



Largest free-flying flag ever made gets final inspection at Annin & Company. The 60-by-90-foot, 400-pound Old Glory will fly from special metal



C. Randolph Beard, an Annin vice-president, shows a brace of miniature flags to a client

Where Every Day Is

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

ALEXANDER ANNIN of New York City was a man who got in on the ground floor of a good thing. It was about the year 1820, and the circumstances were somewhat auspicious. He may have known what he was about when he got started but, like many another businessman, he probably did not foresee the vast consequences of his first transactions.

Mr. Annin was a ship chandler with a shop near the water front. It was his business to provision ships for their voyages to Europe and the Indies.

Sometime early in the twenties of the nineteenth century, when the idea of the United States of America as a successful nation began to take hold, Mr. Annin added American flags to his shop's stock. He had few competitors in those days and his flag business soon flourished. But Mr. Annin was apparently not a rash man, and he held on to his chandler's trade. His sons, on the other hand,

knew a good thing when they saw one, and they took over the flag business. By 1847 they had built it into one of the major sources for all U.S. flags.

Today Annin & Company of Verona, New Jersey, is the biggest and oldest flagmaking organization in the world. According to company estimates it makes 25,000,000 flags annually. The greatest portion of Annin's business is, of course, the manufacture of standard United States flags for home, business and government use, but the company, headed by eighty-three-year-old Louis Annin Ames, also makes signal flags, Braille and fluorescent flags, organizational ensigns, Boy and Girl Scout flags and the flags for some 167 countries throughout the world.

Annin has made two of the biggest flags in the world. The first, manufactured in 1923 for the J. L. Hudson department store in Detroit is 90 by

Collier's for June 16, 1951



ar on Hudson River's George Washington Bridge

Flag Day

270 feet. The second, 60 by 90 feet, hangs, on holidays like Flag Day (June 14th), on New York-New Jersey's George Washington Bridge.

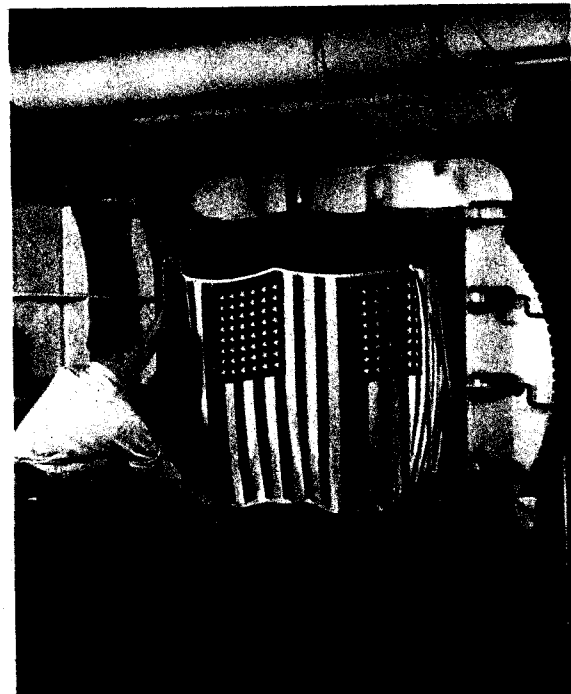
Annin flags have been through all of America's wars since the 1820s. Annin-made U.S. flags went with Peary to the North Pole, and with Byrd to the South Pole. On February 23, 1945, the Fifth Marine Division pushed an Annin-made flag to the top of Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima to make one of the most famous photographs of World War II. And in June, 1950, the Annin Company supplied the first UN flags to the United Nations forces in Korea.

Flagmaking is Annin's business, but the company does not consider its job a sentimental one.

