

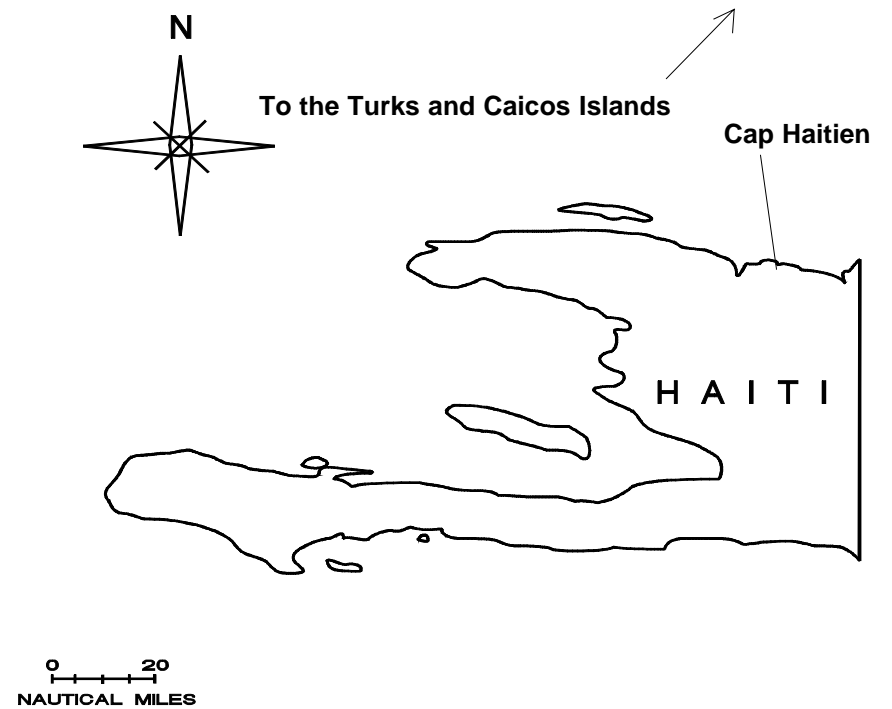
Chapter One:

AN END AND A BEGINNING

Arriving at the southern end of the Bahamas on my way to Culebra Island east of Puerto Rico to spend the hurricane season, I contemplate whether to sail east or west around Hispaniola.

Chapter Two:
**FORWARD
AND BACKWARD**

*While crossing from Cockburn Harbor,
South Caicos to Cap Haitien in Haiti, I relate
some personal history.*



Chapter Three:

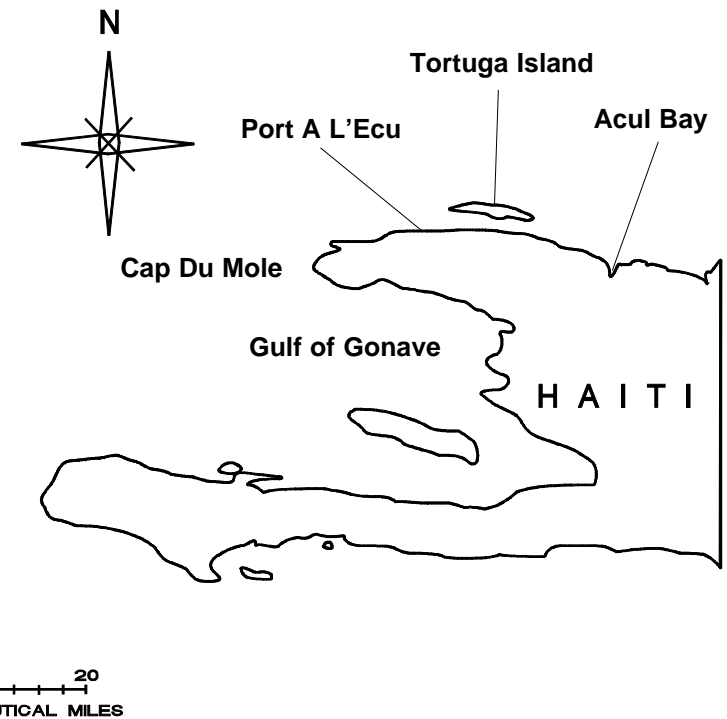
A HAITIAN WELCOME

A crowd of curious people from all walks of life begins to gather around the boat as soon as I enter the harbor at Cap Haitien. And I relate my experiences with the port officials.

