

*Instead, Prince was back at the right tackle spot where he had started for the previous two seasons, and sophomore Thayer Munford was running with the ones at left tackle. When Munford opened up at left tackle in the spring game, many were surprised, but it wasn't the first time Munford had played left tackle.*

Oh, why, who else would it be? Shut up and let me get this piffle. Amy got up and walked to the window and threw himself on the seat. Well, maybe they would. Yes, I guess so. Two days later Harmon Dreer, looking for mail in Main Hall, came across a notice from the post office apprising him that there was a registered parcel there which would be delivered to him on presentation of this notice and satisfactory identification. A half-hour later, however, having nothing to do until ten, he started off toward the village. Amy, who had been seated at the window for half an hour, at once arose, crossed the hall and put his head in at the door of Number Clint, who had cut a recitation to remain within call, and had been salving his conscience by studying his French, jumped up and seized his cap. For choice, Dreer would have avoided Amy on general principles, but in this case he had no chance, for, unless he climbed a fence and took to the fields, there was no way for him to reach school without proceeding along the present road. And that is what had happened to Dreer. When he reached the two ahead he saw that one was Byrd, as he had thought, and the other Thayer. They were so deeply in conversation that he was almost past before they looked up. When they did Dreer nodded. What were their names, Clint? Well, I must get a move on. I left in the Winter. But for once Amy seemed unconcerned by such sentiment. His smile even seemed approving! Dreer warmed to his subject. But I happen to have gone to Claflin and I know the difference between a real school and a second-rate imitation like this! Gee, I must get on! Amy hung his coat on a paling and placed his cap on top. Then he tugged his belt in another hole. And all the time he smiled quite pleasantly. Dreer moved backward toward the curb, but found Clint barring his way. His anxious gaze searched the road for help, but in each direction it was empty. Dreer thought of flight, but it looked hopeless. Besides, a remnant of pride counselled him to bluster it out rather than run away. He laughed, not very successfully. Wait till fellows hear about it! You asked me what I thought and I told you. You--you made me say it! There was a frightened look in his eyes. Someone went into his room day before yesterday and smashed it. Perish the thought, Dreer! Look out for your face, Dreer! He was too frightened to cry out. With a hand pressed to his bleeding cheek, he stared dumbly at Amy, trembling and panting. Clint, who had watched proceedings from a few yards away, felt sorry for the boy. Then come away from that fence so I can knock you over again, you sneak! Come away from the fence, Dreer. That--that ought to be enough. A few yards away, leaning on his cane, stood a tall man of twenty-three or four years, a mildly surprised expression on his good-looking face.

*Part of it might have been him taking issue with the suggestion that he's not comfortable at left tackle, or that Thayer Munford isn't comfortable at right tackle.*

