



This is the story of Torpedo Squadron Eight. A story of brave men, handicapped by obsolete equipment. Brave Navy men flying to certain death against the enemy.

This is also the story of Torpedo Squadron Eight the Second, flying the newest and deadliest planes in the air, and the vengeance they exacted.

This is, above all, a story for you men and women who build our Navy's planes—Fighters, Bombers, Torpedo Planes and other Navy aircraft—and the thousands of vital parts that go into them.



*Thirty men left the carrier HORNET on the morning of June 4, 1942. Thirty men, air-borne in under-armed, under-powered, old-style torpedo planes. They were the best torpedo planes to be had in the South Pacific at that time, but they were hardly equal to the job they had to do. Their orders were to find and destroy the carriers in a Jap fleet reported en route to attack Midway.*

*Of the thirty brave men who left the HORNET that morning, only one came back.*

**T**ORPEDO SQUADRON 8 had its beginning in Norfolk, Va., in the fall of 1941 when Lieutenant Commander John Charles Waldron was ordered to organize a Torpedo Squadron. For equipment he had some Navy-built SBN's, 9-year old planes, obsolete in design and performance. But they were all he had and in those days you worked with what you could get.

His boys came to him fresh out of Navy training bases at Miami and Pensacola, the ink scarcely dry upon their diplomas. Waldron made them fly 4 hours every morning and 4 hours in the afternoon, then had them on duty 4 hours after that. He