

RETURN AND RESETTLEMENT

When we were close to the Golden Gate Bridge, we went out on the deck [of the U.S.N.S. General A. W. Brewster] and I was looking for it. The bridge was not golden but it was nice, sunny, and calm and I looked at the tall buildings.

—Nick Golodoff

AS THE END OF THE WAR APPROACHED, we were still in Japan. The policeman told us the war was over and we painted POW on the outside of our building so the American planes would know where we were. The planes flew over and looked around and saw it, and then the next day they came back with drums filled with food, all kinds of food, and they dropped the drums from the plane with a parachute. Their aim was not very good. Some drums filled with food fell into one of the Japanese houses and the policeman had to go and collect them.

I do not know how they got drums up to our building, but we ate well that day. Everything tasted good to me. I really liked the canned peaches. It was the first time I saw American sugar. After that I do not remember much, but we were still there for at least a week or two before the Americans arrived and moved us out.

While we were in Japan, we did not know Americans dropped the atomic bomb on Japan. No one told us about it. We did not know this until we got back to the United States. The policeman was happy for us that we were leaving. I liked Japan but I was glad not to be living there anymore.

After the Americans found us, they put us on a bus. We didn't know we were going but they took us to the airport. Then they put us on a military plane with aluminum bucket seats on each side with seat belts. From Hokkaido, we went to Okinawa. I don't remember how long we stayed in Okinawa. All I remember is that we sat by a long table with a

lot of food and my stomach was shrunk because I couldn't eat much but I was very satisfied.

From Okinawa, I do not know how I got to Manila but I remember I was there with a bunch of military men. I slept in a big army tent with a man from Attu; we used to watch movies outside. I had my first Coca-Cola in Manila.

I do not know where my mom was while I was in Manila, but I was with a military man and Aleut man from Attu and I remember we used to go to the mess hall and eat. We lived in a tent and I remember it was warm and we had mosquito nets around our bed and sometimes we rode around with a few military men. Sometimes when we rode I used to see what looked like hippopotamuses in the muddy pools around Manila. One day I had my first ice cream, something sweet and cold that I never had before and that is what made me sick. I vomited and they took me to a hospital. While I was in the hospital I looked out the window; it was blowing wind and the army tents were blowing in the air. Wood and tin were flying all over, trucks were rolling over. It was windy that whole day. We were hungry, so one of the male nurses went to the kitchen to get some sandwiches. He put them into a packsaddle and crawled all the way to the mess hall and brought us some sandwiches. It was so windy he had to crawl. Later I heard about a man and woman that were inside the big heavy metal van and the man from Attu was hiding behind the outside freezer. They had twelve big freezers outside and the man from Attu was hiding behind them. I was lucky I was in the hospital that time.

I do not really know what happened next, but after a while we went on a big army transport ship with thousands of military soldiers from Manila to San Francisco.¹⁴ The soldiers didn't have guns, just bayonets. It took 10 or 11 days, but it felt like it took forever to get from

¹⁴The Attuans sailed on the U.S.N.S. General A. W. Brewster. It was a new boat, launched in January 1945. When the Japanese surrendered, the Brewster was in the Philippines. It carried returning troops, and the Attuans, to San Francisco, arriving on September 1, 1945 (Naval History Online 2011).

Manila to San Francisco because we were on the boat and most of the time we were in our rooms. When we went to the galley to eat there were no tables or chairs. We had to stand up at the counter and eat our meals and then had to leave so the others could eat too. Every day they used to give us a piece of paper that showed where we were. I do not know how long it took, but we were told we were going to go under the San Francisco Golden Gate Bridge. When we were close to the Golden Gate Bridge, we went out on the deck and I was looking for it. The bridge was not golden but it was nice, sunny, and calm and I looked at the tall buildings. When we got alongside the dock, the military got off the boat first. We had to wait for somebody to come pick us up in a bus.

When the government workers picked us up they took us to a hotel where we stayed, but I do not know for how long. I remember eating with my mom and brothers and sister at the hotel restaurant. While we were in San Francisco, I stayed in a room with my mom. She was scared of something outside the window. It was windy and raining and something outside the window was knocking. My mom thought someone was outside the window, so she went down to the desk and told them and the guy came out and looked out and he said there was no one out there. From San Francisco, we took a train to Seattle. We had to sleep on the train and I found out it was hard to walk on the train while moving. I am not sure how long it took to travel from San Francisco to Seattle by train.

