

The Tison Prison Break

Arizona

Gary, Donald, Ricky, and Ray Tison; Randy Greenawalt

1978



Gary Tison

On Sunday, July 30, 1978, brothers Ray, Ricky, and Donny Tison (ages 18, 19, and 20) helped their father, Gary, and fellow inmate Randy Greenawalt escape from Arizona State Prison in Florence, Arizona. By the time their flight ended two weeks later, eight people were dead.

Gary Gene Tison was born in Oklahoma during the depths of the Great Depression. His parents, Ruben Curtis (known as Curt) and Mary Tison, had seven children; Gary was the eldest. By the time Gary was a toddler, Curt was serving time for armed robbery. In 1940, the Tisons joined the wave of immigrants to the farm fields of California; they were part of the number of “Okies” immortalized in John Steinbeck’s novel *The Grapes of Wrath*. Living on the edge of a deprived community with a hard-drinking father who was constantly in and out of jails and prisons hardened Gary early. He approached life through a lens of aggression and violence. Although highly intelligent, he dropped out of school in the tenth grade and followed his father’s example of antagonism with the law.

In 1955, when Gary was 20, the Tisons were living in Casa Grande, Arizona, south of Phoenix, and Gary was in prison for armed robbery. Gary’s sister, Martha, had befriended Dorothy Stanford, shy and devout, at the Glad Tidings Pentecostal Church. Martha invited Dorothy to accompany her on one of her weekly visits to Gary. Gary didn’t seem like a criminal to the naïve Dorothy. He was handsome, polite, charming, and intelligent. After Gary was paroled in September 1956, Dorothy immediately agreed to marry him. They wed on October 25, 1957; Donny was born New Year’s Day, 1958. Ricky and Ray soon followed, with barely a year between the brothers.

For a couple of years, Gary tried to accede to Dorothy’s wishes with a series of jobs that never lasted long; Gary had a problem with authority. He admitted in a later jail interview that he never intended to give up crime. In March 1961, he indulged in a

two-week spree of armed robbery that ended when he was caught stealing guns from the local National Guard armory; he intended to sell the weapons in Mexico. While awaiting trial, he escaped from the Pinal County Jail, robbed a grocery store, and was back behind bars within 48 hours. A psychiatrist examined Gary at the request of the prosecuting attorney; the shrink wrote: "Mr. Tison is impressed with being dangerous. His self-image is that he is dangerous." He diagnosed Gary as having a psychopathic personality. On January 2, 1962, Gary was given a sentence of 25 to 30 years.

Like Gary's mother, Mary, Dorothy took her religion and her marriage seriously; her devotion to her husband never wavered. She and her three young sons visited Gary in prison every Sunday. She inundated the parole board with letters pleading hardship, and convinced others to write on Gary's behalf – they wrote more out of sympathy to Dorothy and the boys than any belief in Gary's rectitude. A family friend promised Gary a job on his release. Dorothy's campaign worked, and on July 1, 1966, Gary was released on parole after serving a mere five years.

The ten months Gary was out of prison was the happiest period of his sons' young lives. They had grown up with the myth that Gary had been unfairly imprisoned. To them – ages 7 through 9 at the time – their father was larger than life, smarter, stronger, and braver than any other. Gary was a great storyteller, and he was the hero of all the adventures he spun for his sons. Many years later, Ray, the youngest, recalled: "Dad always wanted to be the hero, and he was to us. He had a great personality and he was a smart man. And you could tell that people who knew him respected him a lot. The time we had with him back then was a very good time. We loved him very much. In some ways, I think, we idolized him."

In February 1967, Gary was arrested for passing a bad check at the Casa Grande Truck Stop. The owner had known Gary and Dorothy for several years and agreed not to press charges if Gary paid back the \$50. Even as he swore to the judge, "So help me, God, it won't happen again," Gary was knee-deep in a deal to smuggle farm equipment across the border. The deal went bad, Gary got greedy, and his partners turned him into the police. By the end of April, he was back in prison, his parole revoked.

On September 18, 1967, Gary was convicted in the smuggling scheme and given a sentence to run concurrently with what remained on the term for armed robbery. He

was facing another twenty years. As he left the courtroom in handcuffs, Dorothy ran to him and tried to embrace him. The prison guard, Jim Stiner, pushed her away.

On the mile-long drive to the prison, Gary pulled a pistol – probably passed to him by Dorothy – and ordered Jim Stiner to pull off onto a farm road. They stopped near an irrigation ditch and Gary ordered Stiner out of the truck. Stiner, perhaps trying to keep Tison calm, offered him a cigar. Gary declined and shot Stiner three times in the chest.

Gary climbed into the truck and drove to an abandoned house outside of Casa Grande, where Dorothy had stashed clothes and food. The next morning, he was spotted driving a station wagon that he'd carjacked from a woman with a baby. He hid behind a patio wall as police surrounded him. He fired at the cops – until a patrolman put a bullet through his Stetson, knocking it off his head.

The murder of Jim Stiner stirred the ire of the town. Gary's brother, Joe – no stranger to a jail cell – started spelling his name "Tyson." Dorothy and the boys had to endure the dark glances and taunts of their neighbors. On March 25, 1968, Gary was sentenced to two consecutive life sentences for the murder of Jim Stiner.

Dorothy had never seriously listened when her family and friends told her to leave Gary for good and start over. But now, without the slimmest hope that Gary would ever be released, she had to consider what was best for her boys. She quit her job, pulled the boys out of school, and moved to Wilmington, California, south of Los Angeles. She needed some distance to think things over.

But the separation didn't last long. Dorothy, Donny, Ricky, and Ray had never been so far away from their family and from Gary. They missed everyone terribly. Even if they only got to see their husband and father on weekly visits in the prison yard, once a week was better than nothing. Gary wrote Dorothy almost daily, begging her to return. Dorothy's migraines got worse, and she needed the support of her family to raise her sons. No matter the pressure from her family to divorce Gary, she couldn't do it. Within a year, Dorothy and the boys returned to Arizona and settled in Phoenix.

By all accounts, Donny, Ricky, and Ray Tison grew up polite, obedient, and reserved. Ray and Ricky in particular spent most of their time together or with their cousins; Donny was the most outgoing of the three. He was the only brother ever to

leave home; after a stint in the Marines, he attended community college with the hope of becoming a state trooper. They were good-looking kids but didn't have much interaction with girls; Donny's one attempt at dating ended when the girl's parents found out who Donny's father was and forbade her from seeing him.

They didn't talk about the reason their father was in jail. The only word Dorothy spoke about the murder of Jim Stiner was that Gary Tison had been framed; he shot Stiner in self-defense. The subject upset her so much that they never spoke about it again.

The Sunday ritual of prison visits was sacrosanct. So was another ritual; Dorothy and Gary maintaining marital relations, even though Arizona prisons did not allow conjugal visits. In the prison yard, Dorothy and Gary sat on one side of a picnic table, the boys opposite. Donny, Ricky, and Ray held up newspapers to shield from view the sight of Dorothy performing fellatio.

The three Tison boys grew up with the myth of their father's innocence, the belief that an unjust system had kept their father from them during their formative years. To Dorothy, Ricky, and Ray (less so to the more independent Donny), Gary's continued incarceration had become an obsession.

Randy Greenawalt was a heavy, bespectacled man who looked more like the Baptist preacher he'd once wanted to be than the killer he became. He grew up in a solid, middle-class home in Hannibal, Missouri, had an IQ near 140, and loved to talk. After dropping out of Missouri Baptist College, he served for two years in the Navy, during which time he was married and divorced twice and court-martialed twice for theft. When he and Gary Tison became friends in the Arizona State Prison in Florence, Randy was serving a life-sentence for murdering a trucker during a robbery. Randy had drawn an "X" on the door of the truck where the sleeping trucker's head lay, then blasted through with a .243-caliber rifle. His brother, who was in on it, told police: "Randy just feels good when he kills." Randy bragged about similar murders for which he was never caught; he seemed to have a personal vendetta against truckers.

Gary Tison and Randy Greenawalt knew exactly the right buttons to push to curry favor with Harold Cardwell, who became warden of the Arizona State Prison in Florence in 1973. Tison and Greenawalt had supported Cardwell during a prison strike.

Tison, as editor of the prison newspaper, wrote flattering articles about the warden; he wrote letters to officials praising Cardwell, and made positive statements to the press. Greenawalt was equally fawning. Whether such flattery was sufficient or there were other considerations isn't known, but Cardwell approved Tison's and Greenawalt's transfer to the Annex, the prison's medium-security wing. Such a transfer should have raised eyebrows somewhere; both Tison and Greenawalt were violent felons, and Tison had three escape attempts under his belt.

