

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.

Wise decision. The bird was actually still there. Rosalyn and her husband Charlie have a wonderful yard for bird-watching, with trees along its borders and scattered throughout. The yard itself is crowded with feeders, birdhouses, and breeding and feeding birds. A sunroom at the back of the house projects into the back yard, and it was from this room that we watched the dove. Rosalyn told us that when she'd first seen it the bird was in a fly-through feeder filled with black oil sunflower seeds, a feeder at eye level only twelve feet away and with an unobstructed view from the sunroom. The white in the bird's wings had been quite obvious at that distance, whereupon she'd checked her bird books for field marks, then taken photos. Finally sure of the ID, she'd called me.

When the four of us arrived the dove was not too high up in a locust tree close to the sunroom. From below the dove showed a square tail bordered with a wide white band. After flying from branch to branch in the locust, the dove flew to the top of the fly-through feeder and stood there long enough for us to get a really good look. We saw its red eye surrounded by bare blue skin, and especially the wide white band at the bottom of the folded wing, bordered narrowly with black on its lower edge. The bird had rosy-pink legs, and the normal bumped-on-the-end pigeon's beak. It looked as if it were posing. Kristina had Peterson's field guide and checked off the field marks as Rosalyn and I called them out to her. When the bird flew from the feeder, its back was toward us and the big white patches in the dark wings showed plainly. In flight the upper tail had dark central feathers, the shorter feathers tipped in white on either side giving the tail a fan shape. During the time we watched the dove made no sound, nor had Rosalyn heard any earlier. Its flight from the feeder into the trees at the edge of the yard was our last sight of the dove.

We all agreed we'd seen a white-winged dove, even though Ohio is far from its normal range, and we felt sure we should notify someone. None of us knew exactly whom. And there was the pressing problem of my ever-hungrier grandson. When the dove didn't reappear we came home, had dinner, and I called Doug Overacker in Springfield, but just got his answering machine. I had no idea of the status of the species in Ohio. I checked Peterjohn's *The Birds of Ohio*, my old, old Trautman, and the current Ohio checklist. None of them listed the dove. The next morning, with a little trepidation, I e-mailed Bill Whan, the editor of *The Ohio Cardinal*. There was a complication: only two weeks earlier I had sent him a letter reporting Rita and I had found a Hudsonian godwit at the St. Marys fish hatchery in May. Without the foggiest idea whether Rita and I were given to finding fabulous birds, he asked for and got a more precise description and was satisfied that even though this godwit is not a regular spring migrant in Ohio, in this case we had actually seen one. Now, I found myself about to e-mail him that Rosalyn has found not a bird merely out of its migratory path, but one totally out of its normal range for any season. Happily, his reaction was that I should buy a lottery ticket, not that I had found a supply of hallucinogens, and sent instructions for reporting the find to the Ohio Bird Records Committee and for alerting the state if the bird showed up again. We learned this would be the first official sighting of the white-winged dove in Ohio if the Committee accepted the documentation. Rosalyn filled out the necessary forms and had her photographs developed. Although neither is a close-up, one of the photographs, once enlarged, does show the white wing-patch.

There wasn't another definite sighting of the dove. Rosalyn and Charlie watched for it, and asked their neighbors to keep an eye out as well. Rita and I drove the roads in the vicinity, and talked to a nearby farmer, asking him to watch for the dove. Although the dove's appearance was brief, the bird was cooperative in staying close to the house and not flitting (do doves flit?) about so we all had a good look at it, including my grandson Moses, who, once fed, was quite pleased to have had a part in the whole thing.

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This species, whose normal range extends narrowly across the southernmost tier of US states, is a notorious wanderer, and has been on nearly everyone's list of the new species most likely to show up in Ohio. This year on 20 June it established a first record for Newfoundland, about 1500 miles from the nearest portion of its customary range (B. Dalzell), but this didn't amaze the locals, as there are already two confirmed records from still-more-distant Labrador! Closer to home, white-winged doves have been accepted on the official lists of Ontario, Michigan, Indiana, Pennsylvania, New York, and Illinois. —Ed.



The discovery of this white-winged dove in a Bellefontaine, Logan Co., yard on 10 June 2000 furnished Ohio with its first record. The diagnostic white wing patch can be seen in the center of this photo. Photo by Rosalyn Rinehart.