

Pending the departure ...

Written by Max Guérout
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The sky is covered today, but it is welcomed with relief by all.

The piles of sand are disappearing one after the other, during the time, Thomas took the last pictures of his favorite building.

Gradually, the walls, so painfully unleashed, disappear under the shovels of sand.

It is a necessary step to prevent the final destruction of the remains in place, if only by natural elements such as wind, rain and of course hurricanes.

This morning, Jean-François (Lulu) found on the beach, facing the wreck of "L'Utile", a concretion metal that the other Jean-François went to photograph and bring back to the station. It is probably, again, a chain plate, fixing system stays on the hull.

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The next low tide is around 17:30, we return to the beach, which since 2008 has largely been eaten by sea. Guns that were by the sea are now about twenty feet from the edge. The anchor still looks great and continues to mark the wreck site. The swell still strong, has provided ballast stones, black volcanic rocks that coexist with gray pebbles from the Adour surely, while the former may have been shipped to the island from France to compensate for the landing cargo brought from Bayonne.

Returning from the walk, a light rain begins to fall, oystercatchers flying flock together and snort on the parking lot of the runway, where forms a puddle, I count forty when another group of twenty birds come flying tight. Among them two curlews, which also benefit from the windfall.

Thomas, Philip, Christopher, Matthew and Joey, braver than we were, headed south to see, taking advantage of low tide, if they could discover something new about the unknown wreck. They did bring a photograph of the winch which lies a few meters from shore on the reef coral.