They came into work, took me away without any reason why, sit me down in this office somewhere and they say, so, are you a homosexual? [laughter] And I’m like, squirm, squirm, squirm, because I’m trying to figure out how can I not answer it, because I didn't want to say yes, because I knew I'd be kicked out. Even though I wanted out, I still, you know. So I'm trying to wiggle around and figure out how to sort of evade the question. I can’t remember what I said exactly, but I did my best to evade. And they asked me a lot of questions about my girlfriend at the time, Colleen. And they said, what is she to you? And I said, well, she's a friend, a really good friend, and that she's like a sister, you know.

Then we went over to my room, and they searched it, and they found a couple of gay pamphlets and in the bottom of the corner drawer, in a little box, they found some old love letters. But right on my desk was this photographic box, for photographic paper, quite a fair size, sitting right on my desk with all the letters from Colleen, and anybody else, and, you know, more current stuff, and they didn't even look in the box. I don't even know if they saw the box. It was hidden, hidden in plain sight. It was great.

But anyway, nevertheless, they had the old love letters and they had, you know, a couple of gay pamphlets. So they said I had a choice if I wanted to stay in the military. If I sought psychiatric help, I could stay. I said, well, I don't need psychiatric help. And it just seemed to me, well, this isn't fair. You know, I do my job well, I’m not promiscuous, I'm not, whatever, I don’t know.

I’m a good worker, so what, you know?

So I just made a call to the Gays of Ottawa and someone there says, well, do you want to go public? And he set up a … press conference, and we did it on Parliament Hill, right outside the room where they were debating the Bill of Rights. And they were debating that very thing, to include sexual orientation in the basic Bill of Rights. All of those factors, I think, came into play, and suddenly, I’m front page news.

And I think I caught them with their pants down big time. Because it came out on the front page of the *Ottawa Citizen*. And even I was shocked. I thought, you know, it'd be buried somewhere deep in the newspaper, and then here it is. I didn't even know. I went into work the next morning after having the interview with the paper, or, whatever, papers, I don't know. I went into work the next morning, and people are coming up to me and patting me on the back and going, ‘way to go.’ And finally, somebody showed me the paper, and here I am, picture and all on the front page, and I just went, [nervous laugh], but the response from the people at work was actually quite good. You know, a lot of them thought, ‘oh, that must have taken a lot of guts,’ and ‘way to go Barb,’ and ‘good for you, kick their asses.’

It's just unfair. And it made me mad. It didn't hurt me on a real emotional level. But one friend of mine, a male friend, once he knew, after the paper front page thing, he shunned me, and that really hurt.

No, I never received any compensation of any kind. I never even got a [pause] well, of course they wouldn't say they're sorry, they're kicking you out. But no, no compensation at all.

Nothing. Just goodbye. Along with probably thousands and thousands of others before me and since me.