

FRUIT and YOUR FIGURE

Australians are lucky because they can select from an abundance and wide variety of fruit, and fruit is important in your diet. Each day you should try to eat three pieces of fruit.

Your body cannot store vitamin C, and because it needs this each day you must eat at least one piece of fruit rich in vitamin C.

Fruits highest in vitamin C are citrus fruits such as oranges, mandarins and grapefruit, papaw, rock melon, tomatoes and strawberries. Four ounces of grapefruit or orange juice gives about the same amount of vitamin C as the fresh fruit.

If you make sure that your body is getting enough vitamin C you can look to the other

possibilities of using fruit. Children or adults who dislike and refuse to eat vegetables can eat an extra piece or two of fruit to give them the vitamins and minerals others get from their vegetables.

Girls and women should eat fruit if they want to get rid of some of the fat their bodies produce over winter. Instead of rich desserts, sweets or potato crisps, eat a piece of fruit, but remember that too much fruit will add pounds to your figure just as surely as will too much of any other food.

Avocados are the richest of fruits and people wanting to lose weight should not eat them. Rhubarb is not rich, but, because a lot of sugar is added when cooking it, cooked rhubarb is rich.

Chilled fruit salad for dessert is always a refreshing follow up to the main meal. Sliced and sectioned fruit arranged on a plate and served with cheese is very tasty.

Dried fruits add variety to your meals, but the drying process concentrates their sugars and—ounce for ounce—they are richer than fresh fruit. Underweight people should eat dried fruit with their lunch. For children, dried fruit makes a tasty after-school snack.

Shadows long at close of day,
Flock of busy granite grey
Beside a big lagoon that lays
Along a quiet, lonely way.

Abreast between the stunted trees
Like troops in victory,
Or a tribe's corroboree,
The brolgas dance in cavalry.

Pink-crested heads in prying, stare
Towards a broken bottle's glare,
Then puffs of dust rise in the air
From beating wing tips everywhere.

Giving vent to croaking cry,
Frenzied feet are lifted high
As beaks are pointed to the sky,
And foliage breathes a whispered sigh.

Distant mountains brick-red bright,
Crowned with gold at rugged heights,
Now the brolgas whirl in flight,
Then suddenly it's dark—and night.

The Brolga's Dance
by LAURIE WELLS