

NEWSLETTER OF

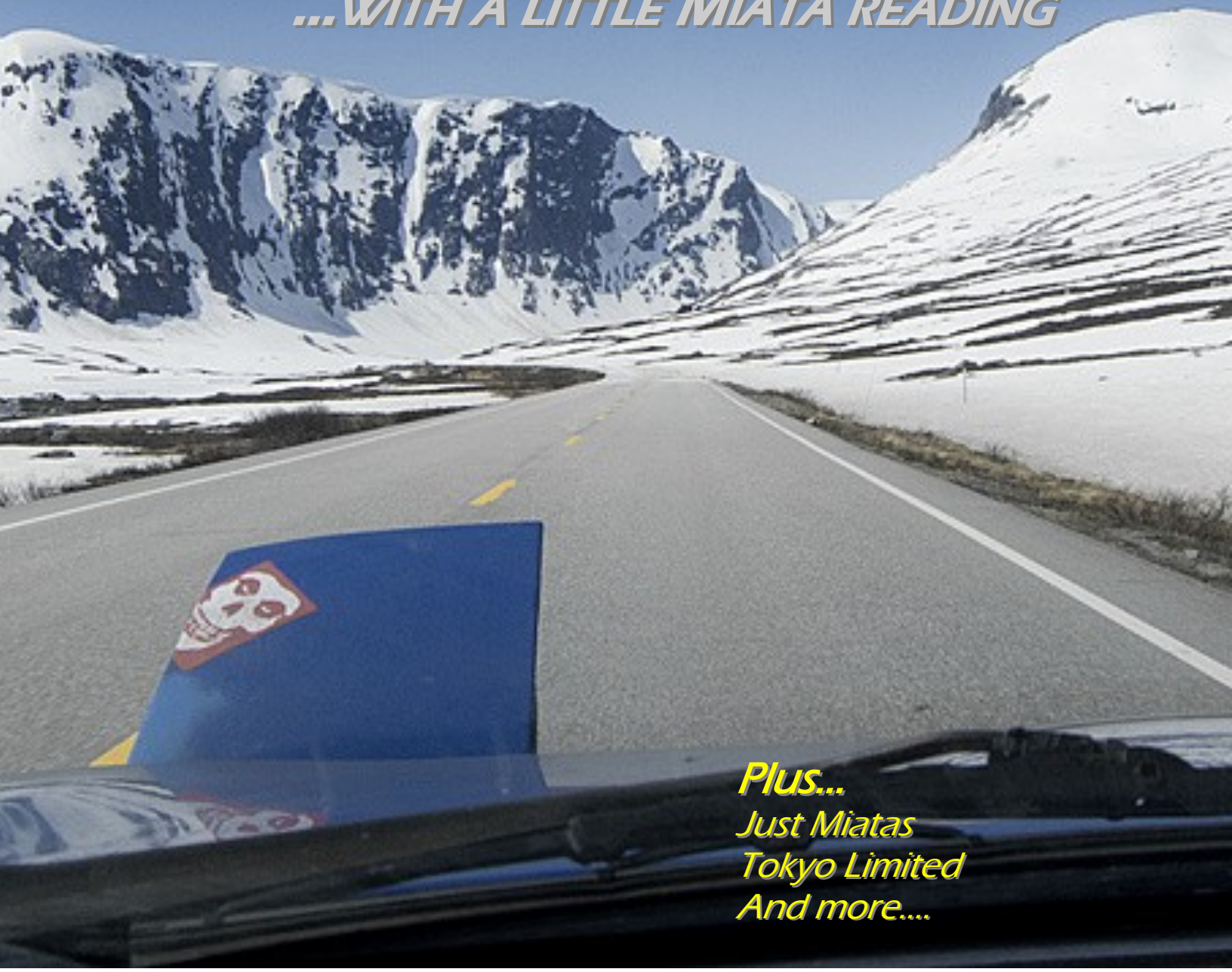


# Show Me Your Curves

VOLUME 4, NO. 2

## *Dealing with Those Winter Blues*

*...WITH A LITTLE MIATA READING*



*Plus...  
Just Miatas  
Tokyo Limited  
And more....*





*There is an unconfirmed report an employee of Pixar Films  
got loose in the Police parking lot...*

