

BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1953

Smith Girl In Coma at Own Home

Sylvia Plath, 20, brilliant Smith College student who has been the object of a widespread police hunt since she was reported missing at 5 p.m. Monday, was found shortly after noon today in a semi-conscious condition behind a pile of kindling wood in the cellar of her home in Elmwood st., Wellesley.

A nearly empty bottle, which had contained 50 sleeping pills, and a jar with a few drops of water in it, were on the floor beside her.

The girl was found by her brother, Warren, 18. He went down to the cellar with a flashlight after his grandmother, Mrs. Frank Schober, 66, told him that when she was washing in the basement set tubs, she thought she had heard moaning sounds there. Warren notified police and Sylvia was taken to Newton-Wellesley Hospital.

The admitting office at Newton-Wellesley Hospital issued this report on Sylvia's condition a half-hour after she arrived there:

"The patient is semi-conscious and moaning, but her condition is fairly good and not considered dangerous. She has a slight bruise on her face. Her family is with her."

40 PILLS MISSING

Police Chief Robert E. MacBey who had directed an intensive 40-hour hunt through the woods for the student, said it had not been determined whether Sylvia had been in the cellar all the time, or if she had returned home late Monday night and gone there.

"Forty of the 50 sleeping pills are missing," the chief said. "The girl was clad in dungarees, slippers, and a green short-sleeved shirt. Her mother had reported that she was wearing a white halter and shorts when she was last seen."

"The first thing police did Monday night was to search her home. We were taken through by the family. The spot where she was found in the cellar is only partly excavated and under an eel. There's a chance she may have been there all the time, or she may have come there later that night."

The chief said Sylvia was wrapped in a blanket which had been taken from the porch. Her change of clothing and the presence of the blanket might indicate that she had gone for a walk

and come back to the house unnoticed, the police official added.

MacBey said Miss Plath was a patient of Dr. Kenneth J. Tillotson, a psychiatrist, and had recently obtained from him a prescription for 50 1/4-grain capsules of a sodium-base sedative. The prescription was filled in a Wellesley drug store Monday morning.

The girl's mother, Mrs. Aurelia Plath, a Boston University professor, gave Sylvia two pills Monday noon, but took the bottle away and locked it up, the chief reported. Mrs. Plath went to Boston for two hours Monday afternoon and returned to find a note from her daughter, saying "Am going for a long hike, will be back tomorrow."

It wasn't until yesterday, Chief MacBey related, that Mrs. Plath discovered that the bottle of sleeping pills was missing.

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.

"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 despondent."

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 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 elders 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 zany 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!

★ ANTHONY LA CAMERA

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

★ RUTH MUGGLEBEE

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

★ STAR COLUMNISTS

- AUSTINE • MAYFIELD
- DURLING • CLARKE
- PEGLER • FRAZER
- FARSONS • VETERAN'S 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, 1953, 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 sang 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 men;
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

BOSTON AND VICINITY—Brief shower or thunderstorm likely by late evening. Moderate southwest winds occasionally squally in the thunderstorm. Fair and warm tonight with lowest in upper 60s. Thursday fair and hot.

BOSTON TEMPERATURES

10 p. m.	67	5 a. m.	65
11 p. m.	69	5 a. m.	68
12 mid.	67	5 a. m.	68
1 a. m.	66	5 a. m.	70
2 a. m.	65	10 a. m.	74
3 a. m.	65	11 a. m.	80
4 a. m.	65	1 p. m.	86
5 a. m.	65	2 p. m.	85

Highest this date was 99 in 1948; lowest 56 in 1942.

OTHER TEMPERATURES

City	Mx	Min	City	Mx	Min
Chicago	65	42	Montreal	62	52
Cincinnati	64	60	Nantucket	66	60
Cone d. NH	70	62	New Orleans	80	72
Denver	62	62	New York	61	60
Detroit	57	65	Old Town	74	60
Hartford	59	73	Philadelphia	82	60
Jackonville	69	73	Phoenix	100	77
Kansas City	64	75	Port'd. Me.	66	62
Miami	86	73	St. Louis	87	71
Minneapolis	61	69	St. Francisco	70	58
St. Paul	61	69	Washington	91	77

BAROMETER THE MOON

Full Moon Aug. 24-26
Last Qu. Aug 21-Sept 1
New Moon Sept. 8-10
First Qu. Sept. 16-22

Sun. rises 6:02; sets 7:29.
Moon rises 8:11 p. m.
High tide 1:34 p. m.; 11.1 ft.
Low tide 7:34 p. m.; 6.8 ft.

TEMPERATURE DATA

Maximum yesterday 70
Mean yesterday 65
Departure from normal -10
Departure this month -4.55
Departure this year -6.55

BOSTON PRECIPITATION

Total 24 hours ending at 8:30 p. m. 7.1
Total this month —7.8
Departure from normal —.78
Total this year 37.37
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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