

Richard Chase: The Vampire of Sacramento

Intro

[It was January 23rd, 1978.](#) David Wallin had just gotten home from work.

It had already been a terrible day for the Sacramento truck driver. All he'd been thinking about was his wife's pretty smile and plump pregnant belly. David was excited to be a father.

It was 6 o'clock at night. The sun had already set. David felt it was odd that all the lights were off inside. His wife, Teresa, never mentioned going out.

He opened the door and stepped inside. He called out, "Teresa?" The eerie silence of his marital home answered back. That's when David heard a jingle, and his German Shepherd came to greet him at the door. Maybe Teresa was sleeping... Maybe everything was alright after all.

He flipped the lights and noticed a bag of garbage on the floor. He spotted dark stains on the carpet and followed them to their bedroom.

He pushed open the door, and [what he saw has haunted him for the rest of his life.](#)

Teresa was on the floor, lying on her back, inches from the door. Her pants and underwear were down around her ankles, and her sweater had been pulled up over her breasts.

Her knees were bent and splayed, indicating sexual assault. Her attacker carved off her left nipple and sliced her torso below the sternum. Her spleen and intestines had been pulled out. Her lungs, liver, and diaphragm were stabbed into oblivion.

Her three-month-old fetus blended in with the gore.

A blood trail led from the bedroom to the bathroom, where it appeared as though Teresa's killer had smeared themselves in her blood. David also found a discarded yogurt container next to the body. The inside was stained red.

Whoever killed Teresa seemingly collected her blood in buckets. According to police, there were multiple red rings around the body, where the killer placed and moved the bucket several times.

David only lasted a split second inside the room. He called his parents to come over, but tried his best not to let them look at the body. Curiosity must have gotten the better of them.

When police arrived, they determined that Teresa had been shot and “opened up” with a knife. The worst part is that the three gunshot wounds she sustained weren’t enough to kill her instantly. She likely suffered a great deal as her killer mutilated her body.

When police looked inside her open mouth, they discovered that the killer had left Teresa with a parting gift. Her cheeks were stuffed with animal feces.

The terrified expression on her face haunted Sacramento detectives for the rest of their careers. “It was a horrific homicide,” one said, “It’s not every day that you have someone cutting somebody open, looking through their intestines, and moving things around.”

A sea of police officers flooded the home on Tioga Way in Sacramento. The investigation fell into the laps of rookie detectives Bill Roberts and Wayne Irey.

Their commander gave them a clear-cut order, “We need to hurry up and catch the sick son of a bitch who did this.” Whoever they were... *whatever* they were...they were bound to strike again.

The “who” of this case was 28-year-old Richard Trenton Chase. The “what” was a real-life vampire. That’s not to say he was an immortal creature of the night.

Chase was a “vampire” in the sense that he drank and bathed himself in his victims’ blood. He gutted them and feasted on their organs. He raped their corpses and plucked out their eyes.

He was a paranoid schizophrenic who believed that UFOs drove him to murder. He checked under his soap bars for poison and thought the Nazis were communicating with him telepathically, commanding him to kill to “replenish his blood.”

Between December 1977 and January 1978, he brutally murdered six people between three different crime scenes—seven if you count Teresa Wallin’s unborn child.

All the early warning signs were there, yet doctors continually deemed him “fit for society.”

Had they simply acknowledged the red flags—of which there were many—Richard Chase would have been locked in a mental institution for the rest of his life.

Instead, he was free to stalk the streets of Northern California. There’s a reason they called him “The Vampire of Sacramento.”

His thirst for blood was unquenchable.

A Vampire is Born

Richard Chase was the firstborn son of Beatrice and Richard Chase Sr. His only other sibling was his younger sister, Pamela.

The kids were born in Santa Clara County, but the family eventually moved to Sacramento when Richard was five. According to biographers, Richard wasn't abused as a child, at least no more than any other 1950s American boy.

His father was a strict disciplinarian who beat Chase when he stepped out of line. His mother was known to be mentally unstable. One group of mental healthcare professionals described her as "the classic mother from whom a schizophrenic child would result."

Chase's parents argued constantly. Beatrice often accused Richard Sr. of cheating on her and trying to poison her. Beatrice flipped out on a family camping trip in Oregon when she believed Richard Sr. was hiding a woman in the woods.

