

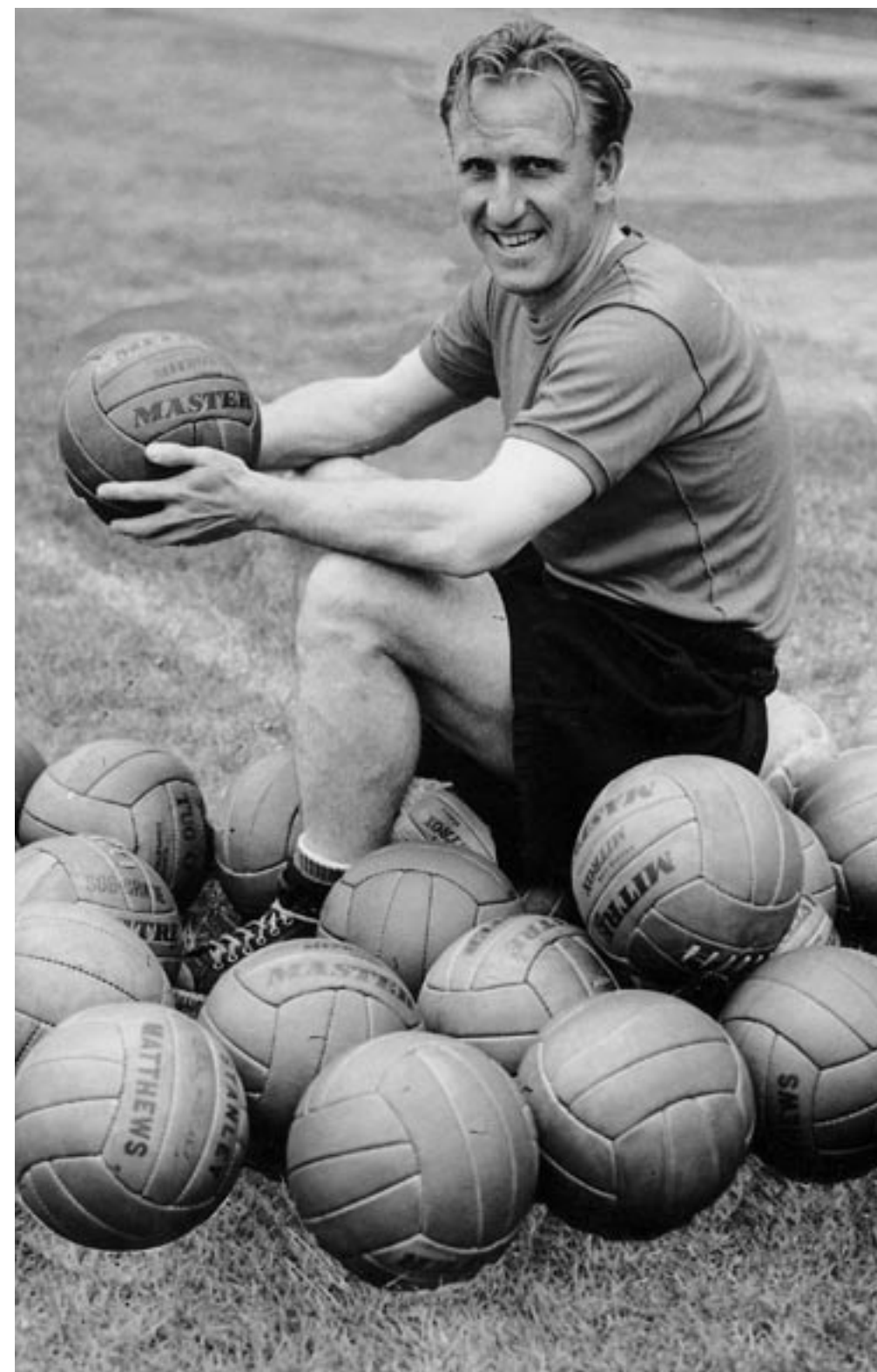
Ted told the 'papers that if the club showed faith in me and allowed me time to recover properly he was sure that I'd return the faith and give my all for the club - which is what I did I think. I was determined to get back to my best, it was hard work I recall, but I always trained hard and came through it. Knee operations were a bit dodgy in those days, you could never be too sure that you'd ever return to how things were, but Chelsea gave me every possible assistance.

Because Ted was such a prolific striker with Arsenal, he would come and have a word in my ear from time to time to help me improve my shooting or finishing, or about what he wanted extra from me. Ted's team-talks were always pretty good, he wound us up a bit before the game and if you weren't doing what he wanted. At half-time he'd have a right go at you - there could be an awful lot of shouting going on in the dressing room if things weren't going our way.

I scored a fair few goals in that Championship season I know, but it's such a shame that it seems an awfully long time ago now and unfortunately my memory isn't what it was so it's hard to recall the goals, even the ones that helped clinch the title. I do remember the crowds though, what tremendous support the Chelsea fans gave us, there were so many people inside Stamford Bridge every match day that they had to lock people out quite frequently and to play in front of seventy thousand fans became almost normal. There was a huge bank on one side of the ground, which looked fantastic as I was running down the wing. Unfortunately, when you're playing centre stage, you have to concentrate so much on the game itself and making sure you're switched on to your team-mates, that you don't get the chance to absorb the atmosphere that a crowd of that size generates.

I used to commute from Worthing to London every day, catching the eight o'clock train in the morning and returning back from Victoria at around two in the afternoon. My team-mates, Stan Willemse, who'd played in the same Sussex schoolboys team as me, and John McNichol, used to travel in with me some mornings, as they were both based in Brighton, but most mornings I'd be accompanied by my neighbour Jimmy. The train would get into London at twenty past nine, as regular as clockwork, it was a great service and I could rely on getting into training on time for our ten o'clock start, so there was no reason to move any nearer.

I thrived on training, I absolutely loved it. I could run and run and run and the harder they made it the more I enjoyed myself, it was great for building up stamina. We'd start by going out for a long run, every player at the club, and get back after about an hour and do a lot of sprint exercises, which was really my cup of tea. Frank Blunstone was



1954 — Rabbit poses with a new delivery of footballs at Stamford Bridge