

Sharron KROPP

NOMINEE: Sharron KROPP

MEMBER SPOUSE: Royden KROPP, # 2340

DETACHMENT(S): Hudson 1968 – 1970

NOMINATOR: Dean and Robert KROPP (sons)

SILENT PARTNER STORY

The following are incidents that happened while we were stationed at Hudson Detachment and later after the detachment closed but we remained in the residence, attached to the detachment.

Hudson is a small community on the CNR mainline and about 20 miles west of Highway 72, which goes to Sioux Lookout.

It was a cold and wet fall night in October and we had gone to bed early, on what seemed to be a quiet night. At around 2:00 am, just after the hotel bar closed, there was someone yelling and pounding on the office door. Royden got up and put on some clothes and went downstairs to find a male standing on the front steps in the rain.

Drunk and covered in blood on his head, he said that his son had hit him over the head with a hammer. He was bleeding profusely all over himself and the office. Royden called me to help bandage him so he could take him to the Sioux Lookout hospital.

After they left for Sioux Lookout, I started to clean up all the blood on the door, walls, floor, chair and desk. It was about 3:00am and I have just finished the floor when there was another ruckus and pounding on the door. I looked out and saw a young girl who was soaking wet, covered in gravel and yelling that she had been raped. They told me to bring her into the office, get a clean sheet from the vault and have her stand on it. Do not let her go to the bathroom.

She was cold and shaking so much. I gave her some hot tea and let her stand close to a heater. It took about a half hour before the fellows from Sioux Lookout Detachment arrived to take her to the hospital. I finished cleaning up the office and went off to bed. Royden came home sometime before morning. This was a typical night after the bar closed in Hudson.

There was no two-way radio communication from Hudson Detachment to the cruiser on patrol only, a monitor in the office. The Detachment Commander at Sioux Lookout told me if I heard a change in the voice of the guys on duty coming over the office monitor I was to call Sioux Lookout immediately if I thought they needed help. Otherwise, when Royden was on duty if I needed him back at the office for a call, I would put on the outside light over the door, a sign that he was needed at the office.

We also had an office telephone extension on the wall right next to our bed, so if Royden was working and I was sleeping I had to answer the phone and get the information.

Our youngest son was playing in our front yard with his friend. I watched as he came into the house and thought to go to the bathroom, but no. He went to his piggybank and got out some money. I asked him what he was doing. He said his friend hadn't eaten today because his parent are in the hotel and I want to give him some money so he can buy some food. Then I drove him home with some food and checked to make sure that there was an adult or someone older than him in the house before I left.

I cried when we turned off Highway 72 to travel the 15 miles to Hudson to our new home in January 1968, when we were first transferred to Hudson from Emo. I cried for several weeks after that. I also cried 14 years later when he left Hudson. There were so many good friends there that we had made over that time.

There are so many stories to tell. One could write a book about incidents that happened but, who would believe half of the stories.

About Hudson

Hudson lies on the shore of Lost Lake, a 20-minute drive from downtown Sioux Lookout. Beginning as a railway town in 1910, this town of 300 residents began to focus on the logging industry in the 1940s and that industry continues to drive the local economy to this day.