

## INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP RESPONSES TO CONFINEMENT IN A SKYJACKED PLANE

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*The author was among 149 passengers and nine crewmembers skyjacked to the Desert of Jordan and confined to the plane for almost a week. This paper describes the shifting crises and anxieties to which the hostages were subjected, focusing on the gradual development of passenger self-organization and the factors tending towards group cohesiveness and group divisiveness during captivity and release.*

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Virtually no time elapsed between warning and threat, as skyjackers rushed forward, holding some 149 passengers and nine crew at gunpoint, while an American plane slowly circled in mid-air over Brussels, shortly after noon, Sunday, September 6, 1970.<sup>1</sup> Passengers' reactions varied. Shock; fear; excitement; extreme depression; non-comprehension; the thought that someone had gone berserk; that this was a Labor Day hoax; stunned disbelief that this could really be happening, were among the responses of the instant—seeming to support, for the most part, Withey's<sup>8</sup> observation that new stimuli tend to be interpreted within the context of the known and familiar, and as non-threaten-

ing until such interpretation is no longer sustainable. Stewards and first-class passengers, faced by the male skyjacker, were gun-herded backwards, hands up, mouths open, faces ashy-green, into the already full tourist section. Shortly, a woman's voice over the intercom announced the seizure of the plane in the name of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. The plane began to retrace its path southeast.

During the ensuing five hour flight to Jordan, the male skyjacker stood facing the passengers, gun leveled toward them. Within the rigid confines of the plane, sub-groupings began subtly to form. Families clung more closely to their children. Seatmates and those adjacent,

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hitherto strangers for the most part, dropped normal psychological barriers; in the sudden sense of unity in danger noted by Jacobson,<sup>5</sup> they whispered together in sudden communion, exchanging conjectures, anxieties, fears. The fourteen college students scanned seat-pocket maps, speculating among themselves, trying to foretell destination, evidencing a sense of adventure. Almost at once, they formed and remained a subgroup.<sup>7</sup> One elderly passenger turned to her seatmate and spoke quickly, regretfully of a quarrel with her only kin: "No time now to make amends!" A voice hissed harshly that this was as it had been in the Nazi Holocaust: "People were led helplessly to their deaths, like sheep." Some prayed; some wept silently; some read; some sat seemingly frozen within themselves; some dozed. I found my own life running in review in my mind, with regret at the many opportunities life had offered me and from which I had turned aside.

Around what would ordinarily have been the time of landing at Kennedy Airport, self-orientation and self-concern shifted to expressions of alarm for expectantly waiting families. How shocked they would be on learning that this plane would not land! Seatmates and passengers within whispering reach of one another allied themselves, exchanging names and addresses, making promises that survivors would somehow notify the next of kin of those who might not make it.

With darkness, foreboding swept the plane. From the cockpit, the woman's voice announced that the plane was approaching the Desert of Jordan, where "friendly people are waiting to welcome you." Silent, anxious, those at windows peered down, minds struggling to make

sense out of dimly perceived scenes of moving trucks, knots of running figures, red flares. The Captain's voice asked for four volunteers to move forward to balance the plane for landing. The male skyjacker slowly backed, gun still pointed, to make way for two silent men, a woman, and a girl who rose and moved in line to the forward section. After agonizing circlings, a perfect landing was made on the desert floor. Ladders were quickly raised to the fore-hatch. By lantern and flashlight, armed, uniformed women and men climbed aboard, a woman *fedayeen* taking and retaining command.

"Now you know why you are here." she announced in English, "but none will leave the Desert until the just demands of my government have been met. It is up to you to pressure the Red Crescent to act, through the International Red Cross and then through your families and your governments to expedite your release."

For the first time we realized that we were *all* held hostage. We had become a community of our own, in an unfamiliar environment under threat and stress.

Landing cards for the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine were distributed for completion. One woman reached down swiftly in the dimness to write her passport number in the lining of her shoe. When I, recalling the passivity that had led so many to concentration camps, asked why my passport was wanted, a sibilant, "Sshh—don't make trouble," was murmured from all sides. With the demand for passports, an apprehension that was never to leave flooded the cabin. It became the first divisive wedge, setting apart those who held dual passports of two different nations, and families in which parents and

children held passports of different nations. The stewards urged compliance. One woman, separated from one of her children, became hysterical, demanding that her child be seated beside her. About this time, the sound of another plane was heard but it was not seen. All slowly settled in for a cold, restless night, four in many seats built for three, without lights except for lanterns at the fore and rear hatches, while armed men paced the aisle.