The horse was a big, well-fed chestnut, and as he walked slowly along he bobbed his head rhythmically. In the seat of the mower perched a thin little man in a pair of blue overalls and a shirt which had also been blue at one time, but which was now faded almost white. A broad-brimmed straw hat of the sort affected by farmers, protected his head from the noonday sun. Between the overalls and the rusty brogans on his feet several inches of bare ankle intervened, and, as he paraded slowly around the field, almost the only sign of life he showed was when he occasionally stooped to brush a mosquito from these exposed portions of his anatomy. The horse, too, wore brogans, big round leather shoes which strapped over his hoofs and protected the turf, and, having never before seen a horse in leather boots, the boy on the grand-stand had been for a while mildly interested. But the novelty had palled some time ago, and now, leaning forward with his sun-browned hands clasped loosely between his knees, he continued to watch the mower merely because it was the only object in sight that was not motionless, if one excepts the white clouds moving slowly across a blue September sky. Now and then the clouds seemed to shadow the good-looking, tanned face of the youth, producing a troubled, sombre expression. The truth is that Master Clinton Boyd Thayer was lonesome and, although he would have denied it vigorously, a little bit homesick. At sixteen one may be homesick even though one scoffs at the notion. Clinton had left his home at Cedar Run, Virginia, the evening before, had changed into a sleeper at Washington just before midnight, and reached New York very early this morning. From there, although he had until five in the afternoon to reach Brimfield Academy, he had departed after a breakfast eaten in the Terminal and had arrived at Brimfield at a little before nine. An hour had sufficed him to register and unpack his bag and trunk in the room assigned to him in Torrence Hall. He had peeped into the other dormitories and the recitation building, had explored the gymnasium from basement to trophy room and, finally, had loitered across the athletic field to the grand-stand, where, for the better part of an hour, he had been sitting in the sun, getting lonelier every minute. Clint--everyone had always called him Clint and we might as well fall in line--had never been farther north than Baltimore; and today he felt himself not only a long way from home but in a country somehow strangely and uncomfortably alien. The few persons he had encountered had been quite civil to him, to be sure; and the sunlight was the same sunlight that shone down on Cedar Run, but for all of that it seemed as if no one much cared where he was or what happened to him, and the air felt differently and the country looked different, and--and, well, he rather wished himself back in Virginia! He had never been enthusiastic about going North to school. Clint himself had not felt strongly enough about it to object. The fact that the cousin in question had never amounted to much and was now clerking in a shoe store in Norfolk was not held against the school. So far the boy had liked what he had seen of Brimfield well enough. The thirty-mile journey from New York on the train had been through an attractive country, with now and then a fleeting glimpse of water to add variety to the landscape; and the woods and fields around the Academy were pretty. From where he sat at the east end of the athletic field he could look along the backs of the buildings, which ran in a row straight along the edge of a plateau. Nearest at hand was the gymnasium. Next was Main Hall, containing recitation rooms, the assembly room, the library and the office; an older building and built all of brick whereas the other structures were uniformly of stone as to first story and brick above. Beyond Main Hall were Hensey and Billings, both dormitories, and, at the western end of the row and slightly out of line, The Cottage, where dwelt the Principal, Mr. Fernald, of whom Clint knew little and, it must be confessed, cared, at the present moment, still less. In front of the buildings the ground fell away to the country road over which Clint had that morning travelled behind a somnolent grey horse and a voluble driver, to the last of which combination he owed most of his information regarding the Academy. Behind the buildings--in school parlance, the Row--lay the athletic field, almost twelve acres in extent, bordered on the further side by a rising slope of forest. Here there were football grid-irons--three of them, as the six goals indicated--quarter-mile running-track, a baseball diamond and a dozen tennis courts. The diamond was most in evidence, for the

grand-stand stood behind the plate and the base paths, bare of turf, formed a square in front of it. Even the foul lines had not been utterly obliterated by sun and rain, but were dimly discernible, where the mower had passed, as yellower streaks against the vivid green. It was a splendid field; Clint had to acknowledge that; and for a time the thought of playing football on it had almost dispersed his gloom. But the after-reflection that for all he knew his services might not be required on the Eleven, that very possibly his brand of football was not good enough for Brimfield, had caused a relapse into depression. Thrice he had told himself that as soon as the plodding horse reached the further turn he would get up and go back to his room, and thrice he had failed to keep his promise. He wondered who his room-mate was to be and whether that youth had yet arrived, but his curiosity was not strong enough to get him up. Now, however, the mower was again traversing the opposite end of the field, and again approaching the further corner, and once more he made the agreement with himself, really meaning to live up to it. But, as events proved, he was not destined to keep faith. From around the corner of the stand furthest from the Row appeared a boy in a suit of light grey flannels. The coat, hanging open, displayed a soft shirt of no uncertain shade of heliotrope. A bow-tie of lemon-yellow with purple dots nestled under his chin and between the cuffs of his trousers and the rubber-soled tan shoes a four-inch expanse of heliotrope silk stockings showed. A straw hat with a particularly narrow brim was adorned with a ribbon of alternating bars of maroon and grey. He was indeed a cheerful and colourful youth, his cheerfulness being further evidenced by the jaunty swinging of a stick which he had apparently cut from a willow and by the gay whistling of a tune. On sight of Clint, however, the stick stopped swinging and the whistling came to an end in the middle of a note. The newcomer paused and viewed the boy on the stand with frank curiosity. Then his gaze wandered across to the mower, which was at the instant making the turn at the further corner, over by the tennis courts. Finally, "Bossing the job? Clint smiled and shook his head. Nature is some warm today. He was a good-looking, merry-faced chap of seventeen, with dark-brown eyes, a short nose liberally freckled under the tan and a rather prominent chin with a deep dimple in it. His position revealed a full ten inches of the startling hose; and, since they were almost under his nose, Clint gazed at them fascinatedly. The other elevated one ankle and viewed it approvingly. Yes, I come from Virginia; Cedar Run. Red-hot he was, too. You could always get a fall out of Bud Broland by mentioning Grant or Sherman. He used to fly right off the handle and wave the Stars-and-Bars fit to kill! No, he only stayed a little while. Found school life too--too confining. Bud was a good sort, but--well, he needed a larger scope for his talents than school afforded. I guess the right place for Bud would have been a good big ranch out West somewhere. He needed lots of room! The other boy tugged at a fob which dangled at his belt and produced a silver watch. That would make me about twenty minutes ahead now. He pulled forth his own watch and looked at it. I used to have one but I left it at the rink last Winter and it fell into the snow, I guess, and I never did find it. Then I bought me this. If I have to catch a train I always allow thirty minutes leeway. He never says anything and so he seems to be all-fired wise. Pretty bad, but it might be worse. Live in New Hampshire. No relation to you, I guess. I had a remarkably early repast this morning and feel as though I could trifle with some real food. I got here before nine. I thought I was one of the early Byrds--Joke! By the way, who do you room with? The fellow who was in with me last year has left school. Gone to live in China. I suppose the fellow I draw will be a regular mutt. And now, please, what am I being congratulated for? A kindly Providence has placed you in the care of one of the wisest, most respected, er--finest examples of young manhood this institution affords. I certainly do congratulate you! Faculty has indeed been good to you, Clint. You will take up your abode with a youth in whom all the virtues and--and excellencies--" "Who is he? Ill try to stand it. Allow me to conduct you to your apartment! It was the evening of the second day of school and Clint and Amy Byrd were preparing lessons at opposite sides of the green-topped table in Number 14 Torrence. From the next room, by way of opened windows and transoms, came the most lugubrious wails he thought he had ever listened to. More correctly a viol-din. The joke is not new. Cut it out, old top! Threats and pleas mingled. For the love of Mike! Then, "What is it? I set my watch--" "Oh, forget it! You say that every night," was the wearied response. I refuse to study any more. Do you approve of this institution of learning, old man? What do you say? Find your cap and follow me. Here we are; one flight. Nearly a dozen boys were crowded in the room and each of the two small beds sagged dangerously under the weight it held.

