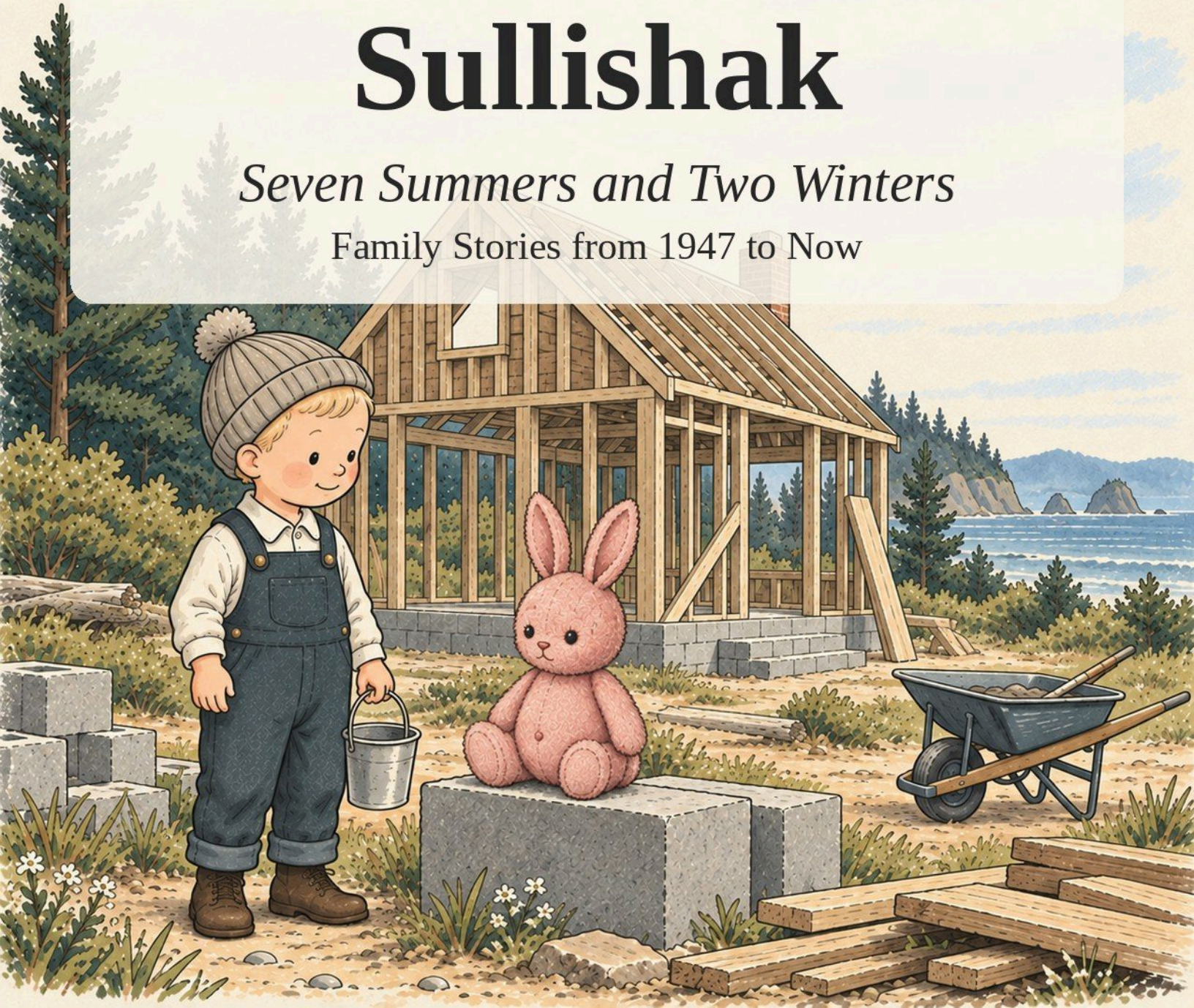
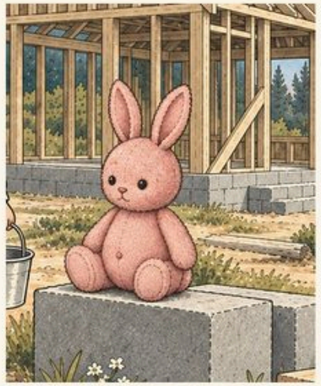
Squeaky Bunny at Sullishak

Seven Summers and Two Winters

Family Stories from 1947 to Now





Squeaky Bunny at Sullishak

Seven Summers and Two Winters

Family Stories from 1947 to Now

Prepublication beta edition — October 2026 — not for sale.

For everyone who has ever slept upstairs at Sullishak.

The photographs are from Elsie Sullivan's scrapbook and the family's albums. The history behind the stories is told in *Sullishak History* by Dave, Steve and Wes Sullivan (2024); what is true and what is story is set out at the back, in This Really Happened.

Everybody was almost sure.

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9. Somebody Should — *A Family Story from Now*

And one fall: Somebody Did — *A Family Story from October 2026*

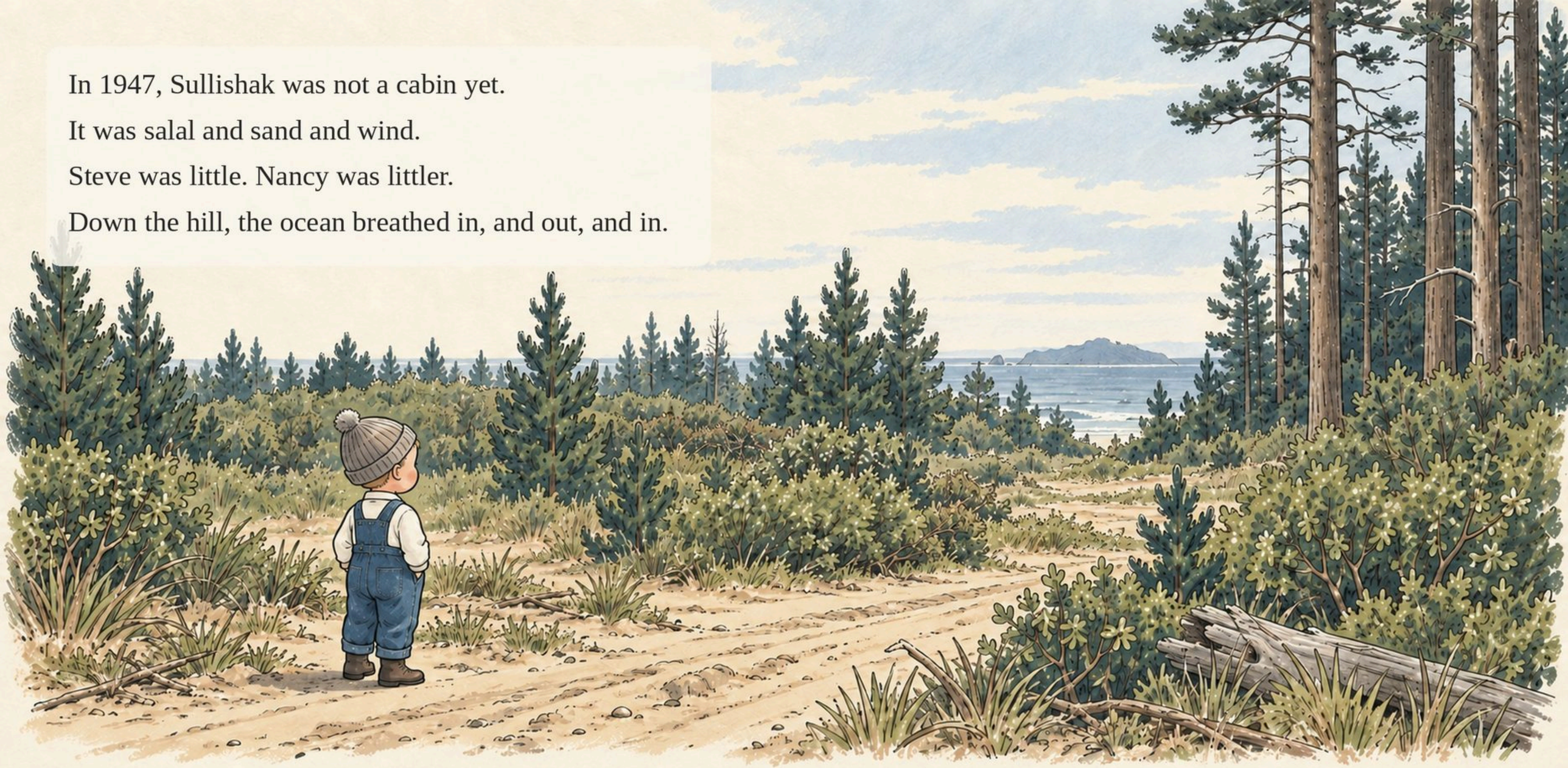
This Really Happened · Who's Who · The Same Wall · Nobody Is Sure

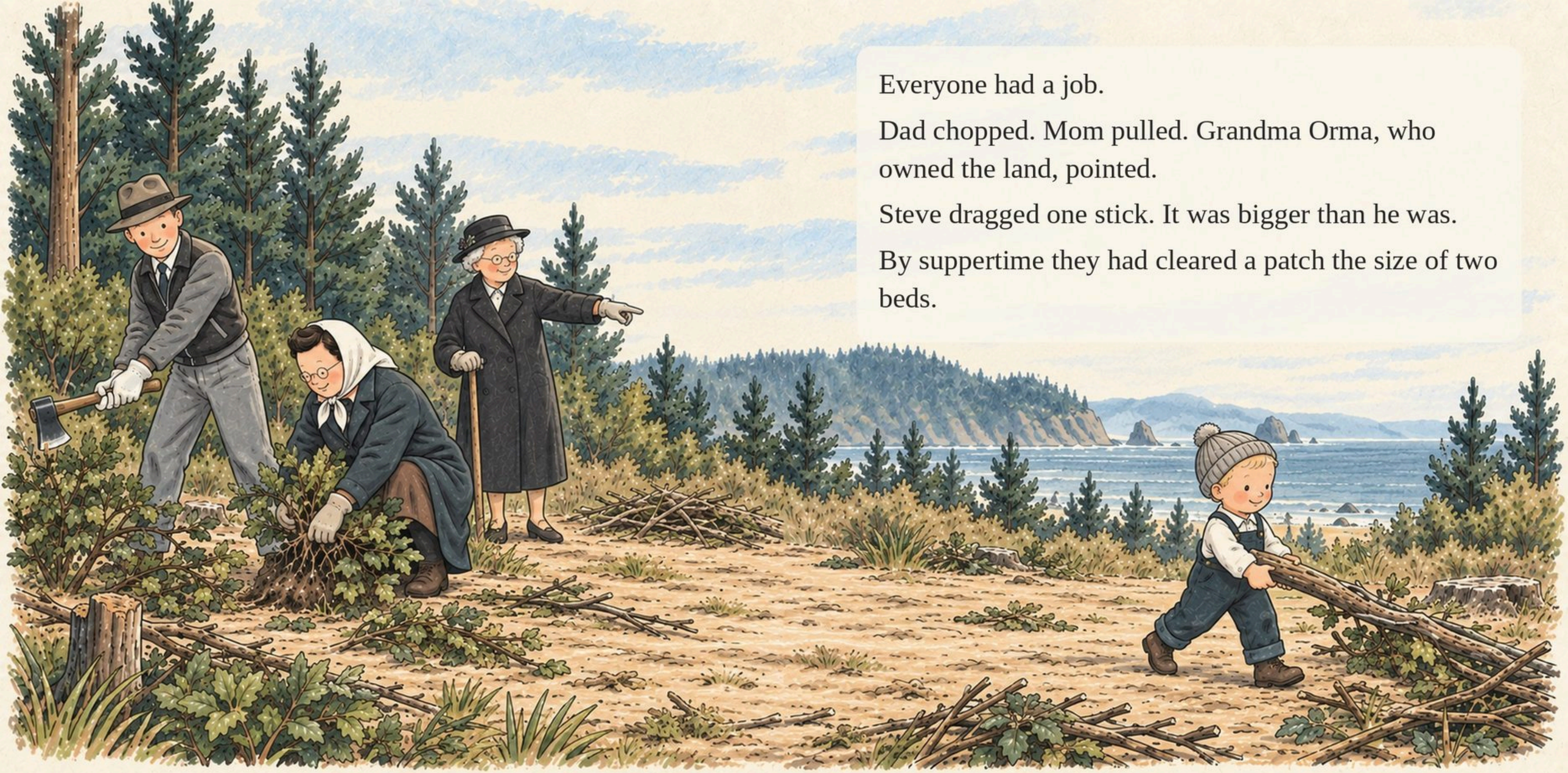
In 1947, Sullishak was not a cabin yet.

It was salal and sand and wind.

Steve was little. Nancy was littler.

Down the hill, the ocean breathed in, and out, and in.



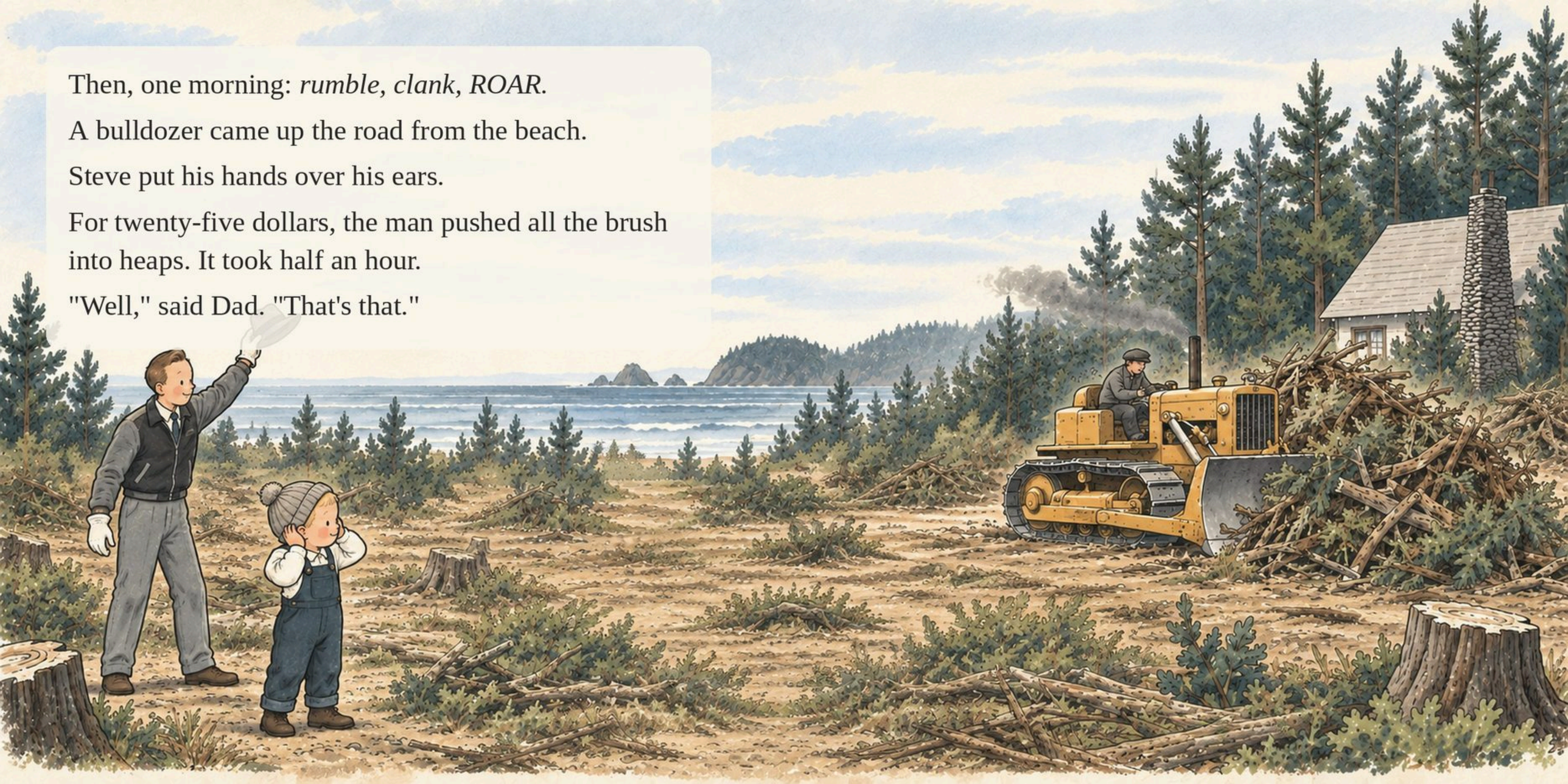


Everyone had a job.

Dad chopped. Mom pulled. Grandma Orma, who owned the land, pointed.

Steve dragged one stick. It was bigger than he was.

By suppertime they had cleared a patch the size of two beds.



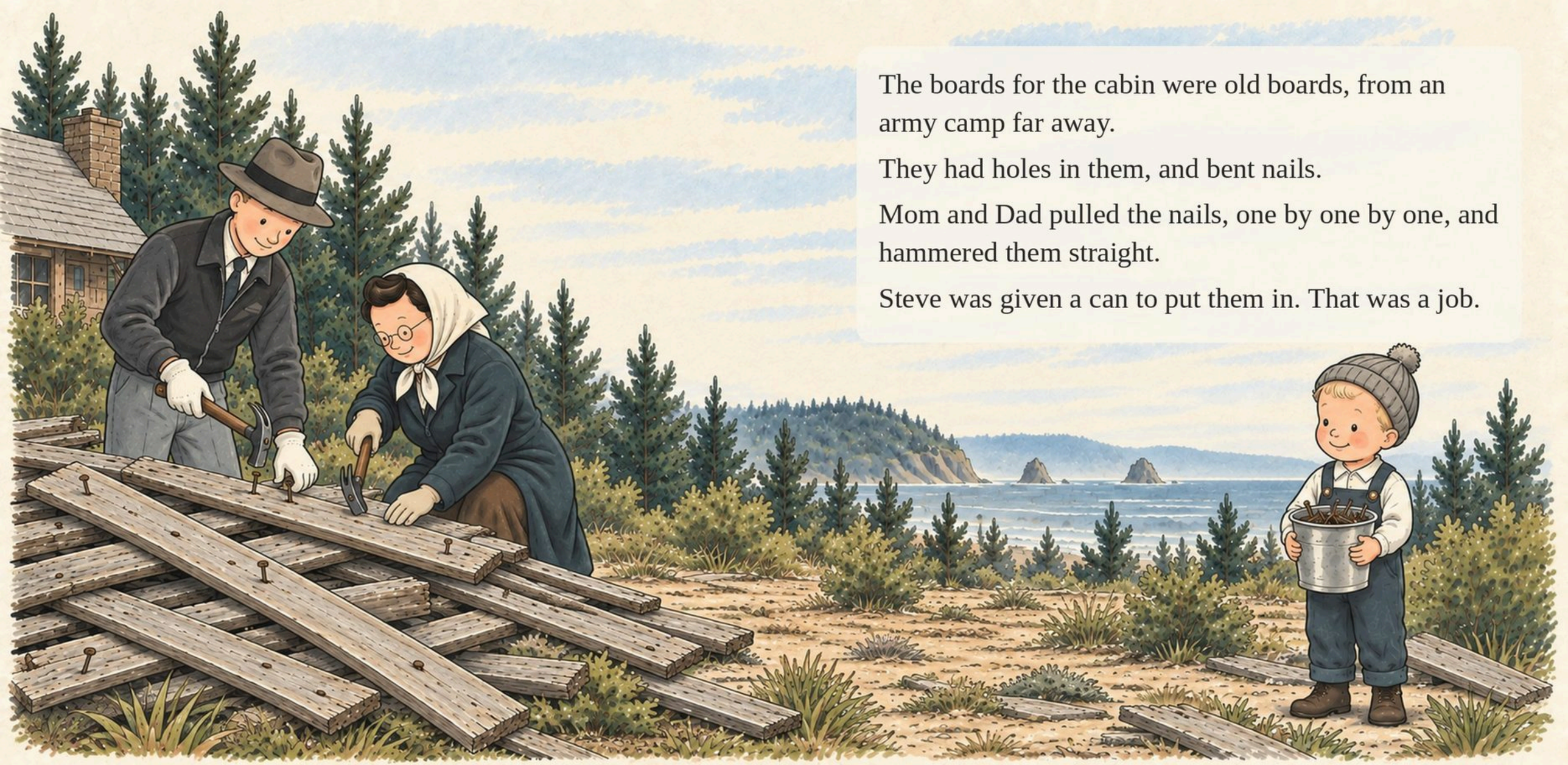
Then, one morning: *rumble, clank, ROAR.*

A bulldozer came up the road from the beach.

Steve put his hands over his ears.

For twenty-five dollars, the man pushed all the brush into heaps. It took half an hour.

"Well," said Dad. "That's that."



The boards for the cabin were old boards, from an army camp far away.

They had holes in them, and bent nails.

Mom and Dad pulled the nails, one by one by one, and hammered them straight.

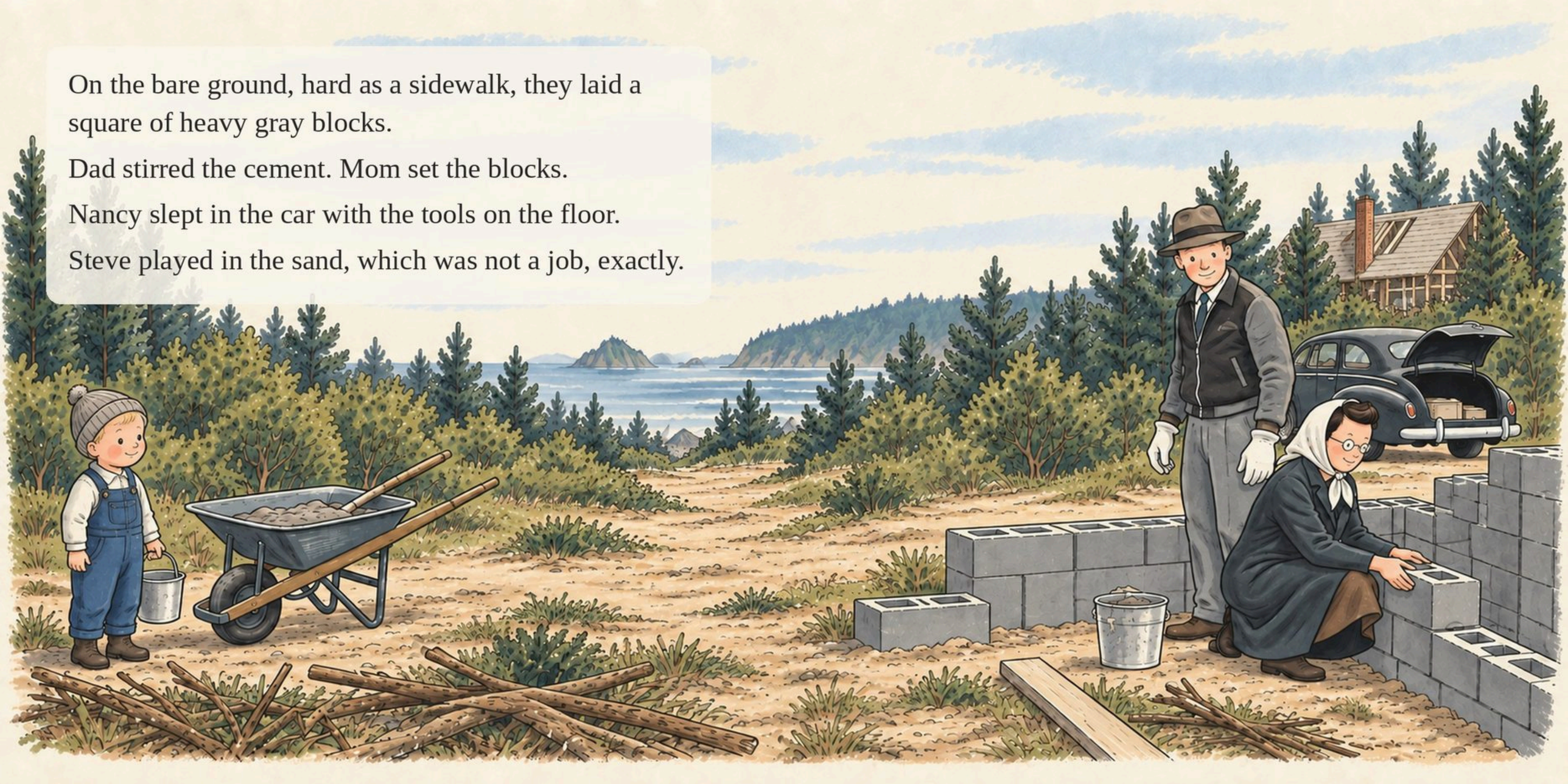
Steve was given a can to put them in. That was a job.

