



THE

GOSHAWK



FLIER



RROC GOSHAWK SOCIETY
SERVING THE SMALL HP COMMUNITY

VOL. 6 NO. 1 ~ SUMMER 2014

Goshawk Society Officers

Chairman: Gil Fuqua
gil.fuqua@cci-ir.com

Secretary: John Carey
jbcarey@sbcglobal.net

Treasurer: Gary Phipps
gshipps05@comcast.net

Newsletter Editor:

Terry Saxe
bh-farm@juno.com



Technical Director:

Wally Donoghue
wally@plaidpants.net

In this Issue.....

—Gary Rock tells us about an
Old Car Festival in his corner of
the world

—Doug White tells us about his
water pump woes

—Mark Johnson tells us about
finding the perfect picnic basket

—Tom Murray tells us about
PMCs he has owned

—The Scourge of Lucas
revisited

—Michael & Lynn Attwood do
battle with a 3 litre generator.

As always, I warmly welcome your
articles! and thanks!!

Terry

Ladies and Lads of the Goshawk Society

The 2014 driving season is well under way here in my corner of the world. We intersperse PMC activities with the farm chores.....sometimes the farm wins out! Such is the case with haying....

We recently took Old Wraith up to a British car show in Vancouver, British Columbia. There were about 600 British cars there with three prewar Rolls. The venue was Van Dusen Gardens....a very striking garden. The weather was "mostly" dry (this part of the world does, indeed, get it's share of rain!). Then there was the drive home.....it poured. We were ready. Barb & I had our towels at the ready. The windshield seal on a '39 Rolls leaves something to be desired!

Barb & I are the Activity Coordinators for the US Pacific Northwest Region and set up the monthly activities. One such activity is our annual outing with the British Columbia Region. Many of the BC members are expats from England so we bill the weekend as a replay of the Revolutionary War of 1776 (what we "Colonists" call the conflict with England for our independence). No muskets this time but rather games of skill (luck?) with the motorcars. The winner receives the coveted "battle sword" from the losing team and the bragging rights for the coming year. If you are in the area in September....please join us in BC. This year we will combine the "Battle" with the projected British Columbia National Tour in September.... watch the Flying Lady for details.

There you have it. Thanks to those who put fingers to the keyboard with articles for this issue.

Trust you have your Proper Motor Car on the road.....and not in the garage....

Terry



The Old Car Festival

**The Henry Ford – Greenfield Village,
Dearborn, Michigan**

“A one-of-a-kind event for cars and the
people who love them.”

Gary L. Rock
RROC – Motor Region



The State of Michigan is a wonderful land that offers vintage car enthusiasts ample opportunity to enjoy driving their special motorcars. From motoring down delightful country 2-lane roads to participating in any of the many static or driving events there is something for everyone in Michigan.

One of the premiere events for vehicles produced from 1890s through 1932 is The Old Car Festival held every year the first weekend after Labor Day at the world famous Greenfield Village (The Henry Ford) in Dearborn, Michigan. It is one thing to view a display of pre 1932 automobiles however, what makes this event so very special is the fact participants are encouraged to drive their motorcars around the Village grounds at their leisure. Imagine being in an authentic village of 100 years ago and witnessing the sights, sounds and smells associated with cars of the period. To make things even more exciting is the Gas Light Parade where all of the participating vehicles illuminate their systems (gas, oil and early electric) and the vehicles are driven around “town”.

As far as I know this is the only event of its kind and one cannot even describe what it is like to experience it. Once the participant collects his credentials he is then directed to the village proper for his parking directions. I have been a participant for several years displaying my 1924 Rolls-Royce “Twenty” Smith and Waddington 4-passenger touring car GLK2 and I elect to have my car judged. Judged vehicles are parked on The Village Green and by the year they were produced. You never know what you will be parked next to. It could be anything from a Ford to an Isotta-Fraschini and everything in between. All of the vehicles are displayed behind ropes and the security in the area are most diligent protecting the classics. When you get tired of sitting you simply get in your car and drive it off the Green and onto the streets.

