



# **CANARA BANK EMPLOYEES' UNION (Regd.)**

*(Affiliated to All India Bank Employees' Association)*

"A.K.Nayak Bhavan", II Floor

14, Second Line Beach, Chennai - 600 001



P.B.No : 1770

Website : [www.cbeu.co.in](http://www.cbeu.co.in)

Phone : 2524 3243

E-mail : [cbeuco@gmail.com](mailto:cbeuco@gmail.com)

**Circular No: 14/2025**

**Index: X (OGC)/CO**

**May 27, 2025**

Dear Comrades

## **100th Birthday of Com Tarakeswar Chakraborti - 2nd June 2025 Our Tributes to Com Tarakda**

Com Tarakeswar Chakraborti, affectionately called as Com Tarak or Tarakda by all of us was a great leader of Trade Union in the Banking Industry not only in India but also among the leaders of Banking Industry across the world.

Com Tarakda was born on June 2, 1926. In January 1946, he joined the Central Bank of India's, Bhowanipore Branch, which was next to Ashutosh College, where he was pursuing his M.A. classes. It was the time when Bank unions including AIBEA was formed. Induced by leaders like Com Naresh Pal, Com Prabhatkar, he evinced interest in Trade Union activities. He became the acclaimed leader of one and all.

His tenure as General Secretary of AIBEA (from 1980 till his unfortunate demise on May 2, 2003) was replete with visionary leadership and bold initiatives.

His slogans, 'Job and Job Security are of paramount importance, Bi-partite can wait', 'Defend Jobs, Defeat attacks on Job Security', 'Defend Public Sector Banking, Defeat Attempts of Privatisation' are a testimony to his pragmatic farsightedness.

Tarakda gave his life to build a strong AIBEA. On the Birth Centenary of Com Tarakda on 2nd June, let us dedicate ourselves with commitment to build a stronger AIBEA which will be the proper tribute and homage to this great leader.

We request our State Committees to plan and conduct meetings/ Social Identification Programmes to impart the legacy of Com Tarakeswar Chakraborti to the rank and file.

The life of Com Tarakda written on his own words in 2001 is reproduced herewith, which is to be read by all. Cruel hands of death snatched his life on May 2, 2003.

While remembering and recalling the glorious contributions of this great comrade, we pay our respectful homage and glowing tributes to him.

With greetings

Yours comradely

**B.RAMPRAKASH**  
**GENERAL SECRETARY**



**Com. Tarakeswar Chakraborti**

**2<sup>nd</sup> June, 1926 – 2<sup>nd</sup> May, 2003**

**Com. Tarakeswar Chakraborti was the General Secretary of AIBEA from 1981 till his death in 2003.**

**He joined the Bank in 1946 and joined AIBEA in 1946.**

**He served the cause of AIBEA and bank employees for 57 long years.**

**After Com. Prabhat Kar and Com H L Parvana, he took AIBEA to greater heights.**

**His impeccable life is an inspiration to all of us.**

**Read Tarakda, in his own words**

# COM. TARAKDA

IN HIS OWN WORDS



**Com. Tarakeswar Chakraborti died in May, 2003. In August, 2001. he had written a write-up about himself which we could get from his files after his death. In this write-up in his own words, he tells us about his life, his outlook and how he shaped up. Very interesting and inspiring indeed.**

**CHV - AIBEA**

**Written by him on 8<sup>th</sup> August, 2001**

**He died on 2<sup>nd</sup> May, 2003**

**I am Tarakeswar Chakraborti, aged 75 years 2 months.**

**I was born on 2<sup>nd</sup> June, 1926 in a small town called Laxmipur in the District of Noakhali. My father's name is Sashikanta Chakraborti and my mother Hiranmoyee Devi. Both had died - father in 1956 February and mother in December, 1993.**

**We were six sisters and myself - three elder than me and three younger. At the moment my two sisters are alive. One, my immediate elder lives in Asansol with her sons, the other is my youngest one lives in Agarpara with her sons. Both of them are widows.**

