

In Honor of Admiral McKee-Our Superintendent

Jack McCourt – Jan 2014

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.