

# BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

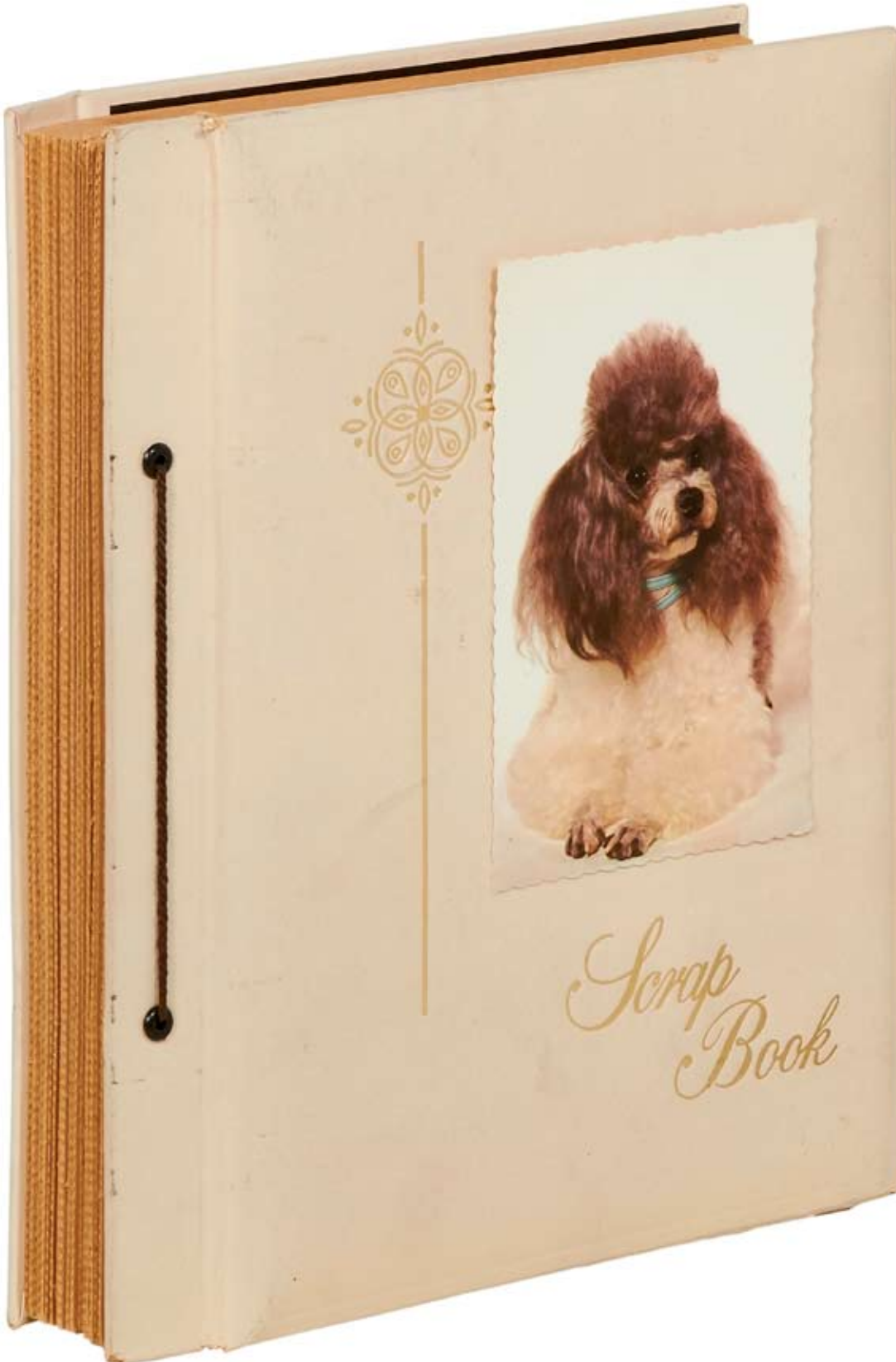
112 Nicholson Rd, Gloucester City, NJ 08030 (856) 456-8008 [betweenthecovers.com](http://betweenthecovers.com)

## **Andre Petit Choux as told to Mary S. Henderson**

*[Scrapbook]: "It's a Dog's Life"*

Kalamazoo, Michigan: 1965

\$800



Quarto measuring 10" x 12". String-tied white glossy paper over boards with "scrapbook" stamped in gilt on the front panel and a photo. Contains 148 color photographs measuring between 1" x 2½" and 3½" x 5" with captions as well as various related ephemera tipped in.