## On the Cover



A road trip in Jan 2012  
by "Beni" from Frankfurt,  
Germany as he drives  
through Norway

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## In the Rear View Mirror

Miataville had its first town council meeting at the McCauleys' in January and discussed a number of activities and the plans to execute these events. In addition to the events gleaned from our meeting in November it was agreed a mid-winter social just might help chase away those winter blues so an additional social event has been added to the calendar. Heather Fraser will be spearheading this event and details will be communicated in the near future.



## Lookin' Down the Road

### MoM's Mid-Winter Madness - Feb. 24th

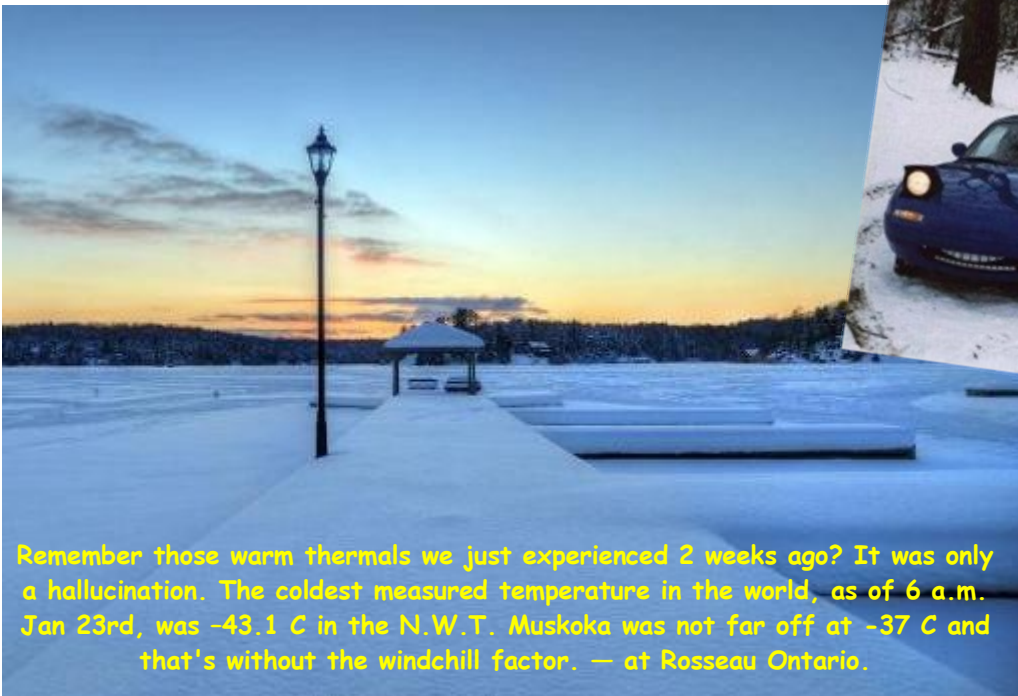
Our first council meeting began a mid-winter social in order to chase away those winter blues. We will be enjoying a late Sunday Luncheon at the Sherwood Inn.



*Mid-Winter  
Madness* ❄️

### Annual Spring Meeting - April 14th

We will have another General Meeting in the Spring as a "Meet & Greet" to help kick off the cruising season. This will allow our Snowbirds to catch up on all the activities schedule for the season (and possibly a reason to enjoy some ice cream??). Just as a "heads up" we will be looking for some Cruise Directors for a couple of unclaimed cruises planned.



