



Les

Commentaries

de Laboisier

Stand in the place where you live. ~ REM

• August 2008

Letter from the Editor

To protect the privacy of our members, and to ensure that others do not attribute “views” that may be expressed by the Editor of the *Commentaries* as “their own,” we have decided not to publish the names of the members of The Blackstone Club or WALs as a regular feature on the inside cover of the *Commentaries*.

This change is being effected for the benefit of our members only, not to keep information on

membership from you, so that if you are a member/participant in The Blackstone Club or WALs, and wish a current listing of members, please let Barb know, and she will provide that information.

In the meantime, enjoy tonight’s presentation by Debra Hull entitled “MIND TRICKS: Demonstrations of Visual Misperceptions,” which your Editor is disappointed to miss due to a family commitment out of town.

Cheers

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Tullamore Dew Profiles

Lou Hart, Ph.D.

Music has

always been an important part of my life, since I was 8 or 10 years old. I have played the piano for a number of years, but got interested in the viola about 13 years ago after listening to an NPR profile of the violist Kim Kashkashin that I heard while on my way to a piano lesson. The profile included bits of recordings of chamber music by Dmitri Shostakovich. I had never understood the music of Shostakovich, thinking it was too cool and had elements of cynicism. But the way she played those fragments showed he had deep feelings and things in common with me. By the time I got to my piano



lesson I had decided to play the viola and become a Shostakovich fan.

Today I still enjoy listening to and playing music, especially jazz and the classics. It’s a continuing source of frustration that I can’t play better. I’m looking for someone or a few people who play violin or viola and would like get together and form a duet or trio to play music. I have some good duets for two string instruments.

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Lou Hart Profile

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If I could see any performer in the world in concert, it would be Kim Kashkashian. She is an American who could be an international star, but is a single mother and refuses to be separated from her children. Famous musicians like Itzhak Perlman come to New York to play with her.

It may be that my interest in music and science, has replaced children in my life. Although I've been married twice, I have never fathered any children. I once told a colleague that before I was old enough to be too interested in girls, I got all wrapped up in the music of Richard Rodgers and the theater and thus haven't done my duty by the women of the world. Perhaps because my mother was a single mother (before the designation existed), I have always been aware of the difficulties a woman in that situation faces. Both my wives were single mothers.

I'm a native of Wheeling and studied physics at Wheeling College, as what was then a rare breed – the day student. Eventually I earned a doctorate in physics from Duke, and worked for the Duke Engineering School and later IBM. After my first wife decided to go her

“It's a continuing source of frustration that I can't play better.”

own way, I moved back to the Wheeling area. Through all the years I lived away, it had always felt like home. I work now at Compunetix, a Pittsburgh company that makes video and teleconferencing systems and unpopulated print circuit boards. My wife Janet and I have been married for seven years. She has two grown children, one of whom is with us at home.

I enjoy putting on my backpack and wandering around. I've been to Europe nine times. Last year I went to Bulgaria, which was my most satisfying trip, but I also like Germany enormously. Ever since I was 7 or 8, I've been addicted to reading – geology books, newspapers, candy bar wrappers, etc. Last week I finished “The Clarinet Polka”, a novel by Keith Mallard, a professor at the University of British Columbia who grew up in Wheeling. It was amazing to find myself gripped by that book, which someone just ‘made up’.

If I could change anything about myself, superficially, I'd like to be able to play the viola a lot better. More subtly, I wish I weren't so shy, and that it would be easier to connect with other people. I see the Blackstone Club as a good opportunity to meet other thoughtful people. Is anyone a violinist or violist? Let's form a group. I've already picked a name for us.



New Meeting Days & Times

To better accommodate our members, Blackstone Club meetings have moved to Fridays. Meetings will begin with Happy Hour at 4:30 followed by the presentation at 5:30. Meetings will be held on the last Friday of April, June, August and October; the Christmas event will be held the 2nd Thursday in December.

