



## About the Author

Scott T. Weber, Burton, Ohio, February 1993

We are fortunate to offer visitors to this site an introduction to our town through the eyes of one of its own. We think you will enjoy the story as told by one who lived here and who knew the characters who helped make the story as rich as it is.

Scott Weber grew up in Dublin, and developed a passion to write its stories. In his "Notes From the Author", the preface to **The Faces of Old Dublin**, he writes, "...what has been done here in **The Faces of Old Dublin** is to relate perhaps a new and different layer of history — anecdotes about selected citizens and a young boy's reaction to them while growing up in a small, diversified Midwestern village. That young boy was me. So this is their story, but it is also mine as well."

The Historical Society received Scott's permission to use a segment of his book, **Faces...**, the chapter titled "From Leatherlips to Microchips", to be the history of our village which grew up to be a city. We offer this story to those who visit this web site. The Society is grateful for Scott's work.

We recommend Scott's book, **Faces...**, available at the Dublin branch of the Columbus Metropolitan Library. In the "Notes from the Author", Scott writes, "I got sidetracked somewhat concerning my pursuit of Dublin history when I left for Wyoming at age 18 to enter college." "...shortly after I graduated I came back to Dublin with a new Nikon camera and happened to catch Dan Eger at his son George's late in the summer of 1979 telling stories to his grandchildren on the porch." Scott took pictures of Mr. Eger as he spoke. He had a revelation when he

later developed the photos and realized no one was documenting the images and stories of Dublin's history."

"After the incident with Dan Eger, I photographed, with much urgency, many of the older Dublin residents — some near 100 years old and now deceased. I spent hours getting the oral histories on tape, looking at their antique pictures and touring their homes and farms. Each one had a story that would have made a good novel. It was fascinating work for me and later for the students in my Journalism III class."

Scott was a teacher at Dublin High School, teaching English and Journalism from 1983 to 1989. His Journalism III students produced five volumes of "Shanachie Historic Magazine". "Shanachie" (pronounced "shawn-a-see") is the Irish word for storyteller, an appropriate name for a record of oral histories of Dublin's residents. While this was a local high school project for the high school of a very small town, "Shanachie" won awards at the state level and was recognized widely with recognition from the Foxfire Fund, the National Endowment of the Arts, and the Ohio Historical Society.

Scott and his journalism students accepted invitations to speak throughout Ohio and Scott himself lectured at colleges in ten states. In 1989, Scott left teaching to work with Taylor Publishing, in the business of publishing high school yearbooks, from 1989 to 1998. Scott made an interesting career change, becoming a firearms representative for Beretta USA. This set him up for the next phase of his career. Since December 2000, he has owned and operated The

Gunrunner, a gun store of fine firearms in Burton, Ohio. Perhaps returning to his root interests, Scott has been the editor/publisher of the Burton Villager newspaper since March, 2002.

In 1993, Mr. Weber published **Faces of Old Dublin**, actually the fifth and last Shanachie publication. "I wrote the text for this book rather rapidly in the winter of 1993, working mostly on the weekends or early mornings before I left to make my rounds for my publishing business.

**Faces...** is a work of love and respect from a home town boy for the people with whom he grew up and for those who follow."

Scott closes his author's notes with this: "For in the end, like it or not, we are all driven by our histories. We are a product of our past, for it has shaped us, it has motivated us, it has reminded us in some cases of where we do not want to be, in our cases it is a bitter/sweet memory. Our relatives in those old daguerreotype photographs up on the mantle influence us more than we like to admit. History is something we must honor, something we must inquire about or we lose direction. History cannot be ignored—we must deal with it sooner or later. History has more power than the present or the future, for history alone is immortal.

"There is one truism we cannot escape in our lives: In our darkest and most desperate hours, as well as in our highest and most euphoric triumphs we look up and see one image, bright, true, and glowing; watching, always watching: *The face of our ancestors.*"