**Chapter 3 : Editions of Left Tackle Thayer by Ralph Henry Barbour**

*How Thayer Munford fits at left tackle, Kurt Coleman looks to provide veteran leadership to Saints secondary, how five-star guard D.J. Carton projects in Columbus, and more.*

His father owned a lot of land around here and made heaps of money selling it off. Further confidences were impossible, for the approaching couple were now within earshot and had caught sight of the boys by the rock. Dreer spoke to Beaufort softly and the latter turned a quick, curious look toward the boys under the ledge. Then, without speaking, they passed on up the hill and out of sight amongst the trees. Penny gave a sigh of relief. He and Hatherton Williams had a row in front of the post-office a couple of years ago and it took the whole police force to separate them. They were headed straight down the slope and he was just going to lean his head back against the rock again when Beaufort suddenly hunched his shoulders and turned angrily toward Clint and Penny. This fellow here threw it and I saw him. Then, turning to Penny again, "Will you get up and take your licking? If he wants a scrap he can have it. But Penny calmly and good-naturedly thrust him away. Look out for the watch in the vest. He turned to Dreer. Beaufort cut in impatiently. He tossed his coat aside and skimmed his cap after it. Beaufort grunted angrily and swung back. There was little space between the trees and the ledge, and what there was was uneven and covered with leaves which made the footing uncertain. It was long-distance sparring for a minute, during which time the two boys, watching each other intently, stepped back and forth across the little clearing, feinting and backing. Beaufort looked to be fully eighteen and was heavily built, with wide shoulders and hips and a deep chest. Clint, studying him, felt that one of his blows from the shoulder, if it landed, would be more than enough for poor Penny. Penny was of the same apparent age, but he was thin and fragile looking beside the other. Dreer had moved well away from the scene and was looking on with eager, excited face, a cruel smile twisting his thin lips. The blow sent the latter staggering against a tree. Fortunately, though, it had landed on his ribs, and after the first instant of breathlessness, during which he managed to side-step further punishment, he showed no damage. Again Beaufort feinted and swung, but this time Penny sprang back out of the way. Then, before the other could recover, he went into him, left, right and left again, and Beaufort gave way. Like a windmill, thick arms swinging, he bored in to Penny. With a grunt of triumph, Beaufort sprang toward him and aimed a blow. But Clint, boiling with rage, dashed between. Clint swung his shoulders aside and the blow passed harmlessly. Penny scrambled to his feet. It was in-fighting now. Short, quick jabs for the face and head followed each other in rapid succession. But Penny, squirming, kept his head down and the blows fell harmlessly on his skull. Then, wrenching himself free, Penny stumbled out of the way, pale and dizzy. Beaufort plunged toward him again wildly. Penny stood still then. A feint at the stomach, and Beaufort for an instant dropped his guard. And in the same instant a voice, cold and measured, broke the stillness. Conklin stepped onto the scene.

