

4. Antonio Tovar, Krahes alteuropäische Hydronymie und die westindogermanischen Sprachen, Sitzungsberichte der Heidelberger Akademie der Wissenschaften, Philosophisch-historische Klasse, Jahrgang 1977, 2. Abhandlung (Heidelberg, 1977).
5. Over the years the Phoenicians, the Basques, the Berbers and an Eskimo-related circumpolar culture have been proposed with varying degrees of (im)plausibility.
6. Especially significant among his extensive writings on the subject are: 'Alteuropäische Flussnamen', Beiträge zur Namenforschung 5 (1954), 201-220; Sprache und Vorzeit (Hedelberg, 1954); Die Struktur der alteuropäischen Hydronymie, Mainzer Akademie der Wissenschaften, Abhandlung der Geistes- und Sozialwissenschaftlichen Klasse, Jahrgang 1962, Nr. 5 (Mainz, 1962); Unsere ältesten Flussnamen (Heidelberg, 1964).
7. A. H. Smith, The Place-Names of the West Riding of Yorkshire 3, English Place-Name Society 36 (Cambridge, 1962), 119.
8. This is a point especially emphasised by Tovar, 21-23.

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NUGAE ANTHROPONYMICAE III

Donning once again my Beatrix Potter headdress, I devote myself to your service - albeit with damned little help from you, my should-be contributors: of all the harvest-mice urged forth to glean in socio-onomastic fields, few (apart from our devoted Editor) have sent back grist for the mill; and, of those that have, one is, as shall hereinunder appear, a topo. Should any reader devoid of anthroponymical titbits be none the less desirous of showing appreciation, cheese (French preferred, but only one kind unacceptable) may be sent, c/o The Editor.

Now, let's get up to date. On determinism, nothing fresh; but the Sunday Times Magazine republished, as a trailer for the book Twins by Peter Watson [Hutchinson: London, £6.95], the 1980 piece on separated identical twins [13. ix. 81, pp. 22-37; cf. NOMINA IV, p. 14].

As a pendant to last year's John Doe redivivus, this year has brought forth a different aspect of the entity-creating power of names: a pluvality of Weal Woy Jenkinses - aliases assumed by parliamentary candidates hoping to disrupt the polls; the laws bearing on such tricks were summarized in The Times by Marcel Berlins [8. vii. 81, p. 16]. The same cause can, in any event, be almost as well served without plagiarism: witness the case of the Cambridge University Raving Loony Society (otherwise, SDP) candidate whose adopted name the local mayor refused to read aloud, it being Tarquin Fintimlinblinwhinblin Bus Stop-F'tang F'tang Ole Biscuit Barrel [Guardian, 8. xii. 81; collected, like all other items from that source, by the Editor].

On zoonyms this year has produced little. The ever-helpful Field, as well as offering a technical disquisition on 'dog-affixes' (i.e., breeders' trademarks) [1. ix. 82, p. 441], gave practical advice on choosing everyday names for dogs; these should be 'ear-worthy', preferably disyllabic, and so framed that the willing creatures, believed to distinguish consonants less well than vowels, cannot confuse them with commands [7. x. 81, p. 803]. As for applied hipponymy, one day at N*wm*rk*t your very own reporter picked up this tasty crumb: 'I'd've done that last winner [Perang Tejam], only I was put off by the bl**dy awful Indian name.' A propos, if I may, for those following the fortunes of the Moss dynasty [NOMINA V, p. 78], momentarily deviate from pure onomastics, a profile and portrait of the matriarch appeared in The Times [1. xii. 81, p. 20] and the birth, in Lexington, Kentucky, of a grand-daughter, 'daughter for Pushy', was announced under MOSS, the father's name (Irish River) being as usual omitted [ibidem, 10. iii. 82, p. 30]. Meanwhile, there's a promising 2-y-o (of 1982), son of Tower Walk, called Krayyan - etymology unknown (I warn you, though, I'm not replacing any lost shirts . . .).

Sympathetic Magic

One theme of last year's to find ampler echoes was the character-forming power of names. One story indeed possesses, despite its ephemeral source, academic potential. When a university lecturer enquired as to the characteristics evoked by certain Christian names, his informants reportedly showed remarkable unanimity:

'Most seemed to think of John as being trustworthy and honest, of Robin as young, Ann as not so young, and Tony as sociable. Poor Agnes and Matilda were not thought of as being very good-looking, but Griselda was' [Cambridge Evening News, 7.i.82, p. 12; my own underlining, as also throughout].

