

May 20, 2024

Aloha committee members ~

As nobody responded to my text, I need to step up to level 2 on this concern. Text is difficult for longer discussion. I'll put these comments in writing. Your behavior now is disrespectful. Have sought to find a way to peacefully and professionally add MY opinion to this group effort. Have been blocked by childish behavior.

Hoped cooler heads would resolve this unprofessional behavior. Still today, it continues. I cannot waste anymore time. Bob and I had a wonderful discussion. He requested that we not divide our efforts and pull against each other. Agreed 100%. Tension however continues. Time is up!

As a HHS student, I suffered painful emotional wrath from my classmates. Most of you are unaware. Held this trauma deep inside. In middle school, I was likely the leading geek of AJHS. Too tall, socially awkward, but I had a knack for basketball. As I was generally shunned socially, I found solace playing basketball. On the court I found my peace. Not many wanted to join me. Frequently played and practiced alone. I was at peace, but this isolation added to my social awkwardness.

The next year, at 14, soon to turn 15, HHS rewarded my passion for the game by moving a Sophomore player to the Varsity squad. First time in school history. There was one caveat ... if I did not make the starting five, would be returned to the Sophomore team. Coach Kress did not move me up to sit the bench. Pressure was brutal. Many Juniors and Seniors wanted me downgraded. I threatened them; I would take their playing time.

Moving up came at a cost. Young boys are naturally competitive. My Sophomore teammates shunned me due to envy and some jealousy. While they were wearing the White & Black jerseys, I was privileged to wear White & Red. At the same time, Juniors and Seniors didn't like that a Sophomore was getting more attention than them. They kept me at a distance. I was younger, socially uncool, and who wanted this dorky little brother hanging around. I was again alone — even more isolated and lonely.

A number of players wanted me downgraded so badly that they injured me. Coach Koetter had criticized me for not playing football. Everyone played football at HHS. Telling him NO was quite difficult. He was clear, "If you don't play football, you'll be a quitter and pussy all your life." And when we played with coaches, he beat me up ... to make me tougher. He encouraged others to do the same.

It was a war on the court. I just kept coming back for more. And the more they beat on me, the better and stronger I became. Then they injured me. Shoved me on a rebound when I was in the air, came down sideways on my ankle. Nearly broke my ankle two days before our first game of the season. I limped and played in a tape cast. Most painful game of my career. Coach Koetter stopped the brutality after this incident. He wanted to toughen me, not kill me. Good lesson for all.

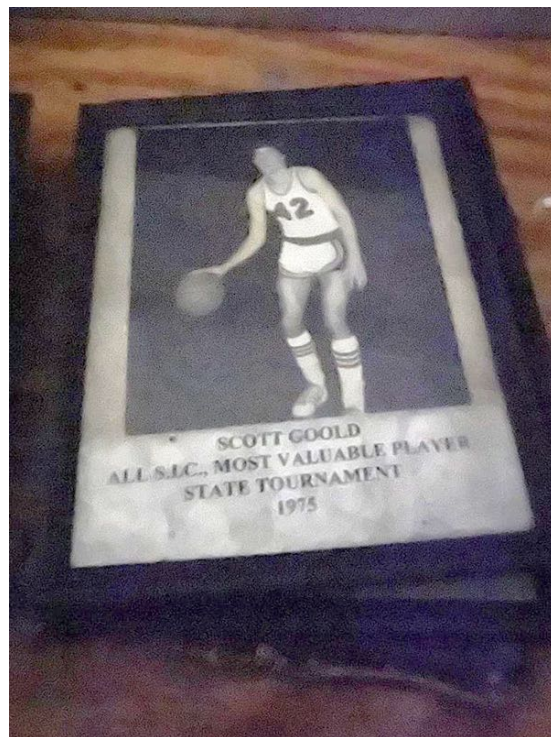
One player however showed me respect. Also had great passion for the game; and also was quite isolated and lonely — Byron In The Woods. We were very different people, who had one huge common interest. Together we took HHS to the state championship game! Lost and took 2nd. As Nike said famously, "One does not win Silver; they lose Gold." Painful loss !!!