**I am married. My wife, Smt. Bani Chakraborti, aged 66 years, is a housewife. We are the parents of three daughters. The second one Smt. Samhita breathed her last on 18<sup>th</sup> November, 1996 in a nursing home in Calcutta. My other two daughters are alive. We have got three grandchildren by our three daughters.**

**I hail from Bangladesh. Our ancestral village was a small place on the borders of Noakhali and Tripura Districts, named *Hotatia*. My father, who was the fourth of his five brothers was staying in Laxmipur where he was a Pleader's clerk who are called *Mohoree*. My father had no acquaintance of English and my mother was devoid of acquaintance of alphabets.**

**After partition of India, my parents migrated to West Bengal and I settled at Agarparain the area called Pirtola, just on the eastern side of the Railway station, a small plot of land purchased in 1950. This is where I stayed from January, 1954 to February, 1996 when following my mother's death and looking for our future I sold the house and with this amount I purchased a two bedroom apartment in Baguiati where I have shifted on 26.2.1996.**

**Let me now state herein in brief my upbringing.**

I was born in a family whose livelihood depended on two things - some land holdings - father's income as a pleader's clerk and money lending business. Our family was a small Talukdar who had under Permanent Settlement certain villages' over lordship against payment of prescribed rent to the then Government. Ours was a very conservative Brahmin family where a Sanskrit school called *Toll* was conducted. I do recall, in my early childhood having seen residential students studying Sanskrit and Sashtras in our house. That was *Vidyadana*. English education was not there. There were a few temples where daily worshipping of *Saligramshilla* was a must. All religious festivals, *pujah-archanas*, *Bratas* everything was practiced and performed with unthinkable rigidity. Onions had no entry in our household and it was a sacrilege to even touch a feather of a chicken or hen. We were taught to practice untouchability to an unthinkable extent of today. I do recollect on a number of occasions when I had to take dips with a view to purifying myself if inadvertently or otherwise I had touched a Muslim or a low-caste who are normally called Scheduled Castes.

In this family, however, my mother and my father took a position that come what may, their only son must be given English education. This was of course influenced by my maternal uncle's family who had by that time established themselves as a forward-looking family where English education and modern living style went hand in hand with all religious functions and festivals.

In 1936, the joint family of my father broke down. They were 5 brothers living together in the ancestral village and that broke up. My father had his own share of paddy land, coconut and beetle nuts gardens and separate dwelling house, kitchen etc. This necessitated my mother living in the village whereas my father for his earnings as well as for my education remained at Laxmipur - 16 miles away from our ancestral village where I was admitted to the English School at the age of 3 years. Incidentally the residential quarter of the Head Master was next to our house. When I look back to my past, I do find that this Head Master's life had influenced me immensely.

From 1936 to 1941, till I passed Matriculation, were most formative years of my life. I was with my father who used to go on bicycle to our ancestral village every weekend. In the same house my paternal uncle - immediate elder brother of my father was there, my aunt and cousin brothers. During this five and half years - 1936 to 1941, I had to stay in the same house with my uncle and aunt, my cousin brothers in Laxmipur - one of whom two years elder than myself was my classmate. During these five years, I had to scrub the floors, wash them with cow dung, wash our utensils after food and was subjected to typical small-minded discrimination and double-standard in all matters. There have been many occasions when there was no kerosene oil and I had no money to purchase. Father was away to the village and I had to live and sleep alone in the house. Many occasions were there when I had to go without food. I had to carry heavy burdens of 15-20 kgs of rice, groceries, cooking coke on my head and shoulders. I took them in my stride but I never complained to my mother. There have been occasions when we 3 or 4 cousin brothers or sisters were being served food by my aunt. My cousin brothers would be given milk but I would not get it. I had to wash the utensils of my father and myself. Yet these things gave me an insight into human lives which were of immense help to me in my subsequent years of existence.

