

Carlson's Raiders

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There's a name that's striking terror <sup>to</sup> in the hearts of the Japanese in the islands of the South Pacific.

*That name is*

Its "Carlson's Raiders".

Remember how our enemies of an earlier day quivered and quaked when they heard the names "Mad Anthony Wayne" and "Swamp Fox"? That's nothing to what happens to the Japs now when they <sup>hear</sup> think of Carlson's Raiders.

For Carlson's Raiders, a band of robust, daring fighters, embody all the best in America's great military tradition. Shouting battle-cries of freedom as they dash into battle, they are equipped for overcoming any situation they meet, and before this war is over they will meet them all.

They are a hand-picked <sup>fighter</sup> organization of U.S. Marines, all volunteers, and each and every one of them is a superman. Their training comes from our illustrious forefathers: the zealots of the Revolution who overcame superior numbers by fighting from cover; the Indian-fighter who made the young country safe; the Daniel Boones who fought with knives; the Buffalo Bills and Wild Bill ~~Hick~~ <sup>and</sup> Hickoks; the Rough Riders; ~~and~~ all the other American fighters heroes.

Each and every Raider, in fact, is all of these rolled into one. He is tougher than hell, <sup>fast-shooting</sup> a ~~dead~~ <sup>quick</sup> shot, firing from the hip; a crack woodsman; a demon with the knife, whether slashing or throwing; as silent as <sup>an</sup> ~~the~~ Indian; and ~~and~~ an expert with all modern weapons.

And if all this isn't enough, he's the best-educated fighting man Uncle Sam has ever produced. He knows exactly what he's fighting for and why.

In fact, he siggs about it every day and especially in combat.

Now you can understand why the Japs fear "Carlson's Raiders".

But even more spectacular than the Raiders is their namesake and

leader, Lt. Col. Evans Fordyce Carlson, an up-from-the ranks Marine whose <sup>military</sup> career began 31 years ago when he was but 16. <sup>Major General</sup> <sup>Boone</sup> <sup>Carlson</sup>  
*The President's selection, is his second in command.*  
Carlson is one of the most romantic soldiers in American history.

~~Army~~ German imperialism was on the march, then, too, when Evans Carlson quit school and enlisted in the army. After being wounded in action in France he was commissioned a second lieutenant and decorated. In 1922 he switched to the Marines, where he served for 17 years, all over the world, rising to the rank of major and incidently earning seven decorations from our own and other countries.

But it was in the Orient that he <sup>achieved</sup> his most spectacular successes. He first went there in 1927, serving <sup>for two years</sup> as regimental intelligence officer ~~for 2 years~~ in Shanghai. ~~Again~~ in 1933, he went to Peiping, where he was detailed to the American Legation for three years.

~~When~~ when he visited China for the third time, in 1936, ~~but~~ he began his most ~~amazing~~ amazing adventure. Among his duties on this assignment was "official student of the Chinese language". Studying the language and the people, Carlson got an attachment for them he still holds dear. In 1937 Japan <sup>was</sup> ~~decided to bite off another~~ <sup>again</sup> ~~chunk~~ of China, but this time China fought back. In the thick of it from the beginning, Carlson became our official observer, and had many close shaves.

Before the war was a month old he heard ~~of~~ of the remarkable <sup>achievement</sup> Chinese 8th Route Army, the so-called "Red" Army, and he ~~was~~ determined to study this army first hand. After a difficult and dramatic trip, largely under Japanese fire, he reached Shansi province where the Chinese Communists had set up their state <sup>This was the last of these</sup> and ~~in~~ <sup>another</sup> ~~the~~ ~~last~~ ~~of~~ ~~these~~ ~~armies~~ for months Carlson live with and studied these people. He made arduous forced marches with them, some of more than 50 miles a day, <sup>repeatedly</sup> ~~and~~ crossing Japanese lines <sup>methodically</sup> ~~at night~~.

He was deeply impressed with the organization and <sup>methods</sup> ~~success~~ of this army ~~and its leaders~~ and after months of first-hand study, at the constant risk of his life, months spent crossing deserts and climbing mountains, after thousands of miles of travel through all of China, he made a lengthy report to the <sup>office</sup>

In this report he recounted the story of the Chinese armies, explaining how they educated, organized and improved the lot of the common people, and how the people, understanding the war and trusting their leaders, organized "partisan" groups and resisted <sup>fight</sup> and sabotaged the invaders ~~every day~~. His report was full of the exploits of the guerillas.

But, unfortunately, there were people in Washington who hated the word "Red" so much they wouldn't even profit from the experiences of the 8th Route and other Chinese Armies. At about this time, the French government was refusing to allow its soldiers to be trained as paratroopers because that was a "Red" device.

So, when Carlson <sup>returned</sup> made his ~~report~~, he was red-baited. <sup>Chapman</sup> ~~Insulted~~, he resigned from active duty and devoted himself to writing and lecturing on the Chinese and their <sup>struggle</sup> ~~romantic resistance~~. He wrote an excellent book <sup>China's Struggle</sup> ~~China's Struggle~~ and observations <sup>China's Struggle</sup> ~~China's Struggle~~.

In April 1941 <sup>feeling was long man for the U.S.</sup> he applied for re-commissioning, and went on active duty as a major the next month.

Now his experiences in China were invaluable, and he was placed in command of the band ~~known~~ bearing his name. It was Carlson's Raiders who executed the brilliant raid on Japanese-held Makin Island several months ago. The Japs were so flabbergasted they bombed and shelled themselves while Carlson's men proceeded to wreck their installations.

Asked for a comment after this raid he properly gave full credit <sup>publicly</sup> to the Chinese Guerillas from whom he had learned many of his tricks. He acknowledged America's debt to these valiant fighters.

Carlson's men, like the other special raider battalions now in the Marines, are commando-like troops. But never make the mistake of calling one a commando. They hate it. Commando's hit and run, but these fellows have a tougher assignment. They pull raids, of which the Makin raid is typical, but