Remember those warm thermals we just experienced 2 weeks ago? It was only a hallucination. The coldest measured temperature in the world, as of 6 a.m. Jan 23rd, was -43.1 C in the N.W.T. Muskoka was not far off at -37 C and that's without the windchill factor. — at Rosseau Ontario.

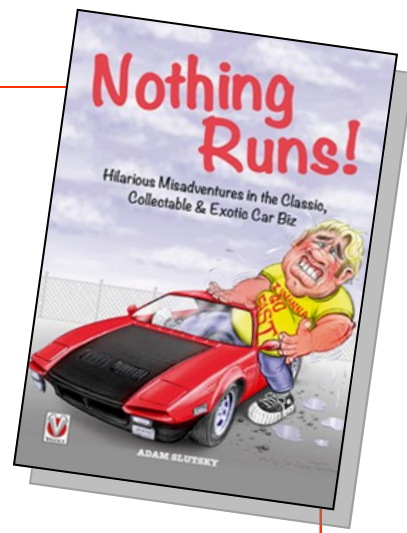


Our recent weather has been cold enough to make your teeth chatter!



## The Fat in the Cat

*(I recently received one of "those" emails, you know the buy me, buy me type from an old company you purchased something from 5 years ago still haunting you to buy more. For some reason I did not delete it and actually enjoyed the following somewhat lengthy excerpt from a book they were flaunting called Nothing Runs. Although not Miata specific, as a "car guy" I quite enjoyed it and it was easy to visualize....Ed)*



Bruce was a big guy — cement mixer big — with an immensity any champion Sumo wrestler would give his left natto to possess. Upon seeing him for the first time, I felt terrible that he'd driven over 400 miles to check out the Pantera I was selling. Had I known his gargantuan proportions when we spoke on the phone the day prior, I would have respectfully suggested he hold out for a larger vehicle, something along the lines of a Greyhound bus or a Sherman tank. Barring an act of God, there was no way in hell he could get inside my Pantera.

As it is, Panteras — Spanish for panther; hybrid European/American sports cars featuring gorgeous Italian bodies and powerful American V8 engines amidships — have small, cramped cockpits perfectly suited for anyone with a Napoleon-like build, and not so perfect for those even a smidge larger. But this particular Pantera, a 1974 GTS model, had been heavily modified into a serious vintage race car and the latticework of steel bars comprising the NASCAR-quality safety cage further reduced the interior's wiggle room to non-existent. Now, a lean, lithe body was just one of the prerequisites for access. The other was a Master's Degree in yoga. However, standing over the sleek fireball-red speed machine, fatty-boomba-latty didn't seem to care.

"I've wanted a Pantera ever since I was a little kid," Bruce explained. "And now I've got the money to buy one."

"Have you ever driven one before?" I asked sceptically.

The big man shook his head. "Nope, but I've had others sports cars, so I'm sure I can handle it."

"Such as?"

"I had a '95 Camaro," Bruce stated proudly. "Put close to a hundred thousand miles on it before I sold it."

"Z-28?" "Uh-uh, 3.4 litre V-6," he admitted. "But it was a convertible."

"Stick shift?" "No," he said bashfully. "What else?"

"I had a sweet BMW for a while." "M3?" I asked hopefully.

"Nope. 528i wagon. Needed something to haul the wife and kids around."

What the hell? If I didn't know any better, I would have sworn one of my friends was trying to punk me. First, there was the man's size to consider. Side of beef proportions — and that was before cooking. Next, he tells me the most powerful vehicles he's owned and driven prior to considering the Pantera were a mid-90s Camaro — a 160 horsepower six-cylinder with an automatic tranny, no less — and a freakin' BMW station-wagon that, even with its larger displacement and horsepower specs (still under 200), was just a glorified grocery-gettin' mommy mobile. And now he was in the hunt for a De Tomaso Pantera, more specifically, my fully customized, race-prepped, fire-breathing, 700-plus horsepower, asphalt eating monster? I feared this would end Abe Vigoda ugly. But damn if he didn't appear serious. He even arrived in a Chevy Suburban with a car trailer attached, fully intending to take my brutal beast home. Still, genuinely concerned for his safety, not to mention my potential liability — people sue over everything these days; if a woman could win a million dollars from McDonald's for spilling hot coffee on herself, imagine what I would be on the hook for when a driver I considered incompetent mangled himself in a car well beyond his performance threshold — I knew I needed to try and talk Bruce down.

