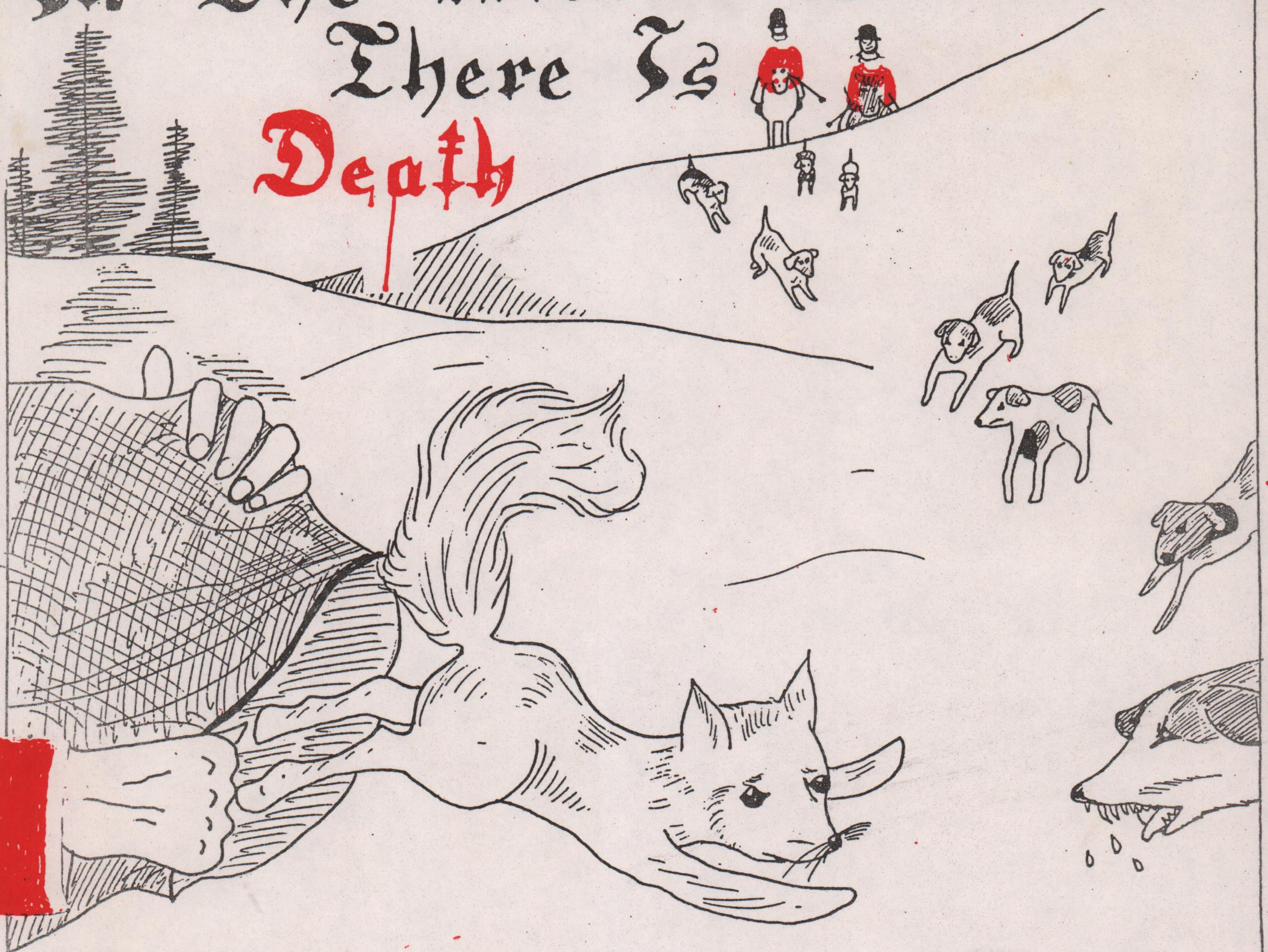


# NOT A HUMAN SABS TIMES

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In The Midst Of Life

There Is  
**Death**



Yet on British soil, there is no justification  
for this form of death .....

Huntsmen will say that foxhunting is a means of  
pest control - but there are often so few foxes to  
hunt, that they resort to releasing a fox from a  
bag, so that they get their kill: That is to chase the  
fox across the countryside for miles, until it is  
exhausted .... only to watch it be torn to pieces by  
hounds ..... Pest control?

**PRICE 30P**

Help us to fight bloodsports



2

This is the first effort of the Nottingham Hunt Sabs to produce a readable, sometimes serious, sometimes comical magazine. In these days of technology we have had to use almost primitive equipment. None of us have had any training in this field and we have had to beg and borrow typewriters, printing machines etc, etc. We make no apology for language that occurs as such an emotive subject often evokes such feelings.

We hope you will enjoy reading of our exploits and although the magazine is primarily a fund raiser it is hoped that we can educate the general public about this job that is being done and needs to be.

---

below is an introduction to sabbing written by a student, so dictionaries out, if you get any trouble I'll send him round to translate. And don't feel too bad about it cos I can't follow it either.

### A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO SABBING

We are a non-violent, direct action group based in Nottingham. Members come from all walks of life, including students from both the University and Polytechnic.

We believe in the evolutionary and moral kinship of all animals, and declare our belief that all sentient creatures have rights to life, liberty and natural enjoyment. We call for the protection of these rights.

Our aims are to oppose and undertake sabotage, where possible, the pursuit, harassment or killing of any sentient creature for sport or pleasure.

Most of our activities are directed at foxhunts that take place in the Nottingham area. This season we have tended to concentrate our efforts to sabotage the Grove and Rufford Foxhunt.

The main objective when undertaking sabotage is to distract or gain control of the hounds;

The use of horns, whistles and calling may lift a hound's head for a couple of seconds. This disturbance of concentration may allow the fox to escape, and live for another day.

The ultimate method of sabotage is to "take" the hounds away from the huntsmen. This can be achieved by imitating huntsmen's horn calls or hollers, and by using these methods the whole pack of hounds can sometimes be led away from the whipper-in and the hunting area.

Not only is this a very effective method of sabotage, but it is very amusing to see huntsmen cursing because they can't get their hounds back.

Another method of sabotage is to distract the hounds through their sense of smell. This can be achieved by spraying scented solutions. The idea behind this is to firstly, neutralize any scent that may be left behind by a fox and secondly to temporarily impair the efficiency of the hounds sense of smell.

It must be stressed that the spray solution is totally harmless to both animals and humans. Often it is said by the hunting fraternity that we don't give a damn about the foxhounds or the horses. It must be obvious to any sensible person that we are only there because we care so fervently about all life, horses, hounds and foxes equally. Many sabs have demonstrated to the police the harmlessness of the sprays by spraying it into their own faces; not pleasant but certainly not dangerous.



### FOXHUNTING - THE GREAT DEBATE

The argument goes that hunting with hounds constitutes conservation - the hunters claim to be involved in an ecological process, beneficial not only to people but to the fox itself.

The fox is portrayed as a vicious creature - in the BFSS\* booklet for children, the author stated: 'He is a very handsome fellow, but then villains so often are - he shows no signs of fear or panic when the hunt is on to his scent.' It is easy to reject this anthropomorphic rubbish and to realise that it is nothing but a charade to justify bloodsports. With 95% of hens locked up in battery cages, foxes can hardly be a nuisance to poultry unless they have taken to carrying wire cutters.



'Evil Villain'

Another popular tale is that foxes cause terrible losses to sheep farmers, by killing lambs. It has in fact been proved by the ministry of agriculture that foxes rarely kill lambs and that in nearly all cases the lamb

is already dead when it is taken by the fox. In 70 % of cases the lamb dies of starvation due to insufficient milk from the mother while the remaining 30% die from weakness or disease. Foxes are actually quite useful to farmers in that they tidy up the hill side by removing dead lambs - however the foxes diet usually consists of rats and voles (thus it also helps the farmer to keep the rat population down.) A much greater loss of sheep can be attributed to the domestic dog and on many occasions, a pack of foxhounds out doing its duty in conservation, has been known to kill a flock of sheep, but naturally the BFSS likes to keep that a bit hush hush.

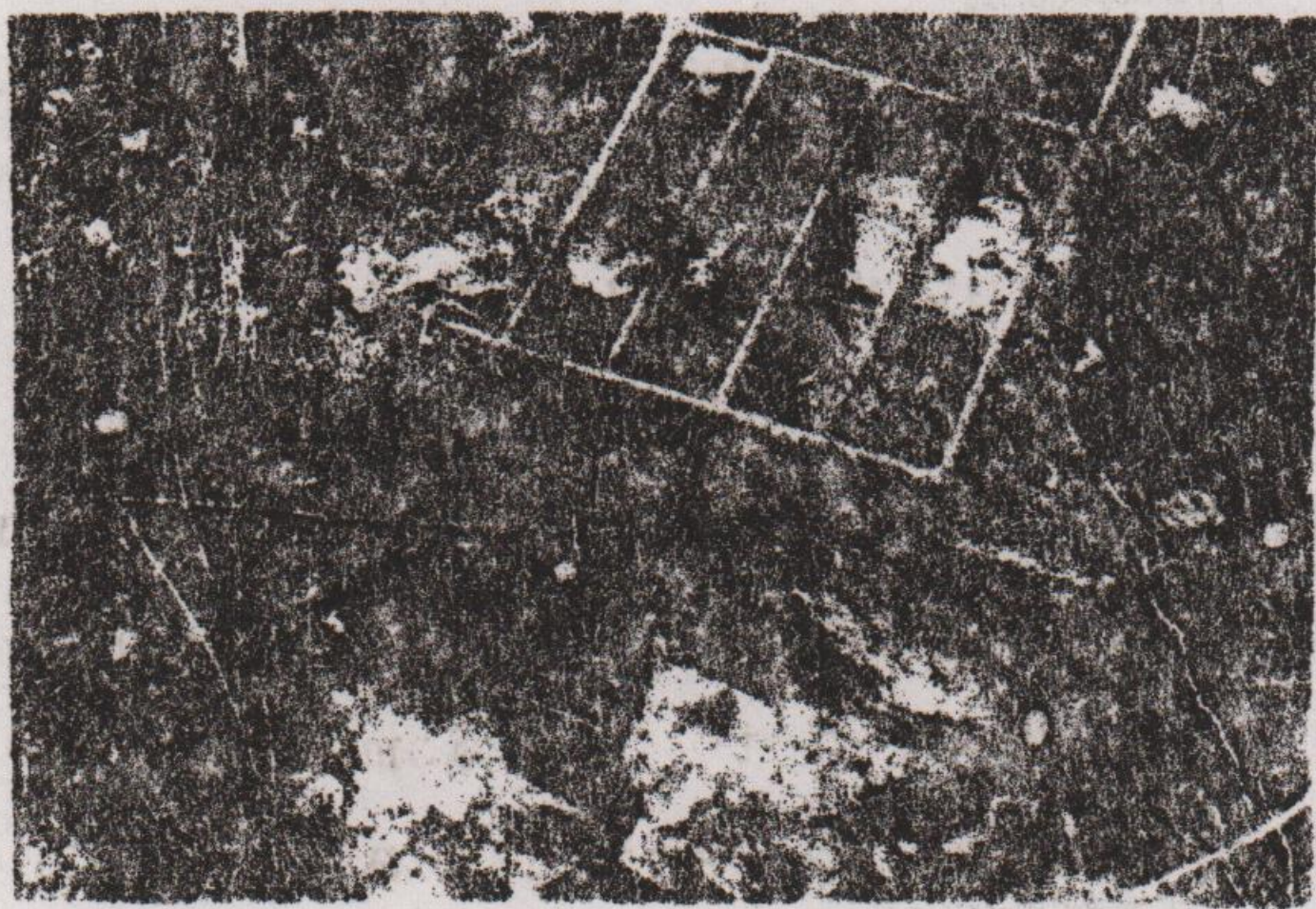
So one should now be beginning to see that the fox is not so much of a pest as it's set up to be - having established that fact, let's turn to hunting; does it control the fox population?