I was not a bad student in the school. In fact, I was among the first 3 or 4 and in the pre-Matriculation Test, I stood first in the class. Strangely enough I passed Matriculation in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Division. My mother was very eager for my higher education and my maternal uncles who were well settled in Calcutta advised my mother to send me to Calcutta for higher education. I still remember the day sometime in May-end, 1941 when my father took me in a boat to my youngest maternal uncle who had come to his in-law's house for some marriage ceremony. The tears of my mother when I parted with her blessings on my head to a far unknown place in Calcutta, still bring forth tears in my own eyes. With my youngest maternal uncle, I traveled to Calcutta where I had come earlier in 1936 December to fulfill a vow of my paternal uncle to the effect that if a son is born to his brother, then gold *billa-patra* (bell leaf) would be put on Lord Tarakeswar's head by my father and that is how I am named

Tarakeswar and in 1936 when I passed Class VI examination my father took me to Calcutta and with my maternal uncle we paid to Lord Tarakeswar in his Temple at Tarakeswar the *billa-patra* prepared by my parents.

I came to Calcutta some time in the first week of June, 1941. I was admitted to Ashutosh College in the First Year Intermediate (Arts). The College was on a walking distance from my maternal uncle's rented residence at 31, Harish Chatterjee Street, Kalighat. In College I got free studentship - out of Rs.10/- college fee, I had to pay Re. 1/- per month. My maternal uncle's family was quite affluent. It was a striking contrast to my life of the previous five years.

Getting adjusted in Calcutta life by itself a big challenge and by the time I could try to adjust, the Second World War took a dramatic turn when on 7<sup>th</sup> December, 1941 Japan attacked Pearl Harbour and sank three warships of USA. Calcutta was deserted - people fearing immediate bombing of Calcutta.

My uncle's family was also shifted to Beldanga (Murshidabad) and along with them I also had gone there. Around June-July 1942 when the threats of bombing in Calcutta receded, I came back to Calcutta and by that time my maternal uncle had taken on rent another better and bigger house on the main Hazra Road. We were automatically promoted to 2<sup>nd</sup> Year but before we settled down to our class, started the Quit India Movement following Mahatma Gandhi's clarion call of "Do or Die" demanding British to Quit India. Again, our studies were disrupted. By the time studies were resumed by the end of November, came the Test Examination for Intermediate and on the day Test Examinations were to be held, previous night Calcutta witnessed Japanese bombing. Nonetheless we appeared in the Test and then in the final Intermediate Examination and I came out with flying colours.

I had no money. I begged from charitable organisations to pay the college and examination fees. I begged from financial help from Dr. Shyama Prasad Mukherjee, his elder brother Rama Prasad Mukherjee, Calcutta University Institute, Ramakrishna Mission. They gave me sufficient money

to cover my 45 rupees Intermediate Test Fee. Thereafter, I got admitted to BA Class. By the time war had gripped all the more and Japan had almost come to the Borders of India through Burma. The foot-steps of famine were already there.

I could neither ask my father for the money required for admission to BA nor my uncles for it. I had by then developed a strong sense of independence and self-respect. Again I went to the same people who helped me and thereby I could mobilise Rs.75 for payment of Admission Fees. My maternal uncle also gave me some money and my mother's youngest sisters who happen to stay in the same house also gave me some money. With History Honors I took admission in the Ashutosh College. Thanks to the benevolence of individuals, some of whom named above, who helped me with donations.

By the time 1943 Bengal Famine was in full swing. I do not know how and why I was catapulted to the position of Secretary of the Ashutosh College Relief Committee. That was my baptism of social work. By the time famine ended, the country witnessed tremendous convulsions on the INA Movement and political situations.

I could not purchase books in the BA course. I had to depend solely on Library ones. Although I scored very high marks in the terminal examinations but with my involvement in social work coupled with private tuition which I had to begin by that time, my first tuition was to a young boy studying in Class IX against a monthly honorarium of Rs.12/-, I did not appear in BA Honors. I passed out with high Distinction and with near record marks in History - 226 out of 300.

I took admission to MA. I collected monies required for admission in the same way from the same people who had helped me earlier. I took up Modern History as a subject. Before I could complete 5<sup>th</sup> Year in MA Class, I got a job in Central Bank of India, Bhowanipore Branch, Calcutta where Shri Bangesh Moitra, father of my classmate Subodh Chandra Moitra was the Manager.

