

THE GALENA GAZETTE



ELECTION NOTICE

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Galena National Bank of Galena, Illinois, for the election of directors and for any other business that may properly come before them, will be held at their banking house on Tuesday, the 11th day of January, 1927.

ELECTION NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Merchants National Bank of Galena, Illinois, for the election of Directors and for any other business that may come before them, will be held at their banking house Tuesday, January 11th, 1927. Polls open from 2 to 3 p. m.

Stockholders' Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First State and Savings Bank, of Galena, Ill., for the election of directors and the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting, will be held at the office of said bank on Monday the 3rd day of January, 1927. Polls open from 2 to 3 p. m.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

If you want to buy a farm! If you want to sell a farm! If you want to buy a home! If you want to sell a home! Advertise in the Gazette.

GALENA MARKET REPORT

Table with market prices for various goods including Farm Produce (Butter, Eggs, etc.), Live Stock (Hogs, Cattle, etc.), and other commodities like Flour and Cement.

GALENA National Bank OF GALENA, ILLINOIS. Depository and General Financial Agents. LARGEST AND STRONGEST BANK IN JO DAVISS COUNTY. Assets Over \$1,500,000.00.

CENTENNIAL OF NAMING TOWN OF "GALENA" CELEBRATED BY D. A. R.

(Continued from 2nd Page.)

It boasted of an outside pump, speaking tube from the sitting room to the kitchen; and also a huge bell suspended over the maid's bed operated by wire and cords ending with a big tassel in the bedroom of her mistress.

Andrew's wife becoming more and more homesick, he accepted an offer of his brother-in-law to go into business with him in Boston. After several years the couple returned to Galena again as the climate on the coast was too severe for the husband, which seemed strange as he had been reared there with no trouble.

Returning to Galena they resumed housekeeping in their own home which had been rented in their absence. And A. M. Haines opened a wholesale store of dry goods, boots and shoes at 160 Main street.

This was an extensive business covering Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota and was very prosperous up to the year 1857 or until the panic caused by the failure of the Ohio Life Insurance Company of New York City, which broke up the country like a thunderbolt in a clear sky, with crushing effect. He weathered the storm for three years; but finally was obliged to close his business, as collections were impossible.

Mr. Haines and his wife joined the First Presbyterian church under Rev. Erastus Kent.

Mr. Haines was City Treasurer from 1846 to 1849. He was Executive of the Hugglett Estate.

Mr. Haines died in 1898. He had been blind four years which was a great misfortune to such a great reader and genealogist. His English ancestor came to this country from England August 14, 1635.

Mr. Nellie Parker Menzimer had very prominent Grand parents in the early settling of Jo Daviss county they were Mr. and Mrs. Benton and are listed among the early settlers of Jo Daviss County. Mr. Benton was born in Green County, New York 1808, and came to Chicago in 1832. Remained there a few months, then came to this county. He lived in Galena a short time, thence to Dubuque where he erected the first cabin that was built in that place.

In 1824 he came back to this county, where he resided until his death in 1893.

In 1842 Mr. Benton married Sophia Watts. She was born in Sussex County, England, in 1820. Came to Chicago in 1834, where she lived for three years. She came to this County in 1837, resided in Galena with a brother, James Watts who latter went to Elizabeth, and in a lumber's cabin set up the first store in that village. He married Abigail Hunt whose father was an early settler of Hanover township.

Mr. and Mrs. Benton had three sons who served in the Civil War. The oldest was killed at Dallas, Georgia in 1864.

Addison and Ira Benton, brothers, were also early settlers in Stockton Township. A son L. D. Benton, owning the farm where the town of Stockton is now located. A Range of hills extending from Rush Township into Stockton is called Benton's Mounds. Named for the Benton Homesteads, where the highest points are located.

The family of Mrs. Robert Marten (Maude Bruner) added honors to the County. Her grandfather was Jacob Bruner, born in Germantown, Pennsylvania and emigrated to the West in his early life settling near Apple River. His son, Mrs. Marten's father, was then a very young child, as he was born in Pennsylvania in 1826. He answered his Country's call to Arms and enlisted in the 96th Illinois Volunteers, Co. H. Was Color Sergeant of his company on the battle field of Chicamauga. He was wounded and left for dead. But his Captain, Pepon of Warren, sought him amid the carnage to find some memento that he could send back to the family. Putting his hand in the breast pocket of his coat he felt the heart beat, and lifting the dead weight of the wounded soldier on his horse he took him back to camp to restore life and health. His service to his country are honored by the preservation of the flag he carried through the war with his picture in the State Capitol at Springfield. And he was an honored citizen of Jo Daviss County until his death in 1920.

