

The Aquilian

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Gonzaga College High School
Men For Others Since 1821

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AVE ATQUE VALE

I first met John Warman forty-five years ago when I came to Gonzaga in late August of 1970. John had already been a member of the faculty for three years and had established himself as a teacher, who had the respect of his students and the faculty. Within a few years Gonzaga's enrollment had dwindled and there was talk that our school might not survive. Our athletic teams really struggled and not due to a lack of effort on the part of our athletes; but we had talented students, fine teachers, and under the direction of John Warman and his running mate, Jon King, our Dramatics program was the "Crown Jewel" of Gonzaga's co-curricular program. Back in those difficult days John Warman was one of Gonzaga's pillars. His sense of optimism, his energy, his spirit, and his faith seem to lift us up when times were tough.

I asked some of our long time faculty and staff members to describe a few things that stood out about John. Some of their words to describe Doc were joy, enthusiasm, passion, humor, dedication, phenomenal memory, incredible intellect, his unique use of language, ubiquitous (meaning he seemed to be at any every Gonzaga event), accomplished musician, and I could go on and on. A few weeks ago I sat in on some of Doc's classes with some of our other counselors and together we shared our loss, our sadness, and lots of laughter. There were many funny stories told and I think we all

felt uplifted by spending this time together. Student after student talked about how much he cared about them, and that even though he could be coaxed into talking about topics other than Latin or Greek upon occasion, they loved being taught by him. But most of all they loved him. Doc loved our guys and our guys loved Doc.

Courtney Joncas, who is a member of our admissions staff, remembers Doc's kindness and the fact that he remembered her birthday every year. As the years have passed I think Courtney wished John's memory wasn't so sharp.

One of our teachers, Joe Viola, told me the story about an incident that occurred in 1981 when John was mugged one hour before our play,

Good News, was about to begin. He received a black eye and had a big welt on the side of his face. Undeterred, John put on make-up and performed at the piano until the play was over. After the play he went to the hospital. Now that shows his toughness and dedication. He refused to let his injuries keep the 'Show from Going On'.

Both faculty and students alike talked about Doc always wearing a suit no matter what the occasion. Sometimes, I used to wonder if Doc was born wearing a suit. Many people remarked that Doc has the world record for singing the National Anthem at basketball games. Casey O'Neill, our Head Lacrosse coach, mentioned that he once bet a new basketball referee one dollar that Doc would

finish the National Anthem in under 50 seconds in our gym. The ref said you're on. As soon as Doc started singing the ref looked at Casey and mouthed the words, "You set me up!" Some faculty and students alike reminisced about Doc's legendary cheer at St. John's pep rallies when this dignified, incredibly well educated man dressed in his suit would appear before the student body and yell at the top of his lungs, while almost turning purple, N-O-T-H-I-N-G THAT'S WHAT ST. JOHN'S MEANS TO ME, NOTHING, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

There is not enough space to list the incredible number of honors and awards John received in his nearly fifty years as a faculty member.

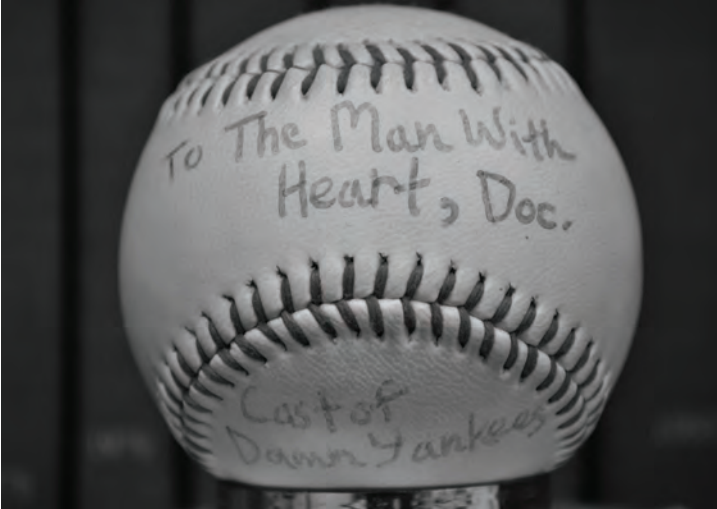
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It was 1971-1975. Latin was in Kohlmann hall, top floor. A grand old building that had seen much better times. Mr. Warman’s (not yet a DR) classroom overlooked Eye Street. At the beginning of one year rows of abandoned houses lined the street. Mr. Warman would engage the class by occasionally and spontaneously breaking into song with a phrase or an answer interrupted by demolition. The good seats were by the window and we would pause the class if there was one particularly good session of the wrecking balls occurring. It might have been the construction but the school had to screw in board supports to the walls to keep them stable. The rumor was the building would have been condemned without it. Fast forward to the opening of what we knew as the Annex and Dr. Warman’s renovated classroom. Fittingly it was donated by Frank and Roseann Casey, Parents of Pat 1975. So he spent his last moments in a grand place, with no supports to stave off eviction. I consider it good Karma.

Dan DeLacey ‘75

During freshman year, my 4th period Latin one class had one small (at the time very large) and simple goal: Get to Doc. Get to the class we’d heard all the stories of. Get to the class where you learned Latin while seemingly learning anything but it. Get to the class of the Legend who never ran out of stories to tell, and if you’d thought you’d heard them all wait till class tomorrow, because there will certainly be a new one. Get to the class of the man who shook everyone’s hand as they walked in and out, and if he was really feeling it that day he would give you hug. Get to the class where every day we were told that we were the reason he had not retired yet. Get to the class where we would be the last people he would ever teach. Get to the class with the man who had his Colossal Donut every Wednesday. Get to the class which was the one and only reason many of us had taken Latin. Get to Doc.

