



75¢

# Mr. Natural



Featuring  
**FLAKEY FOOT**

R. CRUMB 1970

# SUNNY SIDE UP

with  
*Mr. Natural*

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE  
UP, UP... HIDE THE  
SIDE THAT GETS  
BLUE!



TEE  
HEE

AND IF YOU HAVE NINE  
SONS IN A ROW,  
BASEBALL TEAMS MAKE  
MONEY, YOU KNOW!



SO KEEP YOUR  
SUNNY SIDE UP, UP...  
LET YOUR LAUGHTER  
COME THROUGH,  
DO!



STAND UP ON  
YOUR LEGS...



BE LIKE  
TWO FRIED  
EGGS...



KEEP YOUR  
SUNNY SIDE  
UP!

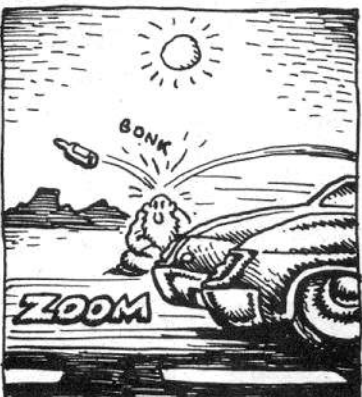
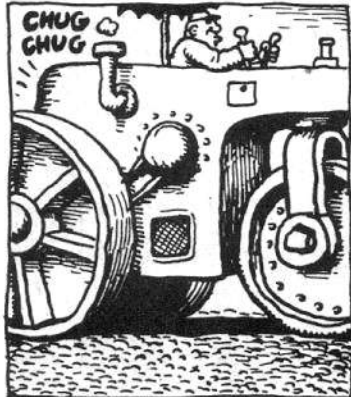
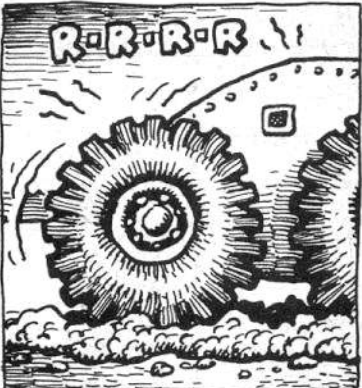
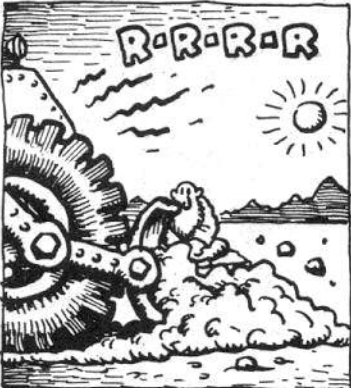
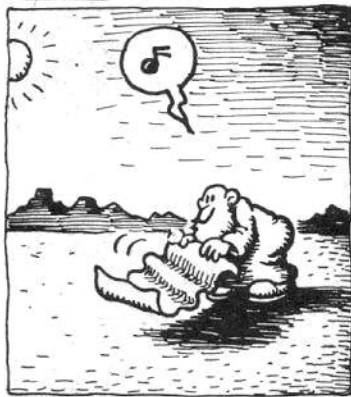


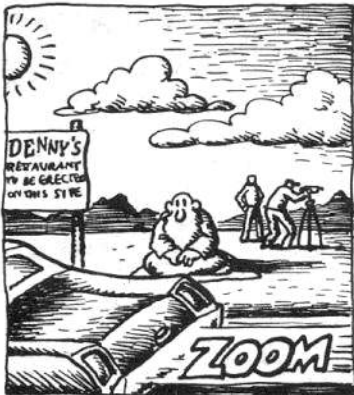
© DE SYLVA  
BROWN  
1929 BENDERSON  
1970 CRUMB

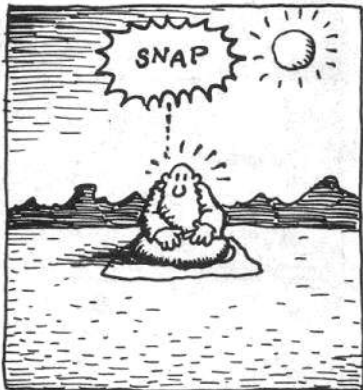
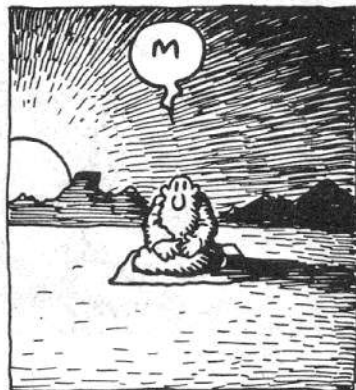
# Mr. Natural's 719th MEDITATION

THIS LOOKS LIKE  
AS GOOD A SPOT  
AS ANY...

