Sandy: Hello folks, this is Sandy Jacobs. I'm better known as the Silver Fox. I have a girl student from the Trent University to find out a little about the natives of our country, so I guess I'll give you a little bit of my history, or our history I should maybe say.

Now the way about, the only way I could get my history started, last year we raised our totem pole up at Burleigh Falls right in front of our community centre. It's not known all over yet. There's people I've been talking to and they seem to be wanting to come up to see the village and our community centre. So it's going to be like a history of our tribe, which this would include very well all tribes in Canada. I don't know just how many tribes there is at this certain point. It's a very historical place in Burleigh Falls, it's...

This beautiful totem pole that we have standing as a guard up at our community centre in Burleigh Falls, it has several, several meanings of Indians on this totem pole. Not everyone could understand what is on it. Some of us classes the pole more or less like a watchman over us Indians, something like
that.

So, just a while back, oh, I suppose -- I don't know how many years, we'll find that out from Lloyd Bridey -- when they surveyed Burleigh Falls they, the white people didn't come right into the Burleigh Falls they went around it. Maybe they hated the Indians or maybe they were afraid of the Indians...

One thing anyways, they didn't bother us at that time. So anyhow, as it goes, our hunting -- this is not many years ago either -- our hunting rights and fishing, and so on, living, we had that right in our hand. It was never to be taken away from us. So the hunting and fishing and trapping and whatever was taken away from us -- it was sold. I was very young at this time. I knew how to fish and trap anyhow, at that time.

But the people were sort of stupid in a way, as I remember. My father was never a member in that reservation. He was born there, his father and mother was born there, and my father was born before they were married like they do now. But I understand quite earlier that the Indians never used to look around for a minister to get married. They just more or less got together and lived together and raised a family. That was a while before this happened.

But as it went -- I'm referring to fishing and hunting and all this, but I'll finish off about my father and myself, and the Jacobs clan. I understand that my father was brought in the reservation as an illegitimate child, but later on he was voted out not to be a member. So that left me, when I was born, I didn't have nowhere more or less like a home, like the rest of the Indians has. So I was... my father... My mother died when I was around a couple of years old then, and I've been kicked around pretty well. Never paid too much attention to a lot of things, which I should have, but my young mind was worried very badly all the time that more or less I was alone. I was sort of hated, I will say that I may be yet. But I have been talking to some educated people and they told me that if I wished to put it in their hands, that I would be a full member, and then I could still have my own trapping, hunting rights and so on.

But anyhow, talking about trapping. Years back, this would be oh, let's say a hundred years back, we used to camp, they used to camp in a place called Otter Lake pretty near where you were today. There is a cave there. I have slept in this cave myself. That was used many, many years, and the people lived there all winter, the Indians. And they also had, I don't know what they call those... There's a big sandbar on this Otter Lake and they made a big mound, and they made a little small fireplace inside first before they closed the mound up and that's all they had, just crawl in and go to sleep. You're nice and warm all winter all the time with the small fire. But up on the mountain where this cave is you slept against the
cave at the back end and then the fireplace was out in the open facing, facing the back end, facing us. The heat, it threw the heat up to where we were sleeping. And then on further north yet they had been campers camping there in the winter, mostly winter, as Burleigh Falls was a more or less the bread and butter there at Burleigh Falls, where they could sell fish, and sell baskets, and whatever, berries, whatever we done. So back in that country it was very good hunting and they'd come back out in the early part of each year. That's in the back country, the Otter Lake District.

Fay: Why was it better hunting in that area than at Curve Lake?

Sandy: At Curve Lake, in that area at that time would be say maybe twelve trappers, hunters. Up around Curve Lake there might be 150, whatever, so there was better hunting there for a small group, and they separated. They didn't all go there, they camped other places where it was fairly good life. Game wardens -- no such things them days. You can eat whatever you wish in those days. Well, then we kept moving down and around. Myself I had to camp in Jack Lake for about ten years, hunting game.

Fay: Where is Jack Lake situated?

Sandy: That's about eight miles from (inaudible) south. And I put in a good time there. I was mostly alone. There was no white trappers to... oh, maybe one, maybe none.