In Seattle, we lived in a hotel at first, but I do not know how long we stayed in the hotel. Later we moved to a house. Just my mom and I were in a house by ourselves. These houses were lined up along side of a road. There was hardly any traffic on that road. Staying here was nice. I am not sure how long we stayed, but it may have lasted about a month or so. When you walked down to the main road, there was a lot of traffic. We were up on a hill. There was a bike shop close by and they were renting out bikes for 50 cents an hour. This is where I learned



Photo 40. Nick's wife Vasha Golodoff with three of their children. (Source: Nick Golodoff)

to ride a bike. I used to rent a bike almost every day and practice. I had scars and bruises all over from practicing to learn how to ride a bicycle, but I learned. My first time seeing a horse is when my older brother John rented a horse and I was somewhat scared since it was a big horse. The weather in Seattle was nice practically every day. I used to watch one man hitting golf balls. He would hit the balls out in a field and leave them there; I am guessing he was practicing. Once he was done, I went out to the field and picked many golf balls up. Next day when we showed up I gave them to him and he gave me 50 cents so I went and rented a bike again. I am not sure where I got all my 50 cents from but my mom, I think, gave me 50 cents everyday. I did not have much to do. I did not

see any other kids, it was just me. Sometimes I was the only one in the neighborhood since it was so quiet. Sometimes people would knock on our door selling us turkey, chicken and stuff like that. I remember my mom brought a turkey for around \$2 and I do not remember us eating it.

The Attuans wanted to go back to Attu. Half way back to the U.S. we were told that we were going to Atka and not Attu. Mom told me we had relatives in Atka.

After Seattle, I do not know how we got to Adak. Once we got to Adak there were nothing but military people there. Adak was cold and I didn't like it. I didn't know what I was getting into but I followed my mom. I do not know how long we stayed in Adak, but I remember coming to Atka on a small military barge. It was only about 50 feet square with a black bottom.

When we got to Atka, the Aleuts there were building houses with left over military lumber, so we had to stay with other families before they built us small houses to live in. My mom was from Atka so we stayed with relatives. There was lots of material to build houses. After that they built us a bigger, better place to stay.

Atka was a lot like Attu. The bay looked the same and the hills and land almost similar, but at Attu there were bushes and there was none here in Atka. When we arrived, the military men were still here in Atka. I did not see any planes, boats or big guns or tanks, but they were still there, leaving slowly. Every six months some of the military people kept leaving until there was only five left. Then after that they closed down Atka and all left. The military left behind a metal airstrip about 3,000 feet long and lots of Quonset huts, a big plane hanger, cold storage, and a big wooden mess hall. They left them all and took off. There was some lumber left over which we used to build houses and then everything started rusting. What was left and useless we used to burn. We did not have indoor plumbing, so we used to haul water from creeks. To take

a bath we used to heat water on top of the stove and my family had no money so we had to live off the land, eating things like fish from the creek, roots, berries, sea urchins, mussels, clams, etc. But I still had better food than I ate when I was in Japan.

Other First-hand Accounts:

Olean Prokopeuff (Golodoff), 1981

The people continued to die. All that was left was just a few of us. Time passed until we heard an airplane. We went out and we stepped out to look. We saw drums coming down in parachutes, and evidently, the plane was an American plane and the drums contained food. So we stayed up and ate all night.

Alex Prosoff, 1947 (1988)

One day, 1945, we learned from hearing Japs talking that Germany has lost the war. So I went to friendly Jap and ask him if it is true Germany lose the war and he said yes. He said the Americans now have Germany. The Japs seem very sad over Germany losing. After that we had blackouts every night. They put us to work digging trenches. One day in August while we were digging a trench in front of a policeman's house we hear noise from radio coming from open window. We know enough Jap to know it is Jap Emperor telling his people that Japan had lost the war. He told them they must now work very hard to live. That afternoon the Jap guard tell us to stop working. They did not tell us war is over but we know it because things change. Japs take their things out of caves where they had them stored. They said it is because of nice weather and they want to dry stored clothing. There are no more blackouts, either. I asked them why did they turn on lights at night and where are the sirens that used to blow when enemy planes are near. They said the Americans are over on the southern side of Japan now so lights don't bother. But not once did they tell us they lost the war.

