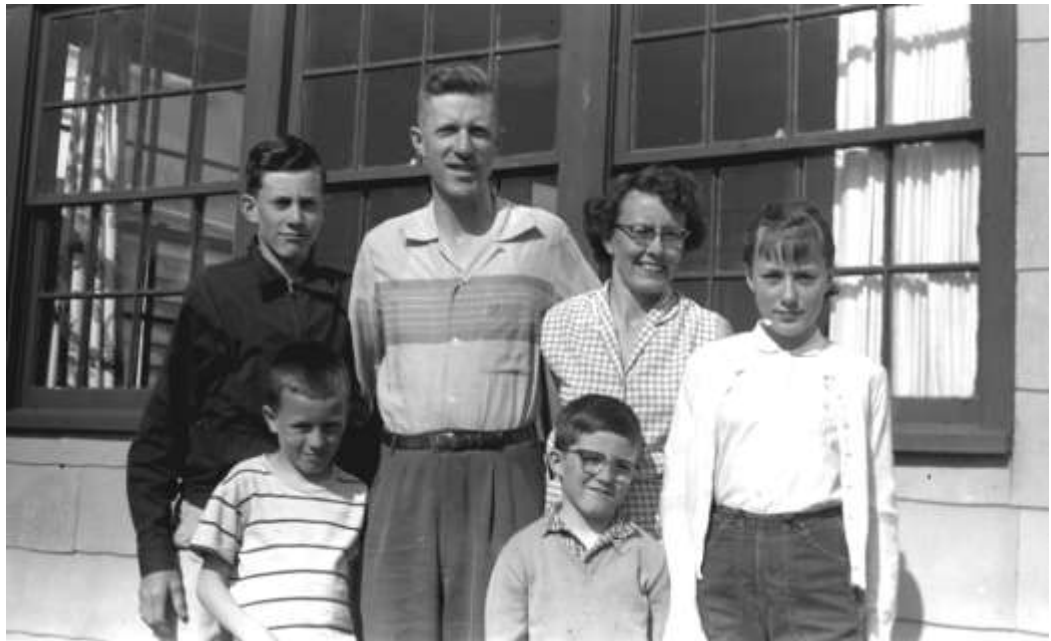


Sullishak Cabin History

This history describes how vacant land bought during World War II was transformed into a Sullishak family legacy and a truly relaxing retreat. The most important part of the history was written around 2002 by Wes Sullivan. He tells many fun stories about the cabin's evolution.



The Sullivan family around 1960 at the Sullishak cabin, back when it had leaky wood windows from Camp Adair. Top row: Steve, Wes, Elsie and Nancy. Bottom row: Dave and Bill.



Sullishak as seen from above in January 2016. You can just barely see Dave Sullivan next to the cabin as he uses his cell phone to control the quadcopter.

Wes Sullivan's History

"The history of what became Sullishak, as best I can recall it."

-- by *Wes Sullivan*

"I was in the military service when our story begins."



Editor's Note by Dave Sullivan: *Wes Sullivan was a B-17 copilot in World War II who flew a full 35-mission tour of over France and Germany. So he was a true hero ... and a wonderful role model as a father.*

My Aunt Vera and Uncle Jewell Lantz decided they wanted a beach cabin, so they bought three lots from George Betts in the Lincoln Beach subdivision. Betts was a rascally character who ran a small store at the entrance road to the subdivision on Highway 101.

He'd formed his subdivision shortly after the paved highway was put in along that section of the Coast in the mid-1920s. By the time the Lantz's made their purchase, there were 15 houses in the subdivision.

The lots were about 25 X 80 feet each. The Lantz's lots were at the end of the road to the beach, assuring them of a view of the ocean.



View from the Lantz lots in the mid-1940s.

My mother, Orma E. Sullivan, lived with her mother, Emma Beary, in Portland. Orma never had a house of her own since her divorce from my father when I was about 10 years old. Mother decided to buy adjacent to the Lantz's on the south. She bought four lots. Although the view from her property didn't have a straight shot down the road, it still qualified as ocean view land.

My grandmother Emma died while I was overseas, but as the picture attests, she got to the beach to see the land her daughters had purchased, and she spent one afternoon helping to clear away brush.



Emma Beary (Orma Sullivan's mother) stands on the future Sullishak site during WWII. The rather scruffy-looking stand of trees at the back of the property line shows a "natural" forest condition for the coast—that area had never been commercially logged.

One of the first trips Elsie and I took after I returned from the service and established residence at Salem was to the Coast to examine the property my mother had purchased. It was so soon after the war that the warning signs were still in place on the highway approaching the Coast alerting drivers that blackout conditions prevailed all along the coastal section.



Looking north we see the log cabin at 4025 Mina Avenue along with an undisturbed Sullishak site in 1945. This log cabin was affectionately known as the Lincoln Beach Lodge by the neighboring community and is said to have served as the clubhouse and gathering area for an early campground. An elderly neighbor spoke of dances, church services and board games here in her youth. Apparently the upstairs bedrooms were dormitories for men and women workers and the downstairs was cookhouse and gathering space. When the Great Depression hit, nobody could afford to pay to go camping and the owners of the lodge simply walked away.

The property was thickly covered with salal and other shrubbery. I remember that we walked north to the end of Mina Avenue, only a few hundred feet, and out to a crude shelter made of shiplap lumber where the coastal guards stood watch during the war.

This was in the fall of 1945. It would be a year and a half before we would begin constructing the cabin.

My mother agreed to pay the bills if I would do the building.

Elsie and I started drawing plans, and I began inspecting construction sites around Salem getting hints on how home building was done.

It was no coincidence that the eventual plan closely resembled the cabin built by Elsie's aunt and uncle at Diamond Lake. Elsie spent truly enjoyable summer weeks at that cabin. Before I married her, she insisted that I promise to provide her with a house on a lake. Sullishak and the Siletz cabins were as close as I came.

Early in the spring of 1947 Elsie and I went to Camp Adair, north of Corvallis, where the Army base was being dismantled. We purchased a load a

materials, shiplap, flooring, windows, doors, wash basin, etc., and had them loaded onto a truck and delivered to our house on South 12th street in Salem, where they lay for weeks while we stripped nails and prepared them for use as building materials.

On one of the first weekends in April, we went to the beach prepared to clear the brush from the building site. After working hard for most of an afternoon, we had somewhat cleared a patch 6 feet wide and 12 feet long. It was discouraging. At that rate, we would take half the summer just to clear the lot.



Concrete blocks for the Sullishak foundation have been delivered, and the Sullishak site has been cleared by a bull dozer leaving large piles of brush to the side and rear. Vera Lantz is just barely visible looking back at the camera from her home site's location.

Late in the afternoon, I spied a bulldozer coming up from the road along the beach. I hailed its operator and asked how much he would charge to clear the site for a building. He said \$25, and within a half hour we had the site scoured and ready. The piles of debris he created would take most of a summer to clear, but that could wait. Even at that early stage, I felt I had to take every shortcut possible in order to get some sort of a building finished by fall.

Of all the pictures in this history, the next one is the most poignant to me. Elsie and I are starting the construction process while Steve plays at the side. In the background is our 1940 Mercury, where little Nancy, only two months old, lies on the back seat. The floor of the back seat was my toolbox.



Wes, Elsie and Steve lay the foundation blocks for Sullishak. Nancy is in the car's back seat. Note that Wes and Elsie are mixing the mortar by hand.



Vera and Jewell Lantz (and some unknown helper) begin building their home next door. They use an electric mixer for their foundation.

In my haste to get started, I did away with such niceties as footings for the foundation. I made do with some hand-mixed cement laid in a square around the 20 X 24-foot dimension of the building. It wasn't more than an inch or two in depth. Upon this limited underpinning, Elsie and I began building the concrete block foundation.

The Good Lord looked down with some compassion upon this inexperienced builder. Failure to put proper footings under the foundation could have doomed the structure from the start. However, the bulldozer had scraped away the surface soil so we were building directly on hardpan, which was fully as solid as any concrete foundation would have been.

About this point I bought a second-hand Skilsaw and had an electric outlet run to the property. We now were ready to begin building in earnest.

Our weekly work regimen went something like this. I would arise about 8:30 on Sunday morning after about six hours of sleep, having put out the newspaper on Saturday night. I would teach my ninth grade class at the Presbyterian Sunday School, and then we would head for the beach, arriving shortly after noon.



Elsie and Steve at Sullishak as the walls go up in the summer of 1947.



This picture of Elsie and Steve shows the log cabin in the background.



Wes Sullivan watches Jewell Lantz who is holding a hand saw.

We would work until it was so dark we no longer could see, then adjourn to the \$2-a-night auto court two blocks away for a late dinner and to bed. I'd be at work as soon as it was light on Monday morning, working until too late to see Monday night. We'd repeat the process on Tuesday, quitting just in time to return to Salem so I could begin working at the newspaper at 5:30 p.m.

We did this 17 straight weeks, plus all of my two-week vacation. On only one weekend did Elsie and the kids stay at home. It rained all weekend, and I worked in the rain.

Imagine what kind of a life it was for Elsie that summer, caring for two children, cooking meals under primitive conditions and doing as much physical labor on the cabin itself as she could. As for me, it just about broke my health.

Part way through our construction, my uncle began building on his site next to us. He'd tried to buy one of my mother's four lots, but she wouldn't sell. In fact, she insisted we build right up to the Lantz's lot line, so we would get as good a beach view as we could. In those days, of course, there were no such things as setbacks, or building permits. The only restrictions we had were in the deed, requiring us to have a painted building worth at least \$700, with an indoor toilet. We weren't allowed, by deed restriction, to sell to other than Caucasians.



Both the Lantz home and Sullishak now have walls and the beginnings of a roof in the late summer of 1947.

With my uncle's house came the availability of sound advice. He not only had more experience, he had common sense. Our house still suffers from some of my mistakes, but I was able to cover most of them as we went along.

One major error couldn't be overlooked, however. Our plan called for running the ceiling joists in the front room from the front of the house back to the middle. This was across the narrow width of the living room.