A scrapbook laid out in children's book format kept by a poodle owner, Carmen Richmond writing under the pseudonym Mary S. Henderson, living in Kalamazoo, Michigan in the mid-1960s. The book, which is titled, "It's a Dog's Life," is written from the perspective of the poodle, Andre Petite Choux, as it was told to Ms. Henderson and is broken up into chapters beginning with Andre's birth in the summer of 1965.



Throughout the scrapbook the story of Andre and his owner are illustrated with snapshot photography, clippings, and various certificates and papers belonging to the family. The album continues with photos of

Andre in his new home with “Mama Carmen” posing around the house and visiting his “grandmother’s” house and meeting his “Uncle Vin.” These photos show a happy puppy with his smiling family with captions reading, “at my grandmother’s, I often like to pose for pictures,” and “this is Bonny. She visited me in my pen.” There are also a few letters and a collar from Andre and Carmen’s French friend, Danielle, who expresses her friendship to the new puppy by giving him a “well deserved French Collar” adorned with rhinestones as he is “French, you know.”

One page reads, “Being French is both good and bad. My grandma doesn’t punish me quite so much because I’m French and pedigree and expensive – and (ho hum) cute. It’s bad because I have to have haircuts.” Another section discusses the problems Carmen was having with the puppy training process and how Andre was afflicted with, gasp, fleas! That page is illustrated with a hand drawn picture of what Andre thinks a flea might look like. After nine chapters the format gets a little less regimented and becomes less of a story and more of a scrapbook. Here there is a spot for Andre’s baby tooth, which has since been removed, and photos of various family members playing with the puppy and dressing him in sweaters for the winter.

An unusual collection of pet photographs in a unique format. [BTC#402960]



# It's a Dog's Life



By  
André Petit Choux

As told to  
Mary S. Henderson



PUBLISHER: Dubbledeé et C<sup>e</sup>, AZO, MICHIGAN

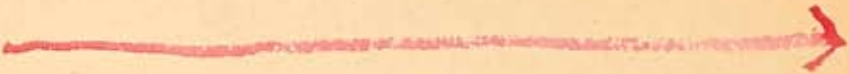
A  
P  
C

Before Charlotte knew what was happening, I was here.

Brigette, my mother, will remember June 9, 1965. There were three of us. There was my sister, my brother, and little me.



I am pedigree, you know. That's because my mother is a blue blood. My father loves her. And

here's a pedigree, too. If you  
don't believe me, here's my  
papers 



When I was little, I was  
very very little.  
And black.

## Chapter Two...

It's a dog's life, all right!  
Mama Carmen put me in her tan  
Ford on July 23, 1965, and brought  
me to visit my grandmother.

Ho hum! I was only with  
Brigitte six weeks.





This is Bonny. SHE visited me  
at my pen.



I'm French, you know. My Uncle  
Vin's friend, Danielle Lembre, who lives  
in France, the country of my ancestors,  
wrote this card about

12.8.65.  
of Vince  
I thought the nice dog with  
the French name deserved a french "collar".  
So, I have to tell me what colour  
to A. I want a small one, and if he will be a  
small one, or big <sup>size</sup> poodle.  
But, please, keep it secret. just  
between you and me!  
Hope you got my mail when  
you were here. Have nice vacation, after  
love, Dani

Petit Choux means "Little Cabbage" in  
English. That's what the French call  
someone they think is pretty cute.

My mama, and grandma think I'm  
cute. Oh, I know that sounds





Being French is both good and bad.  
My grandma doesn't punish me quite so  
much because I'm French and pedigree  
and expensive - and (ho hum) cute. It's  
bad because I have to have hair cuts---



"It's older than he looks. My wife's hairdresser touches him up."

--- And they dress me up in the  
silliest looking clothes!

You'd never know it, but this dog might well be on his way for a  
visit to his psychiatrist or perhaps a rest cure in Palm Springs.



Life with mama Carmen  
is great fun  
I can go all over  
her house





My Uncle Wally lets me have  
a drink once in a while

GOOD!