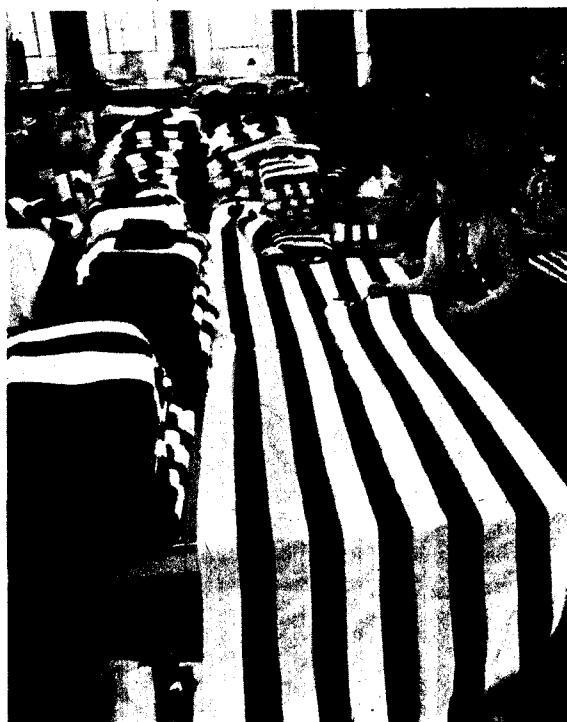
"It's just a lot of red, white and blue," a worker in the plant remarked recently. Then he thought a moment: "Until you see it flying free in the sunshine," he said, "where it belongs." SEY CHASSLER



Annin's small flags are silk-screen printed by pressing colors through patterns on silk



Silk-screen dyes are intensified and made permanent by submitting them to steam bath



Most Annin flags are cut from mechanically dyed red, white and blue fabric; then sewn



Lighted from below, blue stars on white field guide placing of white stars for stitching



To make everything from church flags to ad banners, Annin virtually stocks the rainbow



Attentive to detail, Annin artists retouch complicated "seal" flags, like New York's



H. E. BISCHOFF

"Get out of here immediately, Shea," Hunnewell whispered heavily

Crusher Shea's Social Security

By JOE McCARTHY

WHEN Mrs. Rodney Delatroyd, the dowager, cut off her son, Rodney, Junior, from fourteen million dollars because he eloped with Ada McGlone, a redheaded telephone operator, every other newspaper in town played it up and called it "the love story of the year." The Star didn't print a line about it. We didn't get scooped, either. We had the story, as well as an exclusive interview with Ada McGlone's father, who drives a beer truck, and some choice pictures of Ada in a bathing suit, taken at the telephone company's Labor Day outing. But Hunnewell Thayer put his foot down. "I wouldn't use this if I were you," Hunnewell told Tom Clark, the managing editor.

"Why not?" Tom said.

"Mrs. Delatroyd would be frightfully upset," Hunnewell said. "She's very important in society. We must not offend her."

Tom almost swallowed his mustache.

"This is precisely why I was hired as assistant managing editor of this newspaper," Hunnewell said. "I'm here to stop sensational journalism."

Tom phoned Mrs. Lancaster Peabody, the new owner of The Star, but it did no good. Mrs. Peabody said that Hunnewell Thayer's word on all questions of good taste was final.

Hunnewell was Society, himself, and he never forgot it. His mother and Mrs. Peabody bought their lorgnettes from the same jeweler and served together on the ways-and-means committee of the Society for the Preservation of Decency. When Mrs. Peabody's bachelor brother, Harry, died and

left her The Star, Hunnewell's mother convinced her that a good way to preserve decency would be to stop her newspaper from writing up juicy divorce cases and hammer murders. So Mrs. Peabody appointed Hunnewell assistant managing editor in charge of making The Star respectable.

The second day he was on the job Hunnewell tried to fire Crusher Shea, our best photographer when sober, for covering a debutante ball in a mussed brown suit. Hunnewell said anybody who wore a brown or gray suit in public after six o'clock at night was giving the paper a bad name.

He also wanted to decorate the city room with Persian rugs and oil paintings. Once he complained because Tom Clark gave a play to a three-alarm fire in a tenement district.

"Six people were hurt in that fire," Tom said.

"But none of them mattered socially," Hunnewell said.

