

# Bullbat Time



A custom sadly unfamiliar to my own generation, Bullbat Time was defined for me by an elegant white-haired neighbor one languid summer evening. Cocktails in hand, we whiled away a good hour talking mostly of politics, he being a retired judge of distinguished service with much to teach a rookie reporter consigned to the county commission beat. The bullbat, he told me, is a common nickname for the nighthawk, a bird that takes wing at dusk to feed. The booming sound produced by the male bullbat's dramatic swoops historically served as a call to unite genteel Southerners on the porch, where they closed out the day with cocktails and conversation. Here's to the revival of a great tradition, and a recipe for a lovely libation to help loosen the tongue. – *Amy H. Carter*



## **COSMOPOLITAN**

1 1/2 oz. vodka  
1/2 oz. Triple-Sec  
2 oz. sweet and sour  
Splash of cranberry juice

*Courtesy of Joey Robinson,  
Brogen's North, St. Simons Island*