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Donald Hall, Here At Eagle Pond (1990)
Donald Hall, b. 1928.

“The steadfast presence remains in the possessions, rooms, and artifacts of the dead. Living in their house, we take over their practices and habits, which makes us feel close to them and to the years that they knew. I always wanted to live in this house with the old people, and now I do, even though they are dead. I don’t live in their past; they inhabit my present, where I live as I never lived before.”

--Donald Hall, Here At Eagle Pond

Can New Hampshire survive? At a time when native born residents are in the minority, “Condosaurus” nibbles at the lakeshore and mountainside, and southern New Hampshire cities and suburbs fill with a Massachusetts overflow, can the life in a town like Wilmot claim to represent the state or preserve its values? Is it still meaningful to speak of a New Hampshire culture rooted in traditional places and lifeways? Donald Hall wrestles with these and other questions of survival in contemporary America in Here At Eagle Pond. The volume collects essays written from 1975 to 1990 that offer vignettes of life in northern New Hampshire, ranging from biographical reminiscence, politics, a Glenwood stove, the Red Sox, the weather, and reasons for hating Vermont to powerful statements about the ethical and cultural values of rural life threatened by population growth and consumerism. The voice of the Old Testament Jeremiah blends with Horace’s pastoralism and Yankee self-deprecating humor to persuade readers to listen to what the country has to say to America and to see beyond and through stereotypes to the people who preserve north-country communities.

Appointed Poet Laureate of the United States in 2006, Donald Hall is one of America’s preeminent writers, publishing an extraordinary range of works over five decades as a poet, essayist, short-story writer, playwright, critic, editor, and children’s book author. His many awards include the National Book Critics Circle Award for The One Day in 1988, the Frost Medal, and the Ruth Lilly Poetry Prize. Born in suburban Hamden, Connecticut in 1928, Hall often passed summers at his mother’s parents’ farm in Wilmot, New Hampshire. Educated at Phillips Exeter Academy, Harvard University, and Oxford University, Hall established himself with Exiles and Marriages (1955) as an important voice in a new generation of poets, including John Ashberry, Robert Bly, Robert Creeley, and Adrienne Rich. As the poetry editor of the Paris Review, an editor of influential anthologies, and starting in 1957 a professor at the University of Michigan, Hall was deeply engaged in national and international literary life, and his reputation as a poet, critic, and educator grew through the 1960s and early 1970s. A major transition in his personal and creative lives came in 1975, when Hall and his wife, poet Jane Kenyon, made the farm their home. The farm had been in the family since 1865, and it was a rich repository of family memories and possessions. Hall wrote his first poems at the farm and published in 1961 his classic memoir of summers with Kate and Wesley Wells, String Too Short To Be Saved. The farm plays a central role in the poetry published after

the return to New Hampshire, starting with Kicking the Leaves (1978), and continuing in The Happy Man (1986), his great volume-length poem, The One Day (1988), and now in his 2006 volume of selected poems, White Apples and the Taste of Stone. Many readers know the farm best through Hall's essays and memoirs, such as Seasons at Eagle Pond, Here at Eagle Pond, Life Work, and The Best Day the Worst Day. These last two prose works chronicle first Hall's illness with cancer and then the illness and death from leukemia of Jane Kenyon in 1995. Children know the imaginative power of the farm through the Caldecott Award-winning The Ox-Cart Man (1979) and other children's books featuring the farm and Halls ancestors. While critics try to place Hall as the last great Modernist or the preeminent American Man of Letters, New Hampshire readers are happy to claim him as a neighbor who speaks a familiar voice and shares their concerns about life past, present, and future in the Granite State.

