

Speech by Madame Michel BAUDET born BOUCHARD, daughter of the Doctor BOUCHARD for the commemoration of 4 May 2017 in Clermont as a tribute To the American airmen of B-17 of February 11, 1944

Speech by Mrs Michel BAUDET born BOUCHARD, daughter of Dr BOUCHARD for the commemoration of 4 May 2017 in Clermont in homage to the American aviators of B-17 of 11 February 1944

My father has always been silent about his activities of resisting my brother of myself because we were very young during the war (the latter being born in 1937 and I in 1936)

My father, having been mayor of Clermont before the war, as there was no election during the occupation being in addition doctor and having made German 1st language; He had to have facilities to be able to go night and day in side-car or in car.

I remember all the names of the Clermontes whom Monsieur LECOMTE mentioned in his researches: Odette and his son Gaston, Odette who was selling milk in the main street (I was going in the morning before going down to college to ask my can I resumed at noon); Mr. POULY, Mr. SAUVAGE, ROUZIER, BARTOLI, the farmer BEEUSAERT, Dr. REDAUD (besides, his son Didier was in my classroom at the college).

I remember that Papa was very unhappy with the presence of the German officers in our country; They occupied the house, feasted in the dining-room, played the piano in the drawing-room; Papa forbade us to speak to them, but German cooks who were peasants, not Nazis, were not there for the war and were very nice to us, the little ones.

A German officer had bragged to Mamma several times that his two sons were going to bomb London. They died there; He then had these terrible words to my mother "It's horrible, war, Madame BOUCHARD"

I had a doll's house and I played at the merchant, but whenever the German officer asked me if I had something to sell him, I always replied: "It's closed!" "

During the Bombings; We went down to the vaulted cellar which made the tour of the city as far as the town hall.

Dad was often absent in the evening. I heard him from my room cross the little garden of our private mansion to go and get the car in the stables.

He was very friendly with the director of the Psychiatric Hospital; This friendship had to serve him to hide aviators or Jews.

Dad suspected that he was suspected, that he was going to be denounced because he disappeared one day; He had a replacement with us. Mom told us later that when the Nazis came to arrest my father, she handed them a letter or Dad wrote to him that he was abandoning her! How brave ! She could have been deported and my brother also elder with her, because at the time he was 17 years old.

Papa was with General De Gaulle at the liberation of Paris and elsewhere returned home; I realized on that day that something terrible had escaped him and I threw myself into his arms down the stairs and he, who was so cold, was very moved.

On the liberation of my city, American soldiers had perched on a blind man with French and American flags and it was that day that I ate white chocolate and discovered chewing

If there had not been my son Christian who was attached to the 'roots' of our family by mentioning on his site a part of memory of his grandfather, if there had not been Monsieur LECOMTE for The B-17 aviators on February 11, 1944, this moving day would never have existed, this moving day would not have resuscitated my father and my children and grandchildren would not have Never knew that their great-grandfather had been among those 'little French heroes' who helped to liberate our country, thanks to Allies

and other foreign heroes, and especially I would never have known the descendants of these Aviators whom my father saved and who came so far today to revive their parents.

I regret so much today that he does not expect more talked to my little brother and myself about his activities of resistance; But at the time, the parents did not speak to their children ... they simply took us, just after the war, to the landing beaches, to the cemeteries of the Canadians, the English and the Americans, Australians ... and we Are many Of those young foreign soldiers who died far from their country for our freedom.

I forgot to tell you that of my four children, Philippe and his family (2 children) are now French Canadians; My daughter Sophie lives in San Francisco with her husband and 2 children; They are Franco-Americans.