Having seen my father's pitiable financial plight and having exhausted everything on the occasion of my sister's marriage, I felt that it was high time for me to stand by his side and do, as the son, my best to help him. Thus, one day I requested Subodh to tell his father, who knew me and my family, as his son's fellow student, living more or less in the same area. Thus on 28<sup>th</sup> December, 1945 on a wintry afternoon I entered the portals of Central Bank of India, Bhowanipore Branch, very close to my alma-matar, Ashutosh College. Thousand times I passed in front of this Bank and its high collapsible gates and the Security Guards with rifle in their hand standing at the entrance, gave me a frightful impression of them. Thus started my next phase of life.

While I was doing 3-4 private tuitions everyday and by the time I could settle down in the job, bank unions started to form. Immediately after my joining the Bank, I had seen two of my colleagues – Sukhomoy Chowdhury and Subhas Gupta dismissed from the bank's service for no apparent fault on their part. I saw my another colleague Nirmal Banerjee fined Rs.5/- as a letter returned undelivered, even though the address thereon was absolutely right. I was shocked to see my subordinate staff, all hailing from Uttar Pradesh staying inside the premises earning Rs.20/- to Rs.25/- per month working for more than 15-16 hours, being fined Re.1/- to Rs.5/- by the same Manager who gave me the job.

These new circumstances starred an emotive repugnance to these atrocities in the later years of my life. They have influenced me enormously. I became a member of the Union but I was not a founding member in the sense that I was not present when Central Bank of India Employees' Association – West Bengal was founded sometime in April-May, 1946 or AIBEA which was founded on 20<sup>th</sup> April of that year. The formation of unions and AIBEA was followed by Direct Action Day by Muslim League on 16<sup>th</sup> August, 1946. The city witnessed communal killings – ordinary poor people of one community being killed by others. The horrors of killings are still fresh in my memory.

Two months thereafter, started the Noakhali killings. It was after Pujah vacation. In our village with 6% Hindus and 94% Muslims, we

had never any inklings of communal disharmony. We were two Brahmin families in the village. In our house, Muslims used to come and have invariably a very soft, respectful approach and attitude towards us. We lost everything; our family was even temporarily converted to Islam. However, my sisters and others were saved from the mob attacks in course of Noakhali riots, it was because of some young Muslim boys of our village coming from very poor family who faced the mob and saved my sisters, taking them to their houses and giving them all protection. The way these boys had saved my sisters and escorted them up to Chandpur for coming over to Calcutta is a saga of human psychology against communal fanaticism and above all for human values. This had tremendous effect on my subsequent life not only in getting me initiated to Marxism but to inbreeding in me an unending source of energy for promotion and furtherance of communal harmony.

My father, mother and my sisters all came down to Calcutta as all our other relations from different parts of Noakhali had to come over to Calcutta. During this period which took Mahatma Gandhi to Noakhali, he camped there for indefinite periods. Many of my belief and faith were rudely shattered. It made me to think in a totally new environment and brought me to Marxist literature for the sake of understanding the cross-currents of economic values and ultimately leading to communal riots and killings where religion is used as a cover for the sake of advancing economic interests of the individuals or of certain community or even caste.

I was a tormented young man in darkness in search of a path and by 1949-end, I was convinced that at the root of all the evils is economic system and exploitation. Compulsions of my own life brought me one day to a position when I became a member of Communist Party of India coinciding with my greater involvement with the union activities following the arrest and dismissals of Com. Naresh Pal, one of the outstanding leading light in organizing the bank employees into trade union movement with positive direction.

Sometime in January, 1950, as a sequel of some incident of Shambazar Branch of Central Bank of India, an unfortunate, undesirable event

influenced by the then current political line of CPI – a cult of bomb and bulb, in Calcutta MO of the Bank, the top management's persons were manhandled and physically assaulted.