The foxhunting type of pest control is well illustrated in cub hunting where, when a hunt kills a family of cubs, one is always left to escape - for sport in the upcoming season.

A few years ago, artificial fox lairs were found in the Duke of Beauforts estate. Both joint masters admitted to their existence and to 'keeping foxes alive to hunt.' The Duke himself, when answering a claim that hunters breed foxes, said, "Yes, alright, but the beef and lamb that possibly you are devouring at the moment was also preserved for our edification and enjoyment."



If the aim of hunting was to control the fox population, the hunters would do anything but encourage foxes to breed, so the evidence clearly demonstrates that foxhunting is done not for conservation, but for enjoyment as the Duke tactfully puts it.



Artificial fox earth near Stow on the Wold, 1984.

A study by ecologists has revealed also, that in times of stress, the fox will breed more furiously than it would if it were left alone. In a fox community, one dominant female will assume a breeding role while other subservient females remain barren. But if the dominant female is killed in a hunt, the other females will produce large litters of cubs, where they would not normally do so. This occurrence has a survival value, to continue the success of the species, hence hunting actually causes the fox population to increase! The MOC has also revealed that of the total number of foxes killed a year, the hunt accounts for a measly 5.4% of this total - this shows that foxhunting is hardly an efficient means of pest control.

My argument so far

has pointed to the fact that the fox is not really a pest in the first place and that if the fox population must be controlled, hunting certainly does not achieve this. Fox hunting is anything but species control - it is a deliberate and ruthless practice which simply involves the vicious slaughter of animals for fun.

Huntmen have attempted to justify hunting, because it is a tradition and part of our British culture. Any intelligent person can easily see this argument as a

complete and utter farce - field sports could easily be replaced by doghunting, which involves all the pretentious dressing up and galloping across the fields plus ensures the survival of the hounds and the employment of hunt people. The only difference is that the scent pursued is an artificial trail - but no, they won't have it; it's not cruel enough, not bloodthirsty enough. Some huntmen have the audacity to claim that the fox enjoys being hunted - can anyone imagine what it is like, being chased at full pelt over miles of countryside by a pack of snarling hounds and scarlet coated monsters until they drop with exhaustion? Can anyone imagine having their flesh ripped from their bones piece by piece? Being hunted by hounds is a vile, horrific way to die - anyone who has ever seen the expression of incredible agony on the face of a fox who has died in a hunt, knows that.

So to summarise this



argument - firstly the fox is not much of a pest. If the fox population needs to be controlled by saying that foxhunting achieves this is complete nonsense! If that is so, why do hunters go to terrific lengths to keep foxes alive, and why, if there is no fox to hunt on the day, is one released from a bag?...so that they get their kill of course! It has absolutely nothing to do with control. If foxhunting is

'a good old English tradition' why not draghunt instead? And lastly, are bloodsports humane, no, - they are disgustingly cruel. There is only one reason for fox hunting - that it provides entertainment for sadistic little perverts who get some sort of kick out of pursuing and ripping up a defenseless little animal....conclusion; foxhunting is the sport of the depraved!



Just another sorry victim of these sadistic, scarlet-coated monsters.

\*BFSS - British Field Sports Society

\*LACS - League Against Cruel Sports

#### QUOTE:

'Hunt supporter to sabs'-  
"The fox enjoys the chase".

#### THINGS TO AND NOT TO WEAR WHEN OUT SABBING

A nice strong pair of boots or shoes, not a pair of small canvas baseball boots (as Baker will tell you).

A good thick pair of old trousers, (they tend to rip and get dirty after walking through ploughed fields and woods, although most sabs look the same before and after sabbing).

Not a pair of thirty five quid slacks.

Foxhunting takes place during the winter season, so take a few warm jumpers and a thick coat.

Not a tee-shirt and the latest fashion jacket.

It is best to wear dull colours so you do not stick out too much. Green, black, and brown can act as a camouflage in the woods.

It could be a good idea for the group to wear the same sort of colourings and style of clothing, so if anything happens it would be hard for the police to pick you out. Lastly be prepared to go home at the end of the day stinking of garlic, which is not very pleasant. In fact it smells like sick that has been stored in a bottle for a few days.



Here in our weekly/monthly/quarterly (delete as necessary) serial, we look at life in a household where life itself revolves round sabbing.

## ORGANISING THE SAB

For a lot of you who turn up on Saturday mornings at Trent Poly and are whisked off in luxurious transport to the scene of the hunt, in order to get out and spray garlic, get in and get out again and spray some more garlic, it probably seems like the be all and end all of sabbing. You probably do not realize the organisation that goes into it.

Firstly, there is number one priority and that is my job. Make the sandwiches for tomorrow. Where as some people have boring old peanut butter, week in and week out, having gained somewhat notority for having interesting sarnies I have my reputation to think of. How many times have I heard it said, "It's all right being a vegan, but if I have to eat another grass sandwich, I'll kill something". Anyway each week I try to push back the barriers a little more and come up with something really tasty. See our recipe section for these.

Obviously, it is very important to know exactly where the hunt will be meeting, or you'll have van loads of sabs driving round the countryside, hopelessly lost. This did happen to the last lot of Nottingham Hunt Sabs, and they are still missing, asks Robina she knows. Occasionally, the Grove and Rufford, our regular sab, advertise their meet in the Horse and Hound magazine, that fools them even more, so we can just turn up. More often than not they don't, so this leads to subterfuge and bribery. Fortunately one of our virile sabs regularly sleeps with one of the huntswomen, while she is in the throes of orgasmn he rifles through her hand bag and sneaks a look in her diary. He says it is not too pleasurable but he sees it as a duty. It also means that every time he's up in court it means he gets let off. He also gets to drive her car.

Now we need maps. Yes, how did you think countless maps turn up at the sab-we print them. Now I know you all think they are just pieces of scrap paper for wiping your arses on, but should you ever get lost you'll find them very useful. For the more intelligent of you, you'll want them if you want to map out your progress through out the day. At the end of the day we are always very grateful if you can return them, preferably without your boot prints on.

Then there are the sprays. Sprays are very often conviscated by the police, the spray solution is relatively cheap, but the spray canisters are not. More committed sabs turn up with their own, which is great. Although they cost under a quid when you are buying a lot it is quite expensive going, plus the money could be better spent on other things such as whips and horns for instance.

Each week the C.B's have to be checked and the walkie-talkie batteries re-charged. New C.B. codes for the channel numbers have to be written out, and of course we have to make sure their licences haven't ran out-don't we.....we don't want to break the law do we.

Friday night means someone has to stop in to answer the phone (which I should add is bugged), it never stops ringing. Sabs checking that the hunt is still on, this is particulary important during the winter months, when for example there is snow on the ground or the likelihood of a heavy frost on Saturday morning. The poncey huntsmen do not like to go out if it is too cold, as the scenting conditions are poor (so much for the jolly good ride farce). So because there is so much going on on a Friday, we tend to make a bit of a social due of it, and a few of us gather to inbibe intoxicating liquor and eat glopp as well.

The Land Rover has to be maintained as it is getting on a bit so it takes a lot. It has to be loaded up. Into it goes the sprays, the horns, the C.B's, the maps, the all important sarnies (only ours of course-bring your own). On Saturday mornings we place our leader, our hero, who has asked me not to put his name in (see me at the hunt and I will tell you who he is). As for myself I place a reserved sticker on the front seat between the two biggest blokes, safe behind the wire grills. I am no feminist.....

During the week, our hero's female counterpart has to book another van(s), if there are more than twelve of us, as there often are then we have to drive to the unsuspecting van hire garage with another driver. We have already been banned from a few. If you can drive, hold a licence and are over twenty five years of age, for insurance reasons, let us know.

During the week our hero, his female counterpart and the typist get together to write out reports of the last weeks sab. He has a job remembering his name, but when it comes to sabbing he can tell you map references of hunts that happened two years ago he forgets nothing. A copy of this report is sent to the Hunt Saboteurs Association and a copy is kept in files here. Additional copies are also available for interested sabs.



7

Obviously this all takes time and costs money, so now between seasons we are busily raising money. There are sponserers to be done, benefits gigs to be organised, flea market stalls to be organised and held. Merchandise to be bought and sold at massive profits from the H.S.A., and donations to be took off Joe Public, "Thank you very much for your donation of twenty pence missus", "Well thank you for sabbing young sab", "Thank you for your donation of twenty pence missus", "Well thank you for sabbing". Beware this can go on all night if you're not too careful. This actual conversation took place at the flea-market stall, which incidently made a profit of fifty-eight quid the first time, so, it's well worth the effort and thanks very much to all those involved. Next time you go to throw your crap out, don't, and let us have it in time for the next sale. Don't bring it to our house cos we've got a house full of rubbish already. Most of the helpers on the stall bought more crap than little, but then that's typical sabs. There's a lot of public support out there, so, go out and get it. This is hard earnt money and it goes to keeping the Landrover on the road and paying for the petrol. We have recently bought a second landrover which will be fully armoured in time for the next season. Other groups country wide are interested in vehicles like ours so we are dealing with them forthwith. Although it is normally the Grove and Rufford which gets our attention, we sometimes organise hits in other parts of the country, where we meet up with other sabs. There are quite a few sab groups here in the Midlands and when our Landrover, hire vans, transit vans turn up from Chesterfield, Derby and Liverpool the hunt as you can imagine get really pissed off.