"Look, I certainly don't mean to be rude," I began, traipsing on eggshells, "but you might want to reconsider."

El Gigante folded his flabby arms across his quadruple-barrel chest and gave me the dirtiest of looks, as if I had snatched and ate the last chocolate chip cookie in the jar right before his eyes. "And why is that?"

"Well, this car is a really tight fit for me and I'm five-eight, a buck-seventy. You're, uh ..." I paused, trying to figure out how to say exactly what I wanted to say as delicately as possible. "Somewhat um ... larger."

The big man didn't say a word, just looked at me, then at the car, then back at me.

I continued my attempt to dissuade. "I'm not saying you shouldn't buy a Pantera — just not this Pantera. I think you'd get a lot more pleasure out of a vehicle you can comfortably fit into. Find a nice road car. You'll be much, much happier." Once again, his look seemed to indicate he thought my words were shit on a stick. He shook his head vehemently. "You don't get it. I don't just want to own a Pantera," he whined. "I want to race a Pantera. That's why I came here from El Paso in the first place."

Jesus, this was getting better by the minute. I immediately tried to picture what the guy would look like wearing a helmet and a Nomex race suit. Visions of the Michelin Man, or one of those immense, colourful balloon characters from the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade came to mind.

"Have you ever raced a car before?" I asked, already knowing the answer. "No, but I'm going to race school to get my SCCA license next month." "Wouldn't you rather wait and see if you even like it before plopping down a ton of money on a race car?" Seemed like a logical question to pose.

Bruce just laughed. "Oh, I'm gonna love it. I've been dieting and working out for months in preparation." The heck with buying the Pantera, I wanted to say. You need to get your fat ass over to your gym or your trainer or your dietician and demand your money back! Whatever fitness program or dietary regimen they had placed him on clearly wasn't doing a damn bit of good. But I had no reason to be rude to the disillusioned behemoth. Instead, I decided to spark up a discussion about the many problems, pitfalls and expenses associated with vintage racing, in general, and especially his decision to race a temperamental and occasionally problematic sports car like the De Tomaso Pantera.

But Bruce cut me off before I got started. Overly candid about his recent financial success, he claimed he was committed to checking off every item on his 'Bucket List' within the next five years and racing cars, specifically those he had lusted after when he was a kid, was right up there with climbing Mount Everest and doing the horizontal mambo with Angelina Jolie. Considering he was in the vicinity of 400 pounds and not the handsomest chap in the yard I thought he should supplant that pair of impossible conquests and strive for something a bit more attainable, like winning the world-famous Fourth of July hot dog eating contest at Nathan's on Coney Island, or perhaps settle for boinking Roseanne Barr. But since I had no desire to be the crusher of dreams, I kept those thoughts to myself.

When Bruce was done explaining his reasons for purchasing the Pantera, he ceased talking and began trying to squeeze himself between the car's spaghetti tube-sized side impact bars. Adding insult to injury was the fact that he was wearing movement-restricting denim blue jeans instead of a far-more-maneuvrable race suit. It took all my resolve to keep from laughing at the spectacle. If only I had a hidden video camera, I'd have won the grand prize on America's Funniest Home Videos for sure. Five minutes later Bruce was covered in a lather of sweat and all he had to show for his efforts was a brick chimney-sized leg in the car's interior.