*Editions for Left Tackle Thayer: (Kindle Edition published in ), (Kindle Edition published in ), (Paperback published in ),*

A Raid on the Second "Boots" gave Clint a fair chance to win back his place as first string right tackle. Every day he was used for half the scrimmage and Robbins for the other half. Robbins worked desperately, but by Friday Clint had proved his superiority, though perhaps by no great margin, and Robbins became second choice again. Robey was now assisted by Mr. Detweiler and, at least five afternoons a week, some other old player. Miller remained a few days at a time and continued his visits right up to the final game. Williams, since Detweiler had the tackles in hand, confided his coaching to Harris, Rollins and Freer and laboured hard and earnestly in an effort to improve their drop-kicking. Harris was fairly good at it, but Rollins was pretty poor and Freer was a veritable tyro. Other fellows appeared now and then and tried to be of assistance, but it is doubtful if they accomplished much good. Clair had ousted Still permanently, it appeared, although Still was by no means discouraged. Perhaps he had no time to be, for the substitutes were worked quite as hard as the first string fellows. Coach Robey had no intention of being beaten for the want of capable substitutes. There were several very pretty contests in progress for coveted positions. Churchill and Blaisdell were fighting hard for the left guard honour, with Blaisdell in the lead, and Trow and Tyler were nip and tuck for right tackle. The rival quarter-backs could scarcely be said to be contesting for the position, for it was a foregone conclusion that each would be used in the Clafin game. Marvin was a very steady, dependable player on defence, handled punts and ran them back in better style than Carmine and was never erratic. Carmine, however, though weak in catching and likely to fumble at inopportune moments, had the faculty of getting more speed out of the team and inspiring it to greater effort. Both were good generals and each would be called on for what he could best perform. Harris was sure of his place at full-back, and the ends, Edwards and Roberts, were unchallenged. Jack Innes was a fixture at centre and Hall, although he had played in hard luck this Fall, was far superior to Gafferty, the second-string man. At left tackle Saunders held his place without question. Fully half the school went, too, and "rooted" hard for a victory. At least, there was no reason that Brimfield knew of. But for once coaches and team were caught napping and Phillips proved a difficult problem to solve. Brimfield had won two touchdowns, both in the first half of the game, by the hardest sort of plugging. Every bit of generalship that Marvin knew had been called on and every ounce of strength that the team was capable of exerting had been necessary. Jack Innes had kicked the first goal without difficulty from a rather bad angle and then had missed the second, also without difficulty, from directly in front of the posts. Meanwhile Phillips had scored once, getting the ball over on a smash through right tackle from the seven yards, and had followed with a goal. In the third period the home team had had things very much her own way, for, although it had not managed to add to its score, it had held Brimfield safe. Again Phillips kicked goal, and, with some seven minutes to play, the score stood Phillips 14, Brimfield 13, and it only remained for the home team to keep the visitor away from her goal to hold the game. It was then, however, that Brimfield had given another exhibition of her fighting spirit. Carmine took many chances. There were several lateral passes which made gains, two forward heaves that in some unaccountable manner landed right, a number of end runs that helped, and a desperate attack at the Phillips centre between these. And, almost before anyone realised how things were going, Brimfield was besieging the Phillips goal. She lost the ball on the twenty-six yards, recovered it again on the forty-eight when Phillips punted short, pulled off a double pass that sent Still spinning around left tackle for twelve yards, hurled Rollins through centre for four more, sent a forward pass to Edwards and was back again on the twenty-yard line. All her best defensive talent was back in line and she met every onslaught with courage and skill. But Brimfield was not to be denied, it seemed. Roberts was hurt and gave way to Holt at right end. Saunders, who had been limping for some time, was taken out after a pile-up and Tyler took his place. Freer was sent in for Wendell, although the latter was still going strong. Freer brought instructions from Coach Robey, perhaps, for there was a lot of whispering when he reached the scene. It was third down, with six to go, and Phillips was holding better every minute. Rollins was sent back as if to drop-kick, but the ball went to Freer and Freer banged his way into the opposing line for a scant two yards.