Commentaries

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Academy of Law and Science.

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Sir Peter Quimsley, FRIAS

Design Champion

Weelainge was founded, and thrived from the outset, because of its location on the historic River Forth, and because of the industry and entrepreneurial undertakings of its early citizens.

Because of its location on the River Forth, which flows from west to east into the Firth of Forth, Weelainge served as a natural crossroads for travelers from west to the eastern lowlands, where the Firth is spanned by an historic nineteenth century rail bridge, the Forth Bridge, as well as the first long-span suspension bridge built in Scotland—the Forth Road Bridge.

Blessed with a central location, a river venue, and historic rail and road crossings, Weelainge nevertheless would not have reached the success it did in the nineteenth and early

twentieth century if not for the industriousness of its residents—which translated into keen local business acumen and an entrepreneurial spirit unsurpassed anywhere.

It was because of these rich natural, historical and cultural resources of Weelainge that Sir Robert Cornelius Avian, Q.C., Member of Parliament from Lothian's, caused to have appropriated considerable sums Sterling to study the national historic and cultural significance of Weelainge.

The result, the Weelainge Heritage Plan, was widely touted as a priority for community preservation and opportunity for years to come. City and regional officials all promised Sir Robert that the City would seize every op-

portunity to embrace its heritage, and its authentic identity, in order to “return to its former greatness”—as long, the critics said, as the new Parliament would continue to appropriate sufficient sums to do so.

The first phase of the Weelainge Heritage

The Weelainge Heritage Plan, was widely touted as a priority for community preservation and opportunity for years to come.

Plan called for removal of a dilapidated car park on the Forth waterfront, its replacement by the Robert

C. Avian Parking and Transportation Center, and the renovation of an old warehouse into the Weelainge Arts and Crafts Center. (Editor's note: designed by Sir Peter Quimsley himself)

The first phase of the Plan, though not without political opposition, was successfully completed, culminating in a beautiful waterfront port that has spurred some of the most innovative business and cultural developments in nearly a century. Then too, development of the waterfront led to the development of several other successful business ventures that renovated historic structures along the river. However successful these efforts, later phases of the original plan never materialized, including one of the most important—“The

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Design Champion

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Opening of Weelainge’s Front Door.” Basically, that phase called for the relocation of an old hotel to the other side of Weelainge’s Main Street, to open up the vista for arriving residents and visitors alike to the natural beauty of the river and the historic bridges spanning its breadth.

Unfortunately, after Sir Robert advised the city that (because of budgetary “overruns” upon construction of the new Parliament building) Parliament would be forced to scale back the appropriations it provided to Weelainge for implementation of its Heritage Plan, the city promptly shelved the remaining “grand” aspects of the plan, including the re-opening of Weelainge’s front door.

Accordingly, Weelainge has not yet developed a full “Open-Door” policy to either its residents or visitors to the downtown core, but has preferred to welcome them to “destina-

tion venues” outside the historic center, all the while fretting over the future of the venue where all that historic industry occurred, where all those historic structures were built, where all that natural beauty is still in full bloom.

“Weelainge’s early residents became the best manifestations of the spirit of enterprise and modernity that inspired the city...”

Since the curtailing of appropriated funds by Parliament, and despite the continuing noble efforts of a small cadre of “heritage enthusiasts,” the idea of celebrating the city’s heritage has lost much of its allure for Weelainge citizens,

unlike in Edinburgh, where my opposite, Sir Terry Farrell, oversees a community directive that considers the city’s “heritage” with respect to every proposed development, every bit of construction undertaken in the city, echoing that favorite adage of West Virginia native Ms. Manaidis, that “cultural heritage is the identifying mark of any city.”

It is no wonder that Scotland’s Heritage Commission has recently warned Weelainge that it stands to be “de-listed” as a historic area, given its retreat from “heritage” as a priority to be embraced, rather than replaced.

