

# Police, Kin Fear Smith Girl Suicide

Wellesley Police Chief Robert B. MacVey expressed fear today that pretty Sylvia Plath, 20, brilliant Smith College student who vanished mysteriously from her Elmwood st., Wellesley, home, may have committed suicide.

The chief said the girl's mother, Mrs. Aurelia S. Plath, Boston University professor, and several of her closest friends whom he had questioned all agreed that Sylvia was depressed and "that it was very apparent that suicide was on her mind."

MacVey said the student was a patient of Dr. Kenneth J. Tilton, a psychiatrist, and that on Monday morning, a few hours before she dropped from sight, a Wellesley druggist had filled a prescription for 50 capsules of a sodium-base sedative which she had obtained from the doctor.

"The girl's mother gave her two pills Monday noon and put the bottle with the other 48 capsules under lock and key," the chief reported. "Her mother left for Boston early in the afternoon leaving Sylvia at home with her maternal grandparents."

"When Mrs. Plath returned home about 4 p. m., the grandparents said they had been sitting outside all afternoon and had not seen Sylvia. Then the mother found Sylvia's note, saying she had gone for a long hike and would return the next day. It wasn't until much later that Mrs. Plath found the bottle of pills was missing, too."

**FEN'S 'MAD GIRL' POEM**  
Sylvia's mother said she believed her daughter's actions were brought on by a temporary nervous affliction induced by her intensive literary work. Sylvia was a guest editor of the current issue of the magazine "Mademoiselle," which prints a digest of her brilliant scholastic achievements and her latest poem, entitled, "Mad Girl's Love Song." The poem is reprinted on this page.

Police today concentrated their search for Sylvia in the dense woodlands at the dead end of Elmwood st., not far from her home. Officials believe she could not have gone any great distance because she had little, if any, money with her, and she took no extra clothing.

"Only a week ago, Sylvia visited a close friend and spent considerable time in a discussion of suicide," Chief MacVey

said. "The girl mentioned nothing about suicide casually, but talked about the subject generally."

The chief said his discovery of this incident, the mother's fears, and the fact that the bottle of pills was missing, all increased the already mounting fears for the missing student's safety.

**SCOUTS JOIN HUNT**  
Boy Scouts and other volunteers joined police today in the woods search. Leaders of the hunt were upset over the inability of a State Police bloodhound to pick up a scent in the woods, and police admitted they were further puzzled by failure to find any neighbors who reported seeing the girl walk toward the woods on the afternoon she vanished.

Sylvia's mother said she feared the girl's intense application to her studies and her literary endeavors had caused her depressed attitude.

"She recently felt she was unworthy of the confidence held in her by the people she knew," said Mrs. Plath. "For some time, she has been unable to write either fiction or her more recent love, poetry."

"Instead of regarding this as just an arid period such as every writer faces at times, she believed something had happened to her mind, that it was unable to produce creatively any more."

"Although her doctor assured us this was simply due to nervous exhaustion, Sylvia was constantly seeking ways in which to blame herself for the failure, and became increasingly dependent."

Mrs. Plath was at first hopeful that her daughter might try to communicate with her sponsor, Mrs. Olive Higgins Prouty, authoress who wrote "Stella Dallas" and other books, but learned that Mrs. Prouty is vacationing in Maine from her Brookline home.

The girl, daughter of the late B. U. Prof. Otto Plath, won two college poetry awards and had stories and poems published in several leading national magazines.

# The Little Woman Is Excited About LUCKY BUCKS

By LUCKY HUNT

WHEN I got home the Little Woman was wearing an expression like the cake fell, the Joneses had a new Caddy and she'd found out about that horse I had—the one that finally won. Oh, oh, here we go, I said to myself.

"What's this money game you're starting in the paper Monday?" she demanded.

"Lucky Buck Treasure Hunt," I said with relief. "I told you about it."

"I didn't pay attention," she said, "but all the neighbors are talking about it. How does it work?"

"Simple. We take the serial numbers from a flock of \$1 bills, put those bills in circulation, print the lucky numbers and folks look at their bills and maybe come up with a Lucky Buck."

"Then what?"

"Then they just cash in their Lucky Buck with us—it may be worth \$200 or \$100 or \$50 or a measly little \$25."

"Imagine that," she sniffed, "a measly little \$25 for all that work?"

"What work?" I said.

"That tiresome, tedious drudgery of looking at the numbers on dollar bills. And you're going to put new Lucky Bucks in circulation every day?"

**RIGHT** you are, Hon. The Record will put nine into circulation daily and print the numbers showing the cash-in value of each. Then THE AMERICAN puts a half dozen more into circulation each day and prints those lucky numbers along with the Record's list, and so on. Then the Sunday Advertiser comes along with 10 more new numbers.

"So in a week's time there'll be Lucky Bucks all over the place."

"All over the place—\$600 worth every day. And I might pick one up?"

Oh, oh, I thought. Here's the joker.

"Look, Hon," I said. "We can't play it. I work for the paper and no families of those who work for the paper can play the game. No Lucky Bucks for us."

"That's just what I figured," she said icily. "I knew it would be something like that. Everybody else in town gets to join in the fun and the money and we stand on the sidelines—cheering I suppose."

"I'm sorry, dear. I just can't do anything about it."

"You could if you wanted to," she said.

"How could I? What could I do?"

