

Peltyn, who passed away in Las Vegas on June 3.

Roger left behind his loving wife Sandy, with whom he shared his life for 33 years, and two sons, R.J. and Michael. His passing leaves an empty place in the lives of those who knew and loved him. It also leaves a void in our community.

Roger was a structural engineer, and he was instrumental in building many glamorous structures that are synonymous with Las Vegas—landmarks like the Mirage, Bellagio, Mandalay Bay, Luxor, and Excalibur. He also helped to build many schools, stores, office properties, and much more.

But Roger did not just build structures. He also helped to build a stronger community in southern Nevada. The projects and causes that he adopted are almost too numerous to name: the UNLV President's Council, the Nevada Development Authority, the Clark County Public Education Foundation, the Desert Research Institute, Opportunity Village, and many other charities.

For the past decade, Roger served as president of an organization called Nevada Arts Advocates, which is dedicated to improving the cultural climate in Nevada and promoting the arts. His love of the arts enriched our whole State.

With Sandy by his side, Roger raised millions of dollars for worthy causes. Every Nevadan owes both of them a debt of gratitude.

Roger was born in Brooklyn, and he came to Las Vegas as so many folks do, by way of California. He moved to Las Vegas when Steve Wynn asked for his help during the expansion of the famous Golden Nugget resort. And just a month ago, Roger was still giving Steve Wynn advice about the new resort he is building.

Roger and his partner Jack Martin started a 5 man engineering firm that now employs more than 60 people. That is a testament to the amazing growth of Las Vegas, which would not have been possible without Roger Peltyn.

Nevada will miss Roger Peltyn. He left us too soon. But his legacy will live on in the magnificent buildings he helped to construct, and the community he helped to create. Nevada is a better place because of him.

HONORING OUR ARMED FORCES

LANCE CORPORAL JEREMY BOHLMAN

Mr. JOHNSON. Mr. President, I am saddened to report the passing of Lance Corporal Jeremy Bohlman of Sioux Falls, SD. He was killed on June 7, 2004, while serving in Operation Iraqi Freedom.

Jeremy was assigned to the 1st Light Armored Reconnaissance Battalion out of Camp Pendleton, CA. He first went to Iraq in January 2003, before the invasion, and returned to the United States in June 2003. He was completing his second tour of duty in Iraq when he was killed by an explosion while con-

ducting combat operations in Al Anbar Province, Iraq.

Jeremy, who was married 2 weeks before being deployed, is described by friends and family as a hard worker with lots of friends who found his niche in the Marines. He served with great distinction and received the Combat Action Ribbon, the Marine Corps Good Conduct Medal, the Marine Corps Expeditionary Medal, the National Defense Service Medal, the Global War on Terrorism Expeditionary Medal and the Sea Service Deployment Ribbon.

The lives of countless people were enormously enhanced by Jeremy's goodwill and service. He inspired all those who knew him. Our Nation is a far better place because of his life. All Americans owe Jeremy, and the other soldiers who have made the ultimate sacrifice in defense of freedom, a tremendous debt of gratitude for their service.

I express my sympathies to the family and friends of Lance Corporal Jeremy Bohlman. I believe the best way to honor him is to emulate his commitment to our country. I know he will always be missed, but his service to our Nation will never be forgotten.

FLAG DAY

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, in August 1814, during the War of 1812, the British Navy bombarded Fort McHenry in Baltimore. A lawyer and amateur poet named Francis Scott Key from nearby Washington witnessed the attack from a British ship, where he had been attempting to secure the release of some American prisoners. The bombardment continued through the night and many watching feared that the fort, which guarded the approach to Baltimore, would shatter under the onslaught. When at last the dawn came, Fort McHenry still stood, its enormous American flag, though tattered, still flying. The exhausted British forces retreated.

Francis Scott Key captured the relief and exhilaration of that turning point in history in a poem, which he titled "The Defense of Fort M'Henry." His verses were subsequently printed widely, and a note added that said the accompanying tune was "Anacreon in Heaven," then a popular tune. In October 1814, a Baltimore actor sang Key's new song in a public performance, calling it, for the first time, "The Star Spangled Banner." The Star Spangled Banner became the national anthem in 1931 by an act of Congress. Though difficult for many people to sing, this anthem has retained its popularity because it so eloquently captures the love we have as a nation for our flag and the tender regard we have for the Nation those colors represent.

Since the tragic events of September 11, 2001, Americans have grown used to the sight of American flags. Beginning just hours after those horrifying images hit our television screens, people reached into their closets and hung

flags by their front doors, in their front yards, from their cars, and in front of their businesses. After the gauntlet of terrorism had been flung in our face, we as a nation answered the insult in a resounding and defiant way. Instinctively, we knew what to do. Our collective consciousness recalled the words from the Star Spangled Banner: "Oh, say, does that star spangled banner yet wave? O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?" Together, we made sure that our banner still waved.

This last weekend, on the 60th anniversary of the D-Day invasion of Normandy, American flags again flew proudly as Americans and Europeans remembered and honored the heroic sacrifices of June 4, 1944, that led to the liberation of that beleaguered continent. On those distant shores, the last cohort of an earlier generation accepted the enduring thanks of nations and peoples freed from the terrible bonds of occupation.

World War II brought out the best in America. Facing a clear and present danger, the Nation, like a team of horses hitched to a heavy load, dug deep and pulled together to put the enormous energy and resources of our bountiful land to work. Vast armies were trained and sent to battlefields across three continents. Fleets of ships were built to ferry unimaginable quantities of materiel to support those troops. Swarms of aircraft, armadas of battleships, and vast thundering herds of tanks were built and sent forth to defeat our enemies. Our scientists harnessed their creativity to produce new technology and new weapons more deadly and more terrifying than any mankind had ever before seen. Though our losses were staggering, the Nation persevered until the happy days that American flags drove proudly into Paris and flew over Germany, Italy and Japan. Never before, and, I fervently hope and pray, never again will the world see war waged on such a scale.

Today, we are again at war. Our enemies are different, shadowy and elusive, and their tactics and methods of operation are most un-military. Not for them the open field of battle, but rather the saboteur's stealthy attack. Still, American troops lie encamped in Afghanistan and Iraq. Daily, they face attacks that, sadly, send home too many of our men and women in uniform shrouded beneath an American flag. For these fallen heroes, the music is "Taps," not the "Star Spangled Banner." The flag, however, was much the same as the one that flew over Fort McHenry all those years ago.

Each June 14, we honor the flag, marking the day in 1777 that the Continental Congress adopted a resolution that stated simply: "Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

In the Nation's early years, the actual design of the flag, whether the