Tison began planning his escape sometime in 1977. The plan went through many permutations, but the basic scheme was this: after breaking out of the Annex with the help of Gary's sons, they'd hole up in the desert for a couple of days, then fly to Mexico. Gary's brother Joe was to provide the plane, but Gary needed a pilot.

In January 1978, Bobby Tuzon was transferred to the Annex. Tuzon was a handsome young Hispanic serving time for second-degree murder. He was assigned to work as a cook in the galley with none other than Gary Tison, who also roomed next door. Maybe it was all a coincidence, but Bobby Tuzon was the only licensed pilot in the entire Arizona prison system.

When Gary first told Tuzon about his escape plan, Tuzon thought he was nuts. But Bobby always knew Gary's reputation; no one crossed him, and Gary made it clear that Tuzon did not have a choice. He threatened Bobby's wife and children – and he had enough contacts on the outside to make good on the threat. Dorothy called Tuzon's wife, Irma, repeatedly and lectured her if Irma missed a weekly visit. Bobby was scared, and Irma was frantic.

In April 1978, Irma Tuzon called Warden Caldwell and, without identifying herself, told him about Tison's escape plan. Caldwell guessed who was calling and had Bobby Tuzon brought to his office, where he berated Tuzon as being a liar and a troublemaker. Tuzon repeatedly requested being transferred back to maximum security to get away from Tison, but was denied. Desperate, he cut a hole in the fence, crawled through, and waited patiently for ten minutes until a guard picked him up. He got back to maximum security.

Tuzon wasn't the only one who ratted on Gary. Gary's brother, Joe, had provided guns and a car toward the escape, and Gary was still relying on him to supply

a plane. In March 1978, Joe was arrested on federal drug charges and told of Gary's escape plans as part of his plea agreement. As a result, Gary was given a lie detector test, which he passed. Gary could lie as easily as he could breathe, but passing the test was enough to satisfy Warden Caldwell. Gary, furious at his brother's betrayal, wanted him dead.

At the end of July, Bobby Tuzon, secure in maximum security, forced Gary's hand. He had told the new head of the Department of Corrections, Ellis MacDougall, about Tison's escape plans and, unlike Caldwell, MacDougall was inclined to believe him. Bobby was due in court on Monday, July 31, because of his own faked escape; he let Gary know through the prison grapevine that he intended to blow the whistle in open court.

Donny Tison was adamantly opposed to the escape. He was convinced that the constantly shifting plan was sure to fail, and someone was going to get hurt. But with Joe Tyson and Bobby Tuzon out, they were a man short. Under pressure from his brothers and his mother, who insisted that nothing would stop them, Donny reluctantly agreed to go along.

On Sunday, July 30, Ray Tison was the first to arrive at the prison. The guards who'd been there a while knew Gary Tison's sons by name; some had watched them grow up over the past fifteen years. A guard inspected the paper bag that Ray carried; it held a six-pack of Coke and some sandwiches. Ray joined his father in the visitors' yard, while Randy Greenawalt arrived in the guard office. As a clerk-typist, his job was to type up the next day's work assignments. The guards were unarmed.

Shortly before 9:00 a.m., Ricky and Donny Tison arrived. Ricky approached the registration window while Donny set a cardboard box on a table. Other prison visitors were waiting to enter. Ricky filled out the registration form and slid it back through the window, then pulled out a sawed-off shotgun while Donny grabbed a .38 automatic out of the box. Ricky passed another shotgun to Randy Greenawalt in the guard office, and Randy flipped a switch for Ricky and Donny to pass through the inner door. Gary Tison had entered the office from outside; Donny handed his father a pistol. Within minutes, seven guards and six visitors were on the floor in the guard office. Gary rounded up an eighth guard who was in the restroom. Gary placed the guards' belts and radios in the

cardboard box and handed a change of clothes to Greenawalt. Once they were changed, they hustled the guards and visitors into a storeroom and locked them in. Randy Greenawalt and the four Tisons then strolled to the parking lot and drove away in a Ford Galaxie. The whole escape took less than twenty minutes. In a hospital parking lot across town, they exchanged the Galaxie for a beige Lincoln Continental.

They drove 137 miles southwest to a blip on the map known as Hyder, a virtually deserted outpost in the middle of the desert. Gary's elaborate plans that had shifted day by day came down to the five of them holing up in a shack in the withering heat, hoping that Dorothy could somehow get a plane and a pilot to them.

After a trip to the nearest store twenty miles away, a tire on the Lincoln went flat. After all the months of planning and the stockpiling of weapons and survival gear, no one had thought to bring an extra spare.

By dusk on the second day, they knew that Dorothy hadn't come through. The five men piled into the overloaded Lincoln, with the vague plan of driving to Flagstaff, where Gary's younger brother, Larry, lived. They drove for several hours; around 11:30 p.m., they were near Quartzsite, when, with a jarring thump, the spare gave out.

John and Donna Lyons were driving from Yuma to Omaha, Nebraska, their hometown, to visit family. John was stationed with the Marines in Yuma; although they didn't much care for Arizona, they'd made the best of it. With them in their little orange Mazda were John's 15-year-old niece, Terri Jo Tyson, who'd been visiting from Las Vegas; John and Donna's 23-month-old son, Christopher; and their Chihuahua. Whether they were taking Terri Jo back home to Las Vegas or if she was going with them to Omaha isn't clear; nevertheless, the first leg of the journey was the same. They decided to travel at night to avoid the worst of the triple-digit heat.

It was around midnight when John Lyons saw Ray Tison standing by the disabled Lincoln. John probably didn't hesitate to pull over; he was a Marine, after all, with a .38 in the glove compartment, and the young man was apparently alone. John was inspecting the Lincoln's shredded tire and chatting cordially with Ray when Gary, Randy, Ricky, and Donny emerged from the dark and surrounded the Mazda, guns drawn.

The Lyonses and Terri Jo were forced into the back seat of the Lincoln and driven several hundred yards down a gravel road, the wheel rim scraping the ground. The Tison boys transferred their gear into the Mazda, and the Lyons' belongings into the Lincoln. Donny herded the young family out of the way while Ray backed the Lincoln to the edge of the sand near a cactus. Everyone stared in astonishment while Gary shot the hell out of the car until it hissed, groaned, and died. The three Tison boys assumed the family would be left unharmed; why else would Gary shoot up the Lincoln? It was the dead of night in the middle of nowhere. John pleaded with them not to hurt his family and asked only that they be left with some water. Gary sent Ray to fetch a jug of water from the Mazda, then told the Lyonses and Terri Jo to get into the backseat of the Lincoln.

Ricky started back toward the Lincoln when Gary told his son to bring the jug to him. Gary took a long drink, staring at the people in the car, his shotgun across his arm. He called Randy over and the two talked; the boys couldn't hear what they said. Then Gary Tison and Randy Greenawalt began firing at the four people in the backseat.

Randy strutted back to the three stunned boys at the Mazda, pumped up and barking orders. As the Tison boys crawled into the Mazda, they heard two more gunshots. Christopher Lyons, protected by his mother's body, had survived the initial volleys; Gary pumped two bullets into the toddler's skull.

After the Tisons and Greenawalt drove off, John Lyons regained consciousness. He managed to open the door and crawled twenty-five feet before dying. Terri Jo, on the other side of the car, had also been protected by Donna's body; the teenager had been shot once in the hip. But she was bleeding badly. Still clutching the Chihuahua, she managed to crawl a thousand feet toward the road until she was too weak from blood loss to continue. She had the presence of mind to remove the dog's collar, with the Lyons' name and address on the tag, and fasten it to her ankle. The little dog curled up next to her stomach and died with her.

Later, going through the victims' wallets, Donny showed Terri Jo Tyson's ID to Ricky. Could she be related? No way, said Gary. His brother Joe was the only one who spelled his name that way. Gary told Ricky that the killings had been Randy's idea. His

sons were no longer so naïve that they believed him. In Williams, Arizona, they bought twelve cans of gray spray paint to conceal the Mazda's distinctive color.

Sixty-three year-old mail carrier Kathy Ehrmentraut knew Randy Greenawalt from the time he'd shared a cell in the Coconino County Jail with her son, accused of armed robbery. When her son was convicted and sent to the prison in Florence, Kathy made the journey to visit both of them whenever she could, and she and Randy kept up a correspondence that was even a bit flirtatious, despite their age difference. She didn't believe that Randy could really hurt anybody. After the fugitives showed up at her trailer outside Flagstaff, she agreed to help them buy a used truck to replace the too-small Mazda. She even agreed to take out a loan to pay for it, but set the limit at \$2,000.

