

Bogart Generations

by Fred Osuna

Great Uncle did stunts in silents and shot a man in a cowboy one-reeler, then vanished to the hills like Roy Earle in *High Sierra*.

His nephew, my father, could quote all of Fred C. Dobbs' lines and shared his suspicious tendencies. Perhaps it was genetic.

Dad called him Hobart Humphrey. I'd say "You dirty rat!" Then we'd watch *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and he'd set me straight.

The younger of my sisters doesn't look like Bogart, but she does bear a resemblance to Debra Winger, minus the raspy laugh.

Now when I see Bogie wince that way, I reflexively grimace. I fear it's all over my face, but they tell me it doesn't show.