THE OLD DESERT RAT IS  
BACK ON THE JOB OUT THERE  
IN THE BARREN WASTES!!







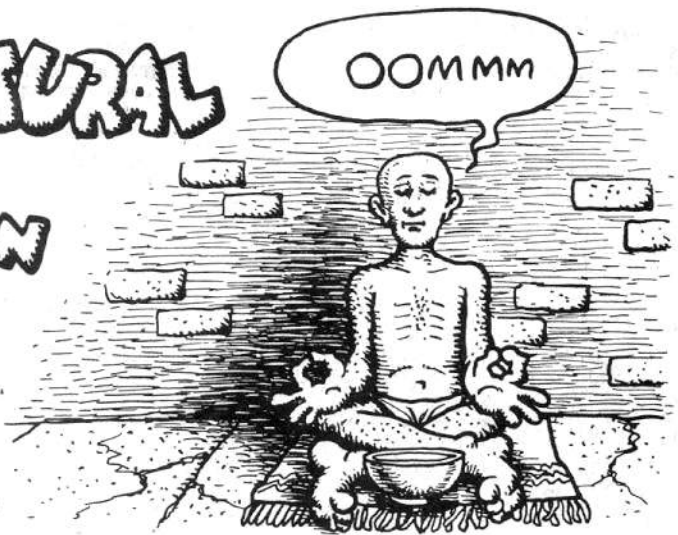
# MR. NATURAL

## and SHUMAN

### THE HUMAN

#### in "OM SWEET OM"

OOMMM



OOMMM

WUD DA HELL IZ DIS?

'OME ON TH' RANGE HAW HAW!



OOMM

O-OM MY ACHING BACK!



HAVE YOU GOT A BACK ACHE?

OH CUT IT OUT, WILL YOU?



YOU'RE SICK... OOMM

SICK!! WHY I OUGHTA—



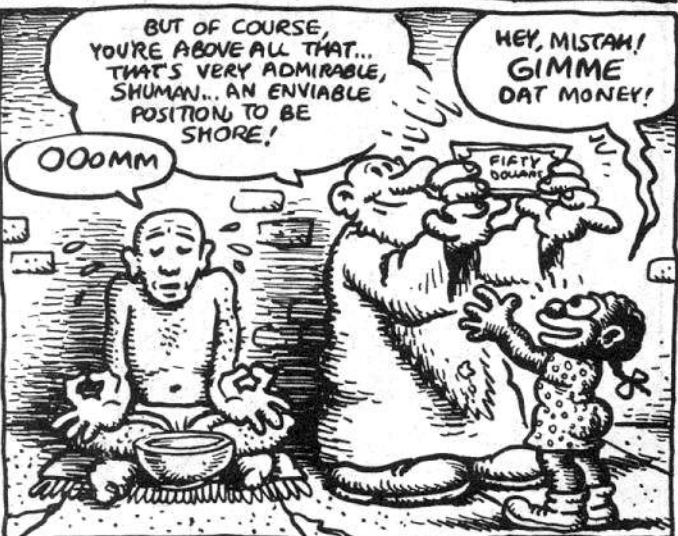
GO ON! I'D JUST SMILE! IT'S YOUR KARMA, MAN! SO GO AHEAD...

NEVERMIND NEVERMIND... GO BACK TO YOUR MUMBO JUMBO



YOU'RE SO MESSED UP, MR. NATURAL... OOOMM

?











OOOMM

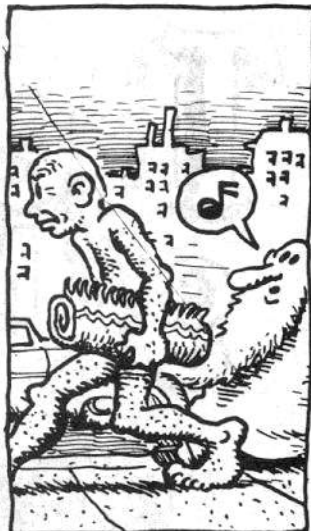
THAT'S TH' STUFF!

SLAP



MR. NATURAL, WILL YOU PLEASE GO AWAY AN' LEAVE ME ALONE?!

WHAT! IT'S A FREE COUNTRY! I HAVE TH' RIGHT TO WALK DOWN TH' STREET IF I WANT... SAME AS YOU!



NO! YOU STOP IT! SCREECH YELL SHREEK!

GOOD LORD, HE'S FLIPPIN' OUT! SHUMAN, PLEASE! KARMA KARMA!



GRRRR

RUN! HELP! MAD MAN!



HELLO OPERATOR! QUICK! SEND TH' MEN IN WHITE COATS DOWN HERE! HURRY! THERE'S A LUNATIC ON THE LOOSE!



JEZ' CALM DOWN, SHOOMIN! WE AINT GONE TO HURT YO'!

TSK TSK! I HATED TO DO THAT BUT HE WAS OBVIOUSLY GETTING DANG-ER-DUS!



