

July 4, 2015

The New Orleans statue of Robert E. Lee is threatened by Mitch Landrieu. The Hayride takes exception.

*... Landrieu said that taking the Lee statue down would be done in pursuit of "unity," which is laughable considering who Robert E. Lee actually was.*

*Yes, Lee fought for the Confederacy. If that's all you know of the man you are ignorant of American history and unqualified to make decisions about preserving it. You are on the same level as the barbarian goons from ISIS who destroy monuments and historical artifacts not fitting their 7th-century interpretation of Islam, or the Taliban who obliterate the Buddhist statues at Bamiyan.*

*Or, in a slightly more modernist context, the Soviet-era apparatchiks busily airbrushing the images of the personae non grata from official photos during Stalin's time.*

*Robert E. Lee is, for those who aren't ignorant of the man and his story, a quite unifying figure. Lee could easily have gone out in a blaze of glory, or taken to the wilderness and fight on as a guerrilla insurgent commander piling up bodies and continuing the Civil War to almost endless slaughter. He did none of that, despite having his personal fortune taken away and his post-war prospects limited to penury and shame. He had little personal interest to be served by surrendering at Appomattox Courthouse, but that's what he did. Why? Because for Lee, continuing the war when it was lost would have been morally wrong. And upon his surrender he pledged himself to reconciliation between North and South.*

*Reconciliation. Get it? As in, reunification?*

*Here's a story illustrating that, unlike the cheap words we expect and are delivered from tawdry politicians like Mitch Landrieu, that pledge was backed by integrity, courage and action...*

*... Lee acted against his personal interests out of a sense of duty and honor. When has Mitch Landrieu, who builds streetcar lines and gets tax breaks for real estate developers, so as to benefit his own bank-book, ever done the same?*

*America, and New Orleans, is in the deplorable shape it is currently in because our modern society produces Mitch Landrieus when we desperately need Robert E. Lees. No wonder the memories of great men are brought low by the petty hacks from whom we are forced to choose as our leaders.*

John Fund reminds us of Reagan's warning about history interpreted through political correctness.

*... In his farewell address before he left office in 1989, Ronald Reagan presciently warned:*

*"We've got to teach history based not on what's in fashion but what's important — why the Pilgrims came here, who Jimmy Doolittle was, and what those 30 seconds over Tokyo meant. If*

*we forget what we did, we won't know who we are. . . . I'm warning of an eradication of the American memory that could result, ultimately, in an erosion of the American spirit. Let's start with some basics: more attention to American history and a greater emphasis on civic ritual."*

*In the more than quarter century since Reagan issued his warning, the situation in schools has only gotten worse. Luckily, popular books, films, and the Internet offer an alternative way of reaching young people and passing on a fuller appreciation of America. We're no longer fighting just to get history into classrooms; we're now fighting for the right to teach history in all its complexity, not merely the PC versions of it that please sanctimonious leftists. Free speech remains a reality only if its practice is allowed, and increasingly, more and more people are letting the censors and bullies have the only say.*

Steve Hayward sees the decadence of the liberal mind in one sentence from Greece.

*As the Greek economy continues its predictable slow motion collapse, one of the early WSJ account of the inevitable bank closures and capital controls imposed yesterday has one of the funniest sentences I've read in a long time, but which is also fully revealing of the decadence of the liberal mind:*

*' "How can something like this happen without prior warning?" asked Angeliki Psarianou, a 67-year-old retired public servant, who stood in the drizzle after arriving too late at one empty ATM in the Greek capital. '*

*No warning? Check. Retired public servant? Check. But, but . . . how can we run out of other people's money? We still have pension checks left. Hello, Detroit? I think we've found your next mayor.*

Turning to happier subjects for our holiday, Dave Barry gets a rerun from the Miami Herald.

