

A Tribute to a Bayview Legacy

Bayview lost one of its favorite sons last week (January 13, 2022). John “Jack” Mulhall passed away after a short stay in the hospital to repair a broken hip. Jack was surrounded by his family including his beloved Ann. His hometown, Waterbury, celebrated this great man and many people from the Milford area were able to attend. In addition to his wife of 69 years Ann, Jack was a father, grandfather, great grandfather and a friend to many.

Jack’s love of Bayview started way back in 1938, when Mother Marie and Aunt Eleanor bought their cottage in our little community. He has been a constant presence on our beach since then. His antics with his brother, sister and cousin during the summers in the 1940’s were legendary.

His large family had many gatherings during the summers that have been well documented in photographs in his personal archives now maintained by his children: David, Nancy, Sean, Patti and Cynthia.

The modern-day Bayview parade started with Jack on a fourth of July many, many years ago. Jack and Ann led their guests and a line of revelers through the streets of Bayview clapping metal trash can lids, wearing tricorne paper hats and blowing kazoos. Wouldn’t it be fun to honor his spirit with some of the participants in this year’s parade finding a few of those rare trash can lids and banging out a rendition of “When the Saints Come Marching In”!

After the passing of his father in 1970, Jack and Ann made Bayview their permanent summer home for the past 50 + years. Jack and his family have been a fixture on our beach off the Warren Street walkway all of these years.

Jack and Ann were family first, to Sharon and my kids. We were also friends, with Bayview as our playground. For the past 37 summers we spent many warm pleasurable nights laughing, crying, arguing, playing cards, eating ice cream and making the most of what Bayview has to offer. We all liked to read, listen to the radio and tease each other about our favorite baseball teams. Jack was an avid Red Sox fan, while I rooted for the Yankees. His girls liked the Red Sox but I found kindred spirits with his son’s cheering for the Yankees. We were most happy when they would invite us over for his firehouse chile and a game of “Phase Ten”.

Even though he was our Uncle, we bonded on many levels. The beach was his little “slice of heaven on earth”. He loved a cold beer (like me) and would often stop by our cottage to “check the plumbing” on his way home. He made his storage shed available to me for my mower after I hurt my back (my storage is down a flight of stairs) - this arrangement lasted for years.

Jack had a special relationship with dogs. He recalled to us many stories about his favorite and beloved Seamus. On his daily tour of Bayview, his walking stick was always beside him just in case any of the stray Bayview hounds wanted to get too friendly. I know at least two of my

dogs, Teddy and Finn, nipped at his back side to get his attention. His friendly growl kept them in line. But it was my daughter, Kelley and her dog Pepper, who lived next to Jack and Ann in Milford, that kept company with him these past few years. Pepper and Jack held court in the shade of his backyard on many summer mornings. Jack was the judge, Pepper was the jury.

He loved Bayview and many of its residents loved him. From May to September this was Jack and Ann's home. He was a big part of the special character of our community who now call it home too. Known by many terms of endearment, "Captain Jack" or "the old Marine" are our favorites. We will miss him!

Sharon and Chris