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

HEY SHUMAN! LONG TIME NO SEE!! WHENJA GET OUTA TH' NUT HOUSE?!

NOM KYO RENGE KYO—  
NOM KYO RENGE KYO—



"NOM KYO RENGE KYO"... REMEMBER THOSE WORDS, MR. NATURAL, FOR, BY REPEATING THAT SHORT PHRASE FOR ONLY TWO HOURS A DAY, ALL YOUR WORLDLY PROBLEMS WILL BE SOLVED... SAY! WHY DONT YOU COME ALONG WITH ME TO TH' MEETING! I'M SURE YOU'D FIND IT MOST INSPIRATIONAL!

ER... WELL... I LEFT A PIE IN TH' OVEN, OTHER- WISE I'D... THAT IS...

END

# The Origins of MR. NATURAL



THIS TINY BATTERED PHOTOGRAPH MAY BE THE FIRST ONE EVER TAKEN OF MR. NATURAL, BUT THE EXPERTS HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS. BACK OF PHOTO IS INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME "FRED" BUT IS NOT MR. NATURAL'S HANDWRITING.



EARLIEST KNOWN PHOTOGRAPH THAT IS DEFINITELY THE VENERABLE ONE IS THIS PORTRAIT SIGNED "F. NATURAL, WESSINGTON SPRINGS, S.D., 1908." HANDWRITING EXPERTS HAVE VERIFIED THE SIGNATURE, AND AN OLD-TIMER STILL LIVING IN ALCESTER, SOUTH DAKOTA, RECALLS A MAN NAMED FRED NATURAL WHO JOBBED AROUND THAT AREA IN THOSE DAYS. HE REMEMBERS HIM AS A "NICE QUIET FELLOW."

**M**ANY OF YOU Mr. Natural fans have asked that we run an article on the man's past life and early background. Certainly a life history on Mr. Natural is a fascinating idea, and so, with a certain amount of skepticism, we set about investigating. Our doubts were confirmed as we ran into one blind alley after another, and finally were forced to abandon trying to fill in several large gaps in his past. Whole decades, in fact, are entirely missing. A frustrating experience for the conscientious historian and Mr. Natural enthusiast.

His childhood is completely clouded in obscurity. His birthplace and birthdate are entirely unknown. No records have been found, and no relatives, and, of course, no one has been able to squeeze an ounce of information out of the Old Man Himself (except, according to him, that his father is still alive and well, but he won't tell us where). All knowledge of his life has been gathered without his help or support, and the whole

project leaves him "Cold," as he puts it.

The 1908 photograph is the earliest proof we have of his existence. The photo was sent to us by Mrs. Ada Cooper, a Mr. Natural fan, who found the old picture in a trunk full of her mother's belongings. Mrs. Cooper says she can never remember her mother, now deceased, ever mentioning that she knew Mr. Natural.

As for his age at the time the photograph was taken, he appears to have been between thirty-five and forty, which would make him close to one-hundred years old today!!

Not a clue exists as to his whereabouts between 1908 and 1921, the year our wild young wiseman moved to Chicago, where he stayed up to 1929. Here we lose track of the elusive sage for another seven years. But we managed to hunt down several people who knew him in that toddlin' town in the twenties, and so have gathered a fairly complete picture of Mr. Natural's adventures through that lurid decade.

In the fall of 1921 Mr. Natural got a job in a drugstore as an errand runner on the near north side. (Some believe the drugstore was a front for a speak-easy and that it was Natch's job to deliver


the illegal booze to thirsty customers, but this is mere here-say). It may have been while in the employ of this pharmacy that he became interested in the drug field, for two years later, in 1923, he was promoting a "Wonder Drug" that he claimed could cure all "mental and spiritual ills" and had a small but enthusiastic cult of followers, mostly women, who endorsed this claim vigorously. Going under the name of "Dr. Von Natürlich," he travelled through the midwest for a short time, selling the "wonder elixir" and "healing" the sick, until he was arrested in Peoria, Illinois, convicted of fraud and spent six months in the county jail. There are still those who applaud Dr. Von Natürlich's wonder-drug, and curse the day his entire stock was confiscated by the police. Mrs. Vicki Hodgetts, now of Los Angeles, said to me when I talked with her: "Well, yes! It certainly was a wonder drug! I know it was, because I was absolutely neurotic! I was miserable, believe me! Then along comes this Dr. Von Natürlich...and...well, I've been a very happy person ever since!"

The police file on the case, which was still in the Peoria Courthouse, states, "Although purported to possess potent powers over the mind and spirit, a close scrutiny of this so-called "Wonder Drug" under a microscope has proven without a shadow of a doubt that it is nothing more than plain ordinary tap-water."