We await definitive publication; and meanwhile note how the name of one present-day political figurehead seems, according to a correspondent of the Guardian's, to have presaged, indeed cast him for, that rôle:

'His Christian name, Lech, originates in a legend about three Slav brothers - Lech, Czech, and Russ - who became the forefathers of the three great Slav nations. In fact, Lech in Polish means 'Pole'; and the root of Walesa is in the verb walesacsie 'to loiter about'. What the word conveys is a person who does not belong anywhere, a landless peasant. You may now gauge the electrifying effect of the combination Lech Walesa on the very touchy Polish nationalists, most of whom are of peasant origin' [6.ii.82; silently abbreviated, as often below].

Ben trovato?

Further proof, should any still be needed, of the destiny-shaping power of names was offered by the invaluable Times 'Diary':

'The Russian submarine stranded off Sweden is a "whiskey" class vessel. That couldn't have anything to do with her straying off course and running aground, could it? There is power in a ship's name, after all. Towards the end of the last war, when we had subs with names like Dreadnought, Revenge, Truculent and Virulent, Churchill bizarrely insisted on naming one ship Tiptoe, apparently mean[ing] to imply that she could slink by the enemy, as if on tiptoe. Within months the sub had a ballerina on its crest, and the crew eventually formed a close association with the Royal Ballet. Ratings were especially fond of The Sleeping Princess (yes, because it has so many sub-plots)' [2.xi.81, p. 8].

Yet sometimes the magic fails (not, let us hope, with the Law Tripos examiner called Fairest): thus, for all that he was himself a Doubtfire, an East-Yorkshire farmer [no, I do not accept the name-change to North Humberside] whose barn took fire had nevertheless to summon the Brigade [Hull Daily Mail, 1.ix.82; another of the Editor's trouvailles].

Honorifics and Handles

This year's dominant theme was one which last year had merely been adumbrated [p. 79]: protocol. Partly this was because of two new manuals: Debrett's Etiquette and Modern Manners [Pan paperback, £2.50; with handy hints on carving the joint]; and Titles and Forms of Address: a Guide to Correct Use [Adam and Charles Black: London; cf. Eric Korn in TLS, 31.vii.81, p. 880]. In The Times's correspondence-columns these sparked off a silly-season debate - initiated, if memory serves, by Ludovic Kennedy - as to whether correctness of usage mattered; whether there were any harm in confusing, for instance, the style appropriate for a baron's, baronet's or knight's wife with that for a duke's or earl's daughter (cf. below)

or that for a baron with that for a duke's younger son (e.g., calling my favourite TV commentator Lord John Oaksey). By Christmas the whole thing went over the top, with correspondents making game of how computers and foreigners mangle our traditional usages: setting two places for Lord de l'Isle and Dudley, addressing letters to H.M. Queen, Esq., attributing medical discoveries to Dr. M. R. C. P. Edin, and so on.

Amid all the liberalism, indignation and merriment, reason seemed in abeyance. Surely only three systems are defensible: no honours for anyone, not even footballers or pop-stars; every honour restricted - as academic titles, damehoods and baronesses already are - to the original grantee; or the whole hereditary set-up, maintained with full heraldic punctilio. Which is preferred depends upon one's prejudices (work mine out from the foregoing, if you will); but the worst of all possible worlds must be that where a Red's sneers at a supposed Fading Pink are simultaneously barbed and blunted by imprecision, thus, 'Now it's Lord Gormley and Lady Nellie, and the best of luck to both of them' [Mr A. Scargill, quoted in Sunday Telegraph, 13.vi.82, p. 36; cf. above].

Ignorance apart, modes of address get daily more informal. One hears of (but has, mercifully, not met) bishops who insist, regardless of their interlocutors' feelings, on being universally first-named. Even people who still respect titles do so with a difference: on a recent 'Desert Island Discs', reports our Editor, Mr Plomley chummily addressed Their Graces of Devonshire as Duke and Duchess (she the while consistently referring to her noble spouse as Andrew); and that is the style Debrett's recommends [p. 175].

