



IN MEMORY OF

JAMES B. TAYLOR, JR.

LT. COMDR. U. S. N. R.

BORN SEPT. 23, 1897—

DIED MAY 25, 1942

WHILE FLIGHT-TESTING A NAVAL COMBAT AIRCRAFT.

A FOUNDER, A PRESIDENT

AND FOR FOURTEEN YEARS A DIRECTOR OF

AIR ASSOCIATES —

A NAVAL AVIATOR IN TWO WORLD WARS —

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TO HIS FRIENDS, HIS INDUSTRY AND HIS SERVICE.

HE WAS DEVOTED TO AVIATION

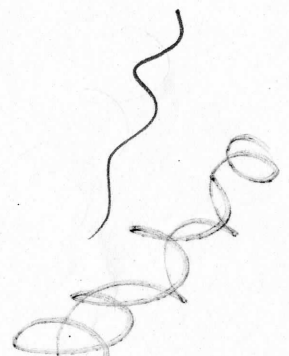
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A Founder, a President and for fourteen years a
Director of Air Associates -- a Naval Aviator in two
World Wars -- "Jim" Taylor gave more than most men
give -- to his friends, his industry and his Service.

HE WAS DEVOTED TO AVIATION



We are here, as members of his family, his friends, and his old team-mates, to dedicate an Air Associates' memorial to James Blackstone Taylor, Jr. It is not easy to put in words the thoughts and memories that must be going through the minds of all of us this afternoon; but it is my deeply-felt privilege to try to do it. To help confine my feelings to the task assigned, let me read the words:

Jim Taylor was a positive and happy person. He brought a cheerful, alert, warm presence to the many activities he quickened and to the countless people he helped. He never wanted formality or ceremony -- and it is his point of view, the touch he gave to everything he did, and the spirit he brought to every place he went, that all of us, I have no doubt, wish we could recapture today.

This is not the time to list the things he accomplished or to describe his leadership as a sportsman, his fame as a test pilot, his infectious ability to advance an aviation program, his reputation as an Early Bird, or his career as a Naval Aviator. What I think concerns us today, in meeting here to honor what he did for Air Associates, are the personal recollections, the clear and recoverable moments of friendship, the flash-backs of little words and actions of enthusiasm, loyalty and unselfishness; his disdain of pretense or confusion or disappointment; his instinct for the accurate motion of hand and eye; his identity with the simple and direct approach.

For these are the things we need, most in a world that seems to be running down, to be revolving in clumsy and eccentric circles.

I met Jim first in 1914 at prep-school. I rode bob-sled with him and looked up to him as an "old-boy." Years later, he taught me to fly. Before Pearl Harbor, he sponsored my own service as an aviation officer in the Naval Reserve.

Looking back to 1926 when this enterprise was just an idea on paper, and our name was "Air Age Associates," it was my fortune again to have Jim steer the bob-sled and to rely on his quick mind, sure hand, and wide acquaintanceship. Many men in aviation cherish a similar debt of gratitude to him. If you were discouraged, he put you in a cockpit and flew you above the overcast. If you were ready to quit, he would take-off with you on a trip to air races at a distant city -- and you would come back with new contacts and perspectives. Because Jim Taylor was interested in Air Associates -- in July 1927 he became an incorporator and a director -- a score of other men of long aviation experience and influence were attracted to our unusual little company, and stood by to help: Henry White, George Post, Becky Havens, Dick Depew, Charley Lawrance, Chance Vought, Grover Loening, Luis de Florez, Lanny Callan -- I cannot name them all, living and dead.

When Gib Colgate, Roland Palmedo, and Steve McClellan successively joined up, Jim's catalytic force continued to give us right directions. In a word, he kept us flying; kept us doing first things first; recognized and made us believe that the game, then, was still amateur, and that we had to build our business from within the air fraternity. Because he kept our spirit in the air, we found that we were getting our feet on the ground. In 1929, when bankers first smiled upon us, it was Jim who was pilot and, as president of the company, made us known to the arbiters of the young industry and to the aviators and engineers of the Air Services. Nothing that management could have done in those years -- Roy Hill, Harold Crow, Ray Acre, George Kleverstrom, Stan Harzfeld -- would have quite substituted for Jim's kind of contribution.

And in some of the troubled years that followed, when the demands upon his professional skill -- and Air Associates' concentration upon merchandizing --

lessened his active work with the company, his advice as a Director was always dynamic, stimulating and on the level of friendship.

Six years ago at the Naval Aircraft Factory -- and it seems, in fact, hardly longer than day before yesterday, the anniversary -- Commander Taylor was killed while flight-testing the flap actuation in the F6F. This was the carrier fighter which, more tellingly than any other Navy wartime design, swept the enemy from the Pacific. *In August, 1944 he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross of the United States Navy.*

Perhaps nothing in his life so honored Jim as the manner in which he died: skilled, eager, dutiful and utterly generous.

What more can we say now, as we uncover this plaque in his memory, except that he loved his calling and that his example still lives?