"It's a little tougher than I thought," he blurted, almost completely out of breath. "Then again, anything worth doing ain't easy." While I certainly agreed with the gist of Bruce's statement, that logic shouldn't apply to the simple act of getting into an automobile, race car or otherwise. If someone were to bet me right then and there that he'd find a way inside I'd have bet all the tea in China against it. To my astonishment, after another 10 minutes of hardcore effort Bruce had actually made considerable progress. Half of his body was now wedged between the bars and his legs were in the right general area, on the floor in front of the driver's seat. Of course, he still had to manoeuvre his prodigious stomach through the narrow opening and damn if I wasn't curious how that was going to happen without a Jaws of Life, but there was certainly no quit in him.

By now, the rear of Bruce's jeans bore a dark sweat stain, a planetary circle that resembled the spot on Jupiter - with his enormous rear end being the remainder of the planet - and his face looked like he had been sitting in a steam room, for a week! Still, Bruce managed a joyful smile. "Almost there," he declared.

Impressed with his determination, I honestly wanted to help him. But the idea of pushing against his thick back and chunky buttocks in the hopes of cramming him into the cockpit of a car I genuinely loved — even though I was trying to sell it — was about as alien a concept as I could fathom. As it was, I could hear the car's custom suspension protesting the man's largess, squeaking and groaning as he struggled to get behind the wheel. I felt complicit in a dirty act, as if I were the proud owner of a prize-winning Chihuahua, looking on while some stranger tried to forcibly mate it with an ugly pot-bellied pig.

Suddenly, there was an audible POP! and Bruce was through the bars and fully ensconced in the Pantera's interior, bent over at an odd angle that I didn't think human beings — or any upright-walking life form, for that matter — could achieve. After another moment of anguished wriggling (images of a fat turtle stuck on its back came to mind) during which time his face became so red you'd swear he was trying to pass an avocado pit — or maybe the entire avocado — he finally managed to force his elephantine backside down into the narrow, carbon fibre Recaro race seat.

"I did it!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "I did it!"

I walked over beside the car, fully expecting to see the look of a kid in a candy store. Instead, I saw genuine distress. Actually more like abject horror. Bruce's once crimson visage had morphed into a sickly greenish pallor — a hue I'd only seen twice before; a bowl of pea soup at Denny's and month-old guacamole in a frat house refrigerator. Sweat was now cascading down Bruce's forehead in such a torrent that it appeared as if he were standing beneath a waterfall. Gripping the steering wheel so tightly his knuckles had turned white, Bruce started to whimper, a diminutive sobbing that soon became a huffing noise, rapidly building in both volume and intensity. Then, the hyperventilating began, the rise and fall of his chest mimicking an oversized bellows in the hands of a meth addict.

"Are you okay?" I asked, genuinely concerned, fearing he was about to have a heart attack. And while I would never shy away from being the Good Samaritan, performing CPR under those conditions would have been nigh impossible.

Jesus, what if the guy codes out in my car? I thought. It would take a goddamn hacksaw to get him out — and for the record; I'm talking about a hacksaw on him, not my Pantera. Respect for the dead aside, after all the time and money I'd invested in that car, no friggin' way was I going to allow it to be cracked open like a can of Starkist.

"Talk to me," I implored. "What's wrong?" "I have claustrophobia," Bruce said, voice quivering. "Just relax. Everything's gonna be alright." "That's easy for you to say," he fired back, his voice a caustic mixture of anger and terror. "You're out there and I'm stuck in here."

A wave of panic overtook him and he began clawing at the bars, desperately trying to extricate himself from the automotive solitary confinement cell. But not only wasn't he making one centimetre of progress getting clear of the cockpit, he wasn't even getting his obese rump out of the seat. That's when an idea came to me, a bizarre proposition to be sure but one that had merit. I walked over to one of my warehouse's shelving units, returned with a can of silicone spray.

"Take off your shirt," I said. Bruce immediately stopped fighting with the safety cage and looked at me as if I had a penis growing out of my forehead. I'd like to think it was the even-keeled tone of my voice that snapped him from the frantic tizzy but I'm reasonably certain it was the strangeness of my statement that did it.

