

Story of Capt
Dickinson's Son in
Law



"CASH"



Please
Return

"CASH"



THREE YEARS AGO, Stirling Cashman Mason was a student for the ministry. Better known as "Cash", he had entered King's College because of a great hunger that was in his heart for peace and rest in his soul. He took this course because he felt that in the ministry he would find satisfaction for the craving within. After two years, not having found that for which his soul thirsted, he entered the Officers' Training Class at "H.M.C.S. Royal Roads", Victoria, B.C., graduating later as a Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Navy.

The surroundings there were of the very finest, both physical and mental. During the time he was preparing to be an officer in the navy, he attended a few of the meetings conducted by the Officers' Christian Union, at "Emmaus", in the city of Victoria. He was still definitely questing for the peace that passes knowledge and understanding, though still afar off. Then he was taken ill, rushed

to the hospital, and operated on for a serious organic trouble.

While he was lying in the hospital, one of the Christian workers contacted him and it was in their afternoon chats that he began to glimpse the dawning light of joy and peace. However, it was not till the night of February 21st, 1943, that he eventually found Christ in a real, living way, as Saviour and Friend. It was in front of the fireplace at "Emmaus" that he found that for which he sought, in the joy of the Holy Ghost. With a group of earnest Christian young people, at two o'clock in the morning, he entered into rest.

Monday, May 15th, 1944, the daily newspapers broke the story of the sinking of the good ship, H.M.C.S. Valleyfield, on which Cash Mason served as gunnery officer. He was listed as missing, and as the ship went down at sea with escort vessels picking up the survivors, it is highly improbable that he is still alive. The last known report of the life and actions of Cash Mason, was given by a wounded man who was the only survivor saved from the stern portion of the ship.

There were many brave men on board, when she went down, and many of them died, but the quiet little sentence written in the official Naval release, shows one of the finest acts of heroism performed that day. From the Daily Colonist, May 20th, comes this brief note:

"The only survivor of the after part of the ship—Seaman Flude—saw two of his mates blown to bits when the ammunition locker exploded. He was knocked unconscious, suffering a fractured leg and cuts over the eye. He fell in the water near Lt. S. C. Mason, Victoria, listed as missing, who towed Flude to a piece of driftwood. The next he recalled was reaching the deck of the Giffard."

And so, Cash Mason is missing! Missing to men; to his dear wife, who so soon will be the mother of his first-born child; missing to his family and to his many friends, both in the Service, and in civilian life; missing also to many officers and men who had learned to love him. But in the great pages of Time and Eternity—he is at Home. And soon shall

all those who know the same Saviour, be joined with Him forever. No longer MISSING—but HOME.

Our reason for printing this publication, is to give you the last report of the activities, and the labor for the Master, of this noble life of Cash Mason. Following are excerpts from his last letters to those whom he loved.

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★ THE MOST WONDERFUL THING happened last night, Thursday night. I put a notice on the board saying that a prayer meeting would be held in the Sick Bay at 17:00 hours. I decided before I left Derry that it was time I did something concrete for Christ, something to be a witness and testimony of what I believe. Avey and I have been talking about it since leaving Derry on Tuesday and I have been making a few contacts with chaps who I thought might be interested, yet I only contacted five or six. Do you know that eighteen turned up at the meeting! Five of them were my own gunners! I had been worried, needless to say, as to how it would be received. I just put on the notice that a service, in-

terdenominational and evangelical in outlook, would be held in Sick Bay at 19:00 hours. We had action stations at 19:10 and it is a tribute to the sincerity of those who came, that two of them (my gunners again) came to me and asked that I should not put it off because of action stations being exercised. So when stations were over, we had it piped and mustered in Sick Bay in work-a-day clothes. Got started at 19:40 with a hymn "Fight the Good Fight", then I read Acts 26—St. Paul versus King Agrippa. Avey then gave a very nice prayer, and I took over again and talked to the boys. I only talked from 19:55 to 20:15, and they stayed until 20:45 asking all sorts of questions and discussing things. I started off by talking about Christianity in general, and what it means in order to pass it on to their children. From there I spoke of the necessity of knowing Christ and believing on Him before Christianity would take hold upon our lives. I then went on to talk more of Christ and how we must become "Altogether" Christians, and not remain "almost persuaded", as in the case of King Agrippa. I made other references

to St. Paul, and again talked about our Lord. I pointed out that in future meetings we would deal more fully with Christ, and tell more of St. Paul. I tried to explain the meaning of conversion. You see, it was a difficult situation because of the audience—there was one R.C. and possibly more—the rest were Church of England, United Church, etc. As a result, I had to sort of pick my steps in the first stages, lest I should offend some. But it was not hard because God seemed to be with me, and told me just what to say. When I was talking about conversion and a new life, I got this remark from a signalman, who is somewhat of a playboy and is noted for his hard drinking when in port, "Sir, do you mean that if I'm converted here now, then I'll go out and never take a drink again?" Then he went on with this remark, "It's time some of us changed over to a new life because if we keep on like this, we will be old men in a few years." Many other remarks like that indicated that the fellows are looking for some help spiritually and they seem to realize that all the drinking they did in Derry certainly is not conducive to in-

ternal peace. I did my best to answer all their questions and they discussed some among themselves.

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* GOT A LOT OF REMARKS from the boys today on the meeting last night. They all seemed to enjoy it and want it again, so we will try Sunday night this time. Four more chaps said today that they would be there on Sunday evening. Avey and I still have our prayer meetings at 17:00 hours and now have two more fellows, one is a P.O. Ordnance Artificer, the other an English S/Lieut. who is travelling over to Newfie with us, and is bunking with me. He is a Christian and is from Vancouver.

