agree, was his love of airplanes. "He wanted to be a pilot so much," Heinrich says. "All of his life, that's what he wanted to do."

Realizing that dream in the Marine Corps became a roundabout path for DeLacy. In the spring of 1948, barely out of high school, he

SEE KOREA, PAGE 6



Second Lt. Arthur DeLacy of Chicago

Korea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

joined the National Guard, but because he was underage his mother had to give her permission. Why not, with World War II three years in the past?

A few months later, after he turned 18, he enlisted in the Marines, but there was a potential problem with getting into pilot training: DeLacy was partly deaf in one ear. "Somehow he passed the [hearing] test," Heinrich recalls. "He faked it, just to get in."

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In the fall of 1951, one of the last positional battles of the Korean War was being fought near a series of rugged hills that became known as Heartbreak Ridge. Second Lt. Art DeLacy had just arrived in Korea.

On Oct. 7, one of Marine Fighter Squadron 323's missions was to cut a road that the enemy was using to bring supplies to its front-line troops on Heartbreak. DeLacy was assigned to that mission.

As the four F-4U Corsairs approached the target area, DeLacy's plane was hit, and he bailed out over the bowl-shaped valley between the Allied and the Communist forces.

Maj. Edward L. Barker, a helicopter pilot, Texan and fellow Marine, volunteered to attempt a rescue and was on the scene within 15 minutes. He soon spotted DeLacy in a foxhole, pinned down by enemy automatic-weapons fire. But when the chopper lowered a rescue line, DeLacy was unable to grab it.

Under constant fire, Barker circled back twice more to try to pick up DeLacy. On his fourth try, the foxhole was empty. A ground patrol that later tried to find the downed pilot was also driven back by enemy fire.

DeLacy disappeared forever.

It wasn't until March 8, 1954, months after the war ended, that the Marine Corps confirmed a "finding of death" in DeLacy's case. Barbara Heinrich remembers coming home from work that day to find that her mother had gotten the telegram. Even 2½ years after her brother's disappearance, it was hard news.

To this day, Heinrich isn't sure when—if ever—her mother gave up hope that her son might still be found alive. After a point, she says, "you just don't talk about it anymore."

There things stood for years. Art DeLacy was one of more than 8,000 Americans missing in action in Korea and presumed dead. In 1979, Myrtle DeLacy died.

■■■■

A year or two ago, June O'Meara's son, Mark, started to get interested in family history.



Tribune photo by Err

The Korean War Veterans Memorial (above), which will be dedicated Wednesday. At right, the family of Art DeLacy: his sister Barbara Heinrich, her husband Lee (left) and Mark O'Meara, DeLacy's second cousin.

Growing up, he'd always heard about his mom's cousin who was shot down and killed in Korea.

Mark, who lives in Arlington Heights, started to get into genealogical research. He had no way of knowing that, hundreds of miles away, someone else had been holding on to Art DeLacy's memory for a long time.

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Edward Barker, the pilot of the rescue helicopter, survived the Korean War and later retired from the Marines as a highly decorated lieutenant colonel. His highest medal was a Silver Star for the attempt to save DeLacy.

Like many veterans, he never felt comfortable talking about his war experiences and shared very little with his family. His younger son, Hal, in particular, felt a great curiosity about the war.

In 1979, frustrated by his father's silence, he wrote to Marine Corps headquarters and received a copy of the Silver Star citation. He read about DeLacy, and the abortive rescue attempt, and the enemy bullets smacking into his father's helicopter.

Three years later, Hal and his father finally talked about Korea. The retired pilot described seeing DeLacy lying on the ground, his parachute beside him, and summed up the experience in four words: "I couldn't get him."



Tribune photo by Jose

More interested in DeLacy than ever, Hal contacted the 23rd Infantry Regiment Association. The 23rd, part of the Army's Second Division, had captured Heartbreak Ridge at a cost of more than 800 casualties.

Hal wound up being invited to the 23rd's 1982 reunion, in Port Washington, N.Y. A journeyman carpenter with a degree in history, he had never served in the military, having been rejected twice for poor eyesight. Sitting at a table with some veterans of Heartbreak Ridge, he asked if anyone remembered seeing a helicopter rescue.

They sure did; some had been only 200 yards from it. One recalled the chopper rushing by overhead, while another remem-

bered hearing bullets hit the cue craft and seeing pieces of it. A third described cheers when the chopper flew off toward the ridge. Hundreds of watching Army soldiers had thought the rescue had been successful.

Later that year, Barker was trying to find DeLacy's second cousin. Over the years, he contacted anyone he thought could help. He wrote the Marine Corps, Lane Tech, the Chicago Historical Society, the Chicago Tribune, Dear Abby, even the Chicago Police. On the day that DeLacy was found, Barker tried to help, and some did. But no one had any information.