Good friend and fellow Motor Region member, Todd Nagler has been participating in the Old Car Festival since the 60s and it was he who encouraged me to experience it. Be warned, this event is very contagious and I will say if you do participate you will be forever hooked.

This year’s Old Car Festival is scheduled for Saturday and Sunday, September 6, 7, 2014. Details can be found at The Henry Ford website at - <http://thehenryford.org> You must submit your registration by August 1. You will be contacted if your submission is accepted. Upon arrival at the village you will receive four, 2-day passes to the village and become a part of the Americas longest running antique car show. “A one-of-a-kind event for cars and the people who love them”.

Should you would wish to further discuss the Old Car Festival feel free to contact me at gary.rock@rroc-mr.org.

If you do attend be sure to contact me so we can compare notes, tell less than truthful stories and have a good time.

Cheers,

Gary Rock
RROC – Motor Region

The Old Car Festival

The Henry Ford – Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Michigan

Photo Caption Sheet

Photo #

Page 1 – *“Waitin’ for the Train”* The author’s 1924 Rolls-Royce Twenty GLK2 with one of the Village’s historic locomotives under a full head of steam approaching.

1410 – 1924 Twenty and 1926 Silver Ghost awaiting the judges decisions.

1412 – GLK2 with hood-up for judging

1418 – Saturday morning on the judging field. The Greenfield Village Old Car Festival is Americas longest running Antique Car Show held every year on the weekend following Labor Day.

1438 – 1929 Duesenberg parked next to a Model T

1439 – 1911 Indian motorcycle looking like it has never run.

1441 – A string of very early Fords.

1445 – A very rare 1907 Model K Ford with 405 cu in inline 6 engine. Thus was Henry Fords’ attempt to break into the high end automobile market. It was considered a failure

1456 – Todd Nagler’s 1926 Springfield Silver Ghost (RRCCW) lining up to participate in the automobile field games.

1460 – “Watching the races” 1924 R/R Twenty 4-pass tourer by Smith and Waddington enjoying the action. Just one of the special events held during the Old Car Festival.

1542 – GLK2 under the shade of Oak trees.

1555 – “Gridlock in the Village”. Waiting our turn to enter village traffic. Notice the Stanley Steamer Model 88 Mountain Wagon.

3026 – A nighttime sight you will never forget. The Gas Light Parade begins at dusk and continues to 9:00pm when the fireworks begin.

3061 – As proud as a Peacock this Auburn Boat Tail Speedster stands at the ready.



#1410



#1412



#1418



#1438



#1439



#1441



1445



#1456



#1460



Water Pump Woes

Here's a little tale of woe from the most recent P-1 tour in PA.

Several weeks ago I drove my 1935 20/25 (GBJ65) from Winston-Salem down to Charlotte and back, 150 miles or so with no problems. A week or so later when I drove a mile to the Exxon to gas it up before loading it onto the trailer bound for PA I discovered water pouring out. Two of the four bolts connecting the water pump to the fabric driving disc had lost their nuts allowing the whole thing to flail around pretty much destroying the disc.

I limped home and disassembled the water pump. The flailing shaft had destroyed the babbitt lining in the front disc. I had previously replaced the usual packing with a modern lip seal and new stainless steel shaft. It couldn't cope with the misalignment. My temporary fix was to reinstall the front packing piece and packing which stabilized the shaft pretty well but it still oozed coolant.

When I got to PA Tim Jayne provided a replacement front disc with intact babbitt and some modern packing material (Palmetto Packings, style 1392 1/8" distributed by McMaster Carr) he's had good success with. I removed the damaged seal and reassembled the pump with both packings and over the rest of the tour there was no discernible leakage.

The moral of the story: make sure your bolts are tight and the cotter keys in place.

-Doug White-



THE PICNIC BASKET

or, how best to transport tea, scones and snacks

My hunt for the perfect picnic basket began when I noticed that all new RRs were being fitted with picnic baskets, often by firms which had been doing so for the company for over 100 years, but previously in an aftermarket role. Some of the more famous names for high quality baskets include Coracle, Asprey, Brexton and G.W. Scott.