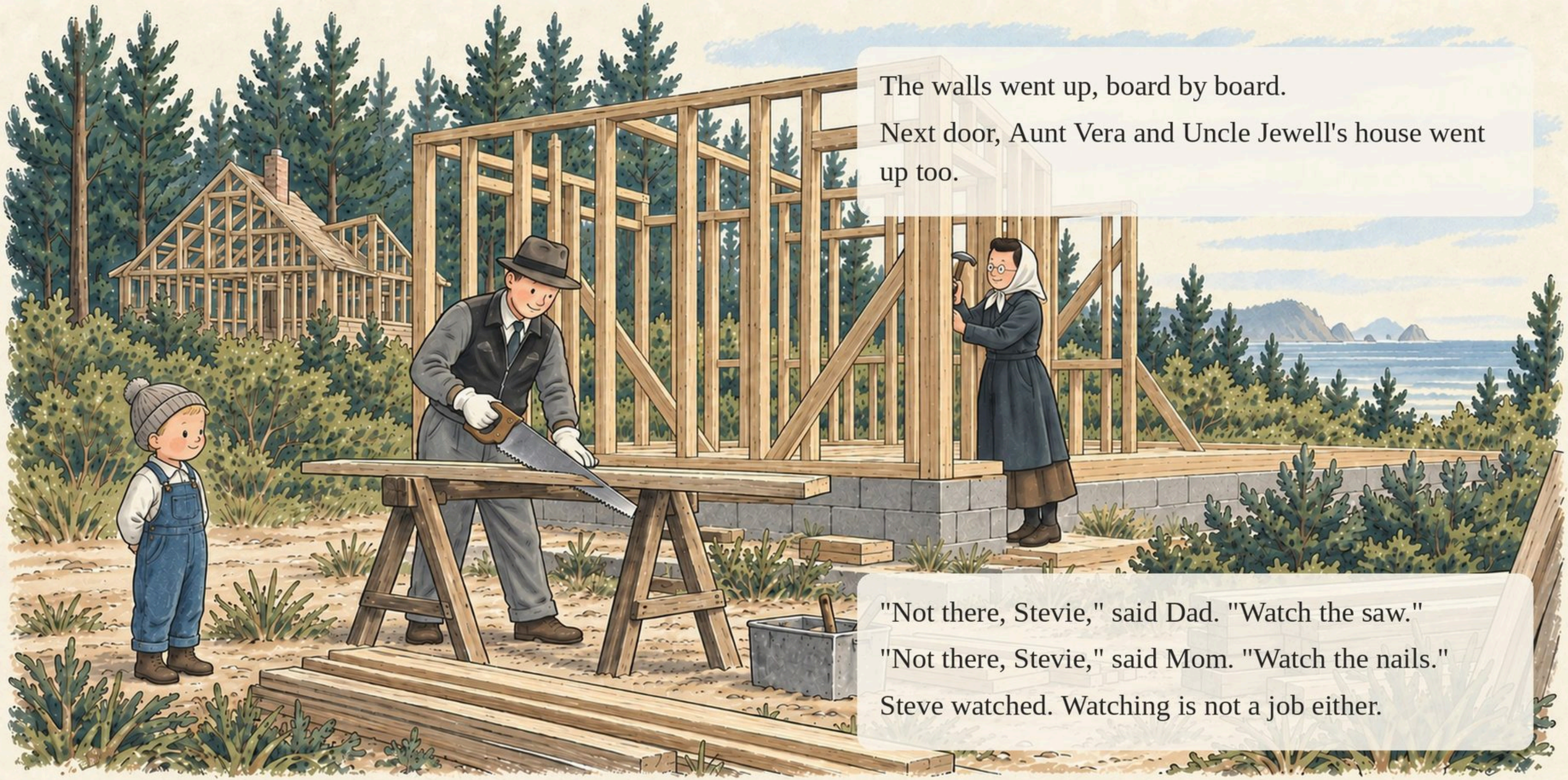
On the bare ground, hard as a sidewalk, they laid a square of heavy gray blocks.

Dad stirred the cement. Mom set the blocks.

Nancy slept in the car with the tools on the floor.

Steve played in the sand, which was not a job, exactly.




The walls went up, board by board.
Next door, Aunt Vera and Uncle Jewell's house went up too.
"Not there, Stevie," said Dad. "Watch the saw."
"Not there, Stevie," said Mom. "Watch the nails."
Steve watched. Watching is not a job either.



One Sunday a box came in the car from Salem.

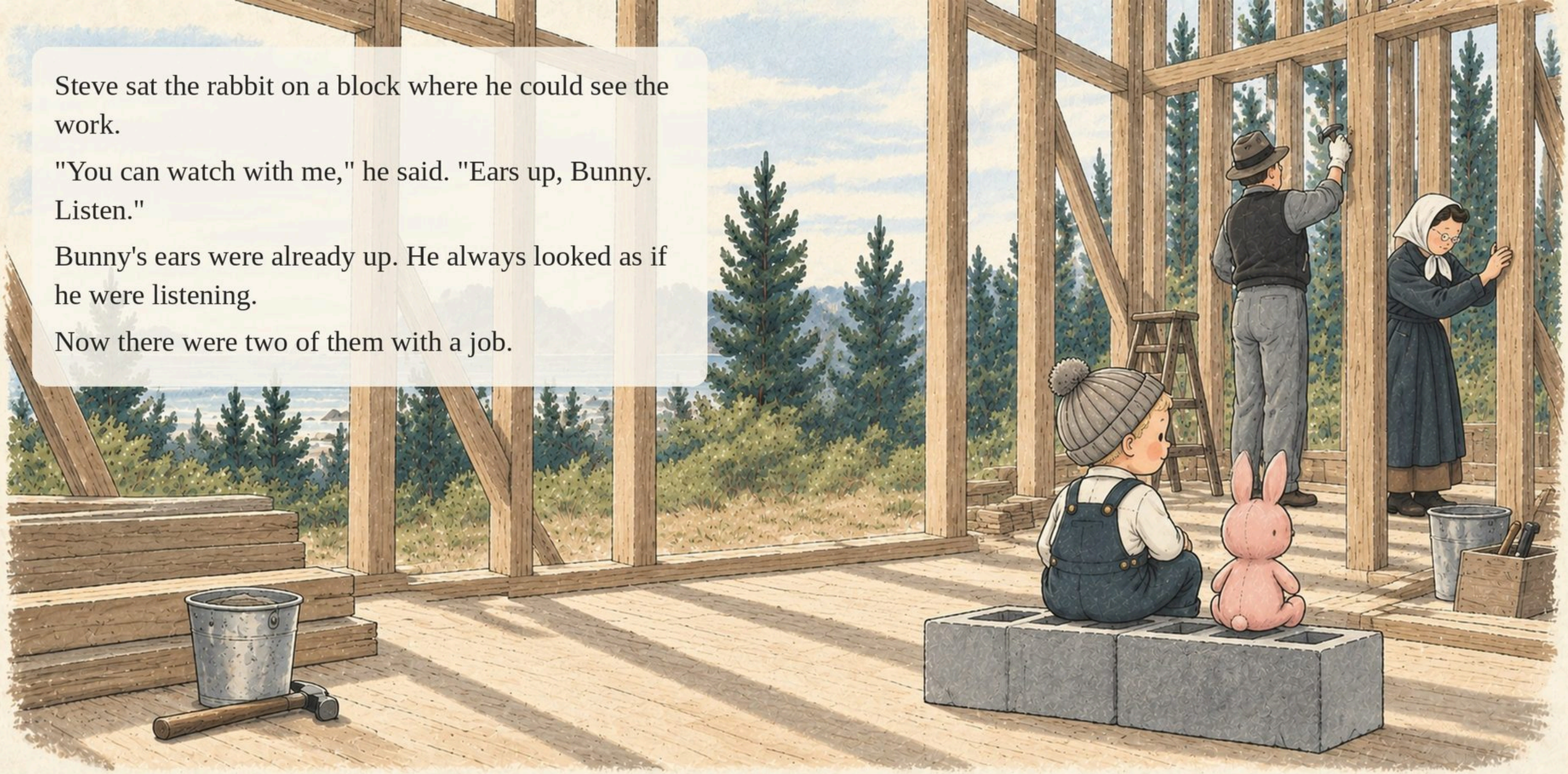
Inside were towels, and baby things, and sandwiches in paper.

And at the very bottom, sitting up very straight, a small pink rabbit.

His ears stood up. His eyes were two stitches. His belly button went *squeak!*

"Who packed the rabbit?" said Mom.

Nobody knew.



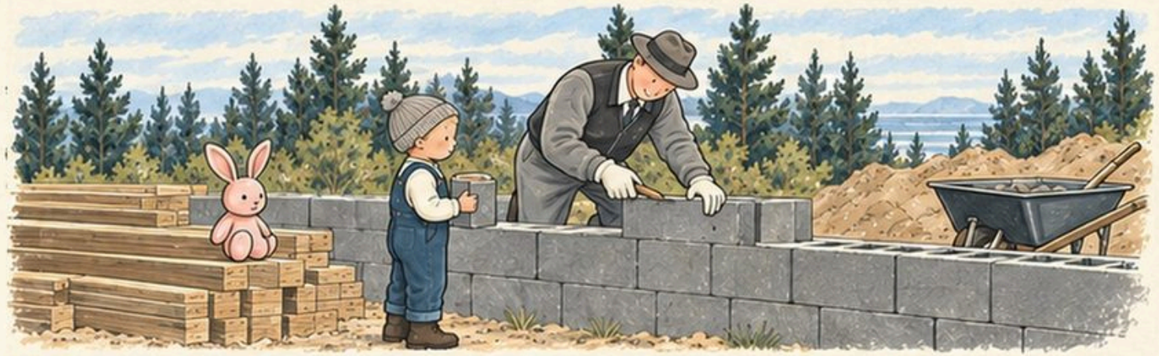
Steve sat the rabbit on a block where he could see the work.

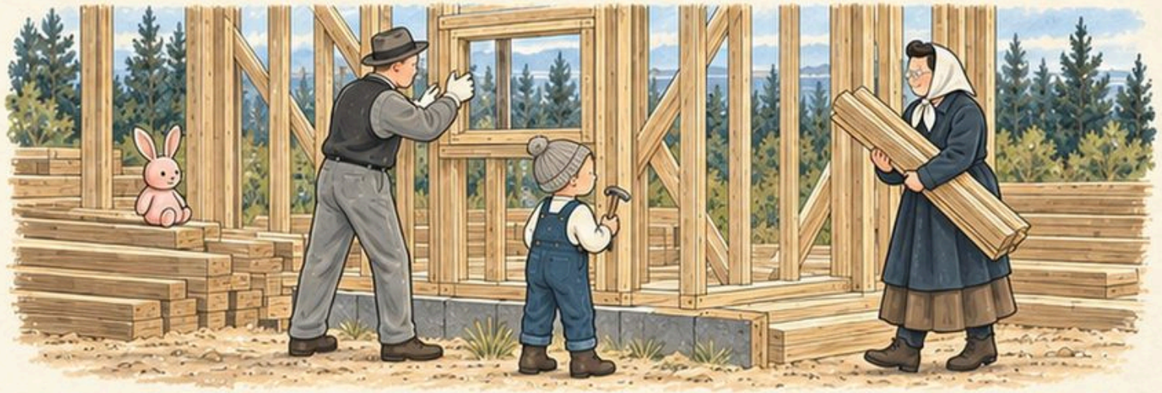
"You can watch with me," he said. "Ears up, Bunny. Listen."

Bunny's ears were already up. He always looked as if he were listening.

Now there were two of them with a job.

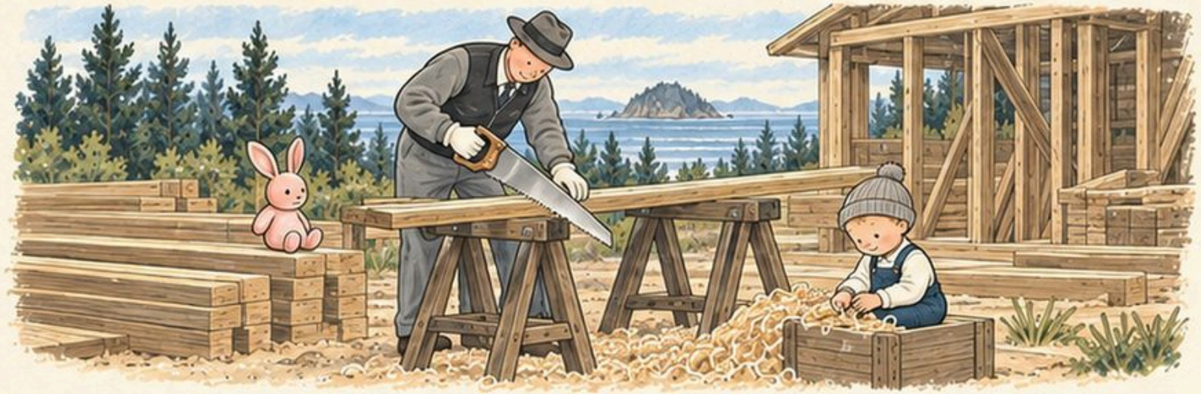

Rain. Sun.
Sawdust. Rain
again.

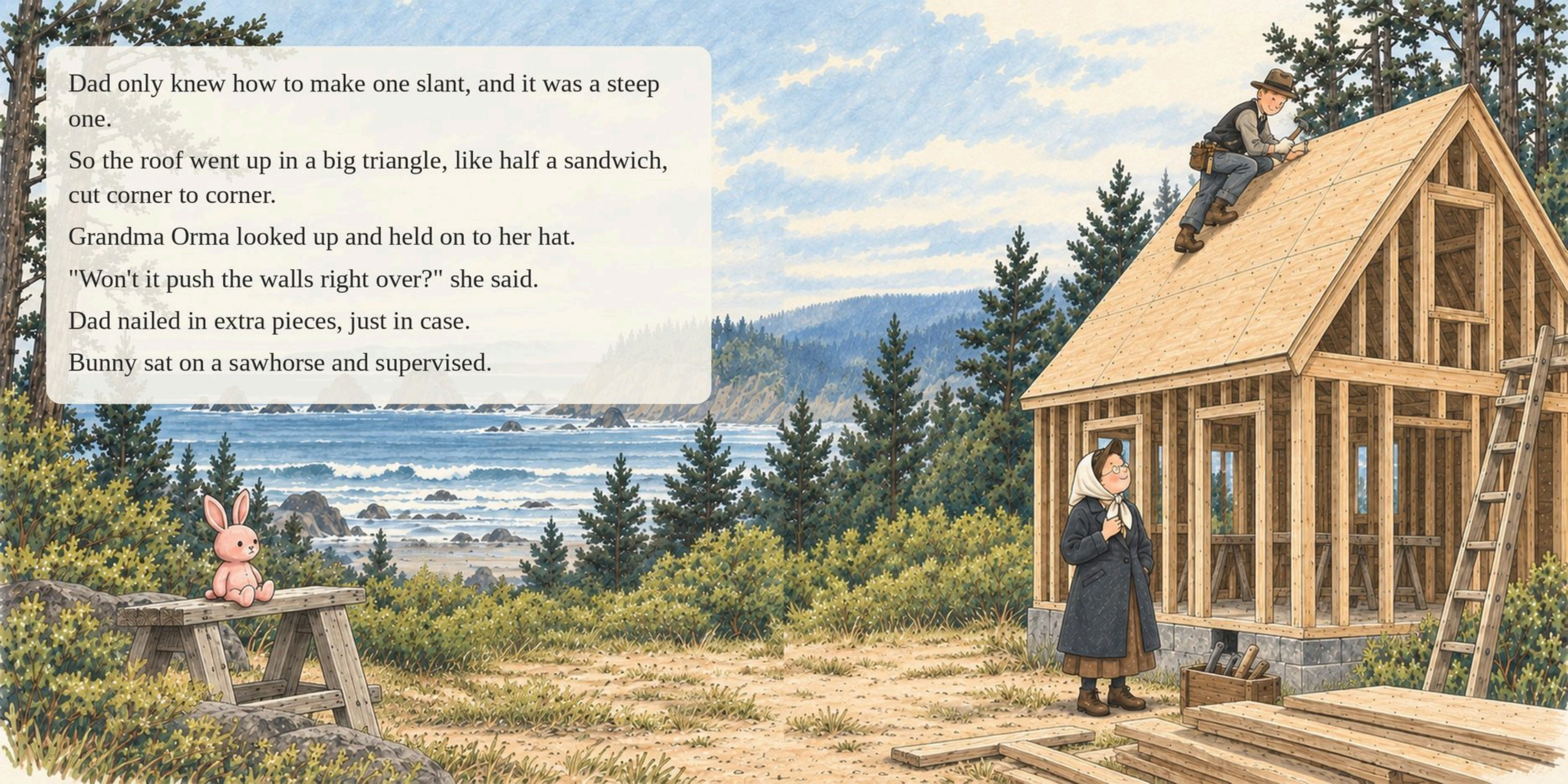





Seventeen weekends,
and the walls got
taller every one.







Dad only knew how to make one slant, and it was a steep one.

So the roof went up in a big triangle, like half a sandwich, cut corner to corner.

Grandma Orma looked up and held on to her hat.

"Won't it push the walls right over?" she said.

Dad nailed in extra pieces, just in case.

Bunny sat on a sawhorse and supervised.



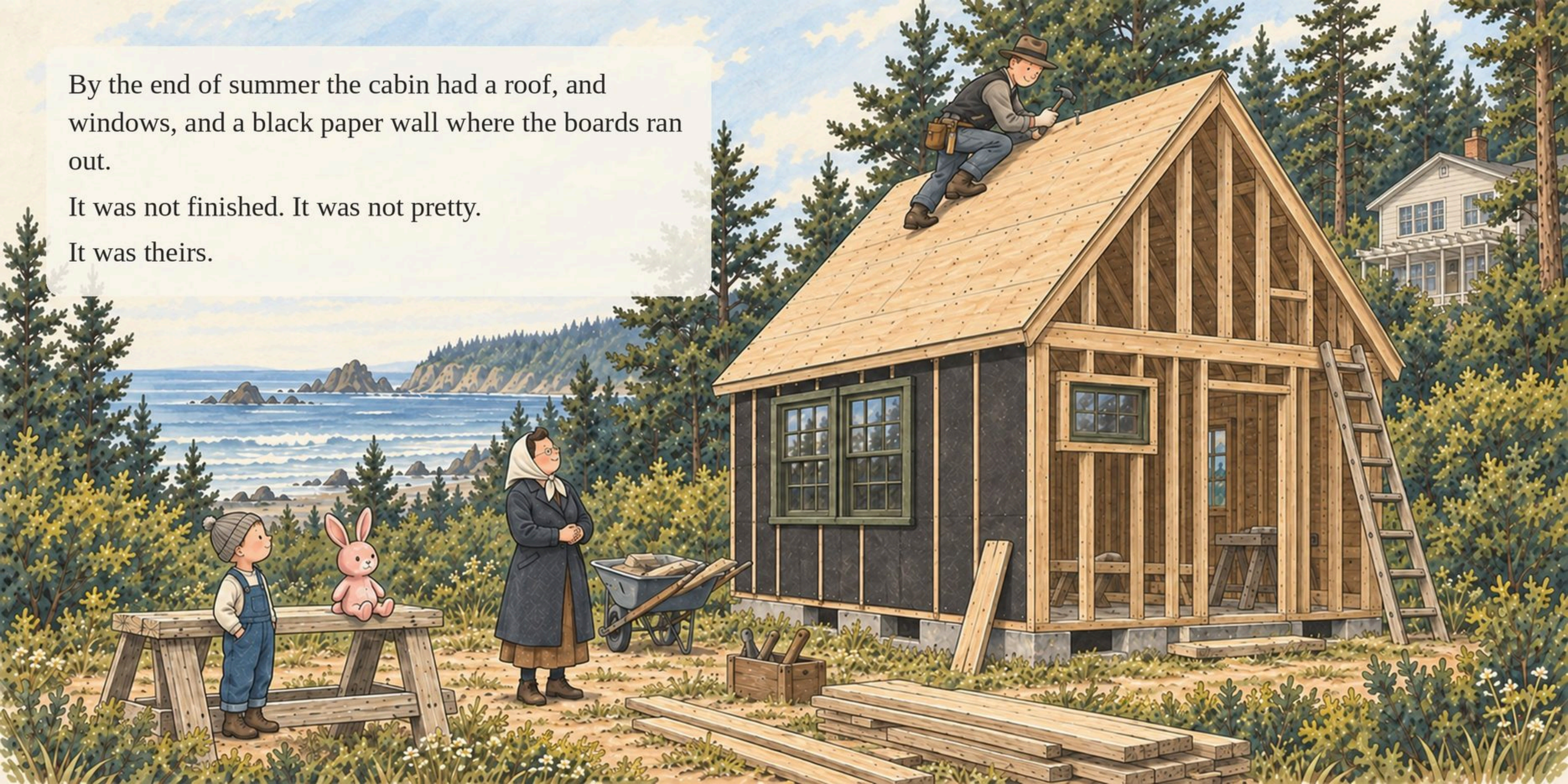
Dad built the stairs steep, too. At the top they didn't come out even, so the last step was a short one.

Steve carried Bunny up.

"Ears up, Bunny. Listen," said Steve, and took the last step — *bump*.

"That step is a mistake," said Dad.

"It's a good step," said Steve. "It's my size."



By the end of summer the cabin had a roof, and windows, and a black paper wall where the boards ran out.

It was not finished. It was not pretty.

It was theirs.



They slept at the auto court up the road, two dollars a night.

That night the wind leaned on the little room, and the ocean went *WHOOSH*.

Then, beside the pillow, very softly: *squeak*.

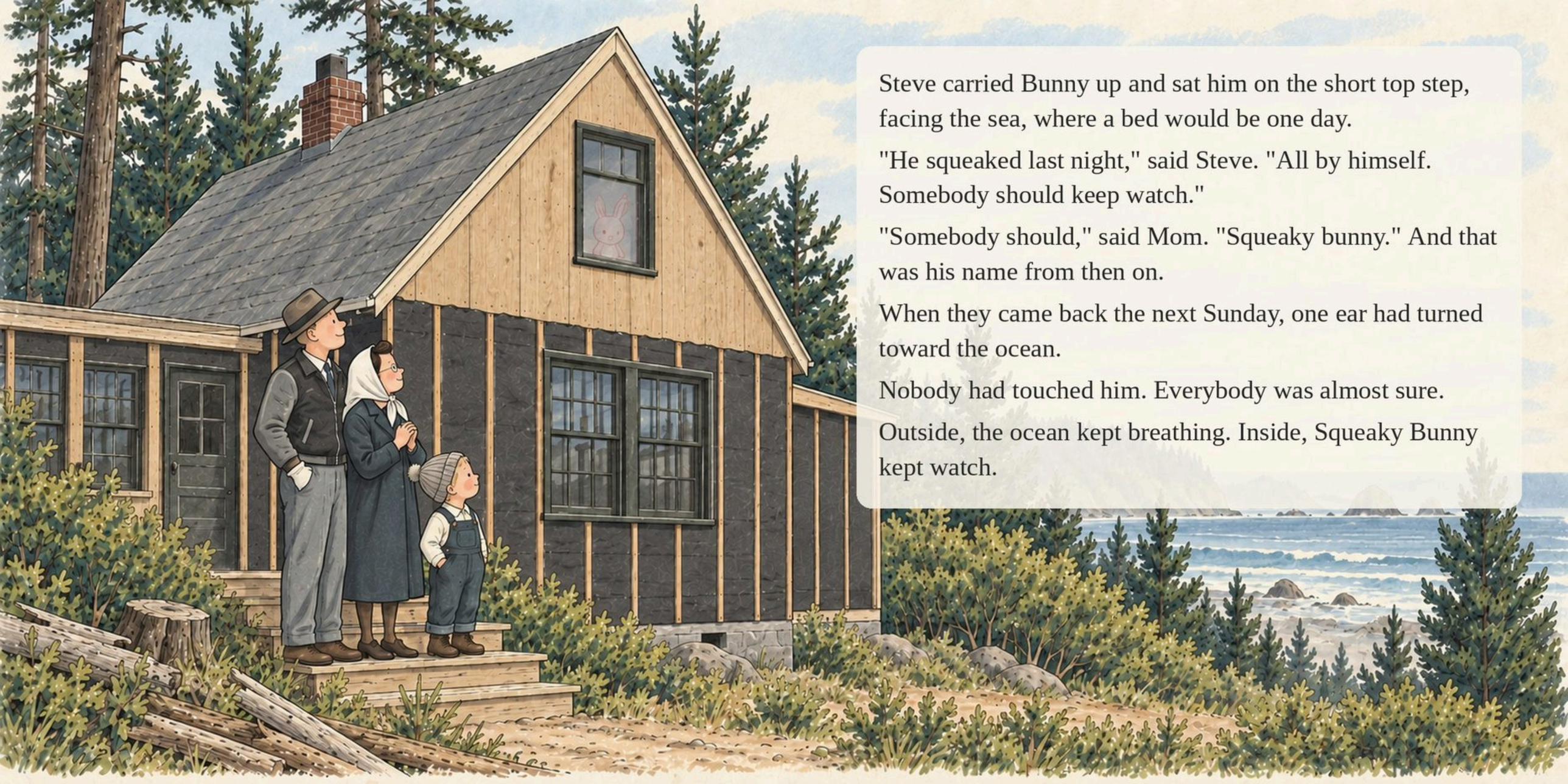
Steve had not touched him.