**M**onday's four o'clock dawn revealed the Swissair plane, its nose crumpled, directly behind the American, Arabian tents pitched beside the planes, and rings of armed men, of armed half-trucks, and of tanks in concentric circles surrounding the planes. The desert stretched beyond in all directions. Light and warmth were wanted, but stewards urged keeping the blinds down against the coming day's heat. Some complied. Some, perceived as isolates, pulled up their blinds. A uniformed Arabian physician came aboard. He listened to complaints. He was asked to arrange for access to baggage in the hold for those with personal medicines. This evoked a fierce, whispered quarrel. Access to held baggage was opposed by passengers whose luggage contained second passports. Sharply hissed quarreling about the rights of individuals to meet their own needs versus the implicit threat to others ended for a while when the former complied, ceasing their requests. Sub-groups existed in uneasy, distrustful proximity to one another. Complaints and fears were voiced. The physician offered tranquilizers *ad lib*. One elderly woman whispered that she would save as many as she could for a quick death, as everyone knew that these days old women

were raped and killed before younger ones.

Jordanian Army officers came aboard. They told of the concerted air piracies of the day before. They regretted the obvious discomforts of the captives and their own powerlessness to help unless there were a direct attack upon the planes. They promised to send in a box meal. The factual statements and the promise of food brought a surface calm and unity that was broken when the food came. Food introduced a second divisive element that was to continue. Jewish parents who urged their children to eat, to stay nourished, were sharply criticized by parents who refrained from eating non-Kosher food, setting examples for their children. Existing subgroup boundaries of age and of dual passport-holders were invaded. Despite these splitting factors, the adolescents managed to be and to remain a definite, almost closed sub-group, immersed in companionship and self-organization for available satisfactions. They continued to evidence a certain sense of adventure. By noon, however, the mothers of babies had spontaneously become another subgroup, concerned with the practical problems of caring for their infants and themselves. Formula preparation, bottle heating, the improvisation of cribs against the night cold engaged them. The need for diapers and for sanitary napkins was acute. The doctor brought cotton batting. Scissors and powder were lent or contributed. Cutting and slicing to size occupied time. While most passengers continued to speculate on their fate, to read, to pray, to doze, half-heartedly to play cards, the mothers, with busy hands, remained purposefully and enviably engaged and united. Along with the stewardesses, women passengers

moved to look after the six children who were traveling alone. It seemed as though this, as other life crises of birth through death, called upon the work of women and their hands.

Lack of running water and water shortage, the already malodorous and overused, non-functioning lavatories, heat and airlessness, and sustained inactivity began undermining adult morale. Some conjectured aloud, Job-like, on what they must have done to deserve this fate. Some showed irritation at the running play of small children. Episodes of bickering occurred. Aisle-seated passengers resented being brushed against. Window-seated passengers stared silently outward, then suddenly complained that they had not been informed of what was going on.

At dusk, in order, first Indian and then other nationals, then mothers and their children, then all women were ordered to prepare to leave for hotels in Amman. Each was required to sign name, place, and date of birth, nationality, religion, and places of embarkation and debarkation. Each then climbed down the ladder to board waiting minibuses, some crying softly at the unanticipated separation from husbands. All were soon ordered out of the buses and into a rude circle in the dark. By torchlight, names were called and religions asked. Those who answered "Jewish," along with two non-Jewish women who pleaded not to be separated from their husbands, were gun-pointed back into the plane, while the others returned to the buses that left for Amman. Apprehensive and dejected, families split, passengers tried to arrange themselves as best they could aboard the cold, filthy, smelly, waterless plane, using coats and cut-down cabin curtains for blankets.

During the night, six men were quietly removed by the captors.

Tuesday's dawn found the passengers temporarily united in the shared shock and sorrow of the bereft women, and the enhancement of the secret fears of the men whose wives and children had already been removed to Amman. The reminder of the Holocaust was heard again: "This was the way men were silently taken at night to die in Buchenwald."<sup>8</sup> Realization that the Arabian physician slept in the tent outside, available on call, brought a definite, universal sense of comfort. A plastic sack, containing *pitta*, hard boiled eggs, cheese, and fruit was brought to each. With tea made on an emergency gas ring, this became the standard meal.

