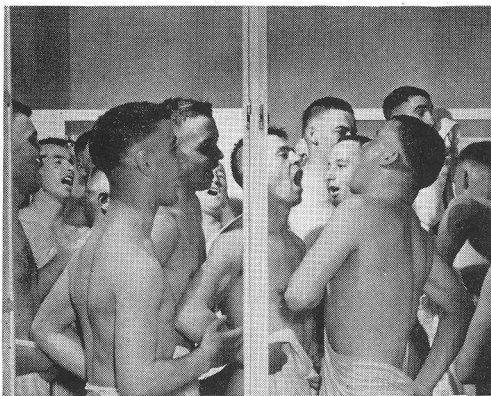


UPON THE TACTICAL OFFICER rests the daily burden of the thousand details that makes a squadron function smoothly.

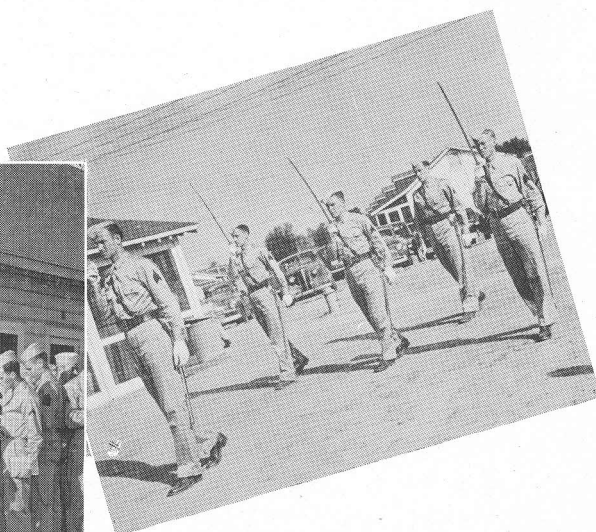
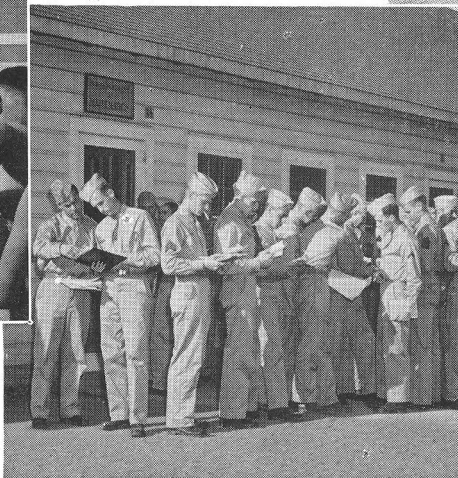
## "Squadron, Mass Left!"

**B**ASIS for all cadet activity, backbone of the training program at Maxwell, the squadron is the military unit that comes closest to being called "home" by the cadets. It's the place they sleep; the cadets they eat, drill, work and play with; the tactical officer they know and respect.

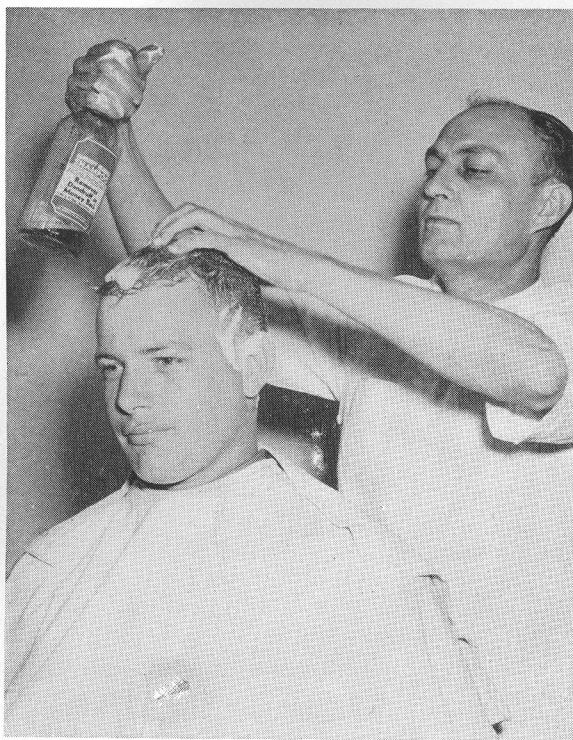
Each squadron has its own peculiarities, its own personality. Some are good, some bad, some mediocre. The cadets in the ranks make them what they are. On these pages, Pre-Flight has highlighted some of the daily activities of Squadron M-3, typical of life in all other squadrons at Maxwell.