Hall joins a long New Hampshire and American tradition of country writing. New England was defined by back to the land movements from the time Captain John Smith named the place in 1616 and called for English yeoman farmers to recreate here the landscape being lost in England. In the nineteenth century Timothy Dwight and Jedidiah Morse advocated the New England town as a national model, and Emerson and Thoreau found in rural Concord a retreat from which to lecture Boston and the nation. New England farm writing gained national fame in the writings of Robert Frost, and the tradition continued with the books of Scott and Helen Nearing, 1960s communalists, Tasha Tudor, and today's farm chroniclers, such as Jane Brox. Hall writes from inside and outside this tradition. He does not farm, and he does not challenge readers to take up ax and plow, like Wendell Berry, but unlike many transplants to the region, he connects with a deep family tradition. Like Maxine Kumin and Wes McNair, he writes deeply into the New Hampshire landscape to offer insights about living in modern times that may only be found through lived experience in towns like Wilmot. Hall's brand of pastoral Modernism thrives, like that of Horace or Wordsworth or Frost, in gores at the edge of empire. If most Americans assume that rural Yankee culture declined and decayed in the 20th century—historian Joseph Conforti notes that the image and idea of Yankee New England migrated northward into smaller enclaves in the face of social and economic change and the onslaught of development and commercialization in the 20th century—Hall argues that much of value has survived. He doesn't pull some authentic Yankee cottontail out of a hidden pasture, or discover stone-age Yankee tribes, for this is beside the point. At Eagle Pond Farm, Yankee sensibility isn't a frail antique, for it survives through inventiveness, ironic adjustment, modern consciousness tempered by historical memory, and a conviction that preservation matters because community matters.

For all his love for his grandparents, the farm, and the old ways, Hall knew the dangers of sepulchral and incestuous antiquarianism, from experience and from earlier works, such as Jewett's "The Landscape Chamber," Wharton's Ethan Frome, or Frost's "The Black Cottage," and he painfully chronicles the serpents and storms that trouble a seemingly Edenic Eagle Pond Farm. Death shadows String Too Short To Be Saved and the celebratory poems of return in Kicking the Leaves. In the essays and poems about his cancer and then Kenyon's illness and death, Hall forbids sentimentality or nostalgia in himself and his readers. Frost summed up all he learned from life in three words, "It goes on," but this laconic phrase reminds us that New Englanders may be chastened by the fact

of individual mortality and historic change, but they are not silenced. Never one to be quiet, Hall comically reworks the famous scene from Thornton Wilder's Our Town when Rebecca tells George about a letter addressed, "Jane Crofut; The Crofut Farm; Grover's Corners; Sutton County; New Hampshire; United States of America . . . Continent of North America; Western Hemisphere; the Earth; the Solar System; the Universe; the Mind of God." Hall's Wilmot epistles may not be delivered to the mind of God, but in contemporary New Hampshire, a zip code may be the next best indicator of a unique location for his letters to and from the world: "there's only one 03230-9599 in the universe. 'Don Hall,' it says" (xii). If this shift indicates a consciousness that such places as Grover's Corners may have moved from the center to the margins of American life, Hall notes the consequences and advantages of being uniquely "Donald Hall."

Hall's introduction, "The Letter Farm," encourages the reader to experience the book as a series of occasional letters reporting on the inner and outer weather at Eagle Pond Farm. The move from Michigan to Wilmot was a "coming home to the place of language" (ix). He began writing poetry there at age 12 or 13, but the symbiotic relationship of farm and writing includes the fact that cash for the essays helped pay the mortgage. If the letters are a personal connection to the family letter-writing tradition, they also connect him to the voices of the community, for he invites readers to make their own connections to place, and warns of the consequences of failing to do so. He writes, ". . . I know that we do not require ancestors in order to connect, joyously, with a place and a culture. I see all around me emigrants from other places who belong more preciously to this place than most old-timers do. But I see as well—by looking afield to Nashua or Salem or Burlington—that overpopulation with its suburban density can disconnect us all from the land and its history." In evoking Thoreau at Walden Pond in "Why We Live Here," Hall suggests the ethical stakes of a commitment to a place, best captured in the last lines of The One Day (1988), "Work, love, build a house, and die. But build a house." New Hampshire may survive if readers use Here At Eagle Pond as an inspiration and a handbook for connecting to the past, place, and people.

Hall states, "We live where we live for landscape and seasons, for the place of it, but also for the time of it, daily and historical time" (1), and he recounts the rhythms and events of town life, from conversations at Thornley's Store, to July 4th baseball games, Old Home Days, parades, church fairs, and auctions. Hall argues for a recognition of the diversity of the people of small towns, contrary to the politicized debates about the meanings of ethnic and racial diversity in America. Like the list of items auctioned off for charity, the town is a "weird mixture" of people with a "shared love of place" and a community ethic. But this is no pastoral paradise, and Hall's self-deprecating humor mocks Yankee nostalgia: "We have heard the sound of condosaurus slapping its beaverboard tail in distant meadows. Maybe one day Danbury will be digested by Yankee suburbia, and on Route 4 will arise boutiques, disguised as saphouses, that feature Venetian glass. By that time, I will have joined my ancestors down the road, and together we will haunt skiers and golfers with chain-rattling ectoplasm" (7).

