

from the lower edge of the base of the pyramid in order to keep the momentum from lifting the elevator out of the trap. It is not at all unusual to take as many as seven birds in one afternoon with this trap. (See figure 1.)

A modified kind of *tapa* or *churuco* could be made by using heavy gauge wire for the framework and covering it with screening. The framework would probably be unnecessary if $\frac{1}{2}$ inch mesh, zinc-coated screening were used. Canaries might be utilized as bait birds, but this feature of the traps could easily be dispensed with. Most bird-banding enthusiasts can probably think of a number of ways to change the traps to adapt them to local conditions. It is hoped that these ingenious devices may find some place among the capturing equipment of bird-banding stations.

Emory University, Georgia

GENERAL NOTES

Longevity record for the Common Tern.—June 24th, 1946, Common Tern carrying band number 550611 was trapped on a nest at Tern Island, Chatham, Cape Cod, Mass. Since this bird was an adult when banded by Charles B. Floyd at Tern Island, July 4th, 1927, it is at least twenty years old, possibly more. Eighteen years was our preceding record.—O. L. AUSTIN, Austin Ornithological Research Station, North Eastham, Massachusetts.

The Return of Young Robins to their Birthplaces.—Donald S. Farner's article: "The Return of Robins to their Birthplaces," BIRD-BANDING 16: 81-99, July, 1945, presents a valuable discussion of the tendency of young Robins and other passerine birds to return to their birthplaces for future breeding. Dr. Farner points out that it has not been determined whether this tendency is associated with the birthplace itself or actually with the last place occupied prior to migration. He cites Nice and Hickey as presenting some evidence that the latter hypothesis is valid.

In 1930, I was attending the Winnwood School, Lake Grove, Long Island, New York, which is three or four miles north of Lake Ronkonkoma and about fifty miles east of New York City. One of my teachers found a pair of juvenile Robins (*Turdus m. migratorius*) on the ground, and asked me to try to raise them to prevent cats from killing them. One of the birds died that evening, but the other, a male, grew healthily. He had the freedom of my room, and was able to fly about in it by the end of May. He was completely tame, so much so that when I tried to release him outdoors he would not fly away, but returned to my shoulder. I decided to keep him to show to my mother, and in June we carried him in a cage to my home in Passaic, New Jersey, fourteen miles west of New York City. There I had him banded by a neighbor, and released him in our garden. At first, he would return to the house to be fed, hammering on the windows to attract notice; but in a few weeks he learned to forage for himself. He always flew to my shoulder when he saw me during the summer, but in September he disappeared, doubtless migrating south with the other Robins.

The next spring, I saw him frequently in Passaic, and on a few occasions he came to me and let me pick him up, although he was less tame than he had been.