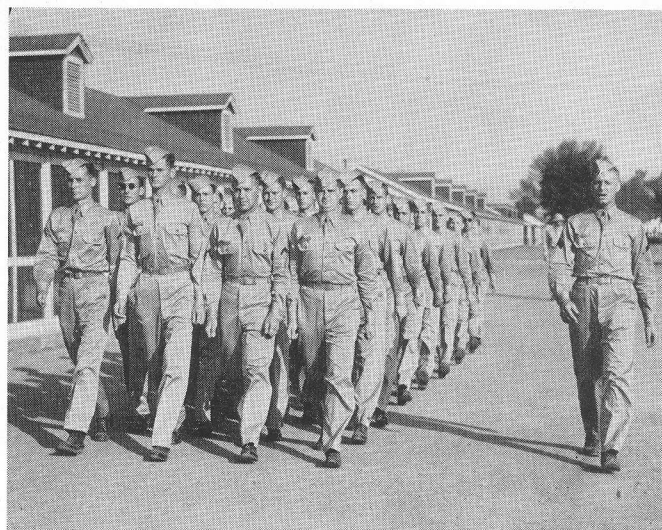
WHEN FOURTEEN CADETS rush for the shower after calisthenics it makes for crowded conditions.



CADETS AT EASE in academic area. In their spare time, cadet officers go through sabre drill.

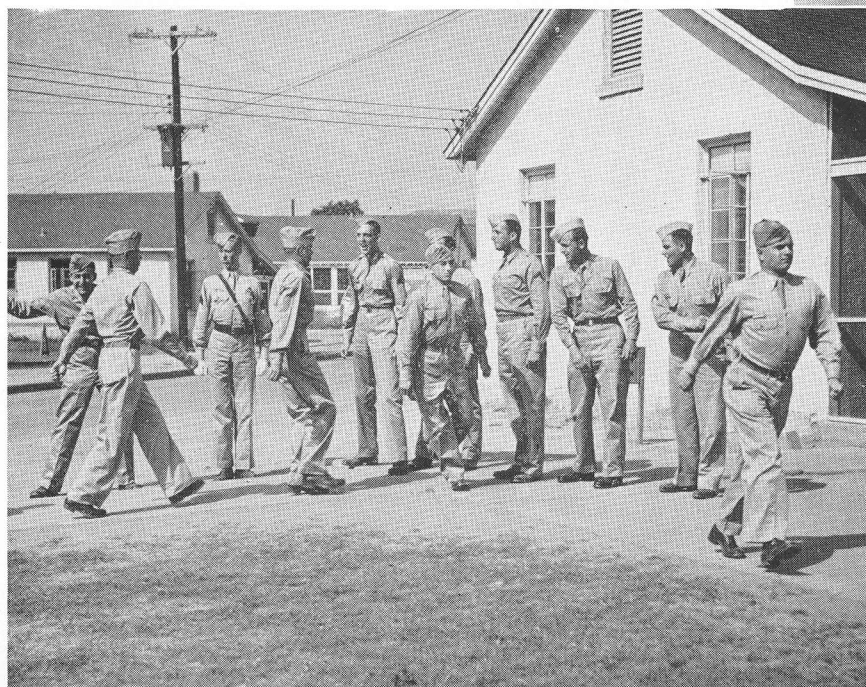


G. I. HAIRCUT AND SHAMPOO. TIME, 4 MINUTES, 35 SECONDS.



CADETS LOOK PROUD WHEN THEY MARCH BECAUSE THEY KNOW HOW TO MARCH.

A squadron's day consists of many things. It starts at 0555 for the upper class, 0550 for the lower class. It runs from breakfast to close call to quarters and on nights when there are no rec privileges to taps. Academics, calisthenics, drill, shots, details, haircuts, 'zombie' instruction, movies, study hours, parades and dental appointments—that's only part of the daily routine followed by cadets. Multiply it by 200 and you have an estimate of how a squadron operates, an appreciation for the officers and men who guide its destinies.



"HIT IT, MISTER!" and the 'zombies' walk the rat line at 140 per minute in the position of attention. They flank their corners neatly, their eyes remain straight ahead.