*This year, why not hold an old-fashioned Fourth of July Picnic?*

*Food poisoning is one good reason. After a few hours in the sun, ordinary potato salad can develop bacteria the size of raccoons. But don't let the threat of agonizingly painful death prevent you from celebrating the birth of our nation, just as Americans have been doing ever since that historic first July Fourth when our Founding Fathers - George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Bob Dole and Tony Bennett - landed on Plymouth Rock.*

*Step one in planning your picnic is to decide on a menu. Martha Stewart has loads of innovative suggestions for unique, imaginative and tasty summer meals. So you can forget about her. ...*

*... Dad should be in charge of the cooking, because only Dad, being a male of the masculine gender, has the mechanical "know-how" to operate a piece of technology as complex as a barbecue grill. ...*

*... When the kids get tired of trying to make ice cream (allow about 25 seconds for this) it's time to play some traditional July Fourth games. One of the most popular is the "sack race." All you need is a bunch of old-fashioned burlap sacks, which you can obtain from the J. Peterman catalog for \$227.50 apiece. Call the kids outside, have them line up on the lawn and give each one a sack to climb into; then shout "GO!" and watch the hilarious antics begin as, one by one, the kids sneak back indoors and resume trying to locate pornography on the Internet. ...*

**Nautilus** tells us fireworks makers have yet to find a formula for the color blue. *Mother Nature can be a handful when she wants to be," says John Conkling, the former technical director of the American Pyrotechnics Association and a professor emeritus of chemistry at Washington College. Except he used a stronger, more colorful word than "handful." When it comes to fireworks, "she just doesn't want to give you that perfect red color or that perfect green color. You have to work for it."*

*But she especially doesn't want to give away her secret recipe for blue. To this day, a deep, vibrant blue is still beyond our reach, despite the fact that fireworks were invented more than a millennium ago. It's the holy grail for pyrotechnic experts. ...*

**And here's a look at fireworks from the inside of the explosion; courtesy of a drone.**

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## **The Hayride**

### **Robert E. Lee Was A Far, Far Better Man Than Mitch Landrieu...**

by Scott McKay

...and therefore it is no particular surprise that New Orleans' squalid, petty mayor – whose record in governance shows endemic corruption and incompetence so basic that simple things like potholes go untended and violent crime has begun to threaten the very fabric of society – would make it his project to tear down the monument to Lee from the center of the circle which also bears his name.

Landrieu, the scion of a fading New Orleans political dynasty known mostly for crony capitalism, usurpation of power and self-dealing graft, has seen his stock fade badly in the past year as the strong New Orleans economy he inherited from Ray Nagin has gradually slowed – at the same time that a crime wave of such force as to cause a panic across the Crescent City has gone

unchecked by the police force broken by Landrieu's having brought the Justice Department in to "reform" it.

Amid the mounting evidence of his failure in office, some effect of which is that Landrieu was once almost openly bragging of his ability to beat David Vitter in the governor's race this fall and is now long since forgotten as a candidate, the mayor is now attempting to pander to the Democrat base voters in that city by jumping on board the vulgar politically correct train and demanding a removal of the Lee statue in downtown New Orleans.

Landrieu threw in an apology for slavery along with his cheap histrionics about removing the city's historical monuments. We weren't aware that the Landrieu family kept slaves, or that Mitch or his father had permitted slavery in the city.

Because there had to be more reason for the apology other than white guilt or baseless sucking up to the race industry.

Landrieu said that taking the Lee statue down would be done in pursuit of "unity," which is laughable considering who Robert E. Lee actually was.

Yes, Lee fought for the Confederacy. If that's all you know of the man you are ignorant of American history and unqualified to make decisions about preserving it. You are on the same level as the [barbarian goons from ISIS who destroy monuments and historical artifacts](#) not fitting their 7th-century interpretation of Islam, or the Taliban who obliterate the Buddhist statues at Bamiyan.

Or, in a slightly more modernist context, the Soviet-era apparatchiks busily airbrushing the images of the personae non grata from official photos during Stalin's time.

Robert E. Lee is, for those who aren't ignorant of the man and his story, a quite unifying figure. Lee could easily have gone out in a blaze of glory, or taken to the wilderness and fight on as a guerrilla insurgent commander piling up bodies and continuing the Civil War to almost endless slaughter. He did none of that, despite having his personal fortune taken away and his post-war prospects limited to penury and shame. He had little personal interest to be served by surrendering at Appomattox Courthouse, but that's what he did. Why? Because for Lee, continuing the war when it was lost would have been morally wrong. And upon his surrender he pledged himself to *reconciliation* between North and South.

*Reconciliation.* Get it? As in, reunification?

Here's a story illustrating that, unlike the cheap words we expect and are delivered from tawdry politicians like Mitch Landrieu, [that pledge was backed by integrity, courage and action](#)...

