



<https://www.saauc.org.au> - <https://www.facebook.com/saauc>

**Our next SAAUC (Zoom) meeting is...  
 Thursday 3rd July, 2025 from 7:30pm Connect  
 from wherever you have internet access and the  
 zoom.us app**

*(Details will be sent to members via email)*

***Dates to remember:***

*4th September, Thursday Zoom :  
 Workshop on Photos in iOS*

*10th September: Apple Event  
 Release of new iPhones*

*iOS26, iPAdOS26, macOS26  
 should all appear before release  
 of the new iPhones*

<b>SAAUC Meetings 2025</b>	
<b>Now Thursdays @ 7:30pm</b>	
February	7
March (AGM)	7
April	4
May	2
June	5
July	3
August	7
September	4
October	2
November	6
December	4





## *A word from our President*

*It was with great sadness I learnt last week that Mike Millard had died in Vancouver on 28th July after many weeks in hospital. Rick Sarkanen had asked me if I had heard from him and, as I too had been wondering how he was, i tried ringing. The call went through to voice mail and I left a message. Some time ago Mike had given me the details of a friend I could call if I was concerned about him. Nick Batistic answered and told me the sad news .*

*This newsletter is a tribute to Mike. His friend, Nick, has sent some of the material used at Mike's Celebration of Life.*

*We remember him with much affection, his years of contributions to SAAUCery and the email list and his two visits to Adelaide when he attended our meetings in person and the dinner we enjoyed at The British Hotel on 1st August 2019. Vale Mike, RIP.*

Regards

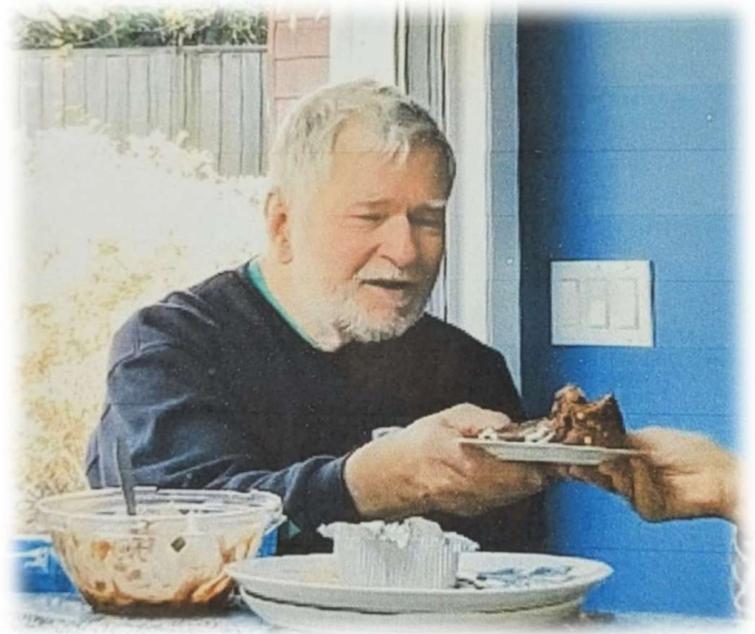
*Marie Good*

Apple  
At Unley Library.  
Marie is a  
volunteer at Unley  
Library and will be  
assisting with  
Macs and Apple  
devices once a  
month on the 2nd  
Wednesday of  
each month from  
10 to midday.

## In Memory of Michael J. Millard

This is a poem written by Mike,  
possibly some time ago,  
to be read after his death.

He passed at age 84  
Born June 18, 1941  
Died July 27, 2025 at 7:10pm



If you are reading this right now,  
I must have given up the ghost.  
I hope you can forgive me for being  
Such a stiff and unwelcoming host.

Just talk amongst yourself my friends,  
And share a toast or two.  
For I am sure you will remember  
How I loved to drink with you.

Don't worry about mourning me,  
I was never easy to offend.  
Feel free to share a story at my expense  
And we'll have a good laugh in the end.

Just think of me as resting  
From the sorrow and the tears,  
In a place of warmth and comfort  
Where there are no days or years.