I think I've covered everything, obviously it all takes one hell of a lot of effort and committment, but we think it's well worth it for the results. But if one Saturday morning you can't be bothered to come e.g. it's raining or snowing just think how the fox feels. If you've said you'll come then a seat has been booked for you so turn up. Remember despite all the effort everyone makes here we can't at the end of the day sab without sabs.

#### HOW ARE THE HUNT SABS FINANCED?

The hunters often ask us how we can manage to afford to go out sabbing every Saturday, and also sometimes during the week (according to them we're all on the dole).

Now I shall unveil the sabs biggest secret, I don't think it's illegal under the official secrets act, but.....  
WE'RE FUNDED BY THE KREMLIN

Yes, it's true. Each sab receives £50 a day and a free packed lunch (which our sandwich maker is contracted to do).

So we'll never be short of money unless the Soviet Union gets mass unemployment disease which Britain now has, or if the third world stops paying the interests off their debts. That's all I can say.





## REVIEW OF SEASON 1986-87 (PART ONE)

It's not till you look back at how the season went that you realize exactly how successful we've been, especially considering that on the first sab we did in November, about 95% of the sabs had never been out before. You also remember the dodgy situations we got ourselves in and wonder how we ever got out and managed to stay in one piece. At the time we just got stuck in and kept going whatever plans the hunt may have had for us.

When you go out sabbing you're up against a lot, the police (to put it politely), supporters and heavies (with not a brain between them). The dice are loaded against us but still they can't win. Out of the 18 or so sabs we've been on they have only killed a couple of times, mainly when we were at our most inexperienced.

The first few sabs passed without much incidence, no kills, no violence, no arrests. We learnt a lot about tactics and how best to organise ourselves and we were pleased to see that our mere presence seemed to put the hunt off their perverse pursuits.

The first time the bastards killed a fox when we were there wasn't entirely our fault. A certain Mr. David Brown in a P 100, decided it would be a jolly good laugh if he blocked us in, in our Landrover, so we couldn't get amongst the hounds, and if necessary call them off the fox, which they were nearly upon. We got out of the van on foot, but by this time it was too late. This of course is the worst part of going sabbing and I am glad things like this doesn't occur that often. When they kill the fox it naturally provokes anger, sadness and millions of other emotions in us, but the fuckers never even stop to breathe before they're off to murder another, so we've got about 5 minutes to calm each other down and continue sabbing, even more determined that it won't happen again.

You can't talk about the perverted hunting fraternity without giving the good old boxing day spectacle a mention. We thought we'd be brave this season and go and sab the famous Quorn, one of the 'top' hunts in the country, that is they are so fucking rich that they can go out four times a week (perhaps they're on flexi-time at the office), so the hounds are obviously well trained and more foxes than usual suffer at their hands. Even Bonnie Prince Charlie graces them with his presence occasionally (but we all know how thick the royal family are cos of all their inbreeding). Anyway, the meet was even more sick than usual, 100's of the fuckers, and the mayor sharing his sherry. There were only about four van loads of sabs there, we were a bit worried as this hunt is notorious for its violent hunt heavies. We needn't have bothered as it was all a big publicity stunt to show how nice the hunters really are, and don't they just go out for a jolly good gallop across the countryside. The packed in about three hours early.

So, that was the end of 1986, and because of the snow our local hunt stayed in for a couple of Saturdays, probably in their mansions by a real log fire (cos they've bought the property rights of the air), suffering from acute withdrawal symptoms through lack of blood. It gets more exciting into the New Year....., honest.

### QUOTE OF THE SEASON

The impartial police; "We have orders to stop you from stopping the hunt, we are going to use any method we want". 7/2/87. GROVE AND RUFFORD.



## SABS AND AIDS:

Unless you've gone around with cottonwool in your ears and a blindfold over your eyes you can't fail to have noticed the media hysteria about A.I.D.S.

The less well educated of you (and the more prejudiced), will probably think it's a disease sent by God to show his/her condemnation of the homosexual community. This of course is **WRONG**.

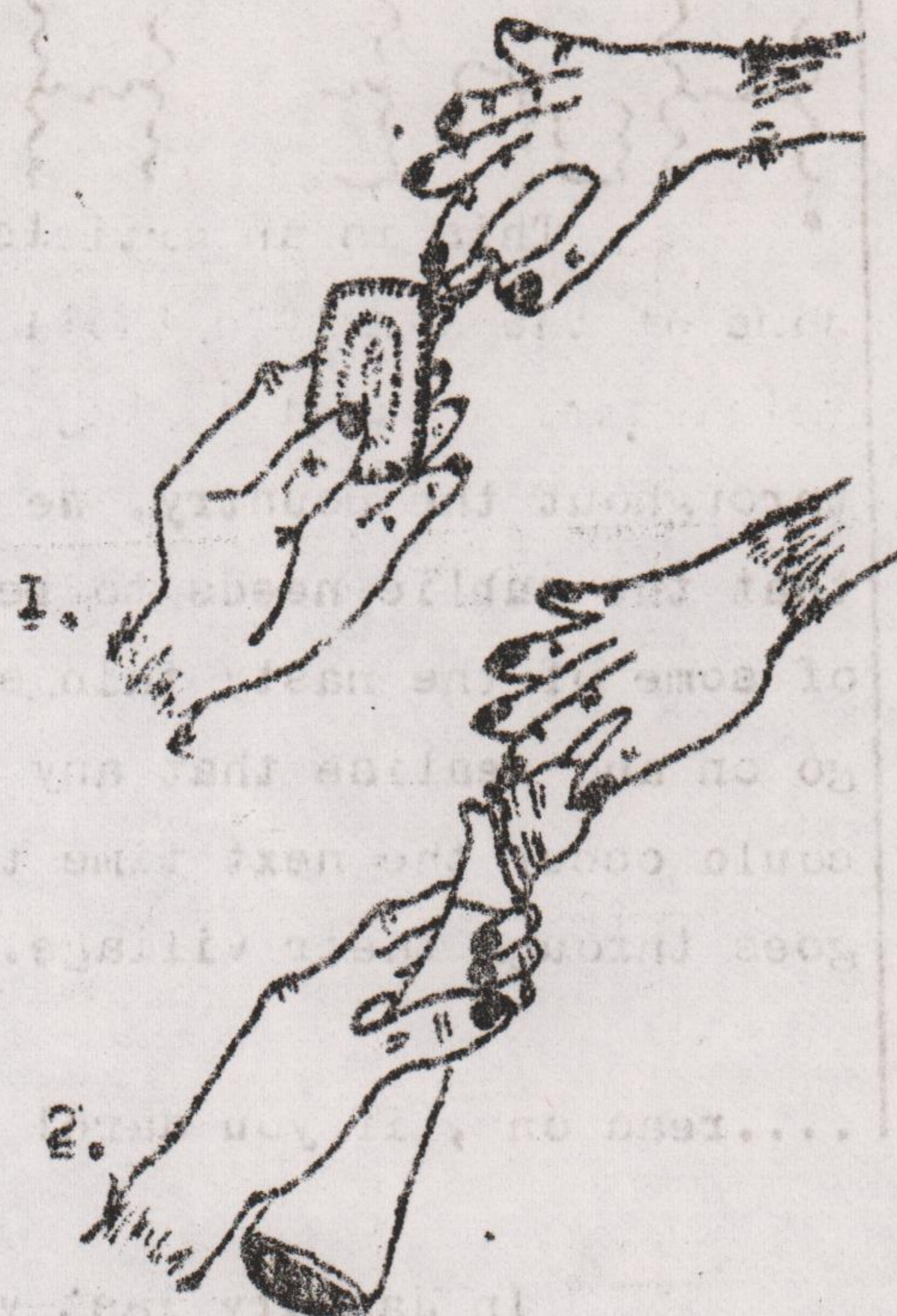
Go on any hunt and you'll soon find out where it originated, from the hunt sabs of course. This leads us to the problem of how to stop it spreading-we all know that the sabs aren't fussy about who blows the horn, so it's get out the designer condom time.

Now, before I tell you how best to use them, I'll give a quick run down of the activities which belong to the high, low and no risk categories.

1. Taking the unopened durax in your left hand, peel the wrapper and open.
2. Remove the condom and place over mouthpiece of the erect horn, it's more fun if there are two of you. With essential sabbing equipment it is perfectly safe for you to use other peoples horns. As an extra precaution, you can always gargle with domestos, although that's not vegan.
3. Providing you don't share your condom (unless your partner as had an aids test), you can use the same jonnies for placing over Pauls coffee cup, although this lessens the risk it does not remove it altogether. Sharing his fags (what fags?), and eating his food (what food?) are a total no, no.
4. It has been successfully demonstrated that placing a condom over the entire head of prostrate person due to receive mouth to mouth resuscitation does little to help their condition, in fact they normally suffocate. It is a better idea to place the condom over your own head. I must just add that dyed black and eye holes and a mouth hole cut out of them, make marvellous A.L.F. masks, perfect for winter raids, but the less said about that the better.

## BENEFIT TAPES

Send now for these fab tapes, and help fund our sab group. The Nottingham Benefit Tape includes twenty six bands. "WE'VE HAD ENOUGH", includes 'Conflict', 'Crude SS', 'Icons of Filth', 'A.O.A.', 'Anti System', 'Inferno', 'M.D.C.', 'Morbid Humour' and many more. The price of this is £2-00 plus s.a.e., and is available from Box J, Mushroom Bookshop, 10, Heathcote Street, Hockley, Nottm. LEEDS BENEFIT TAPES; bands include 'Incest brothers', 'The Uprising', 'Feed your Head', 'Chumbawamba' etc. Priced at £1-75 from Box 32, The Calls, Leeds, Yorkshire. LS2 7EY. THANK YOU.....



## HIGH RISK

- blowing the horn (French style)
- having blood drawn when the hunters whip you
- mouth to mouth resuscitation with an olds hunts person, whose just had a heart attack, (one of our sabs has been associating with the hunting fraternity to gain information).
- sharing roll ups in the back of the Landrover.
- drinking coffee out of Pauls flask

## LOW RISK

- wearing green wellies
- using the C.B.'s

## NO RISK

- using your own horn and whip (MUST NOT BE SHARED)
- stroking the hounds
- staying at home

All these activities can be made low risk by the use of a condom.



# Fun { } Horror Stories

This is an article about some of the horrific incidents which have occurred during hunts throughout the country. We believe that the public needs to be aware of some of the nasty things which go on and realise that any of these could occur the next time the hunt goes through their village.....