Spencer Notarianni ‘17



When I attended Gonzaga between 2007 and 2011, I never took one class with Doc Warman. I knew him mostly as the Latin teacher and the man who played the organ at school masses. I saw him take smoke breaks with Mr. Flannery, my band teacher, and that was about it. That began to change my junior year. I waited for class at a time that roughly coincided with the end of Doc’s smoke break. He knew who I was. He would always say “Hi Will.” Sometimes he would stop and chat longer. He was a fascinating man. I was both flattered that he knew who I was and that he wanted to talk to me. I was never one of his students, nor was I ever one of them. I considered him to be as much of a friend as Mr. Flannery, Mr. L’Etoile, Mrs. Free, and Mr. Lipari all of whom were teachers I spent a great deal of time with. Doc Warman was a man who cared for every single one of his fellow Gonzaga students. Age was no difference.

Now I fill the same profession he once held as I try and cram some knowledge into the busy lives of my students. A teacher I never had influenced me to enter this field. Doc Warman, you were the greatest teacher I never had. He was a true man for others and the community is missing an all too important piece with his passing.”

AMDG,

William Antonetti ‘11



Back in 1982, I was a senior and on the loft crew for the Spring play “Good News”. My younger sister, Carla, a sophomore at Immaculata High School, was in the chorus. We drove down together and parked in what is now known as the courtyard. Back then it was the faculty and staff parking area.

“Doc” had already parked and was walking towards the catwalk with a small moneybox for the play. As we caught up with him, three local youths ran up and accosted him. They had come from the side of the Carmody Center and ran up when they saw the money box.

Two of the robbers hit doc and took the money and ran off, the third one stayed behind to make sure no one would follow.

As I saw them attacking Doc I ran up yelling “HEY!”. The third robber and I squared off and he knocked me down and took off. I told my sister to run inside and find some help.

Doc had a nasty bruise on the side of his face and everyone was concerned if he was able to play that evening. He never missed a beat. He said just cover up the bruise with make up and he was ready to go. The show must go on. He did not want to disappoint all the boys/girls/families that had gathered for one of the highlights of the Gonzaga year. No one but the people backstage knew that he had been robbed and assaulted. He carried on with the same aplomb and grace as always.

Mr. Peter Buckley ‘82

Way back in 1972 & 73 I played drums in the orchestra pit for 4 musicals with Mr. Warman and Peter Hume. (We weren’t calling him “Doc” yet at that time.) I was a novice drummer and worked very hard to do my best. Somehow though, working with Mr. Warman was easy. I don’t remember him “directing” me so much as just following his lead. From where I sat, the music coming from the orchestra pit was always beautiful.

On one opening night he had rented Tuxes for both me and Peter. The money must have come out of his pockets because I know it did not come out of mine. What a wonderful touch to opening night! I felt quite elevated by the whole experience. I hope that, as an oblivious teenager, I had the presence of mind to thank him appropriately for that thoughtful gesture.

As a teenager one can take so much for granted. It was not until after I had graduated that I began to really appreciate what a gift and opportunity Mr. Warman had presented to me and everyone else involved with those musicals. Later, as a parent, I saw the value in working hard in the arts and having good clean fun. That value is great and not easy to find. Somehow again, he made it easy.

I did not make it to many Gonzaga functions over the years. I saw him at a smoker a few decades ago. He greeted me fondly and was complimentary of my playing in the orchestra back then. That meant a lot to me. I am still not sure I thanked him appropriately even as an adult. I always thought I would have the chance to see him at another smoker and lay on the thanks a bit thicker.

Well, Mr. Warman, thank you from the bottom of my heart for some of my favorite lifelong memories. Gonzaga would have been far poorer without you.

Jim Goffredi ‘73

Back in the day, I did a mean impersonation of John Warman. (“Mean” meaning both accurate and a little, you know, mean.) It involved a cigarette, smoked with Bette Davis panache and used for dramatic punctuation in the elegant Warman style, and I’d do it at the drop of a hint. (Once Rev. Jim Murray persuaded me to perform it for Mr. Warman himself. He faked a hearty laugh, but I suspect that inside, he was not amused.)

Though played for laughs, the routine was a verbatim rendering of an utterly serious speech Mr. Warman had delivered during an especially rowdy rehearsal of West Side Story. Fed up with the cast’s antics, he slammed down the lid of the Steinway, lit up his cigarette, and proclaimed:

“Quiet!” (We quieted.) “I want to tell you a story. (Long exhalation of smoke.) In 1971, when my mother was lying in state at DeVol’s Funeral Home, was I there to greet the mourners, as I should have been? No. I was here. Playing the overture for the opening night of Camelot. (Deep puff, long pause.) That’s how devoted I am to this theater. And if any of you are not just as devoted, you can just get – out – now!”

An awed silence ensued. No one left. He stubbed out his cigarette with a final flourish, then: “Now let’s start again, from the top.”

John Warman was indeed devoted to Gonzaga and its theater far above and beyond the call of duty. Like most of his students, I’ll always remember him. Requi-scat in pace.

