

Table 3. Adult Sociable Weaver mean moult scores and sample sizes at 6 colonies.

	Colony					
	1	2	Brulsand	4	5	6
Mean moult score	23.7	24.0	20.0	25.7	23.4	25.0
Sample size	145	30	122	92	27	15

ther 208 birds were captured incidently, mainly at waterholes.

Over the first week in March, most Sociable Weavers (adults and juveniles) were moulting the sixth primary feather ($n = 116$), with a range from the third to ninth primary. Five of the six colonies were closely synchronised, with mean moult scores for adults ranging between 23.4 and 25.7 (Table 3); this means

that these colonies were at the same stage of moult to about one-fifth of a primary. One colony had a mean moult score of 20.0 which means that it was lagging behind the other colonies by almost one primary feather.

Similarly, most Whitebrowed Sparrowweavers were moulting the sixth primary feather ($n = 24$), with a range from the fourth to eighth primary.

TRAPPING A KORI BUSTARD WITH A TORCH AND HANDNET

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On 12 March, the last day of the Witsand Ringing Workshop, Gareth Hazell and I were on our way to the Padkloof ringing site when we saw a Kori Bustard walking in front of us on the road. Since it was still very dark we decided to take our chances with catching the bird: 'we will never know if we don't try!'

I walked next to the car while Gareth slowly drove towards the bird. At this stage the Bustard was in the long grass next to the road. I switched on my little torch and Gareth switched off his bakkie's main lights. I walked slowly towards the big bird shining the light straight in its eyes with the handnet in my other hand. Surprisingly, when I was about two metres from the bird it started walking slowly towards me.

When we were about one metre apart I put the net over the bird and at the same time grabbed its sides to prevent the bird from opening its wings. The bird struggled a bit.

So there I was on my knees holding on to the bird and trying to get Gareth's attention to come and help so the Bustard would not tear Gareth's net. After about 10 seconds which felt like an hour Gareth popped out of the bakkie and asked: 'Have you got it?' (he couldn't see me because the bakkie's nose was elevated due to a pile of sand next to the road). 'Yes, I've got it, come and help me!'

We managed to get the bird safely out of the net, took it to the car and laid it on its back on the table. After ringing it with a 19 mm ring, we released the bird and it walked off slowly as if nothing had happened. It let go a huge 'bollie' as it walked away. Luckily the bird kept it in while we were ringing it. We drove on, forgetting to put the table back in the bakkie due to all the excitement. Imagine the next person's reaction to seeing a table in the middle of the road with not a soul in sight! Well, someone scored a table!