

prolegomenon to the afternoon's outing, Dr Barrie Cox revealed the unexpected paucity in Rutland of Scandinavian-influenced toponyms.

The excursion through that bosky ghost-shire was genially conducted by Mr Bryan Waites, the editor of *Rutland Record*. At Oakham we inspected the late-twelfth-century great hall (now a magistrates' court) which is all that remains of the castle, admiring the Romanesque sculpture without and the Ferrers family's collection of a punning tribute of horseshoes within. Under one of that metropolis's several market-crosses we puzzled over an apparently quinquepedal half-set of stocks (*plurale tantum*). At Wing we gazed upon a turf maze. The ritual cream-tea was taken at an hôtel on the shores of Rutland Water, hard by a half-drowned church-turned-museum, which the hardier spirits braved mire and flood to inspect. Home then to dinner.

Sunday evening was given to an open-forum discussion, under Professor Nicolaisen's chairmanship, of work in progress (the whole Editorial Board having been engaged elsewhere, I am grateful to Mr Watts for providing a summary of the proceedings). Younger scholars reporting upon their current projects included Miss Jan Ellis (Durham), Miss Gillian Quine (also Durham), and Miss Jennifer Scherr (Bristol). Mr Watts described the progress made with the *Cambridge Dictionary of English Place-Names* about which he had spoken the previous year. Then, à propos of Mr A. D. Mills's new paperback on Dorset place-names, discussion turned to the policies that the English Place-Name Society ought to adopt towards simplified presentations of its material, with some of those present maintaining that the Society should itself arrange for such publication.

The papers given by Miss Clark, Dr Fellows-Jensen, Mr Kerr, Professor Ó Máille, Professor Nicolaisen, Dr Hywel Wyn Owen and Dr Waugh are represented in the present volume. (Those by Dr Redmonds and Mr Watts are held over to Vol. XII; that by Dr Inasley is to appear elsewhere.)

C.C.

Nugae Onomasticae IV

For the VIIIth time we leap upon the onomastic roundabout, for that's what it is. So we'll just skip lightly over some hobby-horses now a bit the worse for wear.

As to *Dukanus Close*, you'll be relieved, *mes canetons*, to hear that it has now, for commercial reasons, been definitively bowdlerized to *Vicarage Close* [(Brighton) *Evening Argus*, 19.iii.87; cf. *ante*, vol. X, 157-8; with acknowledgments, *ut semper*, to Master Ratoun]. The latest microtoponymical caper on the Sussex coast has involved Brighton's Fishmarket Beach, which the *****Ramada Renaissance Hôtel sought to rename in its own honour: with Tories all in favour, the Left (for once, traditionalist) stood firm and won the day, while a Liberal proposed renaming the hôtel after the beach [*ibidem*, 10.xii.87, p. 13]. In Holderness, the villagers of Burstwick covered their eyes when a sign went up reading *Poof Lane* [*Hull Daily Mail* and *Guardian*, both 14.v.87, with thanks to some constant beavers]. In Cambridgeshire, developers proposed vandalizing, name and all, a village called *Chittering* [*PN Cambs.*, 185: first rec. 15th c., so far unexplained] and marketing their projected estate as *Waterfenton*: 'I'd rather have another *Pidley*', swore a local journalist [*Cambridge Evening News*, 30.ix.87, p. 17; cf. *Cambridge Town Crier*, 3.ix.87, p. 1]. In Streatham, the public baths may be rebaptized as *Sobukwe*, Brockwell Park as *Mothopeng* (alas, poor Mr Badger) — and that's not all the exotica on the South-London agenda [*The Times*, 30.i.87, p. 3].

Computers keep up their commentary on human affairs: a City broker's word-processor's spelling-checker rejected *Kleinwort Grieveson*, proffering *Gravestone* instead [*The Times* 'City Diary', 9.xi.87 — post-Crash, *mes vampires*].

The Thunderer keeps us well in touch with Corpus Christie College [23.vi.87, p. 16 (3x); cf. *ante*, VII, 114].

Acronyms still proliferate, some of them contrived, as with the Home Office Large Major Enquiry System [cf. *The Times*, letter, 27.xii.86]. Rumours that SAS might take over BCal had one bemused: *Studia Anthroponymica Scandinavica* diversifying? or the SAS pre-empting hijacks?

