PETERSON, Viggo

Born: November 29, 1894
Denmark
Died: October 12, 1918
France

Viborg Enterprise - November 2, 1921

TWO MORE A. E. F. HEROES ARE LAID TO FINAL REST

Large Crowd Gathered to Pay Last Tribute to Ole Alendal and Viggo Peterson

Last Sunday the remains of Viggo Peterson and Ole Alendal were laid to rest in their last resting place. The services were held in the D. B. S. Hall under the auspices of the local post of the American Legion.

Words of cheer and comfort to the sorrowing parents and relatives were spoken by the Rev. J. C. Christensen and Rev. Nordes. Prayer was offered by Rev. Fredimand. Rev. Eberhart, of Davis, the former State Chaplain gave a fine patriotic talk. The Community Chorus rendered several beautiful selections.

The remains of Viggo Petersen were laid to rest in the Methodist Cemetery where the ritual services of the American Legion were given by Rev. Eberhart and the Odd Fellow funeral ceremony was given by Arnold Frederickson and Emil Larson, after which the firing squad fired a salute and taps was blown.

From the Methodist Cemetery the funeral possession started for the Holland cemetery near Centerville, where the remains of Ole Alendal were laid to rest. Here the American Legion and the Odd Fellows gave the ritual ceremony, which were very impressive.

OBITUARY VIGGO PETERSON

Viggo Peterson was born in Denmark November 29th, 1894, where he lived until ten years old when he came to this country. He had lived in and around Viborg until the time of his enlistment, which he succeeding in doing after three attempts, being twice rejected on account of defective eyesight.

On the 25th days of May, 1918, he was sent to Camp Lewis, Wash., then to Camp Kearney, and in three months sailed for France with Co. G 126th Infantry, and in a short time was sent to the front where he was killed in action on October 12th, 1918, at the age of 24 years.

He leaves to mourn his departure his mother, Mrs. Trina Peterson, one sister, Mrs. Chris Nelson, and one brother, Edward W. Peterson.

THE HOME CIRCLE

Auld Lang Syne

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call,
They through the silence of the breast.
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more

'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down,
They brighten all the joy of life,
They soften every frown,
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have