



Brewhaha #20: Moat Mountain Smoke House & Brewing Company, North Conway, NH

North Conway is a bustling town, being in the heart of the New England ski world, close to Mount Washington and just off the regionally-famous scenic road, the Kancamagus Highway.

I reckon it does well economically, because the main drag was a long stretch of nicely-kept, and new-but-old mountain-style businesses. Moat Mountain was among the nicest, I thought.



It was huge and nice but not toooo nice for my ilk.

The bar was kind of metallic something, I think. I didn't really pay attention; no idea why. I checked the list, ordered for an Iron Mike Pale Ale, and broke out the Notbook to pen some blings.

Will was not working today. I asked. Too bad. I think we could have had a cool convo.

The bartender who was working was in serve-and-forget mode. I knew it well: greet, serve, go away till the next necessary stage, do it without wasted time or charm, and go away again. Repeat as needed.

It's fairly common: (a) at the start of a shift when you really didn't feel like coming in, (b) at the end of shift when you've had pissy people all day, (c) after you got stiffed, or screwed on your schedule, or dealt with a shithead server's screw-up, or (d) just about any of the other crappy things that can happen in the F&B world.

So I didn't pester him. Leaving him be was the humane thing to do.

The Supper Creatures in my head started whimpering for their daily feeding, so I got a pizza to shut them up. It was weird. No, the pizza. It was one of those new-fangled, organic everything, never-once-even-been-frowned-at pizzas. Like tomato chunks and veggie hunks sitting on a Syrian pocket. We ate half of it and took the rest in a box for when the Snack Demons stopped by later.

That's it.

Seems like there should be more to say about the place. It was nice. The bar had kind of a train station feel to it, but it was good enough. Food was OK. Beer was OK. People were OK.

So, OK, off to Vermont.