Fay: And what did you trap in this, around this camp? What was your main concentration?

Sandy: What did I trap? Beaver, otter, mink, muskrats, just about like the same it is now, raccoon. Our biggest catches were, our biggest money was otter and beaver, which we could sell. We didn't have to hunt around for a place to get them stamped or anything like that. But as we lived along we... It was coming to the time that the hunting rights were being sold and we couldn't go in there to hunt any more, and couldn't go anywhere else to hunt, just at Burleigh Falls. In fact we're not allowed to hunt there now either. You have to have permits, trapper's permits and so on, gun licenses and whatever.

So in the whole summer long at Burleigh Falls there was quite a group of natives. My grandmother, I stuck by her. She raised me, you might say, and whatever she done I'd study off of her -- making baskets and whatever, picking berries, making baskets, and selling fish and what not. And then the times got a little better. The Americans started coming into Burleigh Falls to hire us as guides, and we put in a very, very nice time with those Americans. I learned a lot of English by talking to them, as I didn't go to school very long. If I did
I went two years anyways.

But the Burleigh Falls Indians, us people I will say, we are still kind of stupid. I was to a meeting last year in February in Ottawa talking to four of the Member of Parliament people. And they started asking me some questions which I answered about fishing and so on. And they asked me, "Where were you born? What country were you born in?" I says, "Canada here, Indian reservation. That's where most of our Indians were born." And I says, "We have no country, the government has taken our country. Only certain little wee... I doubt if they've given us anything yet, like a acre of land, I doubt it, to the non-status Indian especially. So at this time when we were in Ottawa I asked those fellows -- they know everything, they should -- I asked them what are they going to do with the Indians, if it's true what I hear. That they're going to tear the houses down, and the shacks down, or bulldoze them off. That it's going to be made into a park, park land on this site. And their prices has been going up, their rent, their rent for the land, and their taxes and so on has been going up and up. And it's pretty hard on some of those old people like myself to manage, to get ends meet, to earn a decent living.

So they... I asked them down there, I says, "All I want to know at this time, while I have a chance to speak to you," I says, "where are you going to put all the Indians if you're going to put them off the land where they were born, where they're living?" I says, "Where are you going to put them? And that's all I'd like to know is your ideas." So one fellow says, "That's something new to me. I've never heard such a thing." So I quit just about there. But anyway, they... the fishing and hunting, we obey the rules, the white rules, the white man's rules. We don't fish or hunt whenever we want to. And lose days as non-status Indian. If we should get a chance to get our rights back, we certainly would have a wonderful time to make ends meet, because we can eat pretty well everything we wish at any time in the year, I would think. The status Indians, they've had a wonderful go with the government. They don't pay taxes, they don't, they've got land that was given to them once upon a time. That is just the status Indians, and they're getting along much better than we are. They go and buy a suit, or go and buy a car, why they don't pay taxes and all that and that saves quite a bit of money. But us people, us non-status Indians, we're Indians just as much as they are but we certainly pay taxes, and no place more or less to call our own like the reserve.

I'll get back on to my grandmother, my grandparents. I'll get as far as I could remember that my grandmother raised me more or less, and also my aunt. That's right, my aunt, she just passed away this year. She was 84, I think, 82 or 84. But anyway through two or three people I managed to live a very hard life. So I guess down to granny, I used to come down to Burleigh Falls in the spring of the year with everything,
pretty well everything she owned, and set up the camp, tents for the whole summer. And we'd wait for the time when the berries arrived, and we'd wait for the time that the people, the fishermen, guests, to arrive and guide. They'd pay so much a day and your meals, three meals a day, and so much money for each day.

And my father guided there also. I don't know just the name of the hotel at that time. It's still Park Hotel where they all guided at once upon a time, until my father decided he'd buy a fairly decent sized building there right at Burleigh Falls, right near where the group of Indians are living right now, right close. And all the people that he used to guide they moved away from that other hotel and they moved over to his place to give him a better, you know, a favor to stay at his place.

And my dad, Jack Jacobs, he had his guides ready. If they went guiding at his place he'd send them over to the other place to guide. And that way they made a little money during the summer just by guiding. And oh, once in a while, my father used to... After the guiding was over he’d throw the house open and tell all the people around that we'd have a dance and we'll have something to eat and have a good time. And this happened once in a while.

