

# Jayne Seagrave

Excerpts from *Camping British Columbia,*  
*The Rockies and The Yukon*

British Columbia, Alberta and Yukon are blessed with some of the most breathtaking scenery in the world. Many of the provincial, national and territorial parks are nestled in the heart of this beauty and are yours to experience at relatively little cost. Over the last 30 years I have travelled and camped in every region of BC and have been amazed at the stunning beauty the province offers. More recently, I have extended my camping experience to include Yukon and those magnificent national parks that straddle the BC–Alberta border, and after exploring these areas I wanted to convey their beauty. I hope this book encourages more individuals to take the plunge and use the excellent facilities provided in their country’s parks. A wealth of adventures and experiences can be enjoyed by those of every age. So, what are you waiting for?

To the uninitiated, it would appear that some people take everything camping. On one occasion, I camped next to a couple who had a large RV with two mountain bikes tied to the front, a boat on the roof and a small four-wheel-drive vehicle towed behind. Their picnic table displayed several coolers of assorted sizes, wine glasses, a breadbasket and a red-checked tablecloth; overhead was an ornate striped awning. Artificial grass, potted plants, lanterns and numerous plastic lounge chairs with cushions were strategically positioned around a huge barbecue. This campsite had more accoutrements than my home (and was certainly worth more).

I started my BC camping career in 1992 with a two-person tent (designed for two very small people) and toured the province in a 1974 Ford Pinto. On this first excursion I was totally unprepared. My partner and I had no axe, so to make a fire we had to arrive at a campground early enough to collect the unused wood that had been cut by our predecessors. On one occasion this option was not available, so we approached a neighbouring site and asked a camper if we could borrow his axe. He came over from his well-equipped RV to supply the tool and chat. After surveying our meagre tent and picnic table (displaying two plastic plates, two plastic mugs, and one plastic grocery bag of food), he started to explain how he started as we were doing, with barely the basics, but assured us that as each year progressed our commitment to camping would grow and more “comforts” would be acquired. He was right.