



Puerto Rico's



65th INFANTRY REGIMENT



SILVER STAR

HEADQUARTERS 3D INFANTRY DIVISION
GENERAL ORDERS# 351 - 30 November 1952

First Lieutenant FRED W. WOOD, 0955394, Infantry, Company "A", 65th Infantry Regiment, 3d Infantry Division, United States Army. On the night of 20 July 1952 a platoon of Company "A" was assigned the mission of making contact with the opposing forces in the vicinity of Chokko-ri, Korea. Constant enemy flares made the mission hazardous and the friendly unit was forced to advance slowly and with extreme caution. Lieutenant WOOD was preceding his unit when the entire area was subjected to an intense enemy mortar barrage and the fierce fire of three hostile machine gun emplacements. Although sustaining a severe wound, he continued on the mission and established a perimeter of defense. With complete disregard for his own personal safety, Lieutenant WOOD repeatedly exposed himself to the lethal enemy fire as he assaulted hostile positions and shouted words of encouragement to his men, While leading a squad in destroying the nearest enemy machine gun emplacement he was mortally wounded. Lieutenant WOOD'S intrepid leadership and gallantry under enemy fire enabled the friendly force to successfully complete its mission with a minimum number of casualties and reflect the highest credit upon himself and the military service. Entered the Federal service from Maine.

The Tale of a Flag

By: Marylee Wood Rogers

Prologue

"On the night of 20 July 1952 a platoon of Company "A" was assigned the mission of making contact with the opposing forces in the vicinity of Chokko-ri Korea. Constant enemy flares made the mission hazardous and the friendly unit was forced to advance slowly and with extreme caution. Lieutenant Fred Wood was preceding the unit when the entire area was subjected to an intense enemy mortar barrage and the fierce fire of three hostile machine gun emplacements. Although sustaining a severe wound he continued on the mission and established a perimeter of defense with complete disregard for his own safety. Lieutenant Wood repeatedly exposed himself to the lethal enemy fire as he assaulted hostile positions and shouted words of encouragement to his men. While leading a squad in destroying the nearest enemy machine gun emplacement he was mortally wounded. Lieutenant Wood's intrepid leadership and gallantry under enemy fire enabled the friendly force to successfully complete its mission with a minimum number of casualties and reflect the highest credit upon himself and the military service."

Lieutenant Fred Wood's Silver Star

The Story

Hello, my name's Marylee Wood Rogers. My family is the family that put the flag on the Island, and friends and family have been urging me to record some history so that the folks who enjoy the flag but weren't around when it was put in would have some history behind the flag.

Everyone who knew my brother Fred knew that Cold Stream Pond was his favorite place on earth. There was no place he'd rather be, and so I think my parents were trying to find some way of memorializing him around the lake. Then this wonderful idea came to them that they could put a flag on the island, and there the story begins.

First of all, my father had to go to the town fathers to get permission to put anything on the island, and they were all very enthusiastic about the project. Remember, this was 1953. So then of course, he had to find the pole, which wasn't easy. He had to go to Massachusetts to a firm that sold tall poles for flags, and he found a sixty foot pole. Then of course he had to go back and try to find someone who would work on the island and put in the cement footings.

In the search to find someone to put the cement footings in there were lots of "no's." My dad had been the commander of the German POW Camp at Fort Devens, and he was used to getting things done. Somehow he found a person who was willing to go out to work on the island, and put the cement footings in. When that was done, it was time for the sixty foot flagpole to come. I remember being there on the day when this truck came, and it was so high, because the pole had to be higher than any vehicle on the road. It was the most enormous truck I'd ever seen.

It came down the camp road and parked so that it was right where it needed to be. The driver squeezed the truck in between the trees on the edge of the next lot and our camp; there were probably only inches to spare. It was the most amazing thing I'd ever seen, where this driver tried to get the pole as close to the water as possible.

My brother and a college friend of his, Cliff Winter, in between their sophomore and junior year of college got together and started building a camp for my dad. For those of you who know Ski Winter, that was his Dad-Cliff. They had to clear all of the trees off the lot, they had to spread the lot with gravel, find the best place for the camp to stand, and get everything settled. Once they got the land cleared and the gravel down, they put up a big tent and lived in that tent all summer, while they built the camp. So consequently, everyone along the camp road got to know the boys very well. My brother was someone they all respected and admired. Fred was an amazing young man with the most noble spirit of anyone I have known.

So when it came time to get the flagpole out on the island there was a large group of people who wanted to help. In order to get the pole out to the island, they had a flotilla of boats (I believe it was five boats.) They went out with the flagpole laying across the bows of their boats. In order to get it out there safely there had to be someone driving, but also someone at the bow to hold the pole steady. So all of the boats had to proceed at the same speed, very slowly so that there would be no bad accidents along the way.

Someone whose dock which had been broken during the winter storms, offered to put the dock out to the island so that the group would have somewhere to land. The owner of the pole company was there to ensure that the pole went into the fittings and that everything was copacetic. The pole was put in place, and all of the fittings put on the flagpole, and the flag was finally flying.

Then there was the job of finding somebody who would work on the rocks and put the plaques on. By heat time my parents had reached out to Bruce Heal's parents to see if they wanted to put a plaque on the island. Then the problem was finding someone who would stand thigh or waist deep

in that cold water, and work on those plaques. That was probably the biggest job, and eventually after interviewing several people my father found several guys who'd be willing to work in the water. They did that and did a beautiful job, and I believe that was the first Korean War memorial in the state.

It was always beloved by the people of Cold Stream Pond. There was a lot of patriotism back then; you see there had just been World War II and the Korean War. The young people around the lake were so enthusiastic that there was a line of kids every fall who came to ask if they could be the "flag boy". Eventually a sister of one of the boys asked if she could be the "flag girl" and this went on for many years. The young kids who were around 10 to 15 just wanted to be the flag boy or girl.

For so many years everything went as smooth as you could want it to go. Then suddenly, after all those great years, we began to have vandalism. It got to the point that they would cut whatever rope was up there, and then we'd have to figure out how to get up that high and replace the rope. Finally we put a cable on the flagpole, and then they would come out with chain cutters and cut the cable. We'd leave in the fall and everything would be fine, and in the next spring the flagpole was damaged to the point that we couldn't really put the flag out there anymore.

It was quite a few years that the flag couldn't fly on the island. Everybody back then was very sad about that, eventually my cousin, Fred Weymouth, went out to the island, and put staging up. I don't know how he fixed it, but there hasn't been any vandalism since. It's wonderful to look out and see that flag flying, I enjoy that everyday I'm at Cold Stream and I'm sure many others do as well. Still to this day there are kids of all ages looking at the island, and I'm very proud of the fact that the flag has become a staple of the lake.

What makes it even better is that the island has two plaques that commemorate two young boys who passed away in the line of duty. I hope this story will be found interesting by those who read it, and now you know more about how the flag came to be on the island.