

Entertainment Outlook

POSTAGE STAMP SHOW
 Millions in Stamps, Covers and Postcards
 Exhibited and Sold by 70 Dealers
JUNE 17, 18, 19
 At the Sheraton Centre
 (across from City Hall, Toronto)
 Hours: Fri. 10-8 p.m.; Sat. 10-6 p.m.; Sun. 10-5 p.m.
 Admission: \$2.00 (Good for Three Days)
 Seniors & Children FREE
 FREE Stamp Collecting Kits for Children under 15
\$4,000 Worth of FREE Door Prizes, HOURLY DRAWS.

Ah, the scouting life . . .

VIDEO PLUS! VHS MOVIES
BRING A STAR HOME TONIGHT!
NEW OWNERSHIP
FREE LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP!
 134 Guelph St., Georgetown
 877-4280

As someone who would never have been caught dead joining the Boy Scouts, I was naturally intrigued to read that the Canadian scouting movement is launching a \$100,000 advertising campaign to upgrade its image.



Weir's View
 By Ian Weir
 Thomson News Service

Apparently, membership has dropped considerably in recent years, and organizers trace this to a "boring" image. As such, they're setting out to promote the fun side of scouting, rather than just the character-building side or, as one member of the executive put it, "sell the sizzle, not the steak."

Well, let me say, to begin with, I would never deny that the scouting movement has many admirable qualities.

No one can criticize people who urge boys to help little old ladies cross the street — except perhaps for little old ladies, who are (in my experience) a breath-takingly independent lot, and potentially dangerous when patronized.

And certainly, you can't criticize a movement that teaches boys such in valuable skills as knot-tying, fire-starting and wallet-making — even if my own notion of teaching a lad self-sufficiency is to show him how to use the Yellow Pages.

My own brother was a Boy Scout, and thus I had a first-hand chance to see how scouting helped him to develop responsibility and self-reliance.

I well remember the glow of pride on his face when he brought home the pet-care merit badge he won for taking such good care of his hamster. And indeed, Paul took marvellous, manly responsibility for that rodent's well-being — scarcely a day went by that he didn't ask mom if she had remembered to feed it, or to clean its cage.

(At the time, I wondered whether there might be an element of cheating in Paul's pet-care technique. But then I realized he was simply developing the sort of skill that might serve him extremely well in adult life. I was right. He's now a lawyer.)

You also can't criticize a movement whose motto is Be Prepared. But the Boy Scouts and I began to part company when it comes time to define the nature of this preparedness.

The Boy Scout's notion of Being Prepared for a camping trip is packing all the implements he will need to survive in the wilderness. My notion of being prepared for a camping trip is to get my Visa bill down below its limit so I can use the card to check into a motel.

Essentially, this explains why I never joined the Boy Scouts. I had fundamental problems with a movement which stressed the virtues of spending wee-

sands of years climbing down from the trees, and even as a lad of 10, I could see no point in trying to climb back up. There just seems something . . . well counter-evolutionary about it all.

I was well into my 20s before I spent my first — and last — night in a tent. This particular tent leaked — which wouldn't have been a problem, if a monsoon hadn't broken out at midnight. Which it did.

This left us with two alternatives. We could lie for hours on end in the puddle we had warmed up. Or, to try to get comfortable, we could roll over into a cold puddle.

In the end, we just tried to divert ourselves with conversation. My companion — a self-reliant, outdoorsy type — made philosophical jokes and wry comments about our situation, while I swore loudly at her.

In any case, this wretched experience confirmed my belief that I had been very wise to avoid the Boy Scouts. And it leaves me very dubious when Scout leaders start talking about the sizzle and steak of their movement.

As far as I can see, scout-type activities have very little to do with sizzle and steak, and a whole lot to do with drizzle and shake.

Still, one should never let personal prejudice blind one to the merits of the Boy Scouts. Besides, let's hope this decision to promote a new image may even signal that the leaders plan to make scouting a different and happier experience for all concerned.

