As these traditions continued, the other residents of Hawai'i were able to sort out the Scots from the other *haoles*, and to ascribe to them certain virtues—and vices. On the one hand the Scots were hard-working and industrious people, but on the other hand this made them dour and silent. The Scots placed a premium on education, sending their children by train from the plantations to schools in Hilo. On the other hand the Scots could be stubborn. (Some people remember when Scotsmen John T. Moir and James Webster had both driven their cars to the opposite end of Honoli'i Bridge near Hilo. Since the bridge could handle only one car at a time, one would have to give way to the other. Both refused. Both left their cars and walked away.)

All Scots—in Hawai'i as elsewhere—suffered in the 1920s from the popularity of outlandish Harry Lauder, who went onstage with a broad Scots accent, a puckish humor and a willingness to make fun of himself and other Scots. It was a characterization that made for stereotyping of the most enduring kind. Today's Scots reject the stereotype, but cling to their colorful, turbulent history in a quiet but tenacious way.

As Scots from Hawai'i went home on vacation, or sent their children or relatives to Scotland for schooling, the ties between Scotland and the Islands grew. In typical Scots fashion, not much was made of the connections, but the situation was typical of the Scottish predilection for wandering far from home and putting down roots, and many a family in Hawai'i today can open an old family book and find mention of an ancestor from Angus or Perth.

Descendants of the early Scots are scattered throughout the Islands, and some of these descendants are prominent. Hawai'i today also holds many a third-, fourth-, or fifth-generation Scotsman or Scotswoman whose ancestors made their way to the Islands via some other place. It was a Lindsay who was a strong behind-the-scenes influence on Big Island politics, and whose descendants are much in evidence there today. It was Scotswoman Gertrude MacKinnon Damon who became well-known for her knowledge of Hawaiiana, especially around Moanalua Valley. The Camerons are a prominent Maui family. Rod McPhee runs Punahou School. MacNaughton, MacMillan, McDermott, McGowan, McKenzie, Sinclair, Robinson—the list could go on and on, naming recognizable names in the Islands whose antecedents came from far Scotland.

Scots in Hawai'i today are represented in part by the Caledonian Society, a non-profit organization formed in the mid-1960s "to further Scottish culture in Hawai'i, to preserve Scottish heritage, and teach cultural and artistic elements of the heritage." The society's thrust has been largely academic. Eight years ago the Hawai'i-Scottish Association was formed to be the managing body of the annual Highland Gathering. Many members of one group also belong to the other.

The Highland Gathering is the most visible manifestation of the Scottish presence in Hawai'i. The gathering features bagpipe competition between bands who come from the Mainland, Canada, Australia and New Zealand to compete with each other and with the Honolulu Pipes and Drums, the local pipe band. Athletic competition for prize money has drawn some professional athletes to the events. Scottish dance also is competitive, with dancers from other places coming for the prize money and the prestige.

Highland Gatherings are held annually (but not always on the same date) wherever Scots are found in any numbers. The local fete is not as large as many, but certainly as colorful. One proud participant is Police Chief Douglas Gibb, who turns out in his Clan Buchanan kilt. The local Highland Gathering, this year held April 1 at Fort DeRussy, has been well attended by residents and visitors alike.

Another active Island organization of Scots and Scottish descendants is the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society. The society was founded in Scotland in 1926. The Hawai'i Branch was formed in 1973 by Mary and David Brandon, who still lead the group, which meets weekly to perform and perpetuate Scottish country dancing. Many of its members are also members of the Caledonian Society.

Burns' Night, a function of the Caledonian Society, has grown to be one of Honolulu's prime social events. The gala Scottish ball, celebrating Roberts Burns' Jan. 25 birthday, will be held again in January.

The kirkin' o' the tartan, in which kilt-clad worshippers attend a church service as a way of showing respect and showing pride in national dress and origins, is an annual Caledonian Society event. It is held as close as possible to St. Andrew's Day, Nov. 30.

Recently the local Scots groups have shown signs of renewed activity, a resurgence of interest in promoting things Scottish. It is likely the Highland Gathering will improve in size and quality and that other Scots events will become more visible. It all will be accomplished in a typical Scots fashion—quietly, thoroughly and practically unnoticed until it happens. Meanwhile, the Scots in Hawai'i look forward to it—and backward to a long and satisfying tradition.

The game

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school down to King Street took twice as long as usual in the heavy traffic. I knew that the stadium would be sold out, which meant a crowd of at least 27,000 people. But when we ran out onto the field before the game I was shocked, even frightened. The bleachers were packed—not just the seats, but the aisles too—and the field was ringed by temporary bleachers.

I'd never heard a noise quite like the one that greeted the Punahou team—not booing, certainly not cheering, but a guttural sort of roar that suggested pent-up emotion about to explode. If there were 27,000 in attendance (some accounts would say 30,000), it's doubtful that more than 3,000 of them wanted to see Punahou win.

I was in a kind of nervous daze during warm-ups, and in fact stayed in one throughout the afternoon. The entire game, including halftime, seemed to last no more than 15 to 20 minutes. There was little talk among teammates, either on the bench or in the huddle. But always there was that strange guttural roar, never diminishing much, and exploding into near hysteria at the important plays.

I knew that I'd play in the game, but I wasn't sure how much. These were the days when colleges had reverted to so-called one-platoon football, and Honolulu high schools, unlike those on the Mainland, played by college rules. This meant that a player could come out of the game and go back in only once in a quarter. Espinda was our best pass-catching end and Russ Marshall our best defensive end, and it was probable I'd substitute for both of them.

Listening to Coach Godfrey's brief pep talk, then waiting for the opening kickoff, I had very mixed emotions. I badly wanted to play, but at the same time the prospect of screwing up in front of all those people, in front of what seemed the entire town of Honolulu, terrified me.

Little of consequence happened through the first half of the first quarter. The general nervousness seemed to diminish, but not by much. I was still on the bench when Pacarro passed to Harrington for a 30-yard gain to the St. Louis five yard line. An offside penalty moved the ball to the one, but, on the next play, St. Louis recovered Pacarro's fumble. The stadium, the ground underneath us, seemed to shake with cheering.

Talbot George, St. Louis' quick and versatile little quarterback, tried to sweep right end, but was tackled several yards deep in the end zone by Marshall. With