

# Still Waters

By Frederic F. Van de Water

## The story thus far:

**RICHARD YORK** of Aristides, N. Y., is accused of murdering his uncle, Adrian York. Circumstantial evidence against him is damningly complete.

Driven to desperation by the venomous brutality of Chief of Police Clow, Richard breaks free and escapes. He is given temporary shelter by Desire Minot, daughter of the district attorney, who is convinced of his innocence. She was, until lately, engaged to him.

Forced once more to flee, Richard is seen by state troopers Tarleton and Conway, but eludes them and finds refuge in the attic of a deserted cabin in the mountains. He sees a load of liquor delivered by airplane and stored in the cabin, and hears arrangements made for its disposal. Convinced that the bootleggers are responsible for his uncle's murder, he sends an urgent message by a farm boy to Desire to send trooper Tarleton to him.

"Dip" Tucket, trouble-shooter for the liquor syndicate, arrived with Richard in Aristides on the night before the murder. Richard, desperately attempting to drown his sorrow at his broken engagement, went with Tucket to Elud Meister's speakeasy and later invited Tucket to his uncle's house for the night. On the way they stopped at the summer house. Richard caught sight of a pile of liquor cases. Tucket denied seeing them. Next day Richard mentioned them to his uncle. A few hours later Adrian York's body was found near the summer house—which proved to be empty.

Tucket came to Aristides to adjust an open feud between McGrogan and Meister who, between them, control the local bootlegging. The situation is complicated by the embittered rivalry of Meister and Chief of Police Clow, his secret partner, over Rose Michaux.

Skeen, the taciturn chauffeur for the Minots, leaves their employ.

Meister is found strangled in his speakeasy, his money gone. Three people have been seen entering and leaving the place: Clow, Tucket and Rose Michaux.

Meister's watch is missing, but a clock, fallen to the floor, has stopped at one twenty-seven. Clow was with the district attorney at one fifteen. Conway, inspecting the dust-covered dial, suddenly notices that it is wiped clean for three quarters of the circle.

## VI

"**SOMEONE**," Conway ventured, "set this thing recently."  
"Well?" the district attorney exclaimed with a trace of impatience.

"Set it forward forty-five minutes," the trooper mused aloud, the thrill of his discovery banishing self-consciousness. "Maybe after Meister was killed."

"Yes," Minot agreed after a pause, his eyes fixed on that faintly polished trail around the dial. "That is possible. But what for?"

"Three quarters of an hour before twenty-seven minutes past one," Conway ventured, "was before the girl came here and before the little guy—Tucket—came here. It must have been just about the time Chief Clow left to drive out to your house."

"You don't mean to insinuate for a minute," Minot snorted, "that Chief—"

"Didn't he find a watch out where Adrian York was killed?" the trooper retorted, "and wasn't it hard for him to explain the time that pointed to? Well—"

**MINOT** waved both hands in a gesture of overstrained credulity.

"Preposterous!" he exclaimed angrily. "You police would rather catch each other than arrest criminals. Clow didn't find the watch. Andrus, my assistant, did."

The affronted expression on his thin face, the cold glitter behind the eyeglasses faintly dismayed the young trooper.

"Corporal Tarleton," he blurted defensively, "isn't sure that York killed his uncle, either. He's suspicious about that watch, too. And somebody did reset this clock. If Clow planted that watch, he wouldn't slip on the matter of time twice. He'd set this clock, so—"

"If Corporal Tarleton thinks that," Minot retorted acidly, "he's an ass, and it seems to be contagious. Suppose someone has reset this clock, what does it prove?"

"Only," Conway hesitated, embarrassed, "that—"

"Only that someone reset the clock,"

the district attorney interrupted in shrill exasperation.

"When? Today or yesterday or God knows when. And furthermore," he added triumphantly, "can you tell whether it was set forward or back?"

