

Grandpa Jud, his friend and the anvils

As told by his grandson, Michael Paul Haney, i.e., the (current) O'Haney.

A story told to me by my father, Clark Haney of his father Jud's great strength. As a younger man, my grandfather worked many odd jobs, one of which was the unloading of river barges on the banks of the mighty Ohio River. Well, Jud and his friend were hired to unload steel anvils from a barge, which entailed walking a heavy plank board positioned, one end on the barge and other on the bank. They would walk up the plank to the barge, grab two anvils, one in each hand and walk the plank to the bank and stack on a wagon. My grandfather Jud and his friend (a black man, over 6 ft with huge muscles hard as rock) were well suited for the job. As it was told to me, Jud's friend, while walking down the plank carrying an anvil in each hand, got in trouble. The plank began to wobble, and before Jud could get to his friend, the poor man fell off the plank and into the muddy Ohio and went in up to his neck. The friend called to Jud to pull him out since his feet were soundly stuck in the mud. Frantically Jud ran to his friend, grabbed him with a hand under each arm and gave a mighty tug. With such a mighty effort, grandpa Jud and his friend ended up on the bank. After they both got their bearings back, Jud looked at his friend, who had mud up to his knees (so pulling him out was a feat in itself) was astounded to see that his friend was still grasping the heavy steel anvils, one in each hand.