

## Humber Sceptre

A girlfriend's respectable father had one, but she was savvy enough to know that it was a dolled up Hillman Minx. To be fair, Rootes had been more imaginative than BMC in the badge-swapping game and, at least until the Sceptre II, their marques were sort of distinguished from each other. It was obvious that the Sceptre was the end of Humber. That didn't stop me from enjoying the car when its trusting owner allowed me out in it. What endeared me to it were the little eyebrows you could roll down over the warning light to dim them at night.

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