Voices still cry out, as in the wilderness, against uninvited first-naming: 'At 66 I am fed up with being called by my Christian name by those young enough to be my grandchildren; this happens particularly in church' — whereupon came a riposte that in church this seems fitting [*Sunday Telegraph*, letters, 21.vi.87 and 28.vi.87;

cf. 14.vi.87]. A grouch against Christmas cards signed 'merely by Christian names' elicited from Lord Erroll of Hale an offer of one signed just *Freddy* [*The Times*, letters, 11.xii.87 and 16.xii.87]. Clipped name-forms — like the *Chris*, *Eddie* and *Tony* sported by a trio of new poly-professors [*ibidem*, 27.vi.87, p. 39] — remain all the rage in certain milieux, witness the election communication (no prize for guessing the Party) informing our mousehold that 'Jeremy is voting for Chris' [a minimal change here to protect the misguided].

Hipponymy still preoccupies those with an *embarras de richesses*. An oil-sheikh was reportedly offering bonuses to all devisers of names that inspired their bearers to win [*The Times* 'Diary', 27.xii.86]. An offspring of the mare Hot Press is called *Fort Wapping* [*ibidem*, 16.v.87]. The Queen's racing manager — himself just renamed through natural mortality — owns *Children's Hour* (Mummy's Pet *ex* *Matinée*), and Lord Rotherwick has *Bannister* (Known Fact *ex* *Swiftfoot*): is the Master of Pembroke, the *Sunday Telegraph's* 'Albany' wondered, the first head of house so honoured [12.iv.87]?

Yet not every reprise is trivial: some involve Leitmotifs signalling crucial shifts in attitudes to religion, sex, and class.

Grace and reverence

'He hated pomp and formality, and took a particular dislike to the title, *The Very Rev.*, which went with his office: "Call me *Mr.*," he urged his parishioners' [obituary of a former provost of Southwell, in *The Times*, 12.v.87, p. 14].

As *The Times's* ecclesiastical correspondent had earlier pointed out, for a church 'which preaches humility' to boast batteries of precisely-graded honorifics is ironical. Clerical reactions had been skittish as ever [cf., e.g., *ante*, X, 159–60]: we learnt how an erstwhile bishop of Oxford got addressed as *Dear Mr Oxon*, and he currently of Portsmouth as either *B. O. Portsmouth* or *Dear Grace*, how a retired dean was labelled *The Righteous Rev.*, an archdeacon *The Vulnerable* and an archdeacon's wife *The Venomous*, how a great-aunt protested about 'this tiresome man Cantuar who is always interfering in religious matters' [9.ii.87, p. 18, and letters, 18.ii.87, 23.ii.87, 24.ii.87, 3.iii.87 and 12.iii.87]. So perhaps it's no wonder the *Daily Telegraph* no longer permits bishops to sign off in traditional style [*Spectator*, 12.xii.87, p. 27, and letter, 2.i.88; cf. *ante*, IX, 137].

Too, too twee

The latest slang for a run-of-the-mill degree is, they say, a *desmond* ['Stop the Week', Radio 4, 6.xii.86].

Why not 'Victoria'?

The archdeaconry of London being lately cleft in twain, the diocese sought for the western twin some fitting title: *Westminster* would have meant poaching on others' preserves; *Mayfair* seemed snooty, *Soho* shady; so, *Paddington?* or *Charing Cross?* They couldn't bear the former, and so voted for the latter [*The Times* 'Diary', 28.i.87].

Discourtesy titles

An institution that should know better circulated a necrological notice for a *Lord Nicholas Kaldor*: which of our dukes or marquesses, you ask, uses the family-name *Kaldor*?

The various media — facing lesser expectations of accuracy — continue to revel in titles yet habitually get them wrong. An appearance in the credits for BBC1's *Vanity Fair* of a *Lady Rose Crawley* left your scribe more than momentarily puzzled. John Grigg (*olim* Lord Altrincham) took the Corporation to task for likewise referring to *Lady Diana Mosley*, that is, choosing the only wholly inappropriate of the five options apparently open [*Spectator*, 25.iv.87, p. 6; cf. 2.v.87, pp. 7, 20, and 9.v.87, p. 28].

Legal fiction

The first appointment of a woman to the Court of Appeal posed a facer: 'The Lord Chancellor's Department said that from now on she would be known as *Lord Butler-Sloss*', but alternatives suggested include *Lady Justice* and *Dame Justice* (no, the latter doesn't figure in the *Chaucer Concordance*, perusal of which we none the less recommend to the said Department) [*The Times*, 17.xii.87, p. 3].