A Great New Message of

# HEALTH

"A HEALTHY MIND  
MEANS A HEALTHY  
BODY" says Dr. Von  
Natürlich, the  
Internationally  
Acclaimed Expert  
on the Human Mind,  
Body & Spirit



Hear the Man  
who has rebuilt  
thousands of  
broken lives by  
his scientifically  
proved NEW METHOD!

**FREE LECTURES**  
TRINITY  
AUDITORIUM  
AUGUST 8 & 15  
8:00 P.M.

HANDBILL SHOWING "DR. VON NATÜRLICH" IN THE YEAR 1924

After his release from jail, he turned his talents to magic, and for a few months performed his feats of mystic hoodoo in Vaudeville houses around Chicago. He was billed as "Mr. Natural the Magnificent." This career, too, met with opposition from the conservatives of that primitive time, and his show was cut short one night by a panic-stricken theatre manager who ordered the curtain brought down on Mr. Natural's "Unnatural Act" which he was about to perform on an hypnotized lady participant. He was blacklisted and never performed as a magician again.

Evidently, he was undaunted by past defeats, and in the spring of 1926 he somehow managed to get together a small dance band and began a successful career in the music business as a band-leader.

This band was known as "Mr. Natural and his Seven Lyrical Lechers" at first and later the group was enlarged to thirteen members under the name of "Mr. Natural's Lyrical Lechers and their Orchestra." They were a popular group around Chicago for almost two years, playing in roadhouses and Cafes, and an occasional College Prom or Hotel Ballroom. Mr. Natural himself wrote many of the songs in their repertoire and even played an assortment of unlikely instruments. Their arrangements had a strangely unique sound as evidenced by a few surviving records.



TWO  
RECORDS  
OUT BY  
MR. NATURAL'S  
BAND IN THE  
SUMMER OF  
1928



It was an era of easy money and within a year, Mr. Natural had accumulated a small fortune. In 1928 he was living in a large plush home in a Chicago suburb, owned two Packard limousines, employed the services of a maid, butler and chauffeur and threw huge wild parties.

Then, suddenly, and unexpectedly, he gave it all away to some bum he'd picked up on the street, typical of the restless, unfathomable nature of his perfect being. His friends were totally baffled by this sudden change, and when he moved to a cheap skid-row hotel, he gradually lost contact with his former well-to-do whoopee-making friends.

Harry Baines, the drummer in the band, says "We had some good times back then. I'll never understand why Natchy threw it all away. Everybody thought he was nuts! Of course, two years later, the rest of us went down the tubes along with him!"

"It looked to me liked he just flipped his noodle!"—Joey Norton, banjo player in the group. "I still can't figure it! I used to think he was a smart operator 'til he pulled that stunt! And he even had it put in writings! Crackers!"—Doris Hall, wife of Cafe owner Monte Hall.

From the winter of '28-'29, when Mr. Natural moved to skid-row, until a full seven years later, nothing is known of him.



**THIS PHOTOGRAPH, MADE IN DEC., 1933, CONTAINS A PERSON**

**WHO MIGHT BE MR. NATURAL, ACCORDING TO THE SAN MATED CHAPTER OF THE MR. NATURAL SOCIETY, WHO FOUND THE PICTURE. "WHO ELSE COULD IT BE?" SAYS THE GROUP'S PRESIDENT. INDEED, THERE IS A STRONG RESEMBLANCE IN THE FEATURES OF THE DOWN-AND-OUT CHAP ABOVE TO THOSE OF THE LIVING SAINT. PHOTO WAS TAKEN IN CHICAGO, BUT NO ONE HAS TURNED UP WHO KNEW HIM THERE AFTER 1929.**

In 1936 he popped up again on the west coast, where he met another great American folk hero and all-around geek, the "Old Pooperoo". The Old Poop was working as a fruit picker in Central California in the late thirties, and he and Mr. Natural crossed paths in a working-man's bar in Modesto one night in October, 1936. They became close friends and traveled together, picking up a few dollars now and then working in the fields or on construction jobs, getting drunk and whoring and hopping freight cars all over the United States.

"Natural was a good ol' boy, yep...we went through plenty of troubles together, you bet! Why, we musta been in every calaboose in this land of Liberty, from Maine to California and back again! We fought about women and cried on each others' shoulder over lost romances...we talked about old times back home for hours, an' when we had a few bucks we lived like royal Turks! But they was generally tough times, so I got in with some sharpies in Philly and for awhile there I was rakin' it in. This was around '39 or '40. I didn't see Natural much after that. I guess I got too Booshwah fer him. He wuz uneasy around my business associates. I s'pose we did put on some airs...haw haw...strictly high-hat! So he got bored and headed back west an' I didn't see him again, liked I said. But I started hearing stories about him gettin' in with small time crooks an' dope fiends, so I sent him some cash to come east an' get in the business with me, but of course he just spent the money and

wrote askin me for more and more til I got fed up and wouldn't send him any. I figured he was Hell-bent on a dead-end course. Last I heard, he wuz runnin around with a tough twerp from Tulsa name of Judy Holiday... not th' same one as th' movie star, but a nice lookin' dish from what I heard." No one seems to know what became of this Tulsa sweetheart.