Steve Hayes ‘81

THE AQUILIAN

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Moderator: Dr. Harry Rissetto

AVE ATQUE VALE - from Page 1... I think that it is enough to say that John Warman touched a countless number of people at Gonzaga as a teacher, as a play and musical director, playing the organ here and at Our Lady of Victory, attending school events, playing at weddings, funerals and simply being an example of what is possible when you put your whole heart and soul into something that you truly love. Gonzaga was the fortunate beneficiary of John's incredible contributions. One of the things that I respect most about John is that God gave him an amazing number of extraordinary gifts and he used them to make a difference in the lives of so many people. He was truly a "Man for Others."

Rich Canon, a Gonzaga English teacher, recounted a story about attending his oldest son's recital with John at the piano. Rick said, and I quote, "One of the other vocalists suddenly---about 30 seconds into his piece---just lost it. Whether he had forgotten the words or had been overcome with stage fright, I don't know. After a short moment, John stood up from the piano and said I apologize. I misplayed the piece and threw him off. I'm sorry. If we might begin again... and he sat down and re-opened the song with the young man, the second time and was able to carry it off."

Paul Buckley, a math teacher and producer of plays at Gonzaga, summed it up very well when he said, and I quote, "Doc was so much a part of the fabric that is Gonzaga. His presence in the classrooms, the halls, the theatre, the athletic field, on the basketball court and his time saving renditions of the National Anthem, the church, and his leading of the Alma Mater (every Gonzaga man right now is hearing that opening chord). In so many ways he was the face of Gonzaga. He certainly was the heart of the Gonzaga Dramatics Association, and while his own heart may have taken its final bow, his music, his love and passion for Gonzaga and all it represents will live on in the thousands of men and women he has influenced and inspired over the years."

Alan L'Etoile, who was taught by John and who worked with him for many years putting together our theatre productions, remembers the joy his youngest son Nathan felt as he sat next to Doc while he played the organ at Our Lady of Victory masses. Alan mentioned that Doc and Nathan were constantly smiling at each other as John played his music. At that time, young Nathan was aspiring to learn the piano.

I remember the many occasions that John, the piano player, accompanied Coach Dick Myers, the vocalist, as they entertained Gonzaga parents at the annual President's Dinner. John and Dick shared their love of music with others and over the years developed a deep respect and admiration for each other. They made a great team.

Mark Howell, who teaches math and Computer Science at Gonzaga, was taught Latin by Doc and worked as a member of the stage crew when he was a student here. He says about Doc, and I quote 'John Warman was reverent and irreverent. Humble and a lover of pomp. Grounded and given to flights of fancy. Classical, and modern. Formal and casual. A promoter and a critic. His memory was photographic and he was smart. Real smart. And a great friend. I had countless conversations with him about bosses and colleagues, about money and cars, about the city and the stage, about health and wellness, about family and friends, indeed about life and death. We laughed together about death. I think he's still laughing about it. He once told me, "I might make it to fifty years (at Gonzaga) and I might not." He boasted once that through his first thirty-five years or so years of teaching, he had missed one day of school. The day of his mother's funeral. I will miss him. We partied at his house. We timed him singing the National Anthem. We marveled at his memory. We teased him about his honorary degree. We worked on his stage, We listened to his music. We laughed at his jokes. We learned in his classroom. We asked him to play at our weddings and funerals. He loved us for all of that, And we him."

When I asked our faculty and staff to give me some of their thoughts and memories of John Warman, there was a tremendous response. I regret that I could not include some of the comments from Doc's other colleagues.

As I stand here right now I am grateful to God that he sent us John Warman. His legacy and memory will live on in the hearts and minds of those who were fortunate enough to know him. I know John loved Gonzaga as passionately as anyone I have ever met, and I also know that the Gonzaga community loved him back in kind. I believe that there is no greater feeling than to love and to know you are loved. In fact, it is possible that John having so abundantly loved and felt loved has already experienced heaven on earth right here on Eye Street over the last fifty years. Goodbye, my friend, I love you, and if by some remote chance you encounter a graduate of St. John's College High School, who actually made it into heaven, be kind, be generous and please resist the temptation to do the St. John's Means Nothing Cheer.

Mr. Bill Wilson

Early in my time at Gonzaga, I remember lunch conversations pleasantly dominated by John. He had a particular way of speaking at that time in which he'd heavily stress every noun--and an occasional verb--which was, in itself, entertaining; and sometimes I found my own diction, and that of the whole table, following suit.

He once remarked regarding his habitual dress--even then a suit--that if it were allowed, he'd teach every day in a tuxedo!

John got a kick out of the smallest things. Recently he related to me with absolute joy that the US Postal Service's name for proper envelope address was "Postal Hygiene"!

John was a vibrant, joyful man. We have lost a treasure.

