



150 Stories for 150 Years

Experience and Memories Like This Are What Make WC Special

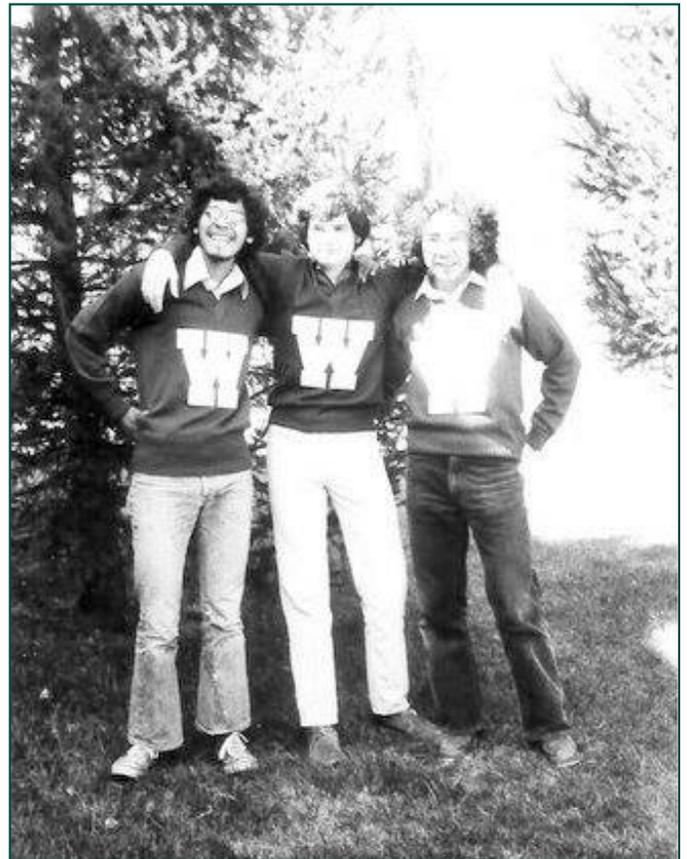
Submitted By: David Castro '73
Lansing, MI

I had already been accepted to UC Berkeley when a friend told me about Wilmington College. I was not interested until she showed me the recruitment information. I had a complete turnaround as I thought about life and opportunities in a different part of the country. So, in September of 1968, as the only son of migrants with eighth and 10th grade educations, I took a \$65, one-way, red-eye flight from San Francisco to Columbus, Ohio, and became the first in my paternal or maternal family to go to college.

My education at Wilmington occurred just as much out of the classroom as in it. Textbooks, lectures, exams and term papers taught me much, but so did immersion into the Wilmington College community. This involvement has spanned the years, from having dinner with College President James Read and his family at Firbank Fell two weeks after my arrival, until now, at age 70, when I attended the retirement party for my math professor and track coach, Bill Kincaid, at the Wilmington Friends Church in 2019.

You might say my "lacking an educational target" allowed me to experience a liberal education at Wilmington in the truest sense, majoring in integrated hand arts education. I spent a term at The New York Times, studied Spanish in Mexico, learned to scuba dive in Hermann Court's pool, co-hosted a campus radio program called "Sunday and Friends," was head resident of a men's dorm for one year, sat on the Board of Trustees as a student representative and played soccer on the 1971 team.

I also ran on the first varsity cross country team, started in 1972 by Bill Kincaid. I can't remember how he "recruited" me to run as I was not a runner and took no classes from him, but experiencing new things was part of the Wilmington experience, so I accepted the challenge along with Bill Robles, Gary





150 Stories for 150 Years

Moffett and Marty Carbonal.

Kincaid had very little time to get us trained to meet our intercollegiate schedule. He came up with running shoes and uniforms for us and he joined us in training runs. We participated in every meet but were always disqualified because we did not field a full team. Still, we attended the fall sports season awards dinner and were given our block W varsity letter: a green sweater with a white W. I still have a photo of Bill, Gary, and myself with our block W sweaters, but lost track of the sweater years ago.

Of interest was that Bill Robles and I graduated from the same high school in San Jose, but we did not know each other. In 1971, we met when he entered as a transfer student, and I picked him up at the Wilmington bus station. Imagine, two Chicano students from east side San Jose running on the first Wilmington College cross country team. Now, almost 50 years later, there are both men's and women's teams. Experiences and memories like this are what make WC special.



[RETURN TO SITE](#)