And thus began my pursuit.....

Apparently the first decision is, how many settings? The most popular models include a small basket for just two people, and the larger model with settings for six.

I was able to find a 1909 basket, which includes plates, forks and knives for six, plus teacups, in good condition, and thus acquired it.

It turns out that another decision to make is with or without the tea service. Vickery made excellent picnic baskets, some with tea kettles and some with the tea kettle in a separate leather container. I got one with the tea kettle and teacups. It even has a little burner to heat the kettle.

Then, of course, you have to have the sugar and tea containers, with salt and pepper holders. The sandwiches are held in little china bins with metal covers. Separate china containers hold Preserves and Butter.

No picnic basket would be complete without an egg cooker, so I was able to find an original Sirram red top egg cooker.

Don't forget to get a match holder to light the kettle!

Finally, linen napkins and tablecloths really make a picnic special.

Yes, for all of you who are wondering, there is a wine bottle in a wicker case. This goes along very well with the cheese which has its own little compartment. It makes for a lovely afternoon, to take your spouse for a spin in the car, and stop along the ocean and have a little picnic with a basket from another age, filled with the best food and snacks that can be had.

A recommendation? Blueberry scones with Devonshire cream, Earl Grey tea, and lobster sandwiches.

Stay tuned for the next newsletter, when I talk about finding the perfect Victrola!!

Cheers! Marc



SIXTY YEARS OF BEING IN LOVE, Part 1

For the Goshawk Society's "*Goshawk Flyer*"

Tom Murray, Guilford, Connecticut`

For this enthusiast it began sixty years ago at age ten. The year was 1954, and in front of the Kings of the Road Museum on Foothill Boulevard in Cucamonga, California one of those irresistible Springfield Phantom I Brewster tourers, an Ascot, was always parked to lure paying visitors inside. I well remember asking my father: "*Daddy, can't we get one of those?*" He, being a practical man, replied: "*Tommy, don't be foolish!*" Here I am at age 10 drooling over this 1930 Springfield P-1 (S 293 KR) in 1954. Some fifteen years passed, during which other interests, mainly musical performance, took over. But once bitten . . .



By the mid-1960's, with college behind me and reasonable employment income, the lust was re-ignited. A very ordinary Park Ward D-back limousine caught my eye. The price was certainly "right" — \$1,700. Fortunately, there were older, worldly-wise friends to offer counsel: "*Cars with black, formal bodies are easy to buy; hard to sell. Take more time to look!*" Sometime later came a promising suggestion — there was a 20/25 Gurney Nutting sedan de ville available. The price would be right because



said it was a good one! So it was that I did something I'd never do now. On October 24, 1967 I made an \$1,800 offer for an untest-drivable car. The offer was accepted, I paid \$75 to have GRF 20 towed some 85 miles from Hemet to Glendale, California, and then paid Frederick W. Buess his hourly rate of \$4.50 per hour to do everything needed to put the car back on the road. Like Fred's hourly rate, his order to Adams and Oliver for parts makes for amusing reading now: \$14.45 for one set of clutch linings and rivets, \$16.07 for one clutch plate, \$14.15 for one clutch release bearing, \$5.66 for sixteen clutch plate springs, \$4.60 for a telegram.

Only after sending to the RREC for the car's chassis card and ownership history did I learn that its original owner was Alexander Korda (1893-1956), the illustrious Hungarian-born film producer, whose films of the 1930s remain legendary. His nephew, well-known historian and author Michael Korda, speaks several times of the car and the family chauffeur, Ernest Bailey, in *Charmed Lives*, a biography of his uncle Alex and father Vincent. The coachwork was Design #39, confirmed by Jack Triplett as one of the first four devised by John Blatchley after joining Gurney Nutting. Similar bodies were made for GHO 20, GYH 14 and GOH 39 (see *Those Elegant Rolls-Royce*, page 92). There were also a few saloon versions. GRF 20 surfaced most recently at a Brooks Auction at Beaulieu in September 2000, but I know nothing about its subsequent ownership history.