Mr. Rick Cannon



I don't really know where to start, so I think that the beginning is best. I first met Dr. John C. Warman '57, when I was shadowing at Gonzaga during his 2nd period Latin II class; immediately I knew that I had met someone really special. A year later I found myself in Doc's Latin II class, surrounded by sophomores and only two other freshmen. But none of the classes I had with Doc were just Latin classes, there was always something else. There was always laughter in his classes, and sometimes tears when he would sing us his heart-wrenching rendition of "Danny Boy." Sometimes he would quote Seinfeld or tell us a joke he heard (usually something having to do with the Catholic faith, and almost always a little uncanny). Doc could spend a whole period telling us about a Gonzaga alum, their family, their jobs, and how wonderful they were. He could also recite all 43 U.S. presidents and what films won an Oscar for Best Picture (in chronological order of course). Thanks to this photographic memory he possessed, he could play the organ and piano effortlessly without any music in front of him. And of course he could translate Latin or Greek without even a glance at the textbook. Doc was a genius. He also liked to make sure everything was fair. He took us on three tours of his classroom so everyone would know what was what in the room. Some of the best things in his classroom are the poster of the chipped Apollo statue, the frieze of Mars mooning the classroom, a lamp that Doc got for teaching for 45 years, a Pittsburgh Steelers umbrella that someone left in Doc's classroom, and a picture of a younger Doc among Greek ruins. (By the way all this stuff is still in his classroom just the way it has been since my freshman year and they all have really funny stories that you should ask one of the students about). But what has stayed with me the most is the poster that says "Latin and Greek aren't dead... They are immortal!" I kind of like to think of Doc as immortal, and in a way he is. He's in his classroom, still in his suit and tie, where he taught me the Classics, not to smoke, and how to be a man for others. He's in the corner outside where he smoked cigarettes until he quit. He's on the stage where he directed dozens of musicals and where I'll be performing in his honor. He's in St. Al's where he played the organ so beautifully. But most importantly he is in the hearts of the thousands of people whose lives he's touched. Doc had a way of letting you know that you were special and that he loved you in a way that no one else I knew did. And I will always cherish that. Requiescat In Pace, Doctor.

Charlie Workmaster '17

The biggest thing about Doc was his attitude. I can honestly say in the year I had him he was never in a sour mood. He always greeted me warmly as I came in the room, and we would often just talk about what had been going on recently, whether it was sports, the news, or about Gonzaga. His class was relaxed, and enjoyable. And he always shook our hand or even gave us a hug on the way out. He was like no teacher I've ever had before.

Michael Terry `17

He was very personal. He treated us like family. We knew a lot about him and that made us really want to do well in his class. He cared for us. He wanted to make learning enjoyable. He loved his job. I would occasionally end up on campus over the summer and I would always see Doc. He would be wearing his suit and enjoying himself. I never saw him sad or angry. He would laugh about 10-15 times a class period.

Henry Nimey `17

Doc was always smiling and excited for the class. No matter what we were translating, he would always have some funny story to go along with it, and he always made sure to share it.

Henry Hodges `17

Doc Warman was more than just a teacher, he was a friend and a man for others. He greeted everyone every day with a warm smile and a firm handshake. His joyful presence was felt in every class. He will be greatly missed. Requiescat in Pace Doc Warman.

Brendan Gibson `17

The constant joy Doc brought to class helped me start my day off right. At the end of every class I always felt I learned something new though it might not have been about Latin, but often about Doc.

Joseph Zuccari '17

After every class, Doc would always be sure to shake everyone's hand before they left, and always give a compliment. Also, every Monday he would go into depth about what he did that weekend. He would tell us, as always, everything from what time he woke up to what he ate.

Luke Gilday '17

Though I only had a few months to get to know Doc personally, I have come to know him more through his students in recent weeks. Both of these experiences have confirmed that Doc was an inimitable gentleman and scholar whose joyful spirit, lively mind, and dedication to Gonzaga were unquenchable. I will always be thankful for how incredibly gracious and welcoming he was to me, and his repeated expressions of confidence in me continue to embolden me today. It is lamentable that I was not granted more time with Doc, but I am immensely thankful for the memories I do have of him and for the opportunity to continue to know him through his students and his school. His legacy here will certainly be a lasting one. Vale, Doc, you were nulli secundus.

Mr. Brandon Cowan



The Latin was important, but Doc focused on making us better men for others like he was. I cannot thank him enough.

Devin Stanton `17

John C. Warman, for all our sakes, I'll just say DOC. Well, Doc was important. When you think of Latin, what do you think of? Father Meehan and Doc. Theater? Mr. Buckley, Mr. L'Eoile, and Doc. Gonzaga? DOC. He was Gonzaga. He thought of Gonzaga as a second home, and all its students, as children. As a Latin student, I saw the full potential of his eagerness, madness, and love. Of course, learning Latin is very important; however, he taught us more than that. He taught us how to become a kind and loving person. He taught us how to live the true Gonzaga life. He "lived the fourth" without even going on Kairos. The jokes, the laughs, the songs, the Latin, they all were part of my life. His wisdom should be preached and remembered for generations to come. He would compliment anyone and everyone about their funky attire or their lackluster performance on quizzes. He would shake the hand of everyone at the end of his classes, and we would sing his favorite song, "Danny Boy." The days Gonzaga spent with you were priceless, and you will never die in our eyes. Just as Latin and Greek, you are immortal. Requiescant in pace.

Mateusz Gierdalski '16

Doc. It still isn't real to me that you're gone. I keep waiting for you to show up in school in a perfectly pressed suit and greet me as I walk through the door with a jolly "Good morning!" I've truly never met anyone as **genuinely happy** to be alive as Doc was. He truly loved every minute of every day, and never ceased to seize every second of his life. Doc was never in a bad mood and loved to share his hilarious life stories with us. Doc, you will be missed forever and I am thankful that I got the chance to know you. I will never forget your love for each of your students.

