

# Fish camp

## *Winds of change stirring up the old island ways*

**By Jennifer Greenhill-Taylor**  
Staff writer

Hours at the Oyster Shell Fish Camp near the tip of Fort George Island are measured by the slow, steady flow of customers. They arrive, as they have for decades, in a cloud of oyster shell dust, stirred up from the parking lot in the heat of the day. It dances in the shafts of sun that come in the open door.

Shiny trucks, rusty cars, shiny cars and rusty trucks arrive one by one, carrying customers to pick up mail, buy bait, launch boats or quench thirsts.

East of the ferry and west of little but the Atlantic Ocean, perched like a rough pearl on the lip of the St. Johns River, the fish camp provides its island customers with stamps and shrimp, fishing tackle and money orders, hot dogs and cold drinks.

Boat owners arrive before dawn to launch their boats from the ramp. Mailbox holders begin to wander down

after just 9 a.m., when the mail is delivered.

The fish camp looks much as it did more than two decades ago when the present owners took over. White and gray clapboard buildings sit aging in the sun and wind. Little has been done to change the camp over the years: scattered piles of weathered boards wait to be called upon for repairs to building and dock.

"The buildings were old, very old when we bought it 23 years ago," said Faith Glover, owner and, for the past 10 years, operator of the U.S. Postal Service contract station attached to the river side of the fish camp. "It has been a fish camp for a long time."

Mrs. Glover and her husband, Doug, bought the property when he decided to leave his crate business in Jacksonville due to failing health.

Small and silver haired, with a smile and polite service for her customers, Mrs. Glover now runs the camp with her son.

"My husband loved fishing and thought he would get to fish all the time. He found out running a fish camp is hard work," she said.

The day's work now includes sorting mail and selling stamps. After her husband's death in 1970, Mrs. Glover decided to stay on. When given the chance to bid on the contract station, she did and won the bid.

"I couldn't think of anything else I'd rather do than keep on running the place just like we had done together," she said. "My husband was so popular out here on the island, so well-liked that people still come in after 16 years to talk about him. That's a real tribute."

Her son, Chuck, came to help her out after his father passed away, and stayed.

"He's a born river rat," she said, "the only one of my three kids who

(See DEVELOPMENT, Page C-8)

