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**STANLEY E. HARPER, JR.:  
THE QUINTESSENTIAL “REASONABLE PERSON”**

*Barbara B. McFarland\**

I started and ended my law school career with Professor Stanley Harper. As an eager but overwhelmed first-year student, I was treated to his version of the law of Torts thrice weekly. Crowds were not just “crowds,” they were “Cecil B. DeMille casts of thousands.” Automobiles were never simply “automobiles,” they were “capsules of chrome and glass hurtling through time and space.” The images Professor Harper created were always so vivid that today, nearly thirty years later, I could still rattle off the elements of virtually any tort or recite the facts of the *Palsgraf* case. Perhaps I could even act out those facts, but not with nearly the panache that Professor Harper had.

As a still-eager but very pregnant third-year student, I dutifully took Professor Harper’s Remedies course in my final semester. Again, I sat enthralled as he drew his students into the subject matter with an ease that I envy to this day. When my due date came and went, Professor Harper kindly offered his assistance in hastening my oldest child’s birth, walking into class one day with a large pair of bolt cutters, slapping them down on the table in the front of the room and announcing, “Ready when you are, Mrs. McFarland.” Labor started shortly thereafter.

Every third-year who took Remedies must remember the last class. A tee-shirt was a tradition; whatever it said, Professor Harper would pull it on over his shirt and tie, then teach the entire class wearing it. The other traditional gift, a six-pack of Hudepohl beer, would sit warming on the front table throughout class. Toward the end, champagne corks would start popping around the room for soon-to-be graduates to toast the end of law school and one of their favorite professors. When he had finished teaching, Professor Harper would pop open a Hudy, chug it, crush the can, toss it over his shoulder, and exit to a thunderous standing ovation.

Everyone who knew Stanley Harper has memories like these. I share mine to jog yours if you had Professor Harper for any class. If you never had that pleasure, I share them to show you what you missed. His final class at the College of Law included a brass band along with the usual gifts and tributes. I have no doubt that his arrival in heaven was afforded similar treatment. I just hope they have Hudy in heaven.

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