I always suspected that my mentors, after having commended the car to me, were a bit embarrassed by its condition upon seeing it again — not by anything they said, but rather by what seemed to me a muted reaction — perhaps even a quiet conspiracy of silence so this youthful devotee would not be discouraged! The upholstery was a mixed bag; the once-elegant walnut veneer trim, especially that in the driver's quarters had suffered, (remember that the top over the driver was retractable). The clam-shell dual spare tire covers popped apart upon hitting the first bump, disclosing World War II retreads. My attempt to hold the covers together with black electrical tape around the circumference was unsuccessful.

Years later I learned that there had been a nasty collision in Glendale one night, which fact may have accounted for the “swish, swish, swish” coming from one front wheel when turning left, a condition that was not remedied when we replaced the wheel bearings. All in all, though, GRF 20 was no serious disappointment. I was elated from the moment I first drove home in it, and acquiring a Gurney Nutting sedan de ville was not a shabby beginning for a twenty-something enthusiast!

Something in better “nick” was in the offing, however. At the RROC 1968 “Inter-Regional” meet at Santa Barbara I fell in love with 1939 Wraith WKC 4, one of the loveliest H. J. Mulliner razor-edge saloons. It was owned at that time by Hollywood attorney Toxie Smith. Upon returning from the meet I showed photos of the car to Marshall Merkes, “Mr. Duesenberg” to those of his generation. An expert machinist, he supplied Duesenberg parts and invaluable advice to collectors, world-wide. He was one of the great characters of his day, working alone in his shop except for his pet crow “Jimmy”, who rode on his shoulder during the drive to work each morning in Marshall’s gray Hillman.



Merkes had amassed three Rolls-Royce cars by that time: a Phantom III limousine (Hooper), a Silver Wraith saloon (James Young) and pre-war H. J. Mulliner Wraith WLB 22. I had not taken much notice of the Wraith, first because he had largely dismantled it years before — it lay around in parts — and secondly because a prior owner had re-sprayed it in ivory and black, dividing the color scheme in such a way as to suggest that it was a Silver Wraith. This owner lived in Beverly Hills in the 1950s and must have preferred that it should look newer that it was! But, while holding my photos of WKC 4 in hand, Marshall remarked: *“That’s almost the same as mine ...”*

Marshall Merkes was not one to make hasty decisions, but year or so later, he made an irresistible offer: *“I’ll never restore the Wraith for myself now. But I ordered all the parts years ago, and if you want it and will help me with another pair of hands when needed, I’ll sell it to you for what I have in it”*. So it was that, in 1969, I sold GRF 20 and became the steward of WLB 22, dubbing it *“Gorgeous George”*, driving it across North America after moving to New England and keeping it 27 years.



The original owner of WLB 22 was Robert Montgomery, motion picture actor, producer, director and advisor to President Eisenhower on his use of television. Sadly, Montgomery had to let the car go only months after purchasing it from Jack Barclay’s London showroom. World War II intervened, bringing with it petrol rationing, and Montgomery went on active duty. He sold it to George Stoll, a music director at the studios, who exported it immediately to California, where it later appeared in several films, *My Favorite Brunette*, *High Sierra* and *My Man Godfrey*.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY
MAIN STREET OFFICE
P. O. BOX 1049
CANAMAN, CONNECTICUT 06018
203-824-0407

October 2, 1979

Mr. Thomas Murray
1 Oak Street
Newbury, Mass. 01950

Dear Mr. Murray:

I am most grateful for your letter. I often wondered what had happened to the Rolls after I had sold it in 1940 or 1941.

At that time I was about to go on active duty with the U. S. Navy, and I didn't think that a Naval Lt. had any business driving about in such a very splendid vehicle.

The record on the sales slip is quite accurate. I was making films for MGM in England in 1938 and 1939 and was living outside of London in The Manor House at Little Marlow. We had three cars at the time, but the pride of the chauffeur's heart (and mine) was the Rolls. He was a remarkable Rolls man whose name was Lansing and drove for me for two years.