And think of me as living  
In the hearts of those I touched...  
For nothing loved is ever lost  
And I was loved so much.

# Nick's email

Marie, here are some memories from Mike's Celebration of Life. "My Old Mate Mike IV.pdf" along with "Murrumbidgee Mike Compendium.pdf" were printed out and mounted to a board set up in the Celebration room. His brother Jack and sister Liz Anderson attended from Australia, and Jack read out "Mike's Poem.pdf" that they found in Mike's files.

I spoke to some memories I had of Mike through the years, see "Nick's Speech Notes.pdf"

I was pretty much in daily contact with Mike via text over the last seven years, after his wife passed. We often poked fun at each other, as he was an Aussie and I was a Kiwi. Despite our best efforts, we were unable to insult each other.....

Mike was deeply appreciative of your hospitality on his visit to the Apple Club some years ago, and if you look at the images in My Old Mate Mike document, you'll see him sitting with a professional friend of mind, Leticia Mooney, who lived in Adelaide at the time. He delivered the Kiwi wood art I made for her, over coffee, during that visit.

Am sorry your call resulted in this sad news.

Kind regards,

Nick Batistic

This photo with Mike taken at our meeting at Carlton Street Highgate , Friday 2nd August 2019



# Memories of Mike Millard

I first met Mike Millard in December of 1970. It was at a crowded Christmas Party in the house of 7 women on West 18<sup>th</sup> in Vancouver. I was trying to squeeze myself between people in the room and bumped into a fellow doing the same thing towards me. He had an elongated kni ed hat around his neck, and it was almost touching the ground on either side. He was holding a beer in each hand.

I looked at him, and said "You must be an Australian!"

"Yes" he said with a smile.

So our friendship of 55 years began.

My next memory followed on directly from that party. Since we had both been drinking beer, Mike offered me his living room couch to sleep on, rather than risk driving home.

I remember waking up late the next morning to the sounds of pots and pans clanking in the kitchen. As my eyes opened, I found myself looking up at the ceiling. Somewhat implausibly, I noticed the ceiling had a severe water stain, in exactly the shape of Australia.....

"Batistic" said Michael, "How do you like your bacon?"

"Crisp" I replied.

"Good" he said.

The plate arrived, upon which sat two thin strips of some carbon-like material that were allegedly bacon, and two sad blackened, overdone, fried eggs. Whatever Mike Millard was good at, it was definitely not cooking. I don't know who at the me was the worst Australian cook, but Mike was in the running for the title....

In the earlier years, Mike embraced the concept of Camping in the Great Canadian Wilderness. Provincial Campgrounds were our Summer haunts that we enjoyed with a passion. Our group of friends were made up of Aussies, Kiwis, Brits and Canucks.

On one occasion, we made a trip to the Kootenays, and Mike offered to share his pup tent with me. I was most appreciative until I he pitched it.

"Mike," your tent has no floor in it!" I said.

He looked at it. "Ahh...no, it doesn't".

To Mike, the term roughing it meant, well, roughing it.

The next morning he arose early.

"Time for a dip" says Mike.

"Millard, there's frost on the grass!"

"Yes, but there are no showers, so a quick dip will have to do!"

I grabbed my camera and tripod. "I need to photograph this!"

When we reached the beach I started to set up for the shot. Mike, on the other hand, was on a mission. He hurled himself into the frigid water, and immediately surged back to shore. He had turned bright red from the cold.

"Sorry, Mike, I wasn't ready".

He looked at me, then turned around and hurled himself back in.....

Mike took a lot of flak for his Aussie-issue pup tent. Then, on a trip into the Nahatlatch Lakes, Mike surprised everyone when he took a large bag from the trunk of his Datsun 510 sedan, and erected....the Millard Mansion! A magnificent 8x8 exterior frame tent, the likes of which we had not seen before, throwing the rest of us into complete envy! Now, there's a couple of things you needed to know about Mike. The first I've already mentioned – don't let him do the cooking. The second thing you needed to know was, maintenance of anything mechanical was not on his radar.