Given the intense awareness of the forces of development and social change, Hall points to those forces that can anchor people in daily and historical time. In "Keeping Things," Hall visits the back chamber that plays a prominent role in his imagination. "In

the back chamber we keep the used and broken past” (9), and like Alcott, Hawthorne, and Aldrich before him, the chamber’s bricolage serves as a personal and a regional archive of memory. Perhaps New Hampshire itself is New England’s back chamber. Hall emphasizes that such collections die when detached from place and from the web of personalities and stories the things register. His family may reuse these items, but the important fact is the depth the past gives to the present: “the past hovering in the dusty present like motes, a future implicit in shadowy ranks of used things, usable again” (10). Hall notes the regional and familial habit of mind in preserving things, such as some wool carded in 1848 “preserved for preservation’s sake,” without which time, relationships, and meanings could not be known. Even if information about the person who saved things has been lost, touching the object forces people in the present to grapple with changing times and to create contemporary relationships with the past and, perhaps, tally these meanings with those of lives long forgotten. Our post-modern sensibility gives these objects resonance and power because we recognize the elusiveness and contingency of our own identities. In an era of anonymity and amnesia, lives past and present depend on the memories of others. As Hall wrote in String Too Short To Be Saved, “To be without a history is like being forgotten. . . . I thought that to be forgotten must be the worst fate of all” (20). New Hampshire’s preservation ethic finds ways to recycle objects and stories to reappear generation after generation. For Hall, it was the broken ancestral gravestone used as a saphouse foundation and the last jar of maple syrup made by his grandfather, found and tasted in 1975 by him and Jane Kenyon. Unlike Stephen King in Salem’s Lot who shows the vampiric hold of the dead over the living, Hall finds sacramental sustenance living in the house of the dead. He doesn’t “live in their past; they inhabit my present, where I live as I never lived before.” The message to the living is that preservation “implies the possibility that oneself may continue, in place or object or even in spirit, a ring of time that revolves, revisits, and contains” (18-19).

It may be helpful to understand Hall’s relationship to New Hampshire traditional culture in terms of the folk revival of the 1950s and 1960s, in which figures such as Pete Seeger, Bob Dylan, Taj Mahal, among many others, made connections with elders in the folk tradition and then brought folk and folk-inspired music to a mass, pop culture audience. The movement revived old music, created new music, and providing a staging for such figures as Ledbelly, John Lee Hooker, and Doc Watson, who then shaped the revival through virtuoso performance. Lost in the 1960s debates over authenticity of revivalists and revival styles were the personal ethical transformations such engagement with the folk sparked in new artists and their audiences. Although it is an odd comparison, one might fruitfully see the connections between Bob Dylan and Donald Hall, especially as Dylan has lately returned to folk sources in Time Out Of Mind and Modern Times. Dylan’s career, like that of Hall, displays acts of self-invention through transformation of traditional materials through a Modernist aesthetic, processes detailed in Dylan’s Chronicles and Martin Scorsese documentary, No Direction Home. Both artists understand the narrative masks and personas that permit an American artist to speak freely. Hamden-born-and-raised Hall never claims to speak in the recitation tradition of his grandfather, and he tips his mask in Rusticus to show how in a face-to-face community one needs to slip in and out of persona to avoid calcifying into parody or stereotype. This use of past stories and voices counter the placeless, faceless and voiceless life demanded of Americans. Such preservation strategies may also be essential

when a way of life is destroyed through a catastrophe like Katrina rather than rural New England's slow, smokeless burning of decay.

Hall's language in Here At Eagle Pond demonstrates another facet of country ethics. He writes, "I mean to name the things we lose. Naming is an attempt at preserving" (115), and we read lists of things, names, and events. Like the Psalms or Whitman's verse, Hall tallies the bricolage that makes life real, the things pragmatic Yankees suffused with the grace of daily life. In "Fifty People Talking," everyday conversation and anecdote assemble a community chorus. Hall creates proverbial expressions to encapsulate and preserve thought:

"The only bad weather in New England is when we don't have any" (44).