The trip was promptly canceled, and the dysfunctional 1950s family returned home to Sacramento. It's unclear if there ever was a secret mistress in the trees.

As a young boy, Chase exhibited all the signs of violent psychopathy as laid out in the [MacDonald Triad](#). The triad links cruelty to animals, obsession with fire-setting, and persistent bedwetting to homicidal and sadomasochistic behavior later in life.

When he was 10, Chase became obsessed with fire. Once, he set his neighbor's garage ablaze because he didn't like the loud music they were playing.

One afternoon, Beatrice was lounging in their backyard with a neighbor when she pointed to a flower box. She said Chase had buried a cat under the flowers. Her neighbor indicated that several pets, including cats, dogs, birds, and rabbits, had gone missing on their street.

Both women would later learn that Chase was kidnapping and murdering people's pets.

Somehow, Chase masked his psychopathic tendencies at school. Over 60 kids came to one of his early birthday parties.

Chase's life changed drastically as a teenager. Financial strain forced the family to sell their home, and they eventually moved into a cramped Sacramento apartment.

Chase began dabbling with marijuana and LSD. He also learned that he was impotent—or unable to get and maintain an erection.

Chase's high school classmates described him as neat, well-mannered, and well-groomed. He dated several girls, two of whom he considered "serious girlfriends." However, the women broke things off when Chase's impotence prevented them from having sex.

Things took another drastic turn during Chase's sophomore year of high school. He began hanging out with known "acid-heads." he abused alcohol and got himself arrested for marijuana possession.

He was especially upset when his father refused to hire a lawyer to defend him.

Chase became obsessed with the James-Younger Gang, the notorious 19th-century bandits headed by brothers Jesse and Frank James. He believed he was a member and would paste pictures of his face over photos of the gang.

Other odd behavior involved sleeping naked on the couch and cranking the heat as high as it could go.

At this point, college wasn't in the cards. Chase only lasted a few semesters before his grades slipped, and he stopped attending class. He dropped out in 1971, shortly before his 21st birthday.

Chase moved into a home on Annandale Lane, where he lived with two women who described his lifestyle and behavior as "repulsive."

He rarely bathed and never washed his clothes. One time, he came out of his room naked and began hounding his friends with nonsensical questions. Another time, a female guest said she saw Chase leaning out his window, waving a gun at people walking by.

The final straw was when Chase nailed his closet door shut from the inside. When his roommates asked why, he said people were using it to sneak into his room.

His behavior scared the girls to death, and both of them moved out. In hindsight, they're lucky they left when they did. There was a monster brewing inside their home.

It wouldn't be long before the vampire spread his wings.

Learning to Fly

Richard Chase developed a severe case of hypochondria as he aged. You'll often hear "hypochondriac" used as a joke, but it's a serious condition that typically presents itself during early adulthood, similar to Schizophrenia.

[Hypochondriacs are constantly afraid of getting sick](#). The most minor and insignificant symptoms may lead them to believe they have a serious condition. Sometimes, they misinterpret normal body functions as signs of a deadly disease.

Severe cases of hypochondria cause mistrust between patients and doctors. Even if there's nothing medically wrong, people like Chase will assume the doctor is lying to them or trying to trick them.

Chase liked to complain that his heart wasn't working correctly. One time, he burst into an emergency room, claiming that somebody had stolen his pulmonary artery. If that were true, then Chase would be dead.

One time, he claimed that the bones in his head were detached and shifting around. To prove it, he cut off all his hair and sat in front of a mirror. Obviously, nothing moved.

Chase moved in with his father after his parents divorced in 1972. According to some reports, he opted not to live with his mother because he thought she was trying to poison him.

In April of 1973, [Chase attended a small party](#) at an acquaintance's apartment. When the two male hosts left to buy beer, Chase plopped down next to a woman and began fondling her. She told him to stop, but Chase refused.

She got up and walked away, and Chase began following her. The men ordered Chase to leave when they came back and found out. The confrontation escalated into a screaming match, at which point a .22 caliber pistol fell out of Chase's pocket.

One of the men grabbed the gun and threw it into a bedroom. The shouting match continued, and police finally arrived to arrest Chase. His father bailed him out of county jail that night.

Chase's erratic behavior was too much for either parent to handle. They both pitched in and got him an apartment.

