

UNITED NATIONS

TRUSTEESHIP
COUNCIL



Distr.
LIMITED

T/COM.7/L.20

8 July 1954

ENGLISH

ORIGINAL: FRENCH

COMMUNICATION FROM MRS. FLORENCIA CHOCHOVI HUNLEDE
CONCERNING TOGOLAND UNDER FRENCH ADMINISTRATION

(Circulated in accordance with rule 24 and supplementary rule F of the rules
of procedure for the Trusteeship Council)

Florenzia Chochovi Hunledè,
Victim of the incident of
Tuesday, 8 June 1954, at
Amoutivé (Lomé), aged 46 years

LOME (Togoland), 21 June 1954
c/o Mr. Hans Kissimbo
6, rue Jeanne d'Arc

Registered

TO THE SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE
UNITED NATIONS

NEW YORK (USA)

Sir,

I have the honour to transmit herewith for your information a copy of the
request which I have submitted to the Chief Law Officer of the Republic in
Togoland at Lomé, concerning an incident of which I was the victim on Tuesday,
8 June 1954.

I have the honour to be etc.

Florenzia Chochovi Hunledè, illiterate,
fingerprints PG and PD

(3 fingerprints follow)

(1 enclosure)

Seal: AQUAREBURU MOSES KRAUSS
General agent (signature illegible)
21 June 1954
Rue de Paris, LOME (Togoland)

COPY

LOME, 14 June 1954

FLORENCIA CHOCHOVI HUNLEDE

Victim of the incident of

8 June 1954 at Amoutivé, Lomé,
aged 46 years (Tuesday, 8 June 1954)

TO THE CHIEF LAW OFFICER OF THE REPUBLIC
IN TOGOLAND

L O M E

Sir,

Having been released from hospital, where I was admitted for head injuries, I take the liberty of reporting to you the incident of Tuesday, 8 June 1954, of which I was the victim.

On Tuesday, 8 June 1954, at about 10 a.m. - at all events during the morning - in order to avoid any accumulation of dirt around the private well which we use and which is situated at the entrance of the house in which I live at Amoutivé, I forbade a woman, whose name I do not know, to pour water, in which dirty clothes had been washed, on the brim of the well, but the woman, failing to comply, continued to dirty the rim of the well by pouring soapy water on it. This led to an altercation between us (it is, of course, the responsibility of us members of the household to keep the well and its vicinity clean). The nurses of the Amoutivé dispensary asked me to avoid discussion and to proceed on my way to the market. In the course of the discussion with the woman, I heard Chief Adjallé, who was standing in his doorway, shouting to me: "You are not in charge of the well. It doesn't belong to you. You must have a well at Anécho, not at Lomé-Amoutivé." Then his secretary, Gabriel, appeared and called me. When the Chief shouted to me from his doorway, I asked him to come and see the dirt for himself, which was at a distance of about 30 to 35 metres. The woman, encouraged by what the Chief had said, continued to empty the soapy water. When I left for the market, the Chief, still standing and speaking about the matter, called me. I replied that I was going to the market and proceeded on my way. Then the Chief told his secretary to fetch a policeman. Having reached the corner of rue Kamina and the Avenue des Alliés, to the right of the Langdon steps where Gabriel, the secretary of Chief Adjallé, was lurking, I was crossing over to rue Kamina, when a policeman from Boubacar

station ran up and said "Madam, stop. Come. Go no further. Come." What's the matter?" I asked, "I am going to the market." He grabbed me by the bodice and struck me violently for the first time. He tore my bodice and pulled me without giving me time to pick up my basin which had dropped after the blows he had given me. By exerting myself I was able to pick up the basin (a large tub). After passers-by had intervened, Gabriel and he took me to Boubacar police station. There Gabriel had a policeman of the station telephone the Chief that he had arrested the woman. The Chief asked the policeman to telephone the Central Police Station and ask for two policemen, adding as a reason that a woman had struck him (the Chief), although I had not even approached him. The two policemen from the Central Police Station arrived and took me there. On the way to Petit-Marché Station, the car of Chief Adjallé, with Gabriel and Akakpo the assistant secretary, preceded us to the police station. After stopping for a moment at the veranda on our arrival, the Chief of Police asked me to step into the Chief's car to go to Amoutivé under police escort where he would follow us. There were four of us in the car: myself, the policeman, the two secretaries and the driver.

On arriving at Amoutivé, the policeman took me to the Chief's palace. The Chief was then in the hall. On leaving, he asked Akakpo, the assistant secretary, to ask me what I had replied when he had called me. I replied that I had said that I was going to the market. "That is not true", said the Chief, "You replied 'What a dirty old chief is calling me', which made the assistants of Amoutivé dispensary laugh." The Chief continued, "Today I am going to show you what a dirty old Chief I am." He had hardly finished when the policeman, who had escorted me from the Central Police Station, pounced on me and struck me violently and continuously until I was forced to flee to the door, which had been closed beforehand, where I fell down. The policeman came and sat on me, continuing to strike me. The Chief joined him, seizing me by the neck so tightly that I could not shout. One of the Chief's nieces also scratched me, leaving a mark on my forehead. On returning to the Chief's palace from the Central Police Station, a man named Foli Cooper came in. He is an eye witness of all that happened. It was he who pulled me from under the policeman and brought me into the shed. He upbraided the Chief for having acted thus, adding that that was not the way to treat a cousin and that the Chief belonged to the

same family and household. A second policeman, who is a homosexual, joined us. The Chief told him that I was not obeying him and the homosexual policeman asked me "Why don't you obey when you are called? Where are you from?" I replied "I am from Anécho". The policeman: "How many chiefs do you have at Anécho?" I replied "I don't know". The policeman: "A chief is a chief whether he is a little one or not. Why did you call him 'Eklu'?" "Because he called me 'Dada', which means elder sister, as is the custom in our family and household", I replied. The homosexual policeman said "You vagrant women of the streets of Lomé, when men present you with money you think you are superior to everyone". With those words he drew his rubber whip and lashed me. The first policeman also continued to strike me as before until I fainted.

It was on Thursday, 10 June, that I gradually regained consciousness and realized that I was in hospital.

That is the report of the incident of Tuesday, 8 June 1954, which concerns me and which I submit to you so that justice may be done.

I request you, despite the delay, to order a medical examination in order to ascertain my condition.

I have the honour to be etc.

Florencia Chochovi Hundelè, illiterate.
Fingerprints PG and PD

Signed: Fl. Chochovi Hundelè
Fingerprint

Certified true copy
Lomé, 21 June 1954.
