

Misson: The Delray Beach Historical Society, believing that a sense of history is fundamental to understanding human experiences, collects, preserves and shares materials from Delray Beach's past, so that present and future generations can comprehend more fully their predecessors, their communities and themselves. The society encourages and assists people of all backgrounds and interests to learn more about Delray Beach's diverse history.

I am made for the North Sea, born of steel and iron and fire. I am built by calloused hands and baptized by sweat and champagne. I am the Alberta. Then I am the Inchulva. In 1892, when I am launched from the shipyard in West Hartlepool, I am the highest class of cargo ship and the largest cargo vessel afloat. In 1898, they sent me across the Atlantic to carry wheat, cotton, and lumber. I can hold over 7,300 tons. I haul it proudly through the Gulf, through the warm Atlantic waters. I am carried by the ocean, lifted by its tides, propelled ever forward by steam power. I am part of a whole, yes. Just a small piece of a much larger thing, but I am solid. I am intact. I am endless.

Until the wind and the water brought me below, tore me apart. The cacophony of twisting metal, violent gales, lashing rain, and men's cries are there and gone as I am drowned beneath the weight and pressure of the waves. I am still a part of a whole, but I am scattered now. Spread across the sandy sea floor, separated from those who crewed me, who captained me. I am a broken piece of a broken thing. I am destined to be forgotten, buried in a briny sepulcher to rust and decay. I languish for a century. I languish for an eternity. And then...

A hurricane. Then another. Then another. Then another. The wind and the rain, the force and the power of these seafaring storms propel me forward again. I am carried by the ocean and lifted by its tides. I was lost for 101 years. And then I was found.

A broken piece of a broken thing. They do not seem to mind. They tell me I am important. That I am part of a whole. Just a small piece of a larger story about trade and shipping, about life and death on the pristine shores of a growing town. They tell the stories of my crew, my captain. Of the people who rescued them, who fed and clothed them, who healed them, and buried them. They tell the story of my creation, my destruction, my redemption.

I am a broken piece of a broken thing. But not here. Here, I am protected. I am preserved. I am celebrated. I am beloved.

Written by Kayleigh Howald, Delray Beach Historical Society Archivist