

# Capturing the Clwydian Range

An outstanding landscape to discover

RICH  
HERITAGE

Celebrate 200 years of  
the Jubilee Tower

## Family Favourites

Tire out the little ones  
on a fascinating walk

## Adventure Playground

Ride the mountain-biking trails



**Bryniau Clwyd**  
Clwydian Range

Ardal o Harddwch Naturiol Eithriadol  
Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty

Plus: Nature walks, local food heroes  
and cool places to stay



# WELCOME

The Clwydian Range is an unmistakable chain of summits, many clad in purple-heather moorland, topped by Britain's most dramatically situated hillforts. The Range encompasses limestone country with its crags, pavements and specially conserved grasslands; rivers and streams gurgling through magical wooded valleys; the varying texture of the forested hillsides; and the fertile farmland of the lower slopes.

**This is one of Britain's finest landscapes designated an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty (AONB).**

The Clwydian Range stretches from the coastal resort of Prestatyn in the north, to the deep-wooded valley of Nant y Garth, near Llandegla, in the south. The historic Jubilee Tower, standing atop Moel Famau at 554m, crowns the highest point in the Range. Loggerheads and Moel Famau Country Parks form the heart of the Range, while Offa's Dyke Path National Trail crests the highest hills.

*Capturing the Clwydian Range*, our new-look magazine, celebrates some of things we love about the area – from family-friendly strolls on Gop Hill to night-nature walks in search of the elusive nightjar. We have chosen all the featured walks and activities, plus the places to stay and eat, specifically so you can follow in our footsteps and experience them for yourselves.

Last year was reason for celebration in the Clwydian Range. We marked 25 years as an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty, managed in partnership by Denbighshire and Flintshire County Councils. And raised a glass to 200 years of the Jubilee Tower, the latter with spectacular public art event last October. But there's plenty more to see and do in 2011.

This unspoilt, uncrowded landscape offers a rare sense of breathing space and tranquility. So read on for inspiration and some tips on how to get the best out of your time in the Clwydian Range. We're proud to share it with you.

**Carolyn Thomas**  
Chair of the Clwydian Range

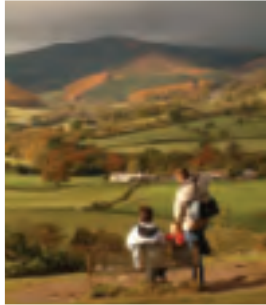
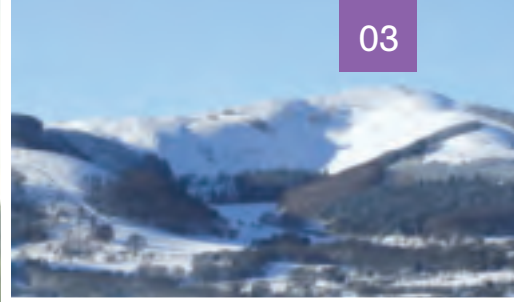
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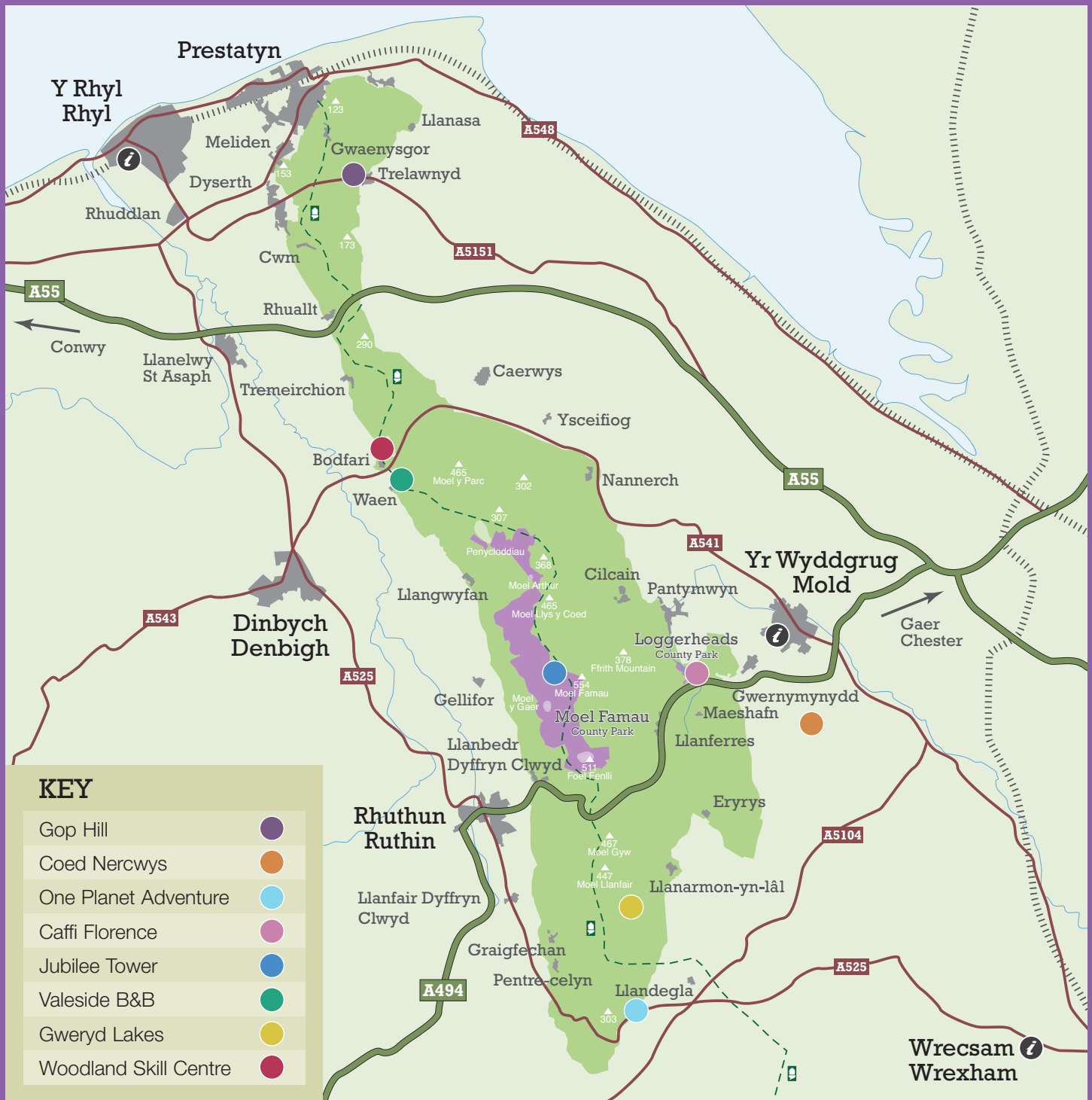
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# LOCATIONS