Taking the philosophical view

'Never trust anyone who isn't a physician but calls himself *Dr.* Twenty years ago, most Oxford dons were still *Mr.*, and looked down on the D.Phil. as a provincial vulgarity [correction: provinciality is a Ph.D. - *M. oxoniensis*]; now four out of five use this same glorious handle. The way to deal with one of these "doctors" is to ask for an appointment to discuss bunions [and risk a tutorial on *Pilgrim's Progress?* — *eadem*]' [*Sunday Telegraph*, 23.xi.87, p. 24; *ut saepissime*, silently condensed].

One Ph.D — fearing, no doubt, bunions or worse — condemned BT's automatic listing in its Business Pages of all names prefixed by *Dr* [*The Times*, letter, 27.vi.87].

Inequity

Use of the expression *Mrs Lawson, who holds a Ph.D* aroused ire [*Sunday Telegraph*, letter, 20.xii.87; cf. 13.xii.87]. No less invidious is the insistence in, for instance, the Honours Lists, where male honorands are cited by initial(s) + surname, on labelling women as *Miss* or *Mrs*, even on occasion as *Miss A. Mustell (Mrs Stoate)*. Not only women, or feminists, object to this usage: as a military man put it, 'Why should Connors and Lendl submit to being referred to without prefix when Navratilova and Kohde-Kilsch warrant *Miss*?' [*The Times*, 16.vii.87, p. 40].

Multiple personalities

The Duke of York endorsed protests against his wife's being hailed as *Fergie*, instead of by her 'proper' name [*Sunday Telegraph*, 5.vii.87, p. 1]; but what is that 'proper' name: *Sarah Ferguson*? *Sarah Windsor*? *Sarah York*? just *Sarah*? What is anyone's 'proper' name, especially a married Englishwoman's?

'Beryl Clutterbuck, as she was born in 1902 (a true Kenyan, she had several married names to choose from, but settled for *Markham*) . . . ' [*Sunday Telegraph*, book-review, 19.vii.87, p. 14].

'Novelist Candia McWilliam, daughter of the architectural historian Colin McWilliam . . . The glitterati remember her as *Claude Howard*: *Claude* was a childhood nickname, and *Howard* is the family-name of a best friend at school. . . . She then married the Hon. Quentin Wallop and became *Claude Wallop*. She is now married to Oxford don Dr Fram Dimshaw' [*Telegraph Sunday Magazine*, 10.i.88, p. 3].

'Janet Street-Porter (I think that's her right name: in the early '60s she was *Janet Bull*, *Janet Street-Porter* in the late '60s, *Janet Elliott* in the '70s, and *Janet Cvitanovic* in the '80s)' [*Listener*, 23.vii.87, p. 3].

Never mind what successive mothers-in-law have called her, for public purposes *Janet Street-Porter* is the name: what may be 'real' or 'proper' is a question for philosophers, but what is operative is fact.

Two *divorcées* reported their joy at recovering their own names: 'It was like some sort of rebirth,' said one; 'I don't like being carried on someone else's name; I became me in the study,' said the other [*The Times*, 9.i.87, p. 11; Alison Lurie, in *Telegraph Sunday Magazine*, 21.vi.87, p. 8]. Some are from the outset strong-minded enough to spare themselves any risk of such trauma: Josephine Hart, impresario, and wife of Maurice Saatchi, for one [*Sunday Telegraph*, 18.i.87, p. 21]; for another, Emma

Nicholson M.P., who declares,

'I rather like my name, and I am sticking to it. My father was in Parliament, he has no son and I want to carry it on for him' [*The Times*, 6.i.88, p. 13].

Women's surnaming being thus in the melting-pot, we all — no matter where we stand — get spattered with multicoloured lava. An attack on the convention of specifying a married woman by her husband's full name prefixed by *Mrs* (as when the *Tatler* calls the PM *Mrs Denis Thatcher*) evoked responses as contradictory as passionate: of those published, two shared the writer's preference for *Mrs* + own first-name + husband's surname, two embraced Tatlerian conventionality, another lamented her Swedish daughter-in-law's onomastic independence, and two castigated all matrimonial name-change, one adding, 'I find *Mrs* extremely offensive' [*The Times*, 22.vii.87, p. 17, and 7.viii.87].

Why shouldn't any woman, every woman, keep her own name, regardless of romantic vicissitudes? A coy hyphenation neither preserves independence nor, in these days of serial polyandry, obviates embarrassments [for some arising in the sporting world, see *The Times*, 4.iii.87, p. 37]. The trouble is, naming is not, in the real world, just a matter of principle: as peeresses-in-their-own-right find when travelling with their lawful consorts (unless the latter possess at least the nobility to renounce their original appellations), a discrepancy of surname distresses (or diverts) *hôtel concierges*. A wife can, it is said, establish respectability by carrying the luggage; but sex-equality could more gracefully be served by extending to a peeress's mate the right to adopt a matching style and title [*The Times*, letters, 27.v.87, 4.vi.87, 6.vi.87, also 12.v.87 and articles by John Grigg, 27.xii.86, p. 20, and 24.vii.87, p. 12]. Curing worldwide conventional-mindedness might take longer.

