

*Lines From Linda*

## SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

by

*Linda Ayers Turner Knorr*

# Brazil

### PART 1

Four years ago on September 19, 1993 I lost my father All-Breed judge, Roy L. Ayers. Sr. My mother Hazel has joyfully recovered from their serious automobile accident which occurred just as they were about to reach the Atlanta International airport on their way to New York for Daddy to judge dog shows.

Reminisce with me as I remember one of their sentimental journeys.....Mother and daddy penned the following letter to my husband Jim, our son Todd, and me as they flew home from Sao Paulo, Brazil.

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August, 1989

Dear Jim, Todd, and Linda,

Dorothy found the land of oz over her rainbow. We found the land of foz over our rainbows and it was more than we ever dreamed of discovering. Foz Do Iguagua is easily one of the most beautiful spots on earth!

Our first stop on our trip to Brazil was in Rio De Janeiro. This capital city of Guanabara is a seaport on the Atlantic and is one of the most beautiful in the world. Busy! Portuguese is the language of Brazil. The beaches are surrounded by high-rises. A large statue of Christ, high on a hill, faces the city and the ocean with outstretched arms.

There is a road over the water from Rio to Sao Paulo but it takes five hours to drive. We continued our flight and were met by Jayme and Evelin Martinelli who took us to the Sao Paulo Hilton. We had lunch at the Hilton and took a brief walk. Numerous sidewalk telephones were covered with large yellow "Hard-Hats." We went swimming in a lovely tile pool on the Hilton Penthouse overlooking the city. Only colorful pigeons and a pair of doves joined us as it is winter there in August. Azaleas were blooming.

The Martinellis returned for us at 8:00 pm and took us to Terraco Italia for a wonderful dinner of lobster, shrimp, smoked salmon,

steaks, salad, vegetables, and an assortment of delicious South American desserts. We sipped Brazilian (not Columbian) coffee and listened to an excellent band, danced, and enjoyed a striking view atop the city's tallest building, Terraes Halia Iguateiui.

Not being able to read the menu, we had room service bring the "Brazilian breakfast." It is cold cuts, cheese, fruit, juice and assorted breads. We discovered they have a nice smorgasbord with the best Eggs Benedict on the second floor so we went down to that forever after. Jayme and Evelin took us shopping and we expected to find skin shoes and leather clothes, but we didn't. every South American country is different and Brazil did not have the marvelous bargains of Uruguay. Inflation is so high that it was not a good place to shop for anything except shoes. They were really reasonable but were flats, some with bows or high tops. The dress shoes had thick heels. Found only one pair of skin shoes and they were pretty but didn't fit!

Saturday, August 26, 1989 was the first of a two day show of the Kenel Clube Paulista (Portuguese spelling) held at the Lar Center. We can say without reservations that these were excellent shows. It was a good show site. The exhibits were of real quality. The show staff, ring stewards, owner-handlers, professional handlers and show photographer all were knowledgeable and did a good job. My ring stewards were Suzanne Blum and Luis Laino Luise. Good sportsmanship prevailed. On Sunday the finals judging was a pleasure. Best-In-Show was a Collie that we learned later was bred in Rio and was shown by the Breeder-Owner. Second was a Doberman from the States. These two could win in any competition. The after show dinner was in a ballroom at the Hilton and it was a bountiful, beautiful feast. Camaraderie reigned!

The next morning we went to Foz Do Iguacu on VASP Airlines and stayed at the Hotel

International for two days and nights. Directly across the street was Holiday-Tur. We couldn't communicate because we can't speak Portuguese. A young man was in there and he asked us in English where we were from. He said his father is a Methodist Minister in New Jersey. We told him about our Missionary friends in South America, Carol Henson and Peggy Tucker. He volunteered to go on our tour with us to interpret. Pau Po Sergio was a gift from God because he was really our guide and he went with us every step of the way for ten hours the next day. The guide drove the car for the four of us. Pau Po lived there and knew every spot of beauty and was proud of his country. He is a radio announcer and goes to work at 10:00 pm. Lucky us!

Everything closes at 6:00 pm in Fos Do Iguacu. We walked around and made it to a jewelry store before it closed.

Monday, August 28, 1989, our hearts were at home. Roy was being honored in our nation's capitol and the flag was flown all day in his honor because of his service to his country in World War II. Roy, Jr. went to the ceremony and was presented the flag for his father. We had a lump in our throats.