I should like very much to get a glimpse of the car when and if it is convenient for you. Either I could drive up to see it or you, if you are coming this way, could drop by Hollow Brook.

Again, my thanks to you for being so thoughtful.

All good wishes,


Robert Montgomery

Marshall had rebuilt the engine just before I acquired the car, so that was taken care of. Fred Buess refinished all the interior wood trim, but the seats (leather front and back) disintegrated quickly after being sat upon. I had new seats, carpets and headliner put in and changed the paint scheme, since the re-spray was intolerable. I would gladly have replicated the two shades of green on Toxie Smith's Wraith, but as we both were resident in Southern California, I wasn't about to be accused of being a "copycat" and decided a similar effect could be achieved with a delicious brown and cream, seen in the accompanying photograph. For leather, I was most impressed with a vat-dyed black for its suppleness (and for its aroma . . . remnants are still kept in a drawer at home). For the headliner, a delicious earth-tone oxblood looked perfect with the wood trim, and though I like to think the character of the car was respected, it must be admitted that the interior/exterior color values became reversed: the interior had been light and became dark, while the exterior, originally maroon, became light.

By 1981, I had settled into a faculty position in the Yale School of Music and by 1984 into a thirty-year mortgage for a house. In about 1996 I realized that, approaching the half-way point of the mortgage, the monthly payments were nothing like 50% interest and 50% principal. Naïve of me to have expected that it would have been that way, yes? The monthly "*cash-ectomy*" was still more like 90% interest and 10% repayment of principal. Furthermore, by that time the Wraith was due for a significant "freshening" — more expense. Maybe the time was coming to part with it. I had come to know (and love) that car from stem to stern, but if I were to sell it and combine the proceeds with a bit of savings, the mortgage could be paid off, there could finally be some significant saving for retirement — or eventually for "one more" Goshawk before it would be too late?

So it was that in 1996 the Wraith's new owner became Lester Wolff of St. Petersburg, Florida, who had Woody Ritchie do good things for it, and who kept it about fifteen years. WLB 22 is now owned by Norman and Lois Sinclair of Venice, Florida; it surfaced most recently on the RROC Low Country Tour in 2013. Lester Wolff and I discovered we share other common interests — classical music and pipe organs. He had an Aeolian pipe organ in his New York City residence and was a leading light in a consortium to establish a "Museum of the American Pipe Organ", though regrettably, that plan has yet to be realized. After relinquishing his New York apartment, Lester sold the organ to the Museum of History and Industry in Seattle, where it may be seen today.

Meanwhile, my work as a coach for graduate majors in classical organ performance at Yale goes on and provides ideal



opportunities for proselytizing in the cause of vintage Rolls/Bentley appreciation among our students. Upon parting with WLB 22, phase one of my Rolls ownership came to a close. Phase two commenced with acquiring (a) more savings and (b) acquiring . . . Ah! . . . but that is for Part Two of the story! Please see my "teaser" photo. My six dreary "Rolls-less" years were not without pleasures, however. Like many, I discovered E-bay and cruised the "Rolls-Royce Handbook" offerings several times a day, resulting in a much prized collection of pre-war Handbooks, both 40/50 HP cars and Goshawks. No lack of fruitful bedtime reading there!

I remain convinced that the nest of Goshawks is the best, at least for me. The small H.P. cars are the quietest, modern enough for frequent driving and thoroughly satisfying on the road. Unlike the Phantoms they also fit the budget of a free-lance performer and college professor, and besides, how is the casual admirer to know the difference? Nonetheless, I pay annual visits to the Springfield P-I (\$ 293 KR) that started it all for me, now in the Owls Head Transportation Museum in Maine. This



year is the sixtieth anniversary of my first falling in love with these beauties of ours. Other than currently being divested of wheel discs, The P-I looks the same.

Oh, yes, I forgot to say that Clara Bow, star of the silent screen, was its first owner.