Maybe some independence would be good for him... it wasn't.

Chase deteriorated even further. He stood about 5-foot-11 but only weighed roughly 145 pounds. He was skin-and-bones, and his "new diet" didn't lend itself to weight gain.

Now on his own, Chase began killing and disemboweling rabbits that he either caught or bought from pet stores. He'd pull out their intestines and drain their blood into a blender. Then, he'd grind everything up, making some sort of rabbit-blood smoothie.

Sometimes, he'd simply eat their entrails raw. He did this because he believed his heart was shrinking and would soon vanish in his body. Apparently, rabbits' blood was the only cure.

In December 1973, Chase walked into the ER of American River Hospital in Sacramento. He said he couldn't breathe and believed that his heart had stopped pumping blood.

The attending doctor determined that there was nothing wrong with Chase, describing him as "filthy, disheveled, deteriorated and foul-smelling."

During that visit, Chase was officially diagnosed with chronic paranoid schizophrenia. The psychiatrist also believed he was suffering from toxic, drug-induced psychosis.

Chase was placed under a 72-hour observation. Unfortunately, the hospital couldn't legally detain him, so Chase said, "screw it," and left on his own. Beatrice brought him back multiple times, but Chase kept running away.

Ultimately, she told doctors that Chase was better off at home. They insisted that he needed treatment, yet they didn't believe he was a threat to himself or others.

They couldn't have been more wrong.

Chase moved into a new apartment where he was largely unsupervised. His parents paid the rent, and his mother did all the grocery shopping. She didn't know Chase's favorite meals couldn't be bought at the supermarket.

He began abducting people's dogs, cats, and rabbits and killing them to drink their blood. He, however, kept a tidy apartment and liked to play chess when his father visited.

Once, his father asked why Chase had live rabbits in the apartment. Chase responded candidly, "Because I eat them." Richard Sr. brushed it off as another one of Chase's strange comments.

During a visit in 1976, Richard Sr. found his son vomiting in his apartment and unable to move. He was pale as a ghost and naked other than his boxers.

Chase claimed he had food poisoning from a bad rabbit. Doctors later determined that he'd been injecting himself with rabbit's blood, leading to severe blood poisoning.

When they confronted him with the evidence, Chase said they were wrong. Rabbits' blood was good for him... this one must have eaten battery acid or something.

Chase was involuntarily committed to a 14-day hold at a mental institution. He was ultimately transferred to Beverly Manor Psychiatric Hospital, where the staff nicknamed him "Dracula."

During his stay, he caught two birds through his window bars, snapped their necks, and drank their blood. He also tried extracting blood from therapy dogs with stolen needles.

Despite all of this, doctors at Beverly determined that Chase was "no longer a threat to society." He was released into his mother's custody in late 1976. The Beverly staff disagreed with the decision but couldn't overrule the doctor.

Chase's mother didn't help his case either. She weaned him off his prescribed meds because it made him act "like a zombie."

She got him another apartment, where Chase upgraded from rabbits to puppies. He'd buy the dogs, hang them in his apartment, and then gut them to drink their blood and eat their insides.

One day in 1977, Beatrice answered a knock at her door to see Chase standing on the other side. He was holding a dead cat in her face. Then, he threw the carcass to the floor and ripped it apart in front of her. He covered his face in the dead animal's blood.

Instead of reacting, his mother brushed it off and never reported the incident.

Later, in the summer of '77, police near Pyramid Lake in Nevada found Chase's car stuck in a sandbar. There were two rifles inside, along with bloodstained clothes and a plastic bucket full of entrails.

They spotted Chase with their binoculars, running around naked and covered in blood. When they picked him up, he claimed the blood was his. They later determined that the blood and entrails in the bucket were from a dead cow.

He was arrested for the cow incident, but the charges were dropped as they couldn't prove Chase killed it. He returned to Sacramento, having reached his full Vampiric potential.

Chase was ready to kill. His first victim never saw him coming.

First Blood

It was December 29th, 1977. Ambrose Griffin had just returned home from the grocery store. The 51-year-old father of three was an engineer with the Sacramento Bureau of Land Management. He was an all-around average guy with a decent life and a loving family.

Ambrose and his wife, Carol, exited their car and unloaded the bags. Their daughter-in-law heard them pull up and ran to hold the door open. It was quiet and dark just before 8:30 p.m.

