

William Albert Jones

(-10 Oct 1925)

Jones. October 10, 1925, William A., beloved son of Frederick W. and Garnet Curtis Jones aged 4 years. Funeral from residence, 705 B street n.e., Tuesday, October 13 at 2 p.m. Interment Congressional Cemetery.

The Evening Star, October 11, 1925, p. 2

Child At Play Shot Fatally, Little Brother Only Witness

Four-Year-Old "Bill" Jones, 701 B Street Northeast, Finds Automatic Pistol on Shelf When Hunting for Chewing Gum and Tragedy Follows

Six-year-old Curtis Jones slept soundly and peacefully in a big arm-chair at his home, 701 B street, northeast, last night.

His 4-year-old brother "Bill" slept peacefully, too. But Curtis doesn't know that little "Bill," the neighborhood pet, will never wake up from his sleep.

Curtis was the only eyewitness to the tragedy which engulfed the Jones home late yesterday, when an automatic pistol, discharging, sent a bullet through little Bill's head. It frightened Curtis at the time, but he quieted down after he found out that they were only taking Bill to Children's Hospital to sleep for the night. And then, Curtis curled up in an arm-chair--for his mother was planning to move Monday and the house furniture is scattered around in confusion -- and went off to sleep.

Sent Boys to Play

Mrs. Garnet Jones, busy with the preparations for the moving, sent the youngsters upstairs to play. They went up to their playroom to the room with the mantelpiece over the abandoned old fireplace, where they were accustomed to try and get packages of chewing gum from the mantel.

On that mantelpiece was the automatic pistol -- .38 caliber, with three safety catches all set as usual. It had been placed there during the moving arrangements. There was a chair in the room. An exploration for chewing gum started.

What happened is known only to Curtis, and he can't tell about it.

Mrs. Jones heard the explosion. F.J. Boudinot, her brother-in-law, with whom she lives, rushed upstairs. He came down with Bill in his arms, bleeding.

Across the street to Casualty Hospital they rushed. Dr. Progen placed Bill in the ambulance for a run to Children's Hospital for specialized treatment. Bill died on the way.

Back at the house on B street, Mrs. Jones slept on a couch almost out of her mind. They put her to sleep with a sleeping potion.

Fred W. Jones, the boy's father, was notified immediately and went at once to Children's Hospital. He has been separated from Mrs. Jones for six months.

Funeral arrangements have not yet been completed.