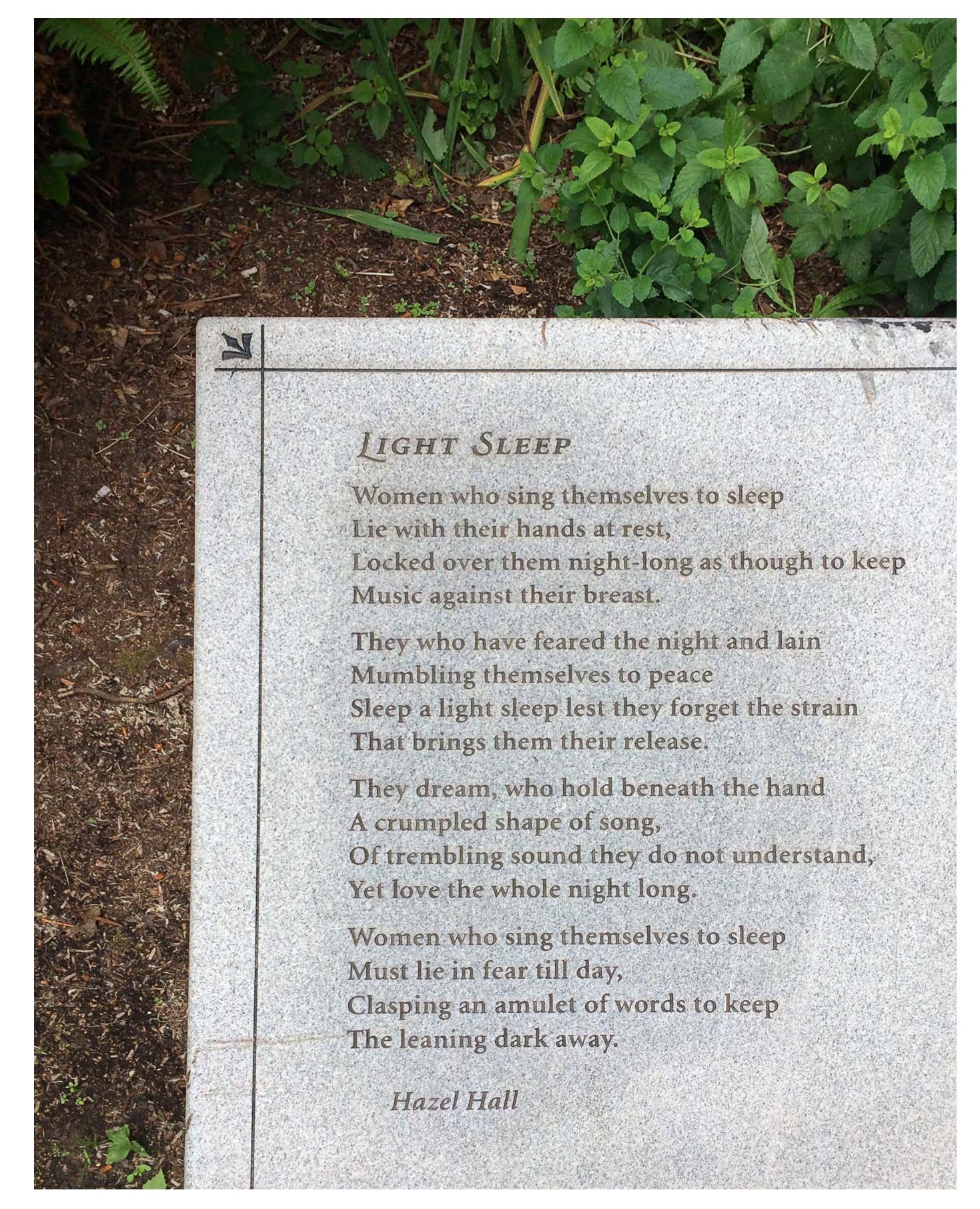