The Scourge of Lucas (To the tune of "The Sound of Silence")

- (1) Hello darkness my old friend
I've come to sit in you again
Because a wire softly loosening
Left it's place while I was cruising
And my vision was guided by it's light
Gave way to night
Thanks to the scourge of Lucas
- (2) So many nights I've worked to dawn
Trying to find out what went wrong
"Neath the halo of a street lamp
I've jiggled wires 'till my fingers cramp
And my arms are scarred from the bright
Sparks that split the air
And singed my hair
Thanks to the scourge of Lucas
- (3) And in the sparking light I saw
10,000 Rolls maybe more
Engines cranking without starting
Switches clicking without switching
People starting drives that ended in a tow
And dreams laid low
Thanks to the scourge of Lucas
- (4) Fools say I do not know
How to fix a dynamo
Under the dash I can't quite reach you
Despite my cursing that I'll teach you
But my words, like burned-out light bulbs fell
Into the hell of Lucas
- (5) And the experts bowed and prayed
To the manuals that they made
And the manuals gave dire warning
About the hazards of most everything
But the words of those prophets gave not one
Single clue what I could do
To end the scourge of Lucas

Did You Know

Though an actual horse might disagree, a healthy human can produce about 1.2 horsepower briefly and sustain about 0.1 hp indefinitely. Trained athletes can manage up to about 2.5 hp briefly and 0.3 hp for a period of several hours.

The average American spends about 2 weeks of his/her life waiting at red lights. *Is there a better reason to drive a car you love??*

Contrary to popular belief, Big Ben does not refer to the actual world famous clock. It refers to the name of the thirteen ton bell inside. The building, itself, is now known as the Elizabeth Tower

A regulator for a 1924 3-Litre Bentley

Michael and Lynn Attwood, Portland, Oregon.

As many of you know, Lynn and I do our best to keep Dick and Ann Tilden's 3-Litre Bentley rolling along as smoothly as possible. Of course, Dick is well known in the club for driving his cars on a regular basis for long distances - as opposed to just taking them to shows - so some subtle modifications to accommodate today's conditions have been made over the years. This is a minor upgrade, but was deemed desirable.

Dick had encountered some serious overheating of the generator following the repair and refit which took place on his last extensive run up and down the east coast of the US and Canada. We first suspected that the generator was somehow at fault, so it was taken in for testing and adjusting on the bench at a local trustworthy shop whose technician still recognizes dynamo and mechanical cutout technology.

Fortunately the overheating had not been sufficient to do permanent damage to the generator windings, but an upgrade to the original cutout seemed to be in order. To clarify, the cutout performs the task of preventing the battery from feeding current back into the generator windings when the generator speed falls below that necessary to provide a charging current. It does not, however, regulate the output to the battery – the current is either flowing to the battery at whatever the output of the generator is at the speed it is turning, or at low generator speeds, the current is disconnected.

Although the output from the generators of this era is not high, it is still possible to overcharge the battery when no load is present on the electrical system. On a '24 Bentley that load can be very light, or indeed non-existent, for much of the time in daylight. The ignition needs no battery power, as magnetos do the work of firing the plugs with no need for outside power. There are no wipers or heater blower motor, let alone all the modern 'essentials' like GPS, phone chargers, cup warmers etc, or earth-shaking stereos. (The exhaust note performs that last-listed task very adequately.) The driver can disconnect the generator using a switch on the dash, but it was decided that regulating the generator output was a good idea, as long as it could be done without being too obvious.

We left the original cutout– circled in blue in the picture to the right – disconnected but otherwise undisturbed on the engine side of the bulkhead (or firewall, for those more familiar with U.S. terminology) and located a place on the inside of the vehicle to install the 'modern' mechanical regulator. On the advice of the shop which tested the generator and supplied the regulator, we chose a mechanical device rather than solid state, as the experience of the owner of the shop was that the solid state regulators take more current to run them – i.e. are more parasitic – than the mechanical version. Also, the mechanical ones he had were easy to adjust for low-output generators.

