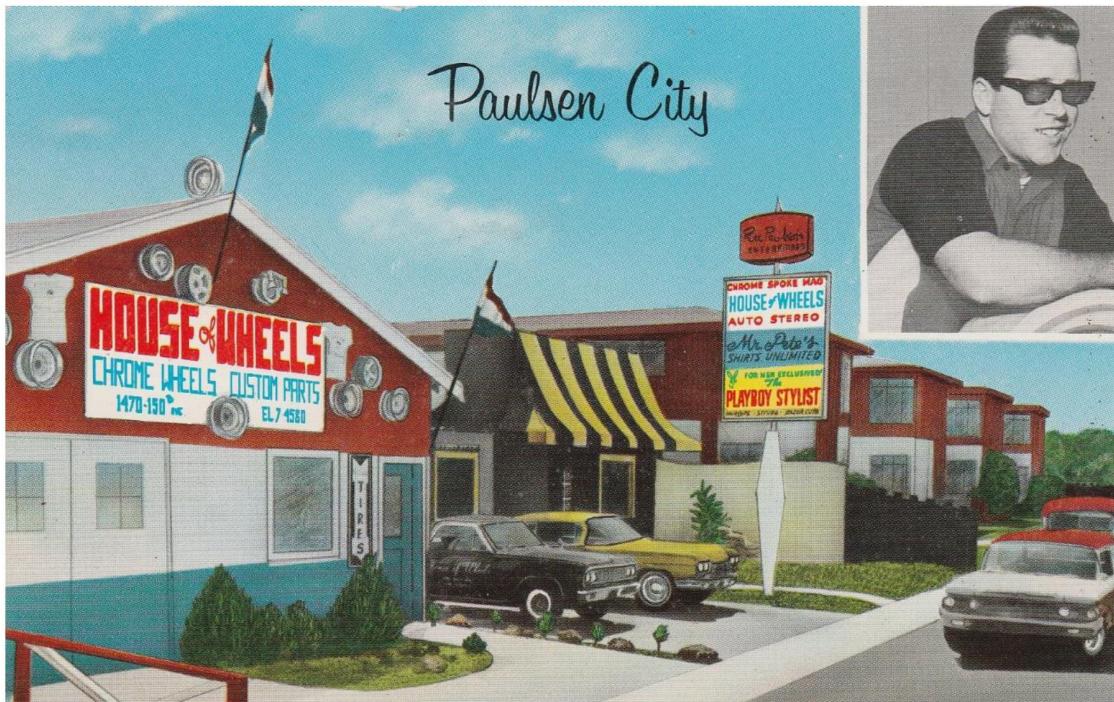


Why me Lord?

The Adventures of Pete Paulsen
From Beverly Hills to French Camp



Part I

By. Pete Paulsen

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Here are pictures of the cars I had in high school. Sorry they are not the original cars I owned.



1928
Ford Model "A"

1938
Ford Deluxe Sedan



1941
Buick Convertible

1949
Mercury Convertible



The Beginning

Victor Perry Paulsen Jr. was born on November 5th, 1936, at Mount Zion Hospital in San Francisco...but the celebration didn't take effect until a week later on November 12th, when I got circumcised. In fact, I understand the same day they officially opened the Bay Bridge in my honor, well I don't know for sure if it was in my honor or not, but I know one thing for sure, we both got cut on the same day (LOL).

Shortly after that my mother and father got divorced, probably too much celebrating. Mom and I went to live with her parents in Beverly Hills and things were pretty much normal for the next five or six years (I can't remember all the details that far back). One thing I do remember, I had a new name, Peter O'Ferral Paulsen.

Then came school, and that's when the real adventure began. Beverly Vista Elementary was my new stomping ground, but things got interesting with one of my teachers who happened to live across the street. She was a lunchtime watchdog, ensuring that every bit of food made it into our bellies. Let's just say I had a bit of a struggle with peas, cauliflower, and cooked vegetables (still do, to be honest). I became a pro at hiding the stuff I didn't like, especially because she stood there making sure I swallowed every last bite! As I said, my distaste for cooked veggies and salad dressing remains unchanged. School days were rather mundane, except for the high-stakes lunch escapades.

I joined the cub scouts when I was in the fourth or fifth grade. At that time, they didn't wear long pants, just knickers

that I disliked. Any how I got my wolf and bear badges. Unfortunately, I was sent to military the following year, so I never got my lion one.



Military school...now that was a trip. I did learn to stay out of trouble most of the time. It seems my mother and grandparents thought I needed a little added help I think it started when Ronnie Robinson and I had a Christmas tree lot - well sort of - it was after Christmas and there was a vacant lot down the street from my grandparent's home, so we decided to collect trees that were left over from the tree lots and have our own Christmas tree lot. Unfortunately, one of us - probably me - had some matches and caught the trees on fire. And then to add fuel to the fire (LOL) I dug up my grandparents back yard to put in a pee wee golf course; that was the final straw that sent me off to military school.



Yes, I know it is hard to believe, but I was an altar boy at All Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills.