

THE LAST TEQUILA RUN

Our technique was simple. We would cross the border at Tijuana, visiting several liquor stores so as not to create suspicion, buying up dozens of bottles of Jose Cuervo tequila. In those days, it was illegal to take more than three liters of alcohol across the border. I don't know who we thought might be suspicious, but worrying that someone could be watching made the venture more thrilling. Then we would find a remote spot and, bottle by bottle, start filling Robert's phony ten-gallon gas tank he'd installed under his Ford F-1 pickup truck. We saved a few empty bottles to refill and sell or pass around at dorm parties back home.