



**Name:** Jacques Marie **Du Pontavice**

**Born** 1 Jan 1897, Rennes, Ille-et-Vilaine

**Parents:** (Viscount) Roger Marie Du Pontavice & Pauline Angelique Marie Roland Du Noday

Entered College at Notre Dame de Bon Secours Jersey in 1909

**Service** Brigadier 50e RAC (Regiment d'Artillerie de Campagne)

Matricule au Recruitment: #1370, Rennes, Class 1915

Engaged voluntarily 1 July 1915 into 61e RAC as Cavalier.

Hospitalized in Rennes 4 Feb-31 Mar 1916 and returned to service 3 Aug 1916

Passed to 50e RAC 4 Aug 1916

**Awards:** Medaille militaire (posthume) & Croix de guerre (star)

**Citation:** To the Order of the Corps: "Young volunteer, full of heart, magnificent of courage and enthusiasm, has spent himself without counting since the start of the current offensive, during which he has never ceased to solicit the most dangerous missions. Seriously wounded in combat on April 30, 1917" (Translated)

**Died:** Died of Wounds 1 May 1917, l'hospital ambulance 226 Bouy, Marne (gravely wounded by shrapnel 30 Apr 1917 at Mornonvilliers died the next day at the hospital in Bouy)

**Grave:** Unknown - Initially buried at the ambulance 226 at Bouy, Marne but was probably exhumed.

**Memorial:** Remembered on the Church commemorative plaque and on the War Memorial at Saint Maugan, Ille-et-Vilaine.



PARTIE À REMPLIR PAR LE CORPS.

Nom **PONTAVICE**  
 Prénoms *Jacques Marie*  
 Grade *Brigadier*  
 Corps *2<sup>e</sup> Rég. d'Artillerie L.B.*  
 N° *5241* au Corps. — Cl. *1915*  
 Matricule. *L.M. 426* au Recrutement *Rennes*  
 Mort pour la France le : *1 Mai 1917*  
 à *L'amb. 226 à Bouay (Marne)*  
 Genre de mort *Blessures de guerre*

Né le *1 Janvier 1897*  
 à *Rennes* Département *Ille et Vilaine*  
 Arr<sup>s</sup> municipal (p<sup>r</sup> Paris et Lyon),  
 à défaut rue et N°.

*Jugement rendu le*  
 par le Tribunal de  
 acte ou jugement transcrit le *16 Août 1917*  
 à *Maugan (Ille et Vilaine)*  
 N° du registre d'état civil

Cette partie  
 n'est pas à remplir  
 par le Corps.

DEATH RECORD



**Remembered on the Memorial in the Church and on the War Memorial at Saint Maugan, Ile et Vilaine**

Translated from a French account of the Service of Jacques Marie Du Pontavice

A captain of his regiment wrote to his son, a pupil in Jersey, about this adventure:

"De la Villehuchet and du Pontavice covered themselves with glory. They captured between them two, sixty boches who, terrified by the bombardment, had hidden in a shelter. The two guys passed by there to do their agent service. They saw something teeming in a shelter, went to see it, and found the boches absolutely stupid and dumbfounded. They immediately raised their hands in the air, shouting: kamardes. They took them out one by one and brought them to their captain. Once outside, the boches realized that they were dealing only with two young crossing guards, and they would have gladly rebounded, but a company of riflemen arrived in the isolated village and the sight of these guys made them docile like little lambs, so they marched past them with the mind of contrite and disciplined prisoners, and thus arrived at the command post, where they were properly framed, and directed to the rear. The two guys were cited to Order, congratulated, complimented, etc. You can be proud of your comrades because they have behaved well. "

The military life of Brigadier Jacques du Pontavice was to be short-lived, and on April 30, 1917, this valiant fell for France. His friend and comrade René de la Villehuchet, an eyewitness, who was by his side and saw him fatally injured, recounts the hero's last endings: "Jacques had a magnificent death, the most beautiful that we could all wish for. After having done all his duty since he was at the front, he had behaved in a very courageous manner at the first attack on Champagne (16 April 1917), then a brigadier operator, he had to unroll a line at the same time as the waves of assault started, and he was almost injured by a boche which, while fleeing, had let him down rifle about twenty meters. After that, we were together and for several days, we had the pleasure of living together, in the old Boche lines; there again, he was up to the task, in several dangerous missions especially.

Finally comes the attack of April 30, the evening before, we make our reciprocal recommendations; then the captain calls us and lets us arrange to find out who will go with him. My poor Jacques, who had not had a very interesting mission on the 16th, when I had had the honor of leaving with the waves of assault from the zouaves, demanded the right to accompany the captain. After a long discussion, he won. The next morning at dawn, he came to shake my hand, then left, smiling. I do not know why, at this time, the preparation became intense. Finally, the morning passed without incident, I was even able to call Jacques several times. I also had the pleasure of going to the observatory; he was always cheerful and delighted. In front of us, in fact, was a line of hills, on which stood out heavy black smoke from large-caliber shells; preparation continued. Finally, the hour of the attack approaching, he left with officers. I saw him through the binoculars crossing a dam and leaving it unharmed. Then everything disappeared.

In the evening, we had just arrived and started supper, when the telephone ringing bothered us: "Help, Pontavice is injured". These were the only words we heard. Immediately everyone rushed and 300 m. from the battery, not far from a small wood, we saw poor Jacques in a shell hole with two small wounds, one insignificant in the stomach, the other more serious, in the back. After shaking hands, poor Jacques called me close to him: "Tell my family, if I stay here, that I have done all my duty," he said. The wound did not seem serious and we believed in no danger; so everyone reassured him to the best of his ability. He was even quite reassured when we carried him to the drums. Then from there we drove him to a car, which, despite some difficulties, transported him to the hospital. I too was completely reassured, so that we parted almost cheerfully. Then we took care of two men who had been wounded by

the same shell as Jacques and who, despite their injuries, had had the courage to transport him to the shell hole where he was when we saw him.

The next day, the captain pointed out the hospital where Jacques had been evacuated and gave me permission to go and see him. I hastened to go there. After presenting myself to the Farman hospital office and asking for it, I was told that he had been dead and buried since morning.

Despite the terrible things that we had seen a few days before, I was forced to sit down for a moment. Then we went to make a pilgrimage to the small tomb, so freshly dug, very simple, and yet very moving with its small wooden cross, its tricolor flame and the short inscription. Then sadly, we had to rejoin the battery. Later I had the courage to ask for information about his death. The chaplain who assisted him told me that he had an uplifting and very Christian death. As he offered to confess it, he replied: "I don't think it's worth it, Mr. Abbot, because it's been done since yesterday".

Brigadier Jacques du Pontavice was cited to the Order of the Corps in the following terms:

"A young volunteer, full of heart, magnificent of courage and enthusiasm, has spent himself without counting since the start of the current offensive, during which he has never ceased to solicit the most dangerous missions. seriously wounded in combat on April 30, 1917. "

The Colonel sent to carry to Jacques the military medal, nobly won, like the Croix de guerre, but it did not arrive until a few hours after his death. Posterity will ratify the gesture of the corps commander.