

Boston Massacre. *Thoughts from Seth Hyde.*

The Boston Massacre –

John Hartley coined the phrase when he told his tale in one of the "On Deck" issues. We had a weeknight game, Chaps vs. Herbie's, at Roberto Clemente Field in the Fenway. It was a drizzly night and the softball diamond was unplayable so we decided to go to the other end of field which was a little league diamond. It too had puddles and mud but we swept the water out and started the game. Probably not a wise move since the conditions made every play an adventure. There were several minor injuries during the game but a collision at home plate resulted in Mario's boyfriend, their catcher, leaving the field in an ambulance with a broken collarbone. Then after the game, a couple of Herbie's players, Ralph Cello & Alan Musson, were in a car accident and went to the Emergency Room. All told, half of their team was out of action and they needed help to just field a team for the rest of the season. John's telling of the story is quite funny and, although a moot point now, reiterates the fact that we didn't have a Commissioner back then. The Massacre probably wasn't that big a deal - I'm sure there are more recent incidents that are funnier or more poignant but it was a notable tale for us early players.