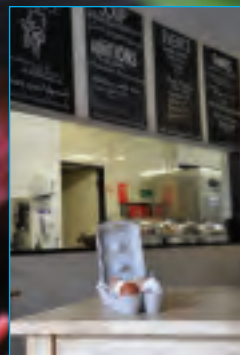
# The taste of SUCCESS

Local food producers throughout the Clwydian Range are cooking up a storm. David Atkinson samples some local goodies.

"I've always bought local produce," says Jane Clough, tucking into a plate of yellow-fluffy scrambled egg at Caffi Florence, the cafe she runs at Loggerheads Country Park. "The challenge for me in taking over the business is transferring that philosophy to the commercial environment."

Jane opened Caffi Florence with a strict ethos of championing local produce and reducing food miles. Today, the menu features meat, eggs and milk all sourced from within the Range, plus around 20 per cent of all the fruit and vegetables. The cafe serves a core menu plus a list of daily specials, all home cooked from fresh produce. It was the North Wales Regional Winner at the True Taste Wales Awards 2009.

"We have tried to make the food we offer reflect the natural environment of the Range," says Jane, who is keen to develop links with new local suppliers. In particular she is looking for more fruit and vegetables, flour and cheese producers. "One lady came to us with a box of iceberg lettuce. We couldn't use them but, after discussing ideas with her, she came back a few weeks later with a selection of interesting leaves, such as rocket, mizuna salad (an Asian green leaf) and Lollo Rosso lettuce."





Amongst the eight-strong team of regular suppliers, backed by a slew of small-scale contributors, is

**Tim Noakes**, whose 15-acre smallholding in the central-east part of the Range supplies the cafe with its eggs. He currently keeps around 350 free-range hens, producing 12 dozen eggs per day, and trains his birds like a pack of truculent teenagers to free range over a large area.

Tim takes in the birds around eight weeks old and trains them to forage the fields away from the chicken house until they start to lay their eggs around 24 weeks old. As such, he describes them as "fully free range" to differentiate them from the second-best supermarket offerings. "It's the foraging for nuts, seeds and insects that makes for the premium eggs," he explains, showing off a freshly laid box of green, brown and white-hued eggs. "It makes a creamier egg with a nutty-flavoured yoke, which is ideal for poached eggs or baking."

“It's the foraging for nuts, seeds and insects that makes for the premium eggs.”



Having kept chickens since he was 12 years old, Tim has become something of an expert on chicken psychology. "They run their world pretty ruthlessly with a real pecking order," warns Tim. "But chickens run in my bloodstream. As a complete change from my high-pressure day job, the chickens help to keep me sane."



Another supplier with an eye for a well-trained bird is **Arwel Jones** of Ty'n y Celyn Farm, near Ruthin. He

keeps geese, ducks and free-range chickens on his 50-acre smallholding with around 1,000 birds on the farm at any one time. Having diversified from sheep farming some seven years ago, Arwel has built his business around the Hubber breed, a lighter, free-ranging bird.

