



I learned this tune about thirty years ago, from a fellow named Cecil Jackson, who was then and still is the animal trainer at the Cincinnati Zoo. These days, he's joined by his son, Cecil Jackson Jr., and the show, always great, is better than ever. I worked at the zoo during my summer vacations while I was in college, and sometimes, on days when my job was to watch the exit gate, I would bring in my banjo and pick all day. This really bothered the comptroller, who hated paying me for sitting around just picking banjo, but my boss, the zoo's business manager, the late "Preach" Doherty, loved bluegrass music.

Once in awhile Cecil would bring in his guitar, a great old D-18, and he and I would pick over lunch in his office. He was a wonderful singer. His office, I should mention, was in the Ape House, and our audience was a baby elephant, a bunch of chimps, and the rest of his furry and feathered troupe. One day he said to me, "act like your going to attack me," and when I did, I thought the chimps were going to pull the bars off to get at me. Anyway, I can report that they were all diehard bluegrass fans.

When I got back home a few years ago, I took my own kids to the zoo, and we saw the current show. Nowadays, Cecil's show involves three or four adult elephants, the cows and the big bull together, going through an astonishing program of tricks and feats. I went up to him afterwards, and reintroduced myself, and we had a nice chat. "The animal men said I couldn't do it," he told me, meaning getting the bull to work with the cows without causing trouble, "but I done it." I'm not surprised.