So finally my father lost it over mortgage affair. Now he was given one building from the man that bought this little hotel, and he moved it up the road right near where he died from, where he raised his family. They moved it there. Then he called the place "His Place", Jack Jacob's lot and woods, whatever. And he used to give the people all the wood they want, and so on like this.

And one time I asked him -- I was living down by the lake then in my little cabin. It was the first little log cabin to live in, as far as I know, in Burleigh Falls. I lived there, oh, I guess three years or so. And I told him one morning, I says, "Jack," I says -- I called him by his name. I says, "Would you give me a piece of land or sell me a piece of land?" I says, "Where I'm living here, I'm afraid. There's so many little kids around." Some of my hounds were cross, as I was a fox hunter, a real fox hunter. "Well," he says, "go and pick out a spot. I won't sell it to you, I'll give it to you." So I went up, looked the situation over and I found a spot. I told my wife, I says, "We'll tear our little house down and we'll bring it over here and I'll get to work and make our home." So we did. And nothing happened very much. It was talk. So one day -- I don't know whether he was from Ottawa or where he was from -- he came to tell me that I was living there for nothing. I says, "Yes." I says, "It was given to me from my father."

Fay: About what year was this? Was this in the 1920s or '30s?
Sandy: Gees, we have that too at home someplace, the year we bought that. I think it's on my, what you call this paper? Deed. You see, when I was talking to this man he was going to rent me the place where I was living for $1 a year as long as I live, for $1 a year. So I told him, I said, "You might do it for one year but," I says, "you'll change your damn mind." I says, "You're going to sock it to me. I know it." So I says, "The only way to do it is I will buy it off of you." Well he said, "How you going to do it?" Well I says, "I make money trapping." I says, "I'll save some money and," I says, "I'll buy the land. We're not going to live," I says, "to be afraid to be threwed out every day. I want my own land." "No," he says, "no, you can't do that." He says, "Your best bet is $1 a year." I says, "All right, we'll go to court." I says, "I'm going to fight this on the squatter's rights." It was on then, squatter's rights. So he packed up his stuff and he says, "You're going to hear from me soon." And away he went. So I got a letter stating that I can buy my land there and get a surveyor to survey the land. I'd have to pay that and then I'd have to pay for the land also. Well, I don't know whether it was... I don't think it was $100 anyways for my land. The surveyor wasn't too much because we helped the surveyors cut, you know, lines. So I paid. And then there was another guy come out. "How did you make out?" he says to me. Two of them, they were living near me. One of them is Mrs. Johnson, you know Frances? Well, her husband, he says, "How did you make out?" I says, "I'm buying my land." I says, "How did you make out?" "Oh," he says, "we sent our $10 in for ten years, to live on this property for ten years." Well I says, "You should have come to me. Now," I says, "we could have helped one another to get the surveyors and get our own lot." Then the other man come. So finally they got their money back, their $10 back and just by a little writing, I just figured what they done. They got the same chance I got to buy the little strip of land.

(END OF SIDE A)

Fay: People in Burleigh make their living from year to year. What kinds of occupations did they go into or what kind of work did they look for?

Sandy: Well, I guess it would be the majority of us people, mostly the Metis and non-status Indians, we lived in Burleigh Falls all our lives. And as I said before we cut wood in season when the trapping is rather hard. We worked for the farmers cutting cord wood and logs. When the trapping is good we stay right with it and the fur buyer he'd come right to our place and bring the money and we'd sell our fur. Then we'd buy some more groceries, some more new clothing, which wear in the summer coming so we don't look too raggedy, I imagine. And then we guided right through freeze up again.
Fay: When was your trapping season?

Sandy: All the time.

Fay: Were there different animals for different seasons?

Sandy: You could say that. But no, we could... At the one time we can kill them any day, any day, any day of the season. We can kill a deer in July or August. Nowadays they are open in November for ten days or so. But once upon a time we could kill them any day, at any time. Just walk down the road with your rifle and bring your deer up the road. Nobody told you anything. But now you're not even allowed to carry a rifle on the road, let alone a deer.