....read on , if you dare!

In January last year the Cambridgeshire Foxhounds ran riot through the village of Southoe chasing a fox through peoples gardens. The hunt were alleged to have said: 'The hounds are quite safe, they've only knocked children over on one or two occasions.'

Later that same year, the Fitzwilliam Foxhounds rode roughshod over a garden in Molesworth. One rider sneered that so long as the hunt hadn't killed a cat, it had done nothing wrong. The shocked owner of the garden commented: 'The hunt has destroyed my peace of mind, that is priceless, how can I ever again allow my pets to play unattended in a garden which may be suddenly turned into Hell by a hoard of hounds and their attendant yobs!'

Again in March the West Kent FH took off after a domestic dog being walked by its owner along a public footpath near Langton. A

clean kill, it was not! The hunt master put all the blame on the owner of the dog, for not controlling it properly and complained that the incident had ruined the day for the hunt!

Another gruesome example of this type of incident occurred when the Surrey Union FH savaged a Collie belonging to 82 yr old Fred Holt, who was walking the dog on a lead on Rudgewick village green. With tears streaming down his face, Fred sobbed, 'They were over the top of each other, tearing great lumps out of him. It was horrible, I'll never forget it'.

A cat was killed after the opening meet of the Portman FH in Dorset. Snowy was the pet of pensioners Thomas and Elsie Bridgeman who said that she was a wonderful and gentle creature. They were unable to find anything but a few tufts of white bloodstained fur to bury.



Surrey Union FH.



## HUNT HORROR STORIES.....continued.

They are just a handful of the tragic incidents that occur all the time..we warn all members of the public to take note. Fox hounds are trained to kill at an early age and will basically riot after any animal! Can any one imagine the heartbreak these unfortunate pet owners feel after their dog or cat which they've loved for years, is torn up by a pack of uncontrollable hounds? The attitude of the hunt is disgusting! Most of them have 'nt even got the decency to apologise. And how long will it be before a toddler is killed...?

### MORONS OF THE HUNT

The following items exhibit the type of behaviour one can expect from hunt people.

Depraved Huntsman with the Alder-shot Beagles attacked a woman worker for the RSPCA who picked up an exhausted hare lying in the middle of the road. He kicked her in the back before grabbing the hare and throwing it live to his hounds. Earlier in the season this same moron picked up a live hare, hacked its leg off for a trophy, before hurling it, screaming, to the hounds to finish the job.

When two hounds of the New Forest FH were electrocuted on a railway line, after the huntsmen cast them near to the SOUTHAMPTON line, he

blamed British Rail for having holes in their fences. The hounds were alleged to have bombed across the track after a fox, right into the path of an oncoming train.

The Devon and Somerset Staghounds have recently showed their care and concern for the feelings of the public by killing a deer in front of 20 girl guides, ignoring the pleas of their leader. The bloodlust of the huntsmen took over from any thoughts of humanity.

This same lot brutally killed a stag in front of weeping scouts and cubs at their camp in H. Green Wood, near Porlock. The arrogant hunt master said to the protesting leaders: 'We are just as entitled to hunt in the country as these people are to camp in it.'



This charming character of the Warwickshire FH, politely urged a member of the public to move aside, in Stratford-upon-Avon at Christmas

Another member of the public was attacked by I.O.W. FH huntsman, when he was forced to break to avoid hitting



MORONS OF THE HUNT.....(continued)

hounds being exercised on the road. When the driver shouted at the huntsman, why he couldn't leave the foxes alone, he was answered in the most courteous and dignified way. The huntsman cracked his whip through the open window of the car, narrowly missing hitting the driver in the face. He was not charged with assault; instead the driver was charged for driving without reasonable consideration. It would seem that being an M.F.H.(Master of Foxhounds) on the Isle of White has its advantages.....

And that is your average hunt person for you. I personally have never met a decent hunter in my life, from the time when my fathers car was blocked in a pub car park for three hours by a horse-box some time ago. When the owner returned, a rider with the prestigious Quorn, we received not so much as an apology.

If any member of the public has been annoyed by a hunt at any time, we would be interested to hear from you.

Przwalski's horses are the last truly wild horses left in the world. They are striking creatures, golden tan in colour, with a short black mane that stands straight up and a tail that suddenly changes from short to long hair a third of the way down. Although called horses, they are actually pony sized, usually standing around 14 hands.

Originally they came from the Mongolian plains and foothills but is increasingly becoming an endangered species. Luckily, some reputable zoos have had success in breeding the horses, one of these being Marwell Zoo.

However, about ten years ago Marwell Zoo suffered a setback in its breeding programme. The herd at that time consisted of seven mares, two with foals atfoot and some pregnant, and a stallion. One morning the owner of the zoo, John Knowles heard a local hunt approaching the outer perimeter, and naturally worried about the animals rushed over in time to see the entire pack trespass into the Przwalski's paddock. Instead of running away, in which case one of the horses could have broken a leg and have to be shot, or suffered some other injury, the stallion gathered the herd and stood his ground as he would have done in the wild. This confused the hounds who had only ever met quiet horses and they paused, milling about at which point the hunt arrived and called them out.

Over the next few months, unfortunately, it was obviously the amount of damage that had been done. Wary of future 'attacks' the stallion prevented the herd entering the five acre paddock, keeping them confined to the sleeping quarters and a small field. Worse than the mental disturbance was the fact that all the pregnant mares aborted shortly after the trespass.

It was lucky in a way that the fox chose to enter the Przwalski paddock. Had he gone through a pen of deer for instance, or birds like cranes, that are often left loose, but with their wings clipped so that they couldn't fly, the devastation would have been unthinkable.

QUOTE

Policeman to arrested hunt sab:

"which of those sabs are women?"

QUOTE

Huntsman after seeing his first kill:

"I've had an orgasm at last".

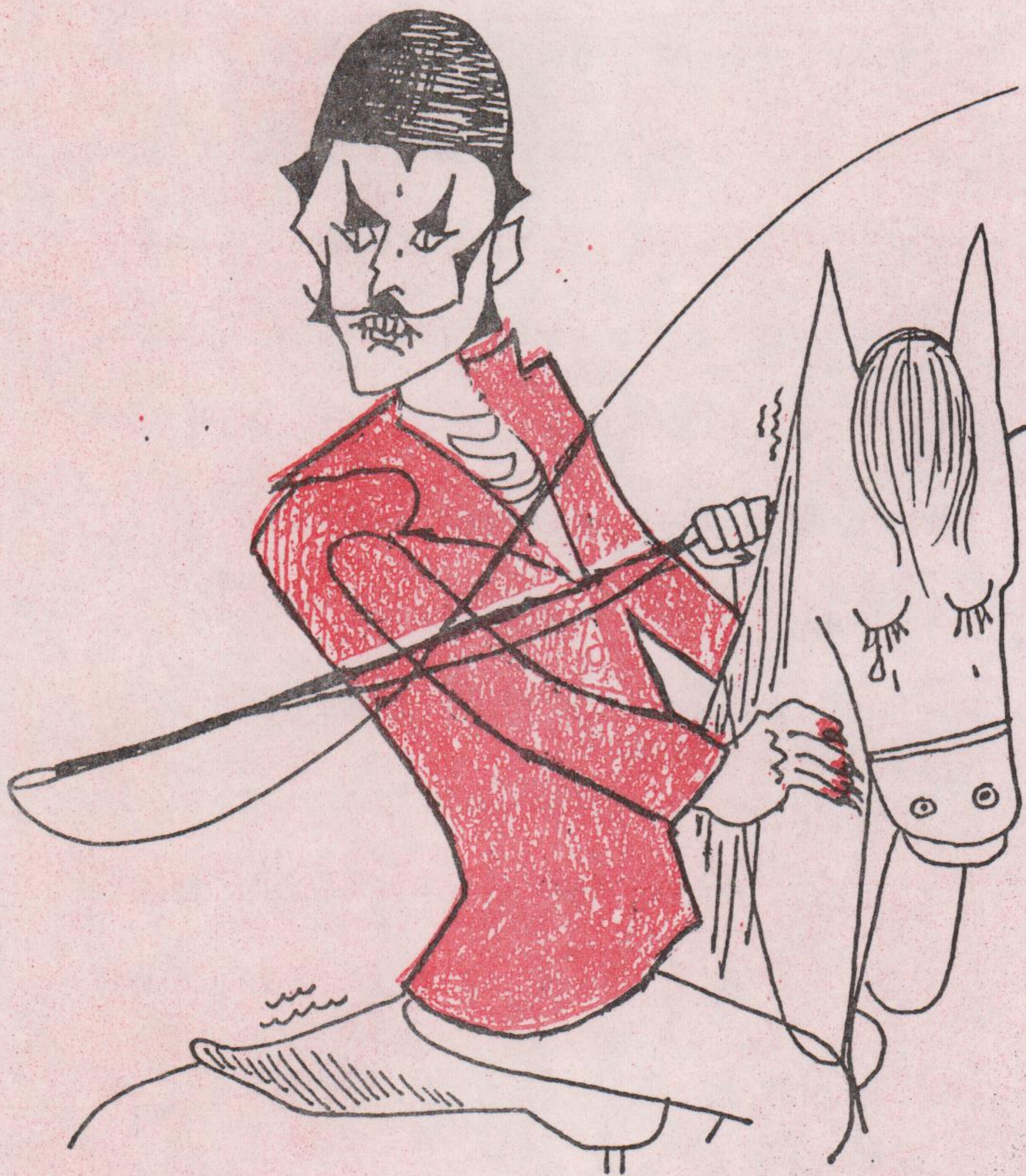
"HE WHO LIVES BY THE SWORD, WILL DIE  
BY THE SWORD; SO THE HUNTER WILL BECOME THE FUCKING  
HUNTER"

"Dig Up The Duke"-----THE WASTE.



# TYPES OF HUNTSMEN

## TYPE I. - MR BLOODLUST



This obnoxious character will always be found at the front of the hunt and is by far, the nastiest type to be found. He is a cruel and vicious bastard who enjoys killing and is also notorious for whipping hunt saboteurs with equal enthusiasm, so keep out of his way!

Characteristics - Hard, scowling face.