South of Stockton and until a few years ago was kept in the family of Nash, but the members are all now interested in other lines of work. Her brother Dr. F. A. Nash and herself—Grandchildren of Nathan Nash are residents of Galena and a Great Grand son, William H. Nash, is also a residence of Galena.

Miss Katherine Norris told that her great grandfather, Jeremiah Wood came to Galena in 1831 and was engaged in teaching school. His wife, Elizabeth Scribner Wood (a daughter of Captain Nathaniel Scribner of Revolutionary fame) with her daughter Phoebe and son John S. came up from St. Louis on a steamer which landed them near (incredulous as it may seem to the present generation) the Meeker street bridge. Phoebe, a nine year old girl, anxious to see her father, had the house pointed out to her which was situated near the corner of Hill and Bench streets, in what was afterward known as the Clymohouse next to the First Presbyterian Church. Her father was very much surprised and alarmed when she walked in on him, as a rumor had just been received of the capture of the fort at Apple River by the Black Hawk Indians. The settlers were all called into the stockade where their first night was spent. My great grandfather at the request of Mr. Glatton went to Gratiot Grove in Wisconsin and took charge of the school there. Grandmother's stories of the times they used to have with the Indians there were very interesting. Am sorry I cannot recall them. In 1837 they moved onto a farm in Sand Prairie about where Blanning now is, where they found rattlesnakes galore. My grandfather R. S. Norris, same to Galena in 1837; for a year he was bookkeeper for the Galena Branch of the State Bank of Illinois; afterward about 1840, went into the mining and smelting business. In 1854, he bought the farm on which we now live—which has always been noted for its expansive view and location. Then my Grand father Thomas—was an early settler. He was born in England and came to America in 1842. After a visit with friends in Kenosha, Wis., they came to Jo Daviss County in 1843—44, traveling from Kenosha by wagons but they had the misfortune to lose one horse the first day out. They coupled the two wagons together and putting the one horse ahead of the team made the journey comparatively easy—my Grandfather often telling how he rode the leader.

After spending some time with his father James Roberts on the farm east of Galena, he began mining the local lead mines and afterwards the copper mines in the Lake Superior district.

In 1856 he and his brother conducted a meat market in Galena and they had a thriving business supplying meat for the steamboats on the river. The Roberts brothers later became extensive shippers of live stock to the Chicago markets. My grandfather was a warm friend of General U. S. Grant and they both attended the same church and he was a younger brother of James Roberts—Grandfather of Mr. Henderson Smith.

Mrs. Harriet Montgomery Priestly told of her grandfather, William Hoskins coming to Galena and settling in 1846. He came from that part of England that is famed for its mines—Cornwall. And doubtless, he was attracted to the new land and its story of mines and mining, by his understanding of the mines in his own country. He went still farther West in the great gold rush of '49, to California. But in 1851 he returned to England and married Eliza Nicholas. Returning to Apple River where he engaged in farming and later in the lumber business. His daughter, Kate Hoskins Montgomery, wife of Mr. Eugene Montgomery, is the mother of Mrs. Priestly, and the name Hoskins is associated with Galena as the lumber yard of Hoskins and Company, and is the continuation of the original one of Apple River.

Mrs. Anne Green Sampson contributed the work of her grandfather Darius Hunkins as her ancestral share in Galena's early days. He came to Galena in the spring of 1838, being then a young man twenty-six years old; and was engaged in the contract of constructing the Illinois Central Railway from 1838 to 1840.

The first means of crossing the Galena River by a Ferry boat established by Francois Bouthillier, who had come to La Pointe from Prairie du Chein where he was an Indian Trader and interpreter for the British Government. It was at the foot of what is now Bouthillier street and near the Illinois Central Depot. He also had a shanty at the Bend where he had trade with the Indians. This Ferry was run by Bouthillier and in time by G. S. Wight who bought it from him in 1842. A subscription was taken and a modern bridge was built on the site of the Ferry. Also one at the foot of Franklin street. They were carried away by ice floods and Mr. Hunkins then instrumental in its construction built the Spring Street bridge and the Meeker Street bridge in Galena and for a time extracted toll in 1847 and 1848.