It was a warm Sunday at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and an older man, one of the church's many distinguished communicants, who had spent the last four years in war, was sitting in his customary pew. With his shoulders rounded, his middle thickened, his hair snow-white and beard gray, as usual, he attracted the attention of the rest of the church. But then so did another parishioner.

As the minister, Dr. Charles Minnergerode, was about to administer Holy Communion, a tall, well-dressed black man sitting at the western galley (which was reserved for Negroes) unexpectedly advanced to the communion table-unexpectedly because his this had never happened here before. Suddenly, the image of Richmond redux was conjured up-a flashback to

prewar years. Usually whites received communion first, then blacks—a small but strictly adhered to ritual, repeated so often that to alter it was unthinkable. This one small act, then, was like a large frontier separating two worlds: the first being that of the antebellum South, the second being that of post-Civil War America. The congregation froze; those who had been ready to go forward and kneel at the altar rail remained fixed in their pews. Momentarily stunned, Minnergerode himself was clearly embarrassed. The horror—and surprise—of the congregation were no doubt largely visceral, but Minnergerode's silent retreat was evident. It was one thing for the white South to endure defeat and poverty, or to accept the fact that slaves were now free; it was quite another for a black man to stride up to the front of the church as though an equal. And not just at any church, but here, at the sanctuary for Richmond's elite, the wealthy, the well-bred, the high-cultured.

The black man slowly lowered his body, kneeling, while the rest of the congregation tensed in their pews. For his part, the minister stood, clearly uncomfortable and still dumbfounded. After what seemed to be an interminable amount of time—although it was probably only seconds—the white man arose (Lee), his gait erect, head up and eyes proud, and walked quietly up the aisle to the chancel rail. His face was a portrait of exhaustion, and he looked far older than most people had remembered from when the war had just begun. These days had been hard on him. Recently, in a rare, unguarded moment he had uncharacteristically blurted out, "I'm homeless—I have nothing on earth."

Yet these Richmonders, like all of the South, still looked to him for a sense of purpose and guidance. No less so now as, with quiet dignity and self-possession, he knelt down to partake of the communion, along with the same rail with the black man.

Watching Robert E. Lee, the other communicants slowly followed in his path, going forward to the altar, and, with a mixture of reluctance and fear, hope and awkward expectation, into the future.

Lee's sterling reputation among his contemporaries came from selflessness. For example, while commander of the Army of Northern Virginia he freed his family's slaves at great cost to his personal fortune; to do so left him largely penniless. The war cost him his family's lands as well; what is now Arlington National Cemetery was actually Lee's estate and in what was seen as a grave insult the federal government decreed it would be a graveyard for the Union's dead. He made no complaint about that decision, and quietly accepted a position as president of Washington College, which is now known as Washington & Lee University, in order to help mold the next generation of Southerners to be good American citizens.

As to slavery, Lee despised it, and openly so. He shocked many in the Southern upper class when he said...

So far from engaging in a war to perpetuate slavery, I am rejoiced that Slavery is abolished. I believe it will be greatly for the interest of the South. So fully am I satisfied of this that I would have cheerfully lost all that I have lost by the war, and have suffered all that I have suffered to have this object attained.

This was a great man who chose to fight for a doomed, and damned, cause. His choice was not an enthusiastic one. He was not a great believer in the Confederate cause, but he could not bring himself to fight against his family, neighbors and friends...

With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my

home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the Army, and save in defense of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword...

This after Lee was offered the position of supreme commander of the Union Army by President Lincoln, which for his personal purposes would have been a far more plum assignment than that of a startup, undersupplied rebel army defending a quickly beleaguered fledgling nation.

Lee acted against his personal interests out of a sense of duty and honor. When has Mitch Landrieu, who builds streetcar lines and gets tax breaks for real estate developers, so as to benefit his own bank-book, ever done the same?

America, and New Orleans, is in the deplorable shape it is currently in because our modern society produces Mitch Landrieus when we desperately need Robert E. Lees. No wonder the memories of great men are brought low by the petty hacks from whom we are forced to choose as our leaders.

## **National Review**

### **Reagan Warned about Airbrushing Our History Away**

by John Fund

This Fourth of July we will celebrate our independence and freedoms. But are we now more politically correct than free?