It is this Design Champion’s view that although the citizens of Weelainge can’t take credit for the natural beauty of the River Forth, they can for what has been created here—the marvelous bridges, the historic structures, and as well, for the grit, talent, and industriousness of their forebears—their willingness to take risks to improve the community

in which they lived, to manufacture products of excellence and beauty, to “stand,” so to speak, in the place where they lived, where they worked, to literally create what became Weelainge celebrated historic and cultural resources.

Weelainge’s was not a “cookie-cutter” culture of businesses created, and products manufactured, elsewhere. It was not the “pastiche” feared by Dr. Wehdorn. It was a cutting-edge culture that created its own first-class businesses, its own first-class products, and its own first-class culture. Joined in an unarticulated but fully concerted conspiracy of effort, Weelainge’s early residents became the best manifestations of the spirit of enterprise and modernity that inspired the city in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

It there were a development model for Weelainge’s early success, it might be called a community-based model (“CBM”) of economic development. Unfortunately, what seems to interest our current local

officials and developers, to the near exclusion of everything else, is a tourist based model (“TBM”) of economic development, which has been good for “destination” attractions like the Highlands Kilt Outlet, the Weelaine Casino, and Carnegie Park, but has done little for expanding, let alone preserving, the historic downtown core.

Under the rationale that any development is better than no development, our city fathers have pursued national chains and outside interests to promote their entrepreneurial talents, their products, and their entrepreneurial services—often to the detriment of investment in local economic interests.

Although proponents of a “TBM” model of economic development argue that such development translates into an “increased tax base” that will increase government tax revenues (that is, after the tax incentives have run their course), and allow for greater government services (not we hope, for

increased sums to serve as further incentives for the same type of development), the actual jobs created by such development have been largely “service” jobs at the lower end of the wage and benefit scale.

Worse, the “profits” engendered by these franchises and outside interests have largely been sucked out of the local economy, to the benefit of national chains, or other outside interests.

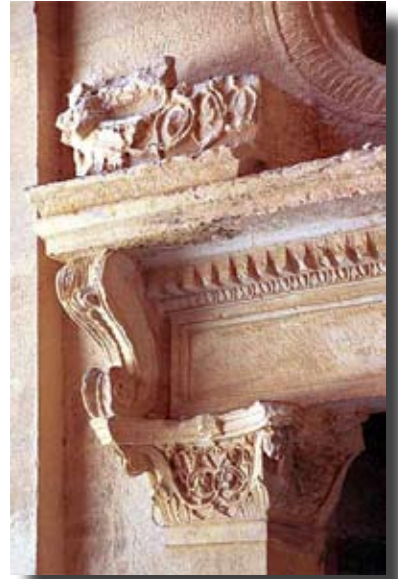
Weelaine residents are worth better than this, and can regain the city’s position of prominence, but only if we can re-capture our cultural heritage of cutting-edge business acumen and unique product and service development that can compete with the best of what is available elsewhere, anywhere.

Why shouldn’t local officials, who have promised to lead a “green revolution,” provide what incentives are needed to local, as opposed to national industries, so that they may re-tool to meet the challenges of 21st century technology and manufac-

turing?


Could not our idle rolling mills be re-tooled to make windmill blades? Could not our long idle glass manufacturers convert to build silicon based solar panels?

Why must we play second fiddle to cutting-edge businesses in other countries, in other cities? We need not. Second fiddle is not our heritage. Our heritage is one of leading the way, one of being the best in quality manufacturing of needed products, one of providing the best of needed services. It is time to meld the heritage of our resources to the heritage of our industry, to meet the challenges of the 21st century, to make, in the words of the Duke of Rothesay, tradition and modernity the “best of friends.”



So let us renew our call to heritage. Call it “Heritage for Today.” Call it “Heritage Green,” if you like. But let’s get going at it. It’s well past noon. Cheers!