No. Of course you can't. You read too much detective fiction. If you look at it any longer you'll arrest me for killing both Adrian York and Meister. Come on. If you see Clow, tell him I'm waiting at headquarters."

Still resentful and numb from the lash of Minot's scornful speech, the trooper dropped at the hilltop from the running-board of the car in which the district attorney rode and walked aimlessly down Main Street. Too inexperienced to cling to a theory under the blast of higher authority's derision, he thought no more of the clock and the telltale arc in its dusty dial but surrendered to the morbidly pleasant occupation of resurrecting particularly biting fragments of the district attorney's tirade and evolving even more cutting responses thereto.

The choked coughing of a locomotive roused him at length and he saw the three o'clock train pulling out of the station, a block away. Upon the platform, men struggled, a black agitated knot that grew as reinforcements rushed into the confusion. Above the pulsing rumble of the train's departure, Conway heard a savage clamor of strife boil up, rise higher into shrillness. The uneasy mass congested, dilated and blew apart into men who waved their arms and yelled as they streamed toward him.

Instinctively he detached his riot stick from his belt. In the seconds intervening before the chase reached him, he recognized the pursued, a little man in shepherd's plaid, no longer dapper but panting, disheveled, his face a white and scarlet mask of terror. Behind him, in the dark cinder dust rising from the station yard, the faces of the pursuers flickered. A stone sailed ever so slowly through the air and smote Dip Tucket between the shoulders so that he plunged with a squeaky

whimper of pain and almost fell into Conway's arms.

The fugitive's mouth hung open. His eyes were glazed by fright and pain, but he struggled against the trooper's grasp with a feeble terror. Conway held him tight and helpless, and the first of the pursuers to arrive yelped and struck Tucket in the face. The little man's head sagged forward. He would have dropped if his captor had let go.

About the pair black dust smoked skyward from milling feet and filled the air with the reek of soft coal. Through the thickening haze, faces pulled out of shape by passion swam before the trooper. The clashing storm of voices was merging, growing articulate.

"**LYNCH** him," they chanted. "Lynch him."

Hands, thwarting each other by their numbers, scrambled for Conway's prisoner, tried to pull him away. He shifted his hold upon Tucket's body and swung

his riot stick. Twice it landed with solidity that thrilled him. Squawks of pain pierced the brutal clamor, and his immediate assailants drew back.

But more men were coming, shadows through the thickening dust. The mob circled him, pausing for that instant of hesitation that precedes a concerted rush. Half dragging, half leading the semi-conscious little man, Conway wheeled about and charged. The crowd parted, dismayed by his sudden move, and the trooper found himself against the brick wall of a freight shed. With this assuring solidity behind him, he faced the mob.

They formed a wide, hesitant semicircle about the panting man in gray and his still dazed captive. As the increasing press behind thrust the unwilling front rank forward, Conway let the riot stick dangle from his wrist and drew his revolver. The savagely hilarious roar of many voices slackened. Those near at hand struggled earnestly to get away from this palely ominous





figure in gray with the glitter of the big Colt in his fist.

"Well?" Conway invited grimly. No one replied, but a segment of the semicircle was agitated where, from its rear, a bulky figure in blue began to tear through.

"What's the trouble?" the trooper persisted. Babel answered him, from which he could draw only fragments of speech.

"Damn' murderer—station—got away from the chief—murdered Ehud—Chief Clow—"

Some enthusiast well in the rear set up again the rattling yelp of "Lynch him." Other voices picked it up, dwindled and died as Conway, very deliberately, placed a finger forward of the trigger of his gun.

"Careful," he advised. "This has an awful easy pull."

The man at whom the weapon pointed shrank and then lifted an uneasily placative voice.

"Law's the law, trooper," he con-

ceded. "We ain't gonna interfere. We only chased him when he got away from the chief."

Tucket rubbed a trickle of blood from his forehead into a ghastly smear, pulled himself erect, hiccuped and tugged weakly at the fist with which Conway still gripped him.

