

I REMEMBER

by Iddy Asada 7/20/94

Being a tomboy as a youngster, my brothers had me catching when we played "pitch-catch." They showed their stuff and were able to converse with each other as the curves, the drop, and the fast balls were thrown. So, I was never afraid of the ball.

While growing up in Salinas, California, I was enthralled at the church traveling girls basketball team. They had a very strict coach and had a winning team. My one wish was to play on this team - but I was too young - the WAR broke out and that put an end to my playing for the "Bluettes."

Our family went through the horrible stages of the whole evacuation bit - trying to get ourselves ready for this "adventure," from the Assembly Center at the local Rodeo Grounds for three months, and on to the forsaken, hot desert of Poston, Arizona. It was the 2nd of July, the temperature was over 100 degrees, and the kids were outside playing! How could they stand the heat? Coming from the cool and ideal weather conditions of the Salinas Valley where temperatures rarely got to the 90s, we wondered how they could play in that oven. We were finally settled into our barracks and found ourselves getting acclimated to the temperature and playing outside with the rest of the kids.

I also found the basketball coach of the "Bluettes", Lloyd Urabe, was living in our block. When he put together a girls team, I naturally joined and learned the basic fundamentals of basketball. He made us sweat during practice, he yelled at us, he threw the ball so hard to improve good hand and eye coordination. (What a monster, we thought.) While we were resting, he came and wiped the sweat from our brows and talked calmly and endearingly to us. (What an angel.) He was a good coach!

The war was over, and now, resettlement to a place called Seabrook. I played intramural baseball in High School. I also tried out for varsity basketball. During the tryout session, Mrs. Schumacher the coach, pointed in my direction and said, "You, on the court!" I hesitated, being a little shy, and before I could compose myself, the girl sitting near me went up and got on court - she got the position. I missed my chance! But each time Mrs. Shumacher saw me playing intramural basketball, she always commented why didn't I go out for varsity basketball.

While working for Seabrook Farms after graduating from high school, they sponsored a softball and basketball team. I joined both

teams and our softball team did well. We won a trophy for our accomplishments and our award was a swim in "CF's" pool.

The basketball team did not fare as well. We were a traveling team and was invited to play the Ford-Kendig girls of Philadelphia at the Arena. (The ARENA was the sports complex in Philadelphia.) It was exciting to be able to play at the arena, preliminary to the Philadelphia Warriors/Minnesota Lakers professional basketball team. (The Lakers had tall, bespeckled, George Mikan as its number one play-maker and scorer.) We were on the floor doing our set-ups, the free throws and getting nervous. The buzzer rang - the first string on the court, I was on the bench, the whistle blew. The Ford-Kendig team were terrific and also very tall. Because we were loosing by a lopsided score, the substitutes were not put in. I did not have a chance to play - BUT, who could say,

I SAT ON THE BENCH AT THE ARENA, PRELIMINARY
TO THE PHILADELPHIA WARRIORS/MINNESOTA LAKERS
PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL GAME?