The arrival of the International Red Cross, their offers to try to send messages to the next of kin of the captives, to deal with male and female passenger representatives around meeting the greatest needs, and to ask consent to negotiate with the leaders of the PFLP and the several governments concerned for the release of all, raised spirits generally. Messages were quickly written. A sense that things were really starting to happen for the better re-established group cohesion. Two stipulations, however, quickly thinned the cohesion. We were to agree to ask no questions about the negotiation proceedings and to ask no questions about the fate of the men who had already been taken away. We soberly agreed.

By afternoon, armed men of various North African armies began to pass through the plane in a steady stream, hour after hour, staring curiously at its interior and at its occupants. This aroused feelings of revulsion, degrada-

tion, dehumanization, and vague threat. Distinctly, we felt impotent, confined, constricted, and like animals in a zoo. Even the adolescents resented the feeling of being "on display."<sup>6</sup> Divisiveness was subdued. Despite differences of nationality, religion, race, sorrows, needs, values, resentments, and fears, there was unity in a showing of proud indifference, aloofness, and disdain to the inquisitive stares. Some of the soldiers tried to communicate friendly interest by smiles and bows. One glanced at a child making a "cat's cradle" out of string and gestured to show that his children did the same. A complement of a Desert Guard, in contrast to the khaki, desert-camouflaged uniforms of others, wore long, brown *caftans*, red and white *kefiyehs*, scarlet leather ammunition belts, and bandoliers. Each wore a silver dagger thrust through the breast of his *caftan*. Their dress, their boldness of bearing and expression appeared to me to be as they must have been, unchanged, two thousand years ago, and inspired a cold chill of fright. This was doubtless the intent.

Suddenly, all passengers were ordered off the plane, ostensibly for air, were handed down the vertical ladder to the desert floor and allowed to circle slowly within a ring of armed men. The stewards, navigator, and engineer had all warned passengers against talking politics among themselves, and they circled silently, stiffly, listlessly in the heat. Signs painted on the planes under draped flags of the PFLP could plainly be seen: "Down with Imperialism; Down with Zionism; Down with Israel." The Swiss-air and its people could be seen but no contact was allowed. On return to the plane, it was apparent that cabin baggage had been searched. The female *fedayeen* leader announced that passports had

been found and demanded others thought to be still hidden. The stewards again urged compliance. Hushed arguments about the rights of the few versus the hazards to the many broke out again. The female soldier stated coldly that the British, American, and Swiss governments had been given a 72 hour ultimatum to meet her people's demands. These, as before and subsequently, were self-contradictory and unclear. Veiled threats were made. The captain of the plane announced that food had been found in the search, that health was endangered by hoarding food in the desert heat, and that greater care must be taken with the lavatories, which, even with the steady, exhausting efforts of the crew, could not be kept functioning.

A general rise in anxiety showed itself in querulous remarks: "If it were not for the Jews, none of us would be in this spot," and in a new sub-group wave of anger directed against passengers who had appeared to pass the time by talking in friendly fashion, exchanging details of different life styles, with the physician and with the female guards. Such "fraternization with the enemy must cease," was muttered. Hill and Hill<sup>4</sup> have commented, in this connection, on the uses of rationalization to settle conflicts in threatening situations, and on the loss and inadequacy of response in systems where there is lack of energy of input. The boundaries of sub-groups continued to shift and to overlap as succeeding and different crises pressed new sub-groups into being.

That evening, some passengers began to talk spontaneously of specific planning towards organization and more self-direction of their confined life. Under the leadership of the few men and women who had responded to the request of

the International Red Cross for passenger representation, various plans were considered for a man and a woman, in turn, to supervise the use of the lavatories by children, to allot and distribute water and food, and to collect refuse. None of these plans was acted on for another two nights and a day. A few sporadic and abortive efforts at leadership were met with contemptuous remarks such as: "Who gave *you* any special rights?" Meantime, the plastic airline cups saved from the last meal or salvaged from the rubbish became valuable, guarded possessions. A generator was brought from the Amman Airport, but after ten minutes of electric power for the functioning of lights and facilities and for cool, circulating but lavatory-odor laden air, the generator had to be allowed to cool down for fifty minutes. It was considered not powerful enough for this plane, and taken away.