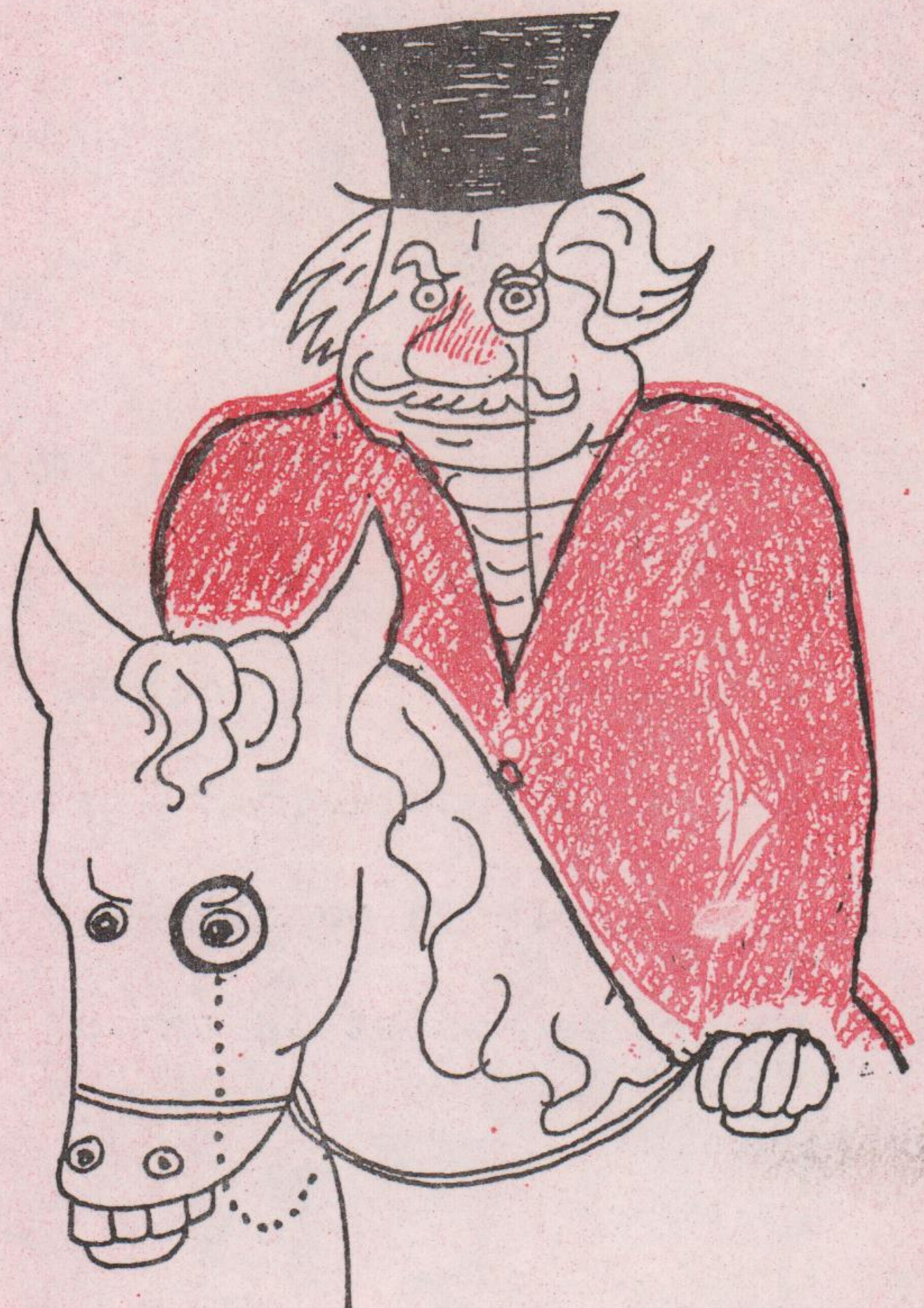
- Sharp eyes.
- Expression as if he has a foul smell under his nose.
- Very rude and arrogant attitude.

## TYPE 2. - THE POMPOUS WINDBAG

The pompous windbag belongs to the 18th century and thinks that hunting is the bees knees of British culture. He is generally a doddering, gout-ridden old fool and quite harmless. His only crime is believing that 'the fox was born to be hunted' and thus takes great pleasure in dealing with it in the 'good old English way'.

Characteristics - purple nose.

- Monocle.
- Usually half stoned on 'Hunting Port'.





### TYPE 3. - THE UPPER CLASS TWIT



The upper class twit is usually out hunting for social reasons so he can mix with other Rodneys, because everyone knows that riding with the hunt cost bags of money and of course, don't forget that Daddy used to ride with the Quorn, Guffaw Guffaw! He doesn't care much about foxes and doesn't really know alot about hunting - unfortunately this attitude has been drummed into him from birth. It is the upper class twit who makes up 90% of the field and is 100% committed to this disgusting sport.

Characteristics - Jutting chin.

- Big teeth
- Phony upper class accent.
- Very loud and pretentious.

So these are the three basic types , and most huntsmen or women can usually be thrown into one or more of these categories. Incidentally - they all seem to think that the hunt saboteurs represent the peasants revolution. No, we do not - our role is not to aggravate you slobbs who hunt - our role is to help the hunted animals to escape and in nearly all cases, we assist in saving the life of at least one fox, every time we go out.



## EFFECT OF FOXES ON SMALL HOLDINGS

A small holding is a few acres; owned, inhabited and worked by people who don't usually have an outside job. To them, their small-holding is their living. It's hardly surprising then that they take better care of their animals and don't suffer the major losses that farms do. In small-holding magazines it is rare to read of stock losses to vermin, and this is a reflection of what actually happens. I've only ever known holders to lose stock 3 times in 6 years. I believe this is because small-holdings are run on a shoestring budget, holders often have to make their own runs and pens from scratch out of baler twine and spit, and for some reason they tend to be very safety conscious. Again this is reflected in the magazines. Articles on buildings rarely forget to stress if vermin can get in, they will. Measures such as burying chicken wire to prevent digging, making chicken house floors solid so predators can not pull legs through etc. As for the three attacks I know of, the first was when a neighbour did not bother to shut away his poultry, the first and only time he had done so. Admitting that it was his fault, he told me he had lost a goose and several hens and had been upset to find their maimed bodies. The culprit could have been another neighbour's dog left to roam loose, wild cats from a nearby cat lovers caravan, or a fox.

The second attack was at the same small-holding. This time the predator was known to be a pig, which ate two free-range hens. The third attack occurred on a neighbour's holding. Three guinea fowl were lost to either rats, wild ferrets or a mink, and it is most likely that the predator was a ferret or a rat. All these holdings were sited on the territory of a large healthy dog fox and vixen, who made their living on voles, the odd hare, partridge or pheasant and sometimes a carcasse such as a dead rabbit, kittens and dustbin contents. They never, ever took any live animal from my small-holding, despite the fact we had rabbits, about 100 head of poultry and cats that lived and bred out doors. Every night about 2-3 a.m. the house dogs would start barking and I knew one or both of the foxes were about, looking out of my bedroom window I would see the small dark shapes flitting about, nosing the wire on the chicken runs hoping for a way in. They never did, and sometimes the next day I'd find a cache on the back field; the feet, scut (the tail) and other odd bits from a hare or a pile of feathers. Once I found the remainder of a clutch of ducks eggs. I'd been watching the nest, apparently the foxes took the duck and then gorged on the eggs, burying the remains in our field for later on when food was scarce. As long as stock is penned in safely the fox is not a threat and can in fact be a help. Rats are ever present and as the foxes usually live mainly on voles (another major pest which eats acres of grass), they can be easily induced to take the rats instead, by simply leaving an ox-head from the slaughter house and a few household scraps lying around. They will see the small-holding as a source of food, and as long as the pens are secure there will be absolutely no danger.



## THE TRUTH ABOUT FOX HUNTING

You've no doubt all heard about why foxes are hunted. They are vermin, pests, sly murderers of honest farmers livestock. They attack babies in their prams, eat live sheep whole and occasionally rape elderly grannies as their mood takes them and generally organise themselves into subversive, anarchists, paramilitary armies dedicated to the destruction of the multinational land owners.

## FUCKING BULLSHIT

Foxes are hunted to satisfy the crazed bloodlust of the perverted, bored, idle rich bastards, riding out with the average of 30 fit, trained hounds. The terrified fox is hunted to its cruel barbaric death. Its earths are blocked to prevent it gaining its natural sanctuary and the hounds are bred for stamina and not speed to allow the hunters a jolly good ride. If sufficient foxes can not be found to satisfy these evil murderers they bring in captive bred foxes in sacks, these are beaten until they urinate, have their paws slashed, so that they bleed and are finally released just in front of the hounds. Weak and disorientated, leaving behind a powerful scent, they run crippled and terrified for their lives. It is a heavily loaded race. Within minutes the hounds are upon their prey, ripping it apart, geared on into a fury by the screaming, laughing huntsmen, until nothing is left but blood torn flesh of this once magnificent creature.

## THIS IS THE TRUTH OF FOX HUNTING

### THE HUNTSMAN'S VIEW OF FOXES

As an ex-foxhunter (yes), I feel able to talk on the subject. Most people actually believe that the fox is a serious pest to farmers, they have an anthropomorphic view of the fox as "wily", "sly", "villian", and they don't know the facts about hound turnover or the breeding and bagging of foxes. Some of them even actually believe that the foxes enjoy being chased.

I believe the only way to put these people straight is to publish a booklet containing the facts and send it to the people connected with hunting, and talk to those who will listen. Of course, there will be those who don't care, don't want to know and won't listen, they are the ones who really like killing. The others will be converted to draghunting.

People like the Duke of Beaufort who knew the arguments were all a sham, also arrogant, unfeeling bastards. They are the ones who make up and spread the lies. Sabbing is effective in saving lives but doesn't convert those who can't think for themselves. Parliamentary lobbying is a waste of time, those in power are hardened liars and won't give up their fun or power. As well as sabbing, we must get out and talk.

We have a letter here that we found in our post-bag, apparently from a huntsman, God knows where he got our address from.

deAr sIr,

pEople sAY We're fiCK but that is ONLY BECOs WE look It. WE aRE NOT and we do NO aLot abOUt FOXes. foxes ARE sLy, aS is shOWN WHEN they lead hoUNds aCROSS a RAILWAY track OR ROAD So SOME gETs KILLED. THEY ARE ALSO cRAFTY and CleVER, and nO th- at to Run FrOO a FiELd Of shEEp will maSk its smELL. Some shEEp will aBort or BeE KILLED By Hounds. The FaRmer WILL geT Up- Set and will BAN the HUNT from HIS land. tHiS hOW CleVer foxes ARE.