"Ears up, Bunny," he whispered. "Listen."

Whoosh, went the ocean, and back. Slow and long, like Nancy breathing.

It wasn't a monster. It was keeping time.

Steve breathed with it. And Steve slept.



Steve carried Bunny up and sat him on the short top step, facing the sea, where a bed would be one day.

"He squeaked last night," said Steve. "All by himself. Somebody should keep watch."

"Somebody should," said Mom. "Squeaky bunny." And that was his name from then on.

When they came back the next Sunday, one ear had turned toward the ocean.

Nobody had touched him. Everybody was almost sure.

Outside, the ocean kept breathing. Inside, Squeaky Bunny kept watch.



Spring 1947. Wes and Elsie Sullivan lay the foundation blocks, mixing the mortar by hand, while Steve, who was three, plays beside them. Two-month-old Nancy is asleep on the back seat of the 1940 Mercury.

TWO WORRIES

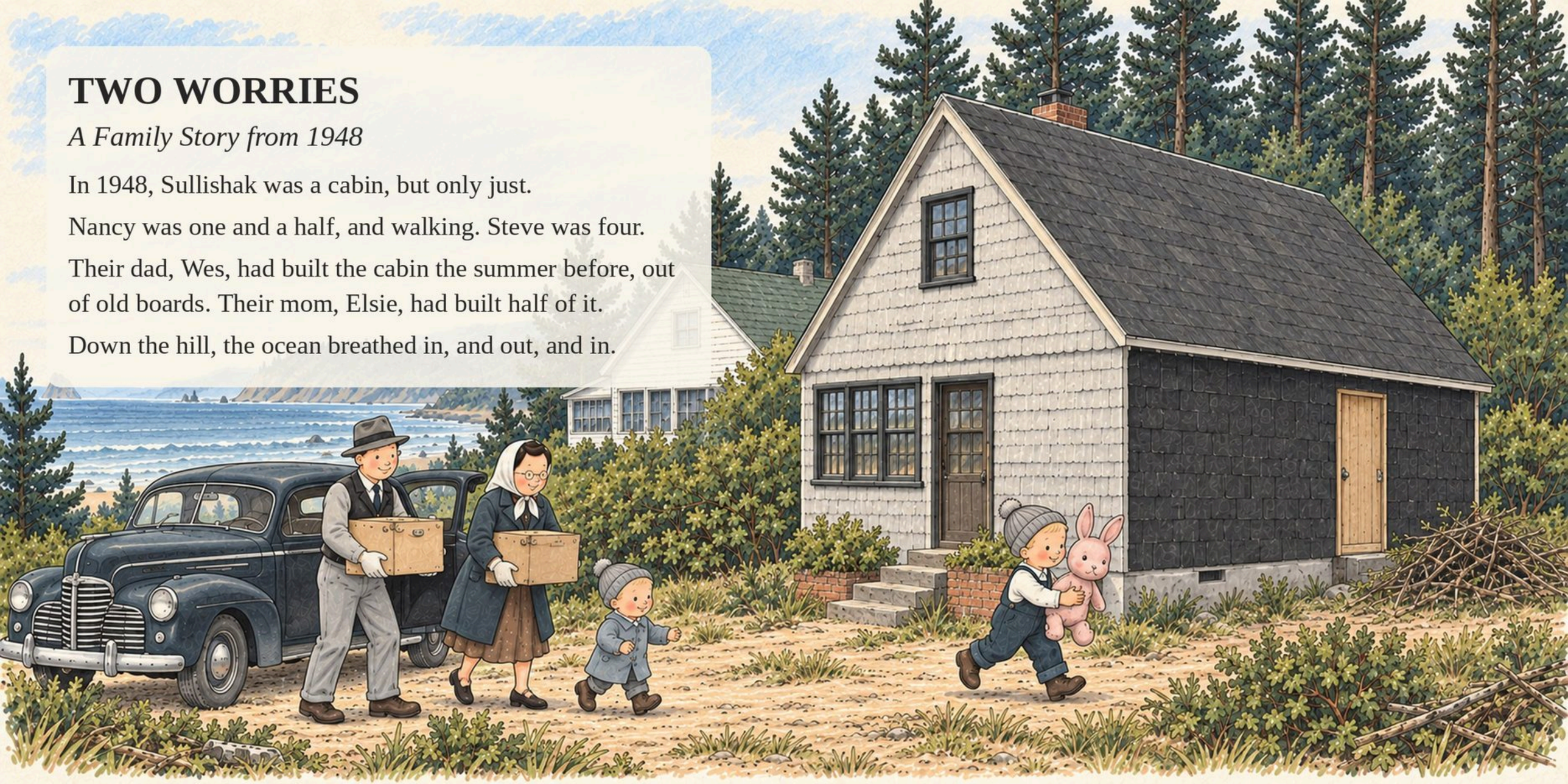
A Family Story from 1948

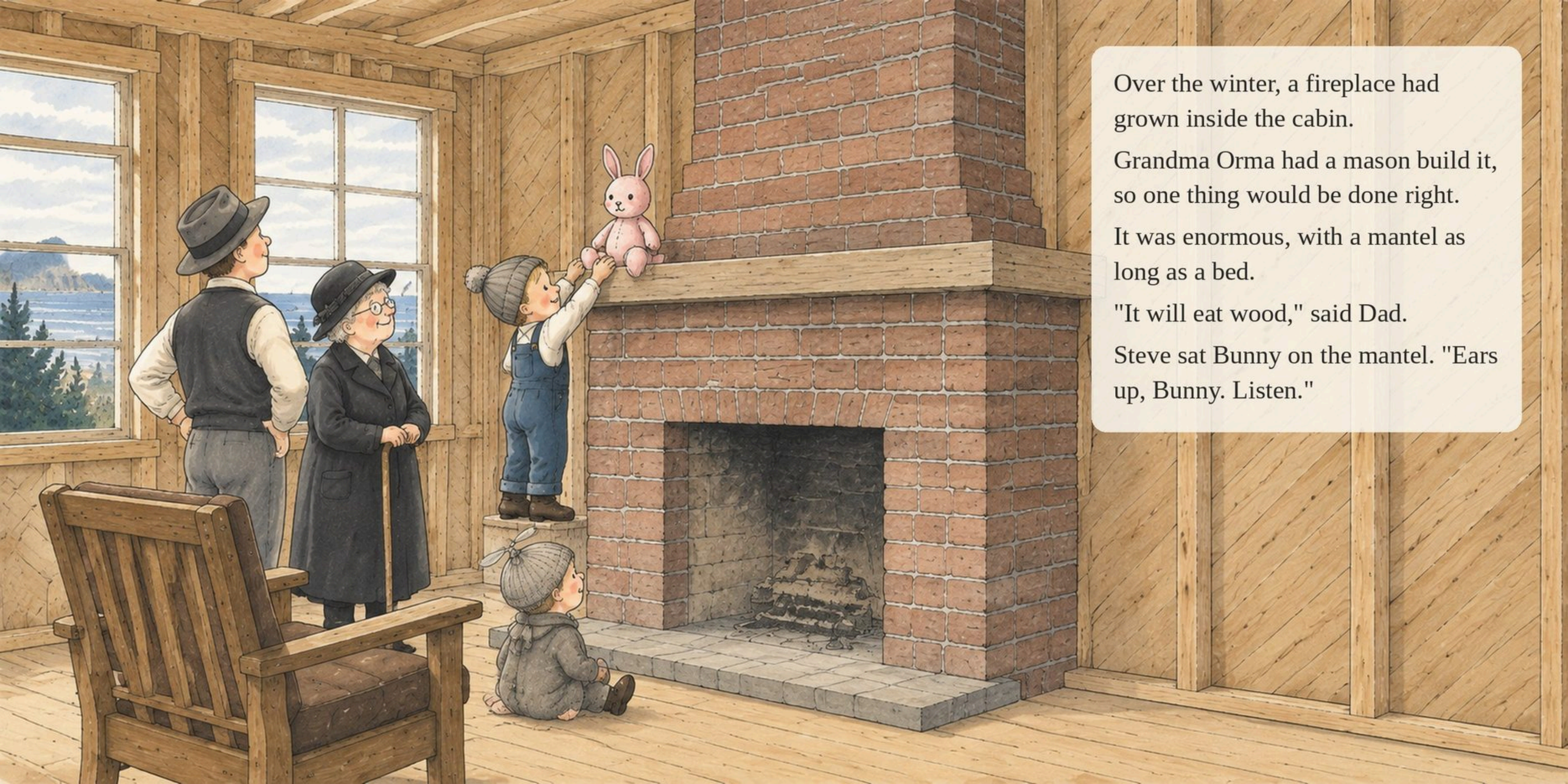
In 1948, Sullishak was a cabin, but only just.

Nancy was one and a half, and walking. Steve was four.

Their dad, Wes, had built the cabin the summer before, out of old boards. Their mom, Elsie, had built half of it.

Down the hill, the ocean breathed in, and out, and in.





Over the winter, a fireplace had grown inside the cabin.

Grandma Orma had a mason build it, so one thing would be done right.

It was enormous, with a mantel as long as a bed.

"It will eat wood," said Dad.

Steve sat Bunny on the mantel. "Ears up, Bunny. Listen."

Nancy wanted Bunny.

She wanted him at breakfast. She wanted him on the beach. She wanted him at night.

"He's mine," said Steve. "We keep watch."

"Mine," said Nancy. That was most of her words.

Mom was busy. There was a whole cabin to finish.



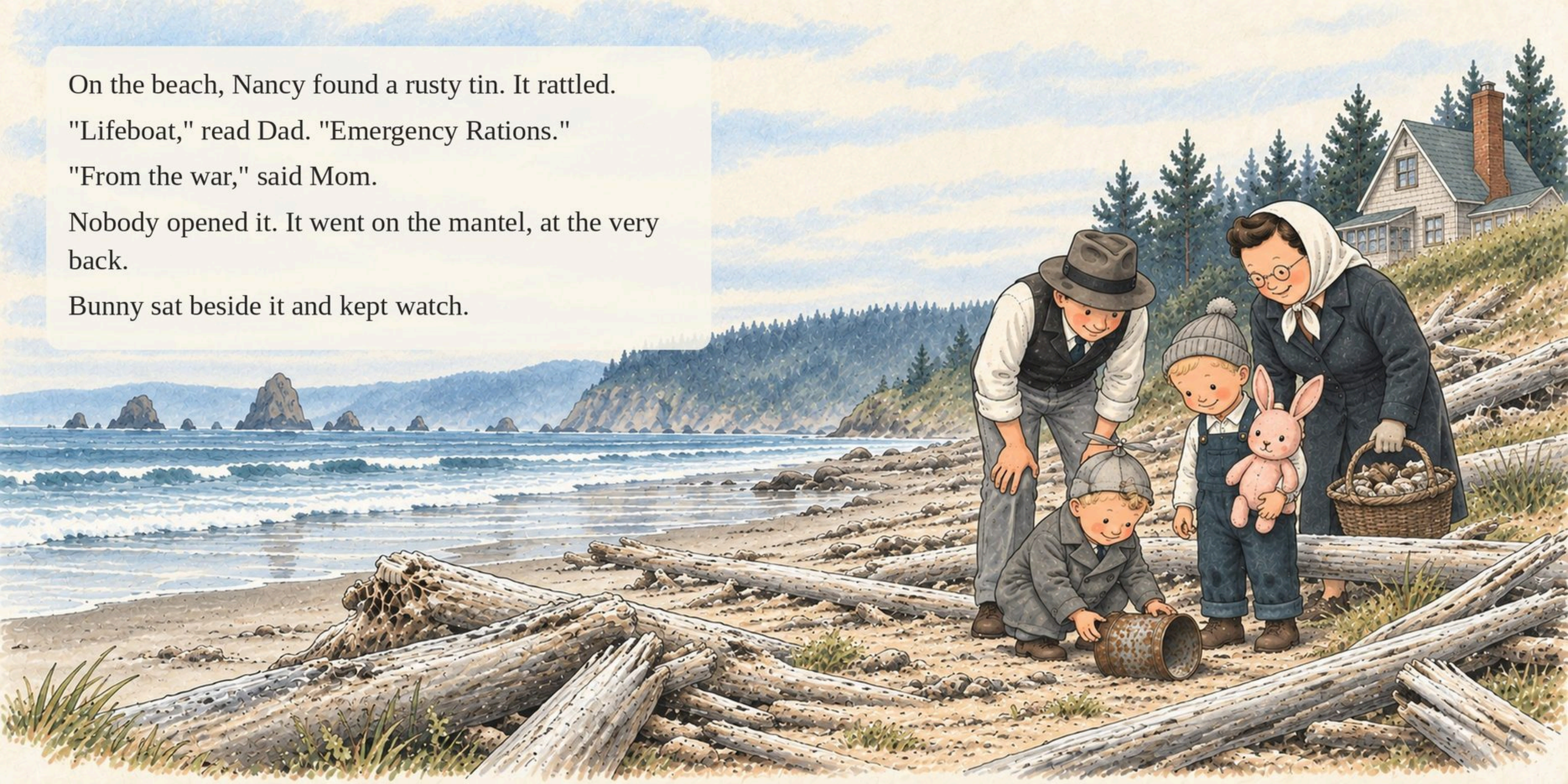
On the beach, Nancy found a rusty tin. It rattled.

"Lifeboat," read Dad. "Emergency Rations."

"From the war," said Mom.

Nobody opened it. It went on the mantel, at the very back.

Bunny sat beside it and kept watch.



Grandma Orma had a worry.

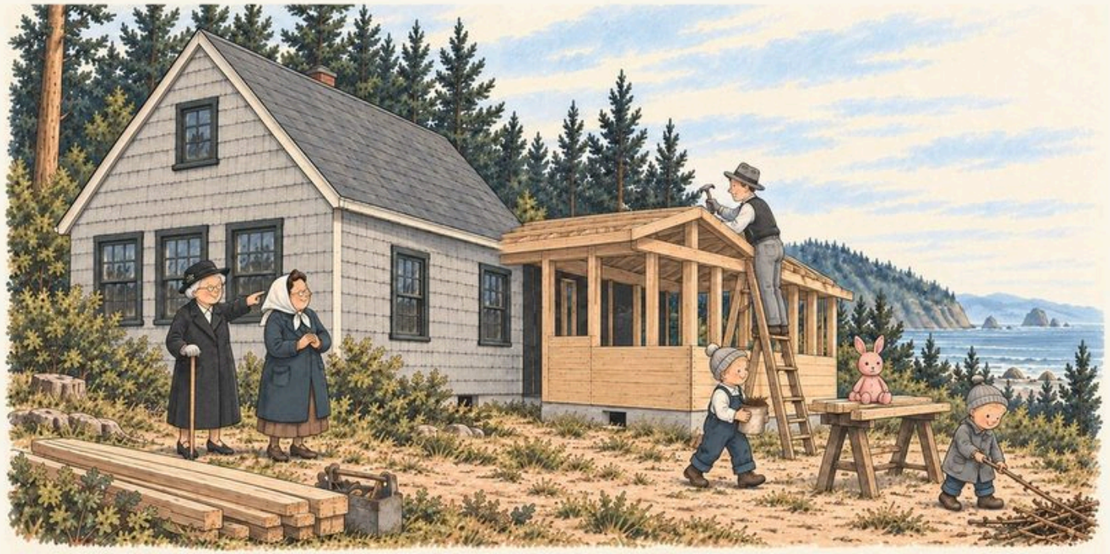
The old army door faced the storms.

"The rain will get in," she said.

So Dad built a porch to keep the storms off the door: windows all along, a low, slow roof, a heavy door of its own.

Grandma Orma looked at the porch door.

"The rain will get in," she said.

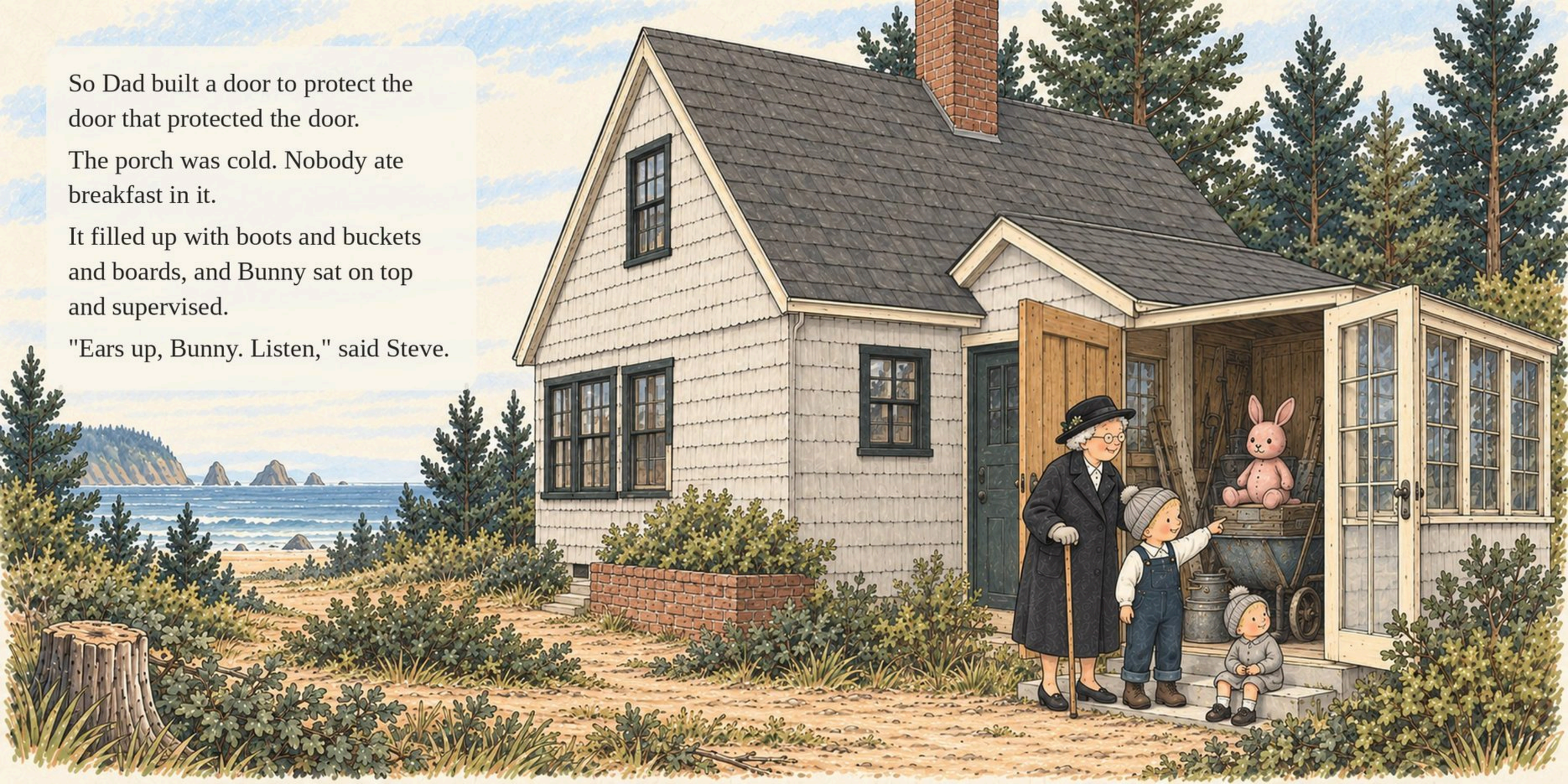


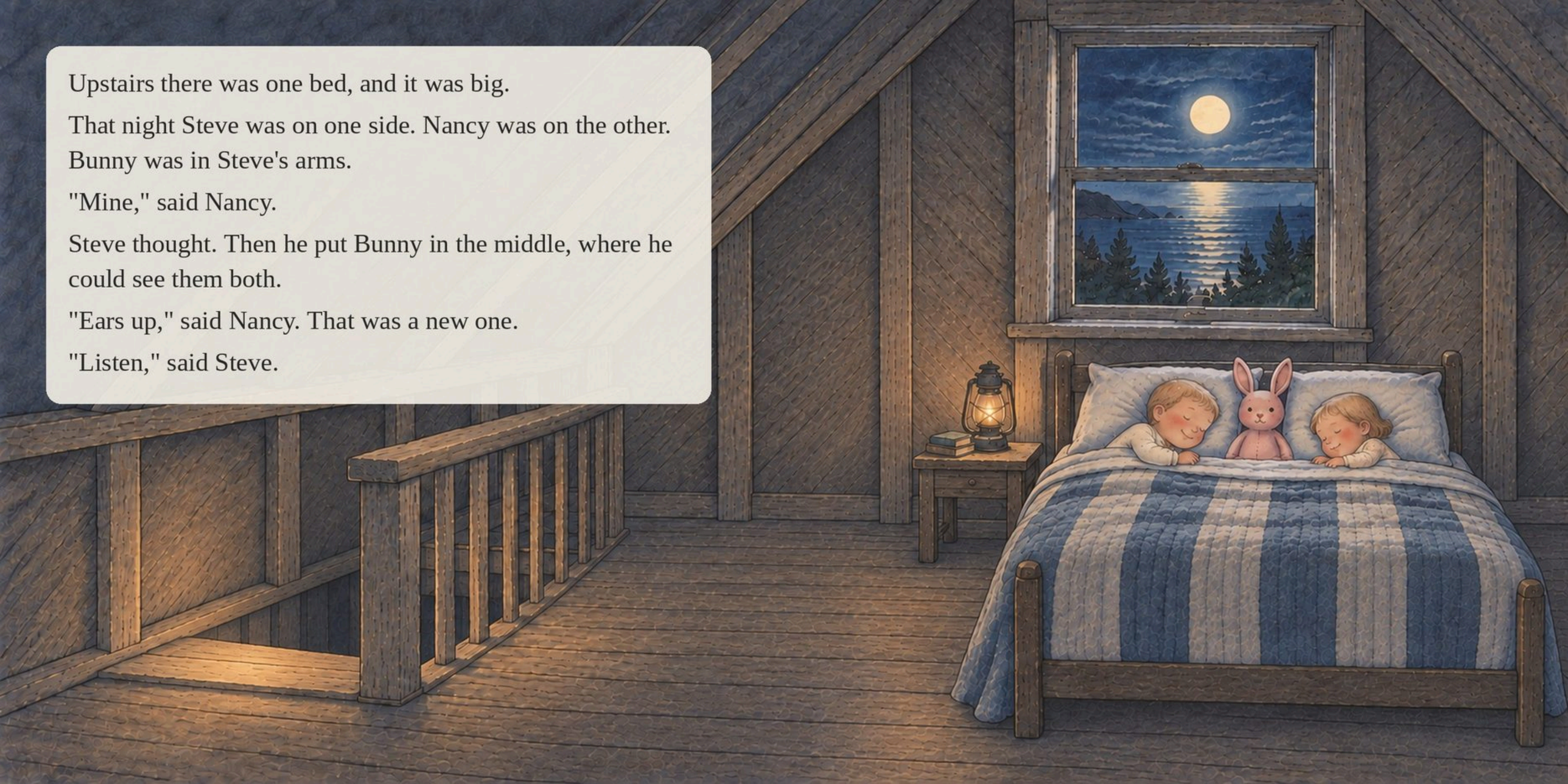
So Dad built a door to protect the door that protected the door.

The porch was cold. Nobody ate breakfast in it.

It filled up with boots and buckets and boards, and Bunny sat on top and supervised.

"Ears up, Bunny. Listen," said Steve.





Upstairs there was one bed, and it was big.

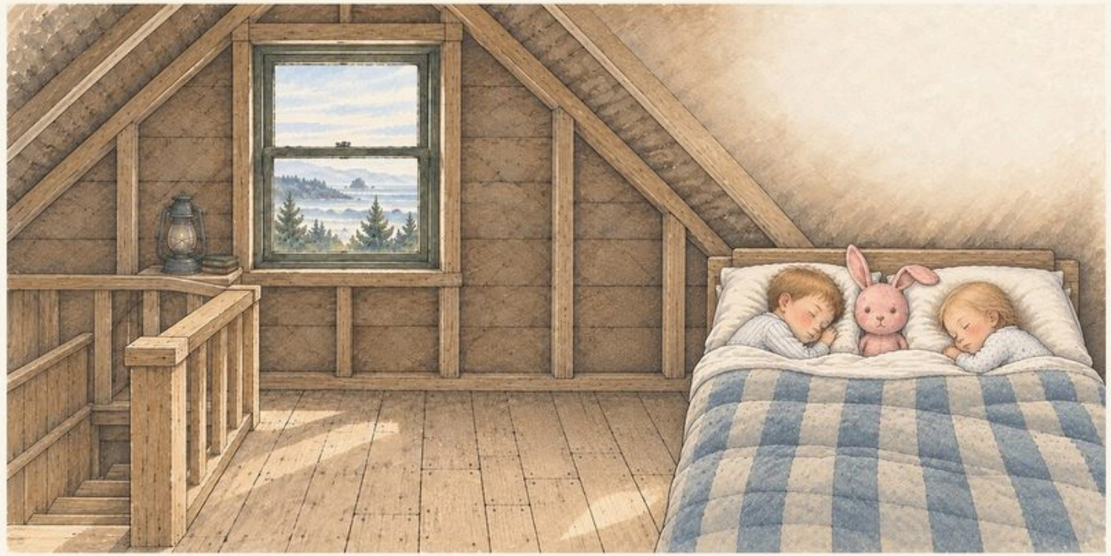
That night Steve was on one side. Nancy was on the other. Bunny was in Steve's arms.