However, this meant that the outer walls, which had roof rafters sitting on them, had no ceiling joists connecting them from side to side of the house. It seemed to those observing what I was doing that the heavy roof would spread the outer walls and the whole structure would collapse. My mother went into a panic when she heard this. In fact, in all candor, my poor mother suffered greatly as the shortcomings of my construction techniques were pointed out to her.



The Sullishak ocean view was less obstructed in 1947: no homes had been built between it and the ocean.

I must admit, this had me worried also. I had a really good source of advice in my father, John H. Sullivan. But because of the bitterness felt by my mother towards him, I was forbidden to even tell him of the existence of the cabin. So, without being specific, I asked him what would happen if the ceiling joists were run the wrong way.

He explained there was no problem-that a roof's weight bore straight down on the outside walls and wouldn't spread them. This is because in the

construction of the roof, it is customary to nail crosspieces between the rafters on either side of the roof, thereby creating triangles. And triangles are stable structures.



Notice how the subfloor runs diagonally across the cabin.

My mother would hear none of it. I had to splice the outer walls to the floor of the upstairs in several places on either side of the house to satisfy her.

I ran out of Camp Adair lumber as we were sheathing the roof, but all the walls of the cabin were covered with beautiful 1 X 12 knotty pine, on a 45-degree angle. It would be 14 years before the inner walls of the cabin were covered with plywood. During that time, we used and enjoyed the cabin with the 2 x4s showing.

On the one lonely rainy weekend, I built the stairs to the second floor. The risers are just as high as the treads for the simple reason that I could figure 45-degree angles and that was all. That, by the way, is the reason the roof is at a 45-degree pitch.

I had no way of figuring how to make the stairs come out even at the second floor, so they didn't. And that is the reason for the very short step at the top of the stairs.

I had no plumbing skills and no electric skills, but that didn't stop me from putting in the electricity. However, I used no solder in the connections. Amazingly, this hasn't produced a problem.

As the Lantz's next door put in their plumbing, I fell upon their mercy and induced my cousin, Jewell Jr. to put in our toilet and to hook up the sink and wash bowl to the septic tank. In the picture on the right, Jewell Jr. and I examine my passport before I left for overseas in World War II.



We had no shower for the first couple of decades.

As for the septic tank, that fit the pattern of the rest of the cabin. I understood the principle. The effluent was spread from the tank through drain fields of small concrete pipes. However, the same hardpan that saved me by serving as a foundation now made it impossible for me to run drain fields.

I spent one of the most arduous days of the summer chopping my way through the hardpan so I could sink the two septic tank concrete circles into the ground. I bought a spud, which is a long iron bar with a point at the end. By slamming the point into the hardpan repeatedly, I eventually was able to dig a hole for the tank.

At about six feet down, the hardpan gave way to sand. At or near the surface, however, the stuff was so hard there was no way to lay a field of small pipes and no place for the effluent to disperse.

So we did what everyone else in the area did. We just let the effluent sink into the sand at the bottom of the septic tank pit. What that did, of course, was to allow it to accumulate at the next layer of hardpan down and gradually to flow down towards the beach. After a few years, this effluent began appearing at the lower roadside and on the beach itself. This eventually caused the area to create a sewer system, which solved the problem. But that is for later in the story.

Among the really intelligent things we did was to decide on asbestos siding for the cabin. I didn't want to create any more of a maintenance problem for us than necessary. The grey asbestos sheets were extremely difficult to cut and install, but they proved over the years to be durable and maintenance free.



The finished cabin with asbestos siding.

When I think of those final weeks of the summer when I cut sheet after sheet with a stone blade in my Skilsaw, with asbestos dust filling the air, I really cringe. I used no face mask, of course. When I heard how asbestos causes cancer, I felt I had put myself in danger. However, by cutting it into dust I avoided the hazard of the asbestos hairs.

As the summer ended, I put roll roofing on and tar papered the south wall of the cabin. The place was enclosed and ready for the winter. I would put a porch on the south side the following summer and finish putting the asbestos on that side.



The cabin at the end of the 1947 construction season: The south side is covered with tar paper.

I was 26 years old. I weighed 145 pounds at 6-foot 3, skinny as a rail. The night work kept me that way. I would jump 20 pounds as soon as I stopped working nights.

For all the mistakes we made, we'd accomplished an amazing feat. During the winter, my mother hired a mason to build us a fireplace and chimney, to create the monstrosity of a brick flower box which still adorns the front of the place and to put an entirely useless concrete facing on the foundation. She felt it would strengthen the foundation somehow. So, when we arrived for the start of the 1948 season, we didn't have to rent the \$2 cabin up the road. We had a place in which to stay.

To say that the beach cabin was livable in the 1948 season is straining a bit. Two plywood sheets gave partial, but not complete, privacy in the bathroom. Building paper screened the interior wall of the small bedroom on the first floor. Temporary hunks of plywood served as a counter in the kitchen. We had no stove, just a two-burner hotplate. No refrigeration.

Furniture? I can't recall. The Morris chair was there from the beginning. It belonged to my grandmother and was one of the few things my mother salvaged from her Portland house when it was sold.



Sullishak still has the Morris chair. Here we see Barb Lee sitting in it around 1984: Molly Sullivan is in the foreground.

We had a double bed upstairs. We bought a war surplus Army bed and dresser for my mother's room. The dresser is still there. [Editor's Note: It has been moved upstairs.]

By the summer of 1948 Nancy was walking. We spent more time on the beach, actually enjoying what we'd worked so hard to create.

The big project for the year was the building of the porch, on the south side of the cabin, the side from which the storms came. My mother was very concerned, with some cause, that the storms from the south would find their way inside through the old Camp Adair door on the south side of the building.

She asked me to build a porch to serve as a buffer against the storms. I was somewhat limited in the size of the porch. I wanted it to have a simple, slanted roof. To get the required slope and head height, I could make the porch only 7 ½ feet wide.



Construction begins on the side porch in the summer of 1948.

We envisioned this as a sun porch, a place to have a breakfast table. It would have a heavy entry door, designed to fend off wind and rain. At the back, we had a cooler, with air flowing through it-a substitute for refrigeration. The entire south side was windows.

In practice, however, the porch took on an entirely different function. The breakfast room--sun porch idea proved to be impractical. For one thing, the room had no heat. It was cold in the mornings. No one wanted to eat there.



The sun porch has been finished, sidewalks have been installed, and Orma Sullivan paid a mason to construct a planter at the front of the patio.

For another, the cabin had no storage to speak of, so it was convenient to store tools there, to dump stuff there when we came into the cabin. The end result was that it took on the appearance of a junk yard. It formed the first impression when you came into the cabin. The porch survived until it rotted out in the mid-1980s. The slope of the roof hadn't been steep enough. And then there were all those storms from the south.

My mother's worries about the door to the cabin transferred themselves to the door to the porch. I was required to put a storm door on the porch, to protect the door that was designed to protect the cabin door.

Much of the summer of 1949, as I recall, was spent in sorting through the huge piles of debris that were created when the bulldozer cleared the site as we started building. We burned up the sticks and hauled the dirt around to the front of the house to create a fairly level front yard.

Elsie is pictured here in her kitchen, in one of the few pictures we have of the inside of the cabin before the interior wallboard was put into place 14 years after the cabin was built. The cupboard at the left of the picture deserves some mention.



Elsie Sullivan at work in the kitchen around 1950.

Touring cars were in vogue when I was a small child. They had canvas roofs with glass curtains all around. People went on long trips in these cars, either stopping for the night in auto courts or just laying out blankets on the ground. The cupboard in the picture was strapped to the running board of my Aunt Vera and Uncle Jewell's touring car.

Its door folded down to form an oilcloth-covered table. Its shelves contained dishes, tableware and food. We used it as our kitchen cupboard for years. It now is the paint cupboard in the toolshed at the rear of the cabin.

The cloth curtains on the lower cupboards sufficed for many years. Elsie made do with a hotplate until her father gave us a combination electric range and refrigerator. Yes, both appliances in one piece. The refig was on the right and opened from the top.



A rare color photo of the early cabin's interior. A two-burner cooktop is used in place of a range, and a can-opener has been mounted on a wall stud. The Morris chair sits in the foreground.

The cabin was usable only in warmer weather. The fireplace was awesome, big and ugly. It had a tremendous mantel, however, which accumulated everything brought back from the beach.

It had a Heatilator in it, a metal lining designed to increase the heat output. But the fireplace used far more wood than it produced heat. We had no source of wood except what I cut by hand with a crosscut saw. And I hauled most of that up from the beach.

I begrudged every piece of wood that went into the open maw of that fireplace. I burned a message into a piece of wood and put it on the mantel. It read, "Cut your own wood and it will warm you twice." I don't think many people took the hint.

The leaking old Camp Adair windows on the other side of the room siphoned heat out of the place as fast as it was created. And speaking of leaks, they were the bane of my existence for the first few years.

Try as I could, I couldn't keep the front of the cabin from leaking. I poured can after can of caulking into the breach. Nothing worked. Although I eventually won the battle, I lost the war. The front of the cabin sustained serious rot and eventually much of it had to be replaced.



Elsie, Steve and Nancy at picnic tables just south of the cabin.

We'd built on two of our four lots, using the front of the two lots to the south as a parking lot. The back of those two lots was covered with salal and Scotch pine. Behind the cabin was a beautiful, thick old growth cedar forest with native rhododendron bushes that climbed towards the sun as high as 20 feet.

This was designated on the plat as Lincoln Beach Park. It even had an old open fireplace in it for picnics. We created our own picnic tables next to the house, as the picture indicates.

A few years after we moved in the entire cedar forest was cut, destroying the rhodys. So much for the promise of a Lincoln Beach Park. The developer George Betts was a rascal, as I said earlier.

It wasn't long before the Lantz's, with their fine home next door, moved down to Lincoln Beach permanently. My uncle transferred his auto mechanic skills to the coast, building and opening an auto parts store at Nelscott. It is the building now occupied by the theater group that puts on plays during the summer.

The Lantz place became a haven for Burdick family gatherings during those early years. They all used our parking lot. My mother came to the beach frequently, often bringing her friends with her. She used our cabin at first, but it soon became obvious that the place was hard to heat, was drafty and was inconvenient.