NOT ManY tOWN peOPLe no FOXes Eat a LOT they eat CHICKENS and TURKEYS, pET Ra- bBits Kats, and PuPYS. a Fox WILL atTak BABYs in There PRaMs and eaT piGS and maNY a FaRMER has wOKEN Up wOn Morning to Find wOn of hIs MissIng and He nOse the fox haS eTEN it. WHY do YOU fInk wee are looSiNg so mUCH wILDliFE, Red sKIrrels, Otters and BaGGDers, yEs foxes eaT them so nOW yOO nO WE aRE NOT sTOPPIDD, tHiS is BECOs we sPend sO mUCH tIME hUNting.

siGned: A.BARSTARD.

ED. Note;

FOXES ALSO eaT eLePhants and RaPE oLD laDIES.....WE sHOuld kNOW a Terrier Man ToLD uS.



The facts below are well worth arming yourself with, as you will often be asked to reason why sabbing is necessary. Sabbing.... is not saying that the fox is cute, this is not enough, and not necessarily true. You need to know what it eats, its habitat and habits and what it will and what it will not kill, if you are to make any hunter or non carer see sense.

### THE RED FOX ( vulpes vulpes)

Knowing that most sabs are townspeople; the reason for this being the progeny of country dwellers are desensitised at a very early age. While you were keeping a pet rabbit as a child, theirs were blasting them in the fields (note Prince William at a shoot with a toy gun). Hence therefore keeping up an age old country tradition "if it moves kill it". Youngsters follow the hunt on ponies and pony clubs often financially support the hunt. Anyway I thought I'd take this opportunity for a quick natural history lesson here.

The fox is no more than a small wild dog, closely related to your own pet dog. It lives on a diet of voles, rabbits etc, beetles, worms, insects and berries and actually help the farmer by keeping down crop damaging animals. Since over half the agricultural land is given for crop production, you'd think he'd be welcome. A very small minority of chickens are free-range, but safely locked up at night are in no danger. We do intend to write articles about why the hunt have claimed that they have to be killed, but you will see that for every stupid, illogical argument they present, we can prove how wrong they are.

The red fox measures about 40" from nose to tail and a well grown fox stands at only 14" approxiamately. The vixen is slightly smaller and has a narrower face. The fur is russet or red-brown and white on the underparts. Backs of ears and front of legs may be black or brown. Although this can change with the moult in July or August. At this time they lose their characteristic appearance, looking thin, long legged and the tail is slender. When the tail is fully haired it is called the brush. The tip or tag is white or sometimes black. On average a dog-fox weighs 15lbs, a vixen 12, thats the size of a large domestic cat.

Foxes lead nocturnal lives and apart from the breeding season, solitary lives. Their home is an earth, more a cavity in the ground than a burrow. Sometimes its an old badgers set or a rabbit burrow, or they may make their own. They use a great variety of calls, both sexes bark, and in winter generally during the breeding season the vixen screams. Although contrary to common opinion, the dog-fox may also scream. Mating takes place from late December to February. The gestation period is approx. 52 days. About April the vixen produces her litter for the year, usually of four cubs. They are blind for the first ten days, and stay in the earth with their mother, for nearly a month, with the dog-fox bringing food. After this they play as a group, in the evenings outside the earth, and once they are weaned the dog still continues to bring food. The parents present the food moving it up and down, side to side, making the cubs jump up, and this develops co-ordination, and their senses, and exercises their limbs. During this time the dog-fox plays with them more than the vixen. Later she takes them hunting, they learn from her example how to fend for themselves. The cubs leave their parents when about two months old, reach their adult size six months after birth and become sexually mature in their first winter.

"I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT IT IS A PART OF THE DESTINY OF THE HUMAN RACE, IN IT'S GRADUAL IMPROVEMENT, TO LEAVE OFF EATING ANIMALS, AS SURELY AS THE SAVAGE TRIBES HAVE LEFT OFF EATING EACH OTHER WHEN THEY CAME INTO CONTACT WITH THE MORE CIVILIZED".

Thoreau (1854)

### BENEFIT TAPES

Send now for these fab tapes, and help fund our sab group. NOTTINGHAM BENEFIT-26

bands. "WE'VE HAD ENOUGH", includes 'Conflict', 'Crude ss', 'Icons of Filth', 'Anti-System', 'A.O.A.', 'Inferno', 'M.D.C.', 'Morbid Humour', and many more.





## HUNTSMEN, TERRIER MEN AND HUNT HEAVIES AND HOW TO RECOGNISE THEM

In preparation for the next season why not get up on what your enemy looks like. Here in the beginning of this fascinating series we look at how to recognise the hunt heavy, this compliments our article on them by good old Steve. Later we will be doing one about how to dress like a sab and how to spot the C.I.D.

### HEAVIES AND HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM

Heavies are the dozy bastards at hunts who look for trouble (normally picking on the smallest sabs), 9 out of 10 hang around with the rest of the "Men" and all the time carry walking sticks (for smashing over sab's heads) and base ball bats in the back of the car.

Heavies come in all shapes and sizes and ages. These thick bastards have an I.Q. of 10 or less. The older heavies are hunt supporters, but do like to get the boot in wherever possible, but younger heavies are recruited from the nearest village and just like trouble. They don't really care if the fox gets killed or not, well they like to see a bit of blood, whether it's from the fox or the sabs..Now as for dealing with them is quite tricky; first thing, some sabs just go out to start trouble or look for it, but 99.9% go out to start to prevent the killing of foxes, and go out for one thing and that's to save lives of the hunted quarry. Right never start on them, even try to be nice, they might not start anything, but it's hard to be nice to these bastards, secondly keep far away as possible, unless you have to.

Simply cut out, mount on cardboard, dress in heavies attire, and take with you sabbing. Alternately stick pins in it.



### TERRIER MEN

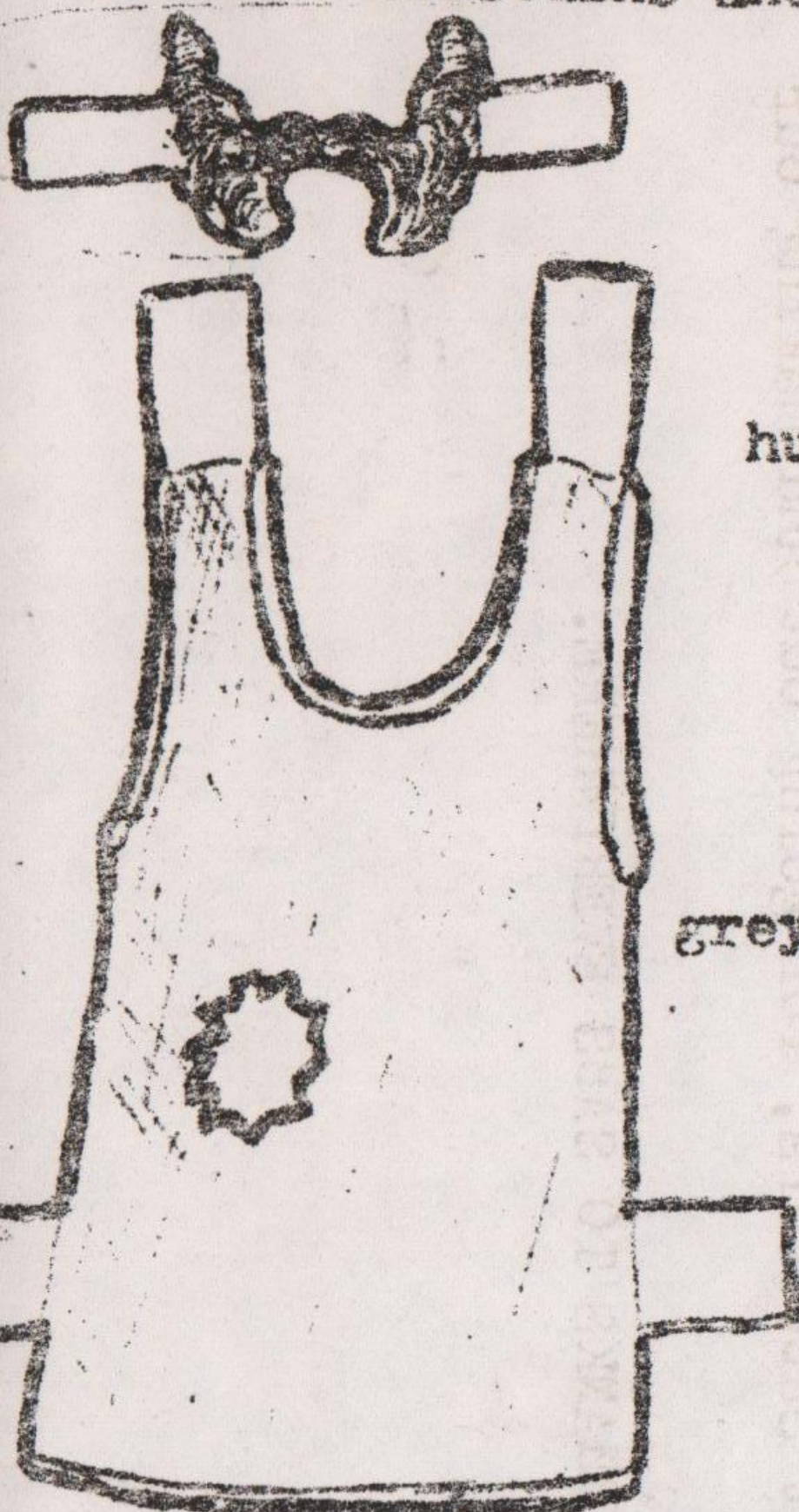
It is quite simple to adapt your hunt heavy into a terrier man, as they look pretty much the same (although terrier men are total and absolute evil bastards). Just cut out the terrier plus collar, mount him on cardboard and place with hunt heavy.