On this same trip, Mike managed to set his white gas-fired Coleman two burner stove on fire. Not an easy thing to do. As we all looked at the stove staring to flame, one of our group seized Mike's stove and stamped it flat to the ground. The fire was out, but Mike no longer had a stove. He took it all in stride.

Back to my mechanical reference. One summer night, Mike suggested we take in a movie, so off went to the Park Royal movie theatres. He picked me up in his Datsun 510, and we headed to the rear parking lot to zoom around a li le. That's when Mike spotted a chunk of firewood on the tarmac.

"I'll bet I can drive over that!" says Mike gleefully.

"Mike! No!" I shouted.

"She'll be right Mate" he cried.

No, mate, she was NOT. The firewood chunk caught on the undercarriage, and the two driving wheels were not longer driving wheels. The Datsun was stuck. With the aid of the car jack, we were finally able to remove the wood, and there was no apparent damage to either car or wood.

But the world was on notice. Don't let Mike loose with anything mechanical.

Mike was a prankster, and he got me good on a couple of occasions.

The first was a cheque he wrote to me. For whatever reason I had loaned him a small amount, which he promptly repaid. But writing "Nick Batistic" as the payee was much too simple for Mike.

Nope, he wrote "Buggerlugs Shagnasty".

This, of course, presented a slight problem with the bank clerk when I came to deposit the cheque. I smiled weakly at the clerk, and said:

"Look, I have this Australian friend....."

Turns out she had Australian friends too, and was most sympathic.

"Just sign it with that name!"

So officially, for five seconds, my name was Buggerlugs Shagnasty....

The second time was when Mike and his girlfriend of the me, Theo, babysat for us when our daughter Nicole was very young. Am pretty sure that no sooner we were out of the townhouse, when Mike began his mischief. He took a loaf of frozen bread dough out of the freezer and after thawing it out, carefully cut into the bottom of it, and inserted a large black plastic spider into it. Then wrapped it up again and returned it to the freezer.....

About two weeks later my wife has baked a lovely loaf of bread, and is cutting it into slices. I hear the scream, and rush into the kitchen to see her pointing to spider bits.

At this stage, I still did not recognize The Hand of Mike. I put the bread in a bag, and put it back into the fridge, then wrote to the Alberta Health Department with a complaint about the dough producer. By coincidence, Mike calls me a week or so later, sweetly enquiring if I had been enjoying any bread lately....I put the phone down for a moment and retrieved the bread, and poked at the spider remains, to discover they were plastic.

That was a good one, M'Lard!

I called the Alberta Health Department, and used the same line I had with the bank clerk..."Look, I have this Australian friend....."

In the photo display, some of you will have noticed one of the photos shows Mike sitting in a chair with our black cat on his lap. The cat is named Tonks, but her unofficial name within the family is Tonkenstein, and for good reason. She is not friendly to visitors, but Mike has the distinction of being the only visitor – ever – that Tonks has climbed onto and se led in for a snooze.

My final story is about Mike and his beloved Datsun 510. On one occasion, he went to a evening concert downtown, and emerged to find the car had been stolen.

"They must have hotwired it?" I asked of Mike.

"No," says Mike "I never lock it, and I left the keys in the glovebox!"

Two nights later, it's a Friday night. I have friends over for dinner. At 10:30pm the phone rings. It's M'Lard.

"They've found my car, in Golden! Feel like a camping trip? Let's go get it!"

I push my friends out the door, and get my camping stuff ready. 30 minutes later Doug Cox turns up, and with six people in the car, we drive overnight to Golden to retrieve the Datsun.

The car was stored at a local car wrecker's lot and we went to inspect it. The thieves had snapped off the inside rear-view mirror, but otherwise no damage. We check the oil. It's bone dry. The thieves ran the car flat out from Vancouver until the engine seized, just outside of Golden, where the RCMP found the car abandoned.

We fill the engine up with oil. Mike fires it up. It starts immediately. When we got back to Vancouver on Sunday night, Mike comments the car had never run better.....

Knowing Mike was never dull!