Sir Peter Quimsley,
FRIAS, Design Champion,
City of Weelaine,
Scotland

[Any resemblance of the city of Weelaine to any existing city in the United States of America is strictly coincidental.] 

The State of the Environment: Wheeling Recycles

It is not every day that WALS wholeheartedly recommends a new publication, but in the case of *Wheeling Recycles, Policy Discussion Guide* published in August by the Schrader Environmental Education Center, a division of Oglebay Institute, we think it should be required reading for all city and county officials and policy makers, whether appointed or elected.

The study, researched and compiled by Casey Walden, a University of Pennsylvania graduate student working with the Schrader Center, is in fact enlightening reading for all Wheeling residents.

It outlines the state and municipal laws mandating recycling, discusses how Wheeling's program

operates in practice, and answers those questions we've only heard "rumors" about, like these:

Does the City actually landfill recyclables?

Answer: Yes, in the case of glass.

How many residents participate in the Citywide recycling program?

Answer: Only about 3.86%.

Does the city collect any revenue for selling its recyclables?

Answer: No, but the hauler is paid by the city to collect the recyclables and by a Pittsburgh recycling center for the recyclables he brings.

Nonetheless, the Policy Discussion Guide is neither negative on recycling efforts in general or disparaging of Wheeling's efforts in particular, but


rather offers a detailed analysis of how Wheeling's program stacks up to other municipalities, and ends with numerous "Proposed Solutions" to make the program better, with the ultimate goal of all good recycling efforts—to reduce municipal solid waste generation, reduce landfill use and save the taxpayers money (Landfill refuse costs the City \$600,000 annually in "Tipping Fees").

Among other things, the Proposed Solutions report recommends exploration of hauler contract options, taking better advantage of federal grants and other partnerships, and increasing the list of recyclables to increase utilization of the program, and make it easier for residents to participate.



It also recommends marketing efforts to advise residents of the existence of the program, inform them of the scheduling, and provide, when it becomes necessary, increased capacity bins that will make recycling easier.

You can get copies of the Policy Discussion Guide from The Schrader Environmental Center at 304.242.6855 or from WALS Executive Director Barb Knutsen, 304.232.2576.

WALS especially commends Director Eriks Janelins and Center Intern Casey Walden for their excellent work in support of "The State of the Environment." 

Ask Antoine

Q Dear Antoine,

I'd like to get off oil as much as the next guy, but don't we need offshore drilling until other options are available?

A. Mon Dieu! Your mindset is stuck in eighteenth century notions of "supply and demand" that even my Scottish contemporary Adam Smith has long since discarded!

Simply put, if I were selling you oil in a market that permits price gouging, you can rest assured I will continue to gouge when the supply is increased. So long live "Supply and Demand!"

As for other "options," let's consider reducing demand instead. I refer you to some suggestions (and calculations) reported by your own "mainstream" media—CBS's *Sunday Morning*, which aired on August 10th, 2008:

"According to the most recent government calculations, offshore rigscould supply an additional 73 million barrels of oil a year, which could be turned into 1.4 billion gallons of gasoline a year."

On the other hand, "Fully inflated tires increase fuel efficiency by as much as 3%.... The DOE estimates that if every driver [inflated their tires] Americans would save 1.2 billion gallons a year."

Also, "Each additional 5 mph burns an additional 5 percent gasoline. In national polls two thirds of drivers admitted that they speed sometimes. So if that many drivers slowed down just 5 mph, it could save 4.8 billion



gallons a year."

Finally, "Researchers estimate that ...extra weight on our bodies... [because of American obesity] burns almost an extra billion gallons of fuel/year."

Add all these up and you save 7 billion gallons a year. New offshore drilling would only bring in 1.4 billion gallons a year."

But don't despair. CBS reported good news as well:

"Americans want to spend less on gasoline but some people would tell you that expensive gasoline has a silver lining. High gas prices save lives. Here's why: More expensive gas leads to less driving which means fewer accidents and fewer deaths from those accidents. In the first half of this year as prices at the pump went up traffic deaths around the country went down....."