With the everyday handles, confusions stem rather from over-mealiness of mouth. The Cambridge Evening News persists in dignifying as Mr teenage louts convicted of repulsive crimes [cf. NOMINA V, p. 79]. The current American ambassador's wife [should one, or should one not, call her an 'ambadress'?), employer of a butler called Kenneth Dear, seemingly provoked some eyebrow-raising by addressing him as Mr Dear [Sunday Times, 14.iii.82, p. 32]. As to accepted usage, opinions vary unexpectedly. One genuine butler recently averred that 'a butler is always known by his first name to the family, but the rest of the staff call him by his surname' [Hull Daily Mail, 31.viii.82; from a feature on the Sledmere House visited during the 1981 Conference]. Quite different modes are reported by Debrett's, according to which the ambadress may not have been guilty of a faux pas: 'The butler is usually called Mr with his surname; in old-fashioned establishments he may be addressed by his surname only, e.g. Dawson, but this is a dying practice' [p. 282]. Be that as it may, the story implied surname-only address to be the Embassy norm: embarrassment there certainly was, and it did not arise from any distressing revelations about the etymology of Kenneth. How then to save the convention? In days when footmen were a standard amenity, a lad whose rustic progenitors had christened him unbecomingly was commanded - so one has been told, on fair authority - to answer to Frederick or Charles, or else return to hoeing turnips; so, might not the Embassy have found some analogous expedient - a substitution of, say, Buck, Roe or Stagg - more diplomatic?

The unpronounceable Ms continues to proliferate, all too often imposed by others - with the approval of Debrett's [p. 261] - on women who may abhor it. Couldn't it be kept to the rôle that so sorely needs filling: of designating one who

continues to trade under, not to say, on, the surname of a husband long since (to put it delicately) superseded?

Respectability, Lost Identity

Social shifts are, in particular, casting forms of address for married couples into the melting-pot (did the late-medieval suppression of married women's own surnames reflect some opposite trend?). The Times 'Diary' (again!) observed that Debrett's had failed to note 'the growing practice of calling married couples by the wife's name when she is regarded as the more dominant or famous partner', instancing, amongst others, Mr and Mrs Esther Rantzen [26.vi.81, p. 16]. From a naval commander whose WRNR wife had, he said, since 1 April come to outrank him, this wrenched a cri du coeur as to their proper joint style [ibidem, 4.vii.81, p. 13].

Facetiousness apart, Debrett's is not, despite being compiled mainly by women, either profound or helpful here. There are problems, some of which were aired by the Guardian's Christine Stopp: for a married woman to keep her own surname is legal enough, but is resisted at every turn by 'society' and officialdom alike; as for distinguishing professional persona from domestic, this, if at times offering a handy incognito [why never -a?], confuses even the name-bearer, and is besides lamentably Laodicean [29.vii.82]. But Miss Stopp failed to plumb the inequalities, thinking it a comfort that a married woman using her own name can have inserted in her passport an official note proclaiming her 'wife of Mr X': in heaven's name! - since the sole purpose must be to obviate misunderstanding in hôtels (if any there be that still examine passports), oughtn't 'Mr X' likewise to be officially labelled 'husband of Miss Y'? Women's own hankering for 'respectability' is what most hinders reform of a patriarchal convention as rational, in Posy Simmonds's words, as 'calling a dog Spot and then suddenly calling it Flash instead' [quoted art. cit.]. The quiet undermining of identity goes on: as Rachel Cullen ruefully put it in The Times, 'Having been married twice, I have collected a confusing number of surnames and by now will answer to almost anything' [21.vii.82, p. 13].

Equality, Over-Familiarity

Preoccupation with shifting conventions of address also embraced first-naming. In third- as well as second-person, usages conflict, and can sometimes be heard doing so: thus, during an 'Any Questions' session, a junior female politician (sinistral by persuasion, if that be relevant) kept referring to Enoch, whereas Mr Powell steadfastly called her Mrs Hayman [11.xi.82].

Against this current fad of indiscriminate first-naming, which has all the charm of a communal tepid bath, Stephen Spender protested:

'The President of an American university where I taught recently - he didn't even know how to spell my first name - used to send me cyclostyled letters with the beginning and ending written in: Dear Steven and signed (with a rubber stamp) Bill and Mary. I wonder whether other viewers of the recent Labour Party conference at Brighton had the same feeling of absolute revulsion that I did on hearing antagonists and rivals referring to each other as Denis and Tony; with the Labour Party the use of first names is doubtless an outward sign of the inner lack of grace of a levelled society. I miss my days as a young author, when it seemed an honour to meet Mr Eliot; the thrill of

his writing one day, "Please call me Tom in future"; or when we first called Virginia Woolf, Virginia' [Observer, 25.x.81, p. 35].

