



TOWN OF
VICTORIA PARK

LOCAL HISTORY AWARDS

• 2025 •



Ye Olde Thunder Box

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Category

Original Poetry or Performance Work

Ye Olde Thunder Box

By Les Stevens

Now you may think, it kind of funny
To call an outdoor toilet, "Dunny"
Origins of this, are so obscure
It describes a place, without allure

Constructed in wood, with roof of tin
That often lets the, Red Backs in
Also brick built, or cemented stone
The outdoor Dunny, stood all alone

A normal part, of the back yard scene
"Nosy Parkers", knew where
you had been
Often a snigger, maybe a laugh
Down at the end of the garden path

Sometimes the smell, was hard to take
And buzzing Blow Flies, kept you awake
Not the right place, to go for a lark
Or to stumble down there, after dark

All located, against the back fence
Easy for the night cart, to dispense
For in the laneway, they had to toil
In taking away, the old "night soil"

But now the old Dunny, is no more
For sewers, moved this lot "in door"
But they remained there, all alone
With no one using, their humble throne

Till finally, they pulled them down
So no more Dunnies, around the town
Though way out in, the far back blocks
You might just see, an "Old Thunder Box"

It stands alone, surrounded by junk
With a decided lean, as if drunk
Sadly derelict, in the open air
An Aussie icon, in need of repair

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