

Northwood Police Department Person of Interest (Form S-853)

Case No. 9649-2a

Date filed: March 18, 2024

DETAILS					
Full Name:	Margaret Vance	Age:	50	Dominant Hand:	Right
Height:	<i>5</i> '8"			Weight:	138 lbs
Shoe Size:	6.5	Eye:	Green	Hair Color:	Red
Military Experience	e: Yes			Own Fire arms:	☐ Yes
Prior Arrests:	NA			Outstanding Warrants:	☐ Yes
Employer	None			Occupation	-
VEHICLES (use additional sheet of necessary)					
Year 2019 I	Model Camery	Make	Toyota	Color Green	License Plate P93-452
Year I	Model	Make		Color	License Plate
STATEMENT					
In space below, describe your whereabouts on the date and time of incident On the night Eleanor died, she came over to my house for dinner. It had been a long time since we'd shared a meal together, and for a while it felt like old times. During dinner she stepped outside to take a phone call, and after she left, I stayed home for the rest of the night.					

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Interview: Margaret Vance

Detective Harris: For the record, please state your name and relation to the deceased.

Margaret Vance: My name is Margaret Elaine Vance. Eleanor was my sister.

Detective Harris: Were the two of you close?

Margaret Vance: [sighs] We used to be. Years ago, we were inseparable. I even worked alongside her in the lab for a while. Back then, it felt like we were building something together. But when we had a breakthrough—something that could've defined both our careers—I left. I wanted to find my own way, prove myself outside of her shadow. After that, things… changed. We spoke less. She moved on with her research. I moved on with my life.

Detective Harris: Where are you working now?

Margaret Vance: Nowhere... I have a serious health condition—my doctors told me I had to stop working a few years ago. Since then... the bills have piled up. I've fallen behind. I'm worried about losing my house. It's... it's crushing.

Detective Harris: Did you ever ask Eleanor for help?

Margaret Vance: [hesitates] Yes. I did. I hated asking, but she's my sister. I thought she would understand. I told her I just needed enough money to cover the mortgage until I could sort things out. But she refused. Said she was saving to buy a proper home for herself and Ann. Can you imagine? Her girlfriend was more important than her own family. Who does that? Who turns their back on their own sister?

Detective Harris: That must have been hard to hear.

Margaret Vance: Hard? It was infuriating. I was desperate. And she… she brushed me aside like I was nothing.

Detective Harris: Did you see Eleanor the night of her death?

Margaret Vance: [pauses] Yes. She came over for dinner. It had been a long time since we'd done that. For a while, it almost felt like old times. But during the meal, she stepped outside to take a phone call. She left her bag sitting on a chair — her notes, computer, extra security badge, etc. I remember glancing at it. Just for a second. And I felt this... ache. It made me miss the lab. The work. The life I used to have.

Detective Harris: Where were you after she left?

Margaret Vance: At home. I didn't go anywhere.

Detective Harris: We have a neighbor's statement that says they saw you leaving your house late that evening. How do you explain that?

Margaret Vance: That's impossible. They must've been mistaken. I was home. And besides—I'm too ill to drive anywhere at night. I can barely manage errands during the day. There's no way I could've gone out.

Detective Harris: Yet your neighbor insists it was you.

Margaret Vance: [shakes head] They're wrong. They have to be. I didn't leave my house. I couldn't have.

Detective Harris: Is there anyone who can confirm you stayed home?

Margaret Vance: No... I was alone.

Conducted By: Det. Jean Harris Transcribed By: Taylor Smith



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WITNESS DETAILS

First Name: Carol Last Name: Hendricks

Occupation.: Retired Relation: Margaret Vance's neighbor

Address: 975 Rose Drive

My name's Carol Hendricks, I live just down the street from Margaret Vance. I've been in this neighborhood for over twenty years, so I tend to notice what goes on. You could say I've got an eye for details – and I like to make sure everyone's all right. Especially Margaret. I know she's been having health issues, so I keep a little extra watch on her place.

The night Eleanor died, I saw a car parked out front of Margaret's house around 615 p.m. I didn't recognize it – and believe me, I usually know who drives what on our street. Margaret doesn't get many visitors, so it stood out to me. I even mentioned it to Edith across the street the next day when we were having tea. Edith said maybe it was a delivery, but no, it was parked there a good long while. I looked again at about 7:30, and the car was gone.

Later that same night, around 10:15 p.m., I saw Margaret's own car leaving her driveway. Now that was odd. She hardly ever goes out at night. Usually by then she's got her curtains drawn and the lights low. I remember standing by the window, thinking to myself, 'Where on earth could she be going this late?'

I notice things. Like last week, the Johnson boy down the block got himself a brand-new bike. Nearly ran over the Petersons' dog showing it off, if you ask me. And just yesterday, the mail truck was late - first time in months. Point is, I pay attention. So when I say I saw a strange car and then Margaret leaving, I'm certain of it. You don't forget things like that in a neighborhood like ours.

WITNESS DECLARATION

I declare that this statement is made voluntarily, and I confirm that the information provided is accurate and truthful to the best of my knowledge and memory. I also understand that this statement may be used in legal or formal proceedings.

Carol Hendricks

3/15/2024

Witness Signature

Date

OFFICE

Detective Harris, Northwood PD

