



**Bishnu Charan Ghosh  
Birth Centenary Celebrations**

**GHOSH'S YOGA COLLEGE**

**KOLKATA, INDIA**



**Tribute to my beloved Father  
Byayamacharyya Yogindra  
Bishnu Charan Ghosh**

**BISWANATH GHOSH**

It is the glimpse of parampara which is derived from our philosophy and makes us enriched day by day to generation by generation. I don't believe in any 'gap'. I mean to say, philosophy doesn't care for a generation gap. My beloved father, my guru was such a person who, to my opinion, can not be estimated by centenary—he is eternal. His teaching, his training, his willpower and last but not the least his ideology rings true in almost all the phases of human determination. When converged into a single point we call it the 'Yoga'. Thus Yogindra Bishnu Charan Ghosh appeared in 1903 and sometime in 1970 he died, rather he ceased to live on earth, leaving behind thousands of disciples and followers around the world.

The birth of my father was successful as his life. But this birth lacked in two things. Indeed, my illustrious father acquired fame, power & blessings of learning and almost everything. But he could not earn money, in comparison with the high and dignified position he held. It is an irony of fate that the money he fortunately got, by divine grace was spent or rather snatched away from him due to his liberal habits of benevolence, charity, sincerity and nobility of character. That is why he had to suffer from financial stringency during the later part of his life. This is significant that he did not give much importance to money than human virtues which were reflected in his national service for the development of physical and mental health of the people of his country towards a greater cause as a patriot of patriots.

My father had an unhappy beginning of his life, being deprived of mother's affection right at the age of one year, as my grand mother passed away so early. Of course, my grand father did his best so that his son had not to feel the want of mother. Might be, that was why, very often my father used to lament over by saying, "I got almost everything in life but I was deprived of my mother's affection by God."

Anyway, the seed of a 'parampara' doesn't get nipped in the bud, rather it blooms into manifestations.

My father had a strange sort of love for the Bengalees. I shall be mistaken if I term it as love for the Bengalees only. Rather he had strange sort of love for his gymnast students. So much so he was mad after them. Whatever it might be, he was mostly

concerned with how his students did exercise and where they participated in competitions of physical fits. His attention was focussed on how they would display muscular wonders and he actually taught all these to his students. Some times I feel through a study of his unusual attitude that he could sacrifice his belongings and wealth and even he would renounce the world for his Bengalee students of physical culture. The soft corner for the Bengalees in some patriotic souls was some what historical, but the case of my father was entirely different. It was a trait of character of my illustrious father that he could guess at the first sight about a man's future as a physical culturist. It was through his wonderful intuitions he discovered Sri Monotosh Roy with the possibilities of being Mr. Universe. Let me say an event concerning my father's visualisation. One day he saw a boy in a resturant washing cups and dishes, and thought that the boy would be a great physical culturist. He picked up the boy, taught him scientific massage and employed him under a Marwari gentleman as a massagist. Strangely enough the boy later began speaking ill of my father. The Marwari gentleman abused him for speaking ill of his benefactor and for not remembering the debt of gratitude for not being a servant salt. the gentleman subsequently rang over my father over phone and relayed to him all what happened. He requested my father not to send such an ungrateful man to him. In spite of all these, my father together with culprit boy went to the Marwari gentleman and impresed his pardon for the fault of this unwise boy and sought his element

forgiveness to employ him again as a massagist under him. As for myself, I would have never forgiven him for what he did. Rather I would have given him due punishment for his base ingratitude so that he could recollect it till the last hour of the recorded time of his life. Please notice what is the miserable condition of physical culture of the Bengalees. From what I know of the physical contests, particularly of those who took their training from Bengalees. It was known to the Indians that physical culture or body building meant the Bengalees and body building signified Bishnu Ghosh. The reason for his love for the Bengalees for exercise has been proverbial. You can spent crores of rupees to replace such ideal preceptor like my father but it makes you a dreamer of dreams. It is a high time for Bengalee to understand that if a Bengalee does not patronise a Bengalee with a deep sense of sacrifice the name of the Bangalee as far physical contestants are concerned, will be sullied from the pages of history of physical culture in India. I recollect the humourist role of my father, which I noticed in my boyhood. His sense of humour was very lively and enjoyable to the old and the young alike. This rare combination of appeasing an old man of seventy and a boy of seven years old through humour has been almost proverbial to those who came in close contact of my beloved father. This speaks of the health and spirit of a great man, which was trait of his character. I slept with my father in the same bed in my early youth and I remember of the various topics of his discussions to rouse up my

curiosity regarding life and activity which made him famous. He was in fact not only a philosopher, a guide but a friend. The nature of his presentation of the various subjects made me bold enough to put questions of different description. I wonder how I was cradled in the ideas of world renowned man in the person of my father.

I remember to have seen my father growing very furious at a time and the fire of wrath extinguished instantly. This is like what is called "Brahmanasya Khanakrodha". This speaks of his Brahmanical anger and its subsequent being cooled down in a second by showing him in perfect equanimity.

In recollecting very many topics of my discussions with my father, I remember particularly the question I asked him for his not taking money in return of the benefits done by him to innumerable persons in spite of his need. I also told him that this unwise bravado of dislike for money was a positive hindrance for rising to status and honour. I was astonished to know of his hatred for such means of earning money. He put before me an ideal which I would fully develop in course of time with the advancement of my life and moral values of national importance and which would teach me that honour would be preferable to money. He impressed that with the proper realisation of mine regarding the moral values of life and of patriotism I would indeed dislike earning money through such means. But I insisted this money should be the foremost consideration to rise up to person. To stop my youthtime enthusiasm, to advocate the cause of money earning as a supreme effort

of life, he told me the story of a deer in the hills of northern India and compared himself like that of a deer. There lived in the northern hills a number of musk deer storing Kasturi in their navels. Nobody cared for running after such deer but when the Kasturi was ripe, it scattered scent and men ran after the deer to catch them and get its navel-treasure. Thus with the riping of the nature of the Kasturi navel of his activities the people would run after him.

I am simply surprised that he was most prophetic in what he told me that day. I feel much sorry for the death of my father. But it is not so much for the loss of a father but for the loss of a great friend of mine. These memories make one proud of my father, instigate my feeling about 'parampara' and charge one to activate towards the philosophy of our tradition & culture. and that is the story behind my dedication.