"Mine," said Nancy.

Steve thought. Then he put Bunny in the middle, where he could see them both.

"Ears up," said Nancy. That was a new one.

"Listen," said Steve.



The ocean went *WHOOSH*, and back. Slow and long.

Nancy breathed with it. Steve breathed with it. Everybody slept.

In the morning Bunny was still in the middle. But one ear had turned toward Nancy.

Nobody had touched him. Everybody was almost sure.

Outside, the ocean kept breathing. Upstairs, Squeaky Bunny kept watch.



Summer 1948. The sun porch Wes built to keep the storms off the door, with the storm door Grandma Orma asked for and the planter her mason built; nobody ever ate breakfast in it.

EVERYONE IS COMING

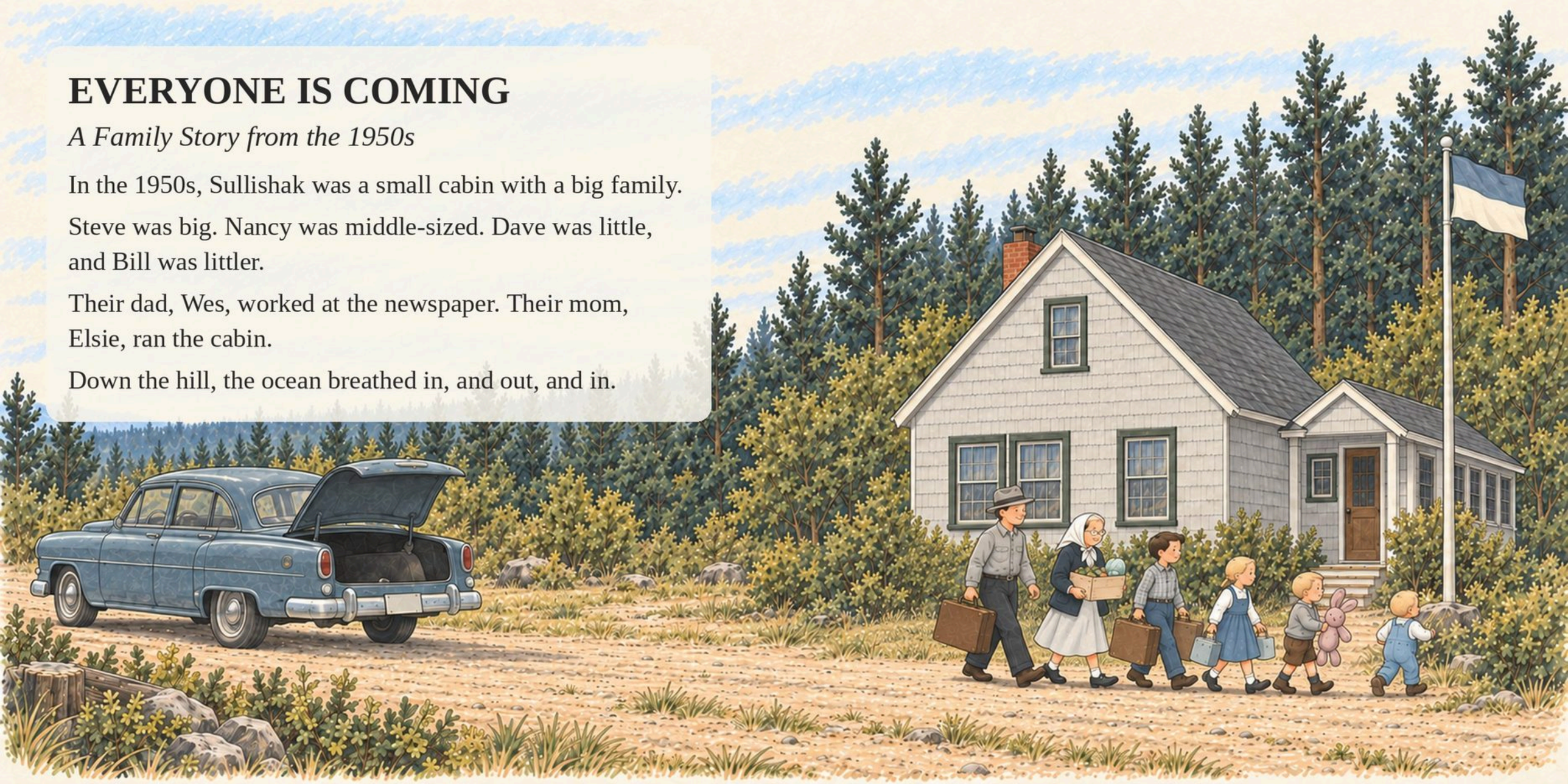
A Family Story from the 1950s

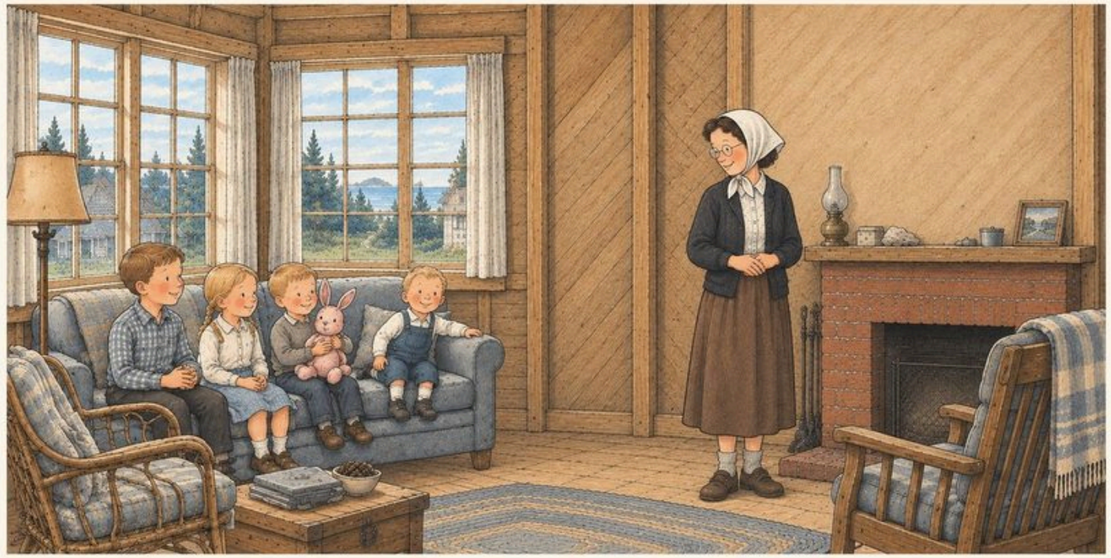
In the 1950s, Sullishak was a small cabin with a big family.

Steve was big. Nancy was middle-sized. Dave was little, and Bill was littler.

Their dad, Wes, worked at the newspaper. Their mom, Elsie, ran the cabin.

Down the hill, the ocean breathed in, and out, and in.



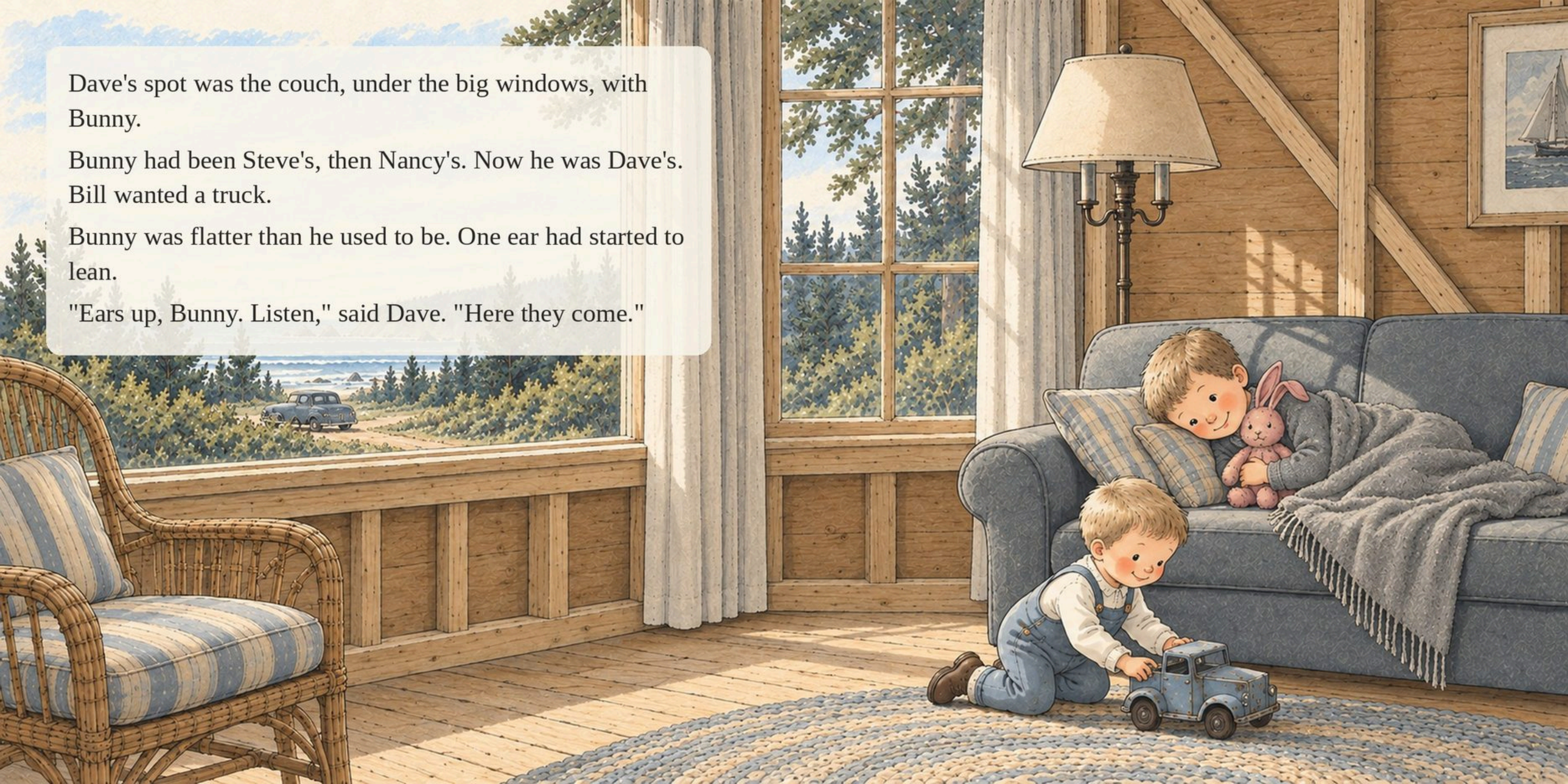


Everyone was coming.

The cousins were coming for a week. Dad's Sunday School boys were coming for three days. Then the whole newspaper was coming for a salmon bake.

Mom counted beds. There were two, and a couch.

Mom counted children. She stopped counting.



Dave's spot was the couch, under the big windows, with Bunny.

Bunny had been Steve's, then Nancy's. Now he was Dave's. Bill wanted a truck.

Bunny was flatter than he used to be. One ear had started to lean.

"Ears up, Bunny. Listen," said Dave. "Here they come."

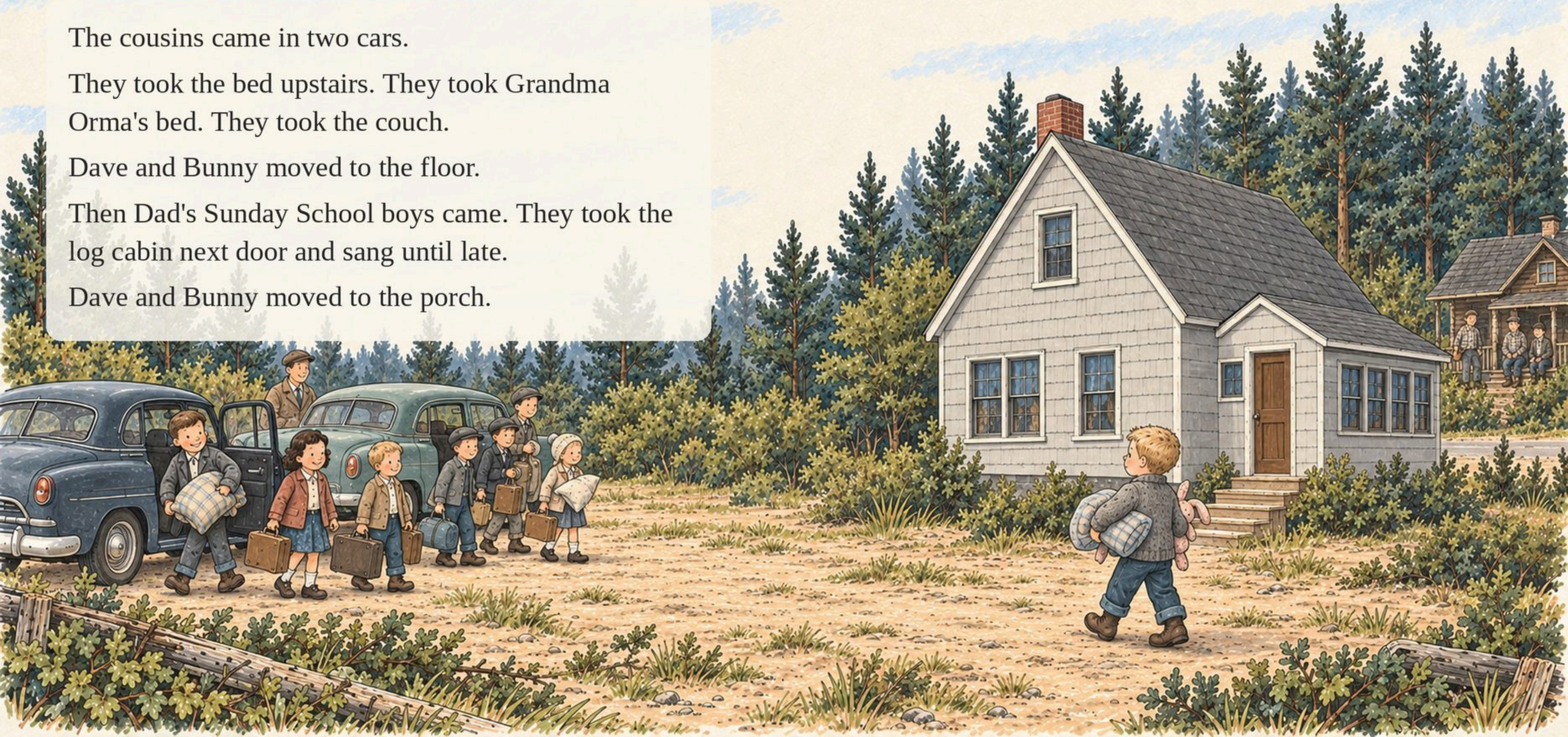
The cousins came in two cars.

They took the bed upstairs. They took Grandma Orma's bed. They took the couch.

Dave and Bunny moved to the floor.

Then Dad's Sunday School boys came. They took the log cabin next door and sang until late.

Dave and Bunny moved to the porch.



Then the newspaper came.

Dad built a fire on the beach in a box of boards.

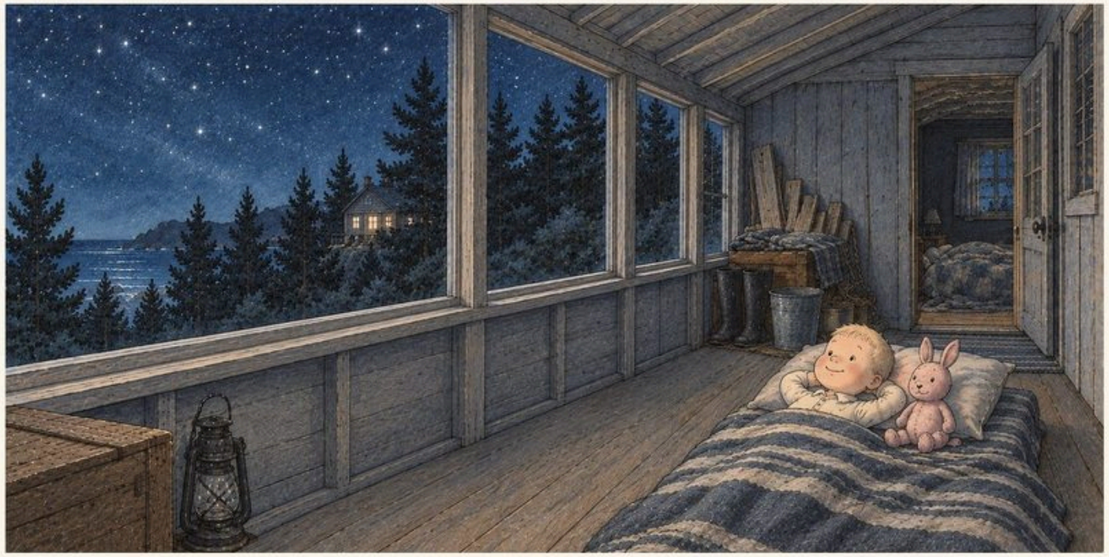
Mom wrapped salmon in silver paper, like presents.

Dave turned the potatoes with a hoe handle.

"No salmon before its time," said Mom.

Dave and Bunny moved to a log.



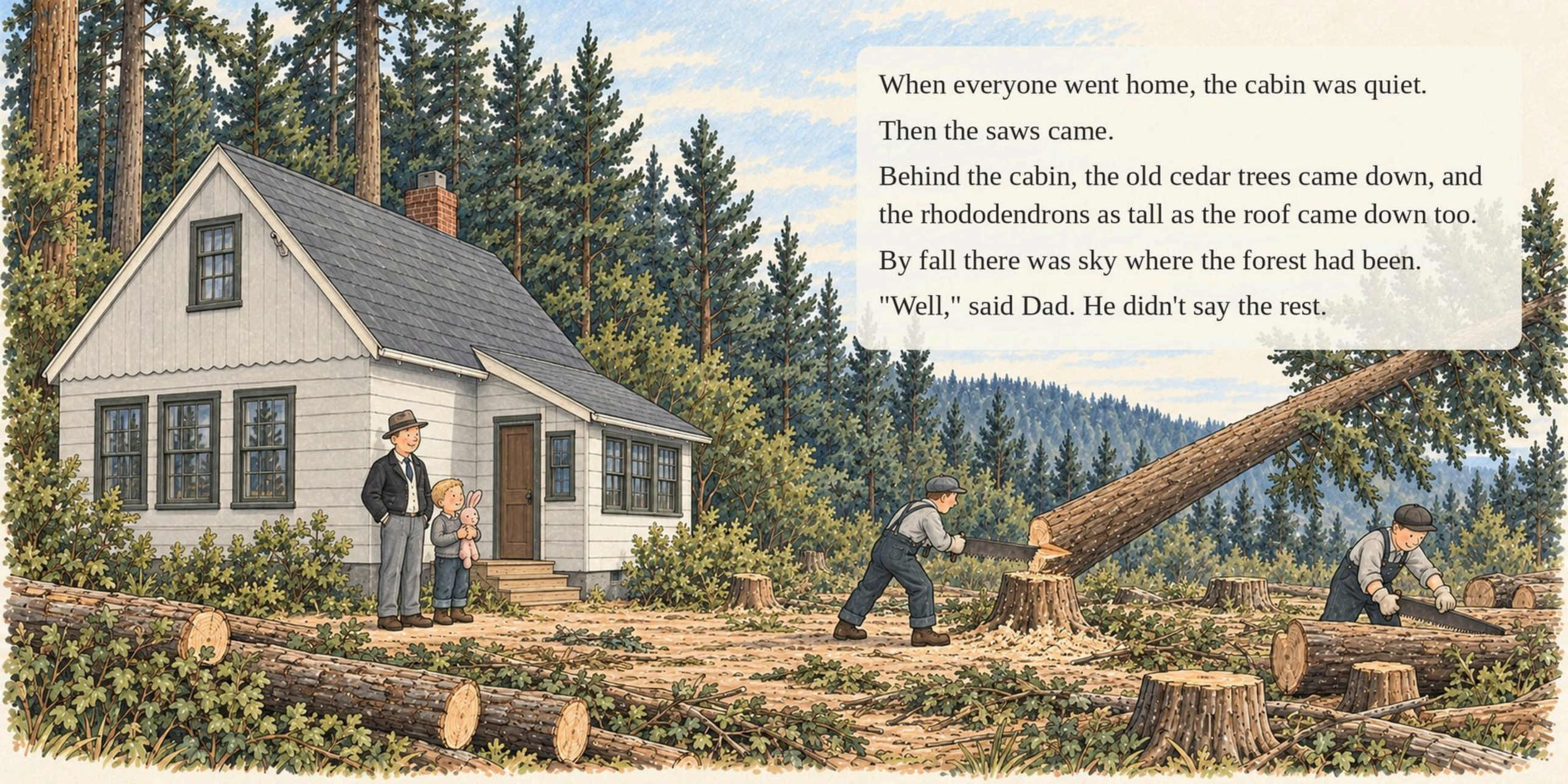


That night the cabin was full to the roof. Somebody snored upstairs. Somebody snored downstairs.

Dave lay on the cold porch with Bunny, under the windows.

Nobody ate breakfast in that porch. But you could see the whole sky.

"Ears up, Bunny. Listen," Dave whispered.



When everyone went home, the cabin was quiet.

Then the saws came.

Behind the cabin, the old cedar trees came down, and the rhododendrons as tall as the roof came down too.

By fall there was sky where the forest had been.

"Well," said Dad. He didn't say the rest.

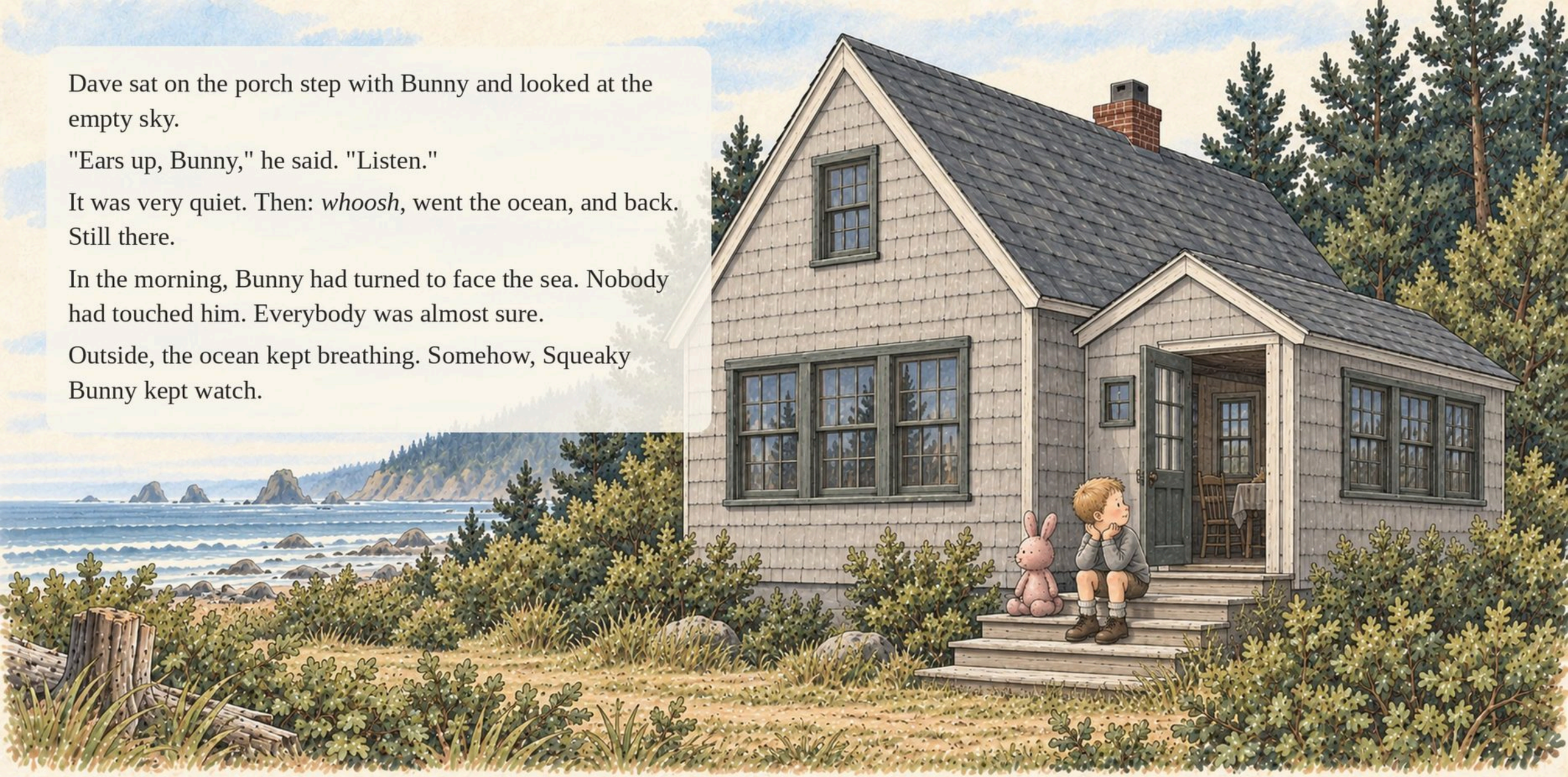
Dave sat on the porch step with Bunny and looked at the empty sky.