**W**ednesday marked a change in captors' attitudes. They were abrupt and talked rapidly among themselves. The doctor was quick and curt. The morning food sack was late, and two packets each were distributed, suspicion-arousing in itself. The irritating parade continued. Two Danish neutrals passed quickly through the aisle, affirming the fact of the other air piracies and stating that newspaper headlines were telling the world what had happened. Only a few at a time could hear what was said, and the plane rapidly became a rumor factory of misinformation and accordingly mixed emotions. As group interaction increased, individuals tended more strongly to establish affiliates among those expressing, at the moment, understandings and values similar to their own.

A severe desert storm arose. Even with all hatches closed, heavy brown dust filtered through. Lavatory odors permeated the stifling heat. There was evidence of increasing diarrhoea and vomiting. In the oppressive, thickened air it seemed that we did not even have the privilege of perspiring individually. Suddenly, word was passed that still another plane had been captured. In intervals between blown brown masses of dust, the captured BOAC plane appeared, disappeared, circled, and slowly dropped to land at an angle across and ahead of the American airship's prow. The *fedayeens* exulted, embracing, pounding one another's backs, and, leaving only a skeleton crew on guard, raced to wave their guns in salute to the two skyjackers proudly standing in the open BOAC hatch. Ambivalent feelings were spontaneously expressed by those aboard the American plane. These included relief in the notion that in numbers lay safety; guilt at this relief; empathy with the anxieties of the newcomers; dismay at the loss of secret hopes that the American plane might somehow take off and escape. As to whether the landing of the BOAC boded ultimate good or ill for all, the college group was most articulate. A propaganda speech was made by a PFLP spokesman as propaganda materials were distributed to the passengers for reading. The guards alternately threatened to blow up the plane if their ultimatum was not met, and taunted their captives with the low regard in which their governments must hold them to let them sit so long in such distress. To complaints of the stifling dust, airlessness, and heat, there were reminders that they had to live with these constantly and that Americans, especially, criticized and wasted

the food that they were saving for the passengers out of their own rations.

One college girl, Leah, Jewish, born in the Sudan, an American citizen and speaking Arabic, had been the subject of special taunts for living on "Capitalistic fat" while her fellow Arabs "lived like rats in the desert, dying without complaint, struggling for a better future" for their children. They sought her alliance with them, with promises of personal safety. Leah signaled to me at one point. Under promise of secrecy, she told me that she heard talk that the plane had already been wired for demolition—only the time had not yet been set. Selected hostages were taken, one by one, to tents outside the plane for hours of interrogation about Israeli addresses, photos, hotel receipts, or letters written in Hebrew that had been found in the searches. Singing by small children was brusquely interrupted by guards. Mothers got some relief when adolescents began spontaneously to help in caring for babies and children. One mother had virtually given up all care of her infant to a devoted teen-ager, almost as though apprehension for herself was too great to allow her to remain responsive to her child's needs. Night came at once with five o'clock sunset. It seemed to me to be beyond my capacity to endure another night. Wakeful and restless, beset by desert asthma, my coughing disturbed what peace others might have had.

**B**y Thursday's dawn, the guards were more curt. They taunted us anew with the "lies" of the "deserting" Red

Cross and our worthlessness in their eyes and in the eyes of our governments. Three children were feverish. The doctor was abrupt. He announced that he could bring no more medicines from Amman due to the civil war raging there.\* Increasing anti-American feelings were expressed by the guards. A new split emerged as some non-American passengers, aggressively irritable, muttered assent, identifying with the *fedayeen* in expressing both anti-American and anti-Jewish feelings. One man announced that although he was a naturalized American citizen, earning a good living in America, he despised all its values and customs and was only waiting for retirement to return to his native country. The crew, together with a black American soldier passenger, effectively cooled such remarks. Knowledge of the impending demolition of the plane had spread throughout. The only reactions seemed numbness, apathy, depressed isolation on the part of some, increased tendencies among affiliates for relatively idle talk, bolstering of self defenses in fitful scapegoating, and the on-going bickering around eating.