The Lantz home (which is just north of Sullishak) shortly after its construction was completed. Note the use of wood planks as a sidewalk.

So, most of the time, she stayed at her sister's place next door, coming over to sit in her house during the warm days. She seemed satisfied with that arrangement, and her sister didn't object.

My mother never allowed anyone else, other than Elsie and I, to use the place. We couldn't offer the place to our friends. I was working nights and into the weekends, so we had a hard time inviting people to go down with us. As a result, the cabin sat, year after year, with a minimum of use.

It was a lot of work to get ready for a trip there, especially when Dave and Bill arrived. At times, we wondered whether the effort had been worth it, especially on cold nights in that drafty place.

At this distant time, it is a little hard for me to sort out the sequence of events in the progressive improvement of the cabin. Perhaps some of the younger members of the family will have better memories and will put things in their proper chronological order.

The sealing of the interior walls with plywood after 14 years marked a turning point in our feeling about the place. When the walls were 2 x 4s and shiplap, none of the other deficiencies of the place stood out much. However, there was one deficiency that couldn't be ignored.

I alluded earlier to the expedient way in which we disposed of effluent, in lieu of a workable septic tank field. This meant we had a limited capacity for using the toilet. This became painfully obvious when we invited lots of people to the place.

From its inception I used the cabin as a retreat for my Sunday School class. Every summer, I had the boys there for two or three days.

When Elsie and I took over the high school class, as our older children entered that age bracket, we rented the log cabin next door and used the two cabins as dormitories, holding our meetings in the spacious log cabin. It worked wonderfully.

The most important social events we held in the cabin, however, were our salmon bakes. We had these for all the groups to which we belonged, but the biggest and best was for the Statesman newsroom staff. The beer flowed freely.



A typical salmon bake fire pit. The fire has burned down, the potatoes have been cooked, and two salmon are nearly ready to eat.

I would get up early and collect appropriate driftwood from the beach. I dug holes for poles on the windward side of the site, stretching plastic between them as a windbreak. I'd find pieces of plywood for use as tables and rearrange logs for seating. I was young and vigorous in those days.

Then, an hour-and-a-half before the event, I'd start a huge fire in front of the site on the beach, letting it burn down to coals and then arranging the biggest pieces into the form of a box within which the sand would be hot enough to cook the salmon.



Elsie, in the meantime, would double-wrap the salmon in foil and the potatoes likewise. About a half-hour before dinner time, we would gently plop the salmon atop the hot sand and coals and the potatoes around it.

Elsie with salmon in aluminum foil on top of a paipo board.

When the guests arrived with their salads and desserts, I'd be standing by the firebox with my "potato-picker" in hand. This was a device made out of an old hoe handle and a wire

coathanger with which I could turn the potatoes over so they cooked on both sides.



Elsie supervised the inspection of the salmon as it neared completion. We slid it onto a clean board, removing all sand and coals. She then unwrapped the end of the salmon and checked the center of the fish to be sure it was done. We served no salmon before its time.

Dave Sullivan eating salmon ...

All our salmon baking was done without sand in the food and without rain. We had scores of salmon bakes, and no rainout.



A typical 1980s salmon bake with corn on the cob and baked potatoes. Left to right: Steve Sullivan, Dave Sullivan, Bill Sullivan, Nancy Sullivan and Janell Sorensen. Elsie Sullivan is in the red shirt.



Yet another salmon bake. The fire pit is visible at the top, and everyone is loading up plates in the foreground.

However, in the back of my mind, all during these events, I kept a latent concern that Nancy or one of the other children would whisper in my ear that the toilet was overflowing. We expected a lot of that inadequate sewage system.

I will not describe the process that had to be gone through to get the toilet operating again, except to say it was execrable.

I shouldn't let these years slip by without mentioning the annual gathering of "the cousins." Each summer Elsie hosted Nancy and Jack's kids, along with our own, for a week of activities resembling those she enjoyed when she was a youngster. It was a loving act on her part. I'll let some of the cousins tell, in more detail, about those weeks.

I also should interrupt the cabin narrative to mention our interest, in the summer of 1968, in finding our way from our cabin back, on logging roads, to the Siletz River. That venture, resulting in our acquisition of nearly 54 acres along the river, is worth a book in itself. But, again, that is another story.

As I said earlier, my memory is not reliable enough to keep cabin improvements in their logical order. By the late 1960s, however, the family was grown enough to share in the decision-making about the cabin, if not to be available for help with remodeling. But I was still capable.

Sometime about 1970, during a family weekend together, Elsie made a persistent pitch for major improvements. She was tired of having old, worn-out linoleum rugs in the living room with bare, dirty floor in between. She was tired of having old, leaky windows in the front room. She'd had it with the cloth covering of the cupboards and inadequate storage space in the kitchen.

What she proposed sounded like an enormous amount of work to me, and I knew who would be doing most of it. Me. And it was expensive. I did what I could to discourage her. No avail. What's more, she had support from within the rest of the family.

So I gave in gracefully and ordered double-paned windows for the front of the cabin and for the kitchen. We rented a huge sander, put the old linoleum rugs upstairs and went to work on the floors. We picked out a durable linoleum pattern and laid that over the entire room.

The replacement of the windows went better than I expected it would. We also put insulation in the walls where we could. I was amazed at the difference it made in the enjoyment level of the cabin to have those insulated windows. Elsie, as usual, had been right all along.

However, as always happened, improving part of the cabin just made other parts look worse. In this case, it was that battered and stained ceiling. I could solve the problem for myself by just ignoring the whole thing, but it just wouldn't go away.

The draftiness of the cabin had to be dealt with. The most logical starting point was the ceiling, with both warm air and noise going easily up to the second-floor sleeping loft.

With my usual absence of seeking professional or skilled advice, I decided the best way to deal with the problem was to staple Firtex panels to the ceiling joists. As a clever means of dealing with need for insulation, I would pour mica insulation in atop the panels as I stapled them up, solving two problems at one time.

One sunny Sunday afternoon the following spring, as my mother sat in the front room with her friends, one of the ceiling panels let loose, cascading mica insulation down on top of their heads. It seemed that the mica gathered moisture, becoming heavier and heavier. Once one panel let loose, the others in that row followed suit, and then the next row took its turn. As those underneath stared up in amazement, they were covered with mica.

What a mess. After I cleaned it all up, I reattached the panels to the ceiling, minus the mica. Now, in addition to the water stains from the leaks in the front of the cabin, the ceiling had nail heads showing and other scars from the experience. But in our unfinished cabin, a few more scars made little difference.

I'll never forget the sequence of pictures of which the photographs below were a part. It was Christmas morning, at our apartment. I would guess 1977 or '78. As was customary, I passed out the presents. When it came to my present from Dave and Janet, I opened a small box, to find a set of photographs.



The first one was of the stained beach cabin ceiling. I certainly had no idea of what was coming.

The first Polaroid-camera picture in a series taken by Dave and Janet. It shows the stained original ceiling tiles



The second picture in the series shows furring strips running across the tiles.



Next, Dave puts up plastic sheeting.



Then, Janet installs ceiling tiles.

As I turned to the next photo, I saw Dave applying plastic sheathing to the furring strips. It was kind of like a time-lapse photo, with each succeeding photograph recording a new phase of the ceiling project.

I remember wondering to myself how Dave and Janet could have faked the photos. It never occurred to me that what I was seeing in the pictures could be real. By the time I got to the picture of Janet putting up new ceiling tiles, I began to suspect that what I was seeing was not make-believe. When I reached the end of the series, the entire new ceiling was apparently in place and the molding reattached.

When I recovered from my shock, I had to ask whether this really was true. Dave and Janet had taken an entire weekend to work on the ceiling project, finishing up about 2 or 3 a.m., snapping pictures as they went.

They confessed they had faked the finish. In fact, they hadn't completed the section around the chimney. Elsie and I truly enjoyed going down and putting the final few tiles into place. What a generous thing to do, refinishing that ceiling, and what a load off my mind, to have that job out of the way.

Again, I'm not sure of the sequence of events, but as long as this picture depicts the installation of the sewer, I'll take that next.



Putting in the sewer line in 1976.

As I mentioned earlier, the seepage from the septic tanks created a genuine health hazard at Lincoln Beach, one that was common throughout all that section of the Coast. It resulted in a moratorium on building, something that couldn't be tolerated for long with the pressure of growth.

The advent of a sewer system offered a permanent solution to our effluent problem. That, along with the other improvements, was making the cabin a year-around place to stay.

The septic tank was in the back of the house, which meant that all the plumbing ran to the rear of the lot. The homeowner, namely me, was responsible for bringing the lines to the street for connection to the sewer.

I decided on the use of plastic pipe. My first, feeble efforts at putting this pipe together were reminiscent of the ineptness I'd displayed when I'd built the place. I quickly gave up and appealed to Dave and to a man in Lincoln City who understood how to put in sewer lines.

He wasn't a plumber. Legally, he wasn't allowed to install the sewer. He could tell us what to buy and how to put it together. However, once we had all the stuff purchased and started to lay it out, he got carried away and did it all for us. All we did was to dig the appropriate holes, a job for which I was qualified.

It was a great success. We've never had a problem with it. And it was, perhaps, the best single improvement to the cabin.

Before I leave plumbing, however, I should mention another ongoing cause of concern, from the beginning of the cabin, clear to the present. Every year around late November or early December, someone has to winterize the place. That involves turning off the electricity by pulling the main switches in the fuse box, draining all the water from the pipes, putting antifreeze in the toilet and the traps, and turning off the water at the back of the house.

Over the years, however, we've failed to do this when we should, and we've paid the price. On one occasion, in 1962, we turned the water on in early March and had the toilet freeze and crack on the 14th of March.

On another occasion, Elsie and I made an emergency trip to the Coast on the 14th of December, in the face of a blizzard, to turn off the water. We had to put chains on the old Volkswagen half-way to the Coast. There was 12 inches of snow at the cabin. When I opened the storm door, it swept a path through the snow.

I must mention one other incident in connection with the winterizing of the cabin. After my mother turned the cabin over to me when she no longer could go down there, about 1970, we began letting other people use it. Our Vietnamese refugee family took advantage of that offer.