"Ears up, Bunny," he said. "Listen."

It was very quiet. Then: *whoosh*, went the ocean, and back. Still there.

In the morning, Bunny had turned to face the sea. Nobody had touched him. Everybody was almost sure.

Outside, the ocean kept breathing. Somehow, Squeaky Bunny kept watch.





Around 1960. Steve, Wes, Elsie and Nancy behind, Dave and Bill in front, at the leaky wooden windows that came from Camp Adair — the cabin that held the cousins, the Sunday School boys and the whole newspaper, and somehow was big enough.

WARM YOU TWICE

A Family Story from the early 1960s

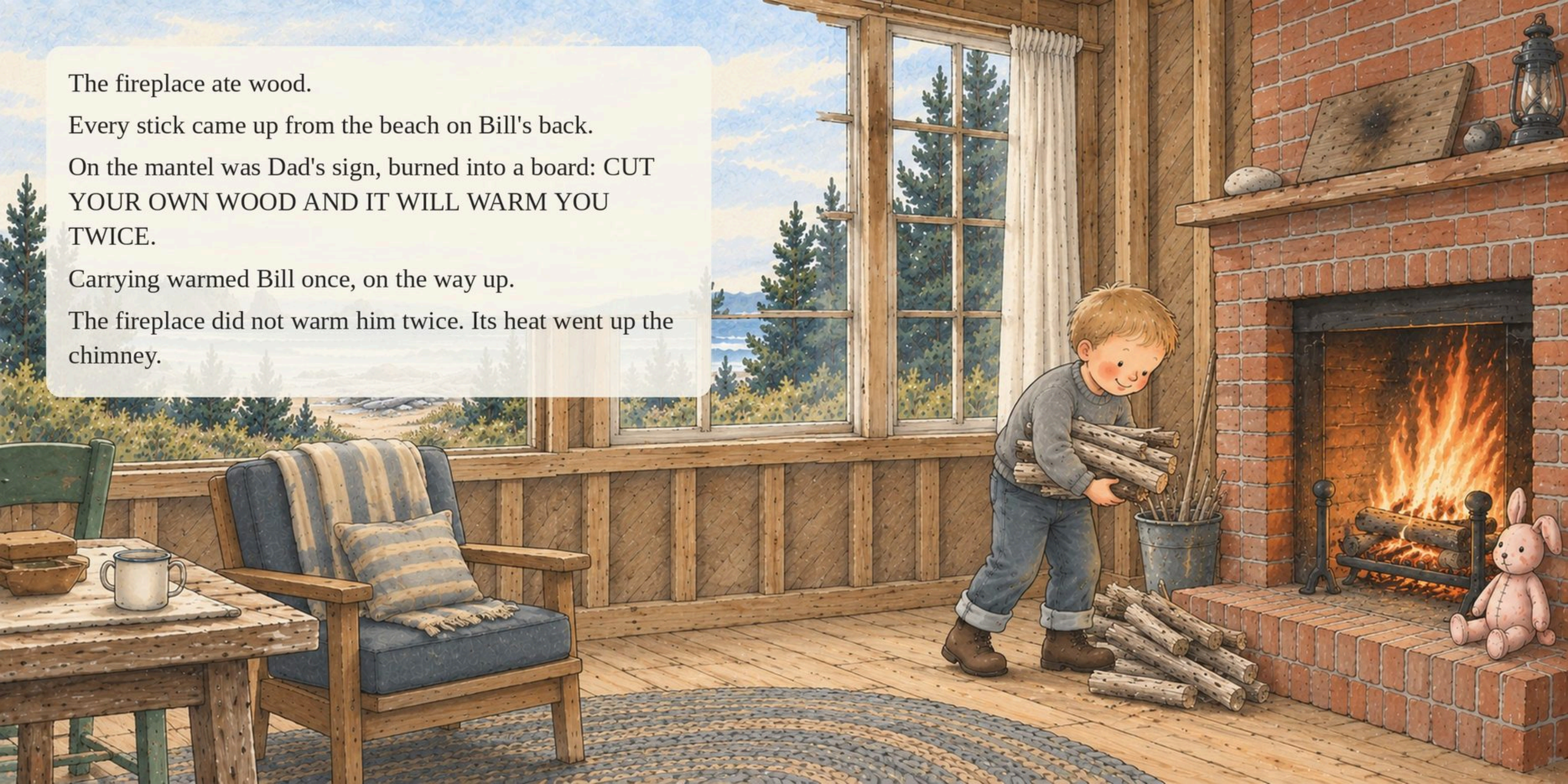
In the early 1960s, Sullishak was cold.

Inside, the walls were still bare studs, the way their dad, Wes, had built them. You could see the cabin's ribs.

Bill was the littlest. Dave was bigger. Steve and Nancy were nearly grown. Their mom, Elsie, wore two sweaters.

Down the hill, the ocean breathed in, and out, and in.





The fireplace ate wood.

Every stick came up from the beach on Bill's back.

On the mantel was Dad's sign, burned into a board: CUT YOUR OWN WOOD AND IT WILL WARM YOU TWICE.

Carrying warmed Bill once, on the way up.

The fireplace did not warm him twice. Its heat went up the chimney.


Bill had a truck. He also had Bunny, when nobody was looking.
Bunny had been Steve's, then Nancy's, then Dave's. Now he was Bill's, paler, with one ear leaning.
"Ears up, Bunny. Listen," Bill said, quietly, so nobody heard. "It's cold."


That spring they came back early, and the toilet had frozen and split, like a log.
"The fourteenth of March," said Dad, and wrote it down. Dad wrote everything down.
Bill hauled wood. The fireplace ate it.

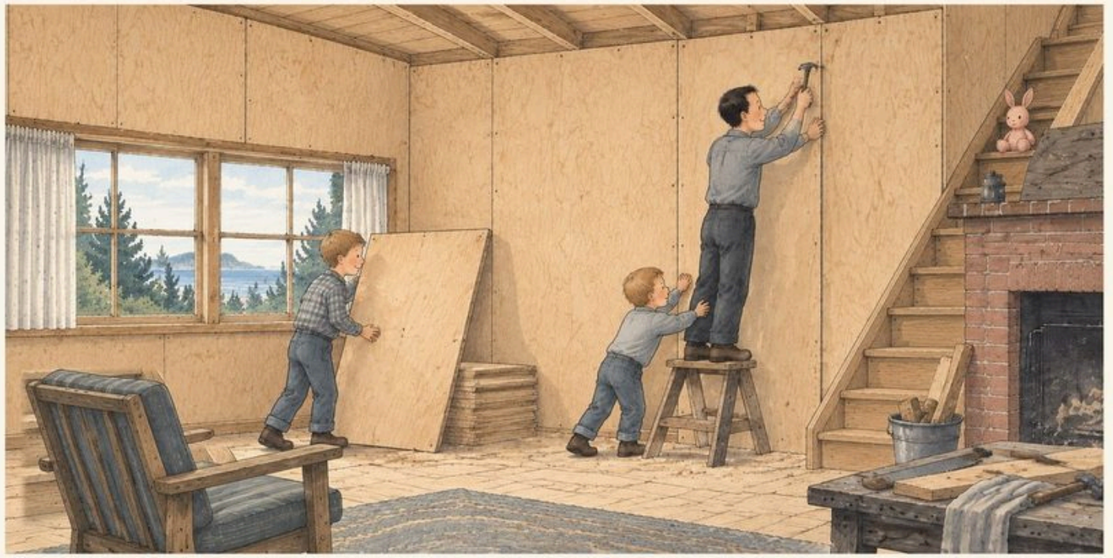
That summer, Dad bought a stack of plywood as tall as Bill.

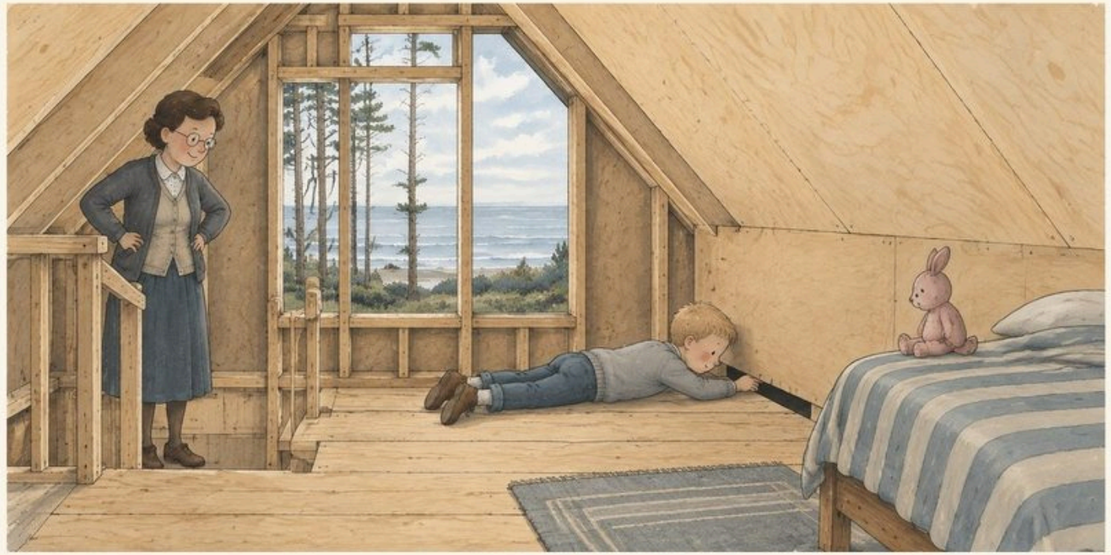
Sheet by sheet, the ribs disappeared. The kitchen got walls. Upstairs got walls.

Bill held the sheets while Dad nailed. Bunny watched from the stairs.

"Ears up, Bunny. Listen," said Bill. *Bang*, went the hammer.

The cabin looked like a house.





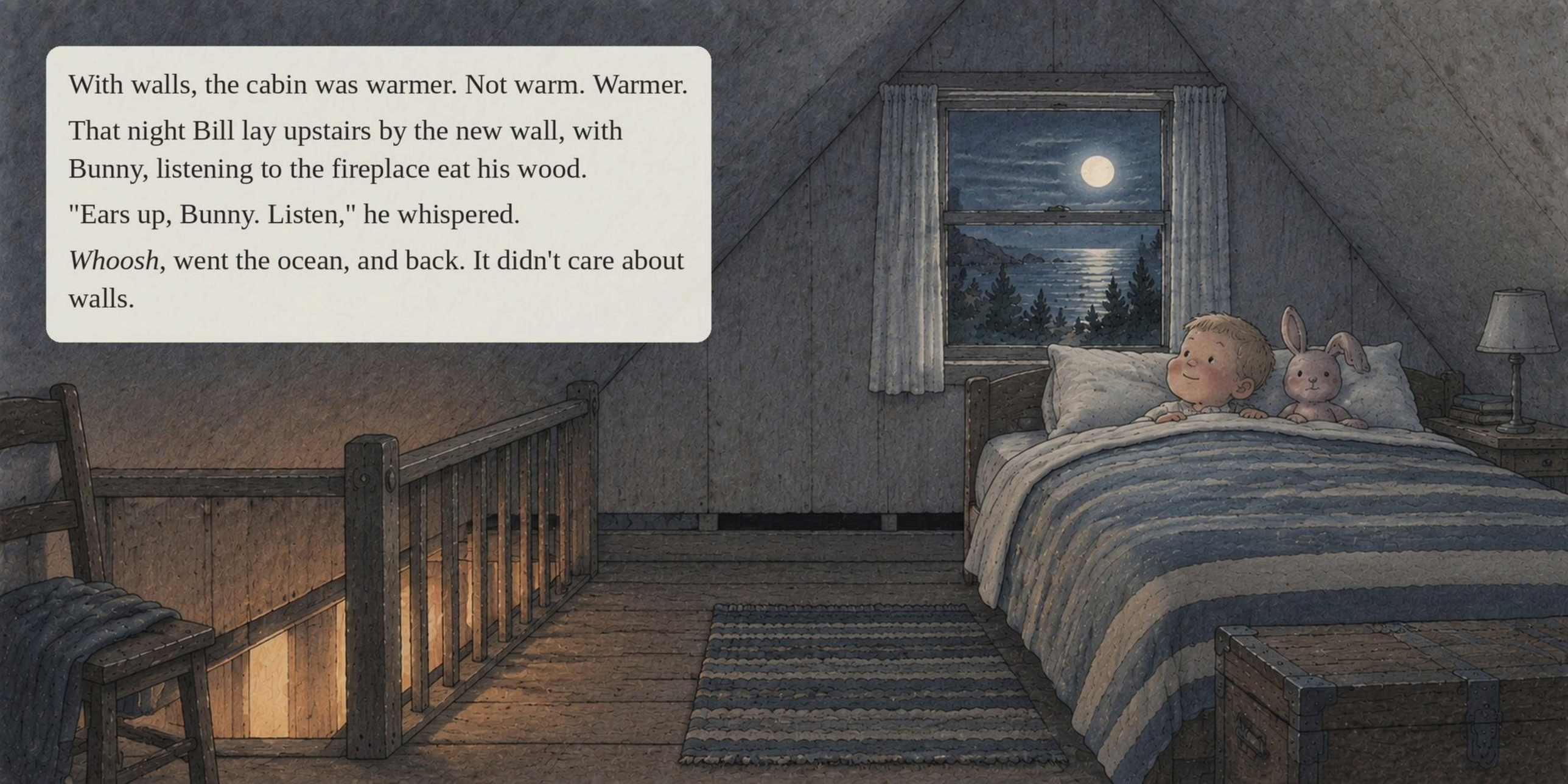
Upstairs, where the roof came down to the floor, the new wall did not quite reach.

There was a crack, as wide as Bill's hand.

Bill put his hand in. It went down into the dark, and kept going.

"Don't lose anything down there," said Mom.

Bill didn't.

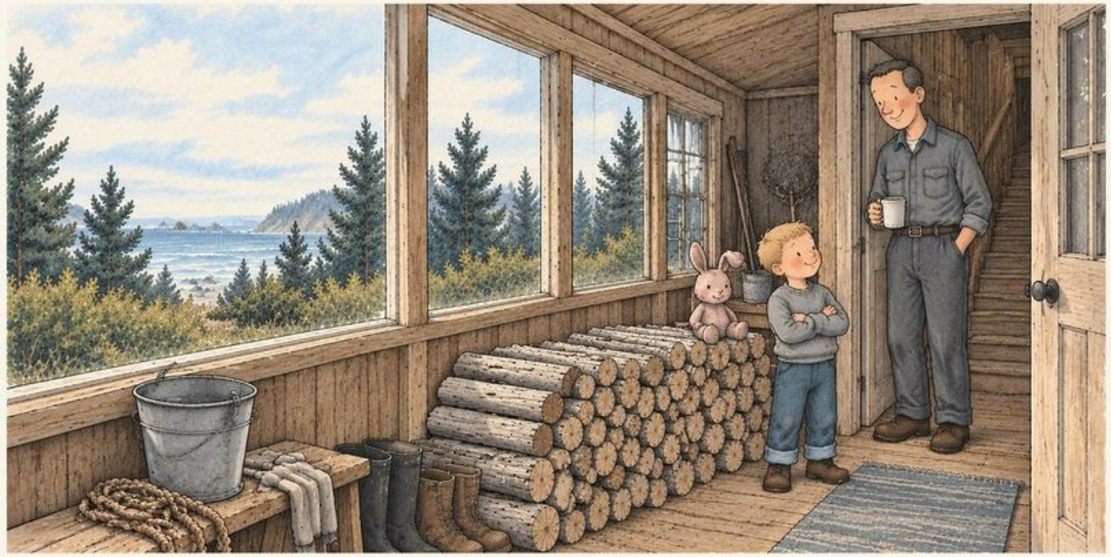


With walls, the cabin was warmer. Not warm. Warmer.

That night Bill lay upstairs by the new wall, with Bunny, listening to the fireplace eat his wood.

"Ears up, Bunny. Listen," he whispered.

Whoosh, went the ocean, and back. It didn't care about walls.



In the morning Bill built a woodpile his own way: short logs, stacked in the porch, dry.

Dad looked at it. "Warm you twice," he said. "Once and a half."

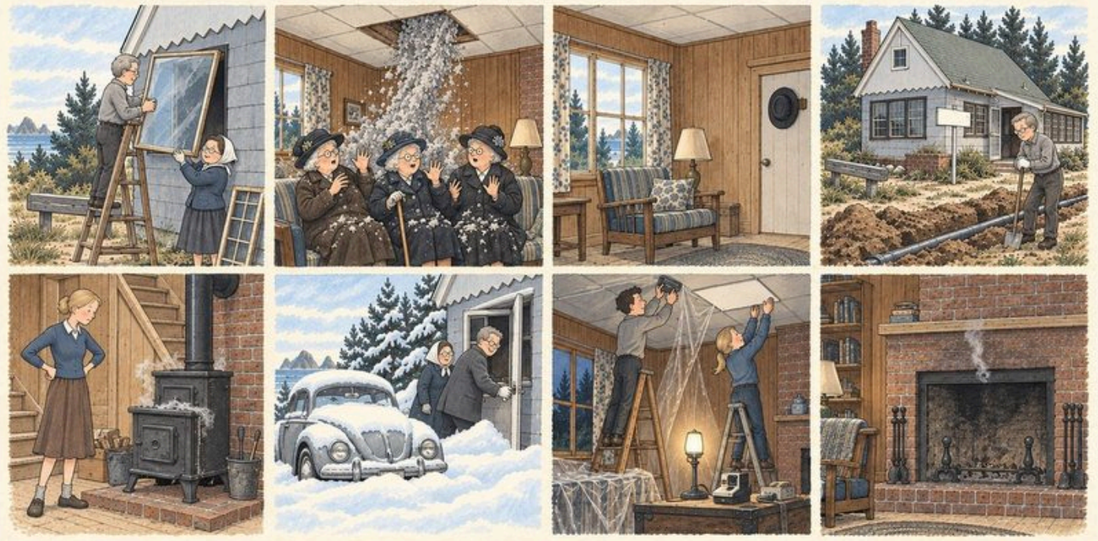
Bunny sat on top. By lunch, his leaning ear pointed up the stairs, toward the crack. Nobody had touched him. Everybody was almost sure.

Outside, the ocean kept breathing. Quietly, Squeaky Bunny kept watch.



Before the plywood. The cabin's ribs, with a can-opener screwed to a stud, a two-burner cooktop for a stove, and the Morris chair, which is still there; the walls were covered after fourteen years, and the fireplace that ate wood came out in 1981.


THE QUIET YEARS
Sullishak, 1968 to 1978
Then the children grew up, one by one, and the cabin got quiet.

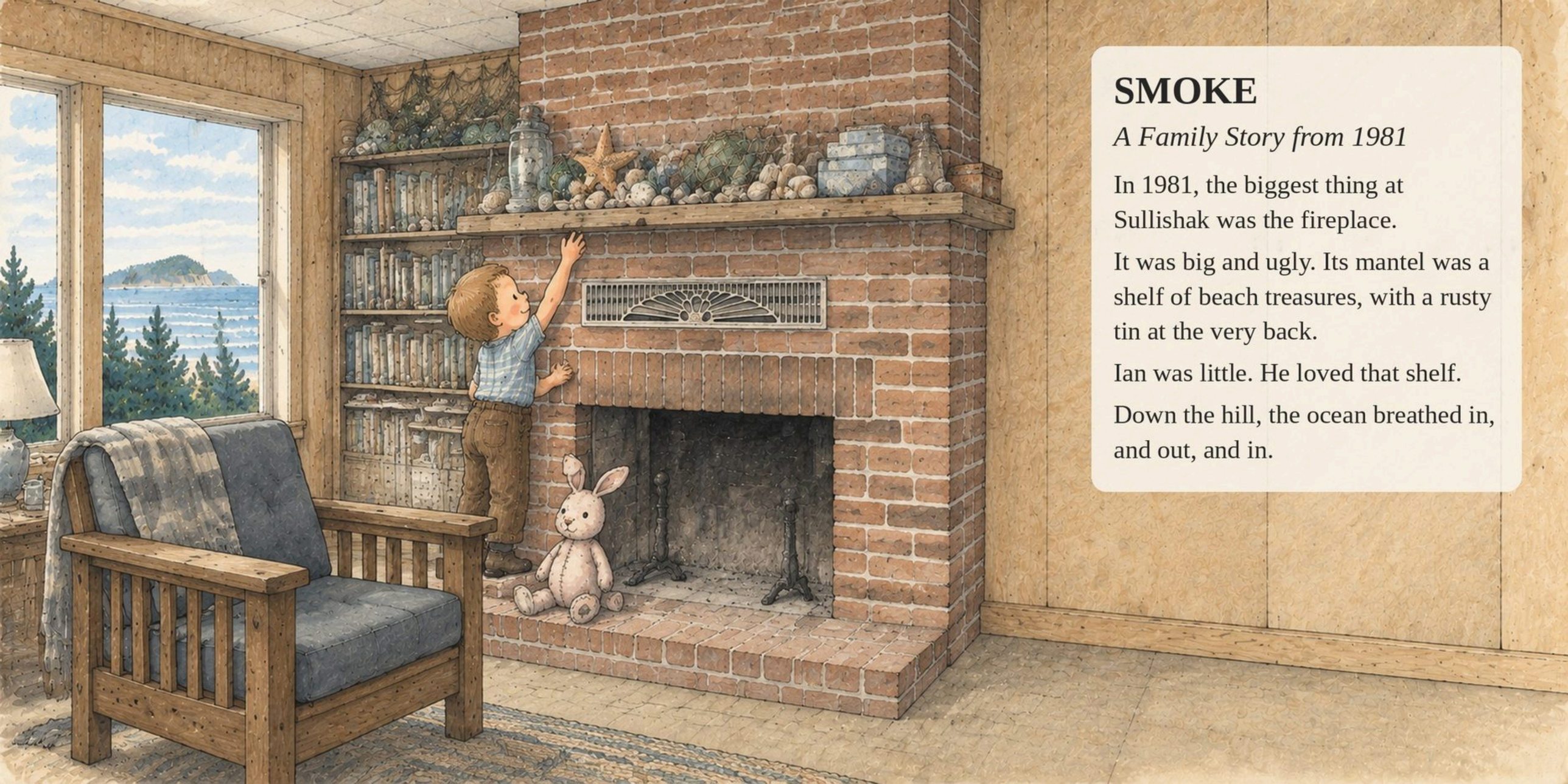


Windows. Floors. A ceiling that snowed. A ditch. A stove that didn't work.


Upstairs, Bunny's ear leaned a little more each year. Nobody had touched him. Everybody was almost sure.
Outside, the ocean kept breathing. Patiently, Squeaky Bunny kept watch.



Christmas morning, 1977 or 1978. Wes opened a small box from Dave and Janet and found these: the stained old ceiling, then strips nailed across it, then plastic, then new tiles going up. They had driven to the cabin, worked one whole weekend until two in the morning, and photographed each step. Wes was sure they had faked it. They had faked only the last few tiles, and left them for him and Elsie to finish.