"You get out what you put in with the birds," says Arwel, showing off a day-old chick snuggled cosily into his palm. "This breed has a more golden-hued skin tone and the meat has a greater richness of flavour."

The birds go for slaughter aged around 12 weeks, by which time they should weigh around 1.9kg and be the optimum size for the best-quality breast meat. But even he admits that sometimes a farmer can get unusually close to his birds.

"The ducks and chickens are more happy-go-lucky in terms of temperament. In fact, the ducks can be a bit daft. But the geese have more focus. When I get to know their individual characters," he sighs, "I can get very attached to some of my geese."

Back at Caffi Florence, Jane is finishing her scrambled eggs just in time to tackle the lunchtime rush. A group of little girls are making pizzas as part of a birthday party treat. It's just one of the extra activities the cafe offers – from live music to cookery classes.



“We are dispelling the myth that local produce is expensive.”

The cafe remains a small, independent business with four full-time chefs, but business is brisk with up to 500 people per day at the height of summer. Crucially, too, it has become an umbrella for regional suppliers to take their niche, premium products to a wider audience beyond the farm gate.

"We are dispelling the myth that local produce is expensive," says Jane, heading for the kitchen. Jane smiles. "The next challenge is to encourage more people to eat and buy local."

More from [www.caffiflorence.co.uk/suppliers.htm](http://www.caffiflorence.co.uk/suppliers.htm)

# A new light

The Jubilee Tower dominates the landscape and the lives of the people who live within it, yet few know its story.

**David Atkinson** takes a fresh look at a familiar view.

The procession was a suitably grand affair. Lords and gentry on horseback, military bands and, according to a November 1810 edition of the *Chester Chronicle*, "a constellation of beautiful Welsh ladies." On October 25, 1810, over 3,000 people snaked up the hillside in elaborate garb for the ceremonial laying of the Jubilee Tower's foundation stone. Last autumn, some 200 years since that historic day, a new procession congregated atop Moel Famau at dusk. With pounding drummers and glowing lanterns, they had come to celebrate the tower's anniversary and 25 years of the Clwydian Range as an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty (AONB).

"I wanted to create a sense of spectacle," explains light artist Chris Oakley, who beamed a blue-white searchlight into the night sky, illuminating the tower across North Wales and Northwest England. "But I also hope people went away having realised the Jubilee Tower is not just a dilapidated pile of stones on a wind-swept hill. It reflects the way history has evolved around us."

The public-art event made us look at the tower in, quite literally, a new light. It's an icon for local communities yet many of the walkers clambering over the ruins each day know little of the pathos and pride that underscores its tumultuous history. Designed to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the King George III, the tower was designed by the architect Thomas Harrison. He envisaged a rectangular base with an Egyptian obelisk, the first of its kind in Britain, which "had overtones of eternal life." But the final construction, unveiled in 1817, was a scaled-down version of those grandiose plans. The 115ft-high structure then collapsed in gales in 1862 and concrete-daubing repairs in the Seventies did little for its battered aesthetics.

For today's walk, Chris Oakley, Countryside Officer David Shiel and myself, armed with a newly published history of the tower and mindful of the its 200th anniversary celebrations, have come to explore the tower with fresh eyes. We set off from the newly revamped car park at Bwlch Pen Barras, following the stone-laid Offa's Dyke National Trail through the heather moorland, for the two-mile climb. Tufts of cotton-wool clouds drift overhead,

purple-hued heather and yellow-flowered tormentill splash colour across the path before us.



As we cross a plateau, overlooking the Vale of Clwyd, the tower looms over the hillside, bruised but still with a stoic sense of pride. When the mists descend around it, much like the slow madness that afflicted the monarch it honours, it can feel remote and alone. But there's still something familiar about the tower on even the most brutal of days. It's part of the landscape and, as such, part of the local psyche.

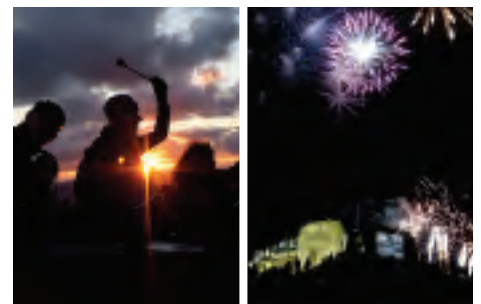
"I remember my family walking up Moel Famau on Boxing Day and stopping at the tower for a cold bacon sandwich when I was little," says David. "When I look around today, I see all the places I'm connected to."

A stone-pitched slate path marks the final, steep ascent to the foot of the tower where we sit, munching on biscuits and sharing a flask of milky coffee. From the battlements the full wide-screen view opens out before us: west to Snowdon and Cader Idris, east to Liverpool and northwest to

Llandudno's Little Orme. "I find being here quite uplifting," says Chris. "It inspires a sense of freedom embedded in me since walks to the tower with my dad during my childhood."