When the War broke out Mr. Natural once again vanished from the scene. He has talked vaguely of this period of his life, but will not give us any specific details (He claims he can't remember). By his own admission, if we can trust him, he was in the Middle and Far East through the war years and after. He says he was in India, traveled to China, the Himalayas, Tibet and Afghanistan, where he got work as a Taxi driver, and, in his own words "learned many strange and wonderful things" in those distant lands.

He returned to America in 1953, "for some stupid reason" and loafed around for a year "getting very depressed about the world situation," he tells us, and so, renouncing all worldly pursuits and pleasures, he retreated to Death Valley in 1955 to "start anew."

In June, 1960, a small group of ardent devotees formed the first chapter of the Mr. Natural Fan Clubs of America in Southern California. They kept close ties with his spiritual development in the desert, as well as looking after his financial matters. In 1965 he began making speaking tours, visiting Colleges and Universities, and by 1966 he was already coming into his own as a recognized powerful spiritual force on this planet, a great religious leader, and a living model of Godlike perfection for all of Humanity to emulate. His moving words of wisdom have been translated into German, French, Spanish, Italian, Norwegian, Dutch and Japanese, and his presence on this globe has changed it for the better, as we all know!!

**THE OLD POOPEROO AND MR. NATURAL IN CHEYENNE WYOMING, 1938**



**MR. NATURAL WITH A GROUP OF EARLY DISCIPLES IN LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA, MARCH 1962**

# The MR. NATURAL

## FIRST PRIZE

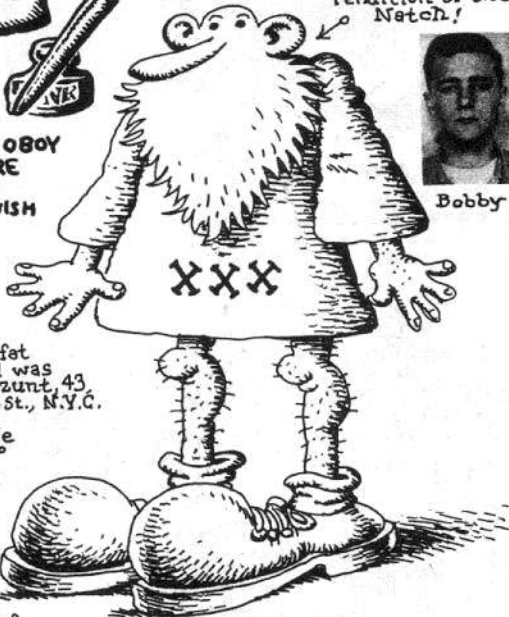
goes to Bobby Bankhurst, 17, 315 S. Nevada St., Oceanside, California, for his imaginative rendition of the Netch!

# DRAWING CONTEST

WELL, THE ENTRIES ARE ALL IN AND, BOY OBOY WAS IT TOUGH TO PICK A WINNER! THERE WERE SO MANY MANY FINE DRAWINGS OF MR. NATURAL SENT IN BY YOU FANS! WE WISH WE HAD ROOM TO PRINT THEM ALL!!



Bobby



## SECOND PRIZE

for this cute, fat little Mr. Natural was given to Abie Gazunt, 43, of 641 Orchard St., N.Y.C.



Abie



## THIRD PRIZE

was won by this zany drawing by Metchy Goodie, 23, of Sacramento California

## FOURTH PRIZE

went to Sandee Pahis, 23, of Chicago, Illinois, for her serious portrait of the humble sage.



Teeny-headed version of "Bps" Natural by Tootsie Kavek, 13, of Ames Iowa came in fifth.



Sixth place was taken by Danie Sladovski of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, for her rather pleasant drawing of Mr. Natural



Dwark Farkwarr of Nova Scotia landed the eighth spot with this simple but tasteful Mr. Natural



Ranking seventh was this strange approach to the bearded sage by Sanford Goines of Lewiston, Idaho