"Nostalgia without history is a decorative fraud . . ." (65).

"We Americans pay homage in the church of work to the religion of money and the present, but in our private houses we are despairing atheists" (101).

"Rural New England's three major industries are yard sales, skiing, and prep schools" (123).

"Without past there is no future" (101).

"Government by everybody is next best to government by nobody" (124).

In the essay "Perennials" Hall addresses the ways in which the language of narrative and poetry in his community and in his writing has preserved values. His cousin Paul Fenton told him a story handed down from generation to generation about a farmer who packs crops and handiwork into an ox cart to take to market. Having sold all the farm products, and then the cart and the ox, the farmer walks back to the farm to start the process again. Hall transformed the story into a poem, "Ox-Cart Man," and then a children's book, illustrated by Barbara Cooney in 1979. Hall writes, "I see that the ox-cart man is a perennial plant, divesting himself each year of everything grown, and growing it all again" (25). Hall's grandfather, Wesley Wells, like the ox-cart man, performed "stewardship carrying all the past through winter darkness into present light," and now Hall's language preserves the harvest of stories. Hall writes, ". . . New England speech serves purposes of preservation. This cultural convention passes on the tales of the tribe, as our griots tell stories and the rest of us listen to remember" (121). Stories are meaningful when they are passed on, voiced again for each person's life and each generation's meanings. Hall calls local historical societies "storytelling turned into institutions" (98). Contrary to the spirit of the age of mechanical reproduction, the ox-cart man, like the writer Hall, seems to spin a world out of himself. We misread this as a fantasy of male self-sufficiency free from the marketplace, for Hall's language implies a web of social and familial implication, as surely as does each of the objects in the ox cart.

Donald Hall has offered several portraits of his grandparents' exemplary lives, but in Here At Eagle Pond he offers a portrait of Heman Chase, a surveyor, local historian, millwright, and inventor. Hall carefully describes Chase's surveying, but he, like Thoreau, also makes metaphorical use of this most American of pursuits. There is a tension between the American passion for private property, requiring the demarcation of nature's chaos for the sake of commodification, and the ethical measurement of the

human spirit that can't be confined to property. For a poet, the line, the measurement of meter, and the deployment of ideas, invite comparison to surveying:

Everywhere the prolix morbidity of the natural world has toppled old trees to the ground and started new ones up. No atom of space is unoccupied, by infant or by corpse, by needle or moss or tiny purple flower. Young trees stretch out in a row, pushed over by one gust; old trees root deep to endure. One hardy birch grips its root into earth around a hunk of quartz the way a six-fingered pitcher might grasp a baseball. . . . Through it all—hacking, indomitable—Heman Chase draws a mapmaker's line, making a human mark on the vital, moribund, unstoppable energy and decay of the natural world. He draws a line through the wilderness, order imposed on chaos the way a railroad draws a line through valley and forest, over stream and past meadow. (56)

Hall notes that human endeavors to fix the landscape are ephemeral, since even a geometric granite railroad culvert lies abandoned in the woods. Chase also “draws a mapmaker's approximate line through the moral wilderness . . . by anecdote and by reference to his secular saints.” Hall's poetry recognizes the decay inherent in social systems and their supporting ideologies, especially at times of empire, be it Roman or American, and many of his poems, such as “Stone Walls” and The One Day, appeal to history to remind the reader that the individual's life has mystery and consequence that the land's endurance sustains. One mistakes Hall's concentration on decay and death as morbid, even as his own life and work provides harrowing and horrifying testimony to the reaper's swath, for death and life cannot exist without each other. Hall's prose and poetry mix tragedy and comedy so completely in a Yankee's dark humor that one can't unravel one from the other. This essay ends with Heman Chase powering a single light bulb by waterpower, and setting up an improbably elaborate cairn of stones to mark a corner in his survey, both apt metaphors for Hall's own work. In a recent poem, “Surveyor and Surface,” Hall returns to Heman Chase to suggest how to limn the depths of life.