Tuesday, August 29, Pau Po was waiting for us in the lobby and first took us to Itaipu Hydro-Electric Power Station, one of the largest engineering works in the world. The panorama of tamed waters is beautiful manmade waterfalls. Pau Po had just been taking English for five months so everything was not absolutely explicit. He asked for our passports and took them with him while we watched a film about Itaipu. We trusted him. He came back with visas for us to go into Argentina and Paraguay and we were off.

First we went to the Brazilian side of the "Festival of Waters." We walked a long way on catwalks over the Parana River to get to a platform over the falls where we watched this magic



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*Continued*

show without intervals. It was fascinating! We were watching a panorama of three miles of foaming cascades, the earth's broadest falls, more than twice as wide as Victoria Falls. We continued to another observation point....indescribable beauty! The falls seem to come from the sky over a rainbow! We didn't want to leave but more falls beckoned. We took a roll of thirty-six Kodak film at Itaipu and the falls from the Brazilian side. They unrolled and were exposed. This was the only tragedy of the trip. Those pictures will remain only in our memory.

We stopped for lunch at Rafain at Churrascaria Das Cataratas. Had a wonderful buffet. Meat of all kinds was being grilled. We watched a very enjoyable floor show with Brazilian dancers, Paraguayan and Indian dancers, band and vocalists.

On to Argentina and Paraguay....we stopped at the Three Frontiers Mark and took a picture. The Igussa River empties its waters into the Parana River, giving rise to a triple frontier. A stone pilaster marker is here and Brazil, Argentina, and Paraguay can all be seen in one view. The scenery we passed gave us sublime sensations. The falls on the Argentina side are located in the Iguassu National Park which covers a large area of forest reserves. The Fauna and Flora are exuberant. The falls constitute a natural boundary between Brazil and Argentina. There are two-hundred-seventy-five waterfalls in this lush rain forest, all more than two-hundred feet deep.

These raging waters and the surrounding forest were the setting for the film, "The Mission," which received an academy award nomination for best picture in 1987. The falls are fed by the Iguacu River that seeps 500,000 gallons of water over a precipice in an uneven series of spills every second. The sound can be heard five miles away. The rush creates fogs and heavy mists.

The falls consist of three major formations, two in Argentina and one, Garganta del Diablo, that spans the border of the two countries. It is a huge horseshoe-shaped cascade with the steepest drop. It is flanked by two falls on the

Brazilian side of the river.

At the center of Garganta, water pours two-hundred-seventy-five feet into the canyon below called Devil's Throat. As the water hits the canyon below it explodes and rebounds in a spray that rises five hundred feet and is colored by rainbows.

We strolled through winding paths through the forest that surround the falls. The sights and scents of forest life...little South American animals called Croatis. One was red and one was grey. Colorful butterflies, small lizards, orchids, and patches of wildflowers lined the paths. Beautiful South American birds of red, yellow, black and white. The foliage was heavy. We would see a flash of light in a clearing overlooking the river and find still another formation of falls, always with rainbows.

A settling mist began to create a cool tingling sensation as we continued along the path. We found a double-decked observation post jutting over the canyon. We gazed into the canyon's bottom. A heavier mist rolled in and we glanced skyward. There was another rainbow!

We found the waterfalls more beautiful than we could ever imagine. The lights and colors changing were pure magic. We left feeling sure that we had seen one of the most enchanting regions of our world....totally awesome!

After we returned to the Hotel International, Roy discovered that he had lost his prized pocket knife, a gift from the Georgia Power Company. He saw one of the men from the Holiday-Tur in front of the hotel and asked him if perhaps he left it in the car. Of course he did not understand Roy. Later, we were in the dining room of the hotel and he came back and brought Pau Po with him so he could learn what Roy wanted. They joined us for a Coke, then left and returned in a short while. Pau Po was beaming and holding the knife and some change in his outstretched hand. They both were so happy to have found the knife. We joined hands and prayed together. It was the last time we saw them but we will never forget them.

The next day we returned to the Hilton Hotel in Sao Paulo — Jayme and Evelin Marinelli

came for us. We went to Agnes Buchwald's apartment to get her. It was beautiful! The entrance had beautiful wooden walls and ceiling and marble floors and gorgeous antique furniture....security guards too. A young veterinarian and his date who was an architect joined us and we went to the Roma, for dinner. It was beautifully appointed with oil paintings, huge fresh fruit arrangements and antiques.

The next morning while we were in H. Stern Jewelers in the hotel lobby Evelin came to meet us. We checked out of the Hilton and were off to see more sights of Sao Paulo.