# RUNNERS-UP:



Candy Yamamoto, 19  
San Francisco, California



Janet Shapiro, 24  
Buffalo, New York



Melvin Smurdley, 37  
Evansville, Indiana



E. J. McEnelly, 39  
Perth Amboy, New Jersey



Carol Kraft, 8  
North Platte, Nebraska



Arnie Needleman, 28  
Brooklyn, New York



Barbara —?—, ?  
San Anselmo, California



Neil Schneiderman, 26  
Cleveland Heights, Ohio



Gary Arlington, 30  
Nome, Alaska



C.V. Crumb, Jr., 28  
Havertown, Pennsylvania



Mrs. R.H. Morgan, 48  
Chicago, Illinois



Mike Britt, 26  
Tigard, Oregon

Organ  
presents

REPRINTED FROM

"ORGAN" No. 2

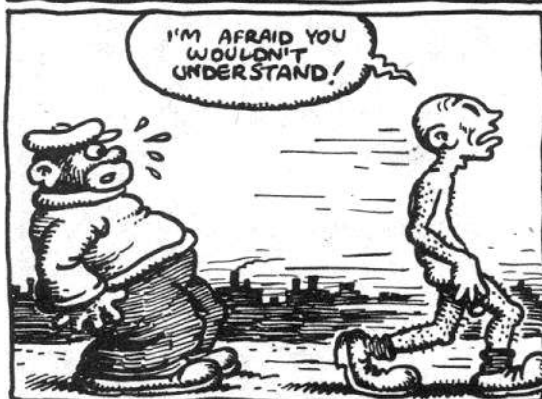
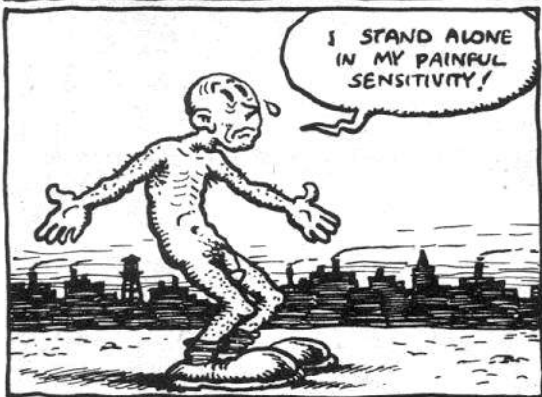
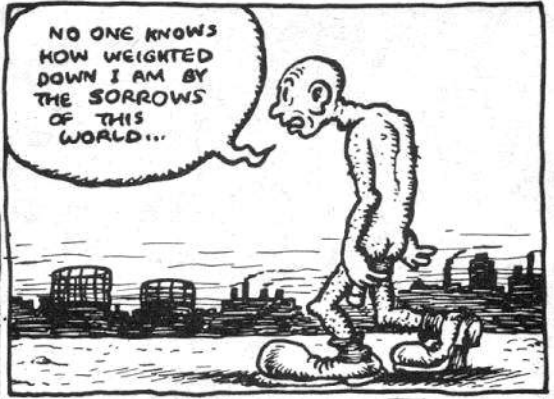
OBOY! I'M SURE GLAD  
I'M IN A COMIC STRIP  
'CAUSE I CAN DO  
ANYTHING I  
WANT!

# LITTLE JOHNNY FUCKERFASTER

©1970 R. CAUMB PRODUCTIONS







# Mr. Natural

in

"ON THE BUM AGAIN"

© 1970  
R. CRUMB  
ILLUSTRATED









BOUNCIN' BABY BOOGIE  
BOUNCE IT ALL  
OVER TOWN!



BOUNCE YER BABY, BUNKY  
AN' BOUNCE 'ER ALL  
AROUND!



BITE 'ER ON 'ER BOTTOM  
AN' BUMP 'ER UP AN' DOWN  
UP AN' DOWN  
UP AN' DOWN

GNUNG



PLUMP HER LI'L PUDDIN'  
'N' PLOP 'ER ON TH' GROUND  
BOUNCE 'ER TIL SHE JELLIES  
AN' PAT 'ER WITH A POUND!

SMACK!  
SMACK!  
SMACK!



OH SAID BOUNCE YER BABY'S BODY  
I AN' BLAM IT OUT IN 'ER  
MOUND IN 'ER MOUND  
IN 'ER MOUND

ZZ-ZUP!  
OOH!  
AAH  
OMIGOD!

