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 lead 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 Mira-bella 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
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,
er 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,
laufen, Brüder, unsere Bahn,
freudig, wie wir Held zum Siegen!

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

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,
er 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,
laufen, Brüder, eure Bahn,
freudig, wie wir Held zum Siegen!

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

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.