This provides a perspective for the American ambassador's reported plaint:

'With the British it's difficult to penetrate the outer shell. Getting on a first-name basis is something you reserve for the third time you meet rather than the first. . . . And I did trip over titles a little. It's difficult to talk to someone on a relaxed basis as Lord So-and-So rather than Frank' [Sunday Times Magazine, 12.ix.82, p. 78].

How much more human and, backhandedly, more civilized this snub from a bygone age:

'An acquaintance who bored her once asked Margot [Asquith] to call her by her Christian name. "I couldn't," replied Margot. A moment later, feeling she had perhaps been unnecessarily unresponsive, she continued: "Oh, all right then, Ermytrude or whatever your name is." The lady's name was not Ermytrude' [Lord David Cecil, in Observer, 20.xii.81, p. 17].

Despite the levellers, some one-sided first-naming persists, especially between persons of unlike age: from elderly don to undergraduate, for instance (the Editor, in rightly noting how insistent the modern young are on first-name address [NOMINA V, p. 63], did not sufficiently emphasize that by waiving reciprocity they're accepting, far more readily than did earlier, more formal generations, the childish status they ostensibly reject). From a boss to a secretary young enough to be his/her daughter it may likewise pass; but, with one old enough to be a sister, reciprocity, preferably in the formal mode, might seem more in order. That some girls make this point, a letter to the Sunday Telegraph, although not specifically about naming, attests: an affable, democratic, Leftish newspaper-executive had complained

'that, whenever he called his temporary secretary dear, she called him dear in reply. He had, he said, always addressed all his secretaries as dear but he did not expect them to call him dear in their turn. When asked if this were not rather undemocratic, he thought for a moment and then declared, "No, it is not undemocratic. It is patriarchal" ' [16.v.82, p. 6].

How much wiser that ambassadress! Not only bosses and mentors over-play the patriarch: a TV documentary showed a physician addressing a patient older than himself as Mary but not getting, and presumably not having invited, John in return. The patient, delivered from a nasty disease, was admittedly unlikely to be much exercised about styles and titles; your scribe's vicarious fury met with domestic incomprehension. Of course no sufferer - whether prelate, statesman, or monarch - is truly 'equal' with a medical adviser; but is it manners for the latter to rub it in?

Hypocorism and Hypocrisy

Handles, first-naming - next, the current craze for hypocoristics: not in general, not for playfully-suffixed diminutives, but specifically for curt monosyllables. 'One single week's news-items,' protested a letter-writer to The Times, had yielded, preceded by Mr or in one case Sir, the following name-forms: Andy, Ben, Bert, Bill, Bob, Dick, Ed, Fred, Freddie, Geoff, Jack, Jim, Len, Max, Mike, Pat, Ray, Reg, Rob, Ron, Sam, Sid, Stan, Steve, Terry, Tiny, Tom, Tony, Vic, Viv and Will -

'Are we,' he thundered, 'to understand that at their baptisms not one of these people was given a real Christian name?' (the absence of definition recalls the West-Highland matron who, hearing the minister call his cat Tertullian, asked why he'd not given the creature a decent, 'Christian' name like Hector) [28.iv.82, p. 15]. Of two correspondents rounding on him, the first signed himself Ray [30.iv.82, p. 11] and the second, a Mr Jack Hobbs, asserted that as Jack he was baptized and registered and as Jackus Latinized upon his College roll [6.v.82, p. 13].

A more orotund plaint from The Lady was garnered by one of my all-too-few helpers:

'The days of precision and attention to detail are, it seems, rapidly passing. Nowhere is the off-handedness more apparent than in the way we address each other. The older generation calls itself Dick, Ted and Jack; the younger, Dave, Gav and Si. And, horror of horrors, the Princess of Wales was being hailed as Lady Di prior to her marriage to Prince Charles. In the current social climate it is a little difficult to understand this preference for drab diminutives. In so many other areas the move has been away from restraint and sobriety: clothes, for example, have become less formal and more eye-catching (not to say gaudy!). Why is there also an addiction to grey little Christian names?' [12.xi.81, pp. 835, 838].

Perhaps 'red' might have been more apt than 'grey', for to some ears, it seems, 'full' name-forms are tainted with élitism [cf. McClure, NOMINA V, p. 64].