Chapter Four:

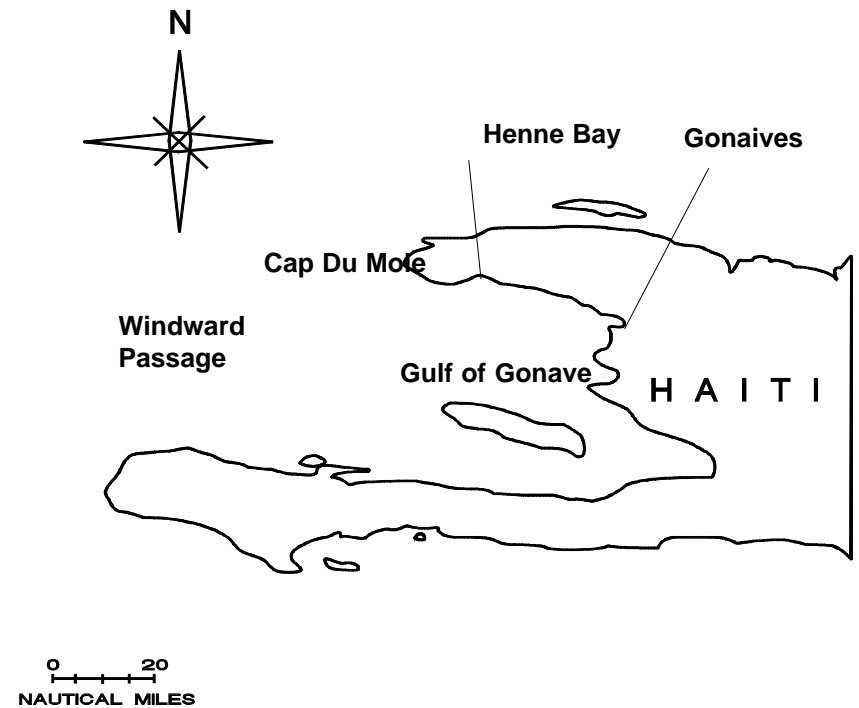
PEACE SHATTERED

Seeking some relief from the crowds of spectators at Cap Haitien, I sail on to tranquil Acul Bay to find dozens of visitors even there. Along Haiti's north coast at remote Port A L'Ecu near Tortuga Island, an intense norther hits with hardly any warning. During the storm my boat is rammed and holed by a Haitian fishing boat.



Chapter Five: WINDWARD PASSAGE

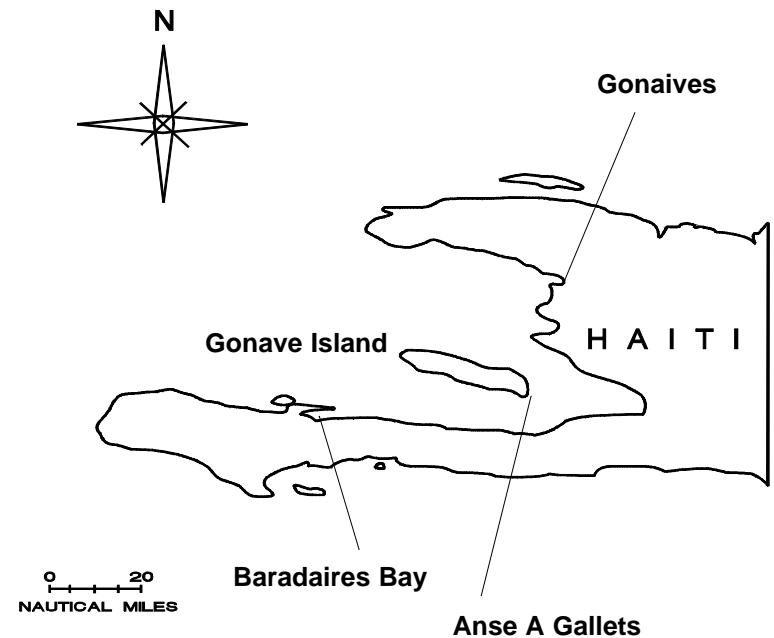
Making temporary repairs, I continue on through the Windward Passage into the Gulf of Gonave, to a small village in Henne Bay, and then to Gonaives.



