

Standard 8

Try as might, I cannot remember who of my parents' friends took me in their Standard 8. This was one of the new post-war models, when all enveloping bulbous bodies tried to look modern but no one got round to much modernisation underneath. In those car starved days anything that would drag itself along the road would sell; but its engine was unburstable. It is a sign of diversity that someone founded a Standard 8 and 10 owners' club. The 10 had an opening boot, but everyone had to get out of the 8 before you could get at the luggage.

© Roderick Ramage 6.i.2004