Matt Dimond `17

Every day I would walk into Doc's room and say hello. He would respond, "Hello Drew," and ask me how my day was going. Some days I would say great, and some I would say not so great, but every time I asked him how his day was, he would say "spectacular." He was always happy every day and I believe it's because he was doing what he loved most, and that was teaching. It wasn't just teaching that was special to Doc, but teaching at Gonzaga College High School. Doc fell in love with the school ever since his first day as a student here. Doc was a great role model and I hope I can live my life as happily and with as much joy as he lived his.

Drew Holden `17

Doc was the ideal Gonzaga man. He loved his students, he was honest, smart, *enthusiastic*, but most of all, he was caring. During the few days following his passing, all I could think about was the reading day right before finals. A couple friends and I entered his classroom (not intending on talking about any Latin at all) and just talked with Doc. When the bell rang Doc looked at us and told us how much we meant to him. Not all teachers can connect with their students this way. No other teachers can connect like this. We miss you Doc.

Ben Clancy `17

Every morning when I walked into homeroom, I'd ask Doc how he was doing, and every morning I would get the same response. "Now that you're here, I'm doing great!" To me, this truly portrays the love that he had for all of his students and the happiness and joy that he brought to the lives of anyone that he ever met. Doc was a very special man, and I will never forget him. He played a huge role in my time at Gonzaga thus far, and not being able to see his smiling face, extreme happiness, and inspiring dedication to the school is really difficult. We all love you, miss you, and will never forget you or the legacy you left behind.

Ryan Joseph '17

I remember we read Caesar and Doc was telling us how the Roman soldiers were hesitant to jump out of their ships to invade Britain. He would re-enact the scene by pretending to be the Roman Eagle flag bearer and by grabbing his eagle statue/award from his bookshelf. Then he would climb on top of his desk and jump off it like the Roman centurion jumping out of his boat. Also Doc would tell us that he never missed a day of school until he got sick. At football games he would play the trombone. He could also say the Presidents in order, then backwards.

Matthew Calderon '17





During the various room tours our class received throughout the years, Doc would always point out a framed Gregorian Chant. Of course we had the tour twice during Freshmen year make sure everyone knew about everything in the room, from his awards, his art (especially Ares), and the chant.

Ben Grimmelbein '17

Every time I would enter Doc's room he would always greet me with a compliment and on his face was a smile from ear to ear. That let me know he really meant what he said. He would then later in class, at a random time, just tell us how much he cared for us and appreciated us. And even when we left he would shake everyone's hand telling us "have a great day, see you tomorrow."

Max Fisher '17



One of Doc's **many** jokes.
Doc: When you see a boat and it has a U.S.S. on it, what does that mean?
Class: United States Ship?
Doc: Right, now when you see an H.M.S. on a ship, what does that mean?
Class: Her Majesty's Ship?
Doc: Right, and that's English. Now if you see and A.M.B. on the side of a ship, that's actually an Italian boat, and do you know what that means?
Class: Uh, no.
Doc: It means (in an Italian accent) "ATSA MY BOAT!"
Class: Laughs.
Doc: Don't laugh, it wasn't that good.
Harrison Hodgkins `17

Every morning, even before I had classes with him, Doc would wave with a fistful of smoke my way as I walked into school.

Ryan Stanton '16

Doc was the ideal Gonzaga man. He dedicated his life to the service of God and others. He will forever be a key Eye Street Iron. AMDG

Robert Ayres '16

I always had Doc early in the day, second period last year, and first this year. Even though I knew he must be somewhat tired, he never showed it. At 75, he was always cheerful and energetic, even in the early morning, and that is because he was a man who loved what he was doing and loved Gonzaga.

Brendan Kearney `17

Before I had Doc as a teacher, I would be studying my Roman mythology outside of Latin for a quiz and I would be quizzing or getting quizzed by a friend to study, and Doc would come over, wish us all a good day, and tell us the answer to whatever question had just been asked. He would then tell the entire myth from memory with other tidbits mixed in. Every time he always knew it. We would always ask him how he knew so much, but he would just laugh. Doc helped me in class before I even had him as a teacher.

Richard Hrdy '17

My greatest memory of Doc is when he recited the presidents from present time, all the way to George Washington. He said each president's term years and what order they came in; then he recited these fact backwards as well. I will never forget the last words he said to me "Myles, do you know how much I appreciate you? Very much!"

Myles Washington '17

More than anything else Doc loved his family. Whether blood relative or new student, he cared about each person completely. He embodied that love of neighbor Jesus spoke of and whether you learned from him or acted on his stage, he cared about you deeply regardless of any faults or shortcomings. I wish that everyone had a chance to meet him and feel his love that his students and actors knew so well.

Rest in Peace, Doc.

Joe Johnson '17



I loved Doc, and Doc loved me. It is as simple as that; and not only did he love me, he made it clear every day that we, his students, held a place in his heart, a special place, a place that would never be vacated. Latin was never the priority, but we learned, we learned about life and the interpersonal connection necessary to be a legend, as Doc was. We learned that the world is made better through respect, and an optimistic view of humanity. We all love you, Doc, for heroes are remembered, but legends never die.

Connor Joransen '17

Every class was special because Doc always had some interesting or funny story and each class would flow. I was so lucky to have Doc as a freshman because he brought joy every day and made you feel so special

Timothy Saunders '18

Doc was the most forgiving, generous, and kind hearted man I've ever met. He cared so much about each individual student and he could name every student he ever had.

Devin Treacy '17

"It seems that this book is coded in a different language! Maybe Latin? Oh look! I have stumbled upon a class of Latin scholars. Maybe you can help me."

