

# My Father the Foreman

*Nathaniel Ricketts*

I knew him first as the apprentice whose wage wasn't much, so he drove home with buckets of scrap from the jobsite in his rusted truck's bed.

It was the union way. The journeymen didn't forget. Something to supplement the new-truck fund. When I was at his hip he taught me to strip wire, to grip a razor tight and always cut away from the body.

We strip less wire now. He drives a hatchback to work, gives the copper to kids with kids at home. He says he orders more than the company needs, that it's easier to cut wire than to extend it. Plus, sons should learn to use a knife.