"Huh?" "Your shirt. Take it off. I've got an idea." "WHAT THE FUCK are you talking about?"

I showed him the can of lube. "We're gonna grease you up and slide you out."

"You're crazy." "And you're stuck," I replied. "Of course, you're gonna have to take off your pants, too, and considering I don't think you can do it the normal way ..." I took out my Emerson CQC6 tactical pocket-knife and flicked open the blade. "Your call."

Standing there with a can of spray lube in one hand and a wicked knife in the other, it suddenly occurred to me that, even with his claustrophobia, being stuck inside the Pantera might not have looked like such a bad place to be. Granted, he was clearly still terrified, seemingly on the verge of a mental meltdown, but his expression was somehow different now.

A minute went by with no response. My initial feelings of sympathy had now completely eroded away, replaced by a growing impatience. I tapped the face of my watch and breathed an exasperated sigh, letting Bruce know time was of the essence.

"What's it gonna be?" I asked shark attack serious.

A short while later, a very fat man wearing nothing but sneakers and ripped, sweat- and silicone-stained BVDs was standing before me, bitching ignominiously about the large patches of hair that had been friction-burned off his arms, legs, stomach and back. After allowing him to rant for 30 seconds or so, I had had enough.

"Tell me, what was the alternative?" When he didn't answer immediately, I strongly suggested he stop complaining and let it go. To my amazement, he did.

Without any clothes to lend him for his return trip to El Paso — unless he'd consider wearing one of my car covers; I would have happily sold him one at cost as a courtesy — I used duct tape to secure his jeans back into place. Sure, he looked like an absolute fashion reject, but the impromptu fix was more than adequate to allow him some measure of respectability should he need to get out of his car to refuel or use the service station's rest room.

It goes without saying that Bruce elected not to purchase the Pantera and, if his near ceaseless cursing of race cars and roll cages was any indication, I'm willing to bet he cancelled his forthcoming racing school. Something tells me his 'Bucket List' also got one achievement shorter.

Two months after the Pantera incident, Bruce called to inquire about another vehicle I was selling - a 1964 289 Shelby Cobra, a car smaller than a first generation Miata. Unable to control myself, I started laughing; a simple chuckle at first, soon transforming into an unbridled cackle. When I finally got my giddiness under constraints, Bruce was no longer on the line.



# Miatas around the World

## *A look at what's happening in the world of Miata*

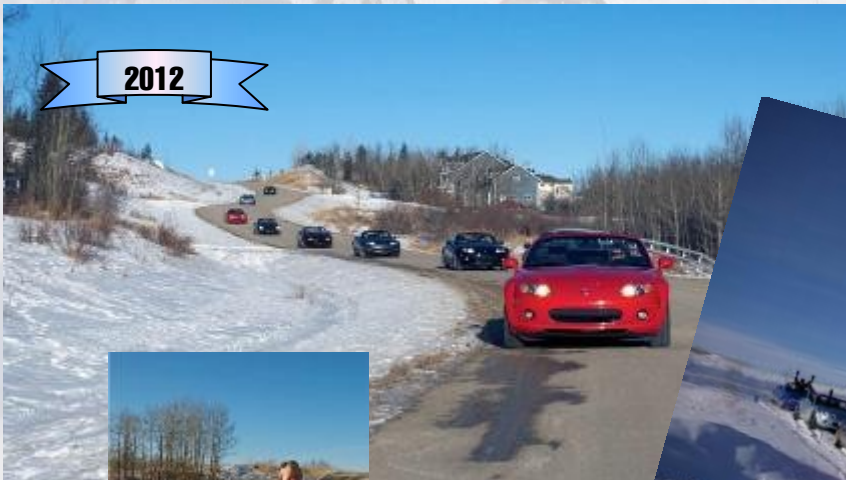
Every year on new Year's day, our friends in Calgary gleefully demonstrate how much fun Canada can be in the winter by dropping their tops and cruising' in their Annual Polar Bear Run. This year, eight brave souls endured a relatively mild  $-5^{\circ}\text{C}$  day compared to runs in the past. Never deterred they motor on each year (some in shorts), in 2012 they endured  $-14^{\circ}\text{C}$  weather and in 2011 it dipped to  $-21^{\circ}\text{C}$ . So why are we storing our cars when we could be driving them?



