

Riding The Wild, Wild West

Our Rosey has been out stretching his mile-munching legs again and this time he's found himself Stateside on a brace of Harleys, only for this ride he's a long, long way from Route 66.

Yeehawwww pardners, this is riding where the cowpokes once roamed free. And over the next four issues of MSL Touring, you'll ride along with him too...

WORDS: Steve Rose PHOTOGRAPHY: Richard, Sharon, Mike, Lesley, Jill Roger, Ivan, Lesley, Bent, Birgette, Sandra and Barrie

Big Trip Part One

The Street Glide's forks drop 6in as I grab the biggest handful of front brake. My fault. I'm lost, split up from the group, looking frantically left and right into every junction, every restaurant entrance and every parking lot. The truck in front brakes early for the junction and by the time I look up, there's a faceful of refrigeration unit blocking my view.

The Harley's ABS kicks in and we road-drill to a halt with a soundtrack of squealing Dunlop. I'm stopped now but the squealing continues until a thump from behind almost sends me over the bars. Julie's Sportster doesn't have ABS, or crash bars and despite bravely throwing herself underneath it, the sound of American iron on American concrete is sickening.