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* THE WORK IS GOING ALONG wonderfully. I did not realize I would get so much interest from the ratings. Last night the meeting was half as large again as Wednesday night. The service itself lasted an hour, then we had a half hour of singing hymns. In one case, I think I was the means of saving a chap. I'm not

sure yet, though. He was a signalman. He did not plan to go at first and he was the one who asked so many questions on Wednesday night. I knew he was upset so I invited him to my cabin and we had a long chat. He could not make up his mind whether to accept Christ or not. He had planned to have a game of bridge during the evening and when he left my room he still was undecided and said he did not feel like going to the service in that mixed up state. So I told him to carry on and that I would not feel hurt if he went to his bridge game. To make a long story short, he came to the service instead, so I think he is well on his way to salvation. I hope so anyhow.

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★ LAST NIGHT, Wednesday night, we had our meeting again. The numbers are increasing. There were between 30 and 35 in Sick Bay which is actually quite big. But it was crowded last evening! It's a thrilling thought that I am able to tell some of these fellows here about the Gospel. Last evening after exercising action stations at 19:00 hours we got under way at 19:40. (Twice now

I have set the time at 19:00 hours when action stations has intervened, but the fellows always turn up afterwards and enquire if we will still have the meeting). There were three R.C.'s present, and I think others who may be also—one of the R.C.'s took quite a large part in the discussion. I started off with a hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers", and one of the stokers who has a violin played. Also one fellow played a mouth organ. Then I gave a prayer. In it I thanked God that we of varied faiths should get together, R.C., Baptist, Brethren and what have you, and worship in common unity. Then we had another hymn, and P.O. Hoffman led a discussion on Matt. 26, dealing with Christ's betrayal, the last supper, and first trial by the High Priest. He did very well. I took a major part in the discussion, of course, because Hoffman kept referring to me. I am attempting gradually to lead them to salvation. Each time I get an opportunity, I speak of conversion, of the necessity of testifying to live a Christian life, and the necessity of being saved. But first, lead them to Christ, so when I do start getting testimonies of faith from them, they will

know Christ like a friend. I pointed out to them also that they were making their testimonies by being present at the service. They all seem to be interested and I'm sure there are Christians among them whom I have not yet contacted. We closed with a hymn and a prayer by Avey. By the way, our daily meetings for prayer at 17:00 have risen to four and I expect two more during the next couple of days. Please pray for our endeavour, that I may teach these boys. I feel so inadequate, when I realize how little I know about Christ, but I find that the fellows need Christ or they would not come.

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★ GOOD FRIDAY I SHALL PREPARE a special talk or sermon and deliver it myself. Our meeting will be more formal and more in the nature of a church service. I shall have a good opportunity when speaking of the crucifixion to tell the fellows about salvation. During our meetings, I'm speaking as if we've been carrying them on for ages, when actually last night was only the third. The fellows sit around on the deck on their life

jackets. We wear large thick life jackets and have to wear them at all times, so they make comfortable seats, and if I or whoever is talking want to address the rest, we go to the front of the Bay and stand at a little table. This table is also the one used for Requestmen and Defaulters. The Captain has named it "The Pulpit". Both he and No. 1 are in favour of the meetings.

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★ TO BRING MY LOG UP-TO-DATE, we had our Easter Service last night. I talked to the boys again, taking as a basis the last chapter of Luke. I like that chapter. I like especially the scene of Christ walking along the road from Jerusalem to the village of Emmaus, walking with the two disciples, and expounding the Scriptures to them. What a lucky pair they were to know Christ like that! What a lot of teaching they were able to get from the Master! Just imagine the understanding they would have, after listening to the Saviour for a few hours! The boys seemed to enjoy it and the attendance was fully as large as Good Friday. And great news—Old Jake was

there! He and Mac turned up. Jake told me that he would come to our Easter Service, but I hardly thought that he would.

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★ IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, I never did give you a report on Friday night's meeting. We had Matt. 27, and a discussion of it in the seamen's messdeck, and for me it was quite a busy evening. I started the service at 18:00, and it was finished at 19:35. I stayed on the mess-deck with about eight or ten men till 21:30, answering their questions, and discussing the Bible, Christ, and kindred matters. It is producing an effect on the ship's company. There is much less swearing going on, and a greater spirit of fellowship and friendliness. You will be glad to know that our prayer meeting has now grown to five.

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THE FINAL ACT in the life of "Cash" Mason was not one of words, but of deeds. He saved the life of the only survivor from the afterdeck of the "Valley-field", by making sure that he was safe on a bit of wreckage. How many a lad,

hounded by temptation, was given aid by the testimony of Cash, and the love of the Master he had come to know!

And so we send this booklet to you, hoping that it may stir your heart as it stirred ours. May it spur us on to love and serve our Master more faithfully than we have ever done before. May it teach us that we may all enter the ministry of reaching men for Christ, even though we may not have had the privilege of attending Bible Colleges, or Schools. And may we learn that it is not by entering a pulpit alone that the biggest things are done, but often times the testimony amongst our mates is most blessed of God.

To those who may read this article and who know not God, may we close by saying that it is far better to be missing with men and yet be at home with the Lord, than to be at home with men and missing to God forever. "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and my words of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels".

*An unnamed man supplied the room
Where once the Saviour broke the
bread
And gave the wine—His flesh and
blood—
His life—by which our lives are fed.*

*I shall not count my life as vain
If only in some quiet way
I find my chance to serve my Lord,
My debt of love to Him to pay.*



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