"OFFICER," he muttered, "if you need both hands, use 'em. You ain't got no need to hang onto me. You couldn't get rid of me, Officer."

"Where's the chief?" Conway demanded.

"Right here," Clow's hoarse voice blared promptly, and the crowd parted before the thrust of his big body. His face, varnished with sweat, shone scarlet. He panted and, ranging himself alongside Conway, gripped the prisoner with a snarl of uneasy triumph.

"Tried to beat it when I nailed him," he bawled for the crowd's as well as the trooper's benefit. "Tripped me when I arrested him, just as he was gettin'

aboard the train. Makin' his get-away after killin' Ehud Meister."

"Easy," Conway suggested, for at each bellowed phrase Clow was shaking savagely the limp figure of the prisoner. "Let's get him out of here."

With Tucket between them, Conway and the police chief breasted the crowd. It parted willingly enough before them, but closed in behind, a murmurous straggling procession that followed the policemen and their prisoner to headquarters.

The blood was turning brown on Tucket's wearily lax face. Only his ruddy eyes were alive, shifting from one captor to the other, and twice he turned his head to glance with lingering fear at the following crowd. He spoke at last with a false, almost pitiful confidence.

"You got the wrong man. I didn't—" His speech broke off as Clow jerked him savagely.

"Shut up," the chief snarled, "or your teeth'll be down your neck."

He thrust Tucket through the door of headquarters with such force that the little man almost fell, clutched him as though his stumble had been an act of resistance, twisted him about with a growl and rushed him into the jail corridor while a fat sergeant and Conway fought to shut the outer door against the swarming crowd. Only when Minot rose and came to their aid were they able to slam and lock it. The trooper turned with a faintly satirical smile to the district attorney.

"Well," he panted. "It took a hundred men to get him."

"That's Tucket?" Minot asked, raising his brows.

"Yep," Conway retorted. "That little gink is supposed to have strangled Meister."

THE skepticism in his voice was not lost upon the prosecutor. His eyebrows twitched a trifle higher and below them his eyes were calculating.

"Appearances are deceptive," he announced precisely, "but I'm inclined to agree with you that—"

From the jail came a yelp, a shock more felt than heard, and the iron clash of a slammed door. Clow lurched back into the room, his face twitching, one big red paw balled into a fist, and spoke to the sergeant:

"Pour a pail of water over that rat. He's out."

"Fainted?" Minot asked. The chief's lips pulled back from strong yellow teeth.

"Call it that," he conceded, rubbing his knuckles. "He jumped me, the dirty little crook." Something in his gloating eyes spurred Conway to impulsive speech.

"That doesn't seem quite necessary," he commented. Clow grunted derision.

"Who asked you in?" he said. "This your territory? Hey?"

"You're right," Conway acknowledged, quietly. "It isn't my party."

"Get out then," Clow grunted, but Minot hesitated and then gave a gesture of dissent.

"I think," he offered gravely, "that I'd like Trooper—Conway, isn't it—to stay."

THE chief's eyelids puckered in something like alarm. The prosecutor's impersonal voice seemed an obstacle before the blustering rush of his triumph.

"All right," he said flatly. "Sure," and with perceptible effort pumped up again his noisy enthusiasm. "I got him right, D. A. He was climbing aboard the three o'clock when I nailed him. Makin' his get-away."

"Bring him in," Minot ordered. The chief went out, and a few minutes later returned, preceded by the sergeant and Tucket. The abused little man stood frozenly rigid.

"What's your name?" Minot asked in a level voice. Tucket did not seem to hear the question. Before the prosecutor could repeat it, the chief intervened.

"Scuse me, Mr. Minot," he blundered eagerly, "but hadn't we better search him first, eh?"

"Haven't you done that?" the district attorney asked in surprise.

"No, sir," Clow defended. "I ain't had no time." He stepped forward and reached a hand for the prisoner's shoulder. To the stupefied watchers, it seemed that the chief's paw, touching Tucket, had flung the lately immobile body into his own face.