Close up, the tower is clearly in need of love. The short and squat base remains with its darkened shale facade, but the weathered sandstone window frames are well marked by the passing of time. There are plans afoot to restore the bastions on either side of the west window, improving the entry points at the corners and installing interpretation material, but time and funding will be required in equal measure.

By the time we're back at the car park, I've realised that climbing Moel Famau is not just a physical challenge but also a mental exercise in reconnecting to our roots, finding our own bit part in the history of the region. To climb to the tower feels like coming home. "It's like my back garden," says David as we head for home. "A place we return to many times, to discover more and come away with a renewed sense of ownership."



More from [www.heatherandhillforts.co.uk](http://www.heatherandhillforts.co.uk) and [www.jubileetower200.co.uk](http://www.jubileetower200.co.uk)



# TO HEAVEN ON TWO WHEELS

Panting hard, gasping for every breath. A fire of lactic acid raging through my legs – and that's just the walk from the car park. **Vicki Daws** hits the mountain-biking trail.

It was time. My initiation into the world of wheels, spokes, frames, gears and the occasional application of lubrication was beginning at the Oneplanet Adventure centre in the Coed Llandegla Forest, the only privately owned mountain-biking centre in the UK.

I bounced into the centre to collect the mighty steed I had hired for the morning (£19 to you and me) and threw a rucksack on my back containing what I would soon find to be a superb underestimation of my hydration requirements. Ready to go. The map highlighted the 40km-plus network of mountain-biking trails with names such as Rocky Cocky and Dave the Fox.

Cue an internal debate between my common sense and ego about matching my current skill level to a trail. A black trail is the most technical ride, then red, blue and green, the latter being the more family-

[www.clwydianrangeonb.org.uk](http://www.clwydianrangeonb.org.uk)

orientated option. Thankfully, my head won out this particular argument after an image of me lying in a ditch, broken, battered and whimpering pitifully came to mind. Yes, probably best to start on the blue trail, a 12km run, portrayed as a series of gradual gentle climbs with a selection of small humps. Sorted. I mean, really, how hard could it be?



After five minutes of frantically pedaling up what I can only describe as an incline with a personal vendetta towards me, the doubt started to set in. Can a recreational activity that involves such extreme physical trauma ever be thought of as fun? However, the aggressive topography had also poked a very pointy stick at the stubborn, competitive and determined animal within me. I refused to be defeated. Half an hour later, I stood astride the bike at the top of the hill with sweat flooding out of every pore. The pain was entirely worth it, the scenery exceptional and, as the downhill sections imitated the exhilaration of flying, my fatigue was soon cast aside.

Stood high on the pedals, knees slightly bent as I rocketed down the slopes, I squealed and whooped like a child. Look at me! I had taken my first hit of the mountain-biking drug and I was instantly hooked. For a moment I was beyond all reason. I wanted the kaleidoscopic riding jersey, the neon bike with tyres a tractor would be proud of. To the casual onlooker I was a collision of mud, red hair and acid-green culottes. But, in my eyes, I was a champion.



Suddenly, as I crested the top of a steep downhill section, my clammy, mutinous left hand twitches on the brakes, throwing my stomach into my mouth and my heart against my ribs. I have visions of flying over the handlebars and cursing my way through the air. But, thankfully, I managed to hang my weighty rear over the back tyre and the dignity that would have been lost in front of the birds and squirrels was saved.



**"I STOOD ASTRIDE THE BIKE AT  
THE TOP OF THE HILL  
WITH SWEAT FLOODING OUT  
OF EVERY PORE"**



Back at the centre, nestled amongst towering spruce and larch trees, my energy reserves had been whittled away by the vicious combination of physical exertion and phenomenal perspiration. There was only one answer: the seductively titled Best Bacon Bap in the UK. After placing my order, I staggered to a metal table and dropped into one of the blue-wicker chairs to await my bacon salvation. Around me at lunch were people bursting with heroic tales of great speeds, close calls and fresh forest air. Not to mention dodging the rare but indigenous black grouse.

I left Oneplanet Adventure muddy, aching and exhausted, but feeling like I had conquered the world. The trails push you as far as you can go physically and mentally, before propelling you skywards on a wave of euphoria. I know I'll be back.

For more info visit [www.ridetheclwyds.com](http://www.ridetheclwyds.com)  
and [www.coedllandegla.com](http://www.coedllandegla.com)



# King of the castle

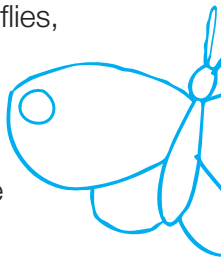
**Two children, two ancient monuments and just two hours to spare. Busy mum Vanessa Warrington and family go exploring.**

The mission was simple: to find a family friendly walk in the Clwydian Range. I chose Gop Hill in the northern part of the AONB, near the village of Trelawnyd, and recruited some willing accomplices, namely my mother, my two-year-old son, Ryan, my neighbour's nine-year-old son Luke and Fiona Gale, the Denbighshire County Archaeologist. I say willing. Luke had been positively bursting with excitement all week, popping his head over the garden fence to tell me things about Gop Hill.

