Renault Juvaquatre

Just after the war my paternal grandfather had a Renault, and I guess that this was the model. It had a big chrome grab bar across the back of the front bench seat, but this was when safety regulations were minimal. He belonged to the old school of driving, and anyone who overtook him became a mortal enemy. Later, when I drove him around, he would goad me to overtake on blind bends. One Sunday they arrived at my parents' house with a large dent in the front passengers' door, and my grandmother said: "Yes, I thought I heard a bang."

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