Clow's ensuing bawl of alarm and rage, the scuffle of feet and the rasp of cloth were the only sounds. The big man staggered, thrown off balance, while Tucket, mute, his body blurred by furious action, seemed to strive for his throat.

Minot's chair (Continued on page 50)

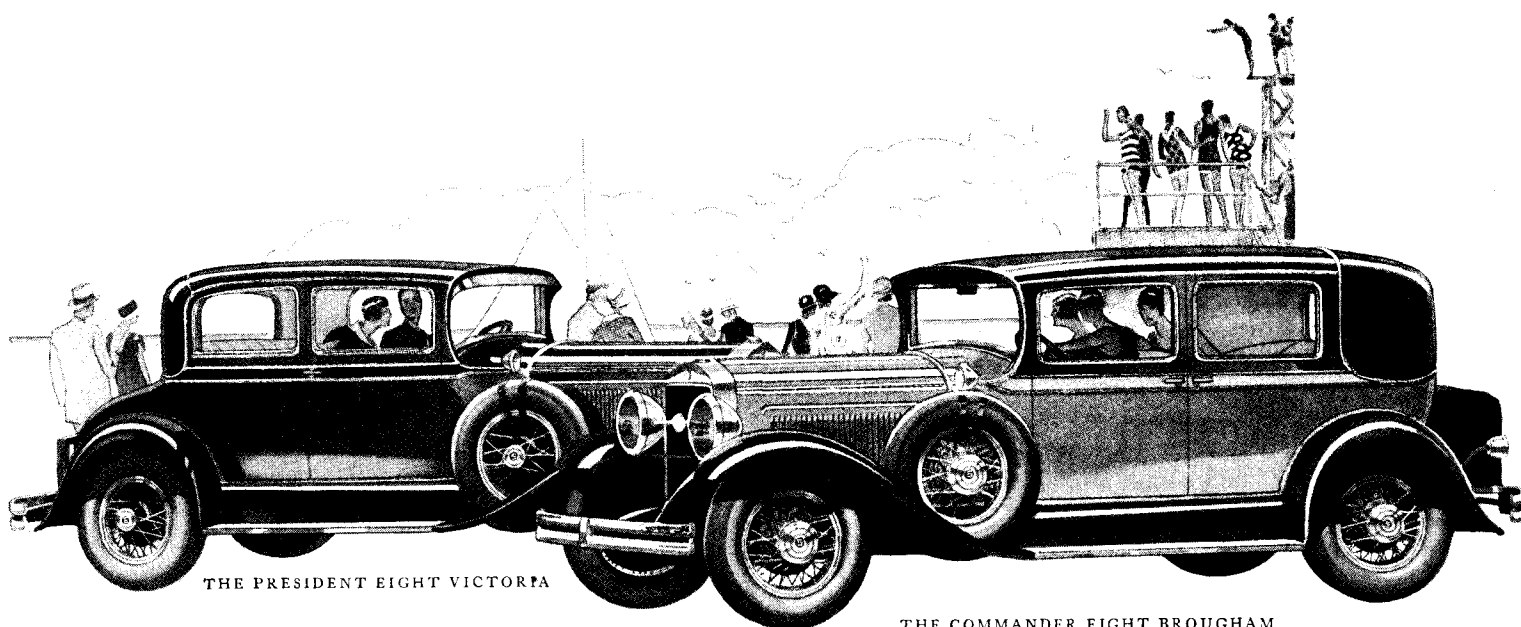


They formed a wide, hesitant semicircle about the panting man in gray and his dazed captive. "Well?" Conway invited grimly. "What's the trouble?"