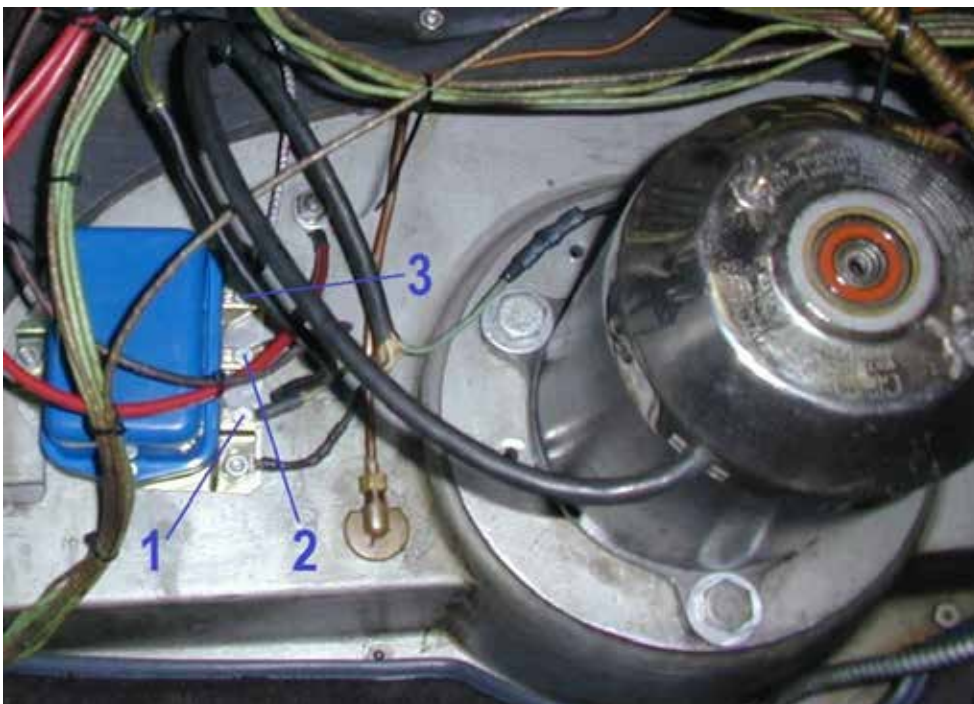


Next on the list was mounting the new regulator while affecting the car as little as possible. Our goal with any of these modifications on classic or vintage machinery is to make them easily reversible in case a return to originality is required. Thus we searched for bulkhead bolts or fasteners which could be pressed into service - what we found was the opportunity to make use of three existing drilled and tapped holes in the bulkhead in the exact area chosen for an unobtrusive installation. Diving into our supply of Whitworth and BSF (British Standard Fine) fasteners, we searched out three suitable bolts.

Naturally the bulkhead holes did not line up with those on the regulator, so we made up a mounting plate which we spaced away from the bulkhead with some oversized nuts. In the picture to the right, the three bolts facing away match up with the mounting holes on the regulator, those protruding through the oversized nuts match the holes in the bulkhead. (The picture was taken prior to final smoothing of the edges on the plate.)



Some rubber sheeting was sandwiched between the mounting plate and the bulkhead, just thick enough to prevent any excessive vibration from taking place. (Vintage Bentleys – especially the four-cylinder models – do tend to vibrate a bit!) The ring connectors were soldered in place on the wires, and the regulator wired up prior to bolting it onto the plate. Care was taken to ensure no electrical shorting was possible, of course.



The picture on the left shows the regulator in place – it's the blue box on the extreme left. For those unfamiliar with these Bentleys, the generator is mounted inside, under the dash area, bolted solidly to the bulkhead. It is driven from the back of the camshaft by a shaft with two rag joint universal couplings which allow for any slight movement or misalignment.

Wiring is connected in the normal fashion – generator armature and field wires on

terminals 1 and 2 respectively (see blue numbering in the picture above) and the charging output from terminal 3 routed through the ammeter to the battery. The connection to the bottom right mounting bolt (black wire) is probably superfluous, but is there to provide a proper independent ground.

So far, so good – no more overheated generator or overcharged battery. The modification is not too obvious to the casual observer, and the regulator is out of the weather and away from engine heat.