Last week, Apple Computer removed several Civil War games that uses Confederate flag imagery from its app store. Apple CEO Tim Cook said on Twitter that he wished to honor the Charleston shooting victims "by eradicating racism & removing the symbols & words that feed it." Recall that Soviet leaders hoped they could drop executed party members down an Orwellian memory hole by airbrushing them out of photographs.

Apple relented a few days later and agreed to reinstate some games if they merely, for example, displayed little troops carrying the infamous Rebel banner. But the partial retreat came only after the Game Labs Team, which develops computer simulations, blasted Apple:

Spielberg's *Schindler's List* did not try to amend his movie to look more comfortable. The historical *Gettysburg* movie (1993) is still on iTunes. We believe that all historical art forms: books, movies, or games such as ours, help to learn and understand history, depicting events as they were. True stories are more important to us than money. . . . We can't change history, but we can change the future.

Nor are games the only focus of a PC purge. MSNBC's Al Sharpton and Sharpton's National Action Network are demanding that the Pentagon eradicate "all remnants of the Confederacy" from its military bases, including the names of Confederate officers who didn't own slaves. They recently staged a protest outside Fort Hamilton Army base, in Brooklyn, calling for the Pentagon to rename General Lee Avenue, which runs through the base. Memphis mayor A. C. Wharton Jr. is demanding that the grave of Confederate general Nathan Bedford Forrest be dug up and exiled from the city. *Huffington Post* commenters are demanding that statues of Confederates in Washington, D.C., be pulled down.

As Matthew Philbin of the conservative Media Research Center noted: "Of course a living, breathing former long-time Ku Klux Klan organizer resided in the Capitol for nearly as long as some of its statues, but because Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd was a Democrat, libs like the HuffPo crowd weren't interested in history."

Naturally, there are no calls to remove Woodrow Wilson's name from anything, even though that progressive Democratic president was a strident racist who during his time in office re-segregated the federal work force, fired hundreds of black federal employees, and showed D. W. Griffith's racist *Birth of a Nation* at the White House.

The network TV Land is supposed to be about preserving the history of television. But it has just announced it is yanking reruns of the popular 1980s' show *Dukes of Hazzard* because the signature "General Lee" car featured in the series displays the Rebel flag on its hood. Ben Jones, one of the actors in the show, is appalled. Jones, a Southerner who marched in the civil-rights movement and after his acting career became a Democratic member of Congress in the 1990s, told a CNN host that white supremacy is "not a Southern sin." He added:

"White supremacy is a sin. Racism is a sickness that goes on all over the world. This man [the shooter] doesn't represent us. No one thinks it was not a terrible, horrible thing. . . . Y'all can't define us by the act of a demented hater. It doesn't connect."

Yesterday Jones told Steve Doocy of *Fox & Friends*: "We've got to stop this cultural cleansing. It's dictatorial, it's one-sided, it is un-American."

While the current topic of debate is the Confederate flag, a much broader battle is being waged against American history itself. Increasingly, courses involving any patriotic content or history are being dumped in favor of leftist "diversity studies" or "environmental studies." Most American agree that the struggle against racism is vital, but so too is the context that the study of American history provides.

In his farewell address before he left office in 1989, Ronald Reagan presciently warned:

"We've got to teach history based not on what's in fashion but what's important — why the Pilgrims came here, who Jimmy Doolittle was, and what those 30 seconds over Tokyo meant. If we forget what we did, we won't know who we are. . . . I'm warning of an eradication of the American memory that could result, ultimately, in an erosion of the American spirit. Let's start with some basics: more attention to American history and a greater emphasis on civic ritual."

In the more than quarter century since Reagan issued his warning, the situation in schools has only gotten worse. Luckily, popular books, films, and the Internet offer an alternative way of reaching young people and passing on a fuller appreciation of America. We're no longer fighting just to get history into classrooms; we're now fighting for the right to teach history in all its complexity, not merely the PC versions of it that please sanctimonious leftists. Free speech remains a reality only if its practice is allowed, and increasingly, more and more people are letting the censors and bullies have the only say.