Illustrated by  
Ernest Fuhr

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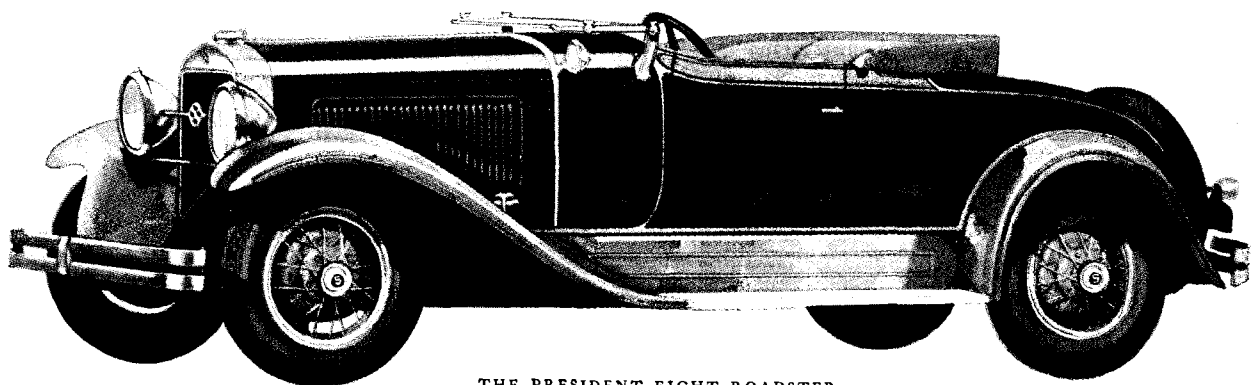