Jayme is the President of the Kenel Clube Paulista. The club owns their own building with offices, classrooms for training classes, a kitchen and social center. They have dog shows every week-end. Our first stop was here.

Our next stop was an Italian restaurant down the street for lunch. Fine dining is a way of life in Brazil and you receive the same elegant service whether in a plush dining room or a shopping center lunchroom. We ordered bottled water at every meal.

Exploring the residential areas was rewarding. We enjoyed their stately old homes and courtyards. We saw Parque Da Independencia, the Governor's mansion, passed the Parques Zoologico, the zoo, a red brick fort and came to a place called Voo Panoramico overlooking a magnificent view of the city. Their world-famous soccer stadium we visited seats two-hundred thousand people. They also have baseball and basketball, but not football.

We went to La Clay for tea and delightful sandwiches and pastries. The beautiful owner, Gloriubs Baunigarf, joined us. Had met her at the show. She sat with me during the finals as she presented a group trophy. I presented the Best-In-Show trophy. Gloriubs owns the property of the show site, and amusement park adjoining, and the entire shopping center. Adorable!

Sao Paulo is big-the third largest city in the world. As we strolled, explored, toured and examined its magnificence, we realized that the sights, sounds, and tastes serve only as a backdrop to the true cultural experience, meeting the people. All of these people, Portuguese, German, French, Italian, Japanese, etc. form the cultural core of this vast melting pot - Sao Paulo.

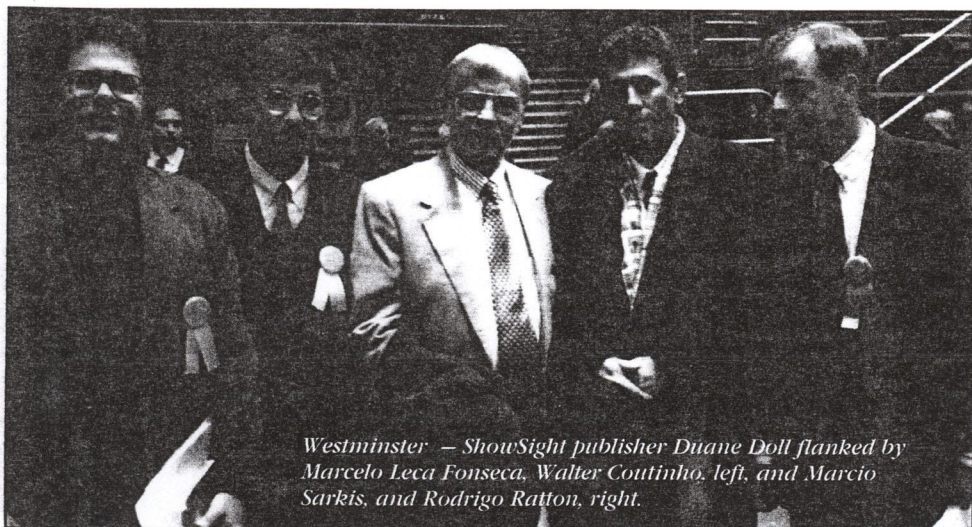
We thought of Brazil, Argentina, and Paraguay and a flood of images crowded our memories and we were off to the airport for our flights home. As long as they were in our sight, Jayme and Evelin were still waving.

Love,  
Mother and Daddy

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Amidst the high-voltage massive intensity of the group judging at the Westminster Kennel Show I was introduced to five handsome South Americans, Sergio Gebram, Marcelo Leca Fonseca, Marcio Sarkis, Rodrico Ratton, and Walter Countinho.

They knew of my mothers and father's love of their country and its people and we bonded



*Westminster — ShowSight publisher Duane Doll flanked by Marcelo Leca Fonseca, Walter Coutinho, left, and Marcio Sarkis, and Rodrigo Ratton, right.*



Agnes Buchwald



immediately.

I met my new friends on Valentine's day in 1995. Shortly before this past Christmas an envelope arrived from Sergio Gebram in Brazil. I opened it carefully with great curiosity. It contained a very old South American dog magazine with a picture of my father on the cover. Coming from the world's most sentimental family, I smiled through tears as I proudly shared it with my secretary, Linda Cansler. She asked "has your Mother seen this?" I felt certain that she had not. So with great enthusiasm Linda and I decided to wrap up the magazine as a Christmas present and put it under the tree for Mother at Christmas.