## Power Line

### The Decadence of the Liberal Mind in One Sentence

by Steve Hayward

As the Greek economy continues its predictable slow motion collapse, one of the [early WSJ account](#) of the inevitable bank closures and capital controls imposed yesterday has one of the funniest sentences I've read in a long time, but which is also fully revealing of the decadence of the liberal mind:

' "How can something like this happen without prior warning?" asked Angeliki Psarianou, a 67-year-old retired public servant, who stood in the drizzle after arriving too late at one empty ATM in the Greek capital. '

No warning? Check. Retired public servant? Check. *But, but . . .* how can we run out of other people's money? We still have pension checks left. Hello, Detroit? I think we've found your next mayor.

## Miami Herald

### All fired up for the Fourth

by Dave Barry

This year, why not hold an old-fashioned Fourth of July Picnic?

Food poisoning is one good reason. After a few hours in the sun, ordinary potato salad can develop bacteria the size of raccoons. But don't let the threat of agonizingly painful death prevent you from celebrating the birth of our nation, just as Americans have been doing ever since that historic first July Fourth when our Founding Fathers - George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Bob Dole and Tony Bennett - landed on Plymouth Rock.

Step one in planning your picnic is to decide on a menu. Martha Stewart has loads of innovative suggestions for unique, imaginative and tasty summer meals. So you can forget about her. "If Martha Stewart comes anywhere near my picnic, she's risking a barbecue fork to the eyeball" should be your patriotic motto. Because you're having a traditional Fourth of July picnic, and that means a menu of hot dogs charred into cylinders of industrial-grade carbon, and hamburgers so undercooked that when people try to eat them, they leap off the plate and frolic on the lawn like otters.

Dad should be in charge of the cooking, because only Dad, being a male of the masculine gender, has the mechanical "know-how" to operate a piece of technology as complex as a barbecue grill. To be truly traditional, the grill should be constructed of the following materials:

\* 4 percent "rust-resistant" steel;

\* 58 percent rust;

\* 23 percent hardened black grill scunge from food cooked as far back as 1987 (the scunge should never be scraped off, because it is what is actually holding the grill together);

\* 15 percent spiders.

If the grill uses charcoal as a fuel, Dad should remember to start lighting the fire early (no later than April 10) because charcoal, in accordance with federal safety regulations, is a mineral that does not burn. The spiders get a huge kick out of watching Dad attempt to ignite it; they emit hearty spider chuckles and slap themselves on all eight knees. This is why many dads prefer the modern gas grill, which ignites at the press of a button and burns with a steady, even flame until you put food on it, at which time it runs out of gas.

While Dad is saying traditional bad words to the barbecue grill, Mom can organize the kids for a fun activity: making old-fashioned ice cream by hand, the way our grandparents' generation did. You'll need a hand-cranked ice-cream maker, which you can pick up at any antique store for \$1,875. All you do is put in the ingredients, and start cranking! It makes no difference what specific ingredients you put in, because - I speak from bitter experience here - no matter how long you crank them, they will never, ever turn into ice cream. Scientists laugh at the very concept. "Ice cream is not formed by cranking, " they point out. "Ice cream is formed by freezers." Our grandparents' generation wasted millions of man-hours trying to produce ice cream by hand; this is what caused the Great Depression.

When the kids get tired of trying to make ice cream (allow about 25 seconds for this) it's time to play some traditional July Fourth games. One of the most popular is the "sack race." All you need is a bunch of old-fashioned burlap sacks, which you can obtain from the J. Peterman catalog for \$227.50 apiece. Call the kids outside, have them line up on the lawn and give each one a sack to climb into; then shout "GO!" and watch the hilarious antics begin as, one by one, the kids sneak back indoors and resume trying to locate pornography on the Internet.

Come nightfall, though, everybody will be drawn back outside by the sound of loud, traditional Fourth of July explosions coming from all around the neighborhood. These are caused by the fact that various dads, after consuming a number of traditionally fermented beverages, have given up on conventional charcoal-lighting products and escalated to gasoline. As the spectacular pyrotechnic show lights up the night sky, you begin to truly appreciate the patriotic meaning of the words to The Star-Spangled Banner, written by Francis Scott Key to commemorate the fledgling nation's first barbecue:

*And the grill parts' red glare;  
Flaming spiders in air;  
Someone call 911;  
There's burning scunge in Dad's hair*

After the traditional visit to the hospital emergency room, it's time to gather 'round and watch Uncle Bill set off the fireworks that he purchased from a roadside stand operated by people who spend way more on tattoos than dental hygiene. As Uncle Bill lights the firework fuse and scurries away, everybody is on pins and needles until, suddenly and dramatically, the fuse goes out. So Uncle Bill re-lights the fuse and scurries away again, and the fuse goes out again, and so on, with Uncle Bill scurrying back and forth with his Bic lighter like a deranged Olympic torchbearer until, finally, the fuse burns all the way down, and the firework, emitting a smoke puff the size of a grapefruit, makes a noise - "phut" - like a squirrel passing gas. Wow! What a fitting climax for your traditional old-fashioned July Fourth picnic!