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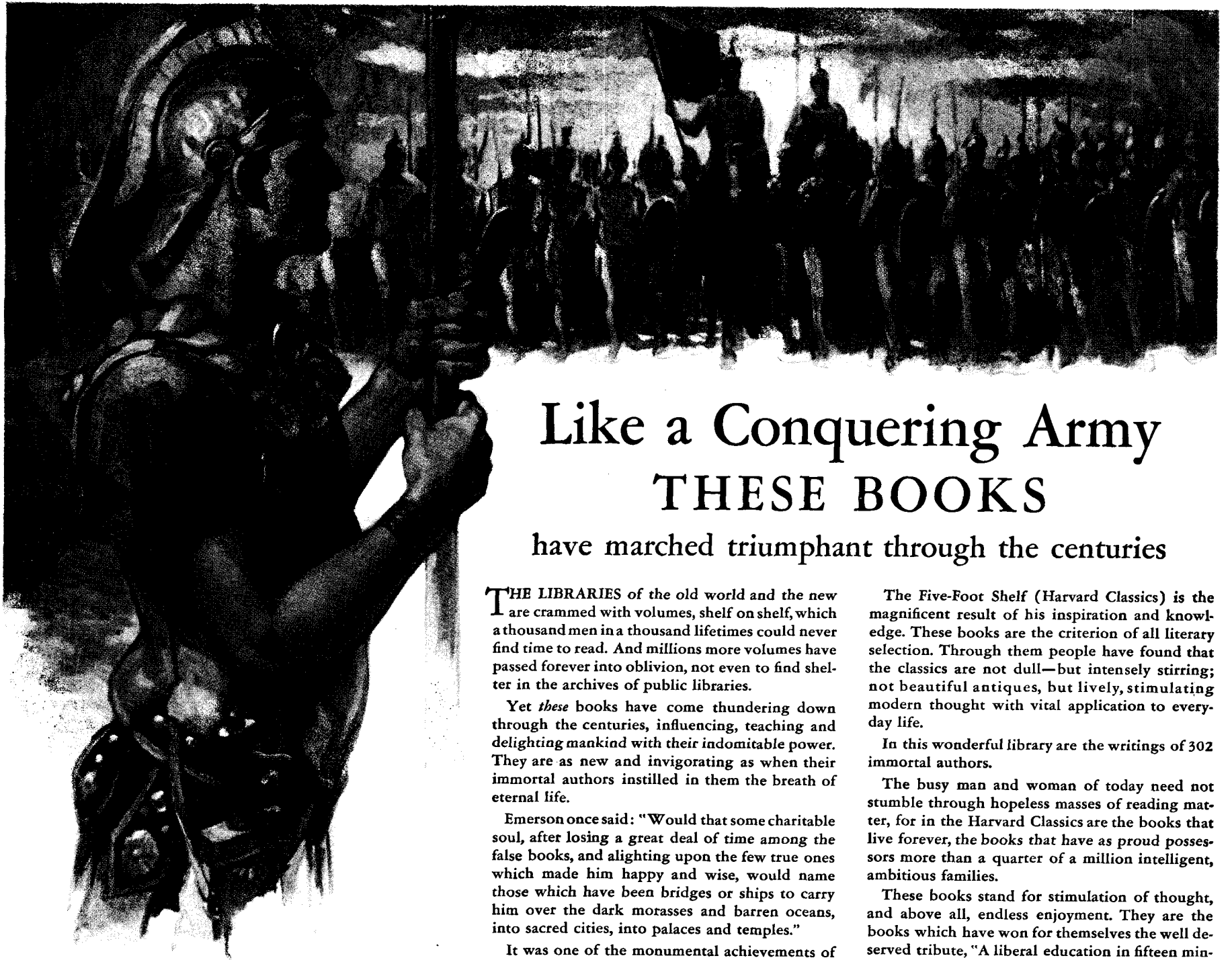
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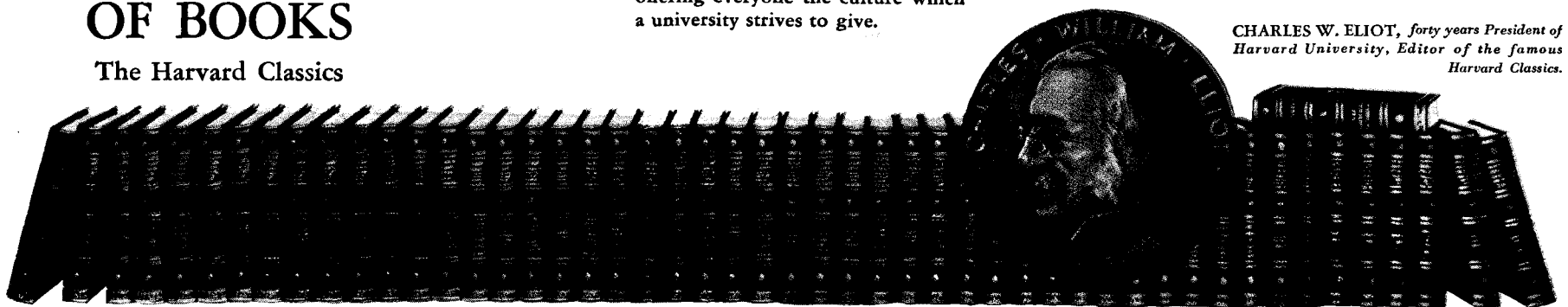
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## There's a Great Day Coming

Continued from page 9

are particularly sold on prohibition, the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. But in the natural progress of things you cannot have two hundred miles-an-hour and booze. The elimination of liquor will come about not by controversy, by Jones laws, by snoopers and reformers; but by the fact that common sense will prevail, and men realize that well-being is better than seeming to be well. Stimulation will be normal and natural in the two-hundred-miles-an-hour age. Booze will not be needed: it will be manifestly unsocial. It will go with education, not by enforcement.

### The Newer Temples

In the horse days, in the first chain-line days of industry, just as in those distant years when the people of Cologne went butterless to build their cathedral, the church was the symbol of all progress. It was the sole place where the people met for the transfer of knowledge. In the church the wise of their generation talked their wisdom. Sermons were local. Prayers were words. Education was verbal. The church spire represented the center of knowledge and spread of education in each community, and its influence spread through the small audience that could be induced to gather into the fold.