SMOKE

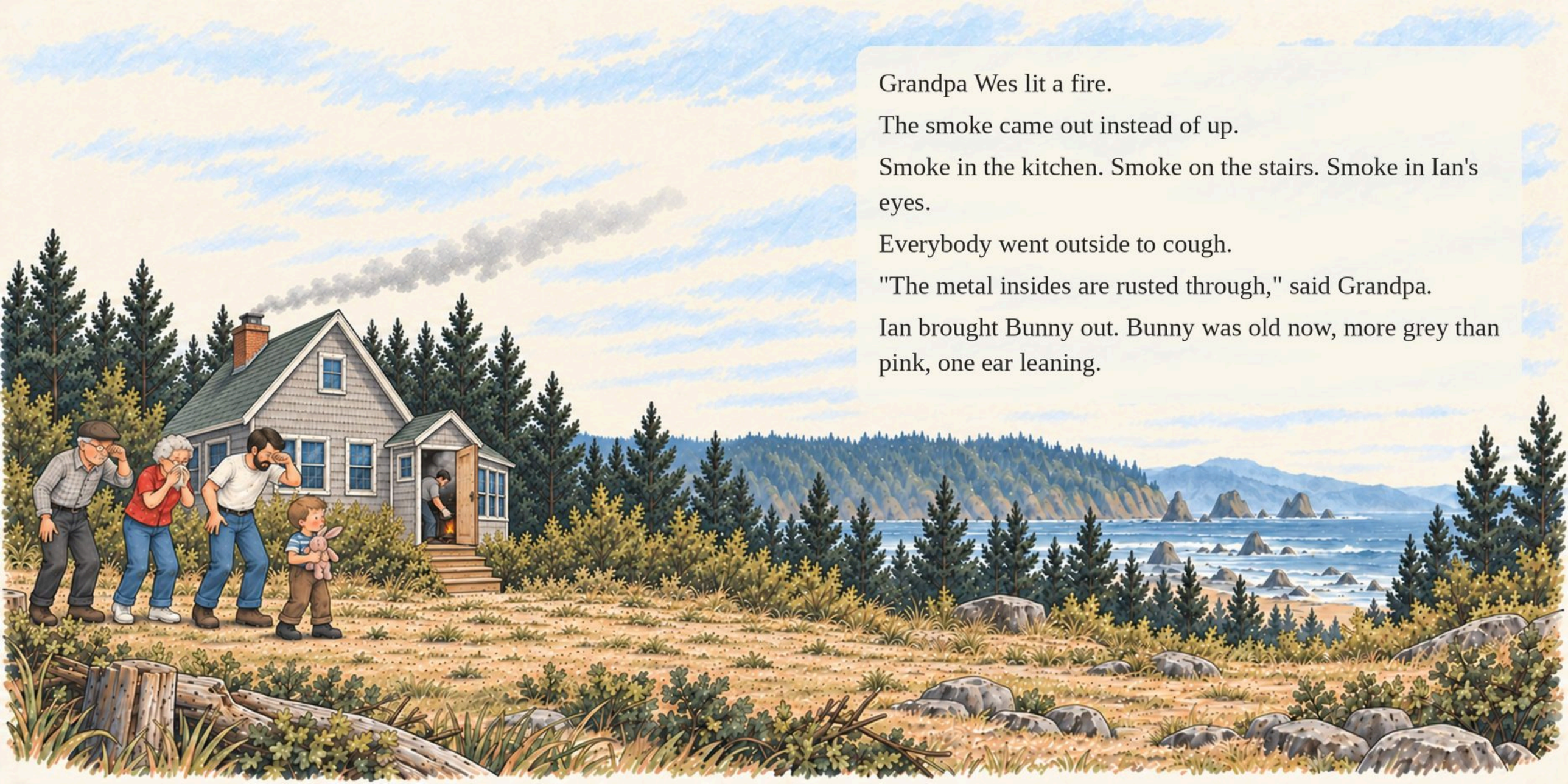
A Family Story from 1981

In 1981, the biggest thing at Sullishak was the fireplace.

It was big and ugly. Its mantel was a shelf of beach treasures, with a rusty tin at the very back.

Ian was little. He loved that shelf.

Down the hill, the ocean breathed in, and out, and in.



Grandpa Wes lit a fire.

The smoke came out instead of up.

Smoke in the kitchen. Smoke on the stairs. Smoke in Ian's eyes.

Everybody went outside to cough.

"The metal insides are rusted through," said Grandpa.

Ian brought Bunny out. Bunny was old now, more grey than pink, one ear leaning.

A box came all the way from Vermont. Inside was a little black stove.

"Into the fireplace it goes," said Uncle Dave.

It did not go. The metal insides were too thick to cut.

"Take it out," said Uncle Steve. "All of it."

"I won't help," said Grandpa. "And I won't watch."



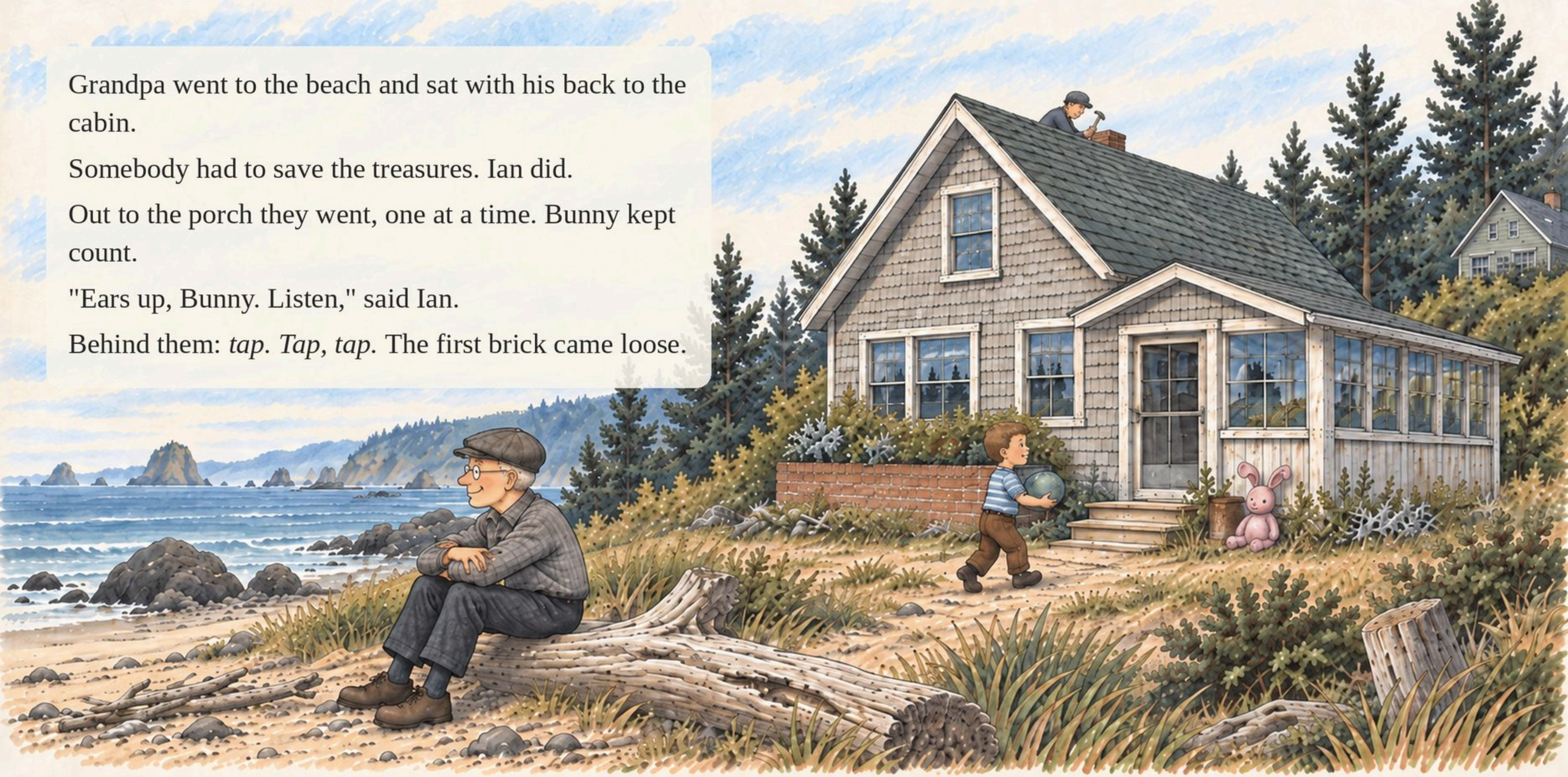
Grandpa went to the beach and sat with his back to the cabin.

Somebody had to save the treasures. Ian did.

Out to the porch they went, one at a time. Bunny kept count.

"Ears up, Bunny. Listen," said Ian.

Behind them: *tap. Tap, tap.* The first brick came loose.



Brick. Brick. Brick. Dust.

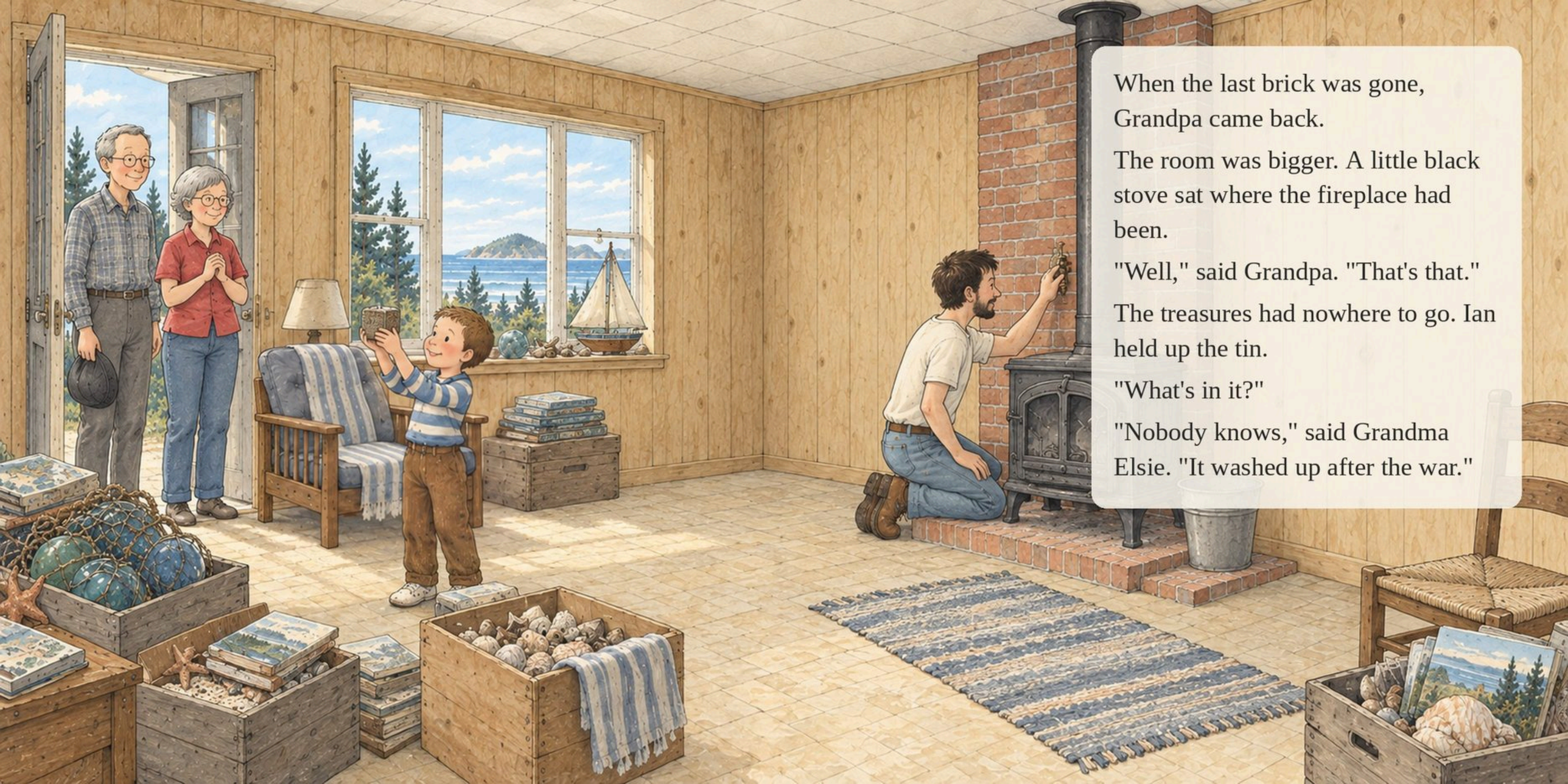
Uncle Steve pulled bricks from the top, up in the ceiling. Uncle Dave caught them below.

The pile outside grew. The fireplace shrank.

Dust got everywhere, even upstairs. So Ian put Bunny somewhere safe. Somewhere very safe.

"Ears up, Bunny. Listen," he said.





When the last brick was gone, Grandpa came back.

The room was bigger. A little black stove sat where the fireplace had been.

"Well," said Grandpa. "That's that."

The treasures had nowhere to go. Ian held up the tin.

"What's in it?"

"Nobody knows," said Grandma Elsie. "It washed up after the war."

"Its time has come," said Grandpa, and Grandma opened the tin.

Inside: chocolate gone white. Biscuits like rocks. And fruit drops, red and green and gold.

Grandpa ate one. Ian ate three.

They were delicious.

The empty tin went on the windowsill, where the treasures lived now.





That night the little stove ticked. No smoke.

Ian lay upstairs in the clean-swept bed. Bunny was somewhere safe.

"Ears up, Bunny," Ian said to the dark. "Listen."

From somewhere close: *squeak.*

Nobody had touched him.
Everybody was almost sure.

Outside, the ocean kept breathing.
Upstairs, Squeaky Bunny kept watch.



Summer 1981. Steve and Dave load the rusted metal insides of Great-Grandma Orma's fireplace into Dave's pickup; for thirty-four years it had eaten wood and given back smoke, and the little stove from Vermont took its place.

THE ROPE

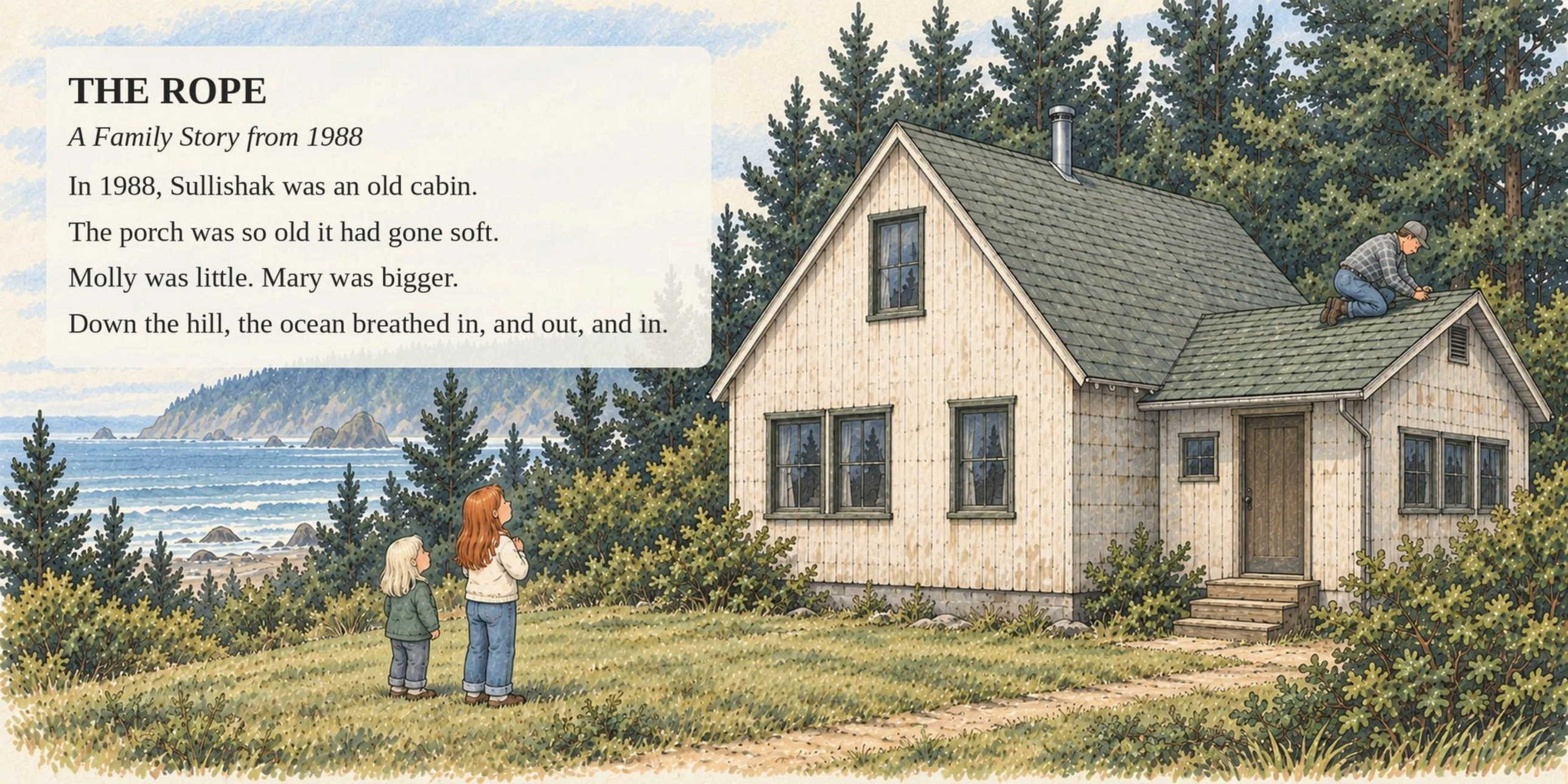
A Family Story from 1988

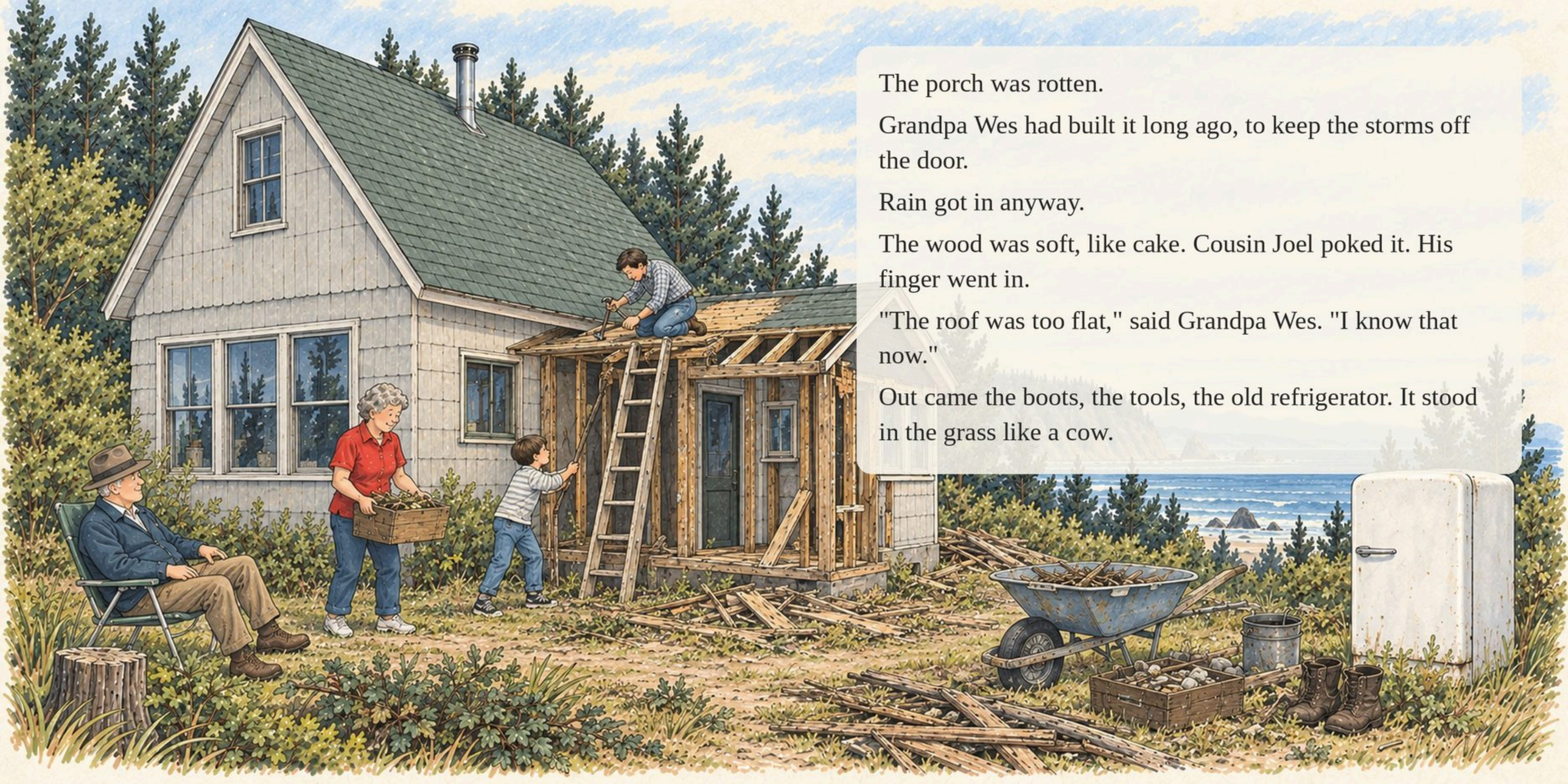
In 1988, Sullishak was an old cabin.

The porch was so old it had gone soft.

Molly was little. Mary was bigger.

Down the hill, the ocean breathed in, and out, and in.





The porch was rotten.

Grandpa Wes had built it long ago, to keep the storms off the door.

Rain got in anyway.

The wood was soft, like cake. Cousin Joel poked it. His finger went in.

"The roof was too flat," said Grandpa Wes. "I know that now."

Out came the boots, the tools, the old refrigerator. It stood in the grass like a cow.

Everyone had a job.

Grandma Elsie pulled boards. Uncle Bill climbed. Molly's dad, Dave, sawed.

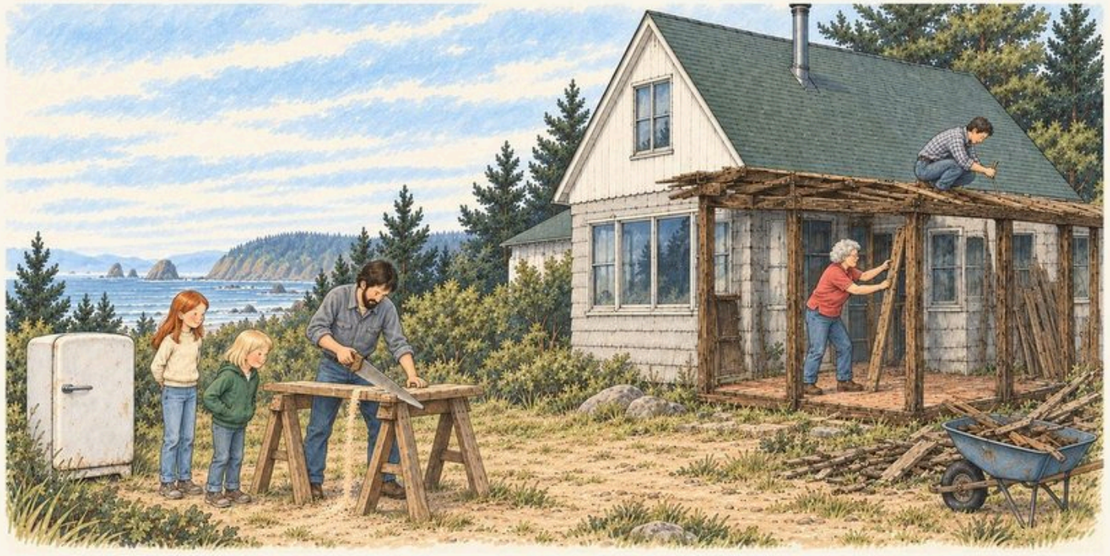
Once he had been the littlest one here. Now he had a beard.