In working to understand his own father, Hal Barker had to realize that Korea was a place where many Americans had fo-

Zagat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

year, to 40,000 the next and, in 1986—following a New York Mag-

This year, sales are projected to reach 2 million guides, at \$10.95 in New York and \$9.95 in most other cities, including Chicago.

The Ziegfeld of surveys also is seeing to it that the information superhighway is lined with Zagat.

Bullish on Chicago dining

Tim Zagat, New York City's biggest booster has a large stake in Chicago's dining scene. He has not been updated annually as it is in New York.



Tribune photo by Ernie Cox Jr.



Tribune photo by Jose M. Osorio

The reunion helped seal his conviction that Korean War veterans deserved their own memorial in Washington. Arthur Donald DeLacy became a symbol of that war and an icon for Barker's efforts to establish a memorial.

"I tried to conceive of being downed on that ridgeline, knowing that I might be captured by an enemy who would probably kill me, and painfully," Barker says. "When I discovered the Marine Corps had no information whatsoever in the DeLacy file relating to his capture, I thought about a life extinguished without a trace ... forgotten forever."

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In December 1984, with assistance from the American Battle Monuments Commission, an independent federal agency, Hal Barker founded the Korean War Memorial Trust Fund. He and Bill Temple, a friend and Korean War vet from Philadelphia, made the first donations, and Barker made his, \$10, in Arthur DeLacy's name. The trust fund became the vehicle through which all \$17 million for the memorial was eventually raised.

Even if the money could be raised, the building of a memorial had to be authorized. So the next step was to generate interest on Capitol Hill, where the mood regarding a memorial for a war that was more than 30 years past was often lukewarm. In 1986, however, fate intervened in the form of Clint Eastwood, who was filming the movie "Heartbreak Ridge."

Word got out that Eastwood's character, a Marine, supposedly won a Medal of Honor there as a young man, though the battle was an Army operation. Korean War vets, as well as both of the Barkers, raised some dust over the inaccuracy, and in response, Eastwood made some small script changes and privately lobbied some members of Congress to support the memorial.

On Oct. 28, 1986, President Reagan signed the Korean War Veterans Memorial Act, with the trust fund as sole recipient of all donations. (The Korean War Veterans Memorial Advisory Board, later formed to guide the design and construction of the memorial, excluded non-veterans, so Hal Barker has not been involved with that phase.)

In February 1989, Barker received permission from the South Korean government to visit Heartbreak Ridge, which is now deep in the Demilitarized Zone separating the two Koreas. He stood on Hill 931, the area's tallest peak, and saw the spot where DeLacy was shot down. One of the South Korean army officers who were escorting him was moved by the story about the young American who died to help keep Korea

free, and gave Barker a set of Buddhist prayer beads to present to DeLacy's family, should he ever find them.

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On a Monday evening this past May, 36-year-old Mark O'Meara accessed the Internet's World Wide Web and started looking for anything on the Korean War. He figured he might one day find something about his cousin Art.

Almost immediately, he found Barker's home page for the Korean War Project <[http://www.onramp.net/\(tilde\)hbarker](http://www.onramp.net/(tilde)hbarker)>. There he found this dedication: "In Memory of Second Lieutenant Arthur Donald DeLacy, U.S.M.C., Aviator, Chicago, Illinois, MIA October 7, 1951, Heartbreak Ridge."

"I just about fell out of my chair," O'Meara says. "My blood just ran cold. I thought, 'This can't be.'"

Within moments, another of Barker's Web pages was materializing on O'Meara's computer, this one with DeLacy's official Marine Corps photo. O'Meara recognized it immediately. "I've seen pictures of this man on all the TV sets in all our houses."

He printed out a bunch of pages from the Web site, full of information Barker had gathered on DeLacy, and he and his family pored over them on Memorial Day. "We were totally floored by all of this," O'Meara says. Since then, he and Barker, who now lives in Dallas, have stayed in contact by e-mail.

Like many Americans, DeLacy's relatives had no idea a Korean War memorial was to be dedicated soon, and, until a couple of months ago, they had no way of imagining that they might have a particular reason for going.

Although several family members, including Barbara Heinrich; her husband, Lee; their daughter, Nancy; June O'Meara; Mark O'Meara; and his wife, Char, wanted to attend the memorial's dedication, they won't be able to. Washington-area hotels have been booking up for this week for months, and the notice has been too short for the family to rearrange work and school schedules.

Still, Art DeLacy's family and Hal Barker will no doubt meet each other before too long. Though he looks forward to giving them the prayer beads in person, Barker, who will spend the week in Washington, isn't concerned that they won't be at the dedication. He has had more than enough years to develop patience.

"There's plenty of time," he says. "It's a very old circle."

ing in stride.

As for shortcomings in the Zagat approach, some say the critics are skewed to upscale, white-collar diners; that the critics are on their honor in regard to having dined where they report they

Express for a meeting intended to alert the Chicago business community and civic bureaucracy to opportunities for national and international exposure during the 1996 Democratic National Convention.

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