Today the spires of the radio station are the center from which culture and progress is being broadcast, carrying a better humanity to a tremendous and alert audience.

And now that we have come to the age of industry the church spire no longer dominates the skyline of the modern city. Industry and commerce have become dominant, and we build new temples. Call them what you will, the buildings of our industrial age rise higher and higher until today in the midst of skyscrapers the spires of old are obsolete and lost. Pointing to Heaven, higher and higher, are the newer temples founded not on what we call ethics and moral philosophy, but on the facts of creation.

In the new order of things we must revise our old ideas of prayer. The cry of the fearful soul is the last resort of a race too ignorant to solve its problems by the law the Creator has given. Crying out in ignorance to relieve the suffering of ignorance can only be excused where there is no known way of fact. The church, with industry, should be working to get those facts as fast as possible to relieve the sufferings of the world.

The most logical prayer against diphtheria today is antitoxin. In the old days when a man's body was burned over a quarter of its area we could only pray with words for the relief of his agony—we did not know what else to do—and the patient died. Today we pray with tannic acid—and the patient lives, and often without a scar.

Lincoln is well-beloved because he freed slaves. The man who invented insulin freed more slaves than existed in Lincoln's time.

The prayer of yesterday was confined within four walls. Today it reaches out. A flood threatens a great community and help is wanted. Water cuts off all ways of getting in and out. Prayer is over the radio, and planes drop food until relief can get through.

Doctors used to diagnose on theory and experience, a combination of pulse, temperature and tongue. From this they developed a few facts. Then more. Today many human troubles are di-

agnosed with extreme accuracy by machine and cured by machine. Optical devices determine the condition of your eyes in a way to take the guesswork out. A movie film shows the action of your heart in a perfect reproduction for study. X-ray allows us to see inside and tell what is going on. Each one on occasion brings answer to prayer. The modern hospital is fast becoming a factory and machine shop with human problems being solved by mechanical means.

Consider how religion once taught that luxuries were sinful, and how now religion itself has become something of a luxury at least in its outward manifestations. In creating new industries to provide luxuries we are making labor for thousands and increased enjoyment and the capacity for enjoyment for all.

In the age of Pericles there were twenty slaves for every citizen. The slaves did the routine and menial work and enabled the citizens to devote themselves to culture—and that accounted for the great advance in intellectual and artistic attainments of that time.

So the freedom from slavery by machines will promote culture in our time, and greater culture in the future when comfort will be more general, more intense and far more secure. Today, in mechanical form, every individual in the United States has two hundred slaves greater than the slaves of Greece—they were man-power, while each of us has two hundred horse-power doing our bidding and providing for our ease and the opportunity for culture.

New York, almost since the beginning of the United States, has been the sieve through which culture came from Europe to the rest of the country. That is becoming less and less true and will be no longer true at all in a few years.

From Kansas City we can now reach any spot in the United States by air in about fifteen hours; so I believe it is in the Middle West that the future center of our civilization is bound to be. From there will come the ideas, and even the produce for the mere formality of merchandising in the East.

### Facts Rule

Before the horse age a man's social and working radius was as far as he could walk. When the horse came it was extended to as far as he could ride or drive. The railroad multiplied that distance, and the automobile made it longer and larger. Now the airplane makes it limitless.

The world formerly resisted new mechanical ideas, now it chases the men who have them with funds to exploit them and put them to profitable service.

For the world has finally learned its greatest lesson—the first and, indeed, the only truth of the new religion of industrialism: that facts rule, and that any person or institution or entity of any kind that gets in the way of facts to suppress them, hinder them or in any way obstruct them, no matter how powerful it may be today, will eventually be conquered by facts. For the youth of our day is matter-of-fact. It knows in its heart that what men believe makes no difference whatever in the light of discovered and discoverable facts. It is what we do, what we can do, what we shall do with our widening and deepening knowledge of facts that will be the religion, which literally means the bond between men and the Nature that the Creator gave them.