Ambrose set two bags on the counter, then went to grab the last. Carol and their daughter-in-law were unloading the food when they heard two quick “pops!” outside.

What was that? They both thought. They hustled outside to find Ambrose facedown in the driveway. He was barely conscious, yet managed to squeeze out the words, “I’ve been shot.”

Carol thought it was impossible. He must have suffered a stroke or a heart attack. They covered him in blankets and waited for the ambulance to arrive. When they did, paramedics removed the blankets to reveal blood pooling on Ambrose’s shirt.

He was now in a fight for his life. His blood pressure plummeted upon arriving at the hospital. He was admitted at 8:52 and pronounced dead by 9:25.

Back on the scene, a news crew found two spent shell casings belonging to a .22 caliber weapon. Police had their murder weapon... now they just needed their murderer.

Richard Chase had purchased the .22 caliber pistol earlier in December after lying on his application about his mental health record. Neighbors reported hearing gunfire coming from Chase’s apartment and weren’t surprised to learn he was shooting at “the voices in his head.”

Chase primarily used the gun to shoot animals in the head. He claimed it made it easier to drain their blood, as he could simply put a cup under the bullet hole.

In the lead-up to the Ambrose Griffin murder, Chase was angry that his mother wouldn’t allow him to attend the family Christmas gathering. His sister was afraid of him, and Beatrice didn’t want Chase anywhere near her.

Chase would later tell a psychiatrist that the Griffin murder was accidental. He was angry about Christmas and was simply driving around and shooting his gun out the window.

Detectives ultimately followed up with neighbors who claimed to see a suspicious car driving around the neighborhood. That same afternoon, a 12-year-old boy reported that a man in a brown Pontiac Trans Am had shot at him as he was riding his bike.

Police also learned that two days prior, a woman had reported someone shooting into her home. She lived a few blocks from the Griffins, and a search of her kitchen uncovered a spent .22 caliber bullet.

From there, all leads regarding the Griffin murder dried up. It was a random, senseless attack in an otherwise quiet and peaceful neighborhood.

The Vampire Next Door

Between the Griffin murder and Chase's late-January killing spree, The Vampire had several strange encounters with people around Sacramento.

The first was with a woman named Dawn Larson, who—bless her heart—tried to see the good in him. She'd been living in the same apartment complex for six months and had seen Chase bring animals inside his home on three occasions.

She knew it was against the rules, but didn't want to rat him out. To her, Chase seemed lonely.

On January 11th, 1978, Chase asked Dawn for a cigarette as they crossed paths. She gave him one, but then Chase grabbed her arm and stopped her from walking away. Frightened, she gave Chase the rest of her pack, and he let her go.

Two weeks later, Jeanne Layton was at home when Chase tried opening her locked patio door. He then tried the windows, which were also locked.

Jeanne opened the front door to confront him. She met Chase face-to-face. He showed no emotion as he looked her up and down. Then, he lit a cigarette and walked away as if nothing ever happened.

Later that day, Robert and Barbara Edwards were bringing in their groceries when they heard a commotion inside their home. They must have spooked the intruder because they heard him run and slam a rear window shut.

Robert tried chasing him, but the intruder was too quick. Police arrived to find the house torn apart. Chase made off with their valuables, but not before urinating on a pile of baby clothes and defecating on their child's bed.

From the Edwards' home, Chase ran to a nearby shopping plaza, where Nancy Holden was picking up a few things. She watched him approach, and something about his face told her he recognized her. She, however, had no idea who this disheveled mess of a man was.

"Were you on the motorcycle when Kurt was killed?" he asked. Nancy's eyes lit up. A decade prior, her boyfriend Kurt was killed in a motorcycle accident. Suddenly, Nancy felt as though she recognized the man, too.

"Who are you?" she asked. "Rick Chase," he replied.

Nancy was shocked. She and Rick had gone to high school together, but he looked nothing like the clean-cut kid she used to know. He was grimy and stained. He smelled and seemed agitated, and she swore she spotted blood on his clothes.

Out of pity, she talked to him briefly, then claimed she had to go. Chase followed her to her car, forcing Nancy to pick up the pace.

She jumped inside, locked the doors and windows, and peeled away before Chase could stop her. She knew it seemed rude, but something about him felt horribly wrong.