With news that water would be chlorinated and rations still further limited, passengers began to organize themselves. College students set up activities for small children, "school" for the others. A water detail was formed and drinking allowances stipulated. Water rations for lavatory flushing and plans for lavatory supervision were made. Arrangements for the communal use of one basin of water for hand washing and another

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\* To complaints about our distress, we were told by our guards that matters were far worse on the other planes. Later, I learned that the contrary was true. We, on the American plane, had the worst of the three situations. Aboard another plane, greater total cohesiveness was sustained, and a passenger was heard to say: "Our fear was controlled; our anxieties uncontrolled." <sup>6</sup>

for rinsing were set. A garbage collection detail was organized. Adolescents assumed direct responsibility in distributions. This led to whispered expressions from the old: "The young will care only for themselves; they will take and have no concern for us." Food hoarding began again. Some older persons began a despairing weeping, acknowledging a longing to die by the graves of their spouses. A committee was organized to confront the parents of one child who had been especially annoying. On parental insistence that, "He is only a child," the father was told that, if necessary, the child would be seat-confined.

Passengers were again ordered out. Legs swollen from prolonged sitting, all stumbled down the ladder, into the shade of the wings. Girls set up jump-rope games; children played ball; adults had setting up exercises. At the request of some of the soldiers, a life raft was pulled out and inflated. It immediately exploded. Another was soon drawn out, inflated, shaded, made into a baby's play pen. Soft drinks were distributed from cases in the open hold. A man had a heart attack but refused to leave his wife for hospitalization in Amman. On return to the plane, it was apparent that possessions had again been searched. All were warned that a search of garbage and lavatory wastes had disclosed torn-up passports. Renewed demands for concealed passports, along with threats, were made. The open air, the fresh drink, the activities, the fact that the day was passing, lifted spirits. Conversation, except for the isolates, became general. More passenger movement up and down the aisle was allowed. Gallows' humor jokes were exchanged. Veterans of Buchenwald scorned the complaints of others. Compared with what they had

lived through, this was a "Hilton Hotel." A young girl acknowledged that it was her birthday. Some canned pears were found. A stewardess broke out two bottles of wine. A gift was managed. We sang. Finally, we made ready for the night, which was broken by the armed guards' pacing and by my endless coughing. During the night ten more men were taken away.

Friday morning, with the exception of a few withdrawn elderly and consistent isolates, all were aghast at the pallid, ravaged faces of wives and mothers of the missing men. Their grief was controlled with dignity. Tears that appeared were quickly checked by the comforting hand of another. A second dust storm forced the closing of the hatches. The doctor stated that he could no longer carry responsibility for our health. The female *fedayeen* in command suddenly announced that all cabin possessions, including handbags, were to be taken away at once. We were sure now of the ultimate destruction of the plane, but not when. A plan was made to try to send a message to President Nixon, with urges that it be dignified and non-demanding. The crew rejected first efforts, feeling that the wording was not strong enough. Compromise was reached. There was a general sensing of the rapidly spreading deterioration of health and morale. The atmosphere grew more physically and emotionally oppressive. The remaining men were paler; those of military age showed and complained of gastric disturbances; vomitings increased. Babies were irritable; half-hearted attempts at card-playing and checkers were abandoned or increased; more sudden sobbing occurred and stopped; more intimate expressions of loss of hope and



longing for death by older ones were heard. Grief over guilt towards others in the past emerged with a seeming lack of coherence. An older person clutched worldlessly at the doctor as he passed her seat. A stewardess sat with and comforted those whom she could. The Red Crescent official came to announce that he had no knowledge of what was going on; that he had been told that the soldiers could supply no more food; that he had requested emergency food supplies from his headquarters. Our guards, silent and withdrawn most of the day, suddenly appealed to us to help them in whatever might happen: "We have helped you, been kind and generous to you; now you help us!"

At dusk, the stewardesses passed their cart with a cold spread of cheese, salad and fruit brought by the Red Crescent. Permission was given for a candle to be lit by an older woman in token of the Sabbath. Shortly after, the remaining men, passengers and crew alike, were taken. When the last jeepload of men had pulled away, stewardesses, who said they had no information about what was to happen next, urged the deeply frightened, silent women and girls to put the children to sleep and to bed down themselves. Leah, another woman, and I decided to stand watch in turn, in the area where the children slept. We whispered together softly, companionably, curiously alone and curiously united; occasionally we were joined for a smoke by another wakeful woman. At one point, the rear-hatch guard became ill and was led off the plane by the fore-hatch guard. This alarmed me. Was this a ploy to get the *fedayeen* off the plane before it exploded? When, some half hour later, he was returned, we were newly disquieted. Having been ill, was

he thought worthless enough to be blown up with us? In an access of paranoia, we asked one another, where was Leah? Was she still on board, or had she slipped away to safety? Whom could we trust? What was to happen? In the darkness, I counted the aisle seats by hand to Leah's seat and found her resting quietly. My news brought obvious reassurance, and immediate guilt over our suspicions, to the wide-eyed women watchers. Before dawn, another guard came aboard, seemingly having been drinking, demanding Leah. He pushed us back as he found her. She pretended to be half asleep. They exchanged brief remarks in Arabic. As he left, he bade an amorous farewell, in broken English, to the silently staring women.