## How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North		East	
S.	8-5-4-2	S.	Q-J-9
H.	8-5-4	H.	Q-J-9-7
D.	Q-10-9-8-3	D.	J-6-5
C.	9	C.	5-4-3
West		South	
S.	10-6	S.	A-K-7-3
H.	10-3-2	H.	A-K-6
D.	K-7	D.	A-4-2
C.	A-Q-8-7-6-2	C.	K-J-10

THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's.

The Auction Bridge bidding would be: South one No Trump, followed by three passes.

At Contract, South would be fully justified in bidding three No Trumps. He has every suit stopped and a count of 22—one more than the minimum necessary for a three No Trump bid. Of course there would be no overcall, jump or takeout, so the contract at either game would be No Trump—one at Auction, three at Contract.

### The Play

West's opening lead would be the Seven of Clubs; the leader, not having three honors, starts with the fourth best card of his longest suit. Dummy's Club would hold the trick as against East; but South cannot avoid winning and would gain nothing by false-carding.

The declarer, surveying the situation, would appreciate that his grave danger lies in the Club suit. If East should obtain the lead, he would be sure to return West's Clubs through South's minor tenace and all the remaining adverse Clubs would make; that is, East and West would be bound to take four, five or six Club tricks. After winning the first trick, Declarer is sure of only five more—two Spades, two Hearts and one Diamond. That would leave him three tricks short of game.

The Diamond suit seems to afford Declarer his only chance; if he can manipulate it so as to lose only one Diamond and have West take that one trick, the game that otherwise would be impossible for him to reach may be brought within his grasp. The serious question is: Should he try to set up dummy's Diamonds by leading the Ace of Diamonds or a small Diamond? If South should lead small and West should duck, Declarer would not dare to take the finesse in dummy and run the risk of East's winning with the Jack and thus obtaining the lead. If East has the King and another Diamond, the situa-

tion is hopeless; but if West has the King singly guarded, there is a chance. If South starts with the Ace, and West holds King with one or two small Diamonds, it is possible that West may win the second round of the suit, although with King-x-x it would be obviously bad play for him to do so. If South selects a small Diamond for his first lead, and West has King and one other, South's scheme may succeed; but it would not be apt to do so if West had King and two others.

It would seem, therefore, as if South might assume that his only chance against a West who did not throw away tricks, would be to have him hold King and only one other Diamond; and that if West had that exact Diamond combination, South is apt to make game with either a high or low lead. There is, however, one possible division of the adverse Diamonds and that is the Jack and three small in the West hand, the singleton King in the East; if that be the distribution, the lead of the Ace would produce game (dummy could finesse twice), a small lead would be fatal.

In the above deal, whether South leads the Ace or the Deuce of Diamonds, West (who holds the fatal King-x) is put to a severe test; and in either case is called upon to make a most unusual play. If South leads the Ace, West should play the King—he must make his "exit" so as to avoid taking the second Diamond trick. If South leads small, West must play the King; he must duck and allow North or East to win the trick.

Any but a super-expert would not dare to play his King on South's lead of the Ace, and would find himself in the lead and helpless at the very next trick; thus missing a golden opportunity to land himself in the Bridge Hall of Fame. It also would be very difficult for a West of average ability not to play King from King-x on a low Diamond lead; but the unusual distribution of this deal makes it necessary for West to reverse his ordinary procedure, whether the lead be high or low.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North		East	
S.	K-9	S.	6-2
H.	9-7-5	H.	A-J-3-2
D.	7-5-3-2	D.	K-J-8
C.	10-8-3-2	C.	9-7-6-5
West		South	
S.	10-5	S.	A-Q-J-8-7-4-3
H.	10-8-4	H.	K-Q-6
D.	Q-9-6-4	D.	A-10
C.	A-K-Q-J	C.	4