So there you have it, mon ami. Slow down, inflate your tires, live and let live, [which is the French way], and join me at Le CentreTown, where together we will get down to our ideal "driving weight!"

Au revoir, mes amis,

Antoine-Laurent Lavoisier

La Cerca - Chapter 10

Gallagher was true to his word. He never returned to active duty with the IRA after the incident at Toome Bridge. To his colleagues in the unit, he had just disappeared. For days, he had hid out at the Abbey, in Donegal, drinking all the while.

Gallagher's family roots were in County Fermanagh, but his grandparents, both Catholics, had moved to Donegal Town, in Donegal County, after the partition of Ireland in 1921, to escape the economic discrimination they experienced in Northern Ireland.

Gallagher had loved growing up in Donegal. His parents leased a modest cottage a short walking distance from the ruins of the old O'Donnell Castle, where Gallagher spent many hours of his youth. He loved the Bay, the nearby rugged mountains, and the scenic valleys. As a mere child, he would hike through the woods around Donegal Bay, stopping to admire the many species of plants growing along its shore,

and inevitably ending his trek at the town quay, where he would sit on the rusting eighteenth century anchor that the town fathers insisted was left behind by one of the French ships accompanying Wolfe Tone in his unsuccessful attempt to free Ireland of its British masters in 1798.

But by the time he left for Germany, Gallagher's grandparents and parents had all died, his father violently, a victim of "The Troubles."

So although Gallagher had returned to his place of birth, there was no real home here for him to visit. In any event, he knew he could not long risk recognition by an old friend or neighbor, who might pass on information as to his whereabouts to unwelcome inquirers. So when his money ran out after a week at the Abbey, he took a bus to Dublin, with a plan to get a job and retain his anonymity until he could

make a plan for the future.

On his very first day in Dublin, he convinced the head librarian of Trinity College that he had worked in a library while a student at the University of Leipzig, and was offered a job in the old library, cataloging bound and unbound volumes in the Manuscripts Reading Room. Although the job paid little, Gallagher accepted the position without hesitation, knowing it included room and board at the University.

But as he worked day to day, Gallagher was far from the self-assured person he was as Schmidt's protégé in Germany. He largely kept to himself. In fact, Gallagher was wasting away, spending nearly all his non-working hours at McDaid's, a pub on Harry Street, to which he would repair daily after his work at the university ended.



There he would sit for hours in an alcoholic haze, smoking cigarettes, ignoring the bustle of the other patrons who came and went, all the while trying to muffle the daily thoughts of the incident at Toome Bridge—and his overriding sense of guilt.

Though McDaid's was well known to the library crowd, he never encountered any of his university associates during his frequent visits, for which he was thankful. He would not have wanted to explain why he was at McDaid's alone, staring at his pint, or the glass of Powers on the side.

As a child, his guilt was never more than that of a mischievous child. It was a simple matter then

of seeking out the parish priest: “Please bless me, father, for I have sinned.”

One perfect Act of Contrition, one “Our Father,” and two “Hail Marys” later, his guilt would have been assuaged. But it was no longer that simple. His sin, he thought, was much larger than the confessional, much larger than any remnants of his childhood faith could ever soothe.

He had taken life, or more precisely, had stood by mute while others took life. That made him a participant in murder, didn’t it?

It was his silence, he reasoned, that condemned him. Going along with the unit, following orders, without taking a stand, without saying “no!” That was his sin.

No, the Church could not save him now. It could hardly save itself for its own inaction in the face of widespread political murder in the twentieth century, rationalized away by its misdirected focus on an afterlife—where only the dead could expect justice.

On this particular day, after work, and before leaving his small basement apartment for McDaid’s, Gallagher tried to remember when it was that he had lost his faith.