They went down there one winter and had to winterize the place upon leaving. They obviously didn't understand the significance of all they were doing. The instructions said to put half a cup of antifreeze in the washbowl and in the sink. Sure enough, when we went down there the next time, there was a half-cup of anti-freeze sitting in the wash bowl and another half-cup in the sink.

In terms of making the cabin usable in all seasons, another major improvement was the addition of the Vermont Castings stove. Daughter Nancy found an old wood stove that had been patched back together to sell in an era when wood stoves became "in." We tried putting it in the living room in front of the stairs, running a stovepipe into a hole in the fireplace chimney which we inserted for that purpose when the chimney was built.

It didn't work. The stove didn't provide much heat. It was dangerous and in a major traffic pattern.

A friend of ours had a Vermont Castings. I became intrigued with the idea of the double combustion system, with an internal damper that, when activated, circulated the burned gases through an internal baffle when they could be burned again before being discharged into the air.

So, for about \$500, we had a stove shipped from Vermont, to use as a fireplace insert. It was a terribly heavy thing, but we got it into the house. Then, we discovered that the Heatilator in the fireplace was so thick that the only way to cut through it was with a blowtorch. What to do.

I recall standing in the front room with the kids discussing the situation. Dave and Steve were for tearing out the fireplace, chimney and all, and replacing them with a metal stack. If I was aghast at Elsie's suggestions for improving the cabin 10 years before, I was adamantly against what they proposed. I was 10 years older, and tearing out that chimney seemed 10 times harder.

They were persistent. They argued that they would be living with the situation for generations after I was gone, and they wanted it done right.

I agreed, with the stipulation that not only would I not help in tearing out that huge fireplace and chimney, I refused to watch it being done. I understand there is a copy of my newspaper column on this subject elsewhere in the Sullishak History, so I won't go into much further detail here.



Dave and Steve remove the brick fireplace.

Suffice to say, the job was done very well, with Janet sharing in that arduous assignment. When Elsie and I screwed up enough courage to see what was happening, we found Dave completing the brick wall, with reused bricks, that rises behind the Vermont Castings stove in the living room.

With the Siletz property and the addition of chain saws, we now had a reliable source of wood. In anticipation of the demands of the stove (We no longer could haul wood from the beach because the salt content of the wood would corrode our fine, new stove.) I decided to build another woodshed to supplement the asbestos-covered one I'd built decades before.

I figured we'd need the extra woodshed to give the alder from the Siletz time to dry. So, we hauled four huge logs from the beach, stood them on end and patched the new, ugly woodshed together, using nothing but natural materials and cedar shakes I'd made from cedar logs we'd found.

It turned out that the new stove was so efficient, it used only a quarter as much wood as the old fireplace while turning out all the heat the cabin

needed. The new woodshed wasn't much needed, but the old eyesore still stands there.

Now, the cabin truly was complete and usable year around.

Rot played a role in the next, major improvement to the cabin --replacing the porch in 1988. As you can see below, that project went well, and I'm justifiably proud of the results.



Joel Sullivan and Gail Sullivan help tear down the rotten side porch.



Dave and Bill Sullivan install rafters for the replacement porch.



Dave repairs rotten walls below the front windows while Mary, Molly and Janet watch.

For more than 40 years we had the benefit of a minimally-restricted ocean view. We could see the ocean down the road, but we also got to look at it across the empty lot directly in front of us.

My aunt and uncle bought that property in the early years of our occupancy, to protect their own view and to have a place to build a garage. They used our parking lot for years, but it became apparent that their vehicles needed cover from the salty ocean air.

Their garage was far enough off to the side not to interfere with our ocean view. From time to time I would scour off the shrubs from their lot, to improve our view. I felt a little smug about this. They paid for the lot and paid taxes on it, and we got much of the benefit.

It was very handy having Vera and Jewell living next door. They mowed our lawn. They watched out over our house. However, after my uncle died, Vera moved and sold the place. We had to mow our own lawn much of the time, although when it got scruffy enough the people next door would mow it just so they wouldn't have to look at the tall grass.

However, I felt that whoever owned the place, we would still benefit from their wanting to keep the lot across the street unoccupied, to protect their view.



Having such close neighbors had its ups and downs. The greatest downer came from one family who ran their go-carts across our lawn in front of our living room windows. This family, when it moved, stole all the wood from our outdoor woodshed.

Our outdoor woodshed around 1990.

My complacency about the lot across the street was shattered, however, when the house changed hands again and became owned by a couple who planned to keep it for a rental and to build on the lot

directly in front of us.

We'd also been living on borrowed time as regards the property directly behind us. Gradually, after the original cedar forest was cut down, the place had grown up in coastal pine, and served as a fine buffer between us and the highway. We knew that couldn't last, and I feared commercial development of that tract, with a huge parking lot abutting our back door.

It turned out that the house built directly in front of us wasn't as big a problem as we had envisioned. For their own reasons, they built as close as possible to the southern edge of the lot, and they cut away the brush and a big tree from the line of our view. We ended up with about as much of an ocean view as we had before they built. And I no longer had the problem of cutting the brush from that property.

Having the house next door as a rental has its advantages. First, we have had little trouble with the renters, and, secondly, it is available for us or our friends to rent when we have larger family gatherings at our place.

As for the property behind us, it is being developed into expensive private homes, and because they have little interest in looking at our shabby backside, they have built a substantial fence along our back property line. We still have our little woodlot to the south as a reminder of the wild place Lincoln Beach used to be.



Fifty years has seen tremendous changes in this section of coastline. When we got there, we could, and did, pick up glass balls from Japan on the driftwood strewn beach. We found sand dollars and all kinds of indigenous shells. I remember raking crabs from under the rocks at low tide.

A typical view of Lincoln Beach around 1950. Lots of wood covered the beach.

The headland to the south of our beach was four times the size it is now, with beautiful wildflowers in the spring. In the early years we'd take the children over that headland to Fogarty Beach, which at that time was totally isolated,

out of reach of the highway. We climbed on the rock at Fogarty, which had a rugged pine tree atop it.



Elsie and Nancy roasting hot dogs at the beach in the early 1950s.

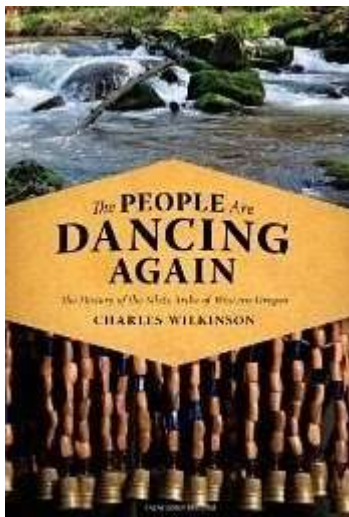
The beach today is sterile by comparison. But it isn't fair to just compare our experience with what it was like 50 years ago. It also is necessary to look into the future. And from that standpoint, we built wisely and well.

The cabin has a patina of age that gives it character. And while maintenance and improvements will be necessary, it continues to promise an ocean view, a haven from a busy world, easy access to the beach and to the fine supermarket that replaced the tiny store once run by that rascal George Betts.

Ownership of the Sullishak site and cabin

(This section was mostly written by Dave Sullivan)

Indians had lived on or near this Lincoln Beach site for some time—possibly thousands of years—but little is known about their early occupancy. Because they had no metal and lived off the land, they left few lasting marks. Obsidian, translucent chert, and red jasper arrowheads have been found along Lincoln Beach, but none were found on the Sullishak site itself.



Steve Sullivan wrote the following in an e-mail message to family members in 2011 after reading: [The People Are Dancing Again: The History of the Siletz Tribe of Western Oregon](#), by Charles F. Wilkinson (Oct 14, 2010)

I have just finished reading a book about the Siletz Indians. I was interested in this topic because the beach cabin property once belonged to a Siletz Indian. A title search that Orma Sullivan requested before purchasing the property shows that the first owner was Emma Taylor, being issued a trust patent for 84.94 acres granted by President Grover Cleveland.

A very quick story of the Siletz Indians might start with the California gold rush that worked its way into Northern California and Southern Oregon, especially along the Rogue River. At places where the miners and other white settlers interacted with local Indians there would be conflicts. This led to Indian villages being burned and the inhabitants shot which led to retaliation and a general war. The US Army was called in and eventually many Indians engaged in a 1855 treaty signed (under defeat) near Table Mountain near Medford, Oregon.

This treaty granted the Indians a reservation (homeland without interference by whites) but also forced the Indians to relocate to this reservation. This treaty was sent to Washington DC with the expectation that it would be approved by Congress. However, probably because of bureaucratic error, it was never approved. Meanwhile, all of the Natives in the region from Shasta, thru the Rogue, Umpqua and along the coast were moved to the Siletz area. Other Indians were moved to the Grand Ronde area. A presidential decree granted the Siletz Indians a reservation that consisted of the Oregon coast from below the Siuslaw river to Cape Lookout, a stretch of more than 100 miles, and going half way to the Willamette Valley. In this area the former Southern Oregon (and Northern Californian) Indians would be able to continue their way of life, so the Indians thought.

The Indians that arrived at Siletz came from 10 or more different language groups and formerly lived in independent villages rather than in "tribes". Although the Siletz reservation was intended to protect the Native People from interference from whites (in some cases intent on exterminating the Indians) the white population pressure and resource envy eventually pushed into areas such as Yaquina Bay (oysters and transportation), Kernville (salmon canning), Newport (tourists) and the timber lands.

A presidential decree in 1865 eliminated about 1/5 of the reservation including Newport. A presidential decree in 1875 then eliminated more than half of the remaining reservation cutting the reservation down to the stretch from near Road's End to near Yaquina Head. By 1894 pressure had mounted for removing the rest of the reservation. This was accomplished by giving each Indian a plot of 80 acres to be held in trust for at least 25 years. It appears that the Indians were allowed to pick the better parcels of land. Land that was given in the allotments consisted of most of the low land along the Siletz river, most of the land along the coast (except for the stretch between Siletz bay and D-lake), all of the land between D-lake, the coast and the Salmon river and considerable land around the town of Siletz and further up river. A few blocks of forest and some Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) land was also kept as joint reservation land. Although the Indians received good land they lost about 90% of their land in this process. At this point they retained fishing, hunting and gathering rights.

