

THE MEXICAN HERALD

27 December 1900

WILL CLIMB POPO.

Adventurous Party to Start on the Difficult Trip.

NOTE: [Read](#) CSM's excellent essay on Crowley's climbing experiences in Mexico. It includes much background information and provides context for the *Mexican Herald* articles.

[Read](#) a complete set, arranged chronologically, of the *Mexican Herald* articles dealing with Crowley's time in Mexico.

Old Popo is the object of envious eyes. Romantic braves are aching to scale its snowy heights while the storms are spreading their fury, yearning for the life of the adventurer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bowdle came down from Denver to climb the pride of Mexico. Since his arrival in the city Mr. Bowdle has been scouring the town for a man who was willing to take his life in his hands and mount the great peak. When other means had failed to locate a companion he accepted the advice of a friend and yesterday morning caused a line to be inserted in the columns of the MEXICAN HERALD, making known his desire. His room at the San Carlos hotel has since been the scene of large gatherings. Callers of every description haunted his quarters early and late yesterday proffering their assistance and companionship.

The first to respond to the card were a pair of husky mountaineers from Mr. Bowdle's own state, which they said they were in a state of financial distress and were willing to accompany a party to the top "be jaybers," for a slight remuneration.

Later in the day mail began to arrive bringing the cards of a number of society people of Mexico who were itching to get into something exciting and thought that a good game of euchre at the top of old PoPo would afford an unusually large amount of original sport. A man from Texas was also among the applicants for a berth in the excursion, but not until evening did Mr. Bowdle strike a [unreadable], when everybody's friend, the Chevalier O'Rourke [alias of Aleister Crowley], of Europe, presented himself for admission.

"It's mountain climbing you're after, is it," said the chevalier

when he had reached the presence of Mr. Bowdle.

"That was my object in coming to Mexico at this time," replied Mr. Bowdle. "Are you fond of climbing?"

"Very. I have climbed everything from a four board fence to a grenzel pole, and was never carried below the knees," gallantly responded the chevalier. "There are a great many things to be considered when contemplating a trip up a greased pole or a snowy mountain," he continued, "the first and most important of which is, whether the return trip will ever be recorded. I am looking for a man who will consent to remain with me at the top of Popocatepetl providing we find the location a pleasant place to live."

"Yes," said Mr. Bowdle, "I understand there is a growing sentiment in the City of Mexico in favor of a number of people locating in the crater."

"Quite possible," assented the chevalier. "I have been encouraged by a great many people in my ambition to prove that a person may as easily die from the effects of a sun stroke at the top of PoPo as yield up the ghost from mountain troubles when living on the level with the sea. The latter I have proved conclusively. I have demonstrated, to the delight and astonishment of a large number of friends, every symptom of mountain troubles while on the sea, and am prepared to test the sunstroke idea at the highest elevation within the reach of man."

"Is there any danger in climbing PoPo?" inquired Mr. Bowdle from his new acquaintance.

"No more that stumbling over an empty tomato can in your back yard," was the cheerful commonplace reply. "There is pre-eminently more danger in extracting the essence from a boisterous and irreligious heifer. I am a living example."

"If such is the case I agree with you, but do you wish to accompany our party?"

"I go where glory waits me."