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Smith Girl

In Coma at

Own Home

Sylvia Plath, 20, brilliant Smith College student [student] who has been the object of a widespread police [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 [flashlight] after his grandmother, Mrs. Frank Schober, 66, told him that when she was washing in the basement set tubs, she thought she heard moaning sounds there. Warren notified police and Sylvia was taken to Newton-Wellesley Hospital.

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

"The patient is semi-comatose [comatose] and moaning, but her condition [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 B. 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 [excavated] and under an ell. 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 [presence] of the blanket might indicate [indicate] that she had gone for a walk

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

MacBey said Miss Plath was a patient of Dr. Kenneth J. Tillotson [Tillotson], a psychiatrist, and had recently obtained from him a prescription [prescription] for 50 1½-grain capsules [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 [professor], gave Sylvia two pills Monday [Monday] noon, but took the bottle away and locked it up, the chief reported. Mrs. Plath went to Boston [Boston] for two hours Monday afternoon [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.

PENS 'MAD GIRL' POEM

Sylvia's mother said she believed [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 [Mademoiselle]," which prints a digest of her brilliant scholastic achievements [achievements] and her latest poem, en-

titled [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 hap-
pened [happened] to her mind, that it was
unable to produce creatively
any more.**

**"Although her doctor as-
sured [assured] us this was simply due to
nervous exhaustion, Sylvia was
constantly seeking was in
which to blame herself for the
failure, and became increas-
ingly [increasingly] despondent."**

Mad Girl's Love Song

By SYLVIA PLATH

Smith College, '54

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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.)