Doc would give us a tour of his classroom (even though we already had him the year before) and it would take 3-4 class periods to go into detail about every single aspect of his classroom.

Brendan Boyle '16

The "Danny Boy" song. He'd sing it and loved music so much.

Phillip Firehock `17

Every morning when we walked into class Doc would shake our hand and if you were lucky, a hug. The first part of class was usually nothing to do with Latin. These were some of my favorite minutes of the day. We talked about his piano playing at Our Lady of Victory Church and how he went out to dinner on Sunday nights with the pastor and ordered a Manhattan cocktail every time. I think we were all very excited for him last fall when he decided to stop smoking. This was a habit he had started in high school and for him to stop so abruptly so that he could be healthier amazed me. But it doesn't now, because he was an amazing man.

Max Draddy '17

Doc, always had the best attitude about everything. He always had a smile on his face. After his house got broken into, he wasn't mad at all. He was smiling and knew everything would be alright in the end. Doc also showed a genuine love for his students that I had never seen a teacher before. He told all of us, it seemed like every day, how much he loved absolutely every single one of us. I miss you Doc. I love you Doc.

Johnny Jordan '17

Every single day I had a class with Doc he gave everyone a handshake as we left class. Doc had a great memory. He could list all of the Presidents from any order and he could recite every teacher he had in his life, from before 1st grade all the way through college. Doc always looked at the positive for everything.

Duncan McDonald '17

Doc was a **true role model** to everyone he taught. It was always a bright spot in my day when going to his class. He truly did have an impact on every student he taught.

Charlie Adams `17

It was the evening of August 16th, and I had decided to text two of my good friends and fellow Gonzaga alums, JT Speetjens and Mitchell Pleasure: “Hey guys wanna go to Gonzaga tomorrow? I’m leaving Thursday and really wanna see both of you... And going to `zaga one last time would be nice.”

I knew that driving approximately an hour just to see Gonzaga would be inconvenient, especially with the amount of college packing that I had procrastinated with up to this point. And considering both JT and Mitch live pretty close to me, it didn’t make sense to drive all the way DC. But, something inside me insisted. I had to see Gonzaga before I left. Thank God I did.

After traversing each other’s work schedules for the following day, we decided to carpool down on that Monday. As we drove down into the new underground parking garage, I became inundated with nostalgia. Eye Street was so different, yet so utterly familiar. It was going home all over again.

We walked through Cantwell. Mostly empty, we thought we were out of luck in our hope to see a few teachers. But, as I stopped in front of “the best classroom on Cantwell’s main level,” there he was dusting off some Latin literature and organizing his bookshelf. When we made eye contact, both of us lit up. It was so good to see him (dressed in a gray suit and all). It was so good to here him say my name, my full name (He never called me by Matt, only Matthew). Before I knew it, I was no longer idling in the doorway, but rather I was standing in the middle of the classroom, deep in conversation about A) how proud he was of our AP Latin class for doing so well on the AP exam (even though I had been unable to take it), B) How our summers had been C) If I was looking forward to college and D) “how healthy Doc looked and felt.”

I feel incredibly blessed to have had Doc as a teacher. But I feel even more blessed that I went back to Gonzaga that day, a week prior to his passing. That half hour conversation, which seemed ordinary at the time, feels like a dream. The hug and the kiss I received at the end (a signature Doc move) hold invaluable weight. And the last words of the conversation: “See you at the smoker!” as he smiled and waved goodbye, couldn’t be more true. Goodbye Doc. I’ll see you at the smoker.

Matthew Green ‘15

I acquired my love of classics from Dr. Warman. As the 12th member of my family to attend Gonzaga, Dr. Warman shared wonderful stories about my family, especially, my grandparents, Lily and Bob Brooks. During the time my grandmother worked for Fr. Dooley, Dr. Warman enjoyed watching various construction projects with my grandfather. Since my grandfather had passed away before I was born, these stories were especially meaningful for me. Dr. Warman was the embodiment of Gonzaga and was truly a “Man for Others”.

Brooks Reagan ‘11

My memories of Doc include the fact that he had a grasp and appreciation of both food and color, turning some of the most basic elements of any lunch or dessert available into something creative and unique. He would combine fruits, pastries, and other toppings into colorful fans of strips of items, making us all envious of his inventive spark. He also ate these combinations with gusto!

Mrs. Barbara Nierman



The recent plague of sudden deaths in the Gonzaga Community has prompted me to reflect on what I have learned about grief and consolation, about sorrow and joy, about despair and rejoicing, about life and death. It seems appropriate to share some of the fruits of these prayerful reflections.

Like clockwork, on the morning of the first school day following each death, the Gonzaga community assembled in St. Aloysius Church to pray. The first such occasion was in October of 2010, at the passing of Fr Alan Novotny, former president of Gonzaga. A Gonzaga parent, Mark Evans, a man who I had coached many years before, sat next to me in the pew. Parents hadn’t been invited to the service, yet here was Mark. “What is he doing here?”, I wondered. The prayer was short and somber. We were all still reeling from the shocking news of Fr Novotny’s sudden death. I remember watching a Jesuit colleague during the silent recessional after our prayer, sobbing and weeping freely as he walked down the center aisle. In response to that, I sunk to my knees, lost in my grief, sobbing myself in the silence. The Church was deathly quiet, and the silence hit me square in the heart. My friend, this Gonzaga dad, put his arm around my shoulder and gave me a soft hug. “Ah”, I thought. “That’s what he’s doing here.”

