

Volkswagen Polo (early)

As my daughter approached 17, I praised the 2CV, but she expressed herself content with a bright red Polo from the office fleet. She christened it Mavis. It may have been less sporty than my son's 203, but it was perky and fun. As a bonus, it let you breathe fresh air from the dashboard vents while giving you hot air on your feet. As far as I know, it was not until the Golf Mark 3 that the brains of VW's ventilation designers turned to goo. Mavis must have had a good influence, because my daughter still drives a Polo.

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