Hunnewell filled The Star with pictures and stories about tea parties and yacht races and dog shows. But when we came up with a real high-class society item, like a master of foxhounds beating up his wife at a hunt breakfast, Hunnewell stopped us from printing it. Too embarrassing, he said.

"He's ruining the paper," Tom Clark said one night to Crusher and me. "But I can't fire him because his mother sits near Mrs. Peabody at the symphony concerts."

"He missed his calling," Crusher said. "He should of been the Middle Initials Editor at the Social Register."

"I tell you what," Tom said. "If one of you guys can figure a way of making Hunnewell quit, I'll promise you a job here for life."

"Even me?" Crusher said. Crusher's standing at The Star was always precarious because of his drinking.

"Even you," Tom said.

"You make it interesting," Crusher said. "I must give the matter serious thought. Besides, I never got even with the bum for what he said about my brown suit."

Less than two weeks later, Tom received his wish. Hunnewell resigned in haste, hurried off to the Riviera with his mother and never returned to the newspaper business again. And Crusher Shea is no longer obliged to worry about employment when he comes off one of his periodic benders. When Tom makes a promise, he sticks to it.

The day before Hunnewell made his quick exit, Tom got a new tip on the Rodney Delatroyd-Ada McGlone story. He heard that Rodney's mother had forgiven the newlyweds and that Ada would be at a charity bazaar on the lawn of the Delatroyd country house that afternoon.

"See if you can sneak into that bazaar," Tom told Crusher. "I don't know how you'll do it. Old lady Delatroyd has all newspapermen shot at sight. But if you can get a picture of her and Ada together, I'll give you a case of rye and a week off in which to drink it."

"Why bother?" Crusher said. "If we get the picture, Hunnewell won't let us print it."

"He's not working today," Tom said. "Maybe we can slip it in without him knowing about it."

CRUSHER had crashed tougher gates than the Delatroyds'. He convinced a watchman that he was a Pinkerton detective, assigned to protect the receipts of the bazaar. Once inside, he hid his camera behind a rhododendron bush and began to mingle nonchalantly with the guests. One elderly lady was kind enough to point out to him Mrs. Delatroyd and her new daughter-in-law as they admired the lilies in the local Garden Club's display. Then Crusher saw a man in a white linen suit bearing down on him. It was Hunnewell Thayer.

"Get out of here immediately," Hunnewell whispered heavily. "Mrs. Delatroyd gave orders that no newspaper people were to be admitted."

"In that case," Crusher said, "what are you doing here?"

"I happen to be an invited guest," Hunnewell said. "Rodney Delatroyd and I roomed together at St. Swithin's. Rodney's mother understands that I'm here in a purely social capacity."

Crusher grunted.

"Now get out, before she sees me talking with you," Hunnewell said. "If she even suspected that you were a photographer from The Star, it could mean social ruin for me. She'd have me dropped from everybody's invitation list."

Crusher pretended to retreat toward the gate but he doubled back through the shrubbery and crept behind the rhododendron where he had hidden his camera. Peering through the foliage, he saw Hunnewell being greeted warmly by Mrs. Delatroyd and being introduced to Ada. Then Hunnewell accompanied the two ladies on their tour of the bazaar's booths and exhibits. Crusher noticed that they were slowly approaching a booth only fifty feet from his rhododendron. He loaded his camera and adjusted his flash bulb and waited a few moments, estimating time and distance, before he sprang from cover and ran across the lawn.

The two ladies and Hunnewell did not see Crusher until after he spoke to them. They heard him say, "Look this way, please, folks." When they turned toward him, he was kneeling on the grass in front of them, squinting through his camera sight. Then the flash bulb blinded them.

Mrs. Delatroyd began to roar. When she roars, her voice carries all over the countryside.

"This is an outrage! A perfect outrage! Who's responsible for this? Who arranged for this scoundrel to get in here?"

Crusher calmly removed the negative plate from his camera and tucked it safely into his inside coat pocket. He closed the camera and prepared to make a rapid getaway. But before he left, he paused to utter two words that were received by the audience in stunned silence.

"Thanks, Hunnewell," he said.

THE END