He loved classical music, and had the best audio gear.

He had a good singing voice, and sang with the Bach Choir for many years.

He loved hiking with family and friends.

He volunteered for many years doing taxes for seniors at the West Van senior centre, although he did moan about having to use a Windows based laptop for the filings.

He wrote a regular magazine article for many years for the Apple Club (as in Apple Computers) of Adelaide, Australia – and he once delivered a wood Kiwi I

had made for a friend of mine, when he visited the club a few years back.  
He had a sweet tooth, and never turned down a second helping of dessert.  
He enjoyed his many trips back to Australia to brush up his accent.  
He made an excellent cup of tea.

Mike had a great sense of humour, and he gave as good as he got, and enjoyed every minute of it.

And in knowing Mike for 55 years, I never heard him say an unkind thing about another human being.

He was a good mate.



## In Memory of Mike Millard



### My Old Mate Mike

He sat upon the old spring bed  
And lay back his weary head  
He'd had enough of Walkabout  
He thought of home, instead

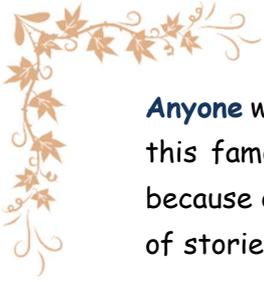
When all was done, and all was said  
He settled on that final bed  
He'd had enough of Walkabout  
He thought of home, instead

He dreamt of soil, rich and red  
The past, streaming thru his head  
He'd had enough of Walkabout  
He thought of home instead.

When he reached the Pearly Gate  
There was Dick a longtime mate  
Pouring Mike a Foster's beer  
Saying "You'll find Heaven great!"

- Nick Batistic July 27, 2025





**Anyone** who knew Mike Millard would immediately recognize his face superimposed into this famous piece of Australian art. Mike revelled in his Australian heritage, and because of this, it made great sport making fun of him. In jest, I created a small run of stories celebrating the adventures of a swaggie I named Murrumbidgee Mike.



The only thing Mike Millard had in common with Murrumbidgee Mike was his Aussie-ness. M'Lard, as I called him, was highly intelligent and quietly sophisticated. He was a gentle man who enjoyed classical music, singing, hiking and nature. In his early Canadian years, he loved camping and stamped it with his own unique character. I never heard him say a negative or hurtful thing to another human being in the 55 years I knew him. He will be missed by the good friends he accumulated.

*Nick Batistic*



## 1. *The Legend of Murrumbidgee Mike*

By Nick Batistic

The story goes that this old Australian swaggie, Murrumbidgee Mike, is making his way down a deep gully, when he jams his foot in a hole, and finds himself stuck. It's pretty close to nightfall, he's got no water – that's at the bottom of the gully – and he's got no food. He drops his swag beside him, and takes measure of what he's got. It's not much. A tin of tobacco, a threadbare blanket, a short stick, a battered old harmonica and a spare shirt.

He knows he's in dire straits. He could wait to lose weight and maybe pull his foot free, but that would take a day or two, and he's got no water, so he's bugged there. He could try and dig out the hole with his swag stick, but the hole is largely rock, and his swag stick is green gumtree.....so that's no bloody good.

A lesser man might panic, but you don't get to be an old swaggie if you're prone to panic, so he just sits his arse down, and gazes up at the stars which are slowly coming with nightfall, and starts to play his harmonica to settle his thoughts.

The harmonica music floats across the desert landscape as the moon rises. Various ears prick up, tracking where the sound is coming from and slowly animals are drawn to where the swaggie is playing. The first is a rabbit, who sits just out of arm's reach. The second is a wombat, who does much the same thing. The third to arrive is a large lizard, dragging a leg-hold trap and a long length of chain off one of his back legs. He's not happy, but the music is soothing, and he senses no harm in the old man, so he settles down beside him. The swaggie stops playing, and reaches down to spring the trap free of the lizard's leg.

Suddenly, the lizard grows to 6 feet tall, blue light simmering from his scales. His ethereal voice rolls around the gully.... "I am *Mangar-Kunjer-Kunja*, the lizard god who created humans! Your kindness has earned you a single wish.....name it, and it shall be yours!"