Seven days later a B-29 flew over very low and saw the PW sign the Japs built for us. They circled it four times and then flew so low we could see people leaning out. They dropped drums of food, candy, and cigarettes, also two bundles of clothing and shoes. The next week they came again and dropped more things. Three weeks later three Americans came. It was then we were really happy! The Japs tried to make the Americans think they had been good to

us. They had our camp cleaned up and gave the Americans good food. We told our stories before the Americans and the Japs. We told of the beatings they had given us, of the months of cold and sickness and starvation. We told of our people who died of neglect. When we finished the Japs tore up their stories they had ready. The Americans told us not to take any more orders from the Japs. *We Were Free!* They told us an American plane would take us away in two weeks. We did not work for Japs now. We went walking all over this city that had been our home for three years. One day four of us went walking and saw a church that looked like our own church at Attu with big dome and a Russian cross. We walked all around the church but could not get in. We knocked at the door for a long time. Then some one come. What a surprise! Gray hair and blue eyes!

“Is this a Russian church?” I asked.

“Yes,” answered the old couple in English.

“May we come in?”

“Of course. Where do you come from?” they asked. “Come in.”

“We come from Attu, Alaska,” I said.

“Where is that?” they ask. “Come in.”

We went in and found a map. On it is little dot-Attu. We show them where we come from. They say, “Oh! You are Americans! What can we do for you boys?” “We want to go to church,” I tell them. I tell them we have been Japs’ prisoners three years. Only church we have is little holy picture Mike sneak with him.

“All right,” old couple say. “Come back tomorrow.”

So next day we all went back and had church. It was very nice to have church again in a church like ours. The old couple told us their name was Soffieff. These old people came from Russia many years before. They lived in China before they came to Japan. They suffered very much in the war, too.

We went and had church with these old people once more before we left Otaru.

Before we are going to leave Otaru, I go to Japs and say, “We want money for work we do.” They finally give me handful of little paper bills fifty-yen size. I divide among my people. When time to go

we ask for kind old Jap man. We take up collection for him and he go home happy.

After the food was dropped, the Americans came. We could see cars running around and they made a lot of smoke. These cars had to be cranked to get them started. So one got tired of cranking a car before it could be started. They also had some cars that didn't make any noise at all when running.

Then we were taken inside the house. We were asked if we wanted to go home. We all said, "Yes!" They were Americans and they told us that the war was over, and we were going to be taken home. That next day, we were taken to the airport. We stayed there for three nights. Our flight must have been late or something. I never did find out.

Innokenty Golodoff, 1966

About September 1945, the Red Cross helped us leave Otaru. An American Army plane took us to Okinawa. We had a big saki party at Otaru just before we left. Our policeman got drunk too. We wanted to take him with us so they let him go to Okinawa with us then they took him back. When we left our house at Otaru we didn't use the doors, we went out through the windows because everyone was feeling so good. A Jap civilian gave us the saki, two or three bottles, almost a gallon in each one. I like saki. That was the only party we had while we were in Japan.

Olean Prokopieuff (Golodoff), 1981

We finally departed from that place and we landed on a number of islands. I don't even know the names of the islands.

We saw where the Americans dropped their atomic bomb. It looked like a bundle of kindling wood. The place appeared demolished when viewed from the airplane. When we were in Japan, we used to be evacuated to the interior whenever the Americans dropped their bombs.

Then we flew once more. I still can't remember the names of the three islands (over which we flew). I think we were still flying, and I remembered Okinawa, because we were there for two-and-a-half weeks. Then once again we were airborne heading for the main land. When we arrived on the main land, it was unbearably hot there.

We caught a boat from Manila bound for San Francisco. During our trip, we encountered a storm, and we were told that we were in Alaskan waters. We were hoping that they could let us off at Unalaska, but instead the boat continued on to San Francisco.

Alex Prosoff, 1947 (1988)

At the end of two weeks we get on C-47 and fly to Okinawa. We take all our little boxes of dead in one big box, our church books and our trunks. The pilots flew over Nagasaki and showed us where atom bomb dropped. It is very awful! Nothing left of that big city.

At Okinawa all our boxes and things are put inside big wire fence. We had bad tornado there and when storm is over we look for our things, but big box of all our dead people, everything is gone. Some one tell us they will look for our things and they put us on transport boat *Brewster* for San Francisco. Then I really felt I was going home.