In 1872-'73 he graded the Galena and South Western Railroad from Platteville to Galena and all over this county his skill as an engineer and contractor was recognized. His daughter Marion married Edward T. Green and they were the parents of Mrs. Sampson. The old Hunkins' Home on Park Avenue is one of the stately old landmarks of Galena and Mrs. Sampson lives in the home next to it which was the

home of her girlhood. Being built so that Mr. Hunkin's daughter and her family could be near his own home.

Mrs. Frances Sawyer Smith told of her husband's grandfather, James M. Roberts, a pioneer of this county, he was of English birth and parentage and was born in Constantine Parish, Cornwall County, England, April 2, 1820, and at the age of 22, he and his parents set sail April 3, 1842, at Palmouth, for the United States, and after a pleasant voyage of little more than six weeks, landed in New York City, May 9th. The family then journeyed by way of the Hudson river and the Erie canal to Buffalo, where they spent three weeks and then took passage on a schooner for Southport, now Kenosha, Wisconsin.

After staying there awhile, he with his father and elder brothers started overland to find a suitable location. Not caring for the vast desolation of the prairie, they pushed on to Jo Daviss County, and thence to Galena, a thriving and prosperous town, where merchant, miller and miner did business on a cash basis, a fact that appealed immensely to the new-comers at that time.

On the 12th of February, 1846 he was married to Miss Mary Prisk, who was also a native of Cornwall County, England, and came to the United States with her parents in May, 1841.

Mr. Roberts was a very successful farmer and live stock raiser and for a number of years followed that occupation. He owned several farms in East Galena on the old Elizabeth road, now known as the Great Highway on Route 5. One of which is now owned by his grandson, C. Henderson Smith, the husband of Mrs. Frances Smith.

Mr. Roberts spent the latter part of his life in the city of Galena, where he died at his home on Bench street, November 12th, 1911, at the age of 92 years.

Miss Jessie Spensley's recollections of her parents and her grandmother, that so many of the Galena people remember, was the last to tell the Pioneer story.

My father's parents were among the early settlers of this county, coming from England, they first settled in Dubuque county, where some of my grandmother's family, the Bonsons, had preceded them. Afterwards coming into Jo Daviss County where my grandfather had a lead smelting furnace on the Sinsinawa Creek. There were about (so history says about 26 lead smelting furnaces here during the early days—such furnaces are now a thing of the past.) The mineral was smelted into bars and then sold.

My mother's father, Henry Hobbs Low, was one of the very early settlers, coming to this county and settling on Small Pox Creek, where the Black Jack Mine is now located, in the thirties, where he had a saw mill, as he was in the lumber business. And it was there where he brought his bride, as she often said, "the last day of 40."

Eighty-six years ago the 31st day of this month, a young bride of 20 years, came to this County, with her husband, and settled upon the land upon which the Black Jack Mine is located. She made this community her home until her death in October, 1915, at the age of 95 years, 6 months. This young woman was my grandmother, and it was through her ancestry I was able to join the D. A. R.

Harriet Beebe was quite a young girl when her family came West from Vermont and settled at Gratiot, Wisconsin. She was an invalid when the family decided to join an elder brother of hers who had been in the West for some time. She was unable to sit up but a few moments each day, and all the way from Vermont to Gratiot, by easy stages, on a bed. There was but one tavern in Chicago at that time, and there she and her mother remained for a week. One story she told of stopping there was that her mother brought her some gruel, she said, "Mother, you didn't make this gruel for me." Her mother replied, "No, dear, the landlady made it." "Well, I can't eat it." Her mother had to go down and get permission to make some for her.

She was born at Stanstead, Lower Canada, April 12th, 1820, just across from Beebe Falls, Vermont. Her girlhood was a happy one, and was spent in Vermont.

After coming to Gratiot she was ill for about a year and then recovered her health. As there were many more young men than young women at those early days the young women always had plenty of attention, and good times generally, so grandma said. A popular form of entertainment was the Mock Marriages. At a party at the home of the Gratiot family (Mrs. Bale's grandfathers, I believe) Hamilton's son was the groom.