2013



2012



2011





# *Closer to Home*

*Canadian Sites with a Miata flavour*

This month's picture is of the beautiful Athabasca glacier in the Columbia ice fields of Alberta. The smaller picture is of the same location 47 years earlier, global warming? Absolutely!

The lovely red 1990 Miata is owned by the photographer Peter Laurence of Burnaby BC who purchased it 7 years ago. It's been to Yellowstone, Texas, Alaska, and the Miatas in Moab IV in 2010, tenting trips each time!!







by Terese Mac Davis

## The Third Zippy

I drove the Miata for the first time on the way home. I **loved it!** It was fast, agile, tight, gorgeous, and wonderful. I've only had two or three 'special cars' like this one. They don't come along very often. They earn the name 'Zippy' (see my article on The Zippy Red 90.) Don't get me wrong, I've had some dynamite Miatas, but these are just regular Miatas that were way above average.



This one belonged to a friend who needed to sell it. He'd bought it new, 21 years ago. He was losing his eyesight and couldn't drive anymore. He'd driven it and babied it and garaged it ...and even courted his wife in it. It was hard. He asked me to sell it for him, as he couldn't sell it himself and I was more than happy to oblige.

I love selling Miatas. It's so much fun to see the excitement and even the actual moment of falling in love. That was the case with the Zippy White 91. Jimmy and I drove up to Sacramento and picked up the car. The drive home was wonderful. I dropped it off to my mechanic, Jeff. It had a few little issues that I wanted to clean up.

I knew as soon as I drove it that this was one of 'them'. .. the special ones.

This little car was perfect. Perfect original paint, one small dent behind the door and gorgeous. Bare stock, and it only had 57k miles on it. And it was **fast**, and quick in the turns and had plenty of pep and so **tight**.. It was a little rocket and I loved it.

You have to sell your Miata, and you don't want to take it to a dealership, and none of your friends are interested. You dread having to advertise it, talk to idiots, and do test drives. If you can't sell it yourself, the next best thing is to have another Miata enthusiast sell it for you..

I quickly put it on Craigslist , Then the calls started coming in. You know you've priced a car right when you get a lot of calls. I couldn't show it the first day because Jeff had driven it to work. Several young men wanted to see it immediately. I figured I could show it the next day at Jeff's house. He was still checking and fixing things, but I could drive it.

I made tentative appointments for the next day. Then a young man called back for the second time. Tom said he knew this was the car he had been looking for. He'd had a Miata before and had been looking for weeks. He even offered a deposit over the phone. I've done this myself when I *knew* it was going to be a good car. He said he could meet me at Jeff's at 9 am the next day, ready to buy. This was the type of owner I wanted to own this special little car.

I told Jeff to finish the things he'd started and a couple of things that really needed to be done and zip it up.



## Con't

Tom and his girlfriend drove down from Sacramento to Riverbank.. I knew and he knew that this was his car. He test drove it and I took his girlfriend on a ride in it and they both loved it. He bought it on the spot. It was so *clean* and so zippy (no other word).

We all went to the smog station and did the smog and then to AAA to switch the title. They had driven 90 miles from Sacramento and he had to leave by 11 to get to work. He texted me the next day from work and said, yes, he was still grinning.

Tom had the time of his life buying that car, and so did I. I told the previous owner all about the young guy who bought his car, and how much he loved it. Tom will enjoy it as much as he himself had 21 years ago.