"I saw a man on YouTube and he said it was really cold up there," he grinned.

In the end, we set out on a perfect sunny morning from Trelawnyd, taking the road signposted to Llanasa, and start the walk from a way-marked stile. At first we walk through woodland peppered with wild blackberries and fragrant pine

cones. The footpath leads us through a pine tree-edged, limestone-based grassland with fantastic views along the Clwydian Range shrouded with a light-summer haze. The soaring harmonies of grasshopper songs accompany us, while insects flirt with each other amongst the wild flowers. A flutter of butterflies, mostly meadow browns with their distinctive black-eye spots on their wings, dance around the trail.



But Ryan has his mind on other things. Big holes. In fact, all we hear are the excited toddler shrieks of, "Another big hole, mummy." Fiona explains that they are the remains of mining and quarrying to source materials for the dry-stone wall boundaries and buildings in Victorian times. To Ryan, they are an adventure in themselves.

After a short hike, we arrive at a viewpoint, where a bench is perfectly placed for visitors to admire Moel Hiraddug in the distance. "You can see the remains of the ramparts built to protect the Iron Age hill fort some 2,000 years ago," explains Fiona. But the silence of a banana break doesn't last long. "Come on then," shouts Ryan. "Up there," he gestures and off he marches. My mum has a last look out and sighs. "We forget how many beautiful walks we have on our doorstep."



Ryan leads us briskly onwards and the pace quickens as we catch our first glimpse of Gop Cairn through the trees. The boys see it as an immediate challenge and attack the ascent. It's a race to the summit but Ryan reaches the top first and proudly exclaims, "I'm on top of the hill mummy."

Up close, what was originally a smooth, round summit is now hollow. I tell the boys it looks like a giant has stuck his finger in the top and the analogy amuses them no end. But Fiona has the historical facts. "The hollow occurred during the archaeological explorations of Professor Boyd Dawkins in the 1880s. He dug large excavation holes and tunnels to try to find evidence of a prehistoric burial mound," she explains.

*"The boys see it as an immediate challenge and attack the ascent"*

It's time to explore the nearby caves and both boys greet them with a hearty "Wow". The cave doesn't go too deep, but it is far enough to feel like a mini adventure, and for Luke to be disappointed that we haven't brought a torch. Fiona and I enjoy a few moments in the cool quiet of the cave before catching up with the boys in time to see Ryan's legs disappear into a small hole. Luke pushes Ryan out, I breathe a sigh of relief and Ryan has the biggest grin of his life. He's done something mummy can't do – and he knows it.

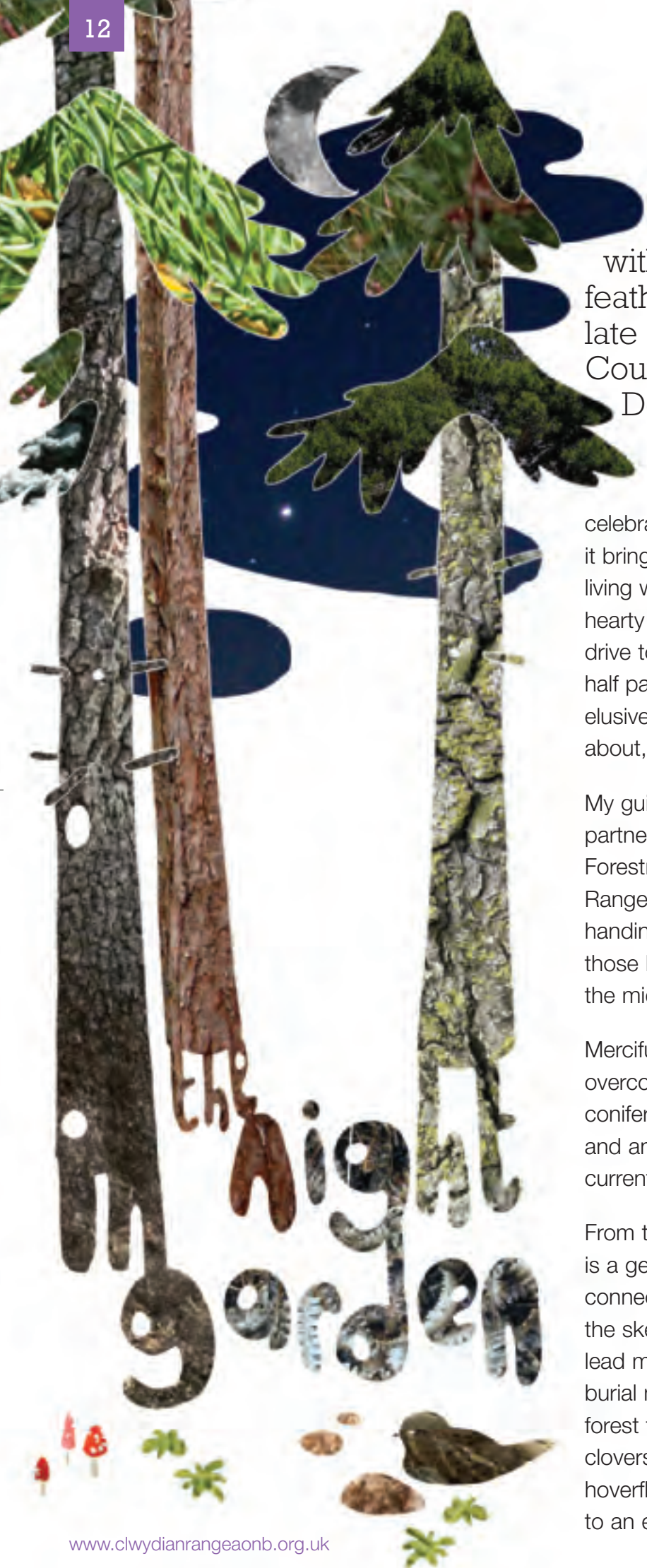
As we are heading back up Gop Hill, mum delivers slices of buttered cake. "They're made from courgettes. Your dad has grown loads and I needed to do something with them," she smiles. Tummies full, we pick our way through the undergrowth back to the path, stopping a few times to identify butterflies and catch grasshoppers.