It looks to me that our Siletz property was one of the few areas along the Siletz that was not allotted to an Indian. This is probably due to the very steep bank along one section and the pasture that floods in another section. Or it might have been due to the unusual shape of the lot making it hard to get a nice 40 acre chunk. It is also possible that I am not reading the map correctly.

From 1856 until 1954 the Bureau of Indian Affairs ran the Siletz reservation. Conditions ranged from prisoner of war camp to missionary-run reform camp to attempts to make the Siletz farmers on land that was not able to support farming for multiple reasons. People with good and bad intentions failed to get the Indian population out of poverty. The population was about 500 around 1900, a low point. European-introduced diseases had ravaged the Indians before going to the reservation and then continued to be a problem afterward.

Around 1920 the 25 year trust clause on the allotments expired and Indians started to ask for title to their trust lands. This turned out to be a disaster for most Indians. Upon obtaining the deed they then were required to pay taxes in order to hold the land. For a population mostly in deepest poverty some lost their land when the County auctioned it off for taxes not paid. Others sold their land and quickly lost the proceeds. Only a few Indians left their land in trust where they could use the land (sometimes as hunter-gathers like their ancestors) and not be required to pay taxes.

In 1954 Congress terminated the Siletz reservation, selling the remaining forest lands and giving the BIA land in Siletz to the city. The Siletz Indians

lost their hunting and fishing rights and some minimal preferences given to Native Americans but received \$792.50 from the sale of tribal land. In the 1970's some of the former Siletz Indians organized and started to work towards regaining national tribal recognition. With help from Mark Hatfield and others this group was able to get congress to reinstate the Siletz tribal status. The city of Siletz turned over the former BIA land to the tribe and some BLM land was also turned over so that the tribe had some token reservation land. This process was finalized by President Carter in 1980.

With the success of other Indian casinos the Siletz made two attempts at getting Federal permission for a casino. The second attempt, at Lincoln City, succeeded with permission for Chinook Winds. Operating income from this casino along with Federal money (and a grant from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation) has helped the Siletz Indians open a charter school in Siletz, get computers for Indians and operate one of the better health clinics in Lincoln County. They operate a cultural center, have public and more private dances and engage in a 263 mile relay run/walk from Siletz to Oak Flat on the Rogue River each year.

The book shows a staged photo of Depoe Charlie with this caption: Depoe Charlie, in addition to being recognized as a headman and serving as a tribal judge, was a colorful and respected figure in both Indian and non-Indian communities. Born in the Yah-shu-eh village at the mouth of the Rogue River, he worked various jobs after removal and took his name from driving government teams between Siletz and the agency depot near what became the town of Toledo. After he and other family members received allotments on a small bay north of Newport, the area became known as Depoe Bay after this well-known tribal leader. In the 1870s, he was a dedicated practitioner and leader of the Warm House Dance, a traditional revival movement.

The first recorded history of the Sullishak site begins with the Homestead Act. This Act allowed single men to claim 160 acres and married couples to claim twice that amount. David D. Fagan describes the mood at the time (Illustrated History of Benton County, A. G. Walling, Printer. Portland 1885.)

Intense excitement prevailed throughout the entire Yaquina country. Every man appeared to be the possessor of a valuable secret. People were to be encountered moving up and down and across the river. A 'boom' raged. In a little while those from the Willamette Valley commenced to arrive; all became mad with excitement; claims changed hands rapidly; money was plentiful; speculators ran riot.

Since Lincoln Beach was part of the Siletz Indian Reservation, Indians were given the first opportunity to claim land. However, Indians were only allowed to file for roughly eighty acres—half a white man's allotment. On November 19, 1894 Emma Taylor, “an Indian of the Siletz Reservation,” was given a Trust Patent for eighty five acres that included the Sullishak site. “Trust Patents” were issued to Indians instead of deeds, because the government

didn't trust Indians to hold onto the land. A "Trust Patent" couldn't be sold without government permission.

CONTINUATION SHEET	
<u>The United States of America</u>	Character of Instrument <u>Trust Patent</u>
<u>By Grover Cleveland, President</u>	Book <u>8</u> Page <u>14</u>
<u>M. McKean, Secretary</u>	Date of Instrument <u>November 19th 1894</u>
	Date of Record <u>April 22, 1895</u>
	Consideration \$
	Granting Words <u>Hereby declares that it</u>
	<u>does and will hold the land thus</u>
	<u>allotted for the period of twenty</u>
	<u>five years in trust</u>
TO	GRANTOR
	Are signatures sealed? <u>General Land Office</u>
	<u>Seal affixed</u>
	Covenants
<u>Emma Taylor,</u>	Witnesses
	GRANTEE
ACKNOWLEDGMENT	
Where?	<u>City of Washington</u>
When?	<u>November 19th, 1894.</u>
Before Whom?	
Commission Expires	
DESCRIPTION	
The following described land, viz:	
The West half of South West quarter of North East quarter the South East quarter of North West quarter and Lot number two of Section twenty eight in township eight South of Range eleven West of Willamette Meridian in Oregon containing eighty four acres and nintey four hundredths of an acre.	

The first page of Emma Taylor's Trust Patent for the land where Sullishak now sits.

At this time the Sullishak site was QUITE isolated from modern transportation, as this story explains (Yaquina Bay, Lincoln County Historical Society, 1979)

In 1912, a publicity stunt was undertaken to "attract attention to this country and the condition of the roads with a view of having work done there." Three men made a daring auto trip from Newport to Siletz Bay and back. The ground was covered in blazing speed—it took only 22 hours, 14 minutes ... and the help of a team of horses ... to make the 46-mile journey. The car was equipped with picks, shovels, axes and saws. The front bumper carried a windlass with hand spikes, long cable, and a block and tackle. All the equipment found a use before the trip was over.

Emma Taylor died and in March 1923 her heir, Edward Mecum, inherited the property. In October 1925 Edward and Margaret Mecum, husband and wife, sold the property to J. J. Scott.

Even at this time the Sullishak site remained inaccessible. For example, Earl B. Crane writes in Pioneer History of North Lincoln County, Oregon, Volume 1, November 1951:

Lincoln county was formed on February 20, 1893, by the union of parts of Polk and Benton Counties. A map compiled in 1915, shows the following settlements along the coast in North Lincoln county. Beginning at the northern boundary: Otis, Devil's Lake, Taft, Parmele, Kernville, Sijota, now Gleneden [located 2 miles north of Sullishak], Depoe Bay [3 miles south of Sullishak] and Otter Rock.

In 1924 the coast route, known as the Roosevelt Highway and now as "One Hundred and One," was opened as far as Taft. By 1926 it was passable to Newport, but in certain places between Taft and Newport it was necessary to drive over long stretches of plank trestle, two planks wide for each front wheel. Although these structures were only four feet above the ground or mud it was considered high enough.

In December 1926, J. J. Scott and Mary E. Scott, husband and wife, sold the property to H. J. Bartman. He sold the property to George W. Betts in February 1927.



This plot map established Lincoln Beach Park that contains Sullishak.

In August 1927, R. D. Cooper surveyed the boundaries of the property, and in September, George Betts filed this plat map of "Lincoln Beach Park." Note that Roosevelt Highway is now Highway 101, Cedar Drive is now Willow Street, but Mina Avenue hasn't been renamed.

Earl Nelson writes about Lincoln Beach in Pioneer History of North Lincoln County, Oregon, Volume 1, November 1951:

Lincoln Beach was so named by George Betts because it was in Lincoln County (our county was named for Abraham Lincoln). Mr. Betts has served continuously as postmaster since the establishment of the town's post office May 22, 1933.

Mr. Betts, who has been a careful observer since he and his family first came here in 1927 and started developing the town, states that the remains of a cedar forest (hundreds of cedar tree stumps, some three and four feet in diameter) appear on the beach every seven years. He believes that this "forest" was at one time protected by a sand ridge. Hundreds of years of erosion from wind and waves dissolved the protecting wall. Then the sea and the sand submerged the "forest." He has seen the dead "forest" in 1927, 1934, 1941, and 1948.

The town of Lincoln Beach is beautifully situated in a "living" forest of cedar and rhododendron. Some of the latter measure as much as 10-1/2 inches in diameter. They grow as high as trees and are said to be the tallest in the county.

Mr. Betts can point out vestiges of an old Indian trail. This was a portion of a trail which used to extend from the south bank of the Siletz River to the Indian settlements on Yaquina Bay.

In October 1942 Orma Sullivan entered into an agreement to buy lots 11, 12, 13, and 14 of the Lincoln Beach Park from George Betts. The agreement called for \$20 monthly payments to total \$675 plus 6% interest. Each lot was 80 feet by 25 feet, making the total parcel 80 by 100. During most months Orma made the minimum \$20 payment, but on January 1943 she paid \$245, and on January 1944 she paid the balance on the contract.



The view from where Sullishak's living room windows would be

Orma's sister and brother-in-law, Vera and Jewell Lantz, bought the adjacent lots, 9 and 10. Because these lots lie to the north and look directly down the street to the beach, they have a better view of the ocean.

When Orma Sullivan died, ownership passed to her son, J. Wesley Sullivan, and his wife, Elsie Sullivan. Sometime in the 1980s, they gave ownership of the cabin to their four children, Steve, Nancy, Dave, and Bill. Elsie Sullivan died in 1993 from Alzheimer's disease, and Wes Sullivan died in November 2007.

Through gifts and purchases, Dave and Barb Sullivan acquired sole ownership of Sullishak, but they manage it as a shared resource available to friends and members of their extended Sullivan and Diviney families.

Early Construction Expenses

Prices sure have changed over the years, and it's now fun to review what it cost to built the initial Sullishak cabin. These expenses were paid by Orma E. Sullivan. She kept close track of such things as her job was a bookkeeper.