Certainly not as a child. No, not on those balmy, peaceful days in Donegal. It must have been much later, though he could not think exactly when he had made a conscious

He had taken life, or more precisely, had stood by mute while others took life. That made him a participant in murder, didn’t it?

decision to give it up. But give it up he had. Perhaps while at the University. Perhaps because of Schmidt, who never, as he came to think of it, suggested that he should. In fact, as long as he had known Schmidt, he had never asked Gallagher about

his religious beliefs at all. Nor had Schmidt ever made his faith (or lack of it) a reason or excuse for anything. Whether he had personal religious beliefs or not, he kept them to himself, and seemed to live his life as if “religion” in the traditional sense had no application whatsoever to his day-to-day existence.

He thought back to a comment of Schmidt’s that perhaps did reveal something of his religious beliefs: “Don’t use another’s redemption as an excuse not to mount your own cross! Redeem yourself!” It was pure Schmidt, and Gallagher smiled for the first time that day reflecting on it.

He thought these thoughts, smiled this smile, as he prepared to leave, presumably on his way to McDaid’s, although by now it was almost an unconscious decision that would take him there on a daily basis. But today he lingered back a while. Thinking of Schmidt had put him in a contemplative mood. And he was still sober. Without making a conscious decision to

change plans, he walked over to his small desk, and reached for a file he kept in the top drawer, knocking over in the process an empty bottle of Powers Whiskey that had been perched for days on the edge of his desk.

There they were. The few pages from “The Values” that Schmidt had translated into English for Gallagher—Schmidt’s favorite passages, he had told Gallagher.

He began to read the first page, finding new meaning in the text, despite the fact that he had read the words before, many times in fact, without effect.

“The instinctual loving, the instinctual nurturing of an infant by its parents engenders the natural impulses of morality in a child not otherwise deprived of these natural impulses.

It is the very order of nature, its very will to power—to create this wondrous collection of molecules and genetic

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La Cerca 10

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material congealing into a single being that comes together at once and for all time eternally to produce that special project that is an individual life.

If that natural order is not interrupted by the lack of the basic needs of survival, by corruption of motive, or abuse of that natural order; if allowed to develop in all its original glory, the resulting child cannot help but find its own meaning in a world of billions of other souls—and in doing so, embrace the morality of the nurturing soul itself.

This early teaching of the “value” of life is intimately bound up with the “meaning of life,” with the “ethical” demands of a well-lived life. Will not the best “nurturer” of life, the best “preserver” of life, be the best mother of civilization? Does not the seed of greatness in every human

being flower to the very extent to which he or she has not forgotten the teaching of the loving hand that gave him or her their first lesson in life, the first lesson in the love of life, and becomes himself or herself a nurturer of life—whether by discovering a new foodstuff that preserves life, by creating systems for the promotion of life, or nurturing the human soul—which itself preserves the cycle of nature and nurture?


Such is the ambitious project of nature, of the parent, of the true friend, who shares in what we call the furthest love—assisting the unique one to become who he or she is, who he or she is meant to be; to help him or her develop into the highest form of that life, that special project—physically, spiritually, culturally—that they have the potential to be; to help them remember who they are—even when demands of

life and distractions of memory cause them from time to time to forget; and to welcome them home, wherever they find the nexus at which the Will to Power joins with the natural moral imperative to overcome the limitations, not of morality properly understood, but mortality itself—to allow them to become a creation destined to be greater than what has come before—an “overcoming,” an “overman,”—the truly original moral imperative of a single being that has no comparison to any other replica of life on this planet—the encouragement of the nurtured being to become what it is meant to be—a work of art for all time.”

He read it once. He read it again. He thought back on his own mother, now deceased. He thought back on his own father, now deceased, and those other fathers and mothers, sons and daughters of fathers

and mothers, and their children, who were the victims of hatred and war, who were deprived prematurely of this natural order of things—this potential for perfecting their own nature.