I checked in with Tom a week later to see how things were going and he's still happy as a new Miata owner. The car has a personality and just sparkles with fun,

He's going to get his free membership in SAMOA and start doing some driving. Of course he's thinking of all the things he can do to it. So you guys in SAMOA watch for a guy with a white 91 perfect car .. he'll show up.

The down side of this story is the two guys who really wanted it and didn't get it. I had to sympathize with them. I've also been the one who watched the car drive away. **BUT** it's much better to be the one driving it.



### Lost in Nova Scotia

Two American tourists were driving through Nova Scotia. As they were approaching Shubenacadie (shoe-been-aack-id-dee), They started arguing about the pronunciation of the town's name.

They argued back and forth until they stopped for lunch.

As they stood at the counter, one tourist asked the employee, "Before we order, could you please settle an argument for us? Would you please pronounce where we are... Ver-r-ry slo-o-owly?"

The waitress leans over the counter and says:

"Tiiimmmmm Hoorrrrttoooonns..."



## Things that make you say ...Hmm?

Τις πράγματα που λες ...Ημμ;



*The only word on this sign spelled correctly is "Exit"*



*Your Navigation System wouldn't .....  
Would it?*



*Thanks but I'll pass.*



*Or you'll have trouble spelling...*



## SPOTLIGHT ON

### 1993 Tokyo Limited



Typically in the past we have featured Special Edition Miatas in the "Spotlight On" column but this month's "Spotlight" the Tokyo Limited, is technically not a factory edition, but there is an interesting story here.

The 1.6l M2-1002 special edition featured in Vol. 3 No. 11 of *Show me your Curves*, was supposed to be a run of 300 hand built cars. It was very expensive (about the same price as an RX7 at the time). The M2-1002 failed miserably after its launch due to the downturn in the Japanese economy, so the release was limited to 100 cars. This presented Mazda with a bit of a dilemma as there were 200 sets of these very special interiors now in their inventory. Some of these were retained as spares, some were off-loaded through Club M2, and the M2 shop but there still was a surplus.

A Tokyo Eunox dealer got wind of this, and somehow persuaded Mazda to make a special order of S-packages from the factory in the unique Brilliant Black which was normally only available for the Japanese V-Specs and S-Specs cars.





## 1993 Tokyo Limited

So 40 of these cars were built (17 Automatics, 23 manuals), with a tan top, 14" 7 Spoke Alloy Wheels (same as those used on the S-Packages and Vspecs) and outfitted with part of the M2 interior (seats, modified door trims, carpet). Because the 1002 didn't have power windows, the door trims needed to be modified, and a centre console fitted (the 1002 had a special leather trimmed radio surround, with Yamaha walnut veneer inlay). The Tokyo Limited didn't receive the special 1002 gauges but it did get the alcantara/leather upholstered dash. The dash and door trims were all hand stitch full grain leather. Most models were fitted with the black Momo steering wheels, some have the Nardi wood wheel. I'm uncertain if all of these vehicles got the Nardi wood gear shift knob, as there are very few reference photos but all of them received a special Tokyo Limited badge affixed to the front fender.

The Tokyo Limited was released in November 1993, and only sold through a specific dealership only in the Tokyo area.



*Interior features cream leather seating*



*Nardi Wooden Steering Wheel*



*Sales Sheet*





*We gladly support those that support us, check it out.....Ed)*

# Muskoka Photography Club Open House

The Muskoka Photography Club will hold its second annual Open House at Raymond Community Hall, Highway 141, on  
**March 2, 2013 , 1:00pm -4:00 pm.**

There will be photos, slide shows, camera and equipment on display, computer demos from the members of the club, eager to share their passion for photography with the general public.

Admission is free, as well as coffee and refreshments. So come on out and see what we are all about.



Directions: From Highway 11, exit onto Highway 141 West. Follow 141 through Utterson and continue to the stop sign. Turn right towards Rosseau. The Raymond Hall is in the Raymond Valley on your left.