As her husband was in the lumber business and had a large saw mill on Small Pox Creek, he employed a large force of men and had several teams of fine horses. In those days horse thievery was very common and many a tale she has told of attempts to steal the horses and of how she and a sister-in-law sat up all one night, when her husband was away, watching the horses and waiting for one of the men whom she had sent secretly to town to get the Sheriff, to return.

She used to come to Galena very frequently on horseback, leave her horse about where Mrs. Sampson's home is now, and then come over into town.

I remember her telling of a barbaque held over 4th of July. It took place on the hill near where the stand pipe is now. That was all unoccupied land.

She never seemed to have enjoyed the life of a pioneer, she said she never heard her say she ever had one, although she had four children born down there. She had eight children, but only four grew to manhood and womanhood. While living at the Mill, as she called it, she buried the butter they made, in the spring, just 6 feet from the big lead, that was afterward struck there and which is still running as the Black Jack Mine. Had my grandfather obeyed his wife, as all men should, they might have had the fortune made from the mine, for she had asked him to have the men build her a Spring House over this Spring, he replying he would when the men had some idle time. But before this was done they decided to sell and come up to town as the country was very malarious and the children were not well.

Her tales of early days in Vermont were most interesting. Of their sugar-canning parties. How they would spin the yarn, the wool taken from their own sheep. Then a woman would come to the home and make clothing for all, a shoemaker would come and stay until he had made shoes for all the family.

All her life, after I knew her, she could never bear to hear a band play without being deeply affected, as she lived through the Civil War and suffered as all did during that period.

After the recital and the comparing of family tradition, Mrs. Smith was joint hostess with Mrs. Bale, took a seat at the beautifully decorated table and proceeded to serve the old time company dish of "Floating Island", and Mrs. Bale poured tea from her grandmother's tea pot and served sugar from an old blue English China sugar bowl that was her great-grandmother's and cream from a luster cream jug that would make the heart of a collector jump with joy. Grandmother's and great-grandmother's silver spoons were used; dainty, thin, hand made silver teaspoons that bore the wear of years, and ginger bread was served on an old fashioned compote brought from England over a hundred years ago. Bright red candles gave a Christmas glow to the table and beautiful scarlet and green holly was draped over the chandelier. It was sent by Mrs. Robert Martin, a member of the Chapter, from Arkansas, where she is spending the winter.

"To The Pioneer" "Only those are crown'd and sainted who with grief have been acquainted Making Nations nobler, freer."

"In their feverish exultations, In their triumph and their yearning, In their passionate pulsations, In their words among the nations The Promethean fire is burning."

"But the glories so transcendent That around their memories cluster, And on all their steps attendant, Make their darken'd lives resplendent With such gleams of inward lustre."

Florence Gratiot Bale Historian for Priscilla Mullens Chapter, D. A. R.

NORTH HOLLOW. Owing to the correspondent having been indisposed for two weeks we shall have to make our letter brief.

C. W. Patterson and Will Simmons each sold a bunch of hogs since our last letter. Among our mail the past week we found cards from our old friends Joe and Will Harvey out in Denver and Ernest Stadel way down in Florida. Glad to hear from all our old Hazel Green boys.

The Hazel Green state bank advises their stock holders of the annual meeting Jan. 4th, 1927, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Williams spent Sunday down here on the farm. John was along too, being home for the holiday recess.

Bob Travis and wife were over from Potosi Tuesday.

The school program and basket social was quite well attended and was a success generally.

Clarence Ralph is driving a new Ford closed car.

Clyde Neollins and wife, little Hazel and Louis, made a trip to Benton in the New Overland 6 on Wednesday.

Pete Timmerman and family spent Sunday at Will Rundes's.

John Wiegman will have a sale on the former Ben Lebben farm on Jan. 4th.

This winter will no doubt get the climax when it comes to ice and slippery roads.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kendall spent a few days last week at the Williams home.

Our old friends, the Stadel family down in Florida, tells us when the Gazette comes the North Hollow items are the first looked for. You shall not be disappointed folks as we shall try to keep you posted on the home news.