For my efforts and success, media labeled me Super Soph. I was interviewed, photographed, and held up as a community hero. Was 15. I was not prepared for this “fame” ... I was socially awkward and simply wanted to play ball.

I became resistant to “fame.” Shunned the limelight. Hid from interviewers, photographers, constant phone calls and public pressure. The more I hid, the more they sought me. I became somewhat of a recluse. I was naturally introverted but forced to develop skills of an extrovert.

You don't know this, but the first of our Sophomore year, I stole the Master Key to HHS from Coach Kress. Had to go to his home way out in Chubbuck to get the gym keys. Took forever!!! I secretly copied his key. Crazy story for another time.

Would go to HHS D Building all times of day or night. Would park in the back, hidden, and not turn on lights. Would practice under the glow of the green light from the exit signs or moonlight filtering in through the glass block windows. D Building was my CHURCH. While classmates went to Mormon or Catholic Church, I would go to D Building. Would sweep the floor, clean my church, and play ... and play ... and play. When D Building burned, I cried. My home and church had been destroyed. Doubt many had such love or connection to this building.



When Alan Spidell sent this photo to me, tears flowed from my eyes. My home and church was gone.

My father came to me at 15. “Scott, we want you and your sisters to go to college. We have enough for one. If you get a scholarship, we'll have enough for Kari, and by the time Dianne graduates, we'll have enough for her. You are the key to our family. You have the potential. If you keep working hard, if you do not get involved in drinking, drugs or fooling around, if you keep your grades up, you help your family.”

I was no longer playing for me. My focus was MY family, MY school and MY team. Earned the scholarship. My sisters went to college.

This fame and pressure also caused me to make the BIGGEST mistake of my basketball career. Jeff, Kevin, Dan, Willie, Mark, Dean and I had a great Senior year. Best in the east. Capitol HS best in the west. Showdown would be state tourney. We had excellence chance to win gold.

We got beat by Moscow first night. Didn't know them. Didn't have scouting reports or films in those days. Coach Kress put us in a zone. Kim Goetz lit it up. He was 6'6. Shot outside over our smaller guards. I was helpless back in the paint.

At half time, spoke with our coaches. "Let me guard Kim. I can stop him." Players didn't speak up much in those days. Had to convince them to change. They did. Stopped Kim, but we couldn't make up the difference. Our dreams were shattered. I had LOST my third opportunity for gold. I was crushed. Felt guilty. Should have spoken up earlier. I was better than Kim. We were better than Moscow.

Couldn't sleep that night. Played that game over and over. Cried. Shattered. I would leave HHS as a failure. I was the team leader and didn't bring home the Gold for us, for me, for my family ... and not for Highland High School. MY FAULT !!! I've lived with that loss my entire life.

Due to our loss, we played an early game the next day in the consolation bracket. No sleep, much emotion, I exploded. Was possessed. At the end of the 3rd quarter, I had 38 points. Season high! School high! I didn't know. I was simply unleashing so much pent up emotion and energy. I was furious!!! I was unstoppable.

Greg Dunn came up to me in the huddle, "Dude, you got 38; record is 43. Three baskets and you set the state record!" I panicked. I DID NOT seek fame. I did not want to be playing for a personal record. I did not want to be perceived as arrogant or selfish or seeking fame. When the 4th quarter started, I refused to shoot. Everyone kept telling me to shoot. I didn't want to be perceived as one seeking fame or the limelight. That was not the HHS way. Coach Kress took me out with four minutes to go. He could see I was uncombable; kept passing up good shots.

