

Alfa Romeo Guiletta Berlina

My best man went straight from his TR3 to this, not a Sprint or Spyder, and he was not even married. He became a chartered accountant, which might account for it. It was not a pretty car, but then, in a country that makes many of the world's most sublime cars, many Italian saloons of that age tended to be plain. Classic & Sportscar described Alfa as a purveyor of sport cars with saloon bodies. It is another of my real cars; and it didn't have those silly rear door handles that make me doubt the honesty of their recent designs.

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