Innokenty Golodoff, 1966

When we got back to the States we went to San Francisco—on a Navy boat. We stayed in a hotel and the Red Cross took care of us and took us to see the city and we went across the Gold Gate bridge. We stayed there for about two weeks then we went to Seattle.

Alex Prosoff, 1947 (1988)

San Fransisco! That is very beautiful city, I think. It looks like heaven to me. Of all the cities I've been in, I like that one best. Red Cross and welfare people are at the boat and doctors and nurses. They

take us to Lankershim Fifth Street Hotel¹⁵ and give us money to pay our hotel fare and buy food and clothing. Miss Van Every¹⁶ of Indian Affairs took us round in her car to see things. But mostly we walk. We walk all day, Elizabeth and me, just looking. Elizabeth wear out two pair shoes and heel off one. He [sic] look very funny walking with heel off but we walk till I see sign of little hammer hitting heel and we go there. It's a shoemaker place and he fix his heel. Then, we walk some more. Elizabeth always see things he wants. "I want this, and this and this," he say. We were in San Fransisco one week and two days and we were so busy walking and looking we did not have time to go to church.

Innokenty Golodoff, 1966

In Seattle we stayed near White Center. We had a good time—first we stayed in a hotel, then in a camp—a house with kitchen and everything. I stayed with my brother's family.

Alex Prosoff, 1947 (1988)

When we went to Seattle we went to Church of Seven Domes. Some of our people go to hospital in Tacoma. We stay in Seattle many days, then we get on boat *Branch* and come to Atka. We want to go to Attu. They tell us soldiers still on Attu and no more village. We must come to Atka. They will give us new house here.

Olean Prokopeuff (Golodoff), 1981

From San Francisco we took a train to Seattle. From Seattle, we boarded a ship, *Branch*, and later arrived at Adak. When we were in Seattle, we were there for some time and it was getting close to Christmas. We did not really want to go home, but we were brought here. At that time, they dropped off many soldiers on Adak. We were brought here from Adak in a small tug. I had gotten used to the big

¹⁵The Hotel Lankershim was a large and well-known hotel on Fifth Street in San Francisco. See the 1930 postcard of it at <http://www.route40.net.net/page.asp?n=918> (Brusca 2010).

¹⁶Mildred van Every worked as a matron for the BIA's San Francisco office between 1934 and 1946.



Photo 41. "Attu children taking communion in Seattle." (Source: Becky Bendixon, via Ebay)

ship that brought us from Seattle, and I did not feel very safe on that small tug.

When the tug arrived at Atka, a truck picked us up and we were taken to the school. At the school, we were assigned to where we were going to live. I was placed in Cedor's house.

A year passed, then the houses were built for us. Army Quonset huts were made for us to live in, and we stayed in the huts for another year. Then our houses were finished so we moved in. Since then, they have been our houses for a long time. Today, whenever there is a storm, I don't trust my poor house.



Photo 42. Nick's mother Olean with her new husband, Ralph Prokopeuff, on their wedding day in 1947. (Source: Nick Golodoff)

Innokenty Golodoff, 1966

After Seattle we went to Adak and stayed there one night, then they took us to Atka. The new houses were already built. The Government built them for us. We tried to go to Attu but they told us we were not enough people so the Government wouldn't let us go to Attu. The Government told us to live with the Atka people. So we got to Atka on December 11, 1945. Then I was single but today



Photo 43. Innokenty and Vasha Golodoff, with their baby, "Toughie" [Helen], on their wedding day in 1947. (Source: UW Press, Ethel Ross Oliver)

I have a wife and three kids, two girls and a boy. My oldest girl is 19 and my youngest, the boy, is 16. Now the Attu people like it at Atka. My wife is an Atka woman and I don't want to go back to Attu.

Fig. 5. Attu residents who died in Japan, and those who survived (Source: Murray 2005)

