

Matra 530

Forgive me Gérard if I have got the wrong model. Perhaps it was the Djet, but whichever, it was as French as they come, small but very spicy. In those days the French did what mattered and robustly ignored what did not matter. Why waste time on fancy trim and frivolity, when there are better things to do in life. You put a souped up engine in a chassis that's exciting to drive, wrap it in a light body; et voilà. This was not the typical Manchester commuter's car, but the junior French commercial attaché was not mean to be typical.

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