

Paul Redd

by David and Maurine Wood

We have heard it said, in more than one part of the Province of Alberta, that Paul Hardison Redd was one of the truly great teachers in Western Canada. Understandably nervous in his classes, since he was courting one of his five daughters, David can vouch for Paul's superb teaching ability. David says he was "not at ease with mathematical subjects, but when I got into Paul Redd's Mechanics II class and his Geometry class it was as though a light had been turned on. I not only understood the subject matter, I actually came to love the course material."

The same magic occurred when Paul Redd taught a Sunday School class or any class. Paul Redd not only taught, he built; and he applied the theories he was teaching in High School to help him in his building. He built at least 5 homes in Raymond, at first to live in, and then to sell at a modest profit. Each home incorporated Paul's progressive thinking about heating systems that would cope adequately with rugged Canadian winters. The last home not only had radiant heat built into the ceiling, it had an outside thermostat that warned the inside heating center, well in advance, of thermal changes. Several heating companies visited Raymond to see what Paul had devised.

Paul Redd built a powered golf cart. He made beautiful end tables. He used old wagon tongues to create turned oak candle holders. He played, and played well, a cornet, both solo and in a band. He joined and learned to fly in the wartime Canadian Air Force. He sang in what was once Raymond's most popular male quartet with Frank Taylor, Bert Coombs and Ira McBride. He demonstrated management skills in his years as principal of Raymond High School, and his service as a counsellor in Heber Allen's Bishopric. He was an excellent farmer and a successful cattle feeder. He simply had to know what made things work and he read voraciously to find out. In short, he was a true renaissance man.

He bought a big old pool table from one of the pool halls, and rebuilt it. He bought three balls and a bunch of cue sticks, and we played billiards on it. (David says it was to keep the girls and the boy friend with them at home---it worked as the house was always full). As we would knock the cue tips off, he would glue them back on so we could continue to play. Hazel got to be a pro and could beat us all.

Keep in mind he also lost his beloved wife Grace, when he was only 38. Six children on his hands, farms to run, school to manage - we still stand in awe of his accomplishments and could never adequately tell all we remember about Paul Hardison Redd.