Gary wanted a van or at least a truck with a camper; he was mad as hell when the best they could find was a Chevy pick-up with no topper. They unbolted the bucket seats from the Mazda and fastened them to the truck bed; the three boys took turns sitting and lying on sleeping bags in the back of the truck. It was hardly a comfortable ride.

Tom Brawley, a lieutenant with the Coconino County Sheriff's Department, knew Randy Greenawalt well, and he made the connection between Greenawalt and Kathy Ehrmentraut. On Thursday, August 3, while Kathy was out with Donny looking for a truck, Detective Bill Pribil knocked on the door of Kathy's trailer while Randy Greenawalt peered at him from behind the curtains. Thinking the detective was a salesman, Randy kept quiet and waited for him to leave. By the time the sheriff set up surveillance on the trailer in the early morning of August 4, the fugitives were headed southeast.

On Sunday, August 6, game warden Tom Peeples found the Lincoln Continental and the bodies of John, Donna, and Christopher Lyons. The body of Terri Jo Tyson, one thousand feet away, wasn't found until August 11. Arizona Governor Bruce Babbitt authorized a \$10,000 reward for the capture of the Tisons and Greenawalt.

That early Sunday morning, the fugitives were camping uncomfortably – sharing two sleeping bags among the five men – at Bottomless Lake State Park fifteen miles southeast of Roswell, New Mexico. Gary took the chance of calling his brother Joe at home in Casa Grande. As soon as Joe knew who was calling, he flipped the switch of

the recorder the cops had hooked up to his phone. Gary told Joe he needed a plane in New Mexico that day, and no bullshit. Joe knew of a crop-duster strip near Clovis, and agreed to meet Gary there at 4:00 that afternoon. He said the plane would only take two men; Gary would have to leave the boys behind.

Joe immediately called Pinal County Sheriff Sergeant Dave Harrington; they'd gone to high school together, and Joe had requested police protection as soon as he'd heard of his brother's escape. Tom Brawley back in Flagstaff was notified of the meet-up in Clovis; Brawley told Coconino County Sheriff Joe Richards, who, unbelievably, told the media. By the time Joe Tyson and Dave Harrington arrived in Clovis, the place was crawling with reporters.

Gary was apoplectic with rage at Joe's second betrayal as the group headed northwest toward Colorado. They spent another rough night camping outside of Alamosa, Colorado, near Rio Grande National Forest. The temperature in the mountains was dipping down into the thirties. With the rough driving on mountain roads, the truck's transmission was beginning to slip. Again, they needed another vehicle – something big, like a van or a camper.

James and Margene Judge had met and fallen in love in Amarillo, Texas; they married on August 5. Margene had grown up spending summer vacations near South Fork, Colorado, where her parents owned a small plot of land. James and Margene honeymooned there, camping out in their van. They had tickets for the Denver Broncos football game the following Sunday.

Margene talked with her mother on the phone the evening of Tuesday, August 8. On Wednesday, the newlyweds went fishing at Millions Reservoir, then headed for Shaw Lake fifteen miles to the west. They stopped for construction on the highway leading through the Wolf Creek Pass. A dark blue pickup with a noisy transmission pulled in behind the Judges' van. It was the last in the line of stopped vehicles.

Gary had decided to try to make to Durango, where there would be a service station where they could get the truck's transmission fixed. But the van in front of them was exactly what he was looking for. Someone, Randy or one of the boys, casually stepped out of the truck and wandered forward, appearing to be curious about the construction. He saw that that there were only two people in the van. Gary and Randy

approached the van, Gary on the driver's side and Randy opposite, jerked open the doors, and shoved guns into the ribs of the startled couple. Gary climbed into the driver's seat while Randy held Margene and James in the back of the van. The Tison boys in the pickup followed the van as it wound its way up the mountain.

They drove to Chimney Rock, a natural rock formation that resembles a chimney. Near Cabison Creek, they stopped and Gary told his sons to wait. He and Randy drove the van with the Judges inside a couple of miles down the road. James begged for them to take the van and leave him and his wife unharmed. Randy marched James north a few hundred feet; Gary pushed Margene in the opposite direction. Each were shot once in the head and covered with brush and dirt. Randy yanked off James' wedding ring. The Judges' bodies weren't discovered until November.