And in doing so, he had a jolt of memory, suffused with tears. Something about himself he had suppressed during these years of his addiction. Something Schmidt had said about what was expected of him. “You will disappoint me the most,” Schmidt had said, “if you always remain only my pupil.”

He carefully placed the page back in the file, and put it back in his desk drawer. He was all of a sudden very tired. He decided against McDaid’s, against leaving his room. He would sleep, he told himself. Sleep, sober and long. And then he would wake up, and go on the road again; to find Schmidt, to help him find his way back home. 



Off the WALS:

News of the Wheeling Academy of Law & Science (WALS) Foundation

As we like to say, "If those who believe in the Justice system don't educate the public, those who

By Barbara Knutsen

The Wheeling Academy of Law and Science is getting some statewide attention. Our "Mock Trial" project was featured in a recent issue of "Prevnet," an online for the state prevention community. The story is reproduced at right.

I'll be sharing information about the prevention work we're doing, with the help of many of our local attorneys, at a conference Nov. 18 and 19 in Charleston as a presenter at the statewide "Share the Vision: substance abuse convention.

Thanks to all attorneys who have helped with our mock trial program this year.

MOCK TRIALS HIGHLIGHT CONSEQUENCES OF SUBSTANCE ABUSE

Source: Barbara Knutsen, Executive Director The WALS Foundation

Recognizing that all children are at-risk for juvenile delinquency behavior, The WALS (Wheeling Academy of Law and Science) Foundation has designed a mock trial project that brings the system of American justice to life as it addresses the subject of substance abuse, specifically the abuse of prescription and over the counter drugs. Scripts portray a "real life" scenario showing the unfortunate circumstances that can occur when the choice is made to abuse drugs and lead up to a day in court where the defendant's future depends on the decision of twelve strangers who have been chosen to decide his/her fate.

In the 2008/2009 school year, two-day age-appropriate scripted mock trials will continue in 4th and 8th grade public school classrooms in several northern counties as well as Jackson, Kanawha and Mercer. The 4th grade script is written in the form of a fairy tale trial, thus giving the younger students an overview of how the justice system works while making the point that making bad choices about using drugs can lead to a whole set of unfortunate circumstances. The 8th grade scripts cover more material about abusing RX drugs and are stronger in content.

The goal is to help reduce juvenile offenders and drug use by implementing the educational mock trials in an objective, participatory, non-threatening and fun manner. Every student in the classroom participates in some manner. Additional information is available by contacting **Barbara Knutsen** at barbaraknutsen@firststatecapitol.com.



TOP PHOTO

Shawn Gillispie from the Flaherty, Sensabaugh & Bonasso Law Firm in Charleston at Hayes Middle School in Kanawha County

BOTTOM PHOTO

4th Grade Students at Central Elementary in St. Albans.



Upcoming Blackstone Club Meetings & CLEs

BLACKSTONE CLUB Tonight - August 22, 2007

MIND TRICKS: Demonstrations of Visual Misperceptions

Debra Hull, Ph.D. Professor of Psychology, Wheeling Jesuit University



Upcoming Meetings - please note the new dates

Friday, Oct. 24, 2008 - Bill Watson, Esq.

Thursday, Dec. 11, 2008 WALs Christmas Awards Banquet

Continuing Legal Education Seminars (*Mark your calendars today*)

September 2008 - Health Care Fraud - Up to 3.2 WV credits.

Alan McGonigal, Esq. - U.S. Attorney's Office; second presenter and date TBA

September 17, 2008

NOON Series - Medicare Set Aside - MSA - **Eileen Atkinson, RN, BS, CCM mSCC, QRP**, National Medicare Set Aside Manager, GENEX Services Inc.

New Program for Paralegals and Legal Assistants Begins in September

Sept. 11, 2008 - 1 credit through NALA available every month at WALs Noon Series

PREMIERE SESSION: **Shari McPhail, Esq.** - E-Discovery Fundamentals