Imagine, if you will, a series of TV ads featuring healthy, adventuresome youths leaping out of bed at the crack of 10:30 as the summer sun slants through the windows of the Holiday Inn. After a quick 20-minute shower, it's the spirited trek to the dining room, where an experience Scoutmaster will show them how to order Eggs Benedict. . . .
 Oh, to be young again.

Face in the Crowd



Take a close look, you may be a winner. If the face indicated by the arrow is yours, you're the lucky winner of a pair of Georgetown Cinemas courtesy passes. Call us at 877-2201 or 877-8822 or drop in at The Herald, 15 Guelph St., Georgetown, Ont. to claim your prize. If you're not a winner this week, keep on looking. Next week it may be your turn.

GEORGETOWN CINEMAS

235 GUELPH STREET — 877-6232

\$3.50

TUESDAYS

"Any Seat"
 "Any Show"

PASSWORD

THURSDAYS

See Wednesday's
 Herald
 for Details

CINEMA 1

3RD GREAT WEEK!



PAUL HOGAN
Crocodile
DUNDEE II

7:00 & 9:15 p.m.

Saturday Matinee
 at 2:00 p.m.



**SORRY!
 NO PASSES
 OR COUPONS**

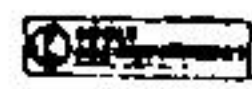
CINEMA 2

**POLTERGEIST
 III**



STARTS TODAY!

7:00 & 9:15 p.m.
 Sat. & Sun. matinees at 2 p.m.



Warning
 Frightening
 Scenes

CINEMA 3
 CHEVY CHASE
FUNNY FARM

7:00 & 9:15 p.m.
 Sat & Sun
 Matinees at 2 p.m.

In Movie Theaters

'CROCODILE' DUNDEE II (PG)
 One of the surprise smashes of the 1988 season was a good-natured little adventure comedy about a contemporary cowboy from Down Under who took New York (and a Yank reporter named Sue) by storm. This sequel continues the exploits of Mick "Crocodile" Dundee — that lean, weathered-looking Aussie who has probably done more for snakeskin than anyone on screen or off.

The sequel is like a child's version of an action movie: At times it has an innocent and sweet ineptitude. You don't believe a minute of the film while you're watching it, nor do you need to. The picture has an agreeable, jokey, knockabout air.

Once it gets to Australia, that is. The rather sluggish first hour is set in New York, where Croc's flame Sue (Linda Kozlowski) is kidnapped by Latin drug lords who want the con-

tents of a letter that her ex-husband has sent her.

There are labored stabs at humor, based on overly familiar setups — the rescue of a potential suicide on a building ledge, a urinal confrontation, etc. In general, the New York scenes make one long for a real clash-of-cultures movie like "Coogan's Bluff," which starred Clint Eastwood as a tough cowboy cop who learns the equally tough ways of Manhattan.

Back in Australia, the sequel seems on surer footing. The return of John Meillon, reprising the role of grizzled old Walter Reilly, is a boon to the movie's humor: Meillon has several genial gags where he leads the bad guys astray by playing on their ignorance of the bush country.

As Croc, Paul Hogan continues to be a bit stiff on screen, but that seems to be the way his fans like him. Linda Kozlowski, meanwhile, is downright odd — pretty but slightly off-center, like a low-budget version of a movie star. One would be lying to say that this is much of a movie, but it may fit the bill for warm-weather escapism.
GRADE: ★★

FARRAR AUDIO
 QUALITY STEREO SYSTEMS & ACCESSORIES FOR YOUR HOME & AUTOMOTIVE RECORDS & TAPES & CDs
 Sales - Service - Installation
 71 Mountainview Rd. N., Unit 1
 Georgetown 877-1688

OTOOLE'S
 GEORGETOWN RESTAURANT
 Georgetown Market Place 873-1603
 DAILY LUNCH SPECIALS '3.95 & up