Yankee humor has always distinguished Hall's work, and in Here At Eagle Pond it serves as a comic strategy for preserving New Hampshire identity. In “Reasons For Hating Vermont” he quips, “Vermonters lead quiet, introspective lives among the unspoiled splendors of their countryside, interrupted only by brunches, cocktail parties, and Masterpiece Theatre” (61), in order to make sharp contrast with the realities and stereotypes of New Hampshire people: “real people who drive pickup trucks with gun racks and NRA bumper stickers . . .” (62). He wraps truths in parody: “In New Hampshire the state supper is beans and franks, and every recipe begins with salt pork, Campbell's cream of mushroom, and Miracle Whip. In New Hampshire breakfast and supper are both at five o'clock. In New Hampshire a brunch is something not to walk into when you are hunting coon. In New Hampshire convenience stores sell Fluff, Wonder Bread, Moxie, and shows with blue canvas tops. In Vermont they have the forty-hour work week; in New Hampshire the forty-hour work weekend is standard. In New Hampshire people work a hundred hours a week cutting wood, setting up the yard sale, and misdirecting flatlanders; the rest of the time they make Vermont maple syrup and Vermont cheese” (63).

Such images mask a deeper fact that New Hampshire, like the rural South, is still a product of its history. The flatlander's penchant for scenery obscures the layers beneath the surface, as Hall writes in his poem, "Scenic View":

Every year the mountains
get paler and more distant—
trees less green, rock piles
disappearing—as emulsion
from a billion Kodaks
sucks color out.
In fifteen years
Monadnock and Kearsarge,
the Green Mountains
and the White, will turn
invisible, all
tint removed
atom by atom to albums
in Medford and Greenwich,
while over the valleys
the still intractable granite
rears with unseeable peaks
fatal to airplanes.

That intractable granite also can be fatal to politicians. New Hampshire's culture does have an opportunity every four years to have an impact on the nation through the presidential primary. Hall celebrates retail politics in "Living Room Politics" even as he acknowledges the apparent "absurdity of this eccentric state's taking so much importance on itself" (73). Yet there is a bracing value in politicians campaigning in a state "founded on distrust of anybody you could not look in the eye" (74). This character of New Hampshire people is explored in the longest essay in the volume, "Rusticus." Hall defines Class Rusticus in contrast to Massclass to examine what is worth saving in New Hampshire and what will be lost if Massclass overwhelms the state. Himself a product of Massclass values, such as economic and educational advancement in the name of materialism, Hall notes its homogenizing erasure of place, history, and personal eccentricity. "Massclass is singular because it shares goals and values, and because it does not care where it lives except in connection with these desires" (84). Massclass creates stereotypes of New Hampshire's rural people as politically conservative rednecks. There is some truth to these stereotypes because New Hampshire people have had to fight for an identity separate from that of Massachusetts for nearly four centuries.

Class Rusticus lives where its grandparents lived and knows the maiden names of its great-grandmothers, but more fundamentally it adheres to values of independence and individuality. As positive as such ethical values may be, Hall warns that they can be manipulated into political lies that permit people to "think well of ourselves In the ethics of Rusticus, the noble lie that masks evil is Proud Independence" (88). For example, freedom from taxation imposes hardship on the poor and disabled, so "Proud Independence is an illusion of the many that serves the greedy few." Nevertheless,

independence does promote eccentricity, and “eccentricity valued promotes the acceptance of diversity.” Class Rusticus diversity created a mixture of people, a strong work ethic, versatility, competence, and a respect for women’s work. Much of the essay warns about the forces that erase rural customs, legends, social relations, and eccentric individualism. Hall quotes Thomas Hardy: “For these the indispensable conditions of existence are attachment to the soil or one particular spot by generation after generation” (94). Readers may see here a similarity to Robert Putnam’s diagnosis in Bowling Alone of the loss of social capital in America, but Hall is a poet, not a sociologist, and he concentrates on matters of culture, memory, and narrative to propose good ways to live.

