



TOWN OF
VICTORIA PARK

LOCAL HISTORY AWARDS

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The Hallowed Halls of Flatulence



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Category

Original Poetry or Performance Work

The Hallowed Halls Of Flatulence

By Les Stevens

There's something from our past history
That children today, no longer see
The existence of the lavatory
Called a Thunder Box or a Dunny

It may seem to you rather funny
To call it "Thunder box" or "Dunny"
A "little house" you no longer see
Its naming lost in antiquity

The Thunder Box I think defines itself
Flatulence that blew things off the shelf
But Dunny that came from Dunnekin
Of an ancient Scottish origin

They had an aroma of their own
Not related to Eau De Cologne
On the rear fence line was where it sat
That little house where residents "shat"

Blowflies were attracted by the smell
So Red Back spiders were there as well
Newspaper's cut to suitable size
And then hung on hooks to utilize

Some had tin roofs on a wooden frame
But they were rarely all built the same
For some were wood or bricks and mortar
Used by every son and daughter

Large metal can sat beneath the seat
Toilet facilities did complete
Was no chain to pull or pan to flush
And no such thing as a toilet brush

A rear lid lifted to change the can
By a person called the Night Cart man
For replacement cans he did dispense
From laneways passing
behind back fence

Yet how often did the Carter greet
Big Bums poking through a toilet seat
Must have given people quite a fright
To have their bare bottoms in plain sight

Sadly humble Dunny is no more
For sewerage moved that lot indoor
Though you may see the remains of one
The old outdoor Dunny's days are done

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