

Mainland, 4 miles west of the  
Eastern end of the Island of Orleans

June 26<sup>th</sup> 1908

Dearest Sir

We're here just simply eating our  
heads off. We paddled yesterday but  
the wind and waves got on my nerves  
so today we decided to take a holiday

Yesterday we got up at 3 o'clock  
and paddled at three different  
intervals during the day, whenever  
the wind and waves would give  
us a chance. The wind is from the  
North-west but it's too strong.

We take a photo, as far as possible,  
of every camp that we make. I hope  
they'll come out decently. They're  
only No 2 "Brownies".

Hugh has been down by the cad sea waves, in the shadow of a rock, writing letters for at least 16 hours. He just comes up for meals. I stay up all the time - for meals.

This morning, having nothing better to do, I tried making pan-cakes. Eventually they were very good, but at first I didn't know how much of what to put in. The method of procedure was to mix a cup full of flour in the orthodox fashion, then add one egg and try, then add another egg and try again and finally a spoonful of condensed milk. This made something between a pan-cake and an omelette.

The water is working its way around Hugh's rock and he's too absorbed

to notice. I guess I'll rescue him  
when he's at the last gasp.

The tides here rise 7 or 8 ft  
higher than at Metis, I believe.

Tomorrow we should leave here at  
6.17 A.M. to get the full current.

A wave struck Hugh and blasted  
my hopes for a V.C.

I hope you are making yourself  
a cushion to sit on, in this canoe.

I'm ~~st~~ sure Mrs. Harrington will  
prefer you to go out with Hugh or myself  
after all the practice we will have  
had.

Hugh is as bad as you are at  
thinking everything good comes from  
Metis.

Every beautiful sunset, cool breeze,  
the sound of the waves - everything

is "just like Metis"

I'm longing to have you explain it to me.

My family leave for Metis today  
I'm afraid they will have a sad  
and long two weeks wait for the canoe.

Well Nature calls! I must  
go in for a swim.

With love from

Edward S. Washburn.