The saving grace of Class Rusticus is a “resistance to the murder of the past” through persistence. Hall notes that in Italian hill towns settled by Greeks two millennia ago, Greek was spoken into the 20th century. He remarks, “In New Hampshire we still speak Greek” (94), a statement Grace Metalious’s Tom Makris, a different kind of Greek in Peyton Place, would have found uproariously funny. Hall’s point is not to preserve a landscape so that it can exclude immigrants, but to preserve it so it can be read by longtime families and new arrivals to reveal how community values endure. “In the culture of Rusticus, tearing things down is as wicked as fecklessness” (95). One need only look at the heroic efforts by locals aided by national organizations to save Daniel Webster’s farm in Franklin to see the “rural dedication to preservation and continuity.” Finally, it’s the people who count: “Rusticus lives where he does because he wants to. . . . They are un-American because they prefer land, place, family, friends, and culture to the possibilities of money and advancement” (95-96). Blood ties are not necessary for joining Class Rusticus, but one has to be willing to forge a connection to the past, to participate in community life, and to slow down. In conclusion, Hall offers the necessary equation of old and new populations for the countryside to survive: “Let me proclaim Hall’s Law: When fifty percent of the local population remain aware of the maiden names of their great-grandmothers, or can visit the graves of ancestors born a century and a half ago, or can tell stories handed down from a hundred years back, the spirit’s necessity for connection may be satisfied” (100).

Having staked his claim for Class Rusticus, Hall notes the seemingly inexorable intrusions of Massclass in essays laced with despair, defiance, and humor. He coins the term “Country Commercial Cute” to define “a parasite that feeds on our genuine collective nostalgia for land, solitude, and rural culture” (115). He connects nostalgia and greed in the building of condo complexes whose residents overwhelm the local population. Acknowledging that this is an ancient complaint of country against court and city, Hall pronounces with self-deflating irony the probable fate of his voice and farm: “In the clear COUNTRY light, on the other hand, we see without distortion and testify to what we see—unless, I suppose, CCC installs us, in some future generation, on The Farm at Eagle Pond Estates” (117). Ironically, Hall’s celebration of Wilmot and his fame as a writer may not escape the maw of tourism and CCC. He envisions, “The covered bridge is stuffed and mounted; the mountain stream is posted, burdened with ownership; ski slopes sheer where sheep grazed; parking lots blacken the meadow for buses that carry tourists of the red leaf” (124).

It is up to the reader to “hear” as well as to be “here” at Eagle Pond Farm. Hall offers his individual voice and the voices of his neighbors to those who will listen and those who desire to live in a present enriched by the past. In the poem “Maple Syrup” Hall recalls finding his grandfather’s last jar of syrup that he and Jane Kenyon shared:

dip our fingers
in, you and I both, and taste
the sweetness, you for the first time,
the sweetness preserved, of a dead man
in the kitchen he left
when his body slid
like anyone’s into the ground.

Readers can dip their fingers into the pages of [Here At Eagle Pond](#) to share sacramental moments of life amid regimes of loss. As New Hampshire farmers knew, sugar is a preservative, and so is vinegar. When mixed in switchel, sweet and sour slake the reaper’s and the reader’s thirst.

Suggestions for Further Reading.

Donald Hall, [White Apples and the Taste of Stone: Selected Poems 1946-2006](#) (2006).

Donald Hall, [String Too Short To Be Saved: Recollections Of Summers On New England Farm](#) (1961).

Donald Hall, [Seasons at Eagle Pond](#) (1987)

Donald Hall, [Life Work](#) (1993).

Donald Hall, [The Best Day the Worst Day: Life With Jane Kenyon](#) (2005).

Liam Rector, ed., [The Day I Was Older: On The Poetry of Donald Hall](#) (1989).

Bill Moyers, [Donald Hall and Jane Kenyon: A Life Together](#) (Video, 1993).

“Donald Hall 1928-,” [Contemporary Literary Criticism](#), Vol. 151 (2000): 179-236.

Jen Banbury, “For a Poet, the Farmhouse as Muse,” [New York Times](#), July 6, 2006.

Discussion Questions.

1. Discuss Hall's Law (100). How many people do you know who satisfy Hall's law? Is this an impossibility in New Hampshire, given the changes in the 15 years since he proposed it?
2. How do the weather and talk about the weather shape life in New Hampshire?
3. What are the places, events, traditions, and stories in your town that preserve community? What kinds of eccentric behaviors are valued, talked about, or tolerated in your town?
4. What do you think is needed to keep a New Hampshire identity alive? How do newcomers become part of your community, if they do? What changes and what persists?
5. Hall discusses New Hampshire politics in many essays in this volume. What do you think about his analysis of the New Hampshire presidential primary? Do you think that "proud independence" is a noble lie that masks greed?
6. Do you identify more with the values of Rusticus or Massclass, or do you subscribe to some of each? Which ones?
7. Why do you choose to live in New Hampshire?