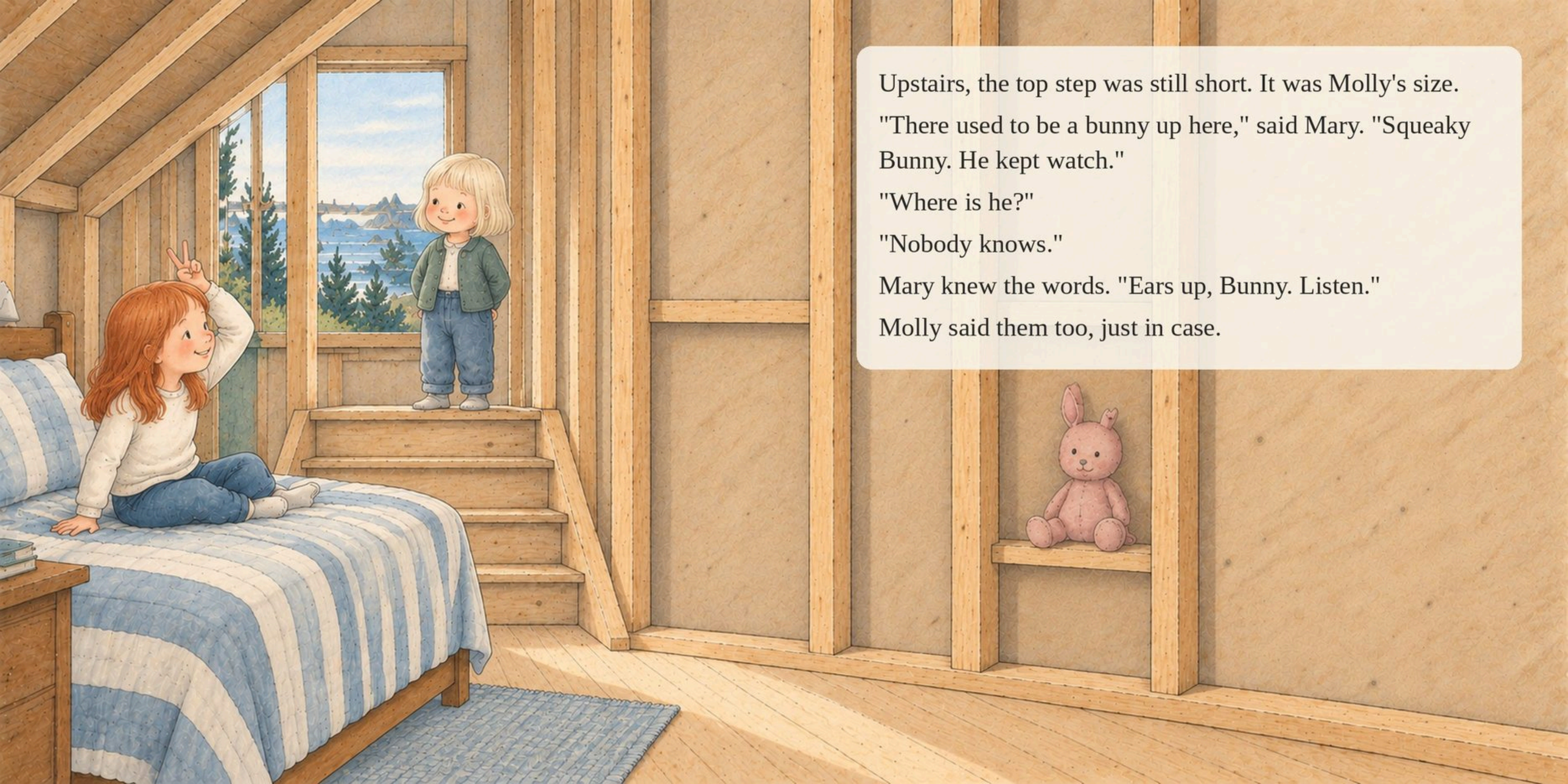
Molly wanted a job.

"Not there, Molly," said Dad. "Watch the saw."

"Not there, Molly," said Grandma. "Watch the nails."

Molly watched.





Upstairs, the top step was still short. It was Molly's size.

"There used to be a bunny up here," said Mary. "Squeaky Bunny. He kept watch."

"Where is he?"

"Nobody knows."

Mary knew the words. "Ears up, Bunny. Listen."

Molly said them too, just in case.

The last post would not go.

Cousin Gail had a rope. Joel had a push.

It leaned. That was all.

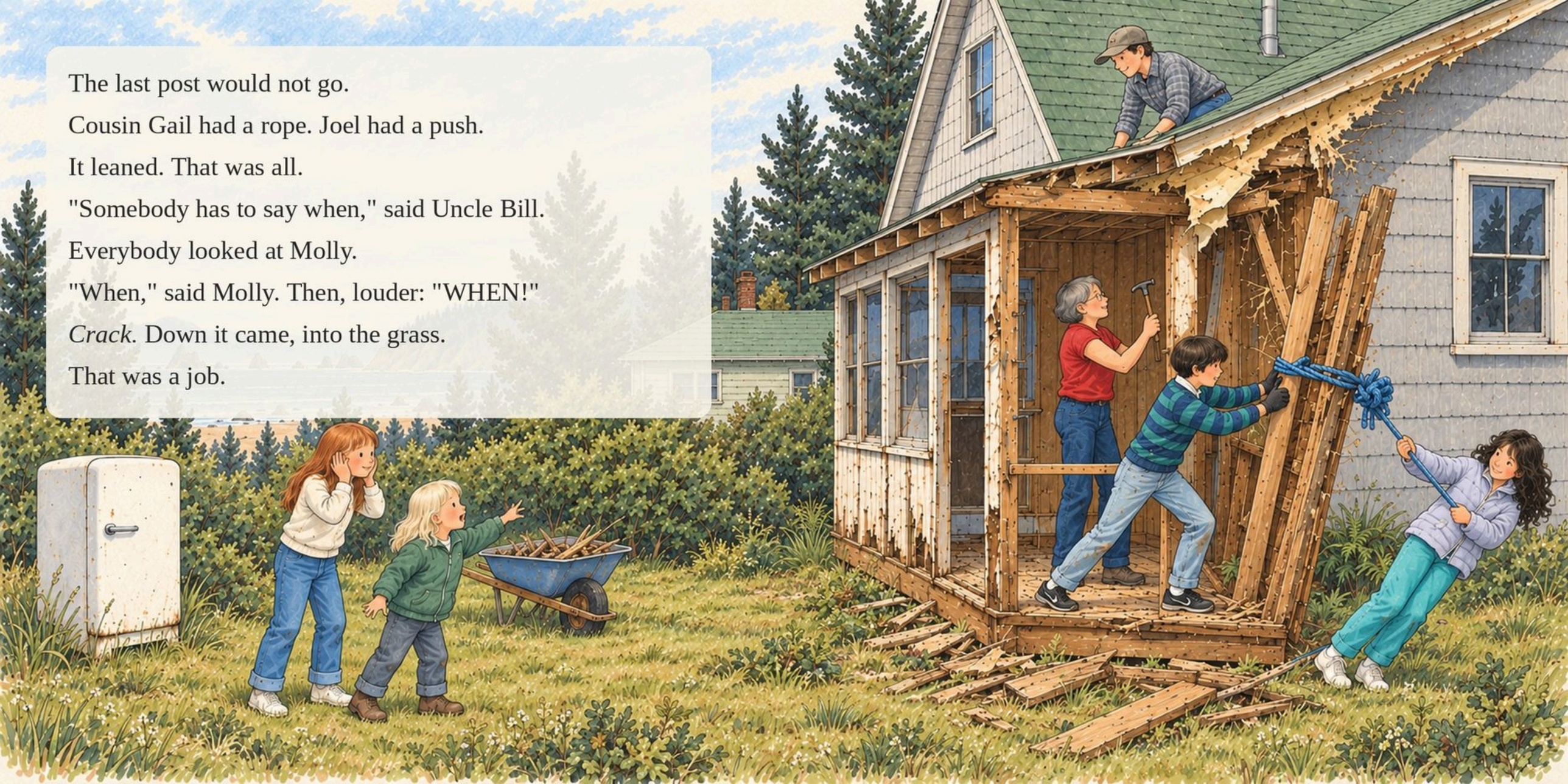
"Somebody has to say when," said Uncle Bill.

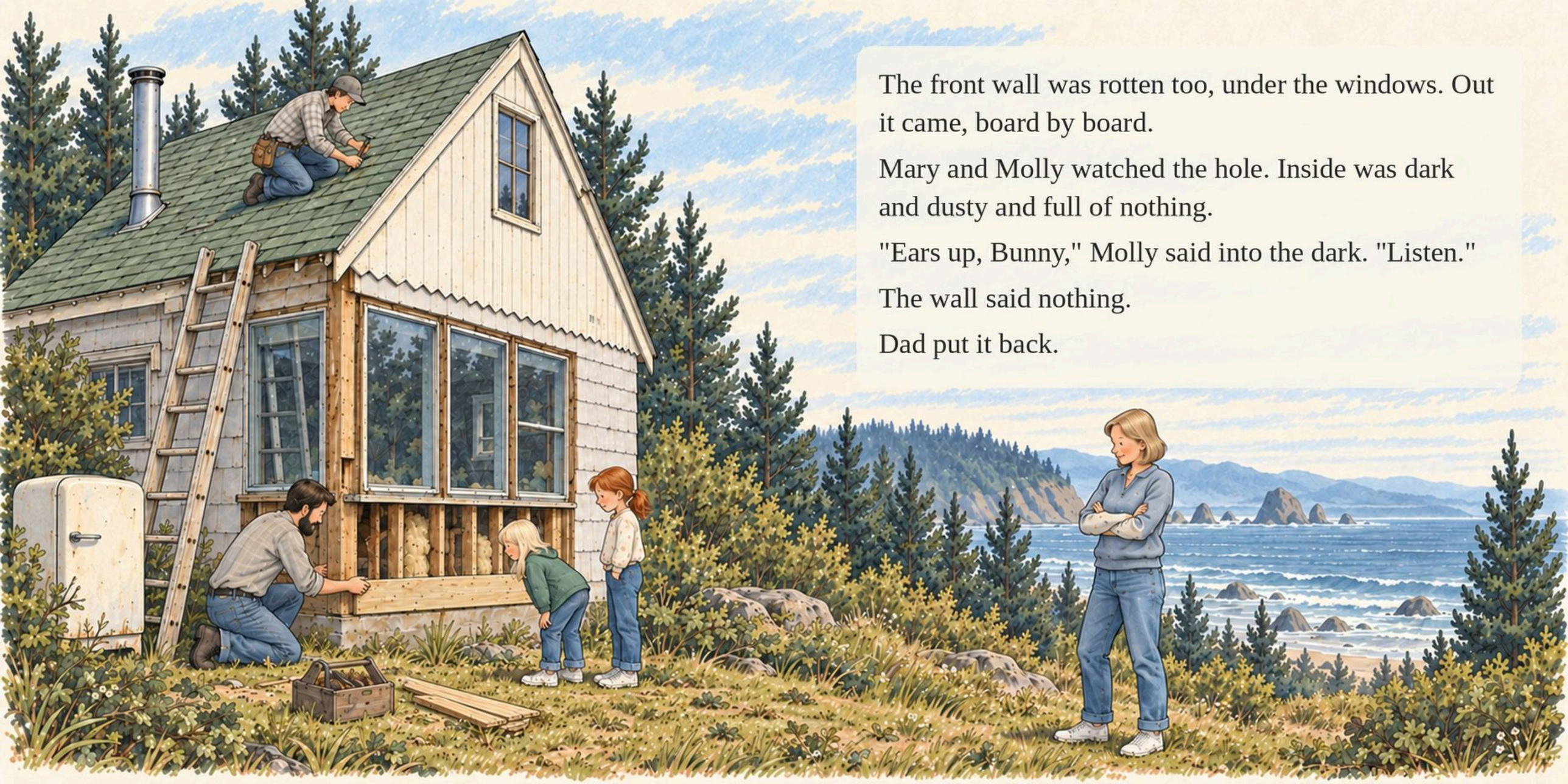
Everybody looked at Molly.

"When," said Molly. Then, louder: "WHEN!"

Crack. Down it came, into the grass.

That was a job.





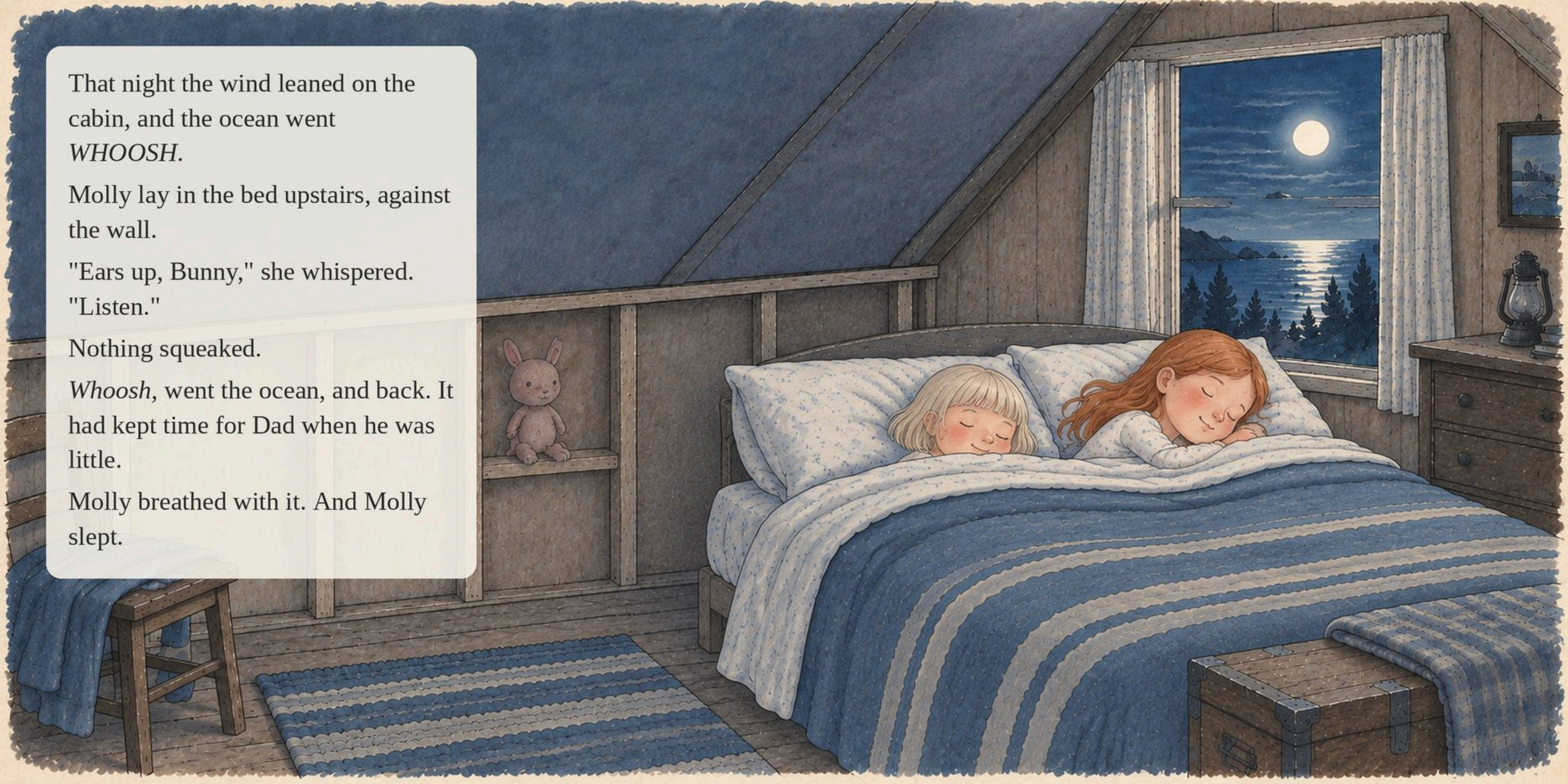
The front wall was rotten too, under the windows. Out it came, board by board.

Mary and Molly watched the hole. Inside was dark and dusty and full of nothing.

"Ears up, Bunny," Molly said into the dark. "Listen."

The wall said nothing.

Dad put it back.



That night the wind leaned on the cabin, and the ocean went *WHOOSH*.

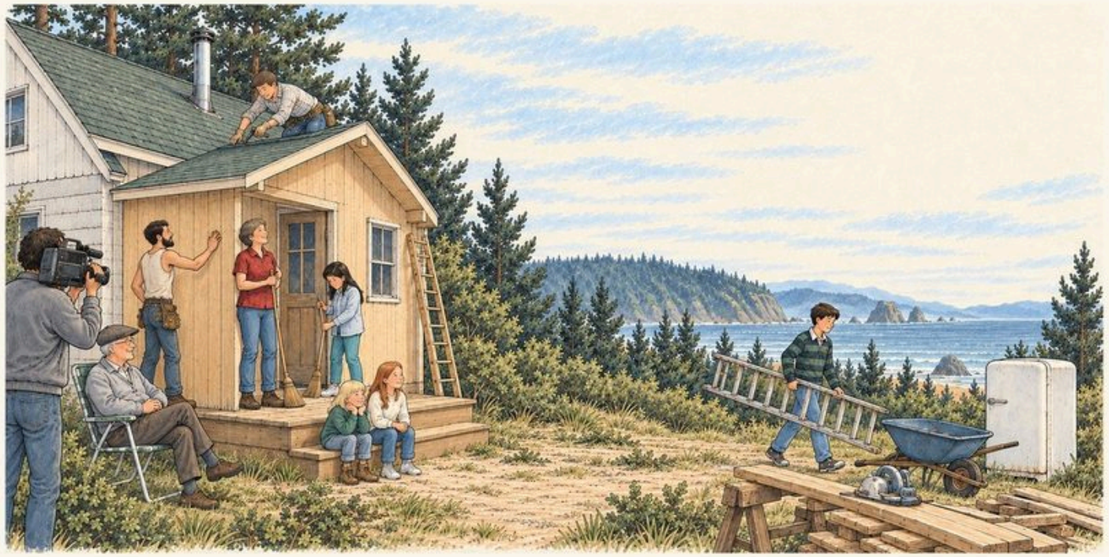
Molly lay in the bed upstairs, against the wall.

"Ears up, Bunny," she whispered. "Listen."

Nothing squeaked.

Whoosh, went the ocean, and back. It had kept time for Dad when he was little.

Molly breathed with it. And Molly slept.



By the end of summer the cabin had a new porch. It was bigger, and its roof came to a point, so the rain would run off.

Uncle Bill was still up on it.

"Somebody said when," said Grandma Elsie. "Somebody kept watch."

Watching was a job now.

Outside, the ocean kept breathing. Somewhere, Squeaky Bunny kept watch.



Summer 1988. Gail pulls and Joel pushes; Grandma Elsie works from the frame of the porch Wes built in 1948 to keep the storms off the door. Its roof was too flat, and the rain got in and stayed. Dave and Bill built the new porch that summer, with a peak.

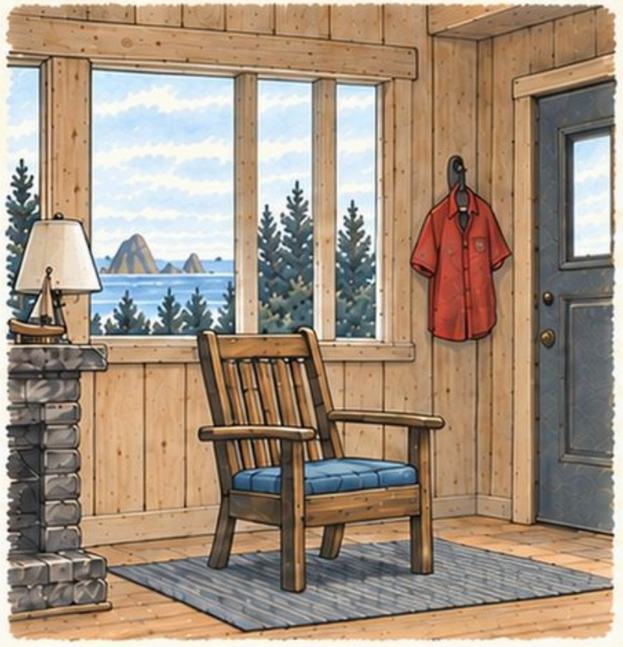
INSIDE THE WALL

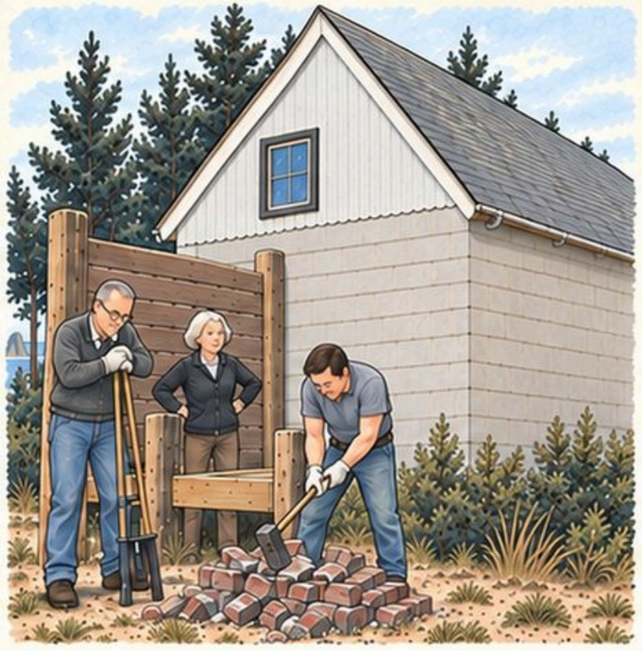
Sullishak, 1993 to 2015

Inside the wall it was dark, and dry, and quiet.

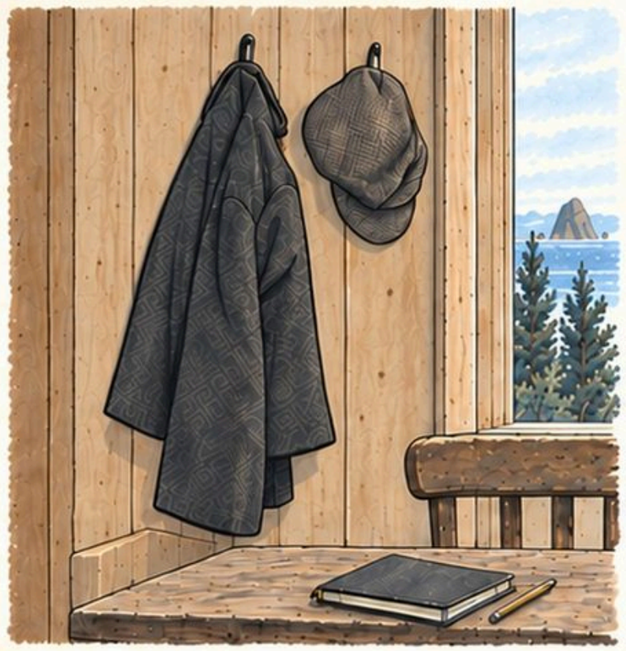
Out there, years went by. Hammers. Saws. A backhoe.