The swaggie thinks hard. "Cripes mate.....a Foster's would be perfect....."

Surprised? Shouldn't have been. Didn't mention anything about him being a **smart** swaggie, did we?





## 2. *The Ongoing Adventures of Murrumbidgee Mike*

By Nick Batistic

This story will only make sense – and maybe not even then – if you have read the first yarn in the series, *The Legend of Murrumbidgee Mike*....

Murrumbidgee Mike drained the last of his Fosters, and let out a long, satisfied sigh. “Damn, that was good!” He looked at the lizard, then at his foot, still firmly wedged in the hole, and sighed again. “I’m buggered, aren’t I?” The lizard by now had returned to normal size, although his scales still glowed blue, and he looked back up at Mike. “Yes. You chose poorly. Are all you white fellas so dumb?”

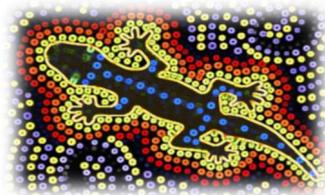
“I dunno...” said Mike. “It just seemed like a good idea. I s’pose I should have asked for my foot to be free?” The lizard just looked at him. Mike sighed again, and stretched out his free foot. That resulted in a loud metallic snap, followed by a sharp pain in his ankle. Not even opening his eyes, he asked the lizard: “I’ve just put my good foot into that leg-hold trap, haven’t I?” The lizard continued to just look at him. Indeed, Mike had gone from being buggered, to being REALLY buggered.

This story could have taken a nasty turn, but the lizard – the mighty Mangar-Kunjer-Kunja, the lizard god who created humans – did have some thoughts on this. “I didn’t make you white fellas...I got it right the first time...but organizing a Foster’s for you wasn’t a big deal, as far as these things go. Want to make a second wish?” Just as Mike opened his mouth to speak, the lizard raised a cautionary claw.

Mike paused. Then he smiled. He **did** know what he needed to ask for....his foot free of the hole....

And that’s the reason why, when you pass a certain billabong in the dead of night, you can sometimes hear the ghost of Murrumbidgee Mike, dragging that damn leg-hold trap and chain behind him.....

Surprised? Shouldn’t have been. Didn’t mention anything about him being a **smart** swaggie, did we?





### 3. *The Continuing Adventures of Murrumbidgee Mike*

*By Nick Batistic*

This story will only make sense – and maybe not even then – if you have read the previous yarns in the series....

Murrumbidgee Mike was not especially pleased with dying in a remote gully. He'd encountered a bit of bad luck in jamming his foot in a hole, and compounded it by not more carefully utilizing the offers of the lizard god. Now, he was stuck as a ghost haunting a remote billabong. It wasn't actually BAD being a ghost, but he was stuck with that damn leg hold trap and chain, which is what finally did him in.

He missed his Fosters, and he missed the warm sun on his back. Hell, he even missed the flies that used to habitually buzz around his hat. Instead, he had to wait for dark moonlit nights to begin patrolling the billabong.

One night, Mike encountered a very unpleasant spirit named Thoorkook, who in life had stolen a bullroarer from the brothers Byama. Thoorkook was not able to swing the bullroarer because the string was becoming too thin. Mike noticed both nocturnal and ghostly animals avoided the ill-tempered spirit, and sensed an opportunity. "You know," said Mike, "if you take this chain off my leg, and attach it to the bullroarer, it'll work like a champ!".

The nasty spirit seized the chain, removed it from Mike's leg, and attached it to the bullroarer and begin swinging it. And immediately slipped and fell into the billabong, sinking forever out of sight. There was a moment of silence, then both animal and ghostly cheers echoed around the billabong. Murrumbidgee Mike felt a tap on the shoulder, and turned to find the lizard god behind him. "You're getting pretty smart for a white fella," said the god. "All of the animals appreciate this. I grant you one more wish."

