

On That Picturesque Isle in Machipongo Bay

Another page of interesting people and scenes taken thirty miles north of the Virginia Capes—photographs that recall the backgrounds of Robert Louis Stevenson and other romantic writers.

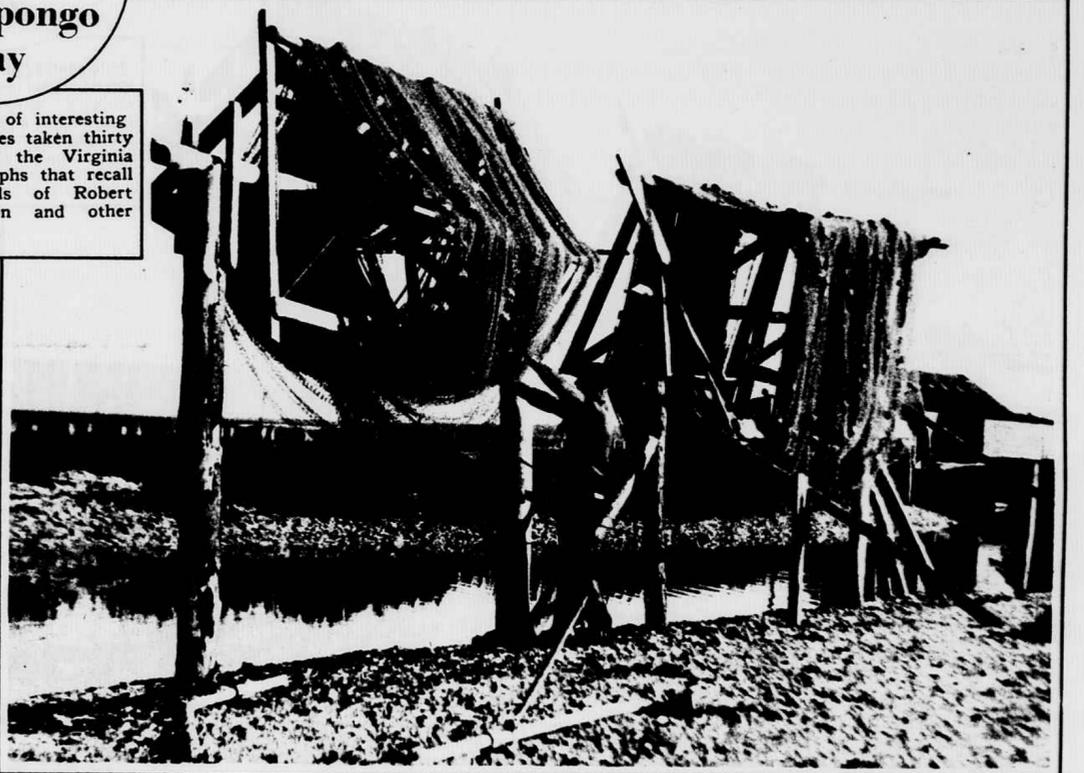
"Uncle Abner" ranks just as high as a duck hunter as he does as a fisherman. His particular knowledge concerns the haunt of the greedy bird, its odd habits and at just what hour in the day it is most liable for a surprise.

Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.



A typical cottage of the islanders, where, except for the call of a gull, peace and quiet reign. The photographer stood on an ancient Indian burial ground to snap the camera.

Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.



Drying the nets. A photographic subject worthy of the brush of a master. Fishing has been the main industry since the days of the Nanticokes, an Indian tribe which exacted such a heavy toll among the early settlers of Virginia.

Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.



The islander's net is never empty; the sea affords him fish of a hundred varieties. And then, the oysters of Machipongo bay are noted for their flavor, while ducks and geese, scallops and clams are there "for the picking."

Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.



Unloading the Machipongo bay oysters. Unlike the bivalves of the Chesapeake and Delaware bays, these are not cultivated, but grow naturally on the mud flats and sedges in clusters. Because their shells are very irregular and they are not fattened for the market, they are deemed unsuited to the regular trade and are canned.

Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.