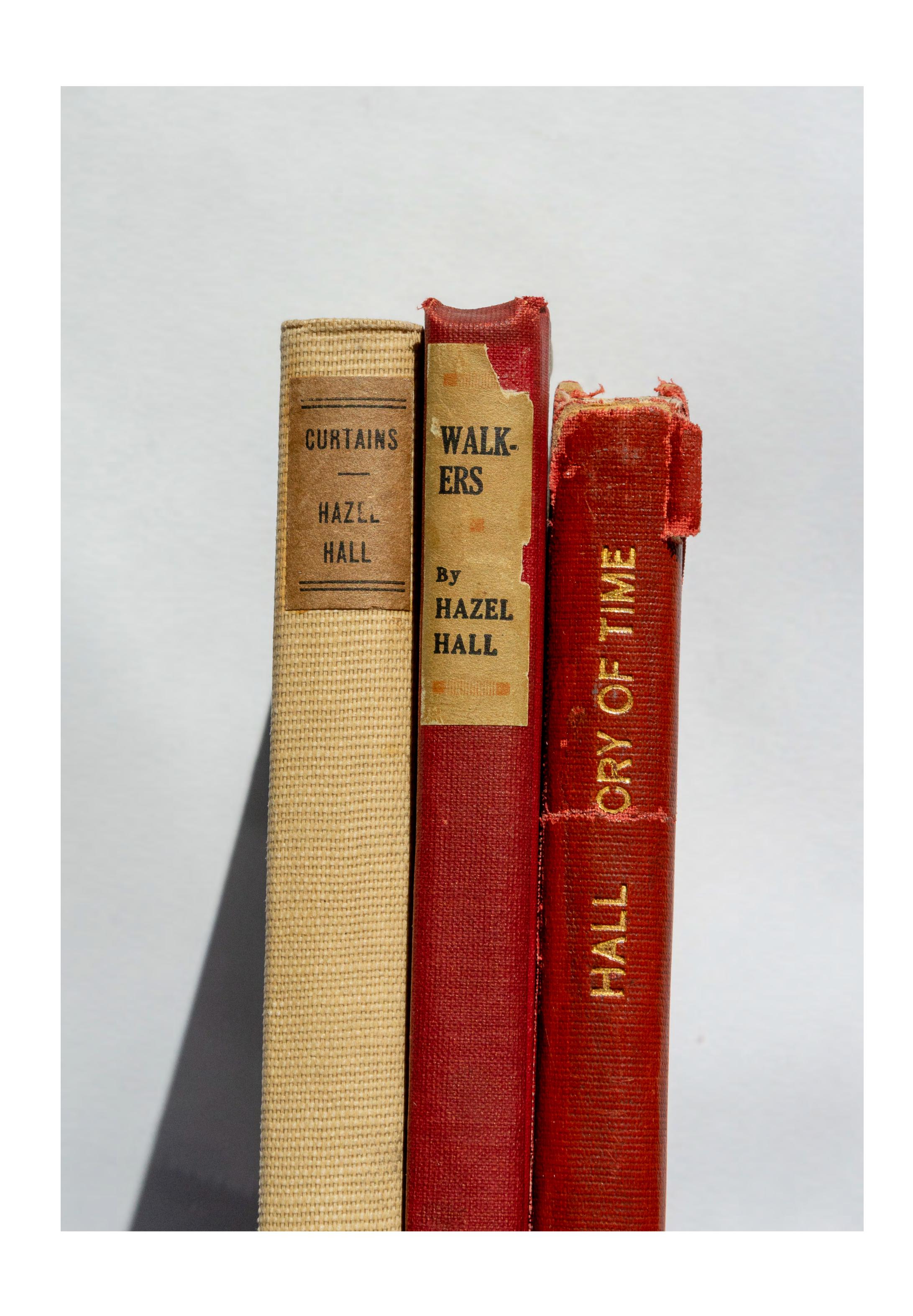