So Murrumbidgee Mike found himself alive again, AND with a cold Fosters in his hand. He was, unfortunately, back in the gully, foot firmly stuck in the hole. As we previously noted, he wasn't an especially smart swaggie.....but at least he was alive again, and with a beer in hand....





#### 4. *The Further Adventures of Murrumbidgee Mike*

*By Nick Batistic*

For those of you still following this yarn, our hero Murrumbidgee Mike found himself back in the gully. He contemplated his Fosters, and then further contemplated his firmly stuck foot. His situation was still grim, but he had managed to extract more favours from the lizard god, and at least he was now back in the land of the living.

Maybe it was luck, or maybe it was his recent experience, but Mike felt smarter than he had been for a year or two. The solution to his dilemma struck him like a boomerang to the back of his head. With a huge smile, he poured the last of his beer into the hole which firmly held his foot, waited a minute, and pulled his foot out as sweet as easy as you please.

“Crikey, that was orright!” he said, with a big grin. He headed off down the gully to the billabong, to set up camp for the night. High atop the hill, the lizard god watched him go, with small smile on his face.

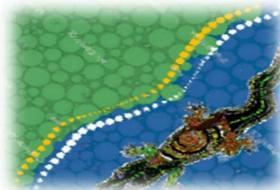
Murrumbidgee Mike set up camp, and started a fire, boiling up some water in an old billy he found in the bushes. He added some flowers and foliage from a nearby ti tree, and waited for his bush tea to be ready. Darkness gathered, but having only recently returned from the dead, the eeriness of a moonlit billabong bothered him not at all.

As he leaned back against a tree enjoying his small fire and hot tea, Mike suddenly realised he was not alone. He was completely surrounded. Bilbies, echidnas, numbats, wombats, quolls, rabbits....they all gathered around, just where the firelight met the darkness. Mike fancied he could even see the ghosts of Tasmanian tigers and Lesser bilbies. Smiling, he pulled out his battered old harmonica, and the billabong echoed with sweet music. It seemed everything around the billabong was revelling in the demise of the ghost of Thoorkook.....

After playing late into the night, Murrumbidgee Mike rolled his spare shirt into a pillow, and settled back against the small gum tree at his back for sleep.

It took Mike about two minutes to realise he had camped on a nest of Jack jumper ants. They swarmed him, so he ripped off his clothes, and jumped into the billabong. This was his second big mistake of the night, because an angry Thoorkook awaited him beneath the water.....

We didn't mention anything about him being a **smart** swaggie, did we?





# Mike has the last word

## A Thought on Scamming

I'm sure that most members are aware of *Scamming*, that many of us have been exposed to scamming attempts and, sadly, some have been scammed. The most common scamming approaches seem to come via one's phone and by email.



Just now, I want to highlight approaches by phone. I've had two types of scam phone calls. Occasionally there is a live person on the other end, but for myself I've lately had way more when I've just heard a recording. Best move with either type is to **just hang up right away!** Or, you could just "stay on the line" if you are curious as to what the call is about.

If it's a live person, you need to be very careful about saying anything if the caller uses your name in any manner—statement or question—or if they start asking questions. But if you realise early into the call that you are hearing a recording nothing you say goes down the phone line. Where you must be careful if it is a recording is when they tell you to "Press 1" to make something happen

One way I found to quickly know a recording is a scam is when they say you have done something, **but** ... they do not use your name, or the brand of your credit card, for example!