NEVER argue, while you are an animal could be getting killed, and it only eggs them on. Never run away from them that only eggs them on as well, walk quickly, always stop in a group; safety in numbers. If they start when you are in your vehicle lock all the doors and try to move, but if they've blocked you in, try to smash your way into them. A good idea is to carry walking sticks, and anything other you can find. Remember if they get you they will have baseball bats, pick axe handles etc. Self defence is all you need them for, unless you want to smash them, then fair enough and try not to get caught and good luck to you, that's about it. Good sabbing.



some hunt heavies sport

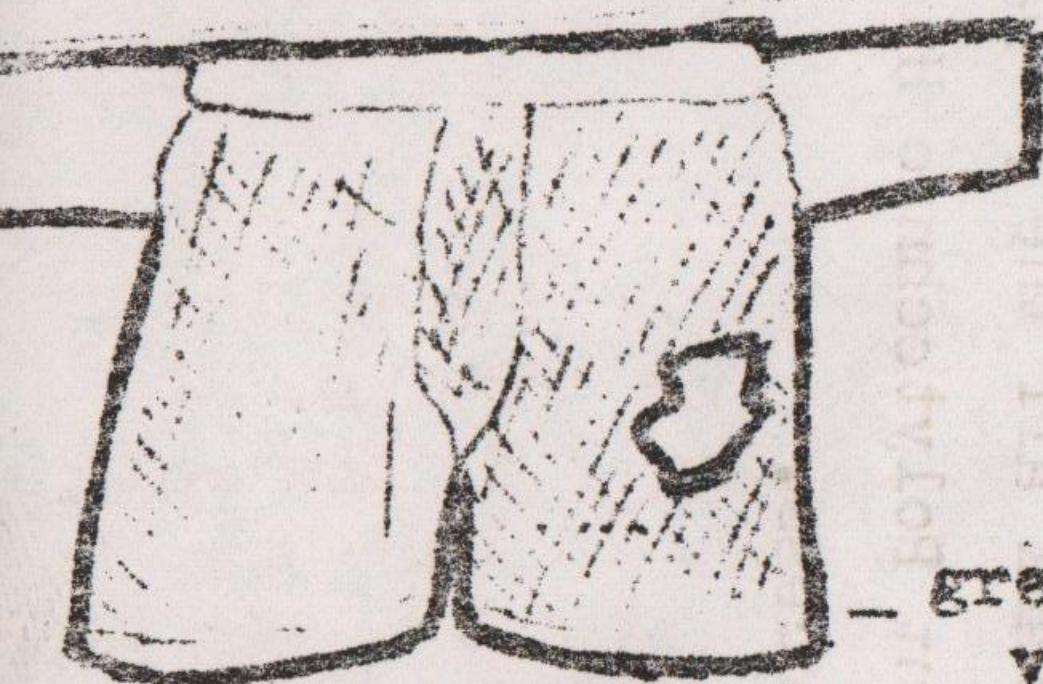
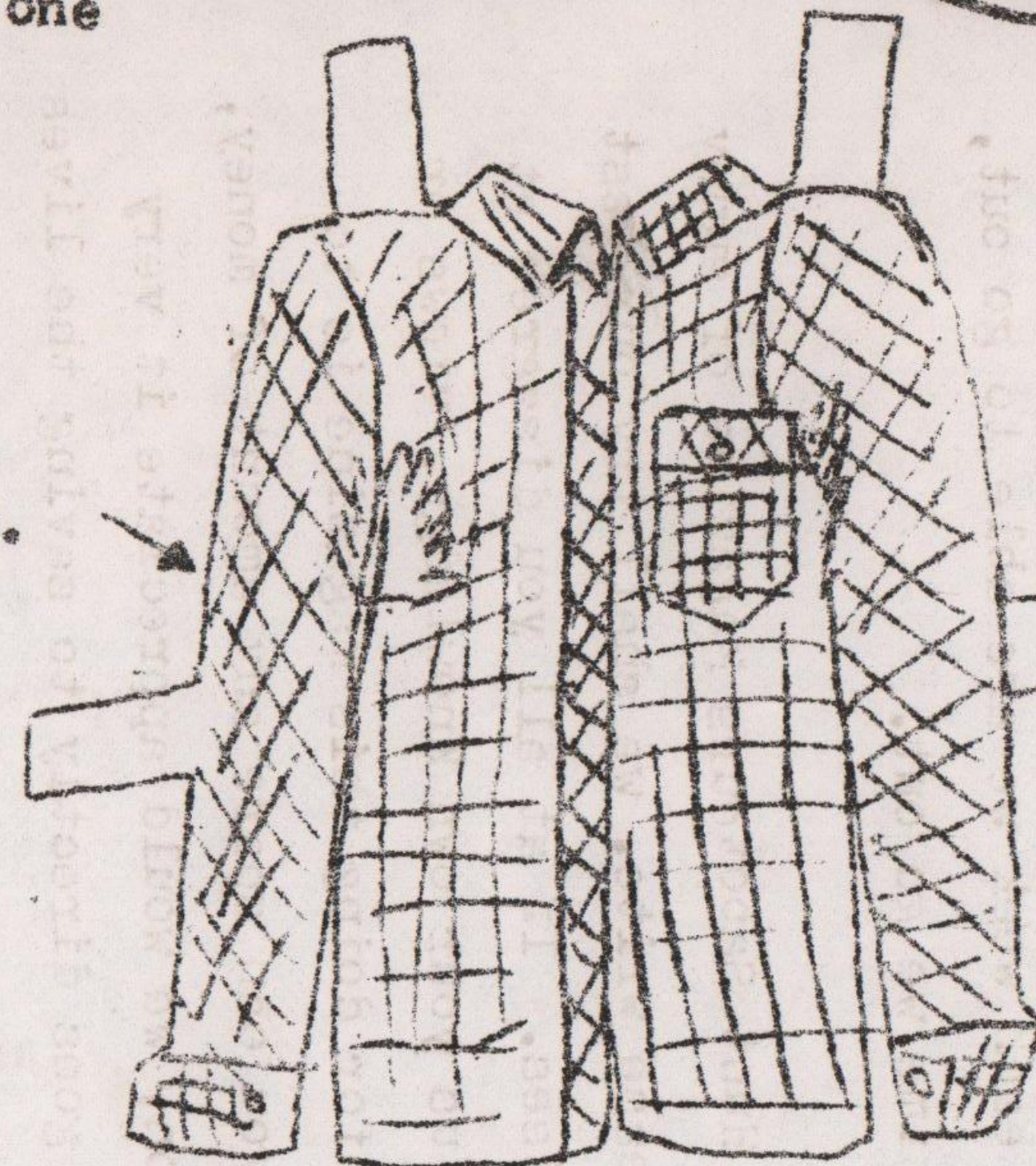
twatish sideburns and moustaches



sweat stains,  
hunt heavies don't wash.

grey coloured holey  
string vest

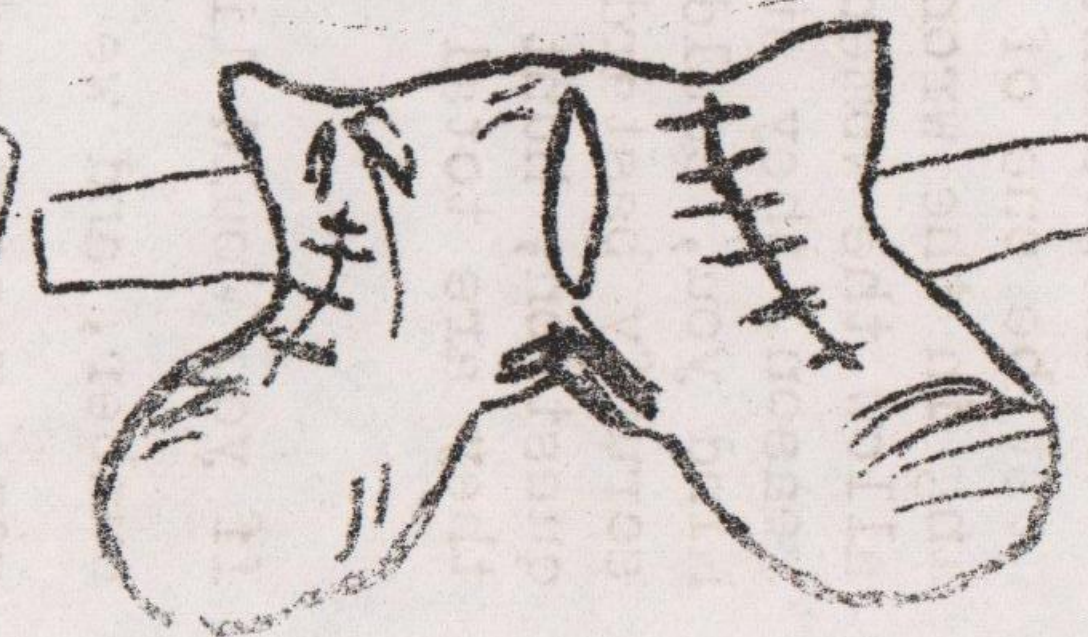
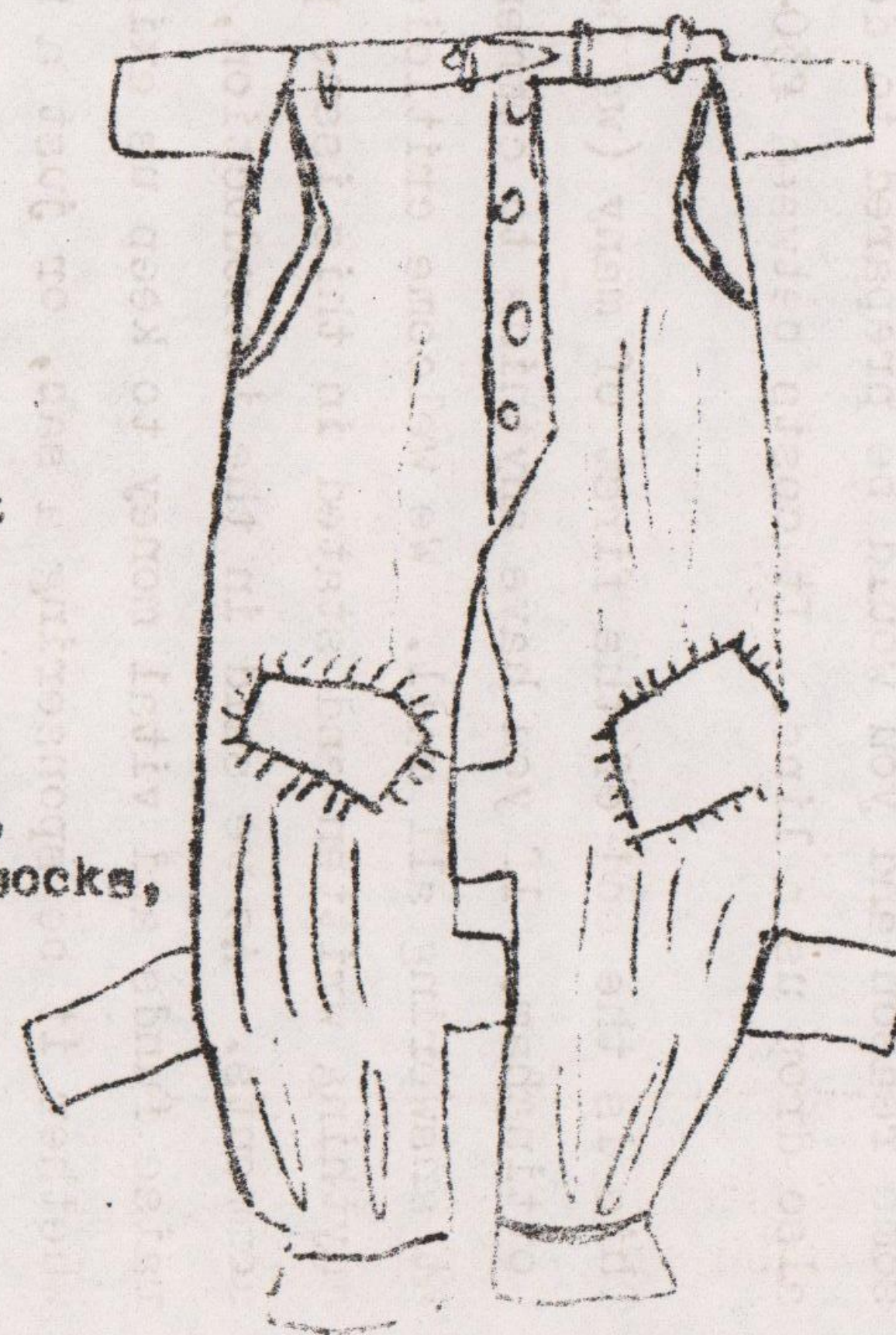
uniform checked shirt,  
these morons have no individuality