Churchill was hurt in that play and Blaisdell went back again at left guard. Again the ball was passed to Rollins, and, standing on the twenty-five yards and well to the left of the nearer post, he dropped it over for as pretty a field-goal as had ever been seen by the spectators. In such manner did Brimfield wrest victory from defeat, and the maroon-and-grey banners waved exultantly. But the victory had cost dearly, as was discovered when the casualties were counted. Saunders was badly hurt, so badly that he was definitely out of the game for a fortnight at the least; Roberts had injured his knee and would be of no use for several days; and Churchill had sustained a pulled tendon in his ankle. But the damage to Saunders meant more. Joe Detweiler pointed this fact out to Mr. What about the second? What about that fellow Thayer? Cupples has played longer. Look them over, Joe, and help yourself. Why, Phillips went into Trow and Tyler Saturday as if they were paper! We might give him back to you next week, you know. Boutelle pointed him out. Detweiler shook his head. Either Cupples or Thayer, I guess it will have to be. As a relief to his feelings, he shouted pungent criticism at Quarter-back Hinton. Much obliged, old man. Now get out of here! And tell George this is the last player he gets from me this Fall! Later, in the gymnasium, "Boots" approached Clint.

**Chapter 5 : Read Left Tackle Thayer Light Novel Online**

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Clint Cuts Practice Brimfield played the first game on her schedule a few days later, winning without difficulty from Miter Hill School in ten-minute periods by a score of 17 to 0. There was much ragged football on each side; but Brimfield showed herself far more advanced than her opponent and had, besides, the advantage of a heavier team. Clint looked on from the bench, with some forty others, and grew more hopeless than ever of making good this year. If he had expected his introduction to Jack Innes to help his advancement he must have been disappointed, for the Captain, while he invariably spoke when he saw him, and once inquired in the locker-room how Clint was getting along, paid little attention to him. So far as Clint could see, nobody cared whether he reported for practice or not. Toward the end of an afternoon, when the third was fortunate enough to get into a few minutes of scrimmage with the second, Clint usually finished up at right or left tackle. One or two of his team-mates patted him approvingly on the back, but that was all. Clint was beginning to have moments of discouragement. But two days after the Miter Hill game an incident occurred which proved him wrong in thinking that no one knew or cared whether he reported for practice. Simkins had kept him after class and talked some plain talk to him. He felt very little like playing football and still less like studying, but Mr. Simkins had as much as told him that unless a decided improvement was at once apparent some direful fate would be his, and the instructor had a convincing way of talking and Clint quite believed him. Consequently, of two evils Clint chose the more necessary and dedicated that afternoon to the Iliad. The dormitory was very quiet, for it was a fine, mild day and most of the fellows were out-of-doors, and concentration should have been easy. He tried closing the window, but that made the room hot and stuffy, and he opened it again. Clint gazed with surprise on the pencilled notes adorning the margins of the pages, from them to the open lexicon, from that to the pencil in his hand. He had absolutely done five pages! And then the knock at the door was repeated and Clint stammered "Come in! The football manager was a slimly-built, nervous-mannered chap of eighteen and wore glasses through which he now regarded Clint accusingly. Suppose the others thought that, Thayer, and stayed away! Robey and get permission to cut. You see, Thayer, at this time of year we need all the fellows we can get. You are all--ah--you are all parts of the--ah--machine, if you see my drift, Thayer, and if one part is missing, why--ah--Well, you see what I mean? You be there, anyhow. You see most fellows want to be backs or ends; about eight out of ten want to be half-backs and the ninth wants to be either full-back or end. The tenth fellow is willing to play in the line. Well, I must beat it. See you tomorrow, then? All in the way of duty, you know. Simkins took him back into his good graces. I am not doing you an injustice, Thayer? Is there any other member of the class who wasted so much of his time in such manner? Raise your hands, please. One--two--three--Burgess, you hesitate, do you not? Ah, I thought so! You were merely going to scratch your head. Set up a circulation if possible. That will do, Thayer. Simkins as a standard to which future performances were required to conform. And Clint, not being able to deny the logic of this statement, was forced to toil harder than ever. But there came a time, though it was not yet, when he found that his difficulties were lessening, that an hour accomplished what it had taken two to accomplish before; and that, in short, Greek, while not a study to enthuse over, had lost most of its terrors. But all that, as I say, came later, and for many weeks yet "Uncle Sim" pursued Clint in his dreams and the days when he had a Greek recitation were dreaded ones. The afternoon following that on which he had absented himself from practice saw Clint approaching the field at three-thirty with misgivings. He feared that Coach Robey would remember his defection against him and at the same time he knew that he would feel flattered if the coach did! The question was soon settled, for Clint had no more than reached the bench when Mr.