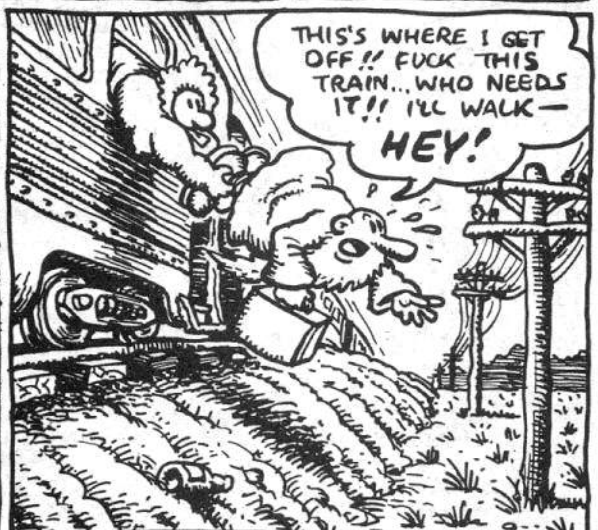
ZZZ  
ZNORT  
HONK

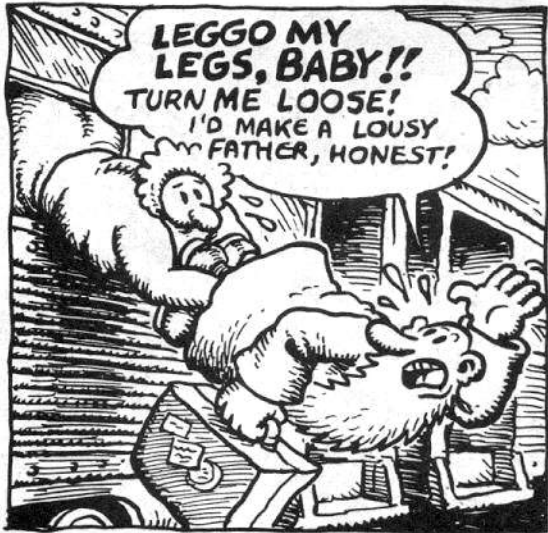


WHAT?!  
HEY BABY,  
WHUTCHOO  
DOIN', YOU  
CRAZY  
KID?!



OOH THAT FELT  
GOOD... ER... YOU  
BETTER STOP NOW..  
AN' SWALLOW THAT CUM!  
SOMEBODY WILL HAVE  
ME ARRESTED FOR  
CHILD-MOLESTING!  
JEEZIZ!!







PEW! NO WONDER THAT WOMAN GOT RID OF TH' BIG NUISANCE! YECHM!



NOW WHAT'RE YOU BLUBBERIN' ABOUT?? OH YEAH... STILL HUNGRY... WELL... I DUNNO!

WAAH!



☉☆☆!!!! I COME OUT HERE FOR MEDITATION AN' END UP BABY SITTIN' HERE! PUT THIS ON! SNORT!



I'LL NEVER GET ANY TRANCES GOIN' WITH YOU' AROUND!

COME ON! LET'S GO FIND YOU SOME FOOD!



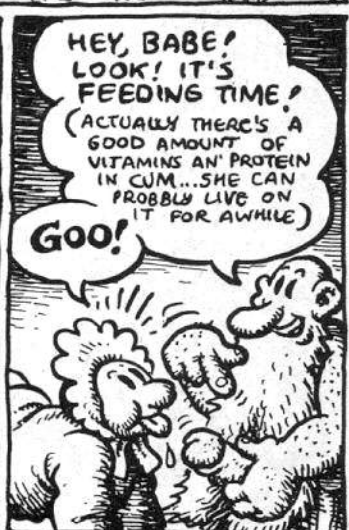
LATER THAT DAY...

BOY AM I BEAT!

WE BEEN TRAVELIN' FOR HOURS AN' NOT A SIGN OF A RESTAURANT OR EVN A COW! AN' THEN THIS KID DOESN'T MOVE TOO FAST EITHER



HMMM... THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!



HEY, BABE! LOOK! IT'S FEEDING TIME!

(ACTUALLY THERE'S A GOOD AMOUNT OF VITAMINS AN' PROTEIN IN CUM... SHE CAN PROBBLY LIVE ON IT FOR AWHILE)

GOO!







HEY LISTEN, BIG BABY! REALLY, YOU GOTTA STOP 'CAUSE SOMEBODY'S COMIN' IN A HELICOPTER AN' THAT MEANS TROUBLE!!

GORP SMORP SNORK



MAYBE IF I HOLD HER NOSE SO SHE CAN'T BREATHE... AAHHH...

SORRY, BABY!

POP



WELL WELL! HOWDY, OFFICER! NICE EVENING, ISN'T IT!? HEH HEH!!

I SAW THAT! EVERY BIT OF IT! I DON'T MISS A THING WITH MY LONG-RANGE BINOCULARS HERE! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!



THE CHILD WAS HUNGRY! WHAT ELSE COULD I DO, OUT HERE IN TH' MIDDLE OF NOWHERE... THERE JUST WASN'T ANY ALTERNATIVE...

IN FACT, SHE'S STILL HUNGRY! WHY DON'T YOU LET HER SUCK YOURS?

WHAT??

GOD



WHY YOU FILTHY SCUM! YOU'RE THE LOWEST KIND OF VERMIN THERE IS! I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET PUT AWAY A GOOD LONG TIME FOR THIS! IN ALL MY YEARS AS A RANGER, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO LOW AND ROTTEN! IT'S AN UNBELIEVABLE OUTRAGE! SHOCKING!

BUT, I TELL YA, TH' KID WAS HUNGRY.

CLICK!



And so....

THERE AINT A CLINK IN THIS FUCKIN' CUNTRY THAT CAN HOLD ME! YOU'LL SEE! AN' I'LL SPRING TH' BIG BABY TOO!

YOU'LL SEE!

NOBODY KNOWS DE TRUBLE AH SEEN...

TO BE CONTINUED!!