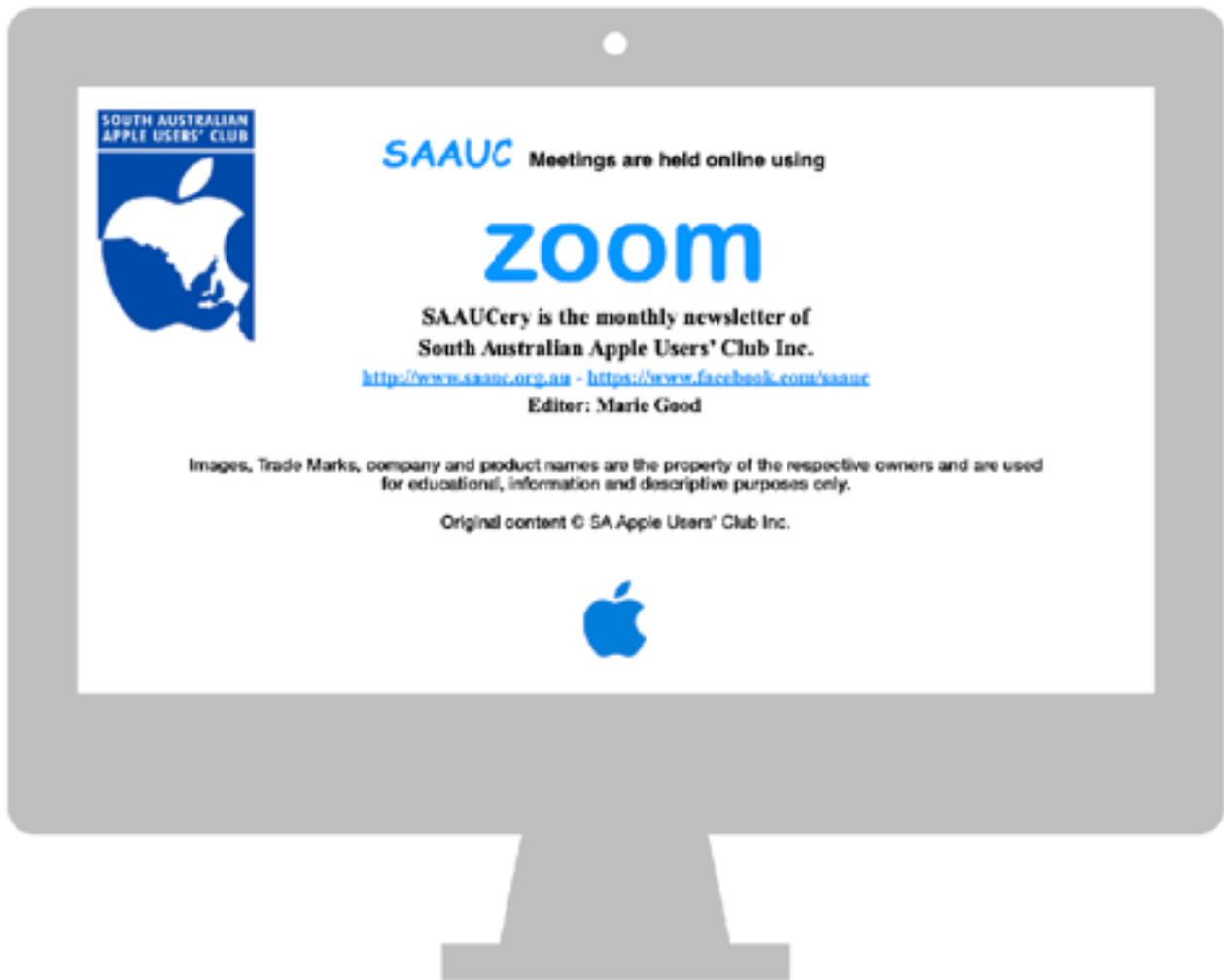
One thing I hear on recordings that gives me a chuckle is when I am in Canada but they refer to United States agencies—there ain't no *Department of Justice* in Canada!

If you feel like having fun with a "live" caller, carry on the conversation with them with you look for a spoon or piece of hard metal, or—in my case—a very shrill referee's whistle. Without pausing your conversation, you blow that whistle **very loudly** right up against the microphone, or rapidly bang the spoon as hard as you can on the microphone. I got bored doing that after about twenty seconds and hung up. But you could stop making the noise and see if the caller is still "hanging in there ...". (I've never done that myself.)



COFFEE IN HAND, SUPPLIES AT THE READY,  
ALICE SETTLES IN, WAITING FOR THE  
FIRST TELEMARKETER TO CALL.

**Mike Millard**



Send me an email with something for publishing in SAAUCery  
info@saauc.org.au.