Back at the car, parked by the roadside at Trelawnyd, the boys are filled with a sense of achievement, while I'm delighted to have found a non-buggy but family friendly walk with enough surprises to keep both adults and kids entertained. But we've all learnt something too. Ryan has added some new words, like meadow brown and grasshopper, to his lexicon, Luke has explored the theory that Boudicca was buried under Gop Hill and I've discovered how Neolithic farmers used caves for agriculture.

And, of course, we've all come home with a new recipe for courgette cake. Thanks mum.





The Clwydian Range is alive with birdlife, but its most elusive feathered friend is something of a late riser. **Rhun Jones**, Senior Countryside Warden for South Denbighshire, joins the night owls.

Nothing beats a glorious evening walk to celebrate the long summer nights. Especially when it brings you close to the rich variety of birdlife living within the Range. So, having stopped for a hearty meal at the Miners Arms in Maeshafn, we drive to the car park at Coed Nercwys at around half past eight. The plan? To go in search of the elusive nightjar – a bird that I’ve heard much about, but never seen.

My guide for the night, Sharon Woods, a partnership warden, working with both the Forestry Commission Wales and the Clwydian Range, knows the forest well. “Here” says Sharon, handing me some insect repellent. “You know those lamb chops you just devoured? That’s what the midges will do to you without this.”

Mercifully, not even a thick coating of repellent can overcome the fragrance of dusk: a waft of a conifer plantation, the rich perfume of the pines and an aroma of fir trees carried on the crisp currents of warm evening air.

From the car park, the purpose-built All User Trail is a gentle, two-and-a-half-mile walking route. It connects points of interest within the forest from the skeletal remains of buildings associated with lead mining over 150 years ago, to a Bronze Age burial mound. We follow the gentle gradient of the forest track, the verges of which are littered with clovers and meadow buttercups. Bumblebees and hoverflies are busily foraging before the day draws to an end.

The path meanders its way to the top of a grassy knoll and we are rewarded with fantastic views of the Cheshire Plain. From our vantage point, the evening sun casts its final rays of golden sunshine to set the forest ablaze.

Below us is a small, shallow valley. Since being cleared of its conifers some twenty years ago, it has become naturalised with native broadleaf tree species, such as silver birch and willows. Sharon explains that nightjars have long favoured the area but, without intervention, the valley would soon be woodland and no longer a suitable breeding site.

"The Forestry Commission designs this forest around nightjars," she explains. "Large areas are cleared to allow for new nesting habitats, but some are allowed to regenerate with native species, making them more attractive to nightjars."

As the sun finally loses its daily battle to dusk, the cacophony of bird song in the forest reaches a glorious crescendo. Robins, blackbirds, thrushes and willow warblers are all competing against each other for the top note. As dusk engulfs us, the intensity of bird song ebbs. Tranquillity descends, punctuated only by the occasional twitter and chirp of birds trying to get the last word of the day.

"It's usually about this time that the nightjars start to take to the stage," says Sharon. We stand in silence, peering into the twilight. Bats career overhead, feasting on the midges, and we are treated to a display of woodcock 'roding', a show flight performed by the male. His rapid wing beats soon take him over the crest of the forest canopy and out of sight.

We listen hard and then it begins. A strange, drawn-out churring sound at first. It's almost otherworldly. In fact, the sound takes me back to being a child, peering from behind the sofa at sci-fi B-movies. The sound continues for a good minute or two, then stops suddenly. The singing starts again, this time much nearer and much more audible.