In Cortez, a tiny town in the southwestern corner of Colorado, Donny Tison dropped the pickup off at a dealership for service. Instead abandoning it as they had the Mazda, Donny thought it a better idea to leave it at a garage where it wouldn't be found and reported as abandoned. They spent the night in a derelict house nearby.

In the morning, Gary announced they were returning to Arizona and would make a run for the border where he knew the area and the roads. He reasoned that it had been twelve days since the escape and attention had been shifted to New Mexico. No one would expect them to return to Casa Grande. Gary had smuggled guns and farm machinery through that area; he knew he could bribe their way across the border, and a prison buddy had a ranch only an hour south into Mexico.

Although they finally had a reliable vehicle, Gary wanted to make one last try for a plane. His sister Martha's husband, Don Englund, had a pilot's license and access to crop-duster planes and maybe others. On Thursday, August 10, they headed south, timing their trip to arrive in Casa Grande after dark.

That evening, Gary called his brother-in-law. Don Englund had already told Dorothy that he wanted nothing to do with Gary, and the phone call caught him off guard. At first he stalled by saying any plane he could get would not have the fuel capacity to get to Mexico; then he insisted that no one in the family could help because they were all under heavy surveillance by law enforcement. The fugitives had no choice

but to drive south, but Gary wanted to make one last stop. Fortunately for Joe Tyson, he wasn't home when Gary arrived to exact his revenge.

The blue van with Texas plates was spotted several times driving through Casa Grande, but the police expected that the fugitives were still driving the Mazda. That evening, a report went out that there had been an attempted break-in at the Border Patrol Armory in nearby Gila Bend. Gary Tison had been known to rob armories and had an unfortunate habit of returning to Casa Grande no matter what he'd done. Although Tison had been nowhere near the armory, the cops had the right suspicions for the wrong reasons and set up three roadblocks around town.

Around midnight, Sergeant Dave Harrington arrived at the roadblock on Chuichu Road, a few miles south of Casa Grande. Six other officers were already there. Unbeknownst to them, the supposed break-in at the armory had been a false report, and all roadblocks had been ordered lifted. At 2:00 a.m., they were told to set up a second roadblock seven miles to the south.

Around 2:30, the van carrying the Tisons approached the first roadblock; it slowed but did not stop, its high beams on. Inside, Gary was raging. Donny, who was driving, insisted they couldn't make it, but his father ordered him to floor it. Randy Greenawalt fired from the passenger window as Donny punched the accelerator. Sergeant Armando Valenzuela radioed the second roadblock while deputies Wade Williams, Steve Greb, and Billy Jewel leaped into two patrol cars and tore off after the van. Seven miles south, Dave Harrington, Perry Holmes, and Tom Scott armed themselves and waited. When the van was two hundred yards away, they opened fire.

The van managed to break through the second roadblock just moments before a bullet tore through Donny's head. Ricky was crouched on the floor in front of the passenger seat when his brother toppled over on him; Ray was crouched in the back between the seats. When the van slid to a stop, Gary crawled over Ray and pushed Randy aside to get to the sliding side door. "Every man for himself," he hissed, and ran out into the desert. Randy, Ray, and Ricky quickly followed, but surrendered almost immediately after Steve Greb fired at them.

Gary Tison's body was found eleven days later only three hundred feet from the Papago Chemical Company. He had died of dehydration and exposure.

Ray and Ricky Tison and Randy Greenawalt were sentenced to death for the murders of Terri Jo Tyson and John, Donna, and Christopher Lyons. The Tisons' appeal, *Tison v. Arizona*, went all the way to the United States Supreme Court, where a 5-4 decision held that the death penalty could be applied when the defendant was a major participant in the underlying felony and had acted with a reckless indifference to human life, even if he did not commit the actual murder. The sentences of Ray and Ricky Tison were later commuted to life because they were under 20 when the crimes were committed. Randy Greenawalt was executed in 1997.

Dorothy Tison, Joe Tyson, and Kathy Erhmentraut were all arrested for conspiracy for their roles in their escape. Joe Tyson was sentenced to four years. Dorothy Tison served a year before being released on parole. Kathy Erhmentraut was fined and placed on probation.

Warden Harold Cardwell was fired and later joined the Ohio Department of Corrections.

Bobby Tuzon won \$58,000 in a civil suit against the state for the danger he was exposed to before the escape. He was paroled in 1985 and entered law school.

The state of Arizona settled with the families of the six people murdered by Tison and Greenawalt for \$975,000.