

Johnny R.



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As in, "Run, Johnny, Run!"

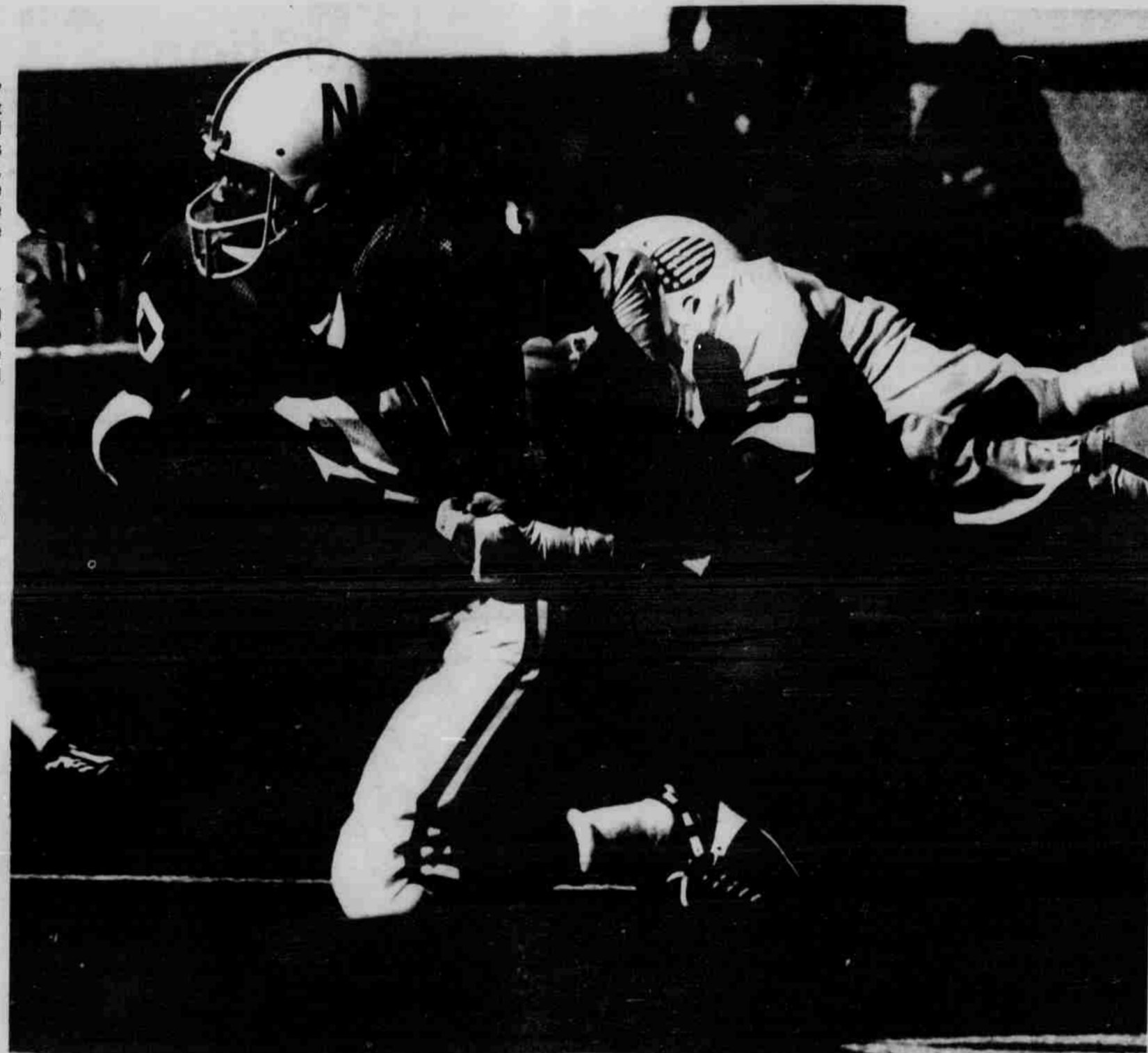
As in Johnny Rodgers—easily the most visually exciting runner to find his way to Bob Devaney's teams in many a year. Weaving, dancing, bouncing across the solid sea of Astro-turf as if he were a rubber raft shooting the Colorado River rapids.

Old fans who remember Devaney's grinding, gruelling teams of the sixties begin to wonder at the act of divine conception which produced this skitty kid from Omaha.

But watch him off the field. It's as if he had a mental switch—on/off, go/stop. The quantum mass of energy on the field suddenly winds down when he walks off. Dressing, limbering up his muscles, joking, talking with reporters, signing autographs he is easy and loose, almost submissive.

Yet the concentration is not far below the surface, as if he's waiting.

Waiting to run.



Photos and story by Bill Ganzel.