

A Tribute to Scooter

President Wino's Crew Motorcycle Club, Fort Worth, Texas

This is a story about one of the most infamous bikers ever known in America. He was a student of motorcycle lore and had appeared in documentaries on the History and Discovery Channels. After suffering a stroke at 51, he died on September 2, 2004. I had only just met Scooter in the last couple of months, but in that time, he left an everlasting impression on me. He loved people, he had a great sense of humor, loved practical jokes, fiercely loyal and most importantly he was generous, with a special gift of making everyone who met him feel special. Knowing him the short time I did and the pain I feel of his loss, I can only imagine the pain of those who had been really close to him for all these years. That is why I felt it fitting that one his club brother's tell his story. One who really knew and loved him. Thank you U-2RN for helping me tell his story for our readers
Chris Sisson, Editor



Scooter's Ride



Byron "Scooter" Lawing 1953-2004

To the average Joe citizen, he was one of the people your parents warned you about. Whether you knew him for five minutes or for five years, he left an everlasting impression on you. Like so many others who have past before him and a few that are still living today, they paved the road for the, "mystification" which surrounds today's biker culture. On September 2, 2004, Scooter left this world to join the other biker legends like "Wino" Willie Fokner, Bandidos J. W. Rock and his Wino's Crew club brothers Mud Turtle, Art and "Famous" Harry.

The legacy started in Arlington, Texas where Scooter grew up pulling pranks and terrorizing his neighborhood with his buddies and their customized

Schwin bicycles. He got his name in the Texas State pen for the way he picked cotton while on the chain gang. He would always choose the row of cotton with the least amount that needed picking. He

would scoot from row to almost empty



row always putting on the appearance there was a lot of cotton being picked. Therefore, they nicknamed him, "Scooter."

Scooter's indoctrination to the biker scene was a lot different in the late seventies and early eighties than what we experience today. It seemed where there was a Harley there were guns, drugs, prostitutes, or cops somewhere within the vicinity. Scooter ran with a small outlaw club, which was disbanded many years ago. Along with some other 1%er clubs in the area they became part of the most notorious biker history in the world. A lot of people have seen documentaries or read books about the Hells Angels, but I'm here to tell ya, Texas bikers were raising hell just as hard or even harder in those days. It got to a point during those years that you couldn't fly colors. If you did, the cops would pull you over, impound your bike, and you were going to jail. And if the cops didn't get ya, there were plenty of bullets flying around the nighttime bar scene. That's why

when you call someone a brother it should really mean something.

Scooter knew that a "brother" is someone you trust. You wouldn't mind leaving a brother in your house with your wife and kids while you were away. A brother watches your back and is willing to take an ass whipping with or for you. One of my favorite lines from Scooter was, "an ass whipping doesn't hurt near as bad as long as a couple of brothers got whipped with ya." Scooter had lots of brothers and I'm proud to be one of them.

In 1996, at J. D. Cameron's funeral, a few guys in the California bunch called Scooter, Famous Harry and me to J. D's garage. There were at least thirty pissed-off bikers ready to rat pack the three of us at the wake. Seems that they were little upset at the way some of the Texas Boozefighters were treating Wino Willie. One of them got about three words in before Scooter interrupt-





for what he believed in and backed up what he said.

If you never went on the road with Scooter you really missed something in your life. It was customary to leave late then ride hard all the way to the first rest area. There you would party for a few minutes and blast to the next rest area. I believe Scooter knew every rest area in the state of Texas, the roads to Sturgis, Daytona, Gulf Port Mississippi, Hollister California and any other popular biker partying areas in the country. Every trip was an adventure and every trip was unique.

This is the guy that the police surrounded and lifted off his bike at the fiftieth anniversary of the infamous Hollister rally. He was drag racing, laying scratch up and down Main Street during the event. With cameras flashing and an angry mob starting to form, the police didn't take him to jail. They just told him to get out of town. Scooter response was, "after fifty years you F---ing cops are still F---ing with us."

In the summer of 2001, Scooter went to Norway. He visited with most of the clubs and found some of the brotherhood he had remembered from his outlaw days. They were not shooting at each other anymore and got along with each other. It made such an impression on him that he vowed to bring the attitude back to the Dallas Fort Worth area. He spoke with J.W. Rock and J.W. concurred. The clubs in the area needed to get along.

Scooter spent the last few years of his life mending fences and communicating his vision to other clubs in the area. So if you are feeling like a bad dude with your store bought custom or stock Harley, you need to remember there were a few



ed him and latched on to the conversation with his loud pit bull voice. He went on for twenty minutes until some of the family members came in and asked us to quite down saying we were disturbing the family. Next thing I knew, these guys were buying us beer, inviting us to their homes, and calling us their true Texas brothers. The only reason we didn't get our ass kicked that day is because Scooter could out yell and out argue any man walking on this planet and we were right in the first place. Most other people would have never got to explain themselves. He just had a "way" about him. He could be hard when he needed to be but there were so much more to him. He built and resurrected countless Harleys in the area. He put a lot of your readers on their first bike. He could tell stories all night long that would keep you on the edge of your seat or rolling on the ground with laughter. He was a loving husband to both Beth and to Susan. When his daughter wasn't fit to raise her child, Scooter and Susan brought Savanna home to be raised by them. He painted bikes with a passion, stood up

before you who paved the rode you ride and the ambiance you partake in. So next time you see the serious patch holder (I'm not talking about the ones you can buy and become an instant member of a club) offer to buy them a drink and tell them "this is for Scooter." They will know what you are talking about. Hell, you might even get to know one of them and if you don't you might be missing out on what the whole biker thing is about.

Ya think Scooter is arguing with Saint Peter about where his fallen brothers are? I know who will win that argument. Rest in piece brother, till we meet again.

Love and Respect,

U-2RN

Wino's Crew MC Fort Worth

Vice President