1947	May 31	Department of Veteran Affairs	30.00
	June 19	Howser's Rent-a-Tool (bought saw)	75.00
	June 16 & July 27	Leonard Zorne (transporting lumber and supplies to site)	42.00
	June 16	Elfstroms	41.30
	June 20	Gail's Shell	45.00
	June 25	Glen Anderson	30.00
	October 12	Geo Benson (labor)	20.00
	October 18	Meier and Frank	20.00
	May 27 - Oct 7	Scotty's Bargain Yard (lumber, etc.)	235.81
	Apr 19 -Aug 9	Bay Lumber Co.	271.41
	August 1	Willamina Clay Products	174.94
	September 20	Jim Sansbury (chimney)	120.00
	May 6	Dolan Building materials	356.64
	July 23	Oregon Pulp & Page Lumber Div	145.00
	August 10 & 18	T.W. Prentice (labor)	24.75
		Misc. charges paid by Wes and later Orma (Camp Adair lumber, etc.)	392.25
		Misc. charges paid by Lantz and later Orma	420.18
1948	February 21	Oceanlake Sand & Gravel	16.25
	March 30	AB Brownell (stove & refrigerator & materials)	42.64
	April 6	Hewitts	61.50
	June 17 & June 14	Keith Brown Lumber	35.00
	September 8	Union Furniture Company (table & chairs)	39.00
	Mar-May-Aug	Gleneden Brick & Tile	116.39
	March 20	G. A. Dwyer (wood?)	15.00
	June 8 & June 30	T. Mackenzie (cement & brickwork)	360.00
		Total expense of materials	\$3,142.59

Note: Between 1947 and 2011 inflation has been about 1,000%. Multiply the 1947 expenses by 10 to get their approximate value in 2011 dollars.

Fireplace Removal in 1981

J. Wesley Sullivan wrote the following article which was published in the Statesman Journal newspaper on August 17, 1981.

When Elsie and I built our little beach cabin in 1947 out of \$345 in reclaimed Camp Adair lumber, windows and doors, the one project we refused to tackle was construction of the fireplace. We blocked in the foundation and hired a brick mason.

I'll never forget my first view of that fireplace, a monstrous thing that dominated the room. Not only was it big, it was ugly.



The fireplace as it looked at the beginning of the project.

Its immense mantel immediately became a collection point for odds and ends, assuring a cluttered look to the room. It devoured wood with a passion.

In the years before I bought a chainsaw, I begrudged every stick of hand-sawed wood placed on the fire. I put a motto on the mantel reading "Cut your own wood and it will warm you twice."

Even with a chainsaw, the task of hauling driftwood from the beach grew arduous. This spring we decided to join the energy-efficient cult and insert a small wood-burning stove into the maw of the fireplace.

The stove arrived in June. It soon became apparent that inserting it in this particular fireplace would not be simple. Its heavy-gauged metal interior defied easy insertion. The chimney wasn't adequately lined.

Our two older sons suggested the unthinkable: Tear out the entire fireplace, brick by brick, and substitute a modern, triple-walled stainless steel metal stack.

The thought of starting at the top and chipping away each brick-and disposing of all that debris-was more than I could comprehend.

They explained, however, that Elsie and I had been responsible for maintaining the cabin for 34 years. The next 34 would be their responsibility. They wanted an efficient, easily-cleaned stove and stack.

Once we'd agreed to let them demolish the fireplace and chimney, our every suggestion was met with "We'll take that into consideration." This is a son's way of saying "Just leave us alone, Dad, and we'll get the job done."





Steve attempts to remove chimney bricks in the first-floor's ceiling.

I still find it hard to believe the fireplace is gone-vanished without a trace. Well, almost without a trace.

There still is a small stack of uncleaned brick outside the cabin. Inside, however, is a beautiful little black stove sitting on a brick hearth, backed by a brick wall. The room looks half again as large.



Janet Schmidt cleaned most of the brick.

Ahead lies the pleasurable task of learning to understand this new wood-burning instrument. I will write next week about this adventure.

The absent fireplace leaves more than a physical void in the room. Without our realizing it, the ungainly thing had woven itself into the way we used the cabin. Now we mustn't throw cantaloupe rinds and corncocks into that little stove, for example.

And how we miss that mantel. All the treasures for decades of beachcombing expeditions ended up there, the most recent prizes at the front. These would gradually be pushed back by newer additions. The entire assortment was gleaned through when the collection grew too large.

The mantel became a haven for escapism. A dozen or so puzzles were scattered around its top. Our book collection had its beginning along one side of the mantel, featuring science fiction and books about the Coast.

A few years ago, it graduated to a series of bookshelves, but more flotsam and jetsam took its place. A dozen or more grimy glass floats were included, along with light bulbs bearing Japanese inscriptions.

At the back stood a rusted tin can bearing the words "Lifeboat Emergency Rations." This had washed up after World War II. We had just put it on the mantel and forgotten it for over 30 years.

Now, however, we have no natural collection point for all those six legged starfish and other junk. A few pieces and some of the puzzles are scattered around the windowsills. But the demise of the fireplace has forced us into a new era, one in which sentiment must be submerged and treasures discarded.



Dave and Steve begin laying bricks for the wood stove.

Elsie and I stood looking at the Lifeboat Emergency Rations tin last week, wondering where to put it. Its time had come. We opened it.

Inside we found a half-dozen crystallized Hershey bars, a few dozen cellophane-wrapped fruit drops, two dozen hardened biscuits and two sealed cans of fruit pemmican.

The pemmican will go into backpacking supplies. The biscuits still are good, and the fruit drops are delicious. They all sit in a

bowl on the dining room table. They won't last long.

Everything, it seems, has its time limit--even as permanent a fixture as that huge old brick fireplace.



Steve and Dave load the old "Heatalator" into Dave's pickup truck. The Heatalator has rusted out completely, and instead of sending warmed air into the cabin, it sent smoke and soot.

A New Front Deck in 2001

by Dave Sullivan

Wes Sullivan and his wife, Nell Crothers, decided we should have a deck on the porch, and Wes's son, Bill, put together the rough drawing. I bought a book about building decks and found a used telephone pole to use for decoration. These pictures show how the project went.



Left: Barb and Dave arrived at the cabin with a load of materials. The telephone pole cost \$75, and it was cut into a bunch of shorter pieces.



Right: Look at the planter box made of brick at the front of the porch. This had to be removed in order to build the deck



Left: Dave was exhausted trying to dig the holes for the two main poles that will hold up the wind screen. Digging the first couple of feet was fairly easy -- then he had to chip through the hard-pan soil.



Right: The Sullishak sign gets moved from the flag pole (seen in a photo above) to the new wind screen pole.



Left: Nancy and Mick arrived next. Mick tackled the job of demolishing the brick planter.
Right: Nancy uses a shovel to level a support block. Bill has arrived in the background.



Left: Mick installed decking for the wind screen.
Right: We installed floor joist on 12" centers. The deck is built of Trex, a product made from plastic and sawdust. Trex isn't as sturdy as real wood, so we needed lots of joists to support it firmly.



Left: Bill, Mick, and I struggle with installing the decking.

Right: It looks like we just stood around thinking. We worked hard even though it is not shown in this photo.



Left: Bill attaches a piece of Trex with a wood screw. We used Phillips head screws, and they weren't easy to install because the bit kept popping out of the slots.

Right: All done! Nancy relaxes on a bench built from scrap lumber and decking.

ReRoofing in 2004

by Dave Sullivan (written in 2004)

Steve asked me to post pictures from this year's roofing project, so here is a pictorial report showing the project from start to finish. The pictures were taken mostly by Barb and Wes Sullivan.



The last time we replaced the beach cabin's roof was in the late 1980s. In this archival photo, you can see Bill on the roof top. This roof lasted only about 15 years because shingles kept blowing off the cabin. Not wanting to repeat prior mistakes, we made several changes this time:

- We applied a 1/2-inch layer of plywood to make sure all nails would hold.
- We bought a better architectural grade of shingles so each shingle would be thicker and less likely to tear.
- We used six nails in each shingle instead of the usual four.
- We applied a daub of Blackjack to all shingles on the north slope. Because the north slope never receives direct sun, its shingles do not self-seal to each other.



Getting started: By the time this picture was taken on day two, Bill and I had already stripped off the old roof and begun applying plywood. Also, a delivery truck had dropped off all the necessary shingles on the roof -- a real time-saver.



Roofing the back porch. Bill applies the first layer of tar paper.



Mick and Karen work below, while Dave prepares to cut a shingle to length. Gwen appears to be talking to Ian (not shown), who is working on the north side.



Getting inspiration from our mascot: While not technically a part of the roofing project, we took the time to replace the cabin mascot. Our original puffin was made from plaster and had begun to dissolve in the coastal rain.



The new puffin is made from concrete and should only require periodic coats of paint to stay presentable.



Roofing the north side. Bill and Ian cut a strip of felt paper to length before attempting to attach it to the steep north slope.



Finishing the south slope. Dave, Gwen, and Ian work on the last few rows.



Wes Sullivan paid for the project: roughly \$1900 in materials. Here he tells Dave how proud he is of the way everyone came together to complete the roof project.



All but finished, the new roof lacks ridge caps which weren't in stock at Home Depot. They will be installed later in the summer.

Replacing the Electrical Service in 2008

by Dave Sullivan

Ocean-spray salt corroded the 1940-vintage meter base enough to cause lights to flicker inside the cabin ... so we decided to install a new underground electric service. A new power drop is a major project requiring heavy machinery and three work parties. The following photos show what we did.



Left: You can see the old electric meter on the kitchen wall.



Right: The new meter base went on the front wall hidden behind the porch's wind screen. Also visible on the sidewalk is the new service connection box. It was dug into the front lawn so that only about 2-inches appears above the lawn.



The new breaker panel mounted on the living room wall. This portion of the beach cabin didn't have any insulation which explains why the cabin was so cold in the winter.



We called and had all the underground utilities marked with paint before we started digging. This meant a lot of hand digging ... because we weren't supposed to use anything but a shovel within two feet of existing lines. We found several water lines on the other side of the street near the telephone pole, two telephone lines in the middle of the street, and a Northwest Natural Gas line on our side of the street. If you look carefully in this photo, you will see a TV cable line that is cut in half -- we got a little aggressive with a shovel while digging through the hard pan. Fortunately, when the cable company came to investigate, they said this cable was no longer in use.



Left: This photo shows the Ditch Witch fell into its own trench ... and didn't it come out easily. We had to buy a Come-Along and winch it upright again by lashing onto a nearby tree.

