



## *Quentin Sims*

*\*As told by his son, Doug Sims\**

My Father was born in Kansas in a basically a dust bowl. He was the 5<sup>th</sup> son of 7 children. When my father was a small boy, they came to California to start a new life. They moved to Riverside, CA and my dad and his brothers became orange pickers while growing up in Riverside. My dad being one of the younger sons learned to play Basketball and sports with his older brothers. In that era, because of World War II, most everyone went into some type of service (my father was in the Coast Guard). My dad attended UCSB and was fortunate to be good enough to play basketball for them.

My dad played basketball at UCSB 1947-1949. He was the Captain in 1949 and MVP in 1947 and 1949. He was also 2C2A conference all three years. Other basketball players described my dad as a super aggressive defensive player and a great passer. One of his nicknames when I was growing up, was the Bob Cousy of the West. During his basketball career he played with the Golden Dukes in the NIBL (National Industrial Basketball League) from 1953 and 1955. He was MVP and all conference in 1953 and 1955. Back in the 50's the NIBL was as good as the NBA. Part of the reason for this was because it being right after World War II the NBA would pay their ball players so much money and then in the off season, they would have to go find a job. But in the NIBL you would work for a corporation and they would give you more money to play for their basketball team. Big corporations during that time like Phillip 66 and Caterpillar offered more security than the NBA. The thing that switched all that was when the NBA got a TV contract, and the rest is history.

When all the Golden Dukes would get together, I was able to sit around and listen to some of the old stories and there are a lot of good stories. But one of the stories is when they were coming back from a game in Denver they were flying over the Sierras and I guess they were coming in on a really bad storm and I guess it was a heck of a ride, so when the plane finally landed in Santa Barbara after being battered all over the Sierras the first thing the pilot did was jump out and kiss the ground. That was the last time my father was ever in a plane, he never got on a plane again. One of the other stories I have heard was about is in the early 50's smoking was aloud indoors, and the Golden Dukes would be the only game in town so everyone would be at the Golden Dukes game and the gym would be packed, and everyone in the gym would be smoking sometimes it would get so bad that you almost couldn't see across the court.

My dad truly loved the game of basketball and he made a lot of good friends doing what he loved. One of them being Robert McCutcheon. They were good buddies during that time growing up in Santa Barbara and both moving to Santa Maria as educators. My dad settled in Santa Maria like a lot of ball players at that time because Santa Maria was a growing community and they needed educators. My dad was an elementary school teacher, a principal, and an administrator for 30 years. He always thought education was the most important thing you could have. He is the only one in his family who went to college. He would always say that reading comprehension was one of the greatest gifts. His leadership in the community lead to many people to go into education. I thought this was really, really cool. Both my sisters and both brother in laws were educators and my dad always thought that being a teacher, and I agree with him on this, was one of the most important professions we have.

My dad's greatest interest outside of basketball was his family, he was also an avid golfer, but his family always came first. Besides myself, he had two daughters Debbie and Cindy. His wife Patty, my mother, were always together during their 55 years of marriage. One of your questions is to share your families influence on you with your immediate family, and you know fathers teach you a lot of things but probably the most enduring thing is, and it comes from that generation, and that is "hard work always pays off". It may not be tomorrow and maybe not next week or even next year, but sooner or later hard work always pays off.