The Ed. Jacob's family of Cuba, spent Christmas at Will Rundes's. The folks round about were helping John Mecher shred corn Tuesday. Better late than never John.

In Time of No Choice By DUFORD JENNE (Copyright.)

"YOU poor, miserable little thing!" Beth said with smiling eyes, "I have a gorgeous plan for you. Now you shut up your little Puritan self in a handy closet and listen to me!" Alice smiled faintly at her roommate, but it surely was a faint smile. A long month at a great city hospital that leaves one weary of life, without a position, and with savings gone does not make happy smiles; and Alice had reached that point, in spite of her cheery roommate, who never let life get the best of her, where she was letting go.

"Ted's folks invited me to their place—after he died. He was a black sheep, you know, and when he married me, an ornery city girl with wild habits, that finished the both of us for them. So I never visited them. I'm going to send you to them—under my name. In other words, you are to be for two precious weeks—Mrs. Edward B. Hale!"

"Oh! I never—it would be—" Alice objected. "Listen! They never did a thing for Ted and me. They seemed to be sorry afterwards, but I don't forgive them. Then, you can't get me out among the cows and the crossroads. It's just right for you. You should never have come to the city, anyway." Beth rattled on. "I'll never go to see them. And you're just plain going to die, little one. You've got no choice!"

Too weak to argue, too weary to care much about the deception, dominated by the gay girl who took every challenge that life offered, at the end of the week Alice found herself speeding on the southern train to the home of the people to whom she was to be accepted, to whom now they would make redress.

More than once, Alice was in a panic of shame and doubt as she thought of the deception. The keenest moment of anguish came when, as she stepped from the train at the village station, a tall, smiling man of about her own age stepped up.

"Mrs. Hale? I am Alfred—Ted's brother. I'm to drive you home—and tell you that we are mighty glad to have you come," he said.

His smiling, friendly face stilled her fears, and before she knew it she was in his car, sweeping away into the country. She was silent, but he chattered along in his cheerful way, explaining gently how sorry his father had been for his sternness toward her and Ted, and added:

"Mother has been strong for you all the time, but dad rules the roost, and he's one of the old-fashioned, stiff-backed kind—up on his uppers one moment, then the next, sorry clean through. He'll try to make it up to you—and so will the rest of us!"

They did, without question, and Alice had reason to grieve over the deception many nights thereafter as she lay in the cozy upstairs best room with the wide peace of the country night about her.

One day Alfred looked at her oddly: "Beth, you were a little white ghost when you came, but you begin to look—well, you look mighty good to me," he suggested, his eyes merry.

Then he began to take her to happy times in the village and at different farms—dances, suppers, picnics—and after each came the long drives home through the fragrant, singing southern night; and a little slow ache began to form in her heart—she did not want to go back to the great city.

Then one night, as he went to the house with her after a joyous evening, he paused in the kitchen and pointed to a calendar.

"Beth, you see those little checks? I have been marking off the days you have left—and I—I wish I could get you to stay here always. I shall miss you," he said simply.

She trembled at the deep undertone of emotion in his voice, and her lips parted to form the words, "Oh, I wish I could"—then she remembered, and fled to her room.

The next morning, as she went downstairs, Alfred caught her arm, and his eyes were so tender and gentle, the tears almost came, but she said firmly: "Alfred, I want to tell you something—and your mother and father—I—wasn't Ted's wife!"

He slipped an arm around her and, somehow, the touch of the firm arm was comforting.

"Little one, we have known it all along, for the real Beth wrote just after you came, the whole story. We didn't want to tell you we knew, and Beth didn't want to tell you she had written—and then mother and dad fell in love with you; then seeing that I did at the start; it seemed as if—"

words eluded him, and he paused for a moment. "All I know or care is—I love you, and if you think you could be happy with me, I don't want you to go back—ever!"

A sweet sense of happiness closed about her, and out of it she spoke in a whisper: "And I don't want to go back, ever—for I love you!"

Deadliest of Hawk Tribe The goshawk is the fiercest of all the hawk tribe and is blamed by conservationists, in a great measure, for the growing scarcity of game. It is claimed that the species, whose habitat is largely in the North, where its favorite quarry is the snowshoe hare, comes to the temperate zone in great numbers only when there is a scarcity of food in the North.

