

Methuselah

Attributed to Rex Hrusoff

This document was first completed on Tuesday, April 9, 1991 and was most recently revised on Sunday, March 1, 2015.

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,
And never as people do now,
Did he note the amount of the calorie count.
He ate it because it was chow.

He wasn't disturbed when at dinner he sat,
Devouring a roast or a pie,
To think it was lacking in granular fat,
Or a couple of vitamins shy.

He cheerfully chewed each species of food,
With never a worry, or fears
That his health might be hurt by some fancy desert,
And he lived over nine hundred years.

Here's some additional historical information that's relevant to this poem.

I originally had the poem *Methuselah* credited as "author unknown". In March and April of 2008, a visitor to the website, Patrick H, provided the information that's shown next.

Information Provided by Patrick H.

The poem was written by a cook in the US Marine corp, who served in the trenches during WW I. His name was Rex Hrusoff. I ran across the name earlier, when looking through old war records and correspondence. (National Archives Index &c.) He also had used a different name (Rex Herf) when he joined the marine corp, since he was under aged and had ran away from home.

In August of 2011, I received the following additional information.

Information Provided by Jack Hrusoff

You published a notice of a poem written by Rex Hrusoff

I am the grandson of Rex. He was a soldier, a cook, and bookseller and decent man. Thank you for your mention of him

He was a wise man who worked extremely hard, well read and was patriotic. Once, after feeding an entire troop of soldiers in his restaurant, he had no laments about picking up the tab. A week later the bill was paid.