

U.N. Bomber

By Bob Boucher April /2013

It was a warm summer day that July 23, 1948 at the Windham Airport, the pert Aeronica Champ in her orange and yellow color scheme sat anxiously waiting for a pilot. Sitting back on her cute tail wheel with her nose tilted upward she was just itching to get into the air. She hoped the next student pilot would choose her instead of that plain Jane Piper J-3 parked next to her on the apron.

Today was her lucky day, Sergeant Steve Supina of Willington, Connecticut walked over and began his pre-flight, wiggling her tail feathers, working her ailerons and fondling her wing struts before draining a few ounces of gas from her fuel bowl. She looked ready for action so Steve climbed in and called for Al the airport manager to prop her for him. This time student pilot Steve Supina was carrying an aeronautical chart of Southern Connecticut and Long Island New York, and another package in a brown paper bag.

Unless assigned a cross country training flight student pilots generally stayed within ten miles or so from the airport, but this time Steve pointed the Champ dead South toward New London and Long Island Sound. The Champ climbed steadily to about 4,000 feet before it crossed the Connecticut shore line and started the twenty mile flight across the water. Pilots were advised to climb to this altitude before crossing the sound so that if for any reason the engine were to quit, they would not get their feet wet. The crossing was uneventful and as the Champ reached the Long Island shore line Steve could see Montauk at the eastern end of the Island off his starboard wing tip. He banked right and rolled out on a West South West heading toward New York City. The plane was trimmed nose

down for a gradual descent and proceeded westward at ninety knots while Steve Supina studied his charts to find the best approach to the U.N. Buildings at Lake Success. By this time the Champ was passing North of Brookhaven. Route 495 lie straight ahead and would lead him to Lake Success and the U.N. buildings.

The brown bag was opened, bomb and warning note taken out. The warning note packaged with Steve's discharge papers was attached to a small parachute so that when dropped it would be easily found. The bomb was a bit tricky. Steve did not want to kill anyone or destroy any property; He just wanted to startle the U.N. delegates. One stick of dynamite with blasting cap detonator was attached to 150 feet of sash cord. The detonator wires were attached to the sash cord with a bit of slack so the cap would not be pulled out by accident. As they approached the U.N. buildings, Steve lowered the dynamite 150 feet below the Champ and flew about 300 feet above the buildings. He then touched the wires to the lantern battery in his lap and Bang. He then threw out the note with its small parachute. So far so good, People were running out of the U.N. building like rats from a sinking ship.

Steve calmly banked the little Champ to the south east and flew the few miles to Mitchel Army Air Base, landed and surrendered. The note said *This is a taste of War. Stop arguing and make Peace not War.* The army held him without charges for about six months then released him. The Army then called Al to come and get his airplane. Al got a pal to fly him down to Mitchel Field to pick up the Champ. That cute little Aeronica Champ was so happy to see Al that she wagged her wings all the way back home.