

### **In Honor of Admiral McKee-Our Superintendent**

Kinnaird McKee, you would agree;  
Did honor the US Navy;  
A tough minded gent;  
That hailed from the south  
Who commanded attention;  
When words left his mouth;  
Who demonstrated leadership;  
In all things that mattered.  
Taking on the impossible;  
Leaving former records shattered;  
This heroic giant;  
Of Officers and men.  
Whose name is synonymous;  
With nuclear propulsion;  
Equipped with the stones;  
Like Nimitz, Halsey and King;  
With Rickover, Farragut and Jones;  
His own name will ring.  
I'll remember the Supe;  
This most nautical man;  
Who navigated the seas;  
In many a sous-marin.  
Who left us awestruck;  
He did so inspire;  
His commanding stature;  
To which Naval Officers aspire.  
Of this wise and noble soul;  
From whom I received my degree;  
From that school on the Severn;  
My navy home, Mother B.  
So beside Poseidon;  
Our Admiral now sits;  
Commanding new flotillas;  
As he sees fit.  
And in our hearts;  
One thing holds true;  
The Supe lived his life;  
By the Gold and the Blue.