



In Celebration of the Life of

**Hellmut Golde**

February 6, 1930 – April 17, 2019

## Hellmut Paul Oscar Golde

Hellmut was born in Berlin, Germany on February 6, 1930. He graduated from the Technical University in Munich and came to the United States in 1952 as one of the first German Fulbright Scholars at Stanford University. After receiving his PhD in Electrical Engineering, he and his wife Marcy moved to Seattle, where he took a faculty position at the University of Washington in the Department of Electrical Engineering in 1959.

Hellmut helped found the Computer Science Group (1967), which became the UW's Department of Computer Science (1974), and eventually evolved into the Paul G. Allen School (2017). In those early days, he played a crucial role in establishing the culture for which the Allen School is widely known — marked by friendship, support, and community.

Hellmut loved teaching and he is remembered with deep affection by many former students. He led the team that developed the wildly successful VAX Pascal compiler. The contract with DEC resulted in more than \$1 million in royalties to the department. As head of the Computer Laboratory he famously revoked access privileges from then-high school students Bill Gates and Paul Allen. He retired in 1992. Throughout his life and work, he was guided by a clear sense of right and wrong.

In 2005, he joined the Board of Directors of Heritage University in Toppenish, Washington and served until last year. He deeply enjoyed travel for the pleasure of meeting new people and seeing new places. He was proud to have stepped on all seven continents. He also loved skiing and spending time at the family cabin on the Olympic Peninsula. He served the environmental community as a long-time member of the Board of the Northwest Fund for the Environment. Hellmut was an inventive problem-solver and taught his children and grandchildren to build things and to persist. After moving to the Mirabella in 2009 he became an active community member and served as the third president of their Resident Association. He died at home surrounded by family on April 17, 2019.

# Program

## Introduction and Welcome

Ed Lazowska

## Remarks

Peter Golde

Judy Maleng

Mimi Gates

Margarete Noe

Barbara Fromm, Katja von Bernuth,  
and Frederik Fromm

Richard Ladner

Chris Golde

Ruth Benfield

Marcy Golde

Brief memories from guests

## Closing

A slide show of Hellmut's Life

*Music: Ode to Joy, from Beethoven's 9th Symphony*

## Reception

# Ode to Joy

## German

*O Freunde, nicht diese Töne!  
Sondern laßt uns angenehmere anstimmen,  
und freudenvollere.*

Freude, schöner Götterfunken,  
Tochter aus Elysium,  
wir betreten feuertrunken,  
Himmlische, dein Heiligtum.  
Deine Zauber binden wieder,  
was die Mode streng geteilt;  
alle Menschen werden Brüder,  
wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt.

Wem der große Wurf gelungen,  
eines Freundes Freund zu sein,  
wer ein holdes Weib errungen,  
mische seinen Jubel ein!  
Ja, wer auch nur eine Seele  
sein nennt auf dem Erdenrund!  
Und wer's nie gekonnt, der stehle  
weinend sich aus diesem Bund!

Freude trinken alle Wesen  
an den Brüsten der Natur;  
alle Guten, alle Bösen  
folgen ihrer Rosenspur.  
Küsse gab sie uns und Reben,  
einen Freund, geprüft im Tod;  
Wollust ward dem Wurm gegeben,  
und der Cherub steht vor Gott!

Froh, wie seine Sonnen fliegen  
durch des Himmels prächt'gen Plan,  
laufet, Brüder, eure Bahn,  
freudig, wie ein Held zum Siegen!

Seid umschlungen, Millionen!  
Diesen Kuß der ganzen Welt!  
Brüder, überm Sternenzelt  
muß ein lieber Vater wohnen!  
Ihr stürzt nieder, Millionen?  
Ahnest du den Schöpfer, Welt?  
Such ihn überm Sternenzelt,  
über Sternen muß er wohnen!

## English

*O friends, not these sounds!  
Rather let us turn to sounds more pleasant  
and more joyful.*

Joy, brilliant spark of the gods,  
daughter of Elysium,  
heavenly being, we enter your sanctuary  
intoxicated with fire.  
Your spells reunite  
that which was strictly divided by convention;  
all men become brothers  
where your gentle wing rests.

He who has had the good fortune  
to find a true friend,  
he has won a loving wife,  
let him join in our rejoicing!  
Yes, if there is but one other soul  
he can call his on the whole earth!  
And he who could never accomplish this,  
let him steal away weeping from this company!

All creatures drink joy  
at Nature's breasts;  
good and evil alike  
follow in her trail of roses.  
She gave us kisses, and the vine,  
and a friend faithful to death;  
even the worm was given desire,  
and the Cherub stands before God!

Joyfully, as his suns speed  
through the glorious expanse of heaven,  
brothers, run your course,  
joyously, like a hero towards victory!

Receive this embrace, you millions!  
This kiss is for the whole world!  
Brothers, above the starry vault  
a loving father must surely dwell!  
Do you fall prostrate, you millions?  
World, do you sense your Creator?  
Seek him above the starry vault,  
he must surely dwell above the stars.