In October of 2013, we assembled again in the same space to pray over the sudden passing of Mr. Chris Flannery, longtime music teacher and leader of the Gonzaga band. The same silence greeted the recessional, and I was brought back suddenly to the same feelings of grief and anguish by that haunting silence. This time, I was comforted by a colleague in the math department, Mrs. Mimi Aujero. She reached around my shoulder, patted me gently, and just looked at me with a soft and comforting smile.

Last year, again in October, we were hit with another body blow, when Dom Pettey was tragically killed. Another prayer service. More haunting silence. And then the picture of our students assembling in the Franklin lot to comfort each other. I gazed out from my classroom window at the assembly of young men talking and laughing and playing and cooking and eating. Remembering their friend and comforting one another.

Finally, just a few weeks ago, on Wednesday, August 26, for the fourth time in just six years, we gathered yet again to pray, this time at the sudden passing of John Warman. The faculty, and I’m sure many students, were thinking the same thing: “Not again.” This time, there was no recessional after the prayer, but I was in a fog, completely incapacitated, frozen at my place, looking around helplessly for answers. I felt delirious with fatigue, with shock and sadness. A student had to tap me on the arm to tell me it was time to leave. I half stumbled into the center aisle, still disoriented, feeling dazed and lost, still looking around for some kind of help. This time, as if a messenger from the divine, a real angel, a student, put his arm around my shoulder, and spoke softly and clearly into my ear. “Hang in there, Mr. Howell”, is all he said.

God speaks to us, softly and clearly, in our sadness. He sends us friends to comfort us. I have learned to look out for these messengers of God’s grace. To treasure them. To tell them how much their simple gestures do to give me hope and even joy. And to be such a messenger myself, when I can.

Mr. Mark Howell ‘73



Doc Warman had a distinguished, yet kind quality that I will forever remember. He had a brilliant smile, accompanied by a truly iconic voice. I never had him as a teacher, but we crossed paths many times through the theater, the hallways of Gonzaga, and on my way home - out of the alley between St. Al's and Cantwell. It was a privilege to play alongside him with Liturgical Ensemble events. The Baccalaureate Mass from this past year comes to mind. Just to humor us, he played the "Phantom of the Opera" theme. He would later tell me of his journey up to New York City, "where else", to see "Phantom" on Broadway, along with "Hamilton", and one other that escapes me at the moment. Fiddler on the Roof was one of his favorite theatrical pieces because it involved events that really happened. There was a certain essence to it. Church, though, was just as important as *Tradition* and *Le Chaim* to Doc. I think back to freshmen year - his responses were most definitely loud and clear. His rearview mirror on the organ was so iconic as well. He played for the joy of it and for his students. Every Alma Mater echoes ever proudly now and forever.

Holden Madison '16

How often I heard that tap-tap-tapping on the board as it filtered through the wall and into my adjoining classroom! It was Dr. John Warman scanning another line of Latin poetry -- his favorite exercise to underline an ardent devotion to the intricacies and beauty of Classical literature.

Passing by and peering in every day, I envied his patience and infectious congeniality as John interacted with his students. He also loved to share his vast knowledge with Latin teachers around town, and I'll miss being elegantly transported in his Buick to occasional dinner gatherings we had with them at Cactus Cantina.

John maintained lifetime memberships in several Classical organizations, and he stored in his computer a resume that must have been a mile long, detailing all the professional meetings he attended.

I enjoyed chatting regularly with John about show-biz stuff, and he was ever-eager to inform me when "we are in mourning today" for this-or-that actor who had just passed on.

And I sang with John, whose generosity at playing the piano for various Gonzaga parties, and for the school musicals, will remain his most cherished gift to us. I like to think his signature song was "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas," where he insisted that its closing lyrics not be altered from the original version: "Through the years we all will be together, if the fates allow; until then we'll have to muddle through somehow."

Muddle we shall, John. Meanwhile, play your music eternally and let the angels sing! *Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*

Pater Ken Meehan, SJ

When I first returned to Eye Street as an employee, one of my responsibilities was to cobble together the honor roll. No issue ever made it out without Doc's expert review. He knew every alum, their graduation year, their brothers, their grades, and family histories & mysteries. Much has been made of Doc's photographic memory, which surely played a part in this knowledge. I like to think, however, that more can be attributed to his love for Gonzaga and for all who made up the parts of her whole. Ultimately, we all come and go while Gonzaga remains. Few of us will ever have the impact upon her that Doc Warman had. And that, to me, seems appropriate.

Mr. Andrew Battaile '90

Doc was always concerned with how something would play to the audience. He was always looking at what we put on stage from their perspective, and I think that helped make the shows as enjoyable and patron-friendly as they were. Doc was the ultimate theater-goer. He saw shows on Broadway all the time, so he always had that perspective of what the best was and how best to play to the audience; he then tried to bring that to the shows at Gonzaga. I think it is fair to say he succeeded.

Mr. Paul Buckley '86



When I signed up for the musical in the fall of 1992, I was pursuing nothing more than unabashed social opportunity. Fellow sophomore Jim Loftus had convinced me that doing the musical would be fun. That I could meet girls and smoke cigarettes and hang out with upper classmen. That Doc Warman was kinda weird but also really cool. I was sold.