Chapter Six:

DESERT DUST TO JUNGLE MIST

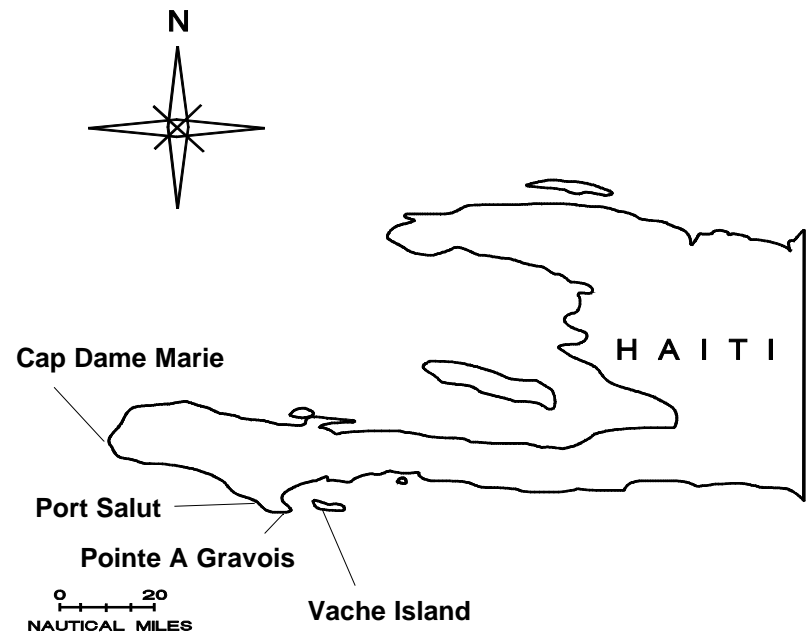
At Anse A Gallets on the east end of Gonave Island in the Gulf of Gonave, the harbor master there is the only visitor, but he is enough! Then in lush and mysterious Baradaires Bay, it is as if travelling back ages in time.



Chapter Seven:

UN TEMPEST GRAVOIS

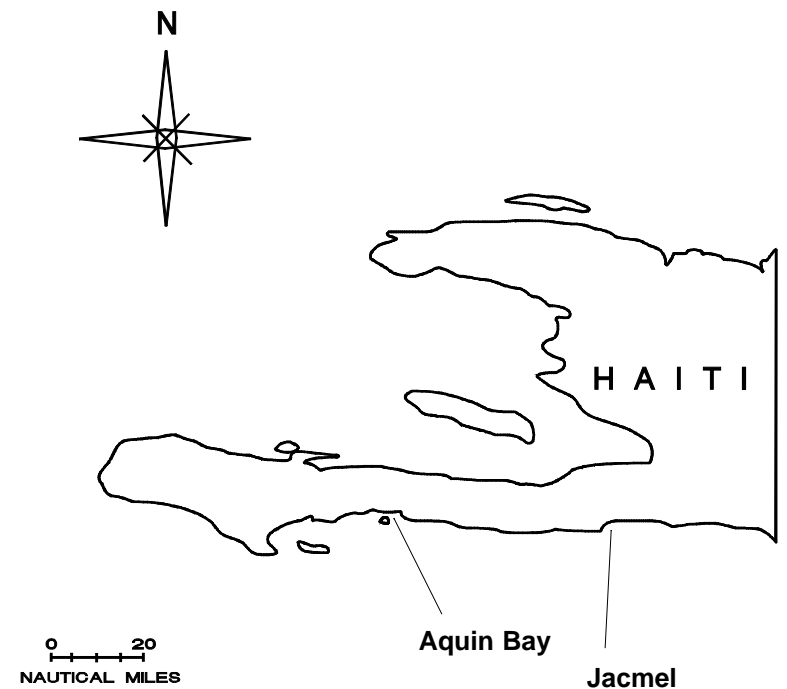
Rounding Haiti's southwest Cape Dame Marie, I encounter an intense storm at night off Pointe A Gravois, the southernmost point in Haiti.



Chapter Eight:

UNINVITED GUESTS AND MILITARY MANEUVERS

At Gross Cay in Aquin Bay I am forced to use my shotgun to prevent an unwanted boarding by two men. After moving to another part of the bay, a large group of men wearing military uniforms arrives in a native sailing vessel.



Chapter Nine:

A HAITIAN GOODBYE

During a calm moonlit night miles at sea while continuing on to Jacmel, my point of departure from Haiti, a length of floating black line from a local fish trap wraps around the propeller shaft causing the engine to die.