

For Immediate Release

**EVEN THINGS THAT MIGHT ONLY “SEEM” SUSPICIOUS SHOULD BE REPORTED
WITHOUT HESITATION TO CRIME STOPPERS. YOU NEVER KNOW WHO YOU’RE ABOUT TO HELP**

Nearing the 33rd anniversary of being kidnapped and held in the North Shore woods, Lenore Rattray says people must have seen her as she was taken away that summer day - but no one called in a tip

Vancouver, B.C. (April 3, 2025): Anyone knowing about a crime, or even seeing something suspicious, is urged to call Crime Stoppers anonymously right away.

“People who initially think of calling, but then hesitate and decide not to, might have valuable information that could solve, or even prevent, a serious crime,” says Linda Annis, Executive Director of Metro Vancouver Crime Stoppers. “If you see a situation that looks odd, please call the police or Crime Stoppers. Let the police decide if whether there’s a problem. The well-known kidnapping case of Lenore Rattray is a thought-provoking example of why callers shouldn’t hesitate.”

In a high-profile case in the summer of 1992, Lenore Rattray was kidnapped from an East Hastings photo store where she worked and was literally walked, at gunpoint, across the Ironworkers Memorial Bridge, all the way to North Vancouver’s Mosquito Creek forest where she was held for eight days.

Her captor, David Snow, was on the run for crimes in Ontario and was eventually caught a week later by police after he kidnapped a second woman after Rattray. After the arrest, police finally found Rattray tied up in the forest where Snow had held her for eight days at a site she now calls “Camp Hell.”

Lenore Rattray has released a podcast series **“Stand Up Eight”** about how, to this day, she still deals with what happened to her. In one episode, she says being walked at gunpoint across the non-pedestrian friendly bridge by the dishevelled-looking Snow must have seemed suspicious to someone driving in the bridge traffic speeding by.

“We were completely mismatched. I was 21 years old, blonde, wearing a bright red and black zebra print blouse and dress pants and he was close to 40.”

Rattray says Snow wore a filthy, old-school Adidas jacket zipped up tight, and once they were on the North Shore, she did exchange a glance with someone on the street.

“A woman at a bus stop did make eye contact with me. She gave me a sad look, but that was all.”

Rattray’s disappearance was soon on the news, and “missing” posters were put up asking for information. However, not a single tip about Rattray came in to police or Crime Stoppers even though she had walked with Snow, essentially in public, all the way from East Hastings near the Kootenay Loop, to the base of Mount Seymour.

During the third day of her eight-day hostage ordeal at “Camp Hell”, Snow asked her “Why isn’t anybody looking for you? Doesn’t anybody care that you’re missing?”

"Anyone with even a small amount of information should call police, or Crime Stoppers anonymously", Annis adds. "If someone had phoned in an anonymous tip about a young woman with an older man walking across the bridge that day, we would have passed the information to police, and they might have used that kind of information to head off the crime."

In this extract from episode nine of the podcast, Rattray also wonders what might have happened had someone sent in a tip.

"Did anyone ever wonder why not one person that you know of travelling that bridge in rush hour on that sunny, clear day in July '92 thought that young blonde woman walking across this non pedestrian-friendly bridge with that filthy, much older man doesn't look right. Maybe I should tell someone, maybe the police, but no one did."

(See attached page for additional "Stand Up Eight" podcast passages and links.)

-30-

About Metro Vancouver Crime Stoppers

Metro Vancouver Crime Stoppers is a non-profit society and registered charity that receives anonymous tip information about criminal activity and provides it to investigators. Anonymous tips may be provided through Crime Stoppers' downloadable **"P3" app for Apple and Android phones**, calling Crime Stoppers at **1-800-222-8477**, online at solvecrime.ca, or by following the link on the Metro Vancouver Crime Stoppers [Facebook page](#).

Metro Vancouver Crime Stoppers accepts tips in 115 different languages and will pay a reward of up to \$5,000 for information leading to an arrest, a charge, recovery of stolen property, seizure of illegal drugs or guns, or denial of a fraudulent insurance claim. Find MVCS on Twitter: [@solvecrime](#), Instagram: [metrovancovercrimestoppers](#) and You Tube: [@metrovancovercrimestoppers](#).

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BACKGROUNDER

Stand Up Eight

Podcast audio (Spotify or Apple)

<https://podcasters.spotify.com/pod/show/lenore8>

<https://podcasts.apple.com/ca/podcast/stand-up-eight/id1633830626>

VIDEO of Lenore Rattray's personal return to "Camp Hell" (2024)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KekhhjQyiHM&t=441s>

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PASSAGE from Episode 2

"Get your stuff," he said suddenly.

"I need to take you to where I have some things stored, then I will let you go."

I felt that I didn't have a choice. I grabbed my purse, and my jacket.

And we walked.

And walked.

And...walked...

It was a warm summer day but he kept his filthy, old-school blue Adidas zip up jacket, zipped up.

In his right pocket he held the gun, out of sight...pointing it in my side. As instructed, I walked on his right. Close. Always touching.

I had no idea where we were going.

We crossed a major commuter bridge on foot in rush hour traffic. We passed hundreds and hundreds of cars. We walked past people at bus stops.

I wanted to push him into traffic but I was afraid of dying. I didn't know if I was strong enough.

...and I don't want to get shot.

I didn't want to end up a headline.

Moving here was supposed to be the beginning of my new life. This was not how I thought it would go...

"Don't do anything stupid," he said on continuous repeat.

When we walked by people I didn't make eye contact. I mostly looked down.

We were completely mismatched. I was 21 years old, blonde, wearing a bright red and black zebra print blouse and dress pants and he was close to 40...bald, looking like he had just dragged himself out of shitpile.

At one point he stopped in the middle of the sidewalk to pick up a dime.

I shuddered.

At another point, a woman at a bus stop did make eye contact with me. She gave me a sad look, but that was all.

It felt like we'd been walking for hours.

He kept saying "just 5 more minutes" ...although he said it at least 47 times.

And then we were on the side of the highway, a major road, walking up a grassy hill. Cars were whizzing by.

I could only guess that we were somewhere in North Vancouver.

I saw a slight opening in the bush. It confused me but I didn't have any time to think.

He pushed me in, ahead of him.

He was more forceful than he'd ever been. He made sure I veered left down a makeshift path around more dense bush.

And then, I saw it.

Camp. Hell.

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PASSAGE from Episode 9

And every time I drive over this bridge, the Iron Workers Memorial Bridge, as it is called, like every time over the last 32 years, my heart sinks as I drive in the seconds that it takes to cross.

I always vividly remember walking side by side with that person. I also hear the roar of the constant soulless traffic as it whips by us without a second thought.

I could see myself pushing him, possibly fumbling because I was weak, and him reacting and pulling me with him into moving traffic. I mean, nobody was slowing down for us, as it was. They were all travelling at least 80k an hour, I would guess, a body or two suddenly falling and landing in front of them. Would be a mess. If I survived, I would be a mess.

Every time I drive over this bridge, I see her, naive little me. I feel her struggling with what to do in that moment. It's a big bridge. It was a long, terrifying walk.

Did anyone ever wonder why not one person that you know of travelling that bridge in rush hour on that sunny, clear day in July '92 thought that young blonde woman walking across this non pedestrian-friendly bridge with that filthy, much older man doesn't look right.

Maybe I should tell someone, maybe the police, but no one did.