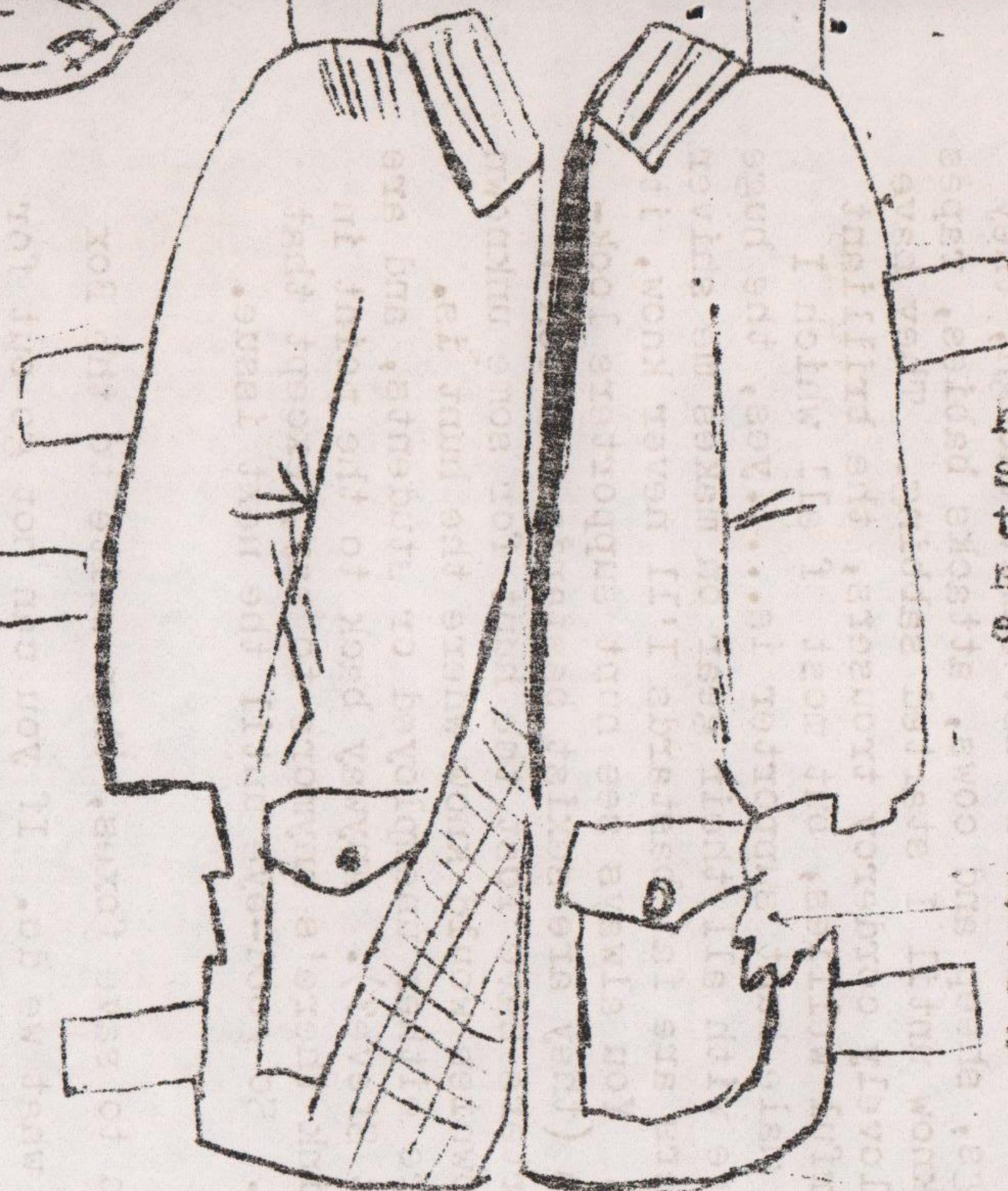
grey coloured  
very nasty, smelly just  
as holey grundies



brown coloured disgusting,  
horrible just as holey socks,  
held up by garters



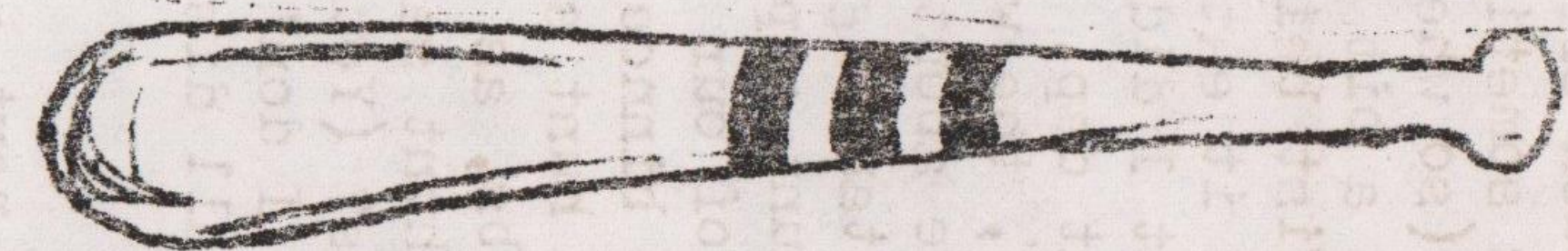
flat cap, well you  
can't look a twat without  
one



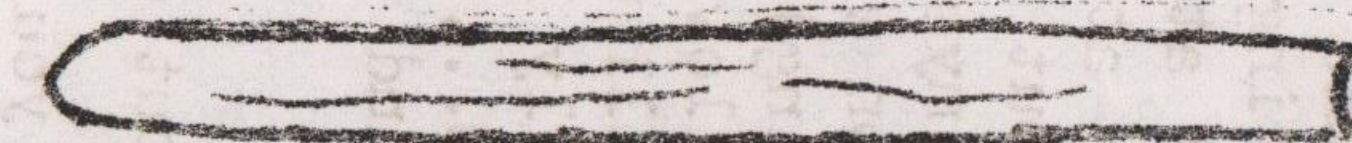
they all  
wear waxed  
coats, lesser  
neavies wear  
milletts own  
higher up the  
siale; Barbours  
these coats  
have game peck-  
ets at the rear

pocket contain  
ing shot gun  
cartridges &  
snares

assortment of weapons



baseball bat, quite legal if you are a hunt-  
heavy but an arrestable offence if you are  
a sab



iron bar & half a house brick,  
same as above



hob nail boots (that  
stink) used for kicking  
sabs and animals

note. hunt neavies are  
to thick to do up their  
snoe-laces so unless  
they live with their eu  
mothers they are buggar-



More information about our friendly hunt supporters;  
Hunt supporters are highly clever and polite people who answer questions or arguments with such clever words. Such as 'fuck off', 'fuck off you lefty bastard', 'fuck off, or i will rip yer bollocks off', or sometimes they don't even have to say anything they just smash you round the head (so when you go out sabbing, make sure you take some aspirin). They sometimes know a bit of sign language as well, the index and middle finger stuck up, and the clutched fist being waved around. I must admit though, they do know alot about the fox, such as it eats pigs, sheep and cows, attacks babies, rapes old ladies, which shamefully I admit I didn't know until I started sabbing. They have got great dress sense, like the flat cap, the lovely corderoy trousers, the brilliant breeches, the green shooting jacket, the wonderful wellies, but most of all which I personally think the most attractive about the male hunt supporter is.....yes, the huge side-burns. Yes, to look at them standing there with all their gear on makes me shiver with excitement. Why 9 out of 10 hunt supporters are fat bastards I'll never know, it must be one of the great mysteries of our time. You always see hunt supporters looking in the wrong direction with his binnoculars (they are sexist bastards and don't allow the women do anything). When hunt supporters have lost the hunt for some unknown reason, they start to follow the sabs, as if townies would know where the hunt is. Mind you, could anyone tell me why hunt sabs are either unemployed or students, and are scruffy bastards with silly haircuts? (You what Steve?). Anyway back to the point in question; hunt supporters.....well I don't think there's anymore to say, except that they are total bastards and should all die now. So good-bye until the next issue.

If you would like to go out with us next season to save foxes, then write to the Box number, and we will tell you more about us and what we do. If you can not go out for some reason and you would be prepared to donate money each week we are able to go out, also drop us a line. It costs between £30-£40, each time we go out.

This is the end of the first of many (we hope) of The Hunt Saboteurs Magazine of sunny Nottingham. If you have anything to comment about please write, we shall try our best at answering all mail. We welcome criticisms and praises. If at all you disagree at anything written and stated in this issue please tell us your own knowledge, views or comments. As we said in the introduction, one reason for doing this magazine is to raise funds and vital money to keep us existing. If you can spare any amount of money, whether it be sponsering a sab, or just a kind donation, we would appreciate it very much, every little bit helps. All the money we raise goes directly to saving the lives of animals, and nothing else. The sabs still have to pay £2 each week out of their own money to help the cost of hiring the vans, the up keep of their own vehicle, equipment, the list is endless. So, send all letters, information, contributions to the next mag, and most importantly money to : BOX J, MUSHROOM BOOKSHOP,

10, HEATHCOTE STREET,

HOCKLEY, NOTTINGHAM.

Lastly, I would like to thank all the people who have contributed to this magazine and to all the Nottingham/Trent Polytechnic Hunt Saboteurs, for going out and making our first season together a sucess.

THANKS TO SABS EVERYWHERE.