Hi! For those of you who don’t recognize me – or don’t remember me – or perhaps never knew me, I’m Lito Cadiente, Dalton High School, Class of 69.

Many many hairs ago, while in Dalton High, I was not a class officer or even a part of a team leadership. Not an athlete, not even voted for anything, but rather included in the list of ”*Most Likely Not To Succeed*.” Unlike most of you, I was just a healthy teenage kid – interested in good times, girls, motorcycles, rock “n” roll, and not much less – trying to be about as irresponsible as I though I could get away with.

The year 1968, was a great deal more than just our graduation year. You see, it took me five years to reach that graduation year – going through five different high schools. It was also the year we went our separate ways and began our lives as young adults. It was a year of many other beginnings. Most significantly, for me, it was the beginning of the most turbulent, revolutionary decade of modern times, the beginning of a new youth-inspired social and political consciousness and idealism in my surroundings.