Right: On March 28th, we awoke to find snow!



Almost done across the street. The 3-inch and 1-inch pipes have been buried, and I've installed the service box where the electrical connections will be made across the street. Only a little more spreading of gravel remains.



Left: Dave Helton used a backhoe to carefully dig next to the cabin.



Right: I operated the backhoe to dig a 3-foot trench all the way to the road.



For a while, Barb Sullivan sat in the driver's seat and drove the backhoe forward ... while I operated the bucket from the rear seat. This definitely speeded the operation up.



Left: A slight mistake with the backhoe snapped the sewer line. So we went to Ace Hardware in Lincoln City to buy replacement line and a couple of rubber couplings. Here, Dave Helton is cutting the sewer line with a hand saw.



Right: Dave Sullivan stands on top of the 3-inch electrical conduit. The main purpose of this shot is to prove the pipe was buried the full 3-feet deep as required by the National Electrical Code.



Two reference pictures. These photos are likely to be useful if a cabin is built on the empty lot. The shovel marks the end of the second 3-inch electrical conduit that crosses the street and heads straight into the vacant lot. Several feet earlier, the first 3-inch electrical conduit turns north and heads toward the existing cabin. You can also see the two white 1-inch conduits for cable and phone lines. The 1-inch conduits are 1-foot less deep ... and they stop a couple of feet short of where the 3-inch conduit stops. We ran these currently unused lines several feet further toward the interior of the vacant lot so it would be easy to find and attach onto them without disturbing the lines going to the cabin.



Despite the resulting mess, we did try to clean up. You can see Dave Helton here showing his tongue to Barbara and the camera.



The main service panel is now on the front wall. Nearly all wiring has been done in this image. I added insulation to this wall as well.



All done! Everything is back together (except that I haven't mounted the spice rack over the stove.) Notice the new light on the front wall.

Underfloor Insulation in 2008

by Dave Sullivan



For years it has been almost impossible to get under the front half of the cabin. The access hole is under the kitchen sink, so you needed to snake your body around the kitchen drain pipes to get under the cabin. Then we built the deck, and that access hole became nearly impossible to use. To improve this situation, I removed 26-inches of foundation from the north side of the cabin. Now it is far easier to get in.



Most people won't find this photo as exciting as I felt when I took it. I was hoping Dad had put bolts into the foundation to tie the cabin to the concrete -- and here they were. He put them on 6-foot spacing along the front wall, and right at the corners of the side wall.



There isn't a lot of room to maneuver under the cabin, but it can be done. I was able to fish insulation in and pack it between the floor joists. This made the cabin warmer in the winter. Also, if you look very carefully, you can see another tie-down bolt in a pocket that Dad cut into the rim joist along the front wall.



Barb helped install insulation. She cut the fiberglass batts to length and stuffed them under the cabin. Then I (Dave Sullivan), used a nail gun and wood lath to hold the insulation in place. Although it was dry on Saturday, it rained on Sunday. I stayed dry under the cabin ... Barb was outside helping and got all wet.



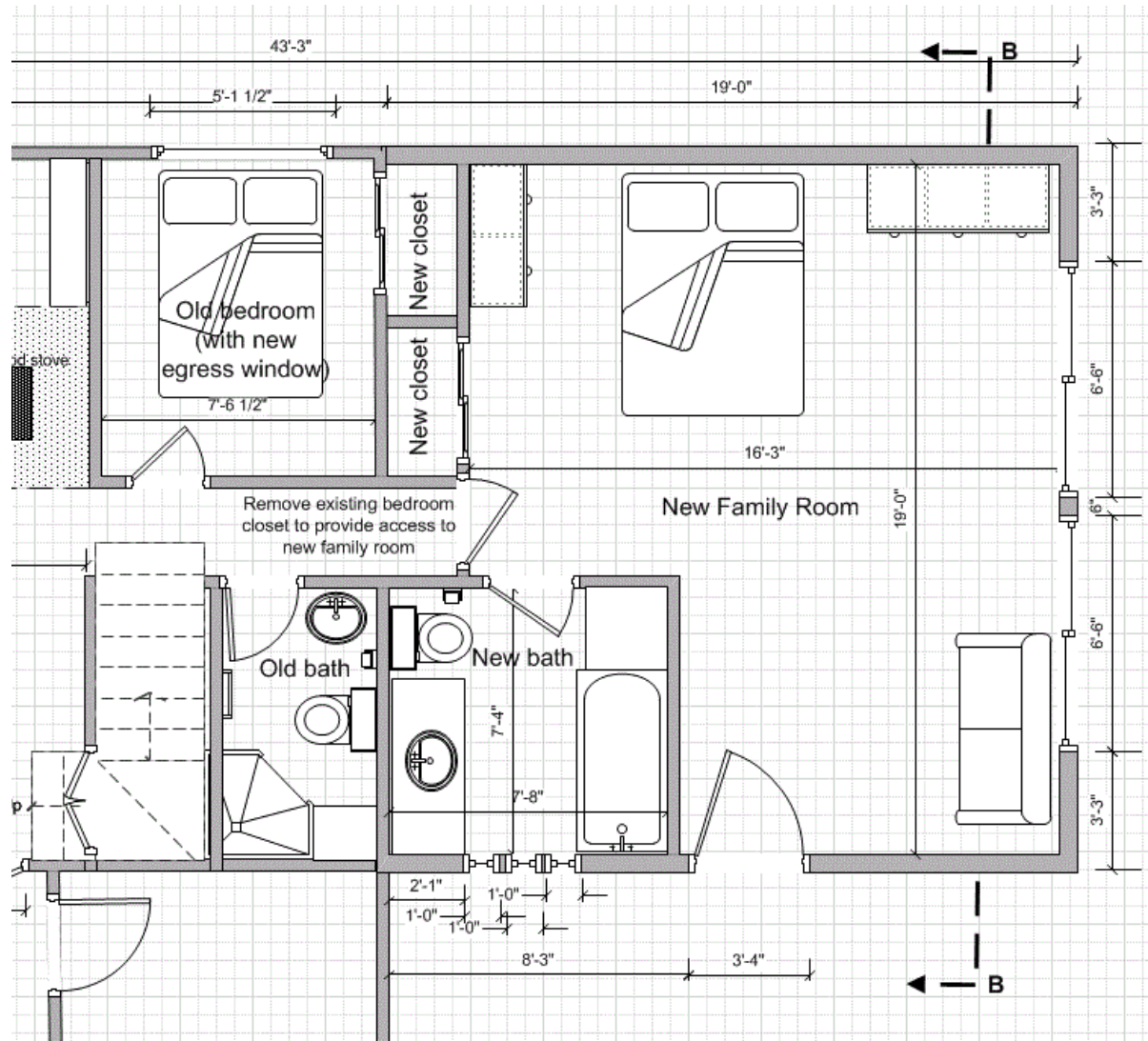
I decided we needed more crawl space under the cabin, and that involved digging with the fireplace shovel (because it was small and worked well in tight places) and loading up a wooden sled. Then Barb would pull out the sled and dump it ... and I would load it up again. Since this was hard, dirty work ... it left Barb's feet rather muddy.



Installing fiberglass insulation. You can see my leg on the left and the nail gun.

Sullishak Expansion in 2012

In 2012 we thoroughly remodeled the kitchen, added dormers upstairs, and began prepping the foundation for a new family room and bathroom behind the existing cabin. This picture shows the new family room and bathroom plans.



Thus, the new addition was 19 by 20 feet. Most of the area was devoted to a large master bedroom, and smaller areas became a new bathroom and closets.



We began work on the front porch: It received a new fiberglass front door and a small vinyl window.



In January 2012 we removed the existing cabinets and paneling. We recycled the driftwood as trim pieces around the windows and ceiling.



Left: We also removed the paneling around most of the living room.

Right: We temporarily set cooking gear on some of the new cabinets.



Left: We carefully removed the asbestos siding and transported it to an approved landfill. Out came the old kitchen window.

Right: We put up T1-11 siding and installed a new kitchen window.



Left: Dave Sullivan added lots of new circuits to the electrical panel.

Right: About half the circuits went down: mostly for the kitchen and living room. The other half went up: mostly for the dormer and new family room.



Left: Dave Helton steadies the new second-story door as it gets raised with a block and tackle.
Right: The door looked silly at first: it lead to a 12-foot drop-off.



Left: We carefully removed the asbestos shingles and prepared them for transporting to the Hillsboro dump that accepts this sort of waste (for a huge fee).
Right: The brick side porch was no longer useful, so it got broken up and removed.



Left: New siding went up in front.
Right: A deck was suspended temporarily on 4-by-4s.



Left: The living room was a crowded mess as we put up sheetrock.

Right: The new kitchen gets sheetrock.



Left: To support the new deck, we dug footings.

Right: Although it wasn't structurally necessary, we poured concrete in the bottom of the footings.



Left: Chris Reiter used his Bobcat to lift the large telephone poles in place to support the new deck.

Right: The poles are in place, but the new deck still needs railings.



Left: Dave Sullivan used a Sawzall to cut into the roof to create new upstairs dormers.

Right: Bob Woodworth and Pat Propst worked on hands-and-knees as we prepared to remove more of the old roof.



Left: Bob Woodworth raised a wall for the new dormer.

Right: The new scissor trusses have been installed, so Barb Sullivan made a bed in the unfinished upstairs.



Left: The new deck got a layer of pavers.



Right: Cedar railings were installed along with plate glass.



Left: Chris Reiter began digging a hole for the foundation of the new family room.



Right: The hole is almost complete.



This structure eventually turned into the “Sullishak Annex”; that is, the cabin's tool shed. Initially, many people were scratching their head wondering what the strange collection of used telephone poles was supposed to be.



Right: A puppet finger for a finger that was given an untimely trim job by Chris Reiter's Bobcat.



Left: Granite countertops, cabinets, and appliances were all installed.



Right: A new microwave was hung under the old stove, and recessed lights were installed in the ceiling.



Left: Barb Sullivan came up with the breakfast bar idea ... it is what allows the cabin to have a full-function kitchen.