From the shopping plaza, Chase ran to a small house at 2630 Tioga Way. Teresa Wallin—22 years old and three months pregnant—had just returned from the Market. It was shortly after lunchtime. Her husband, David, wasn't due home until 6:30 or 7:00.

It gave Teresa the day to relax and finish chores around the house.

She collected the kitchen garbage, tied the bag, and reached for the door. Just as she was about to grab the knob, it turned on its own and opened. Standing on the threshold was Richard Chase... the last face Teresa Wallin would ever see.

Without warning, Chase raised a pistol and shot Teresa twice. One bullet went through her palm after Teresa had raised it to defend herself. It traveled down her arm, exited through her elbow, and nicked the side of her neck.

The second bullet went through the top of her skull. She fell, and Chase straddled her body. He fired a third bullet into her temple. She was in pain and bleeding badly, but none of the gunshots were enough to kill her.

Chase dragged her into the bedroom, leaving a trail of blood from the door to the mattress. He returned to the kitchen and grabbed a large knife and an empty yogurt container from the trash.

According to police reports, Chase used the knife to mutilate Teresa's pubic region. Her pancreas was sliced in half. Her spleen was cut and removed from her body. Her stomach and liver had deep lacerations, and her intestines were pulled out like tissue paper.

Chase stabbed her multiple times in the heart and lungs. According to the pathologist, some of the damage was done before Teresa was dead.

With the yogurt cup, Chase scooped and drank Teresa's blood. Detectives later spotted red rings from where Chase had collected her blood in buckets, though it's unclear where those buckets ended up.

Before he left, Chase retrieved dry dog feces from the backyard and stuffed them in Teresa's mouth. He washed up in the Wallin bathroom, hid the knife under the dish rack, and returned home to watch TV.

The following day, Chase purchased a copy of the Sacramento Bee, which detailed the murders of Teresa Wallin and Ambrose Griffin. He loved reading about his handiwork.

On January 27th, 1978, Chase began stalking the Arden-Arcade region of greater Sacramento County. He arrived on Merrywood Drive and began checking homes for unlocked doors. Despite being a sadistic killer, Chase had a rule about locked doors: "It means you're not welcome."

Perhaps it was a play on [old folklore](#) that a vampire can't enter somebody's home unless they are invited inside. It's unclear if Chase believed he was a real vampire during the murders, though he likely heard the staff at Beverly calling him "Dracula."

Evelyn Miroth was a 38-year-old divorced mother. She spent most of her time caring for her 6-year-old son, Jason, and babysitting her nephew, 22-month-old David.

That morning, around 7:00 a.m., David's mother dropped him off for what should have been a routine Friday at Aunt Evelyn's house. While the children slept, Evelyn used the time to mow her front yard.

As she was wrapping up and parking the mower back in the garage, Evelyn's 51-year-old friend, Dan Meredith, came over to hang out. She forgot to shut the garage door as she welcomed him into her home.

Around 8:30, Evelyn's neighbor called to see if Jason wanted to come over and play with her daughter. "He'd love to," Evelyn said, "I'll send him right over."

Sadly, little Jason never made it to that playdate.

Richard Chase saw the open garage door as an invitation into Evelyn's home. Unfortunately, he claims to have been "semi-conscious" during the attack, so the exact order of events is unclear.

In *Vampire: The Richard Chase Murders*, author Kevin Sullivan states that Dan took Jason to buy new shoes before his playdate only moments before Chase arrived.

When Chase entered the home, he immediately encountered Evelyn in the hallway. She jumped, and Chase raised his .22-caliber pistol. He fired, and a single bullet passed through Evelyn's brain, rendering her unconscious.

Richard dragged her into the bedroom and used a large kitchen knife to mutilate her body. Like Teresa Wallin, he splayed her legs and cut out her internal organs. He stabbed her repeatedly in the anus, with several cuts reaching deep enough to puncture her uterus.

He then sodomized the gaping wounds and even tried gouging out one of her eyes.

Blood rings on the carpet again showed that Chase had used a bucket to collect Evelyn's blood.

It's unclear when the others were killed inside the Miroth home. Dan and Jason likely returned and caught Chase in the act. Per his own admission, Chase avoided houses with too many adults inside. He wouldn't have entered the Miroth home if he knew Dan was there.

