



When it comes to Machismo Canada's big George Chuvalo was without a doubt one of pugilism's most supreme warriors.

And please! do not insult my intelligents by comparing him with to-day's trash talking powder puff pretenders. how many of these badest of the bad really show up when high noon arrives.

True, Chuvalo didn't possess the blinding speed of Muhammad Ali, or the thunderous power of Joe Louis. Nor did he have the brutal strength of a young over powering George Foreman. But, what the soft-spoken Canuck did have was of the most durable chin and courageous hearts the sweet science has yet to see. And while he will never be regarded as one of the all-time great heavyweights, without a shadow of a doubt, he was its greatest heavyweight warrior. If you think I'm over doing this thing check his record, it speaks for itself.

During an illustrious career that spanned well over two decades, where he engaged in 97 professional fights with some of the most feared war-mongers of his era, not once did Mr. Chuvalo kiss canvass... the same can't be said for Jack Dempsey, Smokin Joe Frazier, Muhammad Ali, Joe Louis, Rocky Marciano, Larry Holmes and Mike Tyson. Every one of theses former heavyweight champs hit the deck.

Through twenty-two years and countless ring wars, the one area Chuvalo proved supreme was being able to absorb the big-time shots on the chin which allowed him uncanny ability to absorb unbelievable amounts of punishment and many of them were against the prime-time punchers of his era.

It takes far more than endurance and a solid chin to climb into the canvass war-zone with the likes of Ali, Frazier and Foreman, it took courage! Big time courage. An ingredient Chuvalo had in surplus. It was this unrelenting courage that would also be summoned to carry him through as many storms outside the ring as in it had within. The Titanic rumbles with Ali, Frazier, Foreman and Quarry were mild compared to the malevolence fate has forced upon his personal life. Cold blooded tragedies, which have savagely decimated his life and have sent a lesser men down for the count and then some.

As a close personal friend I'm often asked, how one mortal man can endure through so such pain and remain both sane and positive? I don't profess to have the answers. But, I do know him long and well enough to have personally bare witness to what real courage

is all about. Believe me, it's about a hell of a lot more than taking shots in the ring, hard checks on the ice, or a brutal hit on the grid iron. True courage is about wiping away the tears, caused by the torturous pain of losing precious loved ones, and then getting on with life.

It is this profound courage, which leads me to believe had Chuvalo converged upon the pugilistic scene at the time as either Dempsey or Marciano, chances are he would have been the heavyweight champion of the world. Hear me out! He was bigger and stronger than both of them. Hear me out.

Chuvalo arrived in the land of the sweet science at a time when giants ruled. These were not the aging battle scarred warriors which Dempsey and Marciano rolled over to ascend the throne. There was no 39 year-old, washed up Jersey Joe Walcott, 36 year old, over-the-hill up Joe Louis. No not even a near 40-year-old Archie Moore. Had there been, Chuvalo's resume may have also included the world heavyweight title. As a boxing aficionado, I have watched far to many Marciano, Dempsey, Jefferies and other past heavyweight championship fight clippings to rule out Chuvalo's chances. I am thoroughly convinced that had any of the above mentioned foolishly tried to play their muggers game with Chuvalo, they would have been out mauchod!

Not only was he bigger and stronger but he could take a much better shot then any of them. Remember, the rock was knocked on his can in fights with Moore and Walcott, both small heavyweights by current standards...and also remember both men were long standing members of the prune juice and geritol brigade at the time.

As for Dempsey, he was floored by Tunney and Firpo and nearly K.O.'d by lighthweight George Carpentier. Without a doubt both the Rock and the Manussa Mauler are among the all-time greats. But in saying this, neither would have wore the belt during Ali's era. Like it or not, the opposition was just too big and too strong. I'm not trying to down play their achievements any man who weighed less than 190 pounds and won the heavyweight title deserves their propers.

Both were certainly the most exciting and feared punchers of their era. They won fights by out muscling and out-punching opponents. But even the most avid of Dempsey and Marciano fans would have to be hallucinating to think their hero's could stand and trade blows with giants like big George Foreman, Sonny Liston, Ernie Shavers, Smokin Joe Frazier, Cleveland Williams, and the host of other murderous punching heavyweights of the Chuvalo era.

Chuvalo was on the scene when the players were in their prime. Rocky entered the fray when all the star players were long past their prime. Had big George with that cast iron chin, Herculean courage and super human strength been in any other era then that of Louis and Ali, his chances of wearing the heavyweight belt would have multiplied 10 fold.

As it was, he more than held his own in the land of the giants. Among his long list of distinguished dance partners includes Muhammad Ali(twice) Smokin Joe Frazier, big George Foreman, Floyd Patterson, Cleveland Williams, Jerry Quarry, Ernie Terrell, Doug

Jones, Oscar Bonavena, Manual Ramos, big Mike Dejohn and other top ranked heavies. And, he was never floored.

Some he won others were lost. But they were all mauling brawling affairs. It was the legendary chin and warrior's heart, which kept him standing. Today it is still in tact. The loss of his three beloved sons Jessie, George jr., Steve and his first wife, Lynn that courage shines like a blessed guiding light. It's courage and compassion that leads the former Canadian heavy weight champ and the rest of his precious family through the darkest of times and into the light.

Despite profound pain of personal tragedies, Chuvalo still refuses to hit the canvass. Nor, would his gallant heart ever permit it. These days he takes his battle across the globe sharing his heart and soul in an all out campaign to wipe out drugs. Thanks to blessing from above an inspiration named Joanne now works his corner. Chuvalo will never be called the greatest fighter, but greatest warrior, why not?