Days later, I met Doc for the first time. Here was a man that oozed sophistication. I mean, every single day he wore a suit. And if he had to take off his jacket, then we in the chorus knew it was time to dig in and learn the stinkin' song. The first song we rehearsed was "Aquarius" from the musical "Hair." He sat down and started to play. No sheet music, no working it out. He just played, and, man was he good. He was also incredibly modest about his talent. Not once did any of us stop and point out how talented he was. But we all knew it.

We were animals, and when we were particularly out of control, prompting Doc to walk out on us and take a breather, that's when the senior thespian on stage -- Terlep or Konschnik -- would be sent out to implore him back. He always came back, and he always gave us his best.

After "Hair," I did the next five shows on the Gonzaga stage and, though I never had a starring role, I was given the Eugene O'Reilly Award for Dramatics. It was one of the proudest moments of my time at Gonzaga, and I have Doc to thank for it.

P.S. - I ended up writing a musical, and it's been getting a lot of attention out here in Los Angeles. Thanks, and rest in peace, Doc.

Matt Donnelly, '95

More than a Teacher, More than a Classroom

I can't remember exactly when I had heard that a Greek or Roman statue spent its final moments hurling toward Doc's classroom wall at close to the speed of sound, but the event quickly made its way through our close-knit group of Latin stalwarts who had studied under Doc's tutelage for two or three years already, so I place the event around 1988 or 1989.

Gonzaga's Kohlmann Hall was a rather weathered building on the campus at that time: where warped floorboards creaked under threadbare carpet and where the air had a somewhat musty but rugged flavor to it that the wind, rain, and several generations of Gonzaga boys had, together, uniquely seasoned. Very fittingly, this is where Doc's classroom was located during the late 1980s.

Within that historic Gonzaga setting, Doc had aptly adorned his room with various pictures, posters, and décor, honoring the Greek and Latin scholars, poets, philosophers, and statesmen whose lives inspired or created the classical literary works that we studied there.

Like many creative and brilliant men, Doc was most certainly complex: a colorful, determined, and even elusive gentleman at times; passionate about his teaching and his students; and someone who could—yes—lose his temper from time to time should the appropriate conditions converge for this to transpire. As I recall, this is what happened when the esteemed desktop statue of a Greek or Roman (of some distinction) met its untimely demise on that day so long ago now.

So the story went, one, two, or more of Doc's students had become unfocused and unruly; haphazardly opting to try and cross Doc's Rubicon from the normal, placid shore to the other, less-benign, side beyond. Expressing his frustration at this foolish voyage, Doc picked up one of his treasured classical statues and sent it across the room where, after passing ever so briefly through the air, it smashed into the wall with a thunder before shattering into several pieces of chalky white composite on the floor below. The boat that Doc's students had set sail in that day was abruptly brought about and, in great haste, put back into the port from where it had launched its failed journey.

Suffice it to say, and while the statue's demise was somewhat less complex than one would have expected for a Latin or Greek figure, its end was certainly and dramatically effective in its result, with the students who watched the Greek or Roman tragedy unfold sufficiently now aware about their behavior and need for intellectual and disciplinary realignment. The lesson—like the classical stories of old—was also imparted to those not present at the actual event, and thus, capturing the essence of Greek mythology, historically provided a bit of wisdom to any and all who were told it secondhand.

Now, in any other school during that time, such an expression would have likely produced a bit more official attention, but this was Gonzaga, and the tough, Catholic immigrant spirit of early 20th century Washington, DC still clung with great pride to the character of the place in such a way that an event of the sort described was more relished for the story, and participating in it, than in anything else.

Anyway, getting back to the story. I remember very well our first class with Doc after the statue had been swiftly felled. Following our morning prayers in Latin, Doc sat back in his chair and, with great aplomb, fired up a cigarette. He was, no doubt, well aware that the story of his statue had made its way through the Gonzaga halls and, on its journey, grown into an embellished yarn of some prominence. So, with a wry smile, Doc pointed us to the remnants of the statue that now lay in, and what might only be described as, a state of repose on a shelf behind his chair. In gazing on the remains, I remember that the statue had been decapitated, but the head was still largely and miraculously intact. It's separated torso and various arms and legs could also be seen. The statue's small bits of chip and dust, that had resulted upon impact with the wall and were thus too small to be meaningfully retained, had already been discarded.

As Doc described the event while puffing on his cigarette and drinking his coffee—a boyish grin on his face—the room began to grow with laughter as the story was retold. Doc—in his ever-so-dramatic fashion and quick and humorous wit—expressed his regret: for this had been one of his prized statues. As the laughter reached uncontrollable proportions, our eyes now wet, we shared together one of those quintessential moments that seems to come back so easily, even if a little more larger and cloudier than before, especially when a moment like Doc's recent passing summons it up from the depths of memory again.

To finish the story, I am not sure how many days or weeks of mourning were allotted to the statue. But on a warm spring day—during a time when Eye Street had been under construction—Doc picked up the statue's remains, led the students in his class out of Kohlmann Hall, and lovingly placed them (with something akin to full military honors) in a construction hole on Eye Street.

Whether the statue's remains were found when Gonzaga recently again renovated Eye Street is unknown. I doubt the statue desires to be unearthed from its final resting place, its eternal physical connection to Gonzaga College High School, or from the memories we forged there during those halcyon, and sometimes awkward, days of youth. Nor should it be.

For just as Doc's prized statue and its story will forever remain connected to Gonzaga and the memories from the short time we spent there, so too will Doctor John Warman's time with us: a time when we were so extremely fortunate and blessed to call him our teacher.

David F. Ruppert '90

