

# Anthony Killykeen-Doyle: 55 years in Irish Wolfhounds! — Continued

## A SHORT VIEW ON A LIVING LEGEND

We were honoured to be asked to write something about Tony, so if there is anything false or wrong in this writing you should blame Els Swelheim and Monnette Daubenfeld

Its been almost 20 years ago that we, Jos and Ilse Frederickx-ackaert, Treackas Garden Kennels in Belgium, met Anthony at a show in Belgium where he was judging

I was there with a tall black bitch, no not my wife, but Sheila of Treackas Garden.

He made her bob and afterwards we were presented to him Through Tony, we came in contact with Els and the rest is history.

Numerous times we visited Tony in Ireland and started to mangle his bloodlines into ours, what I should call, more "continental lines" Not only made that fact our kennel well known for its true type and long living wolfhounds, they brought in the supreme temperament of the old hunting wolfhounds with outstanding movement. Also the harsh coats and black brindle coloration with Irish spotted accents made the true type.

Every time we went over I was stunned with the bitches I saw. He ( Tony ) would laugh and say, "oh that one is 11 years and that one 12." It is also important to know that Tony bred a bitch that lived up to 16.5 years of age.

Every time we stayed only for a couple of days and so we stayed up till the wee hours discussing the evolution of the breed, sitting by the fire in his impressive salon with pictures, sculptures and books that brought us back 250 years strayed into the heart of ancient Ireland and in touch with the mystique atmosphere that makes Ireland, Ireland and Irish, Irish people.

The friendship Tony showed us and our children was overwhelming and his hospitality famous. Always we learned something new about the breed and its history. Tony always understood that history is a study of the past for the better understanding of the present, because without the past there would be no future.

The fact that tony knew so many famous breeders of the past makes him a encyclopedia in wolfhound breeding and art. Yes indeed art, Tony loves opera also, literature is also one of his hobby's and like all giants Tony loves nature.

His humour also was catching, I remember a time he had food poisoning from a meal he had at a show. Anne Mette Mikkelsen from Norway stayed at the time at Tony's and had to drive him to the hospital at night. He was so sick he thought he was dying and blamed Anne by yelling at her that her fu...soup killed him! At the time it was of course not so funny but I can assure you that the way he told the story to me it was hilarious!

Tonys great grand mother Catherine Fitzpatrick- Smith worked also with Graham to restore the breed

I'm sure that when tony is alone at night and looking back into the past all those breeders, but most of all all the hounds, killykeen lord lutthar, bandid, lord of the isle, max, and so

many more look back at him true the ages and tell him he did a splendid job by conserving the breed in such a beautiful state for more generations in the future to enjoy.

Tony, from the bottom of our hearts congratulations. You are a true gentleman and most important the best friend anyone could wish for

*Our love*

*Jos ilse frederickx- ackaert, Bram, Lander and Arne  
Els and tob Swelheim-Kruisinga*

## A VISIT IN JUNE 2003

That year a small group of Irish Wolfhound fanciers decided to have a look at the national club show of the Irish Wolfhound Club of Ireland. A visit at Anthony Killykeen-Doyle's, judge and Irish Wolfhound breeder was also planned. For a side story, I think many of us can remember .... Tony Doyle's comb during the judgements. I also remember a trimming/grooming show during the Brussels Dog Show that same year.

But let's come back to Ireland and our trip. I remember horrific traffic density, rain (what would be Ireland without its rain...), than green hills, lovely little roads, a herd of cows blocking the road and then, a tiny and pretty house hidden behind high grass tufts. We arrived at Tony's and Pauric Hand's home.

The welcome was as warm as the legendary Irish hospitality. « You are Welcome » ! How many times didn't we hear this sentence and especially at Tony's place.

We even had't the time to take a breath before we sat down and Pauric prepared some delicious little sandwiches with the traditional « cup of tea ». Hungry as we were, we were very happy to get something to eat. In order to kill the time while we were waiting for the sandwiches, Tony suggested to visit his home. Of course we accepted and started the tour with Irish Wolfhounds happy to have a little walk.

Well... our four legged hosts were smarter than us. They got back into the house on the q.t. The outcome: no more sandwiches ! Thankfully, Spiff-spoff, done and dusted cakes and other sweet specialities came out of nowhere and made us very happy. I don't need to mention, that we didn't move out of our seats before all those good things were eaten :o)

But the most astonishing was still to come. Tony showed us upstairs along a tiny little staircase and we arrived in Ali Baba's cave! In a minuscule room, piles of archives, Tony Doyle's personal collection. Books, pictures, breeders' adds, handwritten notes, trophies, memories of a life (and even more) dedicated to the Irish Wolfhounds. All this was piled up in a system « à la Tony ».

I heard that there has been a big improvement since our visit. I would give my eye teeth to see that (again).

Thank you Tony and Pauric for this marvellous day. Thank you for your welcome. Thank you for this Irish bliss.

*Annick De Smedt*