Before that on 17<sup>th</sup> August, 1948 in support of Central Bank employees indefinite strike from 5<sup>th</sup> August BPBEA gave the Strike call which was a total success but lead to the prosecution of Com. Prabhat Kar and his colleagues by the management of Lloyds Bank for having participated in a strike declared illegal by the Government. Ultimately they lost their jobs.

This incident in Central Bank Calcutta Main Office alarmed the Government and the management and Com. Naresh Pal, Pashupati Banerjee, Kalidas Roy were arrested from the bank premises and put behind the bars. Central Bank union got totally crushed.

Coming out from the jail, Com. Naresh Pal was after me to take over Secretaryship of the union of which I was made the acting Secretary immediately following his arrest. The union was in doldrums but Com. Naresh Pal with single-minded concentration worked on me to take over his regular General Secretaryship of the union. In 1950, thanks to Com. Naresh Pal, I became a Member of Communist Party resulting in a total turn in my subsequent life.

With my induction as a Communist Party member and my baptism at the altar of trade union movement, my life and life style became totally different. I took seriously both the responsibilities and in no time I found myself in the whirlpool of banking union activities primarily in Bengal concerning Central Bank union which had to be revamped and rebuilt. This also brought me in the vortex of BPBEA activities. Those were the days when Com. Prabhat Kar, Com. Naresh Pal and many others were dismissed from service. Sen Tribunal Award was declared void ab initio followed by appointment of Sastri Tribunal.

Before that, sometime in 1951, my initiation took place when at AIBEA's Special Session in Kanpur I made my maiden speech in the meeting. I met for the first time Com. HL Parwana and many other luminaries in those days. It was a charming circle full of charms in the company of so many

dedicated and highly intelligent people single-mindedly committed to bank employees' movement.

In the process of rebuilding Central Bank union, I undertook travels to far-off Kalimpong or Krishanganj as well as Burdwan and Asansol close to Calcutta. In all-India level along with Com. Naresh Pal I went to Gaya where I made my first debut in the then All India Central Bank Employees' Association which no longer exist today.

In 1956, there were two-day strikes in AIBEA. I remained in hiding and returned to my residence in Agarpara only to witness the death of my father in February, 1956. It created a big void in my life. By the time my nephew was with me getting education, my aunt, cousin brother and sister who were in the Cooper's Camp were brought to my residence as they had nowhere to go and nothing to live on.

Within three months of my father's death, I married – married in a family coming from the same District of Noakhali and my wife had appeared Intermediate by that time. When she became successful in the Intermediate examination, I had to face the gravest problem in my life. My wife wanted to further continue her studies and I definitely wanted her to be a Graduate so that in the event of something happening to me, she can stand on her own.

My mother and my guardian – my maternal uncle – both were deadly against it. They would not agree to a daughter-in-law of the family to go to college commuting daily from Agarpara. After one month's hesitancy, I decided to disobey my mother, got my wife admitted to the College who assured me that she would perform domestic duties as usual and even after becoming a Graduate she would remain the same and not to be disrespectful to my mother and other senior members of my family. This was the only occasion in my life I had gone against the wishes of my mother.

Today when I look back, I have a satisfaction that my wife did become a Graduate but did conduct herself in a manner which was just expected of any daughter-in-law in a conservative family, coming as we do, from East Bengal. In the later years of our life, my mother's most dependent and most

reliable person was my wife and her becoming a Graduate, the first women Graduate in our family – paternal and maternal – opened the gates for other women to go for higher education in college and today there are many graduate and double-graduates in our family.

My three daughters were born in 1958, 1960 and 1963. For their education, with the help of some well-meaning friends, I could get them admitted in Brahmmo Balika Sikshalaya, a girls' school run on missionary style by the Brahmmo Samaj. My daughters stayed in the hostel for years together and came back to house only after Matriculation. My eldest daughter obtained the Masters' Degree in Economics, second one just became a Graduate and the youngest had an Honours in Geography followed by degree in B.Ed. All my three daughters were given in negotiated marriage. The eldest son-in-law is a medical practioner and doing well.