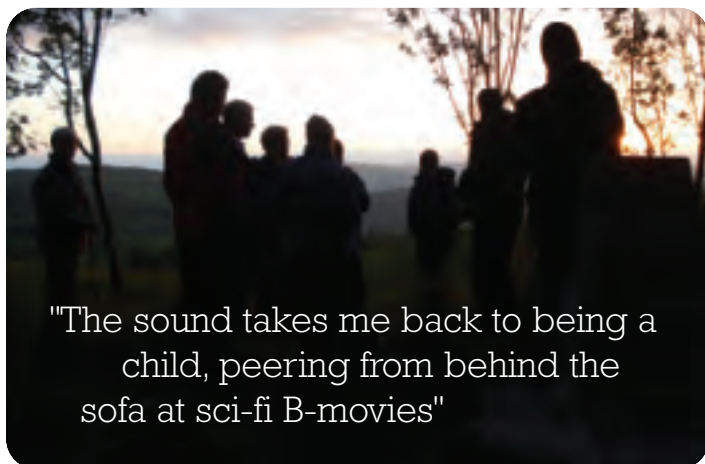


Our patience has been rewarded at last. We are fortunate to have a close encounter with the elusive bird and see him clearly as he

flies to within a few feet of us before perching on a Rowan tree. He begins his churring again and, from behind us, a female nightjar flies into view. The churring of the male seems to slow right down into a soft rattle before he swiftly claps together his wings behind his body, creating a loud, mechanical "Crack, crack, crack," before the pair disappear into the undergrowth.



We both look at each other in bewilderment. "I can't tell you how lucky you've been to witness that," exclaims Sharon. "To see that level of courtship display isn't something you see everyday."



"The sound takes me back to being a child, peering from behind the sofa at sci-fi B-movies"

We're still buzzing with excitement as we head back along the circular trail to the car park, escorted it seems by helpful bats. Like I said, nothing beats a summer evening walk. Except, maybe, a summer evening walk that fulfils a lifetime ambition to shoot the breeze with one of our best-loved but elusive birds.

For more info visit  
[www.forestry.gov.uk/forestry/nightjar](http://www.forestry.gov.uk/forestry/nightjar)



Maya is getting excited about woodlice. With wellies caked in mud and a smile on her face, my four-year-old daughter is getting into the spirit of the minibeast safari with the all enthusiasm of a junior Attenborough.

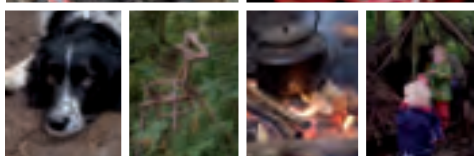


## LET'S MAKE A WEEKEND OF IT

Local tourism services across the Clwydian Range are introducing the best of the area to a new generation of visitors.

David Atkinson checks out local activities and checks into local accommodation.

We're at the **Woodland Skills Centre** in the 50-acre Warren Woods, near the village of Bodfari at the heart of the Range, to test drive one of their family courses, the Family Day in the Woods. The centre also offers day and weekend courses in woodland skills and bushcraft with an emphasis on environmental learning.

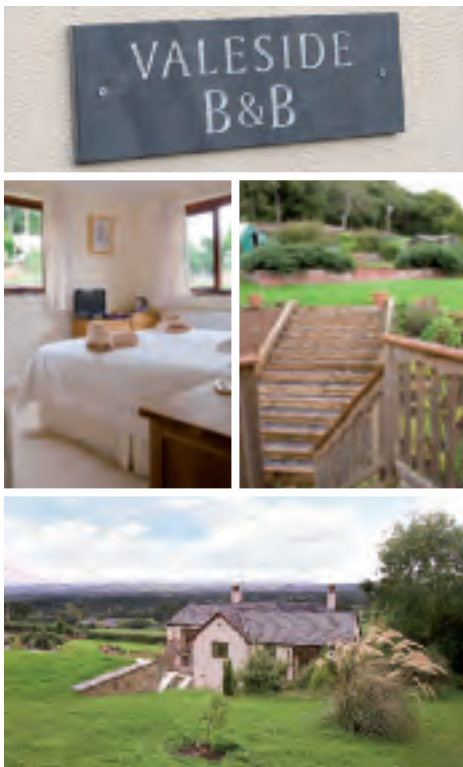


"We're looking at the woodland as a sustainable resource – learning to identify the birds, the trees, the insects," explains ex-teacher and centre manager Rod Waterfield. "I love the way the Clwydian Range is a rich and diverse landscape of open expanses plus intimate valleys and woodland."

The day starts by making bags to collect forest items before a nature walk, guided by Rod's daughter Helen, takes us deep into the heart of the mixed, native woodland with views across to the Denbigh Moors and across Offa's Dyke Path from the clearings. We learn how hazel leaves feel furry and how to spot the five-pronged sycamore leaf. During the bug hunt, Helen uncovers a sleeping slowworm from under a log and the children take turns trying to hold the rare and slippery critter amid squeals of delight.