Right: The bookshelf just went back up: It will never be this empty again



Left: The living room became more usable once the drywall hid the insulation and wiring.

Right: Dormers were added on both North and South sides.



Left: North wall upstairs has been pushed out and roof lifted.

Right: View of North wall from stairs.

Sullishak Expansion in 2013

In 2013 we began building the new family room and bathroom behind the existing cabin.



Left: Work began with building concrete forms from scrap lumber.



Right: Dave Helton trowels the concrete while Barb Sullivan measures locations for bolts.



Left: This photo shows the entire new room along with the beginnings of the "Sullishak Annex" in the background.



Right: Walls begin to go up.



Left: Dave Sullivan looks up at Barb Sullivan who will operate the come-along to raise half of the ridge beam.

Right: Dave Helton secures the ridge beam in place.



Left and right: The second floor dormers get a new cedar ceiling.

Sullishak Expansion in 2014

We began 2014 determined to finally finish the beach cabin's expansion plans, and by the end of the year, we'd come close –but we hadn't actually completed the remodeling.



Left: We added lights and insulation to the new family room.



Right: As usual, David Helton helped with all the work. Here we have all the insulation up, and a blanket is being used as a window dressing.



Lots of plumbing was needed to complete the new bathrooms, and the Lincoln County inspector was a real stickler about trivial details. Eventually, we got everything in the new bathrooms installed and approved.



We liked the cedar ceiling upstairs so much that we decided to install one in the new family room downstairs as well. The cedar was expensive, but it was worth it.



The new upstairs bathroom received updated plumbing and a tile floor.



Left: We added drywall and a tile entryway to the new family room.



Right: The new downstairs bathroom got custom-built cabinets along with a tile floor.

Steve Sullivan took the following photos after visiting the cabin on just before Christmas in 2014.



At the left is the new balcony for the second floor, and the second floor dormers have greatly expand the upstairs. Most of the exterior has been replaced and recently painted. Less obvious are the new gutters, a new porch light and new front door.



This is north side of the cabin. The new balcony is at the right. The north door and porch that were never used are gone. Note the outside unit of a heat pump which provides efficient heat for the living room.



This view of the back of the cabin is where a storage shed has been replaced by a new family room.



The exterior is now finished on the new family room.



The kitchen area of the original cabin now has a dishwasher and disposal. Also note the microwave above the stove. The counter, sink and cupboards have been replaced and decorative tile has been placed on the wall. Additional lighting makes the kitchen brighter.



The dishwasher and larger refrigerator eliminated shelf and drawer space. To accommodate this, a breakfast bar with more shelves and drawers were added.



In the upper left corner you can see the inside portion of the heat pump. David Helton installed a larger wood stove making it possible to burn larger pieces of wood.



Left: This view leads up the stairs to the second floor, and the walls have been finished.
Right: Upstairs there is a hardwood floor.



Left: The new dormers provide enough headroom to walk from the south to north wall.
Right: The plan for the north side of the upstairs includes a desk. The wood ceiling is visible in this photo.



A door opens to the balcony where you can sit and watch the ocean.



Left: A bathroom is at the east end upstairs.



Right: The first-floor hallway leads to new family room.



Here we are in the new family room looking back at the door to the main cabin. On the left is a new bathroom with tile floor.



The new bathroom includes a shower/tub, sink, toilet and decorative windows (not shown).



Left: A flat screen TV is planned for the south wall and you can see cutouts in the wall for a portion of the sound system.

Right: On the left side of the room is a pile of oak lumber that will soon become a hardwood floor.

Sullishak Expansion in 2015



Left: Buddy McClure laid most of the oak flooring in the new family room.



Right: Lots of heavy equipment was used to get the hardwood flooring flat and smooth.



Left: The transition from the family room to the original cabin came out better than we expected. Because we built the new family room about 1-1/2 inches too low, you have to walk uphill to get into the new cabin.



Right: Finally, we applied three coats of finish which made the floors look warmer.



Gary Anderson applied the drywall mud and tape to the new addition.



Dave Sullivan finally finishes the "Sullishak Annex" – a tool shed.



David Helton works on the back deck.



The back deck is completed, but it seems incomplete. Time to install a counter for the propane grill.



The almost completely installed grill gets its first assignment: a pair of pork chops.



Everything is almost ready for the reception for Molly and Devin Sullivan's September 2015 wedding. Instead of cooking the salmon on the beach, we've carried sand up and built a fire pit in the vacant lot next to Sullishak.

Sullivan Family

This section introduces you to the extended Sullivan family that manages Sullishak as a retreat from the hassles of everyday life.



A place of honor goes to: Wes Sullivan (who built Sullishak) with his mother, Orma Sullivan (who purchased the land and paid for the initial materials). Sadly, neither of these remarkable people are still with us.



Steve Sullivan in 1947 -- about the time construction first started on the Lincoln Beach cabin.



Steve, Nancy, and yet another kid on the couch in the corner of the Sullivan beach cabin.



Steve Sullivan's comment about this picture which was taken in Sullishak's front yard:

"I think my parents thought it was cute when we wore these hats but my recollection was of being a clown. "

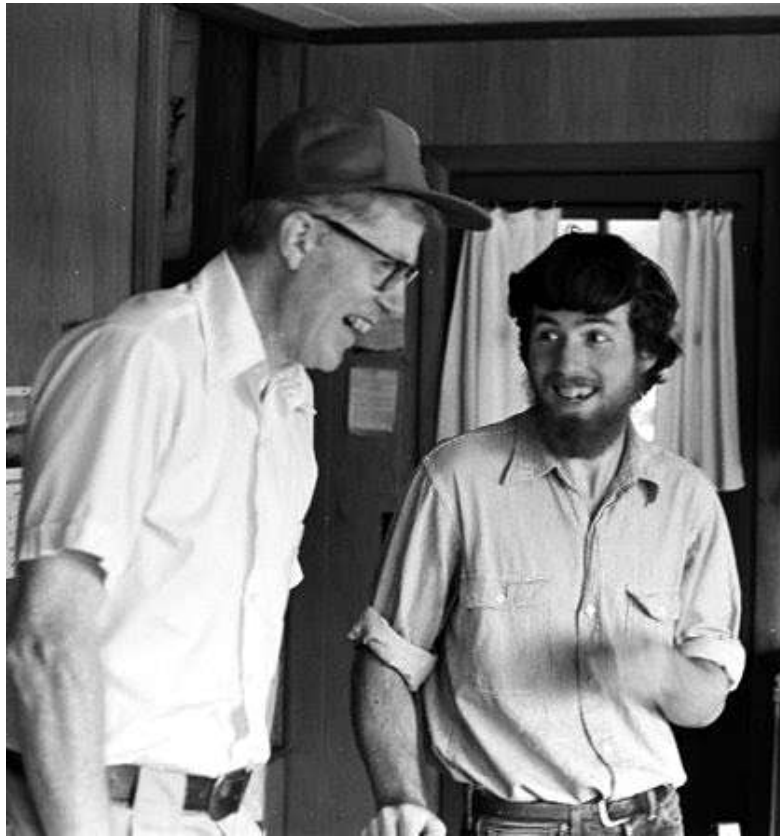


Four of Orma Sullivan's great-grandchildren on Sullishak's front porch steps: Molly, Ana, Mary, and Mick.

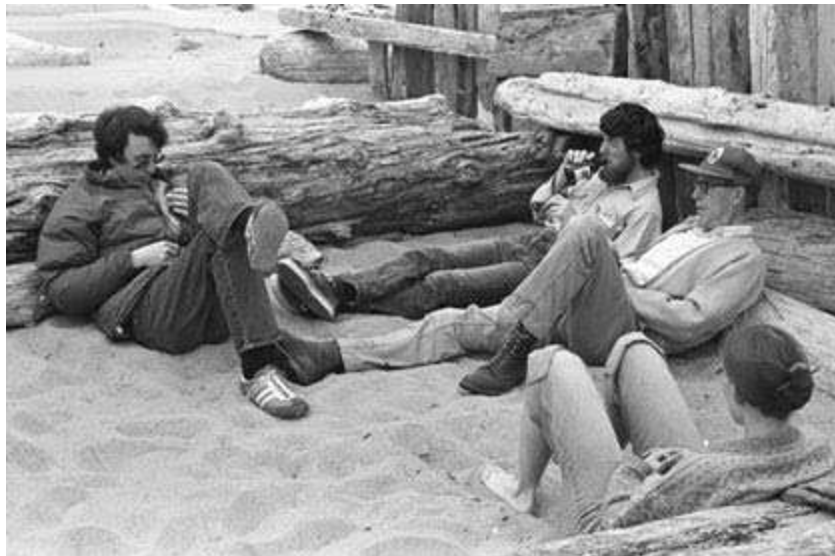


Elsie and Wes Sullivan cracking crabs in the combined dining room/living room/kitchen at Sullishak.





Wes and son Bill at
Sullishak



Dave, Bill, Wes
and Janell at
Lincoln beach
just below
Sullishak



A Brownell cousin reunion at Sullishak around 1981. Back row: Mike, Janet, Dave, Steve, Martha, Margret, Bob, and Debbie. Front row: Tom and Jackson, Ian and Janell, Kathy, Bill



Elsie and Wes Sullivan in Sullishak's living room with grandchildren Mary and Molly.



Ian and Mary defending their forts at Fishing Rock on Lincoln Beach.





Ana, Molly, Mick, Ian, Karen, and Mary at Sullishak



The Sullivan family around 1981: Dave, Janet, Nancy, Steve, Bill, Karin, Chris, Janell, Elsie and Wes

The Diviney Family

The Diviney Family owns half of Sullishak, so it's appropriate to show pictures of them.



The Diviney clan meets at Sullishak for the first time!

Top row: Amber, Jarod, Glade, Amber, Glenn, Robin and Taylor.

Second row: Rebecca, Danielle, Barbara, Marge, Chris, April, Kristen.

Third row: Gavin, Felicia, Eli, Stephanie.



Glenn contemplates the vast expanse of the Pacific ocean at Sullishak while Robin shows disdain.



Robin ready to catch Taylor at Sullishak.



Amber Knowland and kids



Stephanie and Jessie both play at the beach ... but a decade has passed between these two pictures.