**On Christmas morning it was not something from Neiman Marcus or Saks Fifth Avenue that became my Mother's most prized gift. Her most precious present was Sergio's magazine with my Father's image in the cover allowing her to relive their sentimental journey to Brazil.**

We skipped over Barbados and Mackinac Island. For the first time in our lives Jim and I were all packed for a "follow your nose" go "as the spirit moves you" trip set to go through the mountains of North Carolina. Our hearts and minds were all focused on quaint little inns, mountain streams, golf at the Grove Park Inn and shopping the tiny antique shops tucked away in the charming mountain villages.

Just to get started we would drive to Atlanta and join Mother for our first visit to Turner Field and to enjoy watching our Atlanta Braves crush Philadelphia something like eleven to nothing.

Our Smooth Fox Terrier Kiwi would spend his vacation with mother and her Sheltie Wesley.

"We need to run down to Brazil for a business trip so get out your calendar and tell me when we can go," Jim said out of the clear blue sky.

"There is no time," I replied, unless we go now and forget the mountains.

Jim charmed the girls at the Brazilian consulates office and we had two visas the same day.

After drastic changes in our already packed bags, we were on our way to the world's third largest city Sao Paulo, Brazil.

Linda Cansler faxed Sergio Gebram that we were coming for business appointments but we were hoping that he would join us for dinner during our visit.

Sergio is a well known and respected veterinarian and writer for South American dog magazines.

When we returned to our five star Melina Hotel after delightful and productive business meetings, Sergio was waiting for us.

Reminiscent of my parents' grand trip we began our own sentimental journey.

The sport of purebred dogs in Brazil is celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary and the interest of the general public in prized canines is on the rise!

#### ***The Purebred Dog Sport in Brazil***

It all started with a meeting in November of 1922, in Rio De Janeiro, when a group of fanciers founded the Brazil Kennel Club (BKC). The first officially recognized dog show took place on July 14, 1923 and it was attended by a handful of enthusiasts and a large audience.

Shortly thereafter the movement spread out to the neighboring state of San Paulo, where an affiliate association - Kenel Clube Paulista (KCP) - took form in 1931.

During the developmental stages, an average of only one annual contest was held by these clubs and the rules for judging were made by the own promoters, by blending much of the European and American systems. In those early days, the shows were benched and afforded a more leisurely style. They also

had a social appeal and usually received plenty of press coverage.

In the later forties, new entities were formed in the larger cities - Porto Alegre, Recife, Belo Horizonte, Curitiba, Santos and Campinas. After being originated in the more populated states bordering the Atlantic Ocean, the clubs slowly started to spread out to other urban centers to such an extent that, nowadays, they are found in virtually every state.

During the formative years the kennel club kept its official stud book (comprised of canines with a five generation pedigree) and also a separate register (R.I.O. - Register of Initial Origin) for purebred stock with unknown ancestry, similar to the ones maintained in some European Countries in the period immediately following World War II.

In order to be allowed to register at the R.I.O. a dog had to be shown and qualified by three different judges, at all-breed shows. After three generations, the descendants of individuals entered in the R.I.O. became eligible for the official stud book.

The practice, discontinued in the early 1970's was permitted under FCI regulations, but not by the AKC, which at that time prevented full recognition of Brazilian pedigrees.

In the early fifties there was a constant influx of judges and breeding stock from the USA and Europe (England, Germany, France, Italy). Then, starting in the sixties, because of the geographic proximity between Brazil and the USA, the American influence became dominant in most breeds and also in the judging panels at the shows.

The sport suffered a major setback in 1961, when a group of clubs banded together to form an independent association - Federacao Cinologica Do Brazil (FCB) - located in Sao Paulo.

For over a decade the split fragmented the Brazilian dog community, with effects being felt at breeding and showing levels. Entries at the shows somewhat declined and oftentimes breeders were warned not to use the services of sires (or dams) registered at the rival system.

In 1975, people on top of both organizations (BKC and FCB) realized that the division was doing no good to the sport and good sense finally prevailed. With the reunification, the club was renamed CBKC (Confederacao Do Brasil Kennel Club, Now Confederacao Brasileira De Cinofilia).

Interest in dog shows took a sharp turn upwards in the 1970's when registrations increased considerably. This change coincided with the arrival of multinational dog food companies, the spread of pet stores in many medium sized towns and the emergence of professional handlers, with improvement in the grooming, trimming and presentation areas.



Jim Knorr &amp; Sergio Gebram

— Continued next month —





# Brazil!

by Linda Ayers Turner Knorr