So we managed all right. I know myself I wasn't very big but I drew an awful lot of fish on the sleigh going from one farmer to another farmer. You'd get potatoes and pork and so on, milk and whatever you could trade, and you'd have a load coming home again. And that would keep us for a week or ten days, more. And then the baskets would be made again, then the baskets would be gone too, they'd be sold. So, so that's the way up in the Indian reservation.

I didn't use to go home before I was married. I stayed with grandma, and I helped her an awful lot with her material for making baskets and that's how I learned. I've never forgotten. I would certainly like to have a chance to get the young class going now, to get them making baskets. That's a trade, it's a wonderful trade.

Fay: How do you go about making a basket, like getting the material and making a basket?

Sandy: Yeah, getting material and, yeah, you go and get... I suppose you can go and get three logs -- not too big -- on the sleigh and bring them home. And then you pound them, and granny done most of the rest. She modeled, she had several models of baskets -- some shopping baskets, apple baskets, egg baskets, all kinds of baskets, even little baskets with cradles on them for a little baby to lay in like a (inaudible) like. Yeah those, she used to make those. People used to buy them pretty fast when they seen this, where their little baby was going to sleep. And oh, there's a lot of ways that she made money where most of us didn't know how.

Fay: What kind of wood did you use?

Sandy: Ash. Pretty well all ash. That's a swamp ash, it's of no value, only for baskets. And little grandmother she'd have to be home a certain time of the years, summers or winters,
if there's going to be a baby born. And she'd be the doctor. And she'd stay with the mother of the baby for, I suppose, I don't know, six or eight days. She'd get tea and sugar, and flour, and whatever for pay. She was a great help. She knew quite a bit of medicine, which she used on the people, youngsters mostly. So as far as I know, I learned a great lot from my grandma. One grandma, she didn't hardly ever leave the Indian reserve, and also one grandpa. They stayed and they gardened for themselves. And the old grandpa used to guide up at Oak Orchard and that's how they made their go.

Fay: What time of the year would you be cutting wood? Would this happen in the fall?

Sandy: Oh, for the farmers? It would be around, I suppose, November, December, January.

Fay: And where did you have to go to cut the wood? Was it close to where you were?

Sandy: Oh, different parts. Maybe two miles, three miles walk. Then you make your dinner up there by the side where you're working. And then the boss he'd measure your wood on a Friday evening and pay you right there, and then you come home.

Fay: So you stayed in a camp for the week then?

Sandy: No, this what you're asking me now is a little later, before the days that we did live in tents. We lived in a house that I made on the same lot as where I am. And some of them made little houses where they are now too but, you know, you can see through them. They are thin houses, but they managed. But nowadays there's no more wood cutting, and there's no more hunting, no more trapping you might say.

Fay: How come you're the fox hunter at Burleigh Falls? Why did you pick fox to hunt?

Sandy: Oh, the money.

Fay: They were the most expensive pelts?

Sandy: Yeah, they were expensive and I could, and I can get them. I guess that was the biggest part of it. I was very sure. I might not get them the first day but I'd certainly get them the next day, something like that.

Fay: Would you set traps for them?

Sandy: Not as a general rule. If you, if the dog puts them in the den like in a bunch of rocks down in the den, yeah. You'd set a trap in there and you'd close the den up with sticks and stones so he couldn't come out. Once he starts to dig in there he's going to get caught. Well, you're over there the next morning to look at your trap. Sometimes he's there,
other times he won't try it the first night.

Fay:      So you have to hunt them down?

Sandy:    You don't run them down. The hounds run them like they do rabbits, I don't know whether you know. They keep barking, going around in a circle, or they're gone three, four miles away. They won't leave, they won't leave the fox, they stay right with it. And then you get on over there, and then you're very cautious about your wind. You know where the wind is from. You want to stay, you want that fox in between. Like you don't want to be above the wind so the wind will blow your scent in there. If he smells you he'll go another ten miles

some place else. But if you're careful to stay on the lee side he might make two, three circles like that in the swamp. Maybe sometimes I could see him just glimpsing. Then I'd walk in a little further, then I'm ready. Then he'd come again. Old hound way behind some place barking away. Then I'd shoot him. That's it.