A law requiring all railroads to use steel passenger cars, or cars with steel underframes was asked of congress by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its annual recommendations. A law prohibiting the use of wooden-frame cars in trains consisting of part steel, was also asked.

It won't be long now before some citizens will begin to suffer with a cold at night because the extra bed quilt is being used to keep the flyver warm.

Subscribe for The Gazette. Gazette ads pay.

BLACK BAG REAL "GLOBE TROTTER"

Travels More Than 100,000 Miles With Owner.

Chicago—If a little black cowhide club bag, now in Chicago, could talk, it could tell a tale that would rival any travel story ever written.

This little bag has been carried more than 100,000 miles on travel by A. R. Buchanan, traveling passenger agent of the Canadian Pacific steamships. It is completely covered with steamship, railroad and hotel tags. There is hardly a path on the face of the globe that this little bag has not been over.

It started on its travels eight years ago. Its first journey was from Montreal to New York, thence to the West Indies, the northern countries of South America and through the Panama canal. In all, the bag made the West Indies 20-day cruise five times.

Next it "shipped" on a 64-day Mediterranean cruise. It was on this jaunt that it was taken through Egypt to the Assuan dam on past the first cataract of the Nile.

Only recently it was brought back from a jaunt around the world on which it visited 20 countries and 27 ports. On this cruise of the Empress of Scotland it traveled 30,000 miles.

"One seeing is worth a hundred tellings," says a Chinese proverb, and if this little black bag could talk it would tell of how, when journeying 4,386 miles across northern India, it "witnessed" a phenomenal spectacle. In this holy city of the Hindus on January 14, last, there occurred a solar eclipse. Along the five miles of bathing ghats of the sacred Ganges, over a million and a quarter Hindus battled to be immersed in the stream. Hindus of inferior enlightenment believe an eclipse to be a sign of ill omen. They believe it to be caused by a fearsome demon, Hahu, who, swallowing the planet, disgorges it only when propitiated by sufficient bathing in sacred waters.

Smallest County Is Great Divorce Mill

Arlington, Va.—Granting a divorce every three and a half minutes is the record being maintained by the county court at Arlington, Va., just outside of Washington, D. C. Arlington is the county seat of the smallest county in the United States.

Rivaling Reno and Paris as a divorce center, Arlington is handling hundreds of ruined love affairs because it is situated close to ample supplies of raw material—the large eastern cities.

Arlington's divorce court grinds once a week, Saturday, for four hours, during which more than 30 divorces are turned out. Long before Judge Samuel G. Brent takes his seat divorce day the courtroom is packed with petitioners.

First come, first served, is the rule. There are always more divorce applicants than can be heard before adjournment, so many have to stay over another week.

The divorce procedure is short and snappy. Desertion is the customary cause of complaint. The petitioner declares desertion has covered a period more than three years and that he has lived in Arlington one year. One witness corroborates these statements, and the divorce is granted.

That's all—except the "divorce specialist" lawyer collects a fee ranging from \$100 to \$250. And he generally has a dozen or more cases each divorce day!

Man Without Country Gets "Nansen Passport"

Constantinople.—The problem of 200,000 refugees without nationality—most of them from various parts of Turkey and Armenia—will be solved, at least in part, by the adoption of a suggestion made two years ago by the Near East Relief that an international passport be issued to them by the League of Nations.

The new document will be called a "Nansen passport," and it will serve for identification purposes and for use in traveling between countries. A charge of \$2 will be made for each passport, to meet the expense of issuance and registration. The passports must be renewed annually.

Every country in Europe has a certain number of these people, who are diplomatic anomalies in being actually "men without a country."

Germans Claim New, Cheaper, Better Steel

Berlin.—Discovery is claimed of a new steel-making process which yields a harder and at the same time more elastic metal than any made by existing methods.

The discovery, made in the laboratories of the German Dye trust, is said to have resulted in the production of steel of the finest quality with none of the impurities and defects now unavoidable in the smelter process.

It is said the steel thus produced is cheaper to manufacture, and it is hoped that the new invention will place the German industry in a dominant position in the international market.

I. C. TIME SCHEDULE

Table with train schedules for Westbound and Eastbound routes, listing times for various stations like No. 15, No. 21, No. 27, No. 29, No. 11, No. 12, No. 30, No. 32, No. 16.