



**YACHT CLUB | PUNTA DEL ESTE**

Calle 10 esquina 13 - CP 20100 Punta del Este  
Maldonado, URUGUAY

Punta del Este, August 2019

*TO THE CREW OF THE  
SY PUNTA DEL ESTE,  
CLIPPER RACE 2019-20*

Dear crew,

What an honour to have you on board the "Punta del Este".

We can imagine the stress, the excitement and anxiety you may have so close to facing this amazing adventure you are about to start!

We know it will be life changing in all aspects, you'll discover yourselves, your mates and this other world commanded by the weather, where your hours are marked by the sun and moon, waves and wind.

You're lucky to be lead by an amazing skipper that as you, will be living a dream on board the Clipper Race.

No doubts you'll enjoy the ride despite its ups and downs and we'll be following and enjoying it through you bit by bit, wave by wave, waiting for you with open arms, and with a calendar to make your Punta del Este stopover a blast.

Looking forward to see on the horizon the yellow hull that will be bringing the sun to us all!

"Buenas Singladuras"

Juan Etcheverrito  
Commodore

*"You can never cross the ocean unless you have the courage to lose sight of shore"*

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## *A Wanderer's Song*

A winds in the heart of me, a fires in my heels,  
I am tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon-wheels;  
I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land,  
Where the wild wind sold Atlantic is shouting on the sand.

Oh I'll be going, leaving the noise of the street,  
To where a lifting foresail-foot is yanking at the sheet;  
To a windy, tossing anchorage where yawls and ketches ride,  
Oh I'll be going, going, until I meet the tide.

And first I'll hear the sea-wind, the mewling of the gulls,  
The clucking sucking of the sea about the rusty hulls,  
The songs at the capstan at the hooker warping out,  
And then the heart of me'll know I'm there or thereabout.

Oh I am sick of brick and stone, the heart of me is sick,  
For windy green unquiet sea, the realm of Moby Dick;  
And I'll be going going, from the roaring of the wheels,  
For a wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heel's.

John Masfield

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