able to return to the states. But the day after she came home to North Carolina, Penny's heart just quit.

I felt horribly guilty for not being with her or my husband and our other dog, Eleanor, when it happened. I miss her terribly, but I'm so glad I had the opportunity to share my life with her. I will remember her always.

1st Lt. Kate S. VandenBossche
Deputy Division Public Affairs Officer
2d Marine Division
Camp Blue Diamond, Ramadi, Iraq

More on the Sixties

Re your editorial in the May/June issue. I, like many of your readers, was too deeply hurt to respond right away. Many of us were imprisoned, beaten, betrayed for our commitment to nonviolence. Each of us who sincerely protested racism, war, the abuse of power, discrimination based on gender, age, religion, (shallow values?) in the 60s still protest the same today. Each of us bears the scars of our beliefs. Each of us knows someone who has died for those beliefs.

We did not turn into Yippies or Yuppies. We are still right here, fighting, speaking out, working for productive change throughout society. The 60s were not about the "wanna be" hippies, the fringe people. They were about sit-down strikes against university labs that tested on animals, and hunger strikes and protests against the Vietnam war. The "values" of the 60s brought us free lunches and breakfasts for children who could not learn because they were so hungry. They were about thousands of ordinary Americans siding with their kids, with those of other races, religions, and sexual orientations to say NO to war and hatred and bigotry.

The animal rights movement is a natural outgrowth of the 60s. The huge increase in interracial marriages, the acceptance of same-sex couples, the vegetarian movement, the "save the forests," "use recycled paper" slogans which we take for granted, all these were spawned in the 60s.

The social movements of the 60s are hardly "long dead."

Barbara Anderson
Boulder City, Nev.

Retired Guide Dogs

You wrote about Cameo, a retired guide dog for the blind, in your summer newsletter. The story said that she had spent her life as a guide, was now old and needed a new home, and that she had then come to Best Friends Animal Sanctuary.

Cameo was a special case – 13 years old and with bad arthritis. So Best Friends was indeed the best thing that could have happened to her. She was adopted by one of your staff members and has regular treatments at your hydrotherapy facility.

But your article could lead people to believe that old guide dogs are routinely left homeless. They are not. I will shortly be getting my ninth puppy to raise, and would like everyone to know that all the major guide dog schools I have ever had contact with have re-homing programs and thousands of people on their waiting lists to adopt a retired dog or one who didn't make it through the program (they're called Career Change dogs).

Check the web for guide dog schools, and fill out an application if you are interested in adopting one of these wonderful dogs.

Jill Savino
Broomfield, Colo.

Encounter on the Bridge

I live in the San Francisco Bay Area. I was on the San Mateo Bridge, driving home on a holiday weekend, when the traffic came to a halt. There was a dog on the bridge.

I jumped out and saw the poor creature look at the water and then run to the center barrier, wondering which was less scary. I managed to grab her from behind and wrap my arms around her body. This was no small dog – over 65 pounds – and I felt her immediately relax in my arms, not out of relief but resignation. She needed a quiet spot where she could relax, so I took her home.

She had obviously never been inside a home and spent several months in my yard, socializing only with my two dogs and taking flight whenever I ventured into her territory. But she was also very curious, so I would leave the back door open in the evenings and she would creep into the house as we watched TV. Any movement from us and she would run and hide in the yard again. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, I would hear her plaintive howl at the moon.

She slowly came to trust me and began shyly to come into the house in the evenings and crawl into my lap. Eventually, she decided the house was a safe place and took up residence.

When Molly, as we named her, met my friend's malamute, Radar, she fell in love and was unabashed in her efforts to get his attention, howling and flaunting herself shamelessly in his face.

Molly passed away in 2002. She had wolf blood in her, and she never felt entirely comfortable in this world. I can only hope that the goon who either dumped her or didn't look back when she jumped out of his vehicle suffers the same injustices that I wish on people who insist on breeding "exotic" animals.

Erin Callaghan
via e-mail

I'm almost famous!

Prison as Sanctuary

I read with interest your news article about the program at San Quentin prison in California. Here in Columbia, South Carolina, we have had a similar program running for a couple of years.

The people who rescue greyhounds from being put down bring them to the women's correctional institute to be matched with inmates. For three to six weeks these dogs are socialized, and are with their matched person 24/7. A dog trainer comes in once a week to meet with the inmates and dogs and help them make progress. After being socialized, the dogs are put up for adoption.

This has been a successful program, both for the dogs and for the inmates. Self-esteem rises dramatically for both!

Kathy Perrich
Columbia, S.C.

Armenian Genocide

In the news item "It's All in a Name" (May/June issue), you referred to Turkey's "centuries-old tension" with Armenia. Calling what exists between these two countries "tension" is like saying the [Nazis] had "difficulties" with the Jews!

Renaming animal species is part of a larger government policy that destroys Armenian architectural remains, renames historic towns and villages so no one will know of their history, and denies Armenian genocide that took place during World War I. If Turkish teachers even mention the genocide, they can be jailed.

Turkey has maintained a boycott of Armenia with the hope that it will finally succumb and disappear as a separate nation. This probably would have happened, were it not for huge amounts of aid from the U.S. government and from Armenians living in the Diaspora.

You can see some of this forgotten history at www.theforgotten.org.

Diane Haddick
Cheverly, Md.