



Morning Edition — Monday, 29 June 1914

THE CELLARMAN'S ACCOUNT THE CELLAR WATCH UNDER THE COMING GALE

*Master Cellarman Watts Reports on the
Integrity of the Vaults as the Valley Awaits
the Commodore's Safe Return*

By Owerton Crosby, Correspondent

Hearthcombe — While the telegraph wires from Vienna hum with the grand diplomatic movements of our distinguished senior founder, the internal machinery of the Duffy & Ward brewery moves with its own quiet, unhurried discipline. Down in the subterranean dark of the stone cellars, Master Cellarman Charlie Watts remains vigilant, treating the Commodore's impending return not as a cause for celebration, but as an imminent naval inspection of his inventory lines.

"The barrels do not keep time by continental clocks," Watts remarked while securing the iron hoops on a fresh vat of pale malt. "Burton left a strict ledger, and he expects to find every cask in its proper berth, whether he comes back from a quiet harbor or a foreign squall."

Watts notes that despite the frantic whispers of political friction drifting through the valley, the oak tuns remain sturdily ballasted, the fermentation cycles are precise, and the temperature inside the limestone vaults has not varied by a single degree.

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COMMODORE WARD ESCORTS ARCHDUKE HOME AFTER PEACEFUL RECEPTION

*Telegram from the Balkans
Brings Reassurance to Hearthcombe*

By Owerton Crosby, Correspondent

Hearthcombe — This morning, a telegram arrived at the Duffy & Ward Social House carrying reassuring news from Commodore Burton Ward, currently in Bosnia as an honored guest of Governor General Oskar Potiorek.

The message reads simply: "Reception proceeded without incident. We escorted the Archduke safely back to Vienna. We anticipate returning to Hearthcombe within the week."

In a time when many feared political violence and unrest, the absence of incident at the reception and during the Archduke's return journey is a welcome relief to a world on edge. Alongside Baron von Kessler and retired Field Marshal Otto Krieger, Commodore Ward has been representing Hearthcombe with the quiet dignity and steadfastness for which he is known.

Locals at the Social House received the news with a measured optimism, raising their glasses in tribute to the men who carry Hearthcombe's name beyond its borders...

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A SABBATH CONCILIATION AT THE SOCIAL HOUSE

*Miss Sloane Duffy Declares an Elegant
Truce to Honor the Vestry and Charm the
Pews*

By the Editorial Manager

Hearthcombe — To ensure that village harmony remains as sturdily ballasted as our cellar inventories, Miss Sloane Duffy has officially announced a graceful structural pivot to our weekend schedule. In creative deference to Father O'Sullivan's recent pastoral reminders at St. Bridgid's regarding the morning watch, the taps at the Social House will remain entirely idle throughout Sunday morning service hours.

In their place, the tavern kitchen will introduce an exclusive Sunday tradition: the Welsh Rarebit Feast. Prepared using the finest sharp cheddar, stone-ground mustard, and robust tavern malt, this savory classic will be toasted to a bubbling, rich gold upon thick, hand-cut rustic bread. Served to the table for families to share as they descend from the morning sermon, it offers a substantial, wholesome gathering experience without a single drop of liquor poured before midday. It appears the bridge between the pulpit and the pub has been forged—one beautifully bubbling platter at a time.