

bopeep, juffit, owl-omelet, kitty longtail, teet, winter duck, least titmouse, long-pod, long-tailed capon, long-tailed cheffin, mommy, longtailed chittering, longtailed creeper, longtailed farmer, longtailed kitten, longtailed mag, longtailed muffin, long-tailed pie, longtailed hareld, noisy duck, mealy miller'sthumb, mum-ruffin, nimble tailor, oven-bird, oven-builder, oven's nest, huck-muck, poke bag, pike pudding, pud-den-poke, pudding bag, creamy-ass, rose muffin, swing-tree, tree huck-muck, two-fingered tit, butterfly coot. Now there are some *names*.

LATE NOTE: In August, the British Ornithologists' Union issued a parallel report in their publication *The Ibis*. A summary is available on their website at <<http://www.bou.org.uk/recnews.html>>. Very briefly put, changes of interest to birders in North America include the long-anticipated split of green-winged teal, and reaffirmation of splits among certain shearwaters and *Pterodroma* petrels. These actions by the BOU give us reason to wonder if the AOU may adopt similar changes in times to come. *Bill Whan*

Nesting Red-breasted Nuthatches in Dayton Suburb

In the winter of 1999/2000 I observed red-breasted nuthatches several times around my suburban home in Greene County. It is an older neighborhood with many evergreens 40 or more years old. Having heard that it was an invasion year, I didn't think their presence remarkable, but seeing them around did remind me of birding trips to the north. Around Memorial Day I noted a pair frequenting my feeder to get oil sunflower seeds, and figured they were just late migrants. On 19 June, however, I was getting into my car to go to work when I saw five birds on a scotch pine trunk about 15 feet away: three were fledglings giving food-begging cries, and two adult red-breasted nuthatches were feeding them. After watching the birds for some minutes, I ended up being late for a staff meeting.

I saw and heard the nuthatches several times after that, but never at such close range. Sometimes only one bird was present. They frequented the evergreens, and perhaps these afforded them a large foraging area in the neighborhood, as generally I saw them only every third day or so. My last observation was in late July, when I heard one in a large spruce tree in the area.

I consulted "The Birds of Dayton" (Dayton Audubon Society, 1984), which reported that an individual red-breasted nuthatch summered at the Bruckner Nature Center near Troy (Miami County) in 1980, and a pair came to a feeder in Dayton up to 2 June 1984. The species was regarded as a "rare to uncommon migrant and winter resident."

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Ohio's First White-winged Dove: Two Accounts

Little did I know of the excitement that was to be when I saw this unusual dove. On 10 June 2000, about 6 pm, I walked past the dining-room window and gave my customary glance out to the fly-through feeder, and was puzzled to see a dove inside. It was not our regular mourning dove. The white along the lower part of the wing, with a smaller "rim" of black below, was too different to ignore! On a second glance I saw it had a very distinctive dark mark on the lower cheek. Even though the bird was close by, about 12-15 feet away, I grabbed my binoculars and saw the bird's red eye, dark pink feet and larger dark bill. These observations then demanded I grab the bird book and look up doves, where I found an illustration and description of a white-winged dove, just like my dove. This cannot be, I thought: the map shows these doves are found only in lower Florida, New Mexico, Arizona, lower Texas, and Mexico. The next thing to grab was the telephone, to call Mary Mispion, one of the two most knowledgeable birders I know in Logan County, Rita Goeke being the other. After our phone conversation, I snapped two pictures of the dove in the locust tree about 15 feet from the feeder and just behind our sun porch. One photo did not have enough light, but the silhouette of a dove shows a tail not as pointed as that of a mourning dove. The second picture captured the white on the wing with dark below, but the head is not clear, nor does the white on the tail show.

Soon after the Mispions left, the phone started ringing—"I hear you have an unusual dove; is it still there?" and "Call me if it returns." I was sorry to have to say it had disappeared, heading west into a wooded area, never to be seen here again. My husband Charlie and I tried to entice it with a mixture of seeds and grain thrown in the feeder and on the ground, but only the regular mourning doves came to enjoy it. I thought we would see The Dove at least another day, but this was not to be.

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As much as I would have liked to take credit for discovering this bird, I did not. It was Rosalyn Rinehart who found the dove in her yard, identified it, took two photographs, and then called me. I ended up as the intermediary, the person who notified other bird people, and none too hopefully either. Unfortunately, my long-time birding partner Rita Goeke and I may have set the all-time record for repeatedly arriving just a few minutes too late at the scene of the best birding sighting of the year, and when Rosalyn called and said she had a strange bird in her yard with the mourning doves and she'd looked it up and was sure it was a white-winged dove, a pessimistic streak almost convinced me not to go to check it out.

It was close to seven o'clock on a Saturday night when the call came, and my daughter-in-law Kristin and my five-year old grandson Moses were waiting for my husband to come home from Mass so we could all go out to eat. Moses was quite hungry, and lest us know it. But when my husband arrived, he and the others, all of them birders mostly by osmosis—having taken me or gone birding with me various times—decided that in this case food could wait a bit, and off we went to Rosalyn's house.