

ROLLING DOWN TO RIO WITH ZEKE AND ZADIE

by

Grace Parlin Davis

“Whee! we have a room here at the Condado—in fact, I’m resting in it while Wilbur goes back to the Palace for our luggage. We share a bath with another room but that, I suspect, will be harder on them than on me!”

“I couldn’t very well, in *any* language, explain I was in a hurry to take care of Zeke, so I finally just relaxed. It was 5:30 p.m. when I went into the bath. Zeke decided enough was enough and gave me a hell of a time. Worked in fits and starts (had to practically wash the entire bathroom) and then would just do nothing for half an hour—then another onslaught. I emerged simply exhausted, but I realize I can’t grouch too much since if it weren’t for Zeke, I wouldn’t be here.”

“Date: February 28, 1948

Place: Copacabana Palace, Rio de Janeiro

Weather: *Very* warm, cloudy, intermittent showers

5:15 p.m. What a day! We waited until 1:00 p.m. for it to clear. At that point, there wasn’t an actual downpour so we took a taxi to the Gloria Hotel in town. There was a glorious view from their terrace—Gloria Bay looking towards the airport. The dining room was sumptuous and we had a nice table where we could see the view. It was as clear as it was all day. We had (Wilbur by mistake) the most amazing chicken soup. Had practically a whole chicken in it. It was delicious. It would have made a very nice lunch all by itself but we had already ordered a veal and cucumber dish and a white wine. The veal I found on the tough side but the rice, sauce and cucumbers were really something special. The wine was Portuguese Amaranta-Casa de Calçada. Not so good to my taste as the Spanish Diamante but very nice. For dessert, we ordered Glace Ananas. We checked that ananas *was* banana, and were then completely startled to have a huge bowl with several dozen bananas put on our table and we were given a knife and fork. Glace? We both asked at once. Si! and sure enough, pretty soon we were brought an ice. I wonder if we had ordered Glace Moka if we would have gotten an ice and some coffee!

It seemed to be clearing, so we took a taxi first to the Post Office for \$10.00 worth of stamps and then to the shopping district. *Every* store closed tight as a drum on Saturday! With difficulty, we picked up another cab and went out to Sugar Loaf. It was beginning to cloud up but at least the aerial cable car was running. Just a few minutes after we arrived, the aerial cable car left for Urca Hill where one changes to go over to Pao de Assucar. We could see down as we went up and it was indeed a pretty sight but all above was in heavy clouds. Couldn't see Sugar Loaf at all—just the beginning of the cable going off into mist. Soon it began to rain and we took refuge in a little place with a roof over it, table and chairs, and surrounded with greenery. Then the deluge began. Wilbur got a beer and I a nondescript sort of soda pop. We had, on our shopping tour, been able to buy a package of native cigarettes—Continental's. We smoked them—tasted Turkish—and felt very gay in spite of being *very* damp. The rain really beat down for about 45 minutes. By that time, I was getting anxious to get home and, against Wilbur's better judgment, we started the homeward trek. It had settled down to just a nice lazy drizzle but every time a good stiff breeze whipped the trees, we would get a deluge. However, when we got back to the station, the car was in and began the descent shortly. Two taxis were at the bottom but don't be silly—we didn't get either one. We used the Davis method of waiting for one to drop into our laps for a while but then the old Parlin urge for action at any cost, took over and we started off in the rain in the 'right general direction.' A bus came along so we got on and went down town. It continued to rain but the sun came out. Finally we got a taxi and just before we went through the tunnel to Copacabana Beach, a complete rainbow came out making a crescent over Sugar Loaf. For a while there was a double rainbow. It was still partially visible when we reached the hotel. We giggled about and probably *should* have gone in the beach entrance we were so wet, but we wanted to try again for mail."