Deceased prior to 11/27/45

Artumonoff, John – b. 1869, d. 1942 on Attu
Artumonoff, Mavra – b. 1924, d. 1944
Artumonoff, Peter – b. 1920, d. 1944
Borenin, Annie Golodoff – b. 1919, d. 1943
Golodoff, Artelion "Arty" (Angelina's baby, b. and d.1943 in Japan)
Golodoff, Harman (Garman) – b. 1891, d. 1945
Golodoff, Helen, b. 1929, d. 1944
Golodoff, Lavrenti – b. 1900, d. 1945
Golodoff, Leonti, b. 1931, d. 1943
Golodoff, Mary – b. 1895, d. 1943
Golodoff, Michael (Julia's baby, b. and d. 1943 in Japan)
Golodoff, Valvigian (Valirjian) – b. 1939, d. 1943
Hodikoff, Anecia (Mike H.'s baby, b. and d. 1943 in Japan)
Hodikoff, Fred (Fedosay) – b. 1901, d. 1945
Hodikoff, George – b. 1929, d. 1945
Hodikoff, Michael Gorga "Mike" (Chief) – b. 1893, d. 1945
Lokanin, Gabriel (Mike L.'s baby, b. and d. 1944 in Japan)
Lokanin, Tatiana – b. 1942, d. 1944
Prokopioff, Anecia Kriukov (Golodoff) – b. 1886, d. 1942 while under way for Japan.
Prokopioff, Mary – b. 1939, d. 1943
Prosoff, Bladimir – b. 1932, d. 1943
Prosoff, Martha Hodikoff – b. 1903, d. 1943

Surviving on 11/27/45

Artumonoff, Sergi – 18, b. 1927, last record in 1966
Golodoff (Prokopioff), Alfred Jr. (b. 1945 in Japan)
Golodoff (Prosoff), Thecla (Fekla) – 10, b. 1935
Golodoff, Elizabeth – 4, b. 1941
Golodoff, Gregory – 5, b. 1940
Golodoff, Innokinty "Popeye" – 28, b. 1917, d. 1998

Golodoff, John – 17, b. 1928, d. 2009
Golodoff, Julia Prokopeuff – 22, b. 1923, d. 1954
Golodoff, Mary Tarkanoff Lokanin – 28, b. 1918, d. before 1963
Golodoff, Nick – 9, b. 1935
Golodoff, Olean – 5, b. 1939
Golodoff, Olean Horosoff – 35, b. 1910
Golodoff, Willie – 31, b. 1914, d. 1983
Hodikoff, Angelina – 17, b. 1927, d. 1981
Hodikoff, Annie Yatchmenoff – 28, b. 1918, disappears from
records in Tacoma hospital 1945
Hodikoff, John – 18, b. 1927
Hodikoff, Marina – 8, b. 1938, d. 1996
Hodikoff, Martha – 9, b. 1937
Hodikoff, Stephen – 14, b. 1931, d. 1985
Lokanin, Mike – 33, b. 1912, d. 1961
Lokanin, Parascovia Horosoff, 23, b. 1922, d. 1994
Prokopioff (Golodoff), Alfred Sr., 37, b. 1908, d. 1963
Prosoff, Agnes – 5, b. 1940, d. 1980
Prosoff, Alexy – 29, b. 1916, d. before 1949
Prosoff, Elizabeth Prokopioff Golodoff – 26, b. 1919

Commentary

One day the policeman who guarded the Attuans told them that the war was over. The Attuans painted the letters “POW” on the roof of their building so the American planes would know where they were. Planes flew over, dropping drums filled with delicious food. Nick Golodoff particularly remembers the canned peaches they brought. Some Japanese sources recalled that the Attuans defied orders to share some of the food and cigarettes with their friends among the Japanese guards (Stewart 1978:34).

After the Attuans heard the war was over, they were able to leave their quarters and walk around the city (Lokanin 1988:239). When they left, about two weeks later, police officer Shikanai and his superior, Sergeant Endo, accompanied the Attuans as far as Chitose air base. The Unangan requested that Mr. Shikanai come with them further, to Atgusi air base outside of Tokyo, and he did (Stewart 1978:35-36).¹⁷

The Attuans were given the cremated remains of those who had died in Japan, and they put all the boxes of bones of those who had died together in a big box (Lokanin 1988:239). Unfortunately, the bones were lost on the way back to the United States. Alex Prosoff said that while they were in Okinawa the Attuans left all their baggage, including the box of bones, inside a big fence. After a big storm the box and all the rest of their things were gone (Prosoff 1988:248). The box of remains was eventually recovered and sent to Atka. The cremated remains of the deceased Attuans were buried near the Atka church, but outside of the church grounds because the Russian Orthodox church does not allow cremation.