I was stupid. We would easily win the game. Our lead was sufficient. Setting the record would have HONORED my coaches, our program, my teammates and HHS. I couldn't see that in the heat of competition. Nobody had coached me about fame or setting records. We didn't think that way. We all dedicated ourselves to the team — to the school.

I wish today that I had set that record. Steve Hayes, from Aberdeen HS, set the record at 43. He was my teammate when we defeated UCLA. Would have been poetic for the two of us to be Idaho's #1 and #2 top scorers — plus I could have teased him. Most importantly, HHS and our coaching staff would be remembered for our success.

As I matured, I've learned that there is nothing wrong with pursuing greatness. Our families are honored, as are our communities. Thus, I come to you now not for ME to be great; not for my personal ambition or fame, but to honor and think of our classmates, HHS and the legacy we leave behind.

And, I will not allow this committee to underachieve on this reunion. I am going to demand we shoot for the Gold medal.

If this committee does not want to cooperate with me, as Class President, then I will seek to create a new committee. I will ask Roy to consider class funds embargoed until we sort out this tension.

Here are my requests to the committee. Represent the ENTIRE Class of 1975, not simply the interests of the 7-8 who serve on the committee.

At this time, we DO NOT know the interests of the class. Thus, let's collect as many phone number and email addresses as possible. Prepare a number of proposed 50th Reunion Plans. We'll post them on the website. They can vote. It's not MY decision; it's not YOUR decision. The format and scope of the 50th Reunion should be THEIR decision.

I'm forced into this more formal role, as my good friend and teammate Jeff Waldron has blocked my efforts. He refused to provide Ann's number after Susan had contacted me. Sought out my life-long friend. He evaded me. Jeff then refused to acknowledge the website as official. Asked him numerous times. This is why I pulled down the website. I'm not going to fight a turf war over such a silly concern. And, I've tried to reach him numerous times. He continues to evade me and prevents us from working smoothly as teammates.

I don't know if others support his agenda. If the majority prefers NOT to cooperate with me, then I will post this information on the website, seek to make a new committee, and challenge this committee. I would prefer to work together amicably, but I'm not afraid to battle politically.

As an aside, when I pulled down the website, used the template for another project. I am battling the State of Hawai'i at this time regarding Memorial Day activities. I do not shun a political fight. I'm quite successful and experienced.

You can see my work:
<https://BOYCOTTshinnyo.com>

I am standing up for Veterans who died and gave their lives in service for our nation — for each of us — for our freedoms and way of life. A Japanese Buddhist Order Shinnyo-en has trampled on their memory for many years. I have been battling this group for many years.

Thanks for allowing me to put OUR website to better use. Was able to move quickly, as I had done all the difficult backend work.

Now it's time to resolve these petty issues over ownership and sharing. None of you responded to my text. Consider that to be disrespectful. You are adults; you serve to represent others. You need to voice your opinion — YAY or NAY. If YAY, we begin working together professionally. You must voice and vote. Silence is NAY. And, NAY means I take my concerns public and form a new committee.

Remember, it is the Class President's responsibility to ensure reunions are held. I delegated to a committee to work on this objective. The committee has done an outstanding job. I applaud all who have assisted over the years.

My ONLY concern with this committee is that I saw reluctance to do more. For voicing this position, I feel members of this committee have stonewalled and played childish politics to get THEIR way. This concern is not about ME, YOU or THEM. We must be focused on our 440+ classmates.

I need an answer from ALL those who wish to be on the committee. Believe Barbara Kalivas joined the team. Give me an answer, YAY or NAY, by tomorrow end of day, Tuesday, May 21, 2024. Silence will be considered a NAY.

Hope you're willing to join this effort working for the Class of 1975. Let's not seek personal fame, but devise, innovate and host an epic Gold medal 50th reunion for the entire class.

Thank you for your years of service to the class and for your friendship. Hope you choose to continue our Class of 1975 spirit and commitment to greatness and success.

RAMS: Right Attitude Means Success

Scott Goold
HHS Class of 1975 President