Between the various trades - such as politics and entertainment (distinguo . . .) - requiring, or at least favouring, fixed professional names, usages vary, perhaps instructively. Entertainers often affect cosy suffixal diminutives: Benny, Billy, Ernie, Kenny, Ronnie. Among technicians, by contrast, the TV credits show monosyllabism as almost de rigueur: Bill, Bob, Dave, Des, Don, Jeff, Ken, Mike, Reg, Ron, Stan, likewise Liz and Sue - a monosyllabism unmatched save among sheep-dogs and demagogues. Not for nothing did the creators of Yes, Minister call their politician, of indeterminate party but obsessed by electoral popularity, 'Jim Hacker' (Sir Humphrey, on the other hand, answers to Humpy, and to that only from his cronies). As for the real-life hustings, the demotic monosyllables brandished there make one wonder whether in that world intimacy (the equivalent of tutolement) might not be expressed through full names: as the Red Queen might have put it, 'You see, my dear, only his close friends use his whole name; the public is allowed only one bit of it' [cf. end-note, p. 50].

Not all left-wing politicians, however, conform - witness Punch:

'All is not well between the Social Democrats and the Liberals. Dr David Owen has, I fear, been his usual distressingly abrasive self. Now Mr Stephen Ross, the Liberal MP for the Isle of Wight, has hit upon a terrible revenge. He addresses the former Foreign Secretary as Dave. This is roughly as infuriating as calling the present holder of the post [Lord Carrington] Pete' [24.vi.81, p. 993].

As for your scribe, be not tempted, dearest colleagues, to truncate to a tuppenny-ha'penny monosyllable my euphonious nom de guerre: bear in mind that my

sensibility is such I've been known to flinch from as mild an over-familiarity as a vice-cancellarial 'Admitto te . . .' Indeed, even a Soho club-owner may have his dignity: hailed as Bernie, one of that tribe exploded, 'Call me Bernard, I'm not a taxi-driver!' [Sunday Times Magazine, 8.xi.81, p. 11].

Of Mice and Men

Our Editor (so much my most generous purveyor of trifles) transcribed a Radio 4 news-item about a distinguished honorary graduate - DCL, naturally - of my own University College of Muritania: as successor to the retiring Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Sir David McNee - 'affectionately known as The Hammer (sc. of the Underworld)' - a commentator correctly tipped Sir Kenneth Newman, otherwise Mighty Mouse, so called because only 5'8" tall [c. 20.iii.82; so far a printed source has been sought in vain].

Although we've forsworn the inclusion in these columns of such coincidental(?) funnies as Picketts Lock Centre (sans blague, mes enfants; seen on a sign somewhere off the North Circular - perhaps a code-name for a discreetly louche establishment catering for East-End villains), the next snippet has proved irresistible, if only for its piquant source:

'IDENTITY CARD. From a New York newspaper: "The accused, a 20-year-old Arab, was identified as Muhammad Rahman Mubarraq bin Ali Bellamchi. He said he was an artist and had come to the United States to make a name for himself' [Financial Times, 20.iv.82, p. 18].

Toponymic Tail-Piece (bis), with Twists

As I announced, among my more dutiful harvesters has been (if you'll excuse the Græco-Italian pun) a topo, who supplied several items too delectable to be discarded simply because this is, en principe, an anthroponymical column:

a) a trailer for House Names [Unwin Paperbacks: London, £1.50] by Joyce Miles, whose happiest hunting-grounds have been 1930s estates of seaside bungalows. All human life is here: Crumbledown, Dukumin, Hangovers, Haydn, Long Loan, Stilowin, even (absit omen!) The Mousetrap [Sunday Express Magazine, 25.iv.82, p. 55]. (That reminds me: 'When Mr Asquith took the ancient title of Oxford, Betty Salisbury [the Marchioness, née Cavendish], wrote to him, "It is like a suburban villa calling itself Versailles"' ['Albany', Sunday Telegraph, 13.vi.82, p. 2].)

b) a snippet, of unspecified date, from some Telegraph or other (Daily, its typography strongly suggests):

'It has to be a sign of the times that a legal document received by a reader includes the address: Pornshop Passage, Mercer Row, Louth, Lincolnshire.'

