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from story by Sid Moody  
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Warren Reynolds, young used car salesman, gave chase to Oswald after the shooting of patrolman J.D. Tippit.

Friendly, leaning against one of his cars in the warm Texas sun, Reynolds looks unmarked until he shows you the scars on his right temple and left jaw, the marks of a .22 bullet that passed through his head. It happened last Jan. 23 in the basement of the little office building on his lot. A gunman who had been lying in wait fired once as Reynolds was about to flick the lights. Reynolds staggered upstairs, the gunman following. The gunman stared at him, then fled. Two witnesses said he seemed to have a dark complexion, and carried a rifle. The only evidence is the bullet. Reynolds is lucky to be alive. Lucky?

He doesn't know if the man will come back. Or even why he came in the first place. "Nothing was stolen. And you don't hold up someone with a rifle.

"I don't live like I used to."

His house is ringed by floodlights he can turn on in an instant. He bought a dog. He doesn't take walks at night. There is always someone at the lot with him after dark. He worries. About himself. About his family.

"I've never had fights with people. I believe you treat your customers good they'll treat you good." He had just given a set of tires free to a customer who said the ones on the car Reynolds had sold him were no good.

The Warren Commission said in its report it could find no evidence Reynolds' shooting had any connection with the assassination or Tippit's murder. But there isn't any concrete evidence at all one way or another except the bullet.

"Any connection? I don't know. That's the worrying thing. I don't know. Nobody knows. It's weird."