Both Dan and Jason were shot to death. Police later found Dan in the hallway and Jason in the bedroom with his mother's body. As for baby David, they believe Chase killed him in the house but then fled with the baby's body when he heard a knock on the door.

The neighbor's daughter—the girl Jason was supposed to play with—didn't appreciate being stood up. She walked over to the Miroth home and saw movement inside. However, nobody answered when she knocked.

Her story was enough to worry the rest of the neighborhood. Several locals finally worked up the courage to enter Evelyn's home. None of them had ever seen so much blood.

The Hunt is On

When police arrived, they discovered bloody shoe prints similar to those found at the Wallin crime scene. Another little girl from the neighborhood described seeing a disheveled man in his early 20s near the Miroth home.

Other people claim they saw the same man walking around the area, asking for magazines.

David's mother arrived later, looking for her boy. He was nowhere to be found, but there was a bullet hole in the crib pillow. The crib itself was stained with blood.

The only lead police had to work with was Dan Meredith's missing station wagon. Not long after, they found the car abandoned with the keys in the ignition.

To their dismay, there was no sign of Baby David. They didn't know it then, but Chase and the boy were only 100 yards away in his apartment on Watt Avenue.

Thanks to the FBI and multiple witness statements, investigators put together a composite sketch and a detailed profile of their 20-year-old suspect.

He was likely a disorganized killer who attacked at random instead of targeting specific victims. He made no effort to conceal evidence such as fingerprints and footprints, and the proximity of the crime scenes meant he likely lived in the area and traveled on foot.

He cared little for his outward appearance. He likely smelled and wore bloodstained clothing. Someone so reckless was likely to keep killing until they were caught. Police had to act fast before the Vampire struck again.

That's when Nancy Holden came forward regarding her encounter with Richard on the day of the Miroth murders.

After viewing the police sketch, she was convinced that the murderer was none other than Richard Chase.

Police quickly ran a background check on Chase, discovering his long history of mental illness. They also learned that he'd bought a .22-caliber gun in December and several boxes of ammunition in January.

Detectives pounded on his apartment door, but Chase refused to answer. So, they pretended to leave and simply waited for Chase to emerge alone. Moments later, Chase appeared with a bloodstained box in his arms.

Police arrested him as he walked down to his car. They found the .22 on his person and noticed blood on his shoes and clothing. Inside the box, officers found bloody papers and rags.

At the police station, Chase confessed to killing several animals but refused to talk about the Wallin and Miroth murders.

Fine... if he wasn't going to talk, police figured they could find evidence in his apartment. They quickly learned that "evidence" was an understatement.

The putrid smell burned their nostrils. Everything was bloodstained, from the coffee table and carpets to the plates, silverware, and drinking glasses.

In the kitchen, police found pieces of bone and plates of human body parts in the refrigerator. It was like Chase had simply wrapped his Vampiric leftovers from the night before.

On the counter, police found an electric blender stained with blood. The blades were caked in chunks of flesh. On a calendar, the word "Today" was written on January 23rd and January 27th—the days of the Wallin and Miroth murders.

Police felt chills run down their spines when they found the word "Today" written on 44 more dates throughout 1978. Still, there was no sign of Baby David.

It wasn't until March 24th, 1978, that a church Janitor found the baby's mutilated remains in a discarded box.

David had been decapitated. His head was beneath a partially mummified torso. A gunshot wound to the head indicated that the baby was shot to death. His tiny body was covered in stab wounds, and several ribs were broken.

Chase would later admit to holding David upside down over Evelyn's tub and picking out pieces of his brain. While police were searching for him, Chase was at home, cutting David's body up and eating the pieces for dinner.

The Vampire Trials

Richard Chase's trial began in May 1979. His public defender, Farris Salamy, described Chase as "the most deranged" person he'd ever met. And yet, Salami had a job to do.

To avoid the death penalty, Salamy tried getting Chase's charges reduced from first-degree murder to second-degree murder per reason of insanity.

While speaking with psychiatrists, Chase claimed he was "sick" and "poisoned by iodine and mercury." He just wanted to "get free of the poison" so he could live with his grandmother in L.A.

He also acknowledged his need for blood and claimed once more that somebody had stolen his pulmonary artery. Deep down, Chase's biggest fears were the ghosts of his victims coming back to haunt him.