Saturday's dawn found the women and children alone, without food, water, or usable facilities. Under leadership of a woman whose husband had been taken, they organized themselves into details to achieve the impossible. At mid-morning, the first buses began to arrive to take them to Amman. One devout woman hesitated. This was the Sabbath. Riding was forbidden. With one accord, the last group of women turned on her, saying that, if necessary, they would take her by force. If they could not, they would take with them the child she was caring for.

All was confusion at the final debarkation into buses driven and guarded by armed men. The buses set off in a wide fan of separated courses across the desert to partial reunion at the Amman Hotel. There, those who could, gave names and descriptions of the women and girls still missing.

In subsequent rescue stages and on the long flight westward to America, reprim-

inations were more open and bitter between the women who, with their children, had refrained from eating, and those who had not. Side-taking was sought. Bitter feelings among some were solidified. Contempt was expressed for those who mourned lost or stolen luggage. The women whose men were "lost" maintained their sad, quiet dignity, deeply concerned over the separation from family members still held captive somewhere, and anxious about the hardships anticipated in the many implications for their futures of this sustained and not yet ended stress.<sup>2</sup> The sense of release and homecoming expectations were tempered by the realization of girls and women also still held captive. Affectional ties among some were made more binding, especially among those who felt deeply connected that final night aboard the plane. Again it was apparent that the individual's functioning in the group, under and through crises, continued to reveal past and habitual coping patterns, their timely uses and their flaws.

#### IMPLICATIONS FOR EDUCATION

1. Emergencies, threat, crises, and stress, with concomitant feelings of anger, fear, and anxiety, expressed directly and through the defenses of projection and denial, are on-going aspects of our current society. Educational measures to offset the personally and socially undesirable effects of these responses may be undertaken.

2. Extensive literature, from 1920 on, deals with strategies and tactics involved in anticipating, understanding, and managing human behavior under stress. Wider and more general utilization of selected appropriate aspects of this knowledge should be at the disposition

of parents, teachers, youth leaders, and persons responsible for the safety of large numbers of people. As Wilson<sup>9</sup> has noted:

Civilian populations . . . May be prepared for disaster situations by training and education, so individuals may be prepared to maintain their mental health during extreme situations if they can be taught to cope with varieties of normal stress. (p. 135)

3. The "normal" life crises to which children and youth become exposed in our society may well be utilized for educationally constructive crisis purposes. This may involve opportunities for talk between children and accepting adults whom children and youth like and admire, in which the children can be helped to identify, to express, and to *objectify* their own feelings, and their own perception of their needs, and behavior. This also involves giving to children and youth honest, factual, simple explanations, at their levels of comprehension and assimilation, in order that they may integrate their own cognitive and perceptual activities.

4. Camping, Scouting, Hosteling and other outdoor equivalents tend to cultivate in children and youth the setting up of problems in living and survival, for "fun" and "adventure." The experiences of patterns of mastery of such problems, individually and in groups, can be further deliberately objectified to have the effect of desensitization to later crises and stresses and to promote composure and an enhanced ability to master threat and its effects.

5. When danger threatens, people naturally seek the company, understanding, and aid of others, and join with others in protective efforts. It is important, therefore, to be aware of those factors

that tend towards group divisiveness—with deceleration, diffusion, and diminishment of efforts to reach group goals—and of those that tend towards enhancement of group cohesiveness—with consequent reduction of anxiety, comprehension of the relevance of the problems to be surmounted in conforming to group needs, development of feelings of warmth, especially *trust*, in affiliation with group members, and readiness to participate freely in constructive group protective measures. This, too, can be consciously and deliberately prepared for in discussions of group experiences.

6. Appropriate forms of non-insight oriented encounter groups for children, youth, and adults may be used to help people become objectively acquainted with their own feelings and behavioral responses to threat, especially as these are directed both towards others and towards group-oriented tasks and goals. This technique can further be educationally preparatory for more personally and socially constructive responses to crises and threats.

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