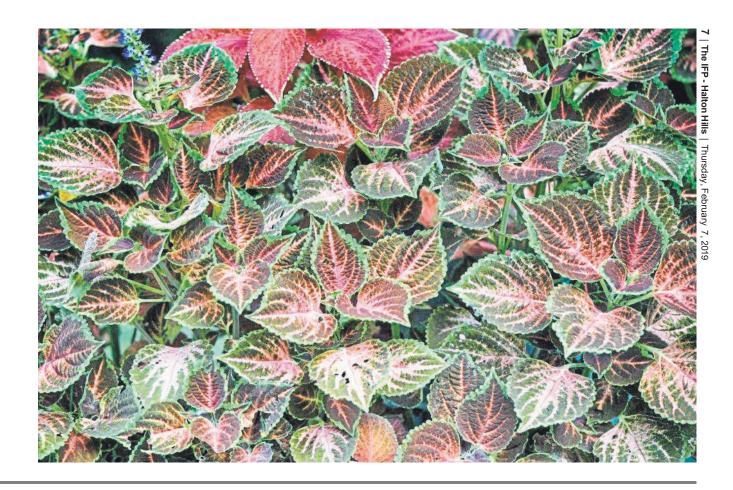
SNAPSHOT

This photo of coleus plants was taken last summer in Georgetown. If you have a photograph for the Snapshot feature, send it to editor Karen Miceli at kmiceli@metroland.com.

Tony Fortunato/photo



■ OPINION

KEEPING AN EYE ON THAT ICY LANE

TAILGATE SANDER THE SOLUTION, WRITES TED BROWN



TED BROWN Column

I've been a bit smug about the lack of snow we've had this winter, as it's been bare - but still cold.

I was OK with that, but Old Man Winter has recently reminded us that he's still in control, with the past couple weeks we've faced.

Back in November, I wrote about the hazardous

icy areas around the farm, and how one could slip and fall- and break something.

As I get older, I find myself taking a step back to see the big icy picture before setting on an icy patch.

And I've been considering getting a sander for the driveway.

I do have an old fertilizer spreader that mounts on the back of the tractor and in a pinch, it will spread sand or salt on the driveway.

But it's not convenient, and the bottom of the hopper is rusting out, so it loses a lot of sand.

The past couple years I've been considering buying a salter that attaches to the trailer hitch on my pickup truck.

You just pull out the ball hitch and insert the spreader, insert the locking pin, and connect the power cable to the spreader

Most salters are constructed from polyethylene polymer, making them light weight, and (unlike my old fertilizer spreader) impervious to rust.

But it was just one of those things I never acted on - until last week.

Three things made me reconsider it (yup, there's that old "things happen in threes again").

While at a social event, I ran into Todd, my furnace oil truck driver.

"How's your lane, Ted?" he asked. Our lane is long and crosses a marshy area, so most oil truck drivers are always cognizant of the state of the icy lane.

If it's icy, he could end up in the ditch.

I told him a good driver like him should have no trouble with it ...

But I was mentally assessing it as I drove home. In extreme icy times, I've had someone come in to sand it, just so the oil truck could safely deliver our furnace oil.

That made me once again revisit the thought of buying a salter.

Sunday at church, I learned that my cousin (who is three months younger than me) had a fall and fractured his pelvis. Hmm, another reminder.

And that same afternoon, I walked over to the shed, and, you guessed it, I ended up on my back on the ground. No major inju-

ries, but enough to shake up the old bones.

I came in the door, went straight to the computer and looked up "tailgate sanders" on Kijiji.

I found a myriad of units online, most of which cost way too much money, or were too big for my truck.

But one stood out. In the photo it looked clean and fairly new, as well as being the perfect size for my truck.

And the clincher - it was located in Georgetown.

I sent an email to see if it was still available; it had only been on the market for 12 hours.

Low and behold it was available.

Now this was the Monday of that nasty snow storm that buried all of southern Ontario, but I didn't care.

I arranged to see it at 5 p.m. and drove through the storm.

I wasn't disappointed, and in short order, I was the proud owner of an almost new salter.

The seller and I quickly mounted it in the trailer hitch receiver, and I drove home through that storm, pleased as punch with my salter.

As I write this, I still have to wire the salter to the truck's electrical system, to power the spinner to spread the salt. But that's only a short (warmer) afternoon job.

But one thing is certainthe next time I see Todd, I can now assure him that the driveway is salted ...

Ted Brown is a freelance journalist for the IFP. He can be reached at tedbit@hotmail.com.