i barely knew matt when he first told me about hazel hall. he had a feeling i might be interested in her and what he was doing.



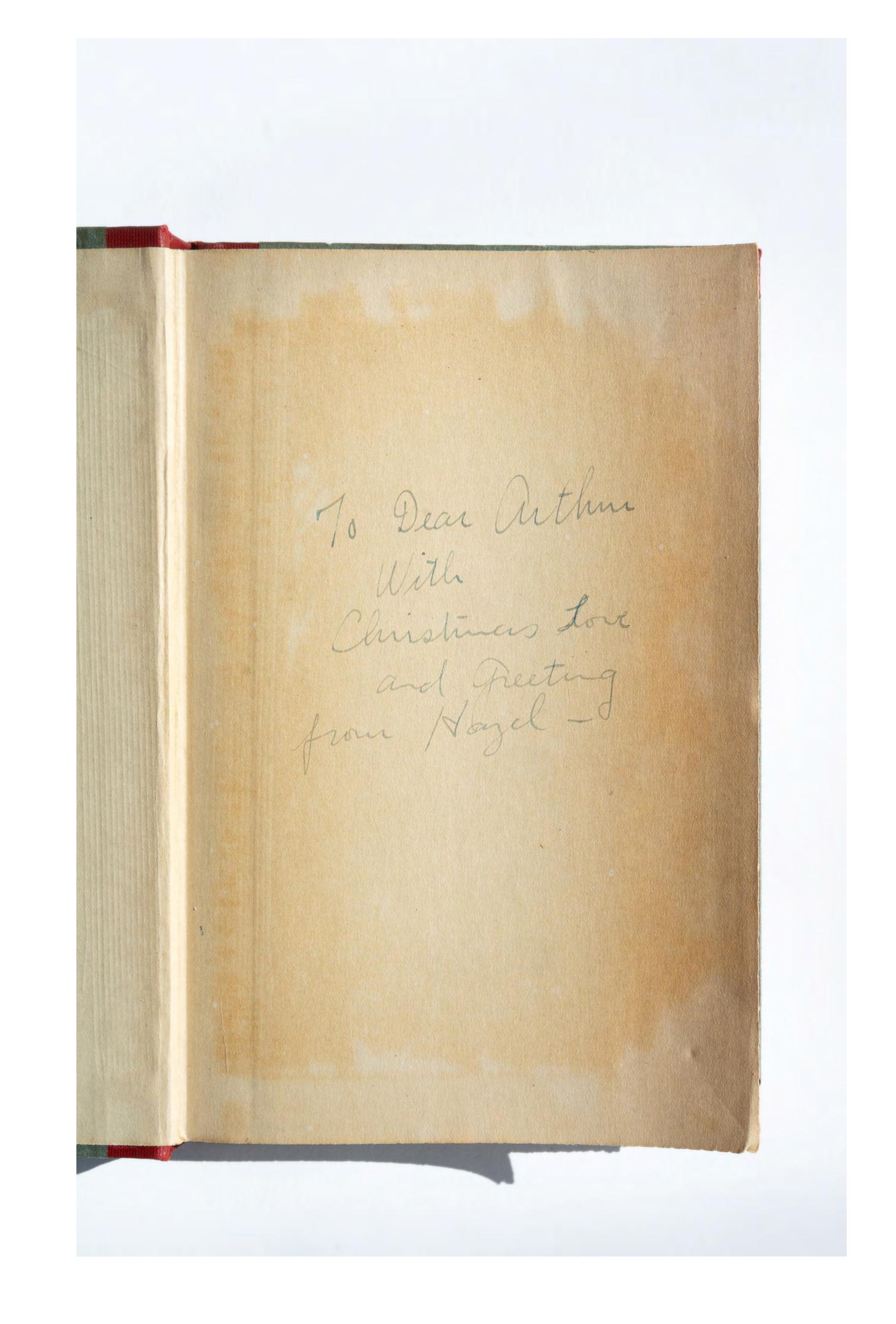


i can't believe that without even trying, i found the hamel hall poetry park.