Fay:      How many would you bring in a day?

Sandy:    Two is the most I ever got.

Fay:      Two?

Sandy:    Yeah, I got $50 apiece. Yeah, we made money to buy clothes, mind you. Christmas time I bought some beautiful stuff for my children. About that time I got two of them one day. And beavers were around about the same price.

Fay:      Where did the beaver hunting occur? Did you go from lake to lake, from Burleigh to Apsley?

Sandy:    At that time we went all over, wherever we could get a beaver. It wasn't lately, recently, they put zones, they put trap lines. See, they mark it, they put a post here and a post here. The government, that's your number and it goes so far and that's the end of it. That's the only place you can trap nowadays. You can't go over here, there's another one here. And he can't come over here with me either -- that's the way it now. But the times I'm talking about is wherever.

Fay:      And where was your favorite area for beaver trapping?

Sandy:    Around Burleigh Falls.

Fay:      Oh, close by. I heard at one time people were
trapping as far as Jack Lake.

Sandy: Oh Jack Lake was wonderful. Well, that's pretty close to Burleigh as the crow flies.

Fay: How would you get the beaver back to Burleigh? Just through packing it on snowshoes, or did you have sleighs?

Sandy: We always had sleighs. Most times every winter we'd use our snowshoes and a pack sack, put them in a pack sack and start out. You can make your own trail if you wish, a beeline more or less, you know, and not to follow an old road that was made years ago -- it's windy and windy. But with the snowshoes you can just go right on, right on, straight on except if it is a steep hill or something, you've got to go around it. That's the way we travelled. Then we sold our beaver right in Peterborough, very nice prices.

Fay: Did you have to stretch the pelts after...

Sandy: Not necessary. Nowadays we have to stretch them, dried, stamped. You can't sell your beaver now unless they have it stamped. Mink, fisher, martin, otter -- they all have to be stamped. The muskrat they don't have to be stamped to sell them. Of course they're in season too, you see, now. You can't go and trap them whenever you like.

Fay: How would you trap beaver? Like I have no idea how you would go about this. Could you describe this in some detail?

Sandy: Well, I guess I had been a pretty rough trapper in my days. By gosh, I lived as a trapper and I got to learn how to not to hurt them too much. Just as I used quite a lot of stone for weight and when he's caught he'd be maybe, I don't know, two minutes, three minutes. He jumps down and then the stone goes on down further and he can't come up. Then he's done -- he hasn't got no air. If he does get air then he does suffer, you see, I learned that. Same thing with the muskrats and so on. I believe in drowning them as quick as possible. They have been drowned in way less than a minute, muskrat. I have seen them get caught and then they circle around a little bit and then they are drowned.

They, the big society in Toronto wanted to ban the trapping, toe-hold trapping they called it. And I don't know how they're making out, but once in a while I hear a little bit. So we've already made our plans. I belong to the, I did belong, I'm going to resign Haliburton Trappers Association. That one of us will go with a trapper and if he does anything wrong -- you don't tell him how to trap, he'll set the trap. And if you think the fur is going to stay in that trap for several days
pulling and, you know, in trouble, he don't get a license, not the first year. He's got to learn something first. Such as it has been known, I've done it, that you don't go to see all your traps. Sometimes the weather is so bad you can't make it and the poor bugger's in your trap all this time suffering, you know, they suffer. That's about the only time, not too many days either this would happen. Now the snaring business, we talked about that quite a lot too for the trappers. You make a snare out of steel coil wire and you make it about the size of a little pie plate -- about that big around. And on one end there where it hangs there's, what do you call this thing that's on there? It's a stop loss, anyway. Every time he pulls this part won't give, it's tight. When he pulls again then that's still tighter, and when he can't pull that any tighter, well he's just about dead. You choke him right away, say in just about three minutes they choke

Fay: If they got their leg in instead it wouldn't hurt them though, eh?