Chapter 6 : The Project Gutenberg eBook of Left Tackle Thayer, by Ralph Henry Barbour.

*Ohio State offensive line coach Greg Studrawa said Wednesday that it's likely sophomore Thayer Munford will start at left tackle.*

Dwayne Haskins and the passing game continue to be tip-top. Dobbins and Mike Weber combined for 3. Neither had a single carry over 11 yards. And the Ohio State defense is still giving up chunks of yardage against heavy underdogs. Mohamed Ibrahim broke runs of 25 and 34 yards in the first half on his way to a career-high yards and two touchdowns. The passing game is one of the only things working consistently for the Buckeyes right now, and they had to ride it again. But everyone will be talking about the turn-around, one-handed catch he made in the second quarter with Minnesota leading He was pretty hyped up. He had a career day today. He completed 33 of 44 attempts. His 28 touchdown passes on the season lead the nation, and he has just four interceptions. The Gophers hurt themselves with three turnovers, two of which led to 10 points for the Buckeyes, and two missed field goals. True freshman walk-on quarterback Zack Annexstad threw two interceptions, but also flashed some potential. The Golden Gophers piled up yards and bested Ohio State in yards per pass completion The Buckeyes stay unbeaten despite making plenty of mistakes and Minnesota staying in the game until almost the end. Problems persist with running the ball and the defense allowing big plays. Starting left tackle Thayer Munford left the game with a leg injury in the third quarter, but Meyer said he should be OK. At Nebraska on Saturday. At Purdue on Saturday. Any commercial use or distribution without the express written consent of AP is strictly prohibited.

Chapter 7 : Left tackle Thayer (eBook, ) [blog.quintoapp.com]

*Chapter IV. Clint Cuts Practice Brimfield played the first game on her schedule a few days later, winning without difficulty from Miter Hill School in ten-minute periods by a score of 17 to 0.*

Chapter 8 : Left Tackle Thayer. Barbour Ralph Henry. blog.quintoapp.com

*At left tackle Saunders held his place without question. So things stood on the Saturday when the 'varsity, with a long string of substitutes, journeyed off to play Phillips School. Fully half the school went, too, and "rooted" hard for a victory.*

Chapter 9 : Left Tackle Thayer

*Left Tackle Thayer. Barbour Ralph Henry*  $\text{D}_i\text{D}^\circ\text{D}^\circ\tilde{\text{N}}\ddagger\text{D}^\circ\tilde{\text{N}},\tilde{\text{N}}\text{CE}$   $\text{D}^\circ\text{D}^\circ\frac{1}{2}\text{D}_3\text{D}^3\tilde{\text{N}}f$   $\text{D}^2$   $\tilde{\text{N}}\in\text{D}^\circ\text{D}\cdot\text{D}\gg\text{D}_3\tilde{\text{N}}\ddagger\text{D}^\circ\frac{1}{2}\tilde{\text{N}}\cdot\tilde{\text{N}}\dots$   
 $\tilde{\text{N}}_{,,}\text{D}^3\frac{3}{4}\tilde{\text{N}}\in\text{D}^\circ\frac{1}{4}\text{D}^\circ\tilde{\text{N}},\text{D}^\circ\tilde{\text{N}}\dots$   $\text{D}_3\text{D}\gg\text{D}_3$   $\tilde{\text{N}}\ddagger\text{D}_3\tilde{\text{N}},\text{D}^\circ\tilde{\text{N}},\tilde{\text{N}}\text{CE}$   $\text{D}^3\frac{3}{4}\text{D}^\circ\frac{1}{2}\text{D}\gg\text{D}^\circ\text{D}^\circ\frac{1}{2}$   $\text{D}^\circ\frac{1}{2}\text{D}^\circ$   $\tilde{\text{N}}\bullet\text{D}^\circ\text{D}^\circ\tilde{\text{N}},\text{D}\mu$ .