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End of 3-Day Search

Smith College Editor, 20, Hiding, Ill, Under House

[Photograph of SP wearing necklace and jacket]
Associated Press Wirephoto
Miss Sylvia Plath

WELLESLEY, Mass., Aug. 26
(AP)—Sylvia Plath, twenty-year-old Smith College senior, object of a widespread search since Monday, was found today semi-conscious in the cellar of her own home.

She was taken to Newton-Wellesley Hospital, where officials [officials] listed her condition as "fair" and said she had suffered "no apparent serious injury."

Police said the girl was located by a brother, summoned by her grandmother who heard moaning [moaning]. She was in a small space under the porch to which entrance [entrance] is gained from the cellar proper by an opening two and a half feet square, which is shoulder height from the cellar floor.

Had Sleeping Tablets

Police Chief Robert McVey said an empty water jar and a bottle containing eight sleeping

tablets were by the girls' side.
He said the bottle originally
contained forty-eight pills.

This area, with a dirt floor
space twenty by ten feet, has
cement walls on three sides, the
fourth being the foundation of
the house. The opening was
blocked by kindling and scrap
lumber, where the family habit-
ually [habitually] stored it. Chief McVey said
the girl apparently pushed the
wood aside, crawled in and re-
placed [replaced] the lumber.

He said the portion of the
cellar was not searched Monday
because the family expressed
opinion the wood in the opening
had not been disturbed.

When she left home Monday
the girl left a note for her
mother saying she was going for
a hike. The mother, Mrs. Aurelia
S. Plath, a Boston University
professor, said her daughter's
disappearance may have been
due to a temporary nervous dis-
order [disorder] linked with her writing.

"Felt Unworthy"

Miss Plath was editor of "The
Smith Review," college literary
magazine, last year, and has sold
fiction and poetry to magazines
and other publications.

Mrs. Plath said her daughter
"recently felt she was unworthy
of the confidence held for her by

the people she knew. 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 that every writer faces at times, she believed [believed] something had happened to her mind, that it was unable to produce creatively any more."

Transcribed by Peter K. Steinberg, 14 September 2016.