"You could give up your job. You could go to work on some other paper."

I'm thinking that one over when the door opens and the five-year-old comes in bawling.

"What's the trouble, Timmy, you hurt?"

"Naw," he said. "I wanna play Lucky Buck. Mom says I can't play Lucky Buck."

a WORD from  
*The Publisher*  
about  
THIS SUNDAY'S  
ADVERTISER  
FEATURES

## ★ OUR FIGHT for OUR CAPTIVE CHILDREN

The story of a naturalized American family whose children are held hostage by Romanian Communists... a heart-breaking decision between loyalty to country and paternal love. In the AMERICAN WEEKLY.

## ★ WHEN TO STEP ASIDE

A bit of advice to oldsters who refuse to give younger men a chance... by former Metropolitan Opera star Giovanni Martinelli. In the AMERICAN WEEKLY.

## ★ IN PICTORIAL REVIEW

A two-page spread of story and pictures about young Marie Wilson, the "Irma" of TV fame. She drives her husband cuckoo, too. And another TV "personality" yarn about rubber-faced Larry Storch.

## ★ TV PREVUE

Boston's biggest, easiest-to-read program lineup of all New England's TV stations... featuring news, pictures and programs for every day of the week!

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One of America's best-read columnists on TV... its programs, its personalities, what's right and what's wrong. Don't miss it!

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With the big WOMEN'S SECTION telling the girls what's with whom on FASHION, BEAUTY, HOMEMAKING, FOOD for HAPPY, HEALTHY FAMILIES!

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- AUSTINE ● MAYFIELD
- DURLING ● CLARKE
- FEGLER ● FRAZER
- PARSONS ● VETTER
- FRIEND

## ★ On The SPORTS SIDE

- EGAN ● LAKE
- BROOKS ● CASHMAN

## ★ 26 COLOR COMICS in TWO BIG SECTIONS!

NEW ENGLAND'S BIGGEST WEEK-END READING TREAT THE BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER On Sale in Your Community SATURDAY NIGHT

# Mad Girl's Love Song

By SYLVIA PLATH  
Smith College, '54

Reprinted from August, 1955, issue Mademoiselle by permission

*I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead;  
I lift my lids and all is born again.  
(I think I made you up inside my head.)*

*The stars go waltzing out in blue and red,  
And arbitrary blackness gallops in:  
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.*

*I dreamed that you bewitched me into bed,  
And sung me moon-struck, kissed me quite insane.  
(I think I made you up inside my head.)*

*God topples from the sky, hell's fires fade:  
Exit seraphim and Satan's man;  
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.*

*I fancied you'd return the way you said,  
But I grow old and I forget your name.  
(I think I made you up inside my head.)*

*I should have loved a thunderbird instead  
At least when spring comes they roar back again.  
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead,  
(I think I made you up inside my head.)*

# DAILY ALMANAC

Fair tonight, lowest temperature in middle 60s. Tomorrow fair, hot. Moderate southwesterly winds.

**BOSTON TEMPERATURES**

8 p. m.	67	4 a. m.	65
9 p. m.	66	5 a. m.	65
10 p. m.	69	6 a. m.	65
11 p. m.	67	7 a. m.	65
12 mid.	67	8 a. m.	66
1 a. m.	66	9 a. m.	70
2 a. m.	66	10 a. m.	74
3 a. m.	66	11 a. m.	80

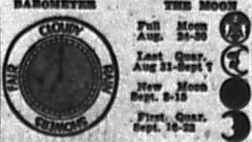
Highest this date was 99 in 1942; lowest 50 in 1912.

**OTHER TEMPERATURES**

City	Max	Min	City	Max	Min
Chicago	65	45	Minneapolis	64	48
Cincinnati	64	49	Nantucket	69	60
Conec't, N.H.	70	63	New Orleans	93	79
Denver	62	45	New York	61	60
Duluth	67	63	Old Town	74	69
Hartford	69	72	Philadelphia	82	69
Jacksonville	85	72	Pittsburg	100	71
Kansas City	94	75	Portland, Me.	68	62
Miami	85	77	St. Louis	87	71
Minneapolis	91	69	St. Francisco	79	64
St. Paul	91	69	Washington	91	67

**INDEX TO FEATURES**

Classified 40-43	Parsons	20
Comics 32, 33	Pegler	29
Crossword	18 Radio, TV	35
Deaths	40 Society	36
Dixen	25 Sokolsky	25
Durling	24 Sports 34-40, 44	
Frazier	18 Theater	26-29
Letters	24 Vets' Friends	19
Kilgallen	14 Women	28, 31
Mayfield	16	



Sea rises 6:02; sets 7:20.  
Moon rises 8:11 p. m.  
High tide 1 p. m.; height 11.1 ft.  
Low tide 7:16 p. m.; height 3.5 ft.

**TEMPERATURE DATA**  
Maximum yesterday 79  
Mean yesterday 69  
Departure from normal -19  
Departure this month -49  
Departure this year +2.89

**BOSTON PRECIPITATION**  
Total 24 hours ending at 8:00 p. m. 7  
Total this month 3.41  
Departure from normal -1.78  
Total this year 57.87  
Departure this year +12.11

**FLYING CONDITIONS**  
All flights were operating on schedule at Logan International Airport.

For later Weather Reports see the Daily Record on sale tonight.

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