At the nearby **Valeside B&B**, the talk is of history as well as hairy leaves. Owner Dee Jones runs three smart, cream and beech-wood B&B rooms, plus a small plant nursery, attracting a mix of walkers and long weekenders keen to explore a new part of Wales.



"I love the Clwydian Range for the history of the area: the heritage buildings in Denbigh, prehistoric caves in Tremeirchion and an old pilgrimage trail through Bodfari itself," explains Dee, as we drink coffee around her kitchen table, views southwest to the ruins of Denbigh Castle and the southern side of the Vale of Clwyd beckoning through the panoramic windows.

After coffee, Dee takes me on a tour, showing off the larger downstairs room with its soft purple-hued walls and comfy wicker settee, and the sitting rooms where guests gather for breakfast around a table strewn

with local maps and walking guides. A wood-burning fire warms the atmosphere and the views remain mesmerising. "Looking out the window is like a living picture," smiles Dee. "It changes with the seasons."

At **Gweryd Lakes**, a cluster of accommodation and activity facilities on the southern part of the Range between Llanarmon-yn-Ial and Llandegla, the emphasis is on active rather than history breaks. Set in 150 acres of farm and woodland, featuring spruce, ash and chestnut trees, the Lakes are home to coarse and trout fishing, plus the highest carp lake in the UK at over 1,000ft. "Our unique selling point is fishing with altitude," smiles owner Robin Mitchell, "plus the supreme tranquility of the location." There is also a series of walking and riding trails for a half- to full-day circuit.

After an active day, accommodation options range from rustic camping to static caravans and a homely, three-bedroom B&B. "We get a lot of first-time campers, using us as a test bed for a longer trip," says Robin. "They love the combination of accessibility yet peace and quiet on site."

Back at the Woodland Skills Centre, we gather around the campfire at the forest camp for an al-fresco lunch in the woods. Later Maya will be using our new supplies of leaves, ferns and woodland finds to make a woodland-fairy crown. She may even have learned a few names of

leaves and insects during the day too. But, most of all, as she drifts off into a deep snooze in the car heading home, we know she's had a great day out.

"It's fun and it's play for kids," smiles Rod, "but, crucially, the course is also a way to learn about how we all interact with the natural environment."



More from [www.woodlandskillscentre.co.uk](http://www.woodlandskillscentre.co.uk); Family Day in the Woods costs £35 per adult with children free. [www.valeside.co.uk](http://www.valeside.co.uk); doubles from £65 per night B&B, based on two sharing. [www.gwerydlakes.co.uk](http://www.gwerydlakes.co.uk); B&B doubles from £48, bivvy huts from £18 per night and camping from £9 per night, based on two sharing. [www.visitclwydianrange.co.uk](http://www.visitclwydianrange.co.uk)

## The Clwydian Ranger service



This summer bus service runs from early July to late September on Sundays and August Bank Holiday Monday. It links walk trailheads and villages in the Clwydian Range with Chester, towns across North Wales and the railway network.

There are links from Rhyl, Prestatyn and Llangollen to Moel Famau and Loggerheads Country Parks, where you can follow the wheelchair and pram-friendly riverside trail or visit the star of our article on page 6, the Jubilee Tower. You can even use the service to get to the mountain-bike centre in Llandegla, where you can hire a bike and enjoy amazing off-road cycling ( read about the fun our contributor had there on page 8 ).

You can pick up a guide to the Clwydian Ranger service at local bus stations, tourist offices, libraries and from Clwydian Range Centre at Loggerheads.

We are hoping to run the free service between Moel Famau and Loggerheads Country Parks again during the summer holidays; see local press for details.



## Major events and festivals coming in 2011

There's plenty going on this year. Try these for a fun day out:

**Prestatyn & Clwydian Range Walking Festival,**  
Friday to Sunday, May 13-15;  
[www.prestatynwalkingfestival.co.uk](http://www.prestatynwalkingfestival.co.uk)

**The Denbigh and Flint Agricultural Show,**  
Thursday, August 18;  
[www.denbighandflintshow.com](http://www.denbighandflintshow.com)

**Woodfest, St Asaph,**  
Friday to Sunday, June 3-5;  
[www.woodfestwales.co.uk](http://www.woodfestwales.co.uk)

**Christmas at Loggerheads,**  
Fun festive experience for all the family  
[www.cafffloreance.co.uk](http://www.cafffloreance.co.uk)

Denbighshire and Flintshire Countryside Service produce an annual programmes of events.

[www.denbighshire.gov.uk/countryside](http://www.denbighshire.gov.uk/countryside) and [www.flintshire.gov.uk/countryside](http://www.flintshire.gov.uk/countryside)



Cronfa Amaethyddol Ewrop ar gyfer Datblygu Gwledig: Ewrop yn Buddsoddi mewn Ardaloedd Gwledig  
The European Agricultural Fund for Rural Development: Europe Investing in Rural Areas



Llywodraeth Cynulliad Cymru  
Welsh Assembly Government