Sandy: If they got their leg in it, which has happened, well that's a little torture. You can expect that sometimes. But these snares are one of the greatest for humane ways of trapping, the snaring the beaver. You chop a hole through the ice and then you put your snare down in there with some food, leave it. When he pulls too that thing don't give. Every time he pulls that's tight. And maybe if he pulls, if he happens to be going fast at the first, he's pulled enough then to choke himself and then that kills him quick.

Fay: If you set the food in the right place then you can pretty well bet they are going to stick their head through the snare. Is that the way it goes?

Sandy: No, there's no way. Once he puts his head in there -- I forget what you call this little stop loss thing. They're reasonable, sell them in all the big fur stores. Just the minute you touch the snare, like if you happen to hit it on the side here, it will close up a little bit, you know, not enough, maybe enough to hold him. But when he can't get out, then got to get out one way or the other, front way or the fore way to try to get out. But what does he know about that? So there's the way it goes for the fishing, for the trapping. Last year I was talking to the big shots, trappers, like the game warden, and so on, that we put a bunch of trappers up in the Yukon district. There's millions and millions of dollars worth to be caught there, but it's out of the way. You go in there, you

fly in and then you're in there for several months. You make your own snowshoes or whatever, your sleighs, you put up your meat, whatever you're going to eat. Pick your choice -- moose, deer, whatever, beaver, whatever you're going to eat. I was asking for 20, 20 trappers up there, and I was talking to the
chief then. "Ah," he says, "they wouldn't. They'd walk home, even that far." He says, "You can't drive them away." Well, I says, "They'd have to be pretty good shape too," I says, "in the line of health." Because one fellow made -- I was talking to his brother -- twenty some thousand, over $20,000 in three months.

Fay: Just trapping?

Sandy: Just trapping. And they came out with their stuff and they bought brand new skidoos and then they went back in again. I don't know what they done after. So there's all kinds of animals in that country.

Fay: How did you used to dry your pelts when you brought them back before? You know, say when you lived in the log house, would the pelt be dried outside or inside?

Sandy: Yeah, yeah. We used to use the clothesline. You know how you tie a clothesline to a tree and up to the house? A clothesline, then we'd hang them on this thing and then they'd be dry in a day if it's nice weather.

Fay: Would you just...

Sandy: Just the hoop of your little stick. Nowadays we have regular stretchers that's shaped almost like a muskrat. I made a lot of them and I bought a lot of them, steel stretchers. So anyway that's a big business too, about the trapping. Years back we weren't so awful fussy about taking the fat right off. I imagine that fur buyer we used to deal with, that would his job for the week, just taking the fat off and then putting them on boards and drying them, as he'd be going to Montreal every so often. And now you can dry them yourself right at home with the stretchers that were made. They are pretty well shaped like the animal you're drying, stretching.

Fay: And you did quite a bit of guiding then, fishing and guiding in your day?

Sandy: Yeah.

(END OF SIDE B)
(END OF TAPE)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INDEX TERM</th>
<th>IH NUMBER</th>
<th>DOC NAME</th>
<th>DISC #</th>
<th>PAGE #</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CRAFTS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-basket making</td>
<td>IH-OA.022</td>
<td>SANDY JACOBS</td>
<td>128</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-guiding, hunting and fishing</td>
<td>IH-OA.022</td>
<td>SANDY JACOBS</td>
<td>128</td>
<td>7,8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HUNTING</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-techniques</td>
<td>IH-OA.022</td>
<td>SANDY JACOBS</td>
<td>128</td>
<td>13,14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HUNTING</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-regulations</td>
<td>IH-OA.022</td>
<td>SANDY JACOBS</td>
<td>128</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TRAPPING</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-techniques</td>
<td>IH-OA.022</td>
<td>SANDY JACOBS</td>
<td>128</td>
<td>15,16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TRAPPING</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-as livelihood</td>
<td>IH-OA.022</td>
<td>SANDY JACOBS</td>
<td>128</td>
<td>4,5,10,13-19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TREATIES</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-treaty rights</td>
<td>IH-OA.022</td>
<td>SANDY JACOBS</td>
<td>128</td>
<td>5,14,15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORK</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-logging</td>
<td>IH-OA.022</td>
<td>SANDY JACOBS</td>
<td>128</td>
<td>6,7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>