My second daughter is no more. She was given in marriage on 1<sup>st</sup> August, 1984 to a Marine Engineer, hailing from a family from Andul-Howrah. She breathed her last from an attack of jaundice-cum-hepatitis on 18<sup>th</sup> November, 1996. All my attempts to save her life failed. My youngest daughter is married to a bank officer, who is now Manager of a Branch.

My mother died at the age of 95 years on 30<sup>th</sup> December, 1993. The lighthouse of my life was put off when she breathed her last.

During the last 50 years of my trade union life, I could hardly look back. Overwhelming force of events and circumstances took me to the chief executive's position in AIBEA, the largest trade union centre of bank employees of the country. I have been its office-bearer ever since 1960 and from 1980 I am its chief executive trying to do my utmost regardless of my health and other constraints to perform my duties to the best of my capacity and conscience. I have been the chief executive of all-India organisation of Central Bank employees since 1956 and in 1993, I gave it up to become its President.

I became a member of West Bengal State Committee of Communist Party of India for about two decades and for more than 16 years I am a Member of National Council of Communist Party of India. It is necessary to point out

here that I own my position in the Party because of my position in the trade union organisation.

My role in the trade union took me to the different parts of the world. I have visited Australia, Hongkong, Macau, China, Malaysia, Singapore, Srilanka, Bangladesh, Nepal, South Africa, Tanzania, Syria, England, Germany, Denmark, Russia, Uzbekistan, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, France, Switzerland and Cuba in American hemisphere. These visits had widened my vision and changed my outlook towards many problems, human, economic and political.

By and large I have been enjoying a good health but there were problems inside the body. In 1989, I had undergone bypass surgery in Madras Medical Mission in Chennai when four arteries are being blocked. Earlier in 1987, on 13<sup>th</sup> September, while addressing a communal harmony meeting in Jalandhar, I had a heart attack. For four days I was in Skylark Hospital where comrades led by Com. Krishanlal and others saved my life by mobilising the best of medical care. They shifted me to Ludhiana DAB Hospital where the renowned heart surgeon Dr. Chawla brought me back to life. This heart attack was followed by bypass surgery.

Earlier in 1979, I met with a serious accident at Falakata when I was travelling in a car from Siliguri to Coochbehar for union meetings in the face of disruption of AIBEA by our CPM friends. I was taken to be dead, brought down to Calcutta where in Calcutta Medical Research Institute of Birlas, my left knee was operated and the petala bone was permanently removed. At the moment, I have got problems of blood sugar which not unoften goes above danger mark.

I have crossed 75 years. I do not know how long more I will be breathing the air of this beautiful world. Any time anything can happen. I am not afraid of death but I want to live as long as I can in this beautiful world. While I am taking all care about my health and thanks to financial assistance from the unions, I am taking very costly medicines daily. I am aware that any moment the end may come. And the end shall one day come and shall create problems for my wife if she survives me.

**As I have stated earlier, my two daughters are well settled; in memory of my deceased daughter I have donated Rs.80,000/- to Subhendu Memorial Trust in Gobrapota – 7 kms away from Krishnanagar City where my friend Sankareswar Dutta, formerly of State Bank of India has started a hospital in aid of the poor people of the village in memory of his deceased son. In this Gobrapota hospital I have donated the above amount in memory of my deceased daughter for the pathological wing. I have also arranged to get a few lakhs of rupees from some bank managements in aid and for expansion of this hospital which is serving the villagers in a big way.**

**I have also become associated with Thallasamia Foundation organized by Dr. Sudipta Basu and Dr. Amit Chakraborty in co-operation with renowned film actor Mithun Chakraborty and various distinguished personalities of Kolkata. I am on the Advisory Body of this Foundation, the first of its kind in India which has already started functioning in Chetla in a house donated by Kolkata Municipal Corporation. I intend to get increasingly associated with or involve in social work particularly health care of the people. It will be difficult for me to sit idle. My daughter's death has considerably changed my outlook.**