c) a research-report, published in one of our more scholarly national weeklies, taking back at least to Romano-British times the free East-West interaction such a happy feature of present-day life. One O. Nazarov summarized the findings of a comrade, Georgi Dzagurov (whose surname chimes harmoniously with his own), on the Ossetian, that is, Scythian or Alanian, stratum in British place-names. Three Men in a Boat [is it coincidental that its author's middle name was Klapka?] provided

the initial revelation, through its many place-names, such as Abingdon, Hambledon, Maidenhead and Southend, at once so redolent of English traditions and so clearly traceable to Ossetian roots. Subsequently, the philological findings were confirmed by archaeology, in particular by Galsworthy's account of the many typically Scythian burial-mounds conspicuous in Southern England. It must have been, it is argued, through taking part in the Roman settlement of Britain that Alanian warriors, famous as mercenaries, were able to leave so deep an imprint on our landscape and our toponymy, not just in the Thames Valley but also in the Manchester area and in Northern Ireland (Armagh, for instance, means 'wrist' in Ossetian) [Soviet Weekly, 11.vii.81]. Is there not also the possibility of some reciprocal influence: of an infusion of Irish blood in these comrades with the rhyming names?

* * *

No, I've by no means overlooked all that brouhaha about the naming of princelings, but felt it might be better recollected in tranquillity (cuttings and comments invited, for we aim at comprehensive coverage and consensus). So, à l'année prochaine, chers amis, à l'année prochaine!

SOURIS

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STOP PRESS. The hypothesis ventured on p.48 has been partly confirmed by a revelation about Mr [An] [h]ony [Wedgwood-]Benn, whose intimates, it seems, call him, not Tony, nor yet (unfortunately for my argument) Anthony, but Jimmy [see S. Crosland, Tony Crosland, London, 1982, p.204: a reference supplied by the less Right-minded sharer of the Mousehole].

THE EARLY PERSONAL NAMES OF KING'S LYNN:
AN ESSAY IN SOCIO-CULTURAL HISTORY*

Part I - BAPTISMAL NAMES

Despite the advocacy and the examples, dating back at least sixty years, of Sir Frank Stenton and of other distinguished scholars,¹ personal names found until recently little favour as historical source-material.² But now their evidence, although not yet exploited for such purposes as often as that of place-names, is at last gaining more general recognition, in ways that suggest it may in time prove to have a certain edge over its better-established rival.³

For, whereas a place is represented by a single name, its scores, hundreds, even thousands of early inhabitants all bore baptismal names chosen by parents or godparents, and many also bore nicknames, patronyms and other by-names recognized and often created by the community at large. And, whereas place-names are, like language itself, communal and slow to change,⁴ each personal name not only recorded an individual and conscious response to custom and to the models available but died with its bearer. So, being datable and individually chosen as well as multitudinous, personal names reflected social composition and social attitudes, in their contemporaneous variety and in their evolution, far more sensitively than place-names ever could. They can thus reveal the balance between several competing cultures, not in black and white, nor once for all, but in a gradation shaded through time and space. They allow balances between cultures to be struck - admittedly, at only the most superficial level - for different places, or for different dates, and then compared.

Superficial the evidence and the conclusions will necessarily remain, because adoption of foreign names need imply no deep cultural allegiance. Some cultural contact it must, however, imply. Enthusiasm of response to an influence will be measured more easily than the latter's volume, because multiple instances of a single form (like William in twelfth-century England) may, or may not, all be traceable to a single celebrated bearer of it.⁵ Yet even evidence so ambiguous and so superficial may be valuable for times and areas otherwise sparsely documented: had nothing survived from eleventh- and twelfth-century England but lists of names, those would by themselves have allowed the Norman Conquest and settlement to be deduced and approximately dated.⁶ In many ways, indeed, twelfth-century England affords an ideal 'laboratory' for testing personal names as a source for social and cultural history; and, both as one of the 'new' towns of this period and as a port with wide and well-documented foreign contacts, Lynn offers special scope to the investigator.⁷ Because by c. 1300 the main patterns of naming seem provisionally established, that date has, somewhat arbitrarily, been taken as the later terminus of the present study.

* * *

Baptismal names current in twelfth-century England fell into several categories.⁸ The older name-stock, conveniently called 'insular' and comprising Old-English names⁹ plus Anglo-Scandinavian ones,¹⁰ was during the century and a half following the Conquest gradually being discarded in favour of 'continental' forms such as the new aristocracy bore.¹¹ These latter names themselves fell into