Next year you'll go out for Chinese food.

## Nautilus

### Why Fireworks Displays Can't Include a Perfect Red, White, and Blue

by Shanon Hall

Mother Nature can be a handful when she wants to be," says John Conkling, the former technical director of the American Pyrotechnics Association and a professor emeritus of chemistry at Washington College. Except he used a stronger, more colorful word than "handful." When it comes to fireworks, "she just doesn't want to give you that perfect red color or that perfect green color. You have to work for it."

But she especially doesn't want to give away her secret recipe for blue. To this day, a deep, vibrant blue is still beyond our reach, despite the fact that fireworks were invented more than a millennium ago. It's the holy grail for pyrotechnic experts.



*Above the Manhattan skyline on July 4, 2013, white and red fireworks outshined the blue ones.*

During the 7th century, Chinese alchemists mixed potassium nitrate with charcoal and sulfur, therefore stumbling upon the crude recipe for gunpowder. Although the details of how people

used the concoction have been lost to history, these three chemicals rammed into bamboo stalks could have created the first [sparklers](#).

The combination works because the potassium nitrate helps break bonds in the organic molecules in charcoal, releasing abundant stored energy (chemically speaking, the potassium nitrate acts as an oxidizer); the sulfur helps the combustion start at a lower temperature. The energy released produces an orange glow. But it also prompts sulfur's electrons to jump up into an excited state. Then moments later, when that atom reaches the edge of the flame, it cools off, and the electrons fall back to their ground state, releasing the extra energy as a faint yellow light.

The first fireworks were yellowish orange. And they didn't change for over a millennium. But as our understanding of chemistry evolved, different chemicals became commercially available. By the 1800s, Italian tinkers created the first modern fireworks displays. They added new colors, brightened those colors, and created different shapes. "It was just centuries of trial and error and the evolution of our modern era of chemistry that all merged to become today's fireworks show," says Conkling.

First the Italians incorporated trace amounts of metals to produce different hues. For each new metal, electrons would jump up into different excited states, and therefore emit photons with different amounts of energy—that is, different colors—when they fell back down. Strontium and lithium both produce deep reds; calcium creates an orange color; sodium generates yellow; barium burns green; copper creates blues; and finally titanium and magnesium burn silver or white. Combining chlorine with barium produces neon green flames and combining it with copper produces turquoise flames.

But finding those perfect combinations didn't come easily, and the effects of various combinations are surprisingly unpredictable. Even today you can't simply input a certain color into a computer, run a model, and wait for it to output the required combination of chemical elements. Instead you have to zero in on that sweet spot through trial and error, says Conkling. It's still an art.

New fuels, which control the combustion temperature, also became chemically available. "Suddenly the temperatures of your flames [after switching] from charcoal to aluminum or magnesium were 1,000 degrees hotter than they had been," says Conkling. "And this really brightened up fireworks from being rather calm colors to really vivid colors."

But again there's an art to it. "It's a bit like playing *The Price is Right*, because as you raise the flame temperature, the colors get brighter and brighter, but if you get too hot, then you destroy the [metal] species that's emitting the color, and you just get a washed-out white," says Conkling. "You have to balance."

This is especially true for blue, which is by far the hardest color to produce. Although pyrotechnics can produce a blue flame using copper, it's easily destroyed in high temperatures. No one has yet found that perfect combination of chemicals that gives both a deep and bright blue. At best, blue is dim in comparison to some of the other colors. It also blends more into the night sky.

Conkling, however, thinks that a deep and vibrant blue exists. "It's lurking somewhere out there," he says. "It just hasn't been found yet."

And here's a look at fireworks from the inside of the explosion; courtesy of a drone.