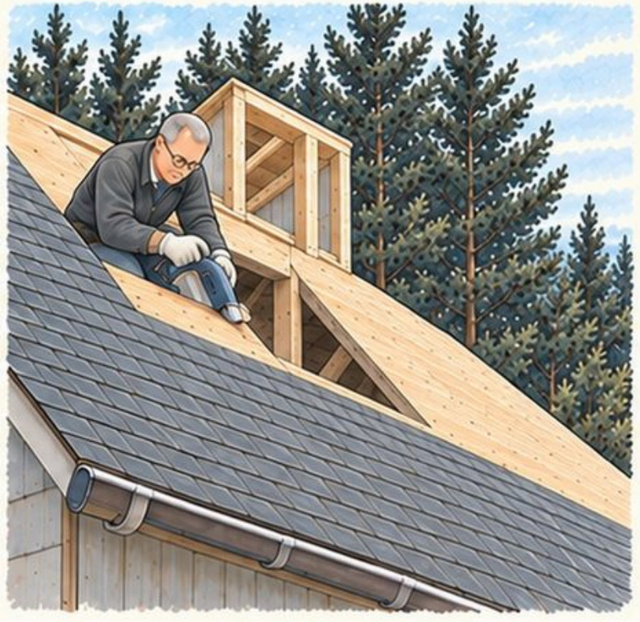


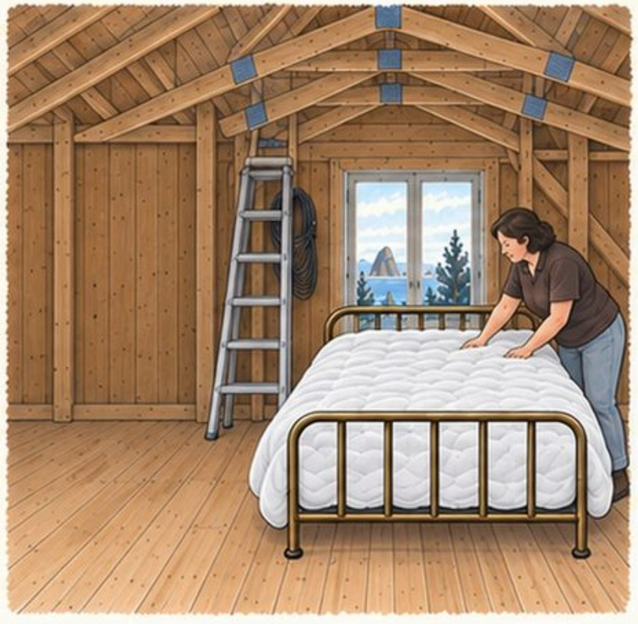




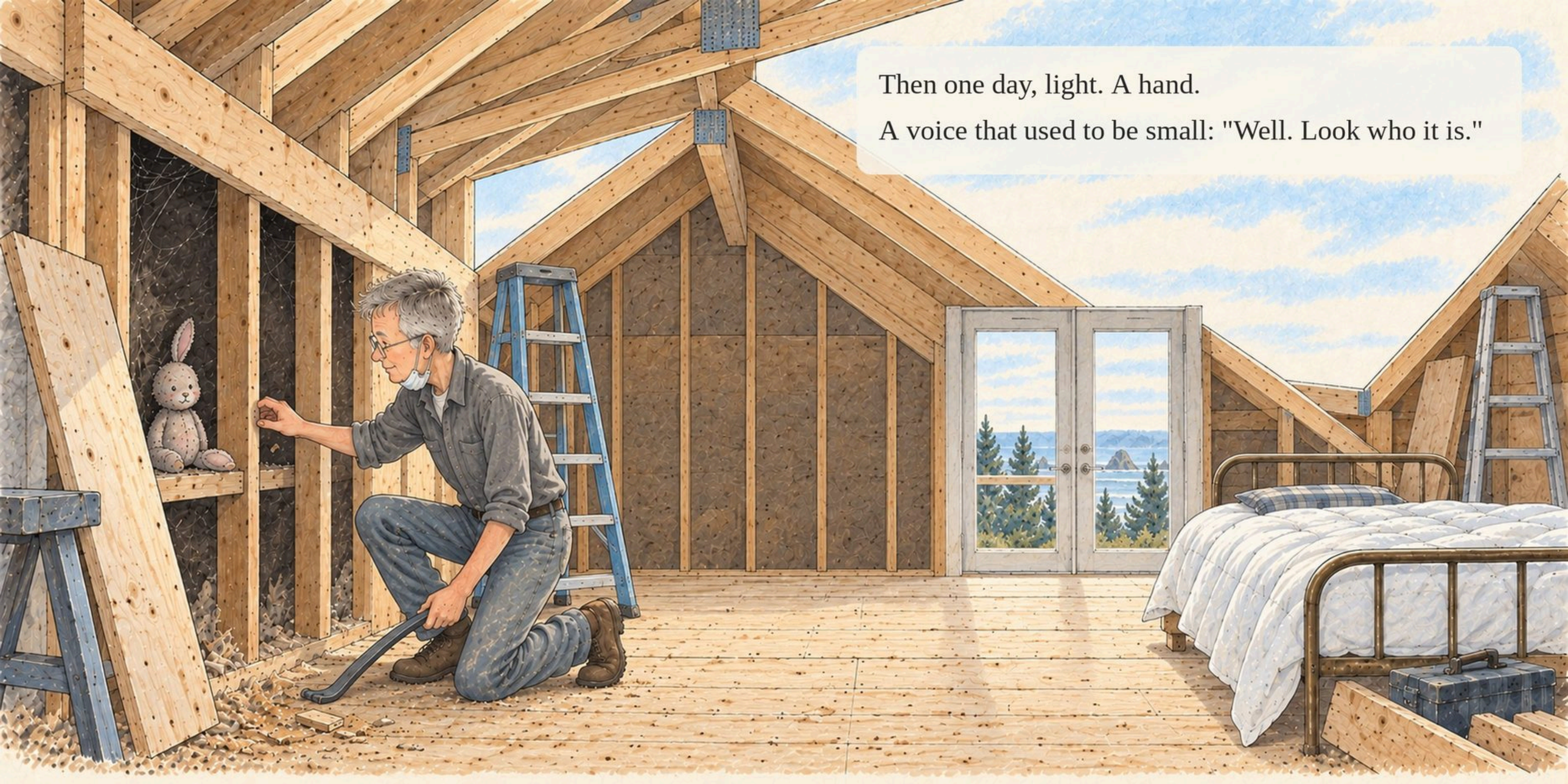


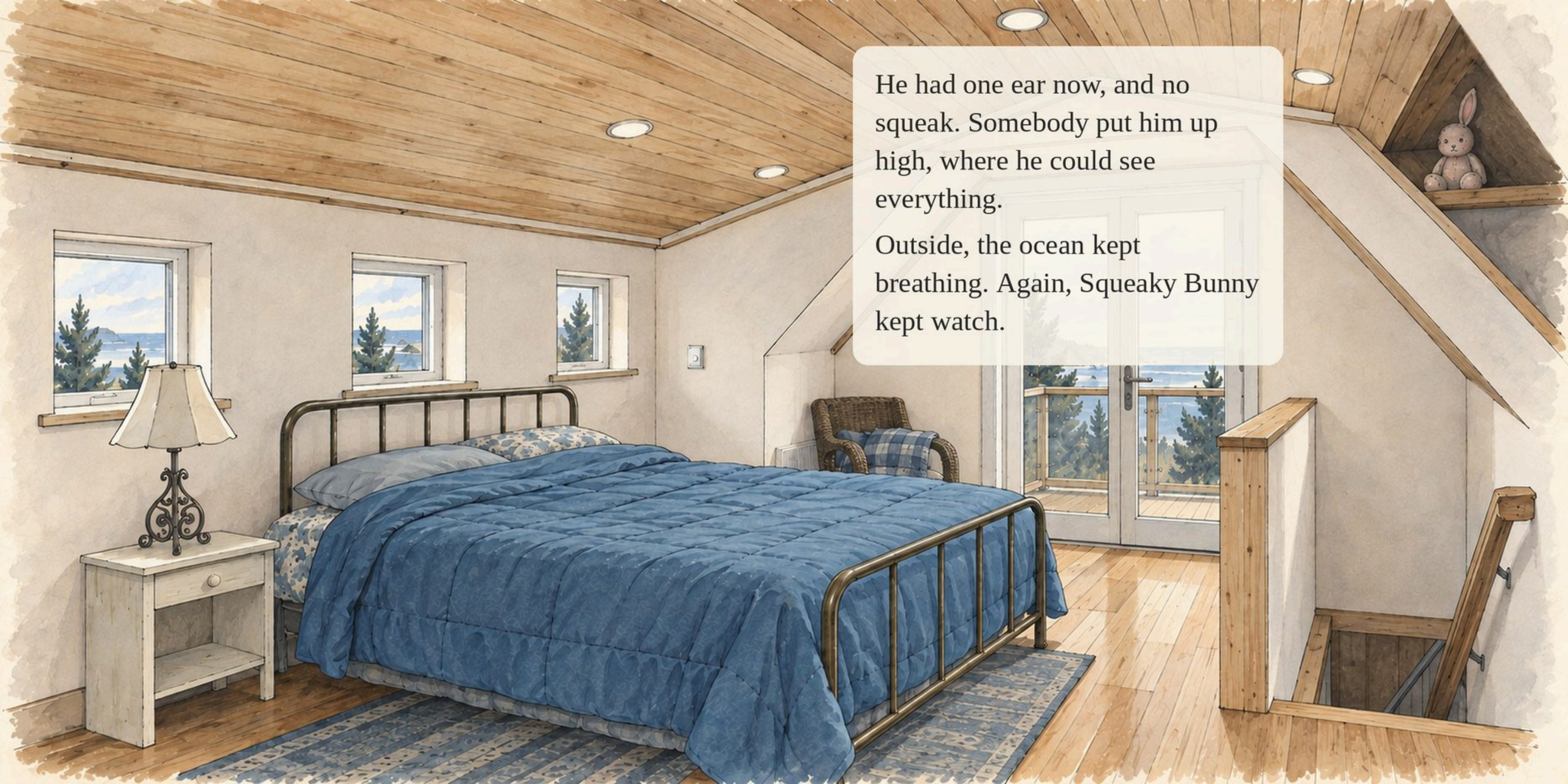









Then one day, light. A hand.
A voice that used to be small: "Well. Look who it is."


He had one ear now, and no squeak. Somebody put him up high, where he could see everything.
Outside, the ocean kept breathing. Again, Squeaky Bunny kept watch.



Twenty-two years in nine pictures. The front deck on a seventy-five-dollar telephone pole, 2001. The new roof, 2004, with Ian — the boy of 1981 — on the south slope beside Dave and Gwen; the old plaster puffin dissolving in the rain, and the concrete one that took its place on the sign post. The trench for the new electric line, the Ditch Witch that fell into it, and the snow of 28 March 2008. The dormer wall going up and Barb's bed under the bare trusses, June 2012. And the finished upstairs, December 2014 — the room where the wall came down and Squeaky Bunny came out.

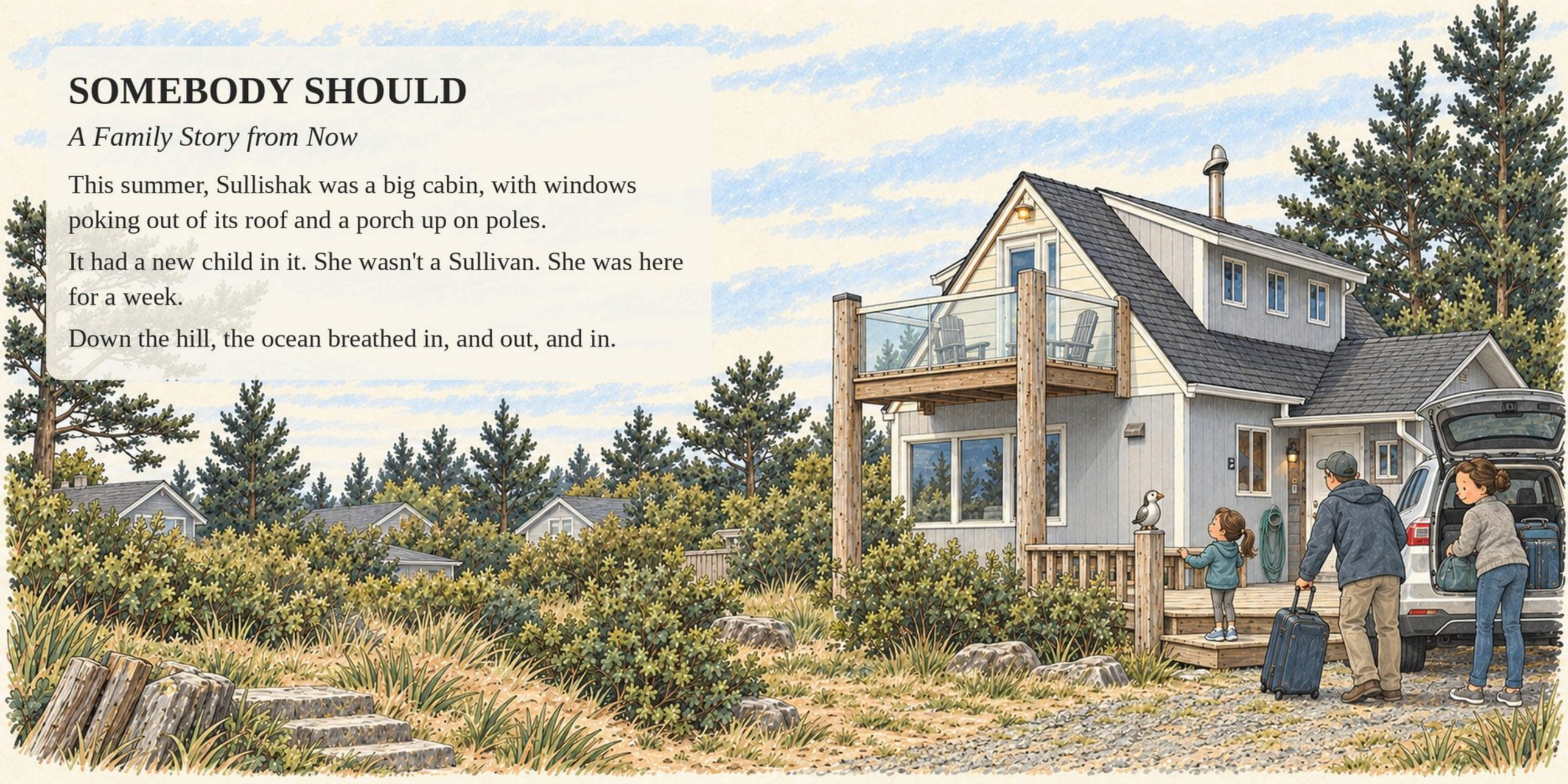
SOMEBODY SHOULD

A Family Story from Now

This summer, Sullishak was a big cabin, with windows poking out of its roof and a porch up on poles.

It had a new child in it. She wasn't a Sullivan. She was here for a week.

Down the hill, the ocean breathed in, and out, and in.





The stairs were steep, and the last step was a short one.

"That step is a mistake," said her dad.

"It's a good step," she said. "It's my size."



By the bed there was a note.

THERE IS A BUNNY IN THIS HOUSE. NOBODY KNOWS WHERE. HE CAN'T SQUEAK ANY MORE. SOMEBODY SHOULD KEEP WATCH.

She read it twice.

"Ears up, Bunny," she said, to the walls. "Listen."

The walls said nothing. But they were listening. She was almost sure.



That night the wind leaned on the big cabin, and the ocean went *WHOOSH*.

"Ears up, Bunny," she whispered, to wherever he was. "Listen."

Nothing squeaked. He couldn't.

Whoosh, went the ocean, and back. Slow and long. Keeping time, the way it always had.

She breathed with it. And she slept.



In the morning she looked everywhere. Under the bed. Behind the door. Up on the high shelf where the roof came down.

Nothing.

But on the shelf, in the dust, was a small round mark, the size of a bunny's bottom.

And beside it, she was almost sure, the mark of one ear.

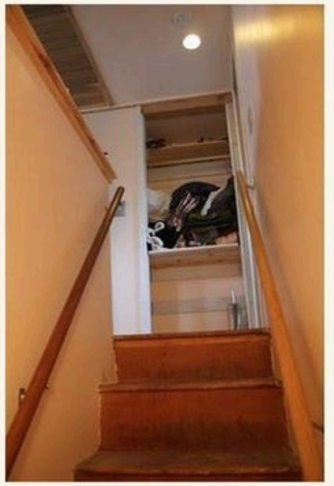
When the week was over, she stood on the short top step one more time.

"Ears up, Bunny," she said. "Listen. Somebody should keep watch."

"Somebody should," said her dad.

Outside, the ocean kept breathing. Still, Squeaky Bunny kept watch.





The stairs in December 2014, when the upstairs was finished: still steep, still one slant, and at the top the short step Wes couldn't make come out even in 1947 — still there, still somebody's size.

SOMEBODY DID

A Family Story from October 2026

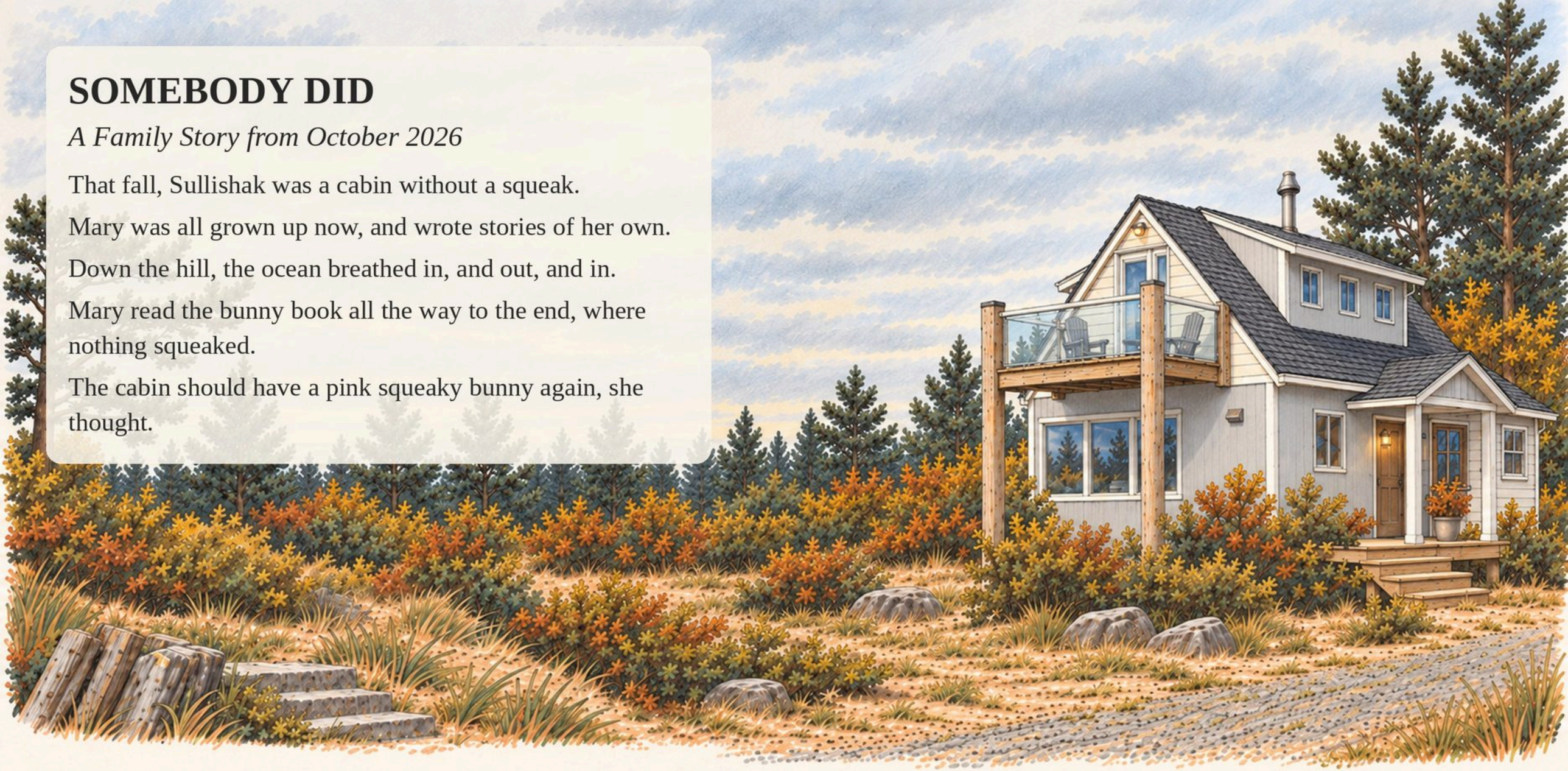
That fall, Sullishak was a cabin without a squeak.

Mary was all grown up now, and wrote stories of her own.

Down the hill, the ocean breathed in, and out, and in.

Mary read the bunny book all the way to the end, where nothing squeaked.

The cabin should have a pink squeaky bunny again, she thought.



This time, everybody knew who sent for the rabbit. Mary did.

She was pale pink and very soft. Her ears flopped. Her eyes were small and dark.

She had no squeak at all.

So one afternoon Mary sewed a squeaker into her belly, right where a belly button goes.

Squeak!

"I'm calling her Sully," said Mary. "Like Grandpa."

"Next week, we'll take her to the cabin."

Outside Sullishak, the ocean kept breathing. Somewhere up high, Squeaky Bunny kept watch.

Soon, somebody would keep watch with him.



This Really Happened

How the cabin was built, and how it changed. In 1942 Orma Sullivan bought four small lots at Lincoln Beach for twenty dollars a month [50]. Her son Wes came home from the war, where he had flown thirty-five missions as a B-17 copilot [7], and she agreed to pay the bills if he would do the building [11]. In the spring of 1947 he and his wife Elsie bought old lumber, doors and windows from the army camp at Camp Adair and pulled the nails at home in Salem [11]; a bulldozer cleared the lot for twenty-five dollars [12]; they laid the foundation blocks themselves, without footings, on ground as hard as concrete [13]; and they built for seventeen weekends straight, sleeping at a two-dollar auto court [15]. Wes could figure only one angle, forty-five degrees, so the roof is steep, the stairs are steep, and because the stairs did not come out even, the top step is short [18]. Over that winter Orma paid a mason to build a fireplace, a chimney and a brick planter [20]. The next summer Wes built a sun porch on the south side to keep the storms off the door, and, because Orma asked, a storm door to protect the porch door [22–23]; it was too cold to eat in, filled up with junk, and rotted out in the mid-1980s because its roof was too flat [23]. The walls stayed bare studs for fourteen years [17]. The old cedar forest behind the cabin was cut down a few years after the family moved in [27]. The fireplace ate wood and, when its metal lining rusted through, gave back smoke; in 1981 Dave and Steve took it down brick by brick, a small stove from Vermont took its place, and the lifeboat ration tin that had sat on the mantel since the war was opened at last [38–39, 53–56]. In 1988 the rotten porch came down and Dave and Bill built a new one, and Dave replaced the rotten wall under the front windows [40–41]. Then came the front deck on a telephone pole in 2001 [57], a new roof and a concrete puffin in 2004 [60–62], new electric lines in 2008 [65], the dormers and the balcony in 2012 [76, 84], and the family room, the annex and the back deck by 2015 [85–98]. The ocean, the steep roof and the short top step are as they were.

Who was here before. People have lived on this coast for thousands of years. In the 1850s many peoples were moved onto a reservation that stretched more than a hundred miles along this shore, and Lincoln Beach was inside it [45–46]. In 1894 the land was divided into allotments, and on November 19, 1894, Emma Taylor, a member of the Siletz tribe, received the eighty-five acres that include the ground where Sullishak stands [47–48]. Her heir sold the land in 1925, and in 1927 George Betts divided it into lots [49–50]. The Confederated Tribes of Siletz Indians are a living nation, and their history is theirs to tell; to hear it from them, start with the tribe's own website.

Squeaky Bunny. There was a Squeaky Bunny at Sullishak: about eight inches tall, pink and fuzzy, ears straight up, a squeaker for a belly button. He lived upstairs and helped the Sullivan children go to sleep. Over the years he wore thin, and at some point he went missing behind the upstairs wall. When the upstairs was rebuilt, he came out with one ear and a squeaker that no longer worked, and he was put back somewhere high, where he could see the room. That much the family remembers. Which summer he was lost, who lost him, and exactly where he is now are story.

Sully. Sully is not story. In October 2026, Mary Lowd, the Mary of 1988, read this book in draft and decided the cabin should have a pink squeaky bunny again. She ordered a soft, very pale pink rabbit with floppy ears, sewed a squeaker into her belly herself, and named her Sully, “like Grandpa.” Mary plans to bring her to the cabin later in October. Sully is a new bunny; she does not answer where the first one went. The *Sullishak History* mentions neither bunny; everything else in these pages comes from it.

Read more in Sullishak History *by Dave, Steve and Wes Sullivan (2024).*

Who's Who

Orma Sullivan — Wes's mother. Bought the land in 1942 and paid for the building [11, 50]; had the fireplace and the planter built by a mason [20, 23]; asked for the porch, and then the storm door [22–23]; let no one but Wes and Elsie use the cabin, and handed it to Wes about 1970 [29, 37]. Grandma Orma to Steve, Nancy, Dave and Bill; Great-Grandma Orma to their children.

Wes Sullivan — Orma's son; twenty-six when he built the cabin [20]; a B-17 copilot in the war [7] and a Salem newspaperman who worked nights [13, 29]; built the cabin with Elsie in 1947 [11–20] and wrote the first four chapters of the Sullishak History [5]; died in November 2007 [50]. Dad in 1947, 1948, the 1950s and the 1960s; Grandpa Wes in 1981 and 1988.

Elsie Sullivan — Wes's wife. Cleared brush, mixed the mortar by hand and built the cabin with him [5, 12]; kept the scrapbook most of these photographs come from [5]; hosted the cousins for a week every summer [33]; died in 1993 [50]. Mom, and then Grandma Elsie.

Steve — the oldest, three when the cabin was built [12]; Book 1's child; tore out the fireplace with Dave in 1981 [39, 55]; built the Sullishak websites [6]; took the photographs of the finished upstairs at Christmas 2014 [89].

Nancy — two months old on the back seat of the Mercury in 1947 [12], walking by the summer of 1948 [21]; found the patched-together stove in the 1970s [37]; helped build the deck in 2001 [58].

Dave — the third child; co-author of the History; put up the surprise ceiling with Janet one weekend in the 1970s [34–36], tore out the fireplace with Steve in 1981 [38–39], rebuilt the porch and the front wall in 1988 [40–41], and with Barb rebuilt the cabin between 2001 and 2015 [57–98]; owner with Barb [51].

Bill — the youngest; built the 1988 porch with Dave [41]; on the roof in the late 1980s [60] and again in 2004 [61]; drew the plan for the 2001 deck [57].

Janet Schmidt — Dave's wife in those years; did the ceiling with him [34–36], cleaned most of the bricks in 1981 [55], and watched the front wall go back in 1988 [41]. Aunt Janet in 1981; Mom in 1988.

Joel and Gail Sullivan — Steve's children; helped tear down the rotten porch in 1988 [40]. The cousins of 1988.

Ian — a grandchild of Wes and Elsie; at the cabin around 1981 [104], built forts at Fishing Rock with Mary [105], and worked on the roof in 2004 [61, 63]. The child of 1981.

Mary and Molly (now Amalia) — Dave's daughters; watched him rebuild the front wall in 1988 [41]; on the porch steps with Ana and Mick [102]; Molly and Devin's wedding reception was at the cabin in September 2015 [98]. Molly is the child of 1988. Mary, a writer, is the grown-up of 2026; she gave Sully her squeak.

Barb Sullivan — Dave's wife; drove the backhoe [69], made the bed under the bare trusses [81]; owner with Dave [51].

Vera and Jewell Lantz — Orma's sister and her husband; bought the lots to the north and built next door in 1947 [8, 13]. Aunt Vera and Uncle Jewell in Book 1.

Emma Beary — Orma's mother; came to see the land during the war and spent an afternoon clearing brush [8–9].

The cousins — the children of Nancy and Jack, whom Elsie hosted for a week each summer [33].

The Sunday School boys — Wes's ninth-grade class from the Presbyterian church in Salem, who came to the cabin every summer, later with the log cabin next door as their dormitory [13, 29].

The Same Wall



Around 1960. Steve, Wes, Elsie and Nancy behind; Dave and Bill in front; the leaky wooden windows came from Camp Adair.



1988. Dave rebuilds the rotten wall under the front windows — new ones by then — while Mary, Molly and Janet watch. The same wall, a generation later.



Nobody is sure.