

he's my guy

A series about
The Chelsea Men
by The
Chelsea Girls

By TRICIA GARLAND

IT'S a year next week since Chris signed for Chelsea . . . and we're still sorting ourselves out. What a hectic time it's been! Three weeks after the transfer our baby, Adam, was born—I stayed home in Bristol for that—then, in November, we moved house to Chessington, and there's been a lot happening in football for Chris.

At first he had a few injury problems here—nothing serious, but niggling—but once he got over them things began to go well. Like getting to Wembley for the League Cup Final, and as soon as last season ended he was looking forward to this one. He's well pleased with the way it has started, both for Chelsea and himself.

With Bristol City he felt he'd gone as far as he could go. That's why he was keen to move. At Chelsea there's no limit to what a player can achieve. As soon as he came here he said he was doing more, learning more, training harder. He's fitter now than he's ever been.

There's a lot of excitement about being a footballer's wife. I hate it when they go away on tours—Chris was in Australia with the F.A. team last summer and with Chelsea in Barbados this year—but one of the nice things is when he gets an afternoon off and, while people in other jobs are all

working, we can go off for a drive or a picnic with Adam and our dog, Henry.

We're not high livers, and the big difference is that whereas everyone in Bristol knew Chris Garland, up here it's easier to lead a private life. He hasn't got used to London yet . . . hates all the rush and tear . . . that's why we prefer local shopping to the West End.

We're both from Bristol, and before we were married I worked in a bank. We first met at about 16. Chris was a junior with City, and I had to pass their ground on the way to and from school. That's how it started.

He's very keen on motoring, and he's taking up golf again now. He'll watch anything in the way of

sport on TV, and when he's not training or playing these next few weeks he's sure to be watching the Olympics.

One thing you won't find Chris doing is gardening. That's his pet hate. At the moment we've got every weed possible in the back garden . . . because so far I've only got round to doing the front. But he'll have a go at most other things, and has just made a very good job of painting the hall.

He's very careful about what he eats—no cakes or bread, hardly any sugar. His favourite meal is prawn cocktail, steak with salad and saute potatoes, and ice cream. Perhaps the goals he's scored at the start of this season are something to do with all the steaks he eats!

