

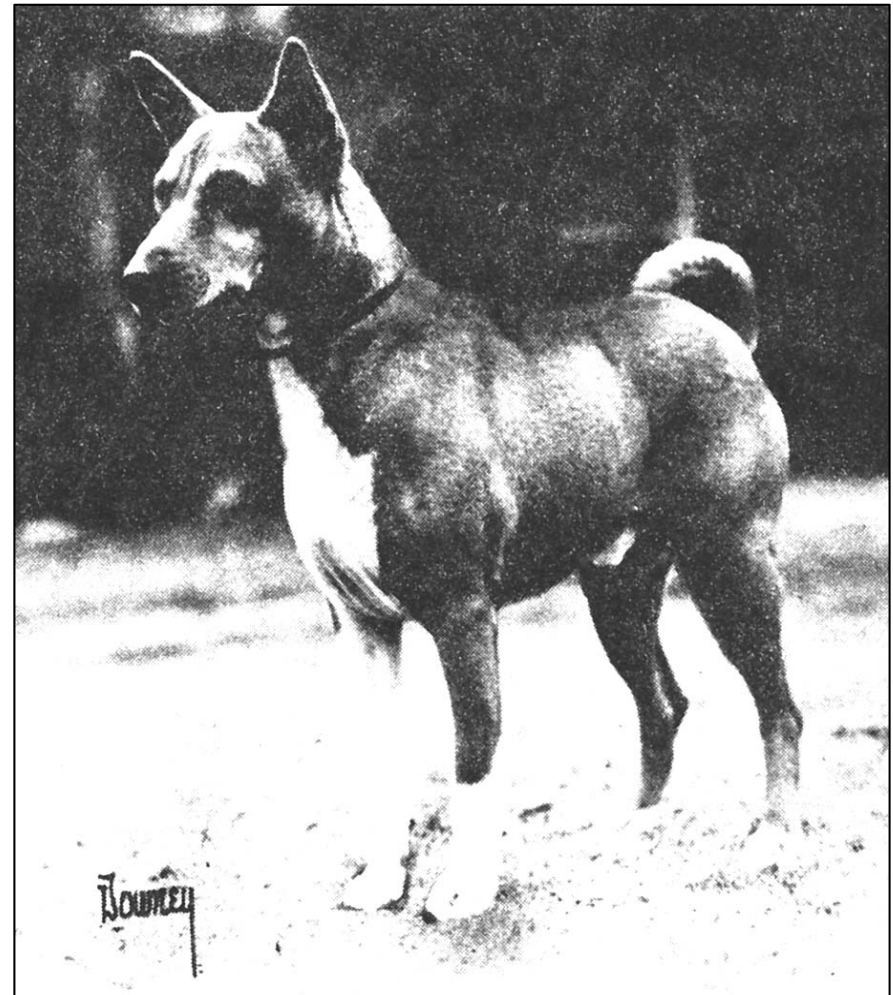
American Champion Kingolo

**Son of Kindu and Kasenyi
Sire of note in both the U.S.A. and U.K.**

Basenji Column by Walter Philo
Pure-Bred Dogs, June 1958

Am. Ch. Kingolo is now 12 years old, and there are some as might say that he is getting old and broken but, in truth, he looks wonderful with hardly a grey hair on his head and him every day studying the world with dark quizzical eyes. ...

Standing all of 16 inches, Kingolo wears a coat of deep smoldering red and of softest texture, with a waistcoat of white, a white stocking on his right front leg and a white sock on his left. A judge would take note that his back feet are white, his nose coal-black and his tail double-curved tight, and also might say that soundness and stamina



are there. Kingolo's is the type of head that surely one would expect to see peering worriedly from the equatorial bush at the brave white hunter as he goes about decimating what is left of Africa's wild species.



“Dreamer” as he is known, has a will of iron and there is no power on earth that can move him

from a door if he knows that Sylvia Williams is on the other side.

“He adores me and I, him,” she writes, “so we do each other's ego a world of good. Having been a kennel dog until he came to Syngefield, he quickly realized that he had fallen on his feet in a big way and never has he looked back nor had occasion for regret. From the vast depth of nigh on 12 years of living with Basenjjs, I have never yet come across another like Dreamer. Honest and reliable, he is a great lover of the simple things in life. He is never nasty to other dogs and is always charming to people. He is worshipped by all his children and grandchildren, and he plays like a puppy with them and with us. There is another side of the coin; otherwise he would be just a dull paragon. He considers himself a mere lad, has absolutely no dignity and never looks where he is going. When complimented on his fine appearance, he still performs his little dance, which consists of the movements of a bucking bronco, all the while bobbing and bowing his head to the right and to the left endlessly. This he learned a long time ago in the great State of Texas, where he spent his youth.”

The son of a pair of French Congolese Basenjjs that had come direct from Africa to the United States in 1941, Kingolo as a pup was acquired by Forest N. Hall. In 1947 and 1948 – years when the fabulous Mr. Hall was breeding and exhibiting Basenjjs instead of only judging them – Kingolo made 12 appearances in the show

rings of the Southwest, going BB every time, and placing six times in Group under Cassleman, Ferguson, Vary, Kendrick, Harris and Murr. In 1948 he was best of breed at Westminster and in 1949 returned to Madison Square Garden to repeat this achievement, while in 1950 Ch. Kingolo's Kan Kan carried on the fine tradition of his old man.

When he was six years old, Ch. Kingolo went to Eire to take over from the J. R. Williamses the mastership of Syngefield in Birr, which as you know, is in Country Offalway. According to my notebooks, Kingolo has been the only American Basenji ever to emigrate to the old country, where he is considered part of the foundation stock. Mrs. Williams feeling that it would be unjust to expect him at his age to compete with the juvenile mashers parading up and down the show rings, he was shown in England not at all and only at a few Irish shows. Although he has been used very little at stud on either side of the Atlantic, he has sired 14 champions, one or more in each of his litters. He won the stud Dog Cup offered by the Basenji Club of Great Britain for the dog whose

progeny won the most points in English shows in 1952-3, 1953-4 and 1956-7. In 1955-6, the cup went to his son. Ch. Pongo of the Congo. A list of Kongolo's top-winning grandchildren and great grand-children would fairly run off the bottom of this page and there is hardly a Basenji being shown today anywhere that does not have his name in its pedigree.

"Apart from all he has done," concludes Mrs. Williams, "Dreamer is still the most adored Basenji in the whole world. Words cannot express our feeling for him. He is 22-carat all the way through and has given us all the happiness and fulfillment that any dog could give to man."

It is no wonder, therefore, that any scion of Kingolo's going forth into the world leaves Syngefield *only* after a solemn pledge from the new owner that it shall not live in a kennel and never shall it be sent away from those whom it has learned to love. It is a matter of opinion whether a man might traffic in dogs as in worldly goods, but it is indeed a poor man and a sorry one that would be trading in the humanities.