To prosecutors, Chase's fears indicated a guilty conscience.

Among the star witnesses was David Wallin, who described in great detail how he found his pregnant wife's mutilated body after work.

After his testimony, Chase's mother cornered David outside the courtroom and blamed their German Shepherd for not protecting Teresa. David was shocked that she'd make such a brazen statement. He fired back, saying *she* should have protected *them* from her murderous son.

After about 100 witnesses testified against him, a zombified Chase took the stand in his own defense. His eyes were sunken, and he weighed about 107 pounds. He claimed to have little memory of the Miroth murders but admitted to killing Teresa Wallin and drinking her blood.

As for David, he knew he had shot and decapitated the baby. He initially left the head in a bucket, hoping to drain all of the blood.

He blamed his murder spree on an abusive childhood and his inability to have sex as a teenager. He said he was sorry, but that didn't cut it for the jury.

On May 8th, 1979, Richard Chase was found guilty on six counts of first-degree murder.

The judge rejected his insanity plea and sentenced him to die in the gas chambers at San Quentin Penitentiary.

The Vampire's Legacy

San Quentin Prison is famous for housing California's worst inmates. Richard Chase made all of them quiver in their cells.

Nobody wanted to go near him. The guards said he began "acting psychotically" as soon as he entered the grounds.

During his first month in jail, [Chase wrote a letter to Congress](#), blaming the murders on a UFO death ray and cannibalistic fascists.

He said that roaming bands of Italians had chased and attacked him over his alleged Jewish heritage. He also claimed to have a Star of David birthmark, which was burned into his forehead during a UFO cloning experiment.

Richard Chase was NOT Jewish, and the alleged birthmark was easily disprovable.

In his letter, Chase claimed that he could help prove that UFOs were responsible for over 1,000 plane crashes in the United States.

His writings, of course, were dismissed as the "psychotic, insane, and incompetent" words of a chronically ill madman. However, some considered them essential for the advancement of human psychology.

In 1979, FBI agent Robert Ressler—[the man largely credited with coining the phrase "serial killer"](#)—interviewed Chase for his book, *Whoever Fights Monsters*.

He describes how Chase believed his blood was turning to dust circa 1976. That's why he began killing animals and drinking their blood to replenish his own. Yet around this same time, Psychiatrists determined that Chase was NOT a danger to himself or the public.

Chase told Ressler and other FBI profilers that he began killing people to preserve his own life. He came to enjoy it and planned on committing more murders if he hadn't been caught.

Like a dog chasing a stick, Chase went on a tangent about "soap dish poisoning."

"What's that?" Ressler asked. Chase explained that if you lift a soap bar and the underneath is dry, you're good. However, if the underneath is wet and gooey, it's been poisoned. He believed that poison was turning his blood into powder.

He said Nazi UFOs were behind the soapdish poisoning epidemic. If Ressler got him a radar gun, Chase could shoot these UFOs down for the government, and the Nazis inside could stand trial. Ressler found him both insane and fascinating.

For the sake of the interview, Ressler went along with Chase's delusions. For example, when Chase started talking about the Star of David birthmark again, Ressler said he couldn't see it because he'd forgotten his glasses.

Unfortunately, Ressler's research into the mind of Richard Chase was cut short around Christmas 1980.

A guard went to check on Chase, who seemed perfectly normal inside his cell. Not long after, the same guard returned to find Chase on his stomach with both legs extended off his bunk.

The guard called to him, but Chase didn't respond. Frantic, the guard unlocked the cell door and rolled Chase over. It was clear as the sun in the sky...

...Richard Chase, the Vampire of Sacramento, was dead.

According to the coroner, Chase had been hoarding his daily dose of anti-psychotic medications. He took several days' worth at the same time, which was enough to kill him.

It isn't exactly clear why Chase killed himself. In [Whoever Fights Monsters](#), Ressler writes how some believe Chase's death was accidental—that he only took all those pills to quiet the voices in his head.

To this day, the FBI uses Chase's profile as a case study in disorganized killings.

In a way, the Vampire of Sacramento will, in fact, live forever.

[Wiki](#) -

[FBI Doc](#) - Delusional Letter from Chase to Congress (page 8)

[Book About Chase](#) - First blood

[Research Paper](#) - (see download folder)

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