Living on California Street in Pullman during the seventies…

Posted on [02/17/2012](http://www.piratesofthepalouse.com/?p=152) by [Erik Hill](http://www.piratesofthepalouse.com/?author=1)

Today’s Guest Blogger is Rob Krause. He writes a blog called ThePalousePirates.com. Not to be confused with Piratesofthepalouse.com Please check it out and enjoy this tale from his days at our Alma Matter. Have a great weekend! – Erik

*Living on California Street in Pullman during the seventies has always been a highlight of my fond memories of being a Coug. I’d like to share a few stories about those days.*

*A couple of young Eastern Washington boys lived in two Cal Street neighboring Frats. Eventually they both would  become All PAC 8 football players. Their names are Fritz Brayton and Bill Moos.*

*Fritz, a wide receiver and son of Cougar legend Bobo Brayton was loud,crazy and fun with lots of attitude. He’d rather run over a saftey than try to avoid being tackled. He was a specimen to be certain.*

*Bill Moos, who we all knew as Bull was a confident but quiet young man. He was serious about his studies and loyal among his brothers. On Friday nights, back in those days, you left your favorite girl home and spent your evening with the guys. Often ending up at a fraternity kegger, The Coug or off to Moscow. Around six PM many of us in the Sigma Chi house would wonder on occasion over to the Pi Kap house with a couple of cool ones in our pockets. We headed for the hall way outside the Bull’s room where we would play a game called “Stump the Bull.” Bill could sing the theme song to almost any TV show or the jingle to most TV commercials. You would call out a show like Howdy Dowdy or Leave it to Beaver and Bull would sing the complete tune. When he got it right, which was most of the time, the challenger would have to chug his brew. We’d all laugh and move on to the next challenger. Some nights got very interesting in that we entertained our selves in unusual ways. There was the occasional panty raid at the Tri Delts, dropping of little piglets into the Theta sleeping dorm window or trying ti fill the TKE swimming pool with Jello. When it snowed the PIKES and the Machi would team up and drive the SAE’s or Kappa Sigs back onto their front porches in a snowball fight. You could usually count on several fist fights and a few Pullman Police cars but in the end no one ever got arrested and the house presidents would negotiate the window damage so we were all square by Monday morning.*

*Life was simple back then. No cell phones or computers. Freshmen played on the Freshman team. The term “red shirt” didn’t exist and most of us got our degrees in four years.*

*One of the greatest California Street stories happened in 1968 up at Joe Albi Stadium. The Stanford Indians were busy running up the score with Heisman winner Jim Plunket when a fan who lived on California Street ran onto the field and tackled Randy Vataha stopping what would have been a 75 yard touch down run on about the WSU 30. After the student was arrested and the penalty paced off the Stanford Indians scored 3 plays later. Finally the upset of the decade was posted in 1971 when WSU upset a highly ranked Stanford team with a last second field goal by a kicker Sweeney found in a PE Soccer class.*

*I could go on but some of the stories might bore you, others you wouldn’t believe and some are best left unsaid. I think it’s memories that bind Cougar fans together. I know those were four wonderful years for me.*

*-Rob Krause*