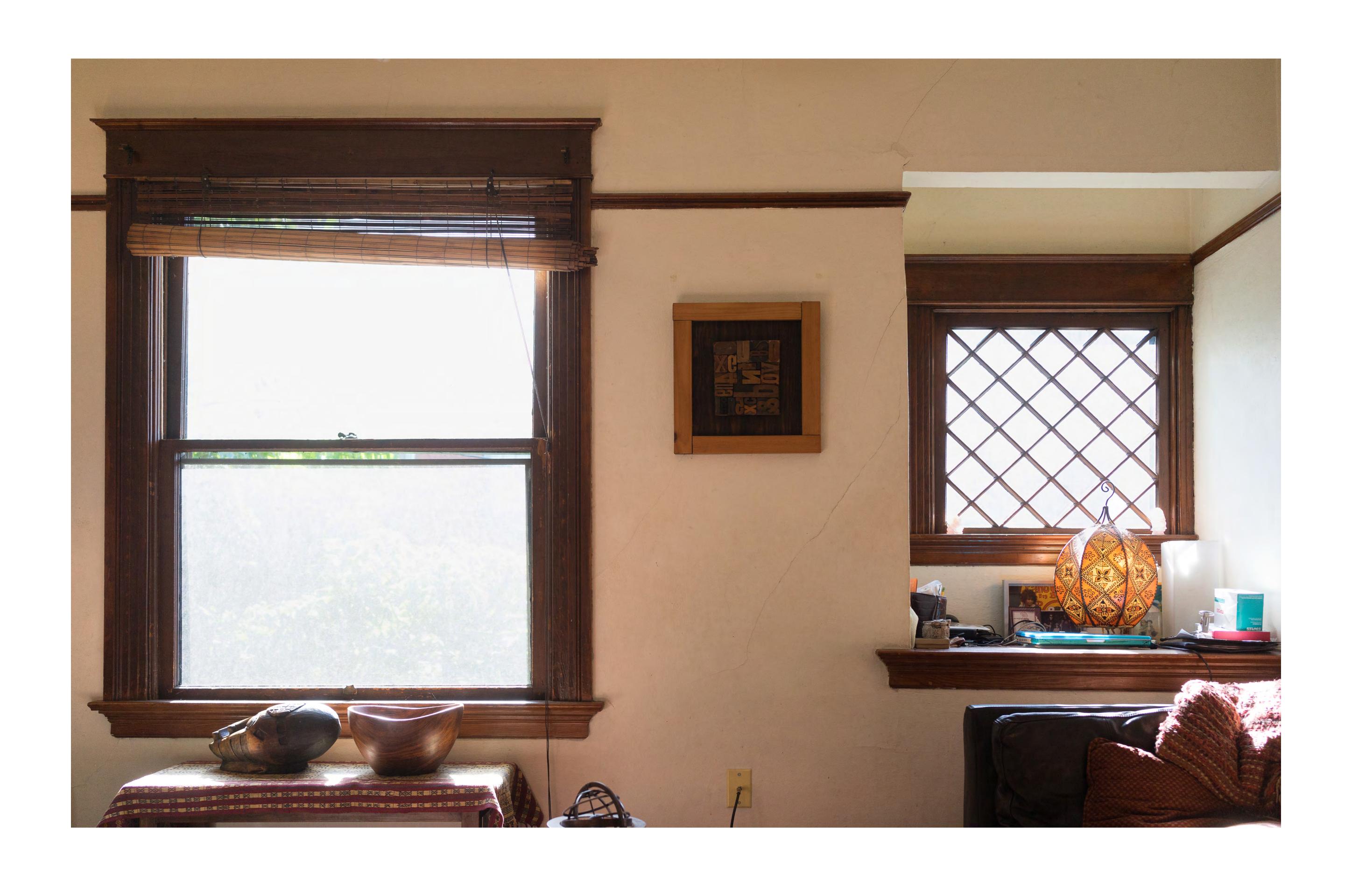
i'm so lucky to live near Powell's brooks. almost every week i check if they have any hazel hall books.

Walkers, by Hazel Ham. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City. Given the compact viewpoint from which Hazel Hall has written this book of poems-the viewpoint of a watcher from a window, noting the passers-by and commenting upon them-consider what the average industrious but hopelessly commonplace feminine poet would have done (using no names, but names inhave written one poem on the destantly come to mind) -- she would! murely tripping maiden, one poem on the decrepit oldster, following her in effective contrast, one poem on the stalwart young man, one poem on the slinking man of evil mien, one poem on the vigorously strutting, iron gray man of business, one poem on the merry vagabond and his dog, and thereupon having hurtfully taxed her imagination and exhausted her supply of human "types," she would have filled the rest of the book with descriptions of the coming of spring and its quickening influence upon the pedestrians and the trees, cribbing phrases alternately from Wordsworth, Longfellow and William Cullen Bryant. Prepared more gratefully to appreciate it, turn then to Miss Hall's work. First of all, it is original in content and method. Here we find an alert, dispassionate approach, linked with unexpected tenderness! of development; a poem begun on a circumspective note ends with a queer surprising warmth; a poem started playfully enough, veers suddenly to a tone of almost sobbing pain—and both are wrought with the deceivingly simple and so su-



i picked up her second book at powell's and this clipping was nestled inside the front cover.

a year later i found another copy of "walkers" inscribed and signed by her.



these are the windows that hazel hall looked out of from the second floor.



trish and neale; they live where hazel hall used to live.