**I have a band of good friends – of course all of them are in the trade union movement. These friends of mine have taken care of me on all occasions and difficulties. But for their support and encouragement I would not have been able to do whatever I have done. In rain or sun shine they have always given me utmost protection and cover.**

**If today I am alive, the credit must go to the AIBEA, AICBEF and bank unions of the country. When in 1989 I had to go for bypass surgery, I had no money to meet the expenses. Bank employees and unions in the country donated handsomely and out of the donations so received, my bypass surgery and post-operative care expenses were met with. It was not the money alone; men also have played a very important role.**

**The way comrades in Punjab took care of me when I had the heart-attack or the comrades in Siliguri and North Bengal when I had the motor car accident or on the occasion of bypass surgery be it for blood or for any other purpose, these bank men and women have stood by me like a rock.**

**Of course whatever extra money was there after meeting my bypass surgery expenses have been kept with AIBEA, at my instance, as the money was not personally for me but for my treatment.**

**Even now, for the last several years since my bypass surgery, all the medicines which are very costly are provided by Central Bank unions. Our Chennai union, Surat union and now our West Bengal unions – officers' and employees' – have been bearing all the expenses of medicines, investigations, everything related to my health.**

**At one point of time, for about a year or more, I had to take every day one tablet costing around Rs.133/-. Our Chennai union had borne all the expenses. Even now the cost of daily medicines, which I have to take, comes around Rs.50/-. Our Central Bank of India Employees' Association and Officers' Union bear these expenses.**

**I have no words to express my deep sense of gratitude to the unions but for whose help and assistance I would have been out of this world years back.**

**I do not take any remuneration from AIBEA, AICBEF or from any union. Somehow I am able to maintain my family – myself and my wife – out of my monthly pension drawn from Central Bank of India and interest on my savings. Of course, I take two important benefits from AIBEA – one, the telephones at my residence as well as the Cellular Phone – the expenses for which are borne by AIBEA.**

**Similarly I use AIBEA car which not unoften is utilized for personal purpose as well. Of course, out of my own income, I annually pay to AIBEA Rs.3000/- for personal use of the car.**

**For the use of telephones at my residence, Rs. 12,000/- is annually paid by AICBEF to AIBEA as I do often use the phones for Central Bank unions' work and purposes.**

**Which is important for me to enumerate here is that all the benefits which I have drawn or draw even now are from AIBEA and Central Bank unions.**

**I would like to place on record that my hands and conscience are clean. I have gone through vitriolic and vicious attacks from my friends who could not agree with me and who had floated all types of rumors questioning my**

integrity – financial or otherwise. If I have been able to pass through the acid test of such slanders and character assassination, it is because of the bank employees' profound faith in my integrity. I had and have faith in them and it will be my endeavour to be worthy of their love and faith till the last day of my life.

I have some savings which stand today invested with the Bank and various other companies as Fixed Deposits. Some amounts are in Postal National Savings Certificates. The interests received on these investments supplement my income from pension. This apart, I have no other savings and monies in no other banks.

- Out of these cash investments – Rs. 2.00 lakhs should be given to Central Bank of India Employees' Association (WB & Sikkim) for the purpose of creation of an Endowment. Out of the interest earned thereon, every year two prizes should be given in the form of books to two meritorious sons/daughters of two employees belonging to the cadre of Safai Karmachari for their education.

I would like to be cremated at Nimtollah Burning Ghat where my second daughter was cremated by me on 18<sup>th</sup> November, 1996.

I do not know how long I will live but I want to live as long as I can. I have got a lot from this world. But I have given hardly anything in return. Everything on this earth has nursed me. It is so fascinating.

I know there is no rebirth but as long as I live, it will be my aim and endeavour to be of some service in whatever capacity I can to the society.

- **TARAKESWAR CHAKRABORTI**


**8<sup>th</sup> August, 2001.**

---

---

**HE DIED ON 2<sup>ND</sup> MAY, 2003**

**The unique and unforgettable signature of Com. Tarakeswar Chakraborti.**

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Tarakeswar Chakraborti', with a horizontal line drawn underneath it.