The Attuans got on a plane, the first flight any of them had ever been on. They stayed in Osaka one night, then went on to Okinawa. A huge storm grounded them there for several weeks. Then they flew to Manila, where they stayed in army tents and were taken around by military men. They boarded a ship and set out for San Francisco. It took ten or eleven days, Nick Golodoff remembers, but it seemed like forever. Some government or Red Cross workers met the boat

¹⁷Before they left Otaru, according to Henry Stewart based on interviews with Japanese sources, Mr. Shikanai had a tailor make a suit of clothes for each of the Attuans. At Atgusi, however, the Americans gave the Attuans new clothes and made them burn the ones they were wearing (Stewart 1978:35).

and took the Attuans to a hotel, giving them money for lodging and clothing. They were in San Francisco for a week or ten days, and did a lot of walking around.

The Attuans took a train to Seattle by train, the first train trip any of them had taken. In that city, they attended services at the Greek Orthodox Church of the Assumption, which Alex Prosoff called the Church of Seven Domes. Some of the people went to the hospital in Tacoma (Prosoff 1988:248) for treatment of tuberculosis. The remaining Attu residents finally boarded a boat to return to the Aleutians on December 12, 1945. They got to Unalaska on the 19th, and from there traveled to Atka with a stop in Adak (Lokanin 1988:240). They had hoped to return to Attu, but they were told there weren't enough people left to resettle their village. Sixteen Attu survivors arrived in Atka on December 21.

When the military transport ship *David W. Branch* brought them to Atka, the residents of that village were still in the process of rebuilding their village, which the U.S. Army had burned after the residents were relocated to Southeast Alaska in 1942. The Attuans had to stay with Atkan families until the military could build houses for them. Fortunately, Nick Golodoff's mother Olean was from Atka, so she and her children Nick, Greg, and Elizabeth were able to stay with their relatives, the Snigaroffs. Later, Olean married an Atka man (see Photo 42). Innokenty Golodoff married an Atka woman and began raising a family (see Photo 43). Willie Golodoff was reunited with his wife Julia, but then, like several others, had to go to a hospital in Tacoma (Jolis 1994:20). Four Attu "children," including 18-year-old John Golodoff and 20-year-old Angelina Hodikoff, were sent to vocational school in Eklutna. One of the teachers there wrote an article about these Attu survivors. She said Angelina carried with her a scrap of paper which said:

Father, Mike Hodkoff, burn at Attu, died in Jap camp at Otturu Island of Hokhaida. Mother, Anicia Prokoppoff, born at Attu, died at Attu, 1940. Three brothers, two named George and Leonty, Mike died when Japs came. Another brother George died in Jap camp. Sisters Mary and Annie died at Attu when the Japs came. Brother

Stephen age 14, birthday Jan. 16th, taken prisoner, now thought to be at Atka. (Butts 1948).

The Attuans were unhappy that they could not return to their home. Alan May, who had visited Attu in 1936, corresponded after the war with several of the Attu people who were hospitalized with tuberculosis in Washington State. Mike Lokanin wrote to him that he missed Mike Hodikoff and his smile, and that he was worried about his wife and his friend John Hodikoff, both of whom also had tuberculosis and were in another hospital. Mike Lokanin did not think the Attuans and Atkans were getting along very well with each other yet. He wrote, "We rather be on Attu instead Atka" (Lokanin 1946). Ted Bank, a visitor to Atka in 1948, said one of the troubles the Attuans had in their new home was that the Atkans wouldn't allow them to use their wood to build new houses. The Attuans thought the Atkans looked down on them (Bank 1956:78).

By June 1947, only 11 Attu survivors were at Atka. One was at Fort Richardson in the Army (John Golodoff); four were at Tacoma Hospital (Willie Golodoff, Annie Hodikoff, John Hodikoff, and Mary Prokopeuff); and six students were at Mt. Edgecombe (Sergei Artumonoff, Marina Hodikoff, Martha Hodikoff, Stephen Hodikoff, Agnes Prosoff, and Fekla Prosoff). Angelina Hodikoff had moved to Dillingham.

One consequence of the move to Atka was the exacerbation of rivalry in basketry between the villages. The Attuans and Atkans had different basket-weaving styles and kept them secret from each other. The Attuan women no longer had access to their favorite kind of grass (Shapsnikoff and Hudson 1974:50). The Attuan style, previously known as the finest form of Unangan basketry, died out with the Attuan women. Attu also once had a distinct dialect of Unangan Tunuu, but with the death of so many Attuan speakers, the dialogue was no longer spoken.



Photo 44. Cover: "Meetings between Aleutian and Japanese People," by Masami Sugiyama, published in Japan, 1987.