# Mr. Natural's OLD MAN

featuring  
Li'l Cute

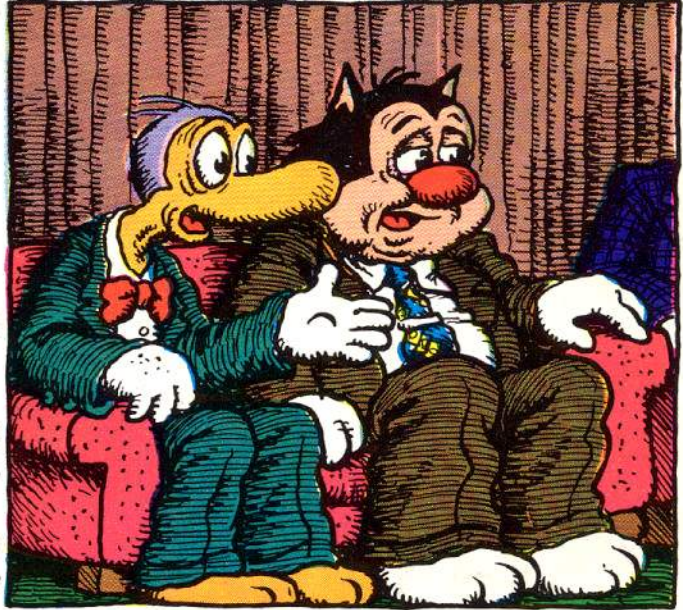


Great Cartoon Characters of the Past:

# Where Are They Now

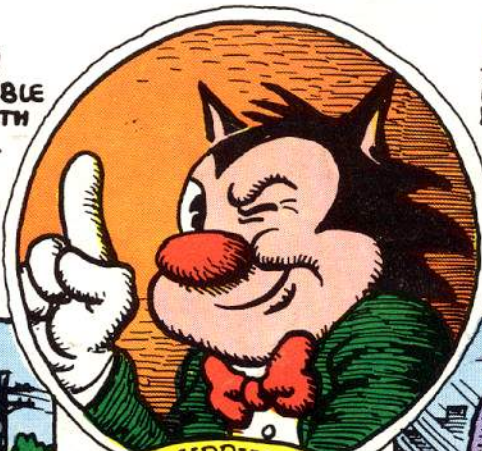
## GANDY GOOSE and SOURPUSS

ANYBODY WHO WAS A READER OF THE OLD PAUL TERRY'S TERRY TOONS YEARS AGO WILL NEVER FORGET THESE TWO LOVABLE CLOWNS, WHOSE HILARIOUS ROUTINES LIVENED UP THE PAGES OF WHAT WAS OFTEN A FAIRLY DULL LINE OF COMICS. BOTH GANDY AND SOURPUSS RETIRED FROM THE COMICS AROUND THE TIME ST. JOHN DISCONTINUED PUBLISHING TERRYTOONS SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. MIGHTY MOUSE AND HECKLE and JECKLE ARE NOW ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE PAUL TERRY GROUP.

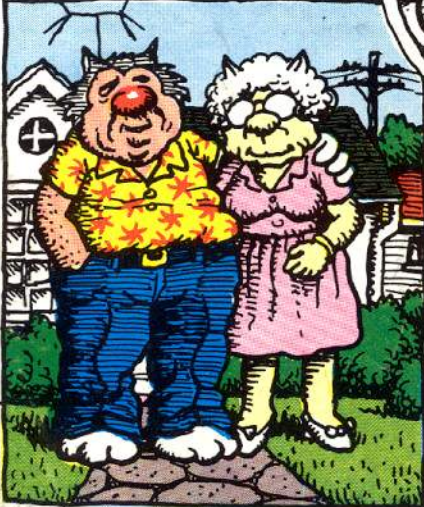


GANDY GOOSE AND SOURPUSS MADE THEIR LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AS GUESTS ON THE "TONIGHT" SHOW IN NOVEMBER, 1966

**S**OURPUSS (RIGHT) IN HIS HEYDAY AS THE LOVABLE CONMAN AND (BELOW) WITH HIS WIFE OUTSIDE THEIR MODEST BUNGALOW IN SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH OF A HEART ATTACK IN MAY, 1968.



**B**ELOW, GANDY GOOSE AS HE LOOKS TODAY. A RESIDENT OF LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA FOR TEN YEARS, HE IS NOW PART OWNER OF A USED CAR BUSINESS. IN A RECENT INTERVIEW, HE SAID RATHER WISTFULLY "I'M EXCITED ABOUT THE COMICS REVIVAL, BUT THESE NEW FELLOWS CAN'T SEEM TO PUT OUT THE KIND OF FUMMIES SOURPUSS AND ME CREATED BACK IN THE OLD DAYS!"



"SOURPUSS" in "Arctic Antics" from Paul Terry's Comics MARCH 1962