Bullseye with all three barrels

'Never trust someone with a double-barrelled name. Even after Mr Kilroy-Silk's departure, the Commons contains some which somehow don't inspire confidence: would you buy a second-hand policy [let alone, tin of soup? — S.] from someone called *Campbell-Savours* or *Beaumont-Dark*?' [*ut supra*, sub 'Taking the philosophical view'].

Happy families

Yorio Kaasik is the Finnish PR man for Renault, and A. Risk's ambition is to be a bookie. Speakers in a Lords debate on the Securities and Investments Board included Lord Banks and Lord Boardman, with Lord Tryon voicing alternative concerns. Miss

Cutting is a surgeon, Mr Barrell and Mr Beer manage an off-licence, Mr Bristley is a chimney-sweep, Mr Bray plays the trumpet, Miss Greenoak writes on gardening, Mr Councill is a director of legal services, and Mrs Kopp serves on the committee responsible for the Swiss Police (twinned with the Leith ditto?). A runaway steed bolted into the Rampant Horse. The British Antarctic Survey appointed Dr Midwinter as medical officer. Mr Local described Tyneside dialect, Dr Godley delivered a University sermon, Mr Otter commented on rabbit-warrens, Mr Cashmore is a bank manager, Mr Cash pinched his neighbour's cheque, Mr Banks and Mr Money have both been Treasurers of Bristol Students' Union, and Mrs Payne (*Cyn* to her intimates) collects whips. A law firm called Girlings was had up for sex-discrimination. Pauline Yule was born on Christmas Day.

Xenophobia

'Jung (himself quite sane, albeit discredited, for those who have not read him, by his funny name)' [*The Times*, 27.xii.86, p. 16].

South-western lights

A Union official at Bristol, *né* Rory Arthur, has undergone, with charitable motives, a sponsored surname-change to *Borealis*.

Party time

'Certain names simply eliminate the possibility of political free will' — thus the *Guardian's* leader-writer, set musing by the General Election:

'Suppose your name is *Piers Merchant*: then only the Conservative Party could do — and, lo, Mr Merchant is their champion in Newcastle Central. Now imagine *Mr Geoffrey Nice*: yes, Mr Nice is the Alliance's man. The time was when Labour had manual-worker candidates like Mr Mason and Mr Forrester; now it is the party of yuppies like Mr David Bookbinder and nanny-state operators like Mr Damien Welfare and Mr Bernie Grant' [30.v.87, with thanks to 'an occasional *G.* reader'].

Definition

'He hasn't got a name: I just call him *Honkey*' [shepherd talking of his highly-trained sheephog; quoted in *Listener*, 5.ii.87].

Type-casting

'If you see Sid, tell him . . .': Sid, the archetypal first-time investor, is elderly and unpretentious (his Leftie-activist second-

cousin affects the inseparable composite *SidStoate*). Why, incidentally, did British Gas ignore not only Sid's wife Doris, whose advice he often takes, but also his widowed sister Ivy, who's just come into a handy lump-sum?

Marketeers have in general just discovered that first-names correlate, not only with gender, but also with age and socio-economic standing, and have based on this revelation a system, called *Monica*, for guiding mail-shots more nearly to the mark: so, if your name's *Albert* or *Ethel*, expect blurbs for hearing aids; if *Wayne* or *Tracey*, ones for audio-tapes calculated speedily to put you in the market for the former as well [*Sunday Telegraph*, 13.ix.87, p. 20; (Brighton) *Evening Argus*, 17.ix.87, p. 6; *Guardian*, 5.x.87 and 6.x.87; *Observer*, n.d.; with our thanks to a whole team of moles].

Paul Jennings sees similar phenomena less commercially, and in finer detail:

'William is big, honest and open, but Will is a gaunt, silent man, often a shepherd; Billy is a jolly little round man welcome at the pub, Bill is good with his hands, Willie, with a scarf and a fag-end, is vaguely connected with horse-racing or snooker, and Willy is German and up to no good in Paris or Monte Carlo' [*The Times*, 25.iii.87, p. 14].

Image-changing

'He has recently produced a new name for his wife ("She was called *Iris*; well, that was no use at all, and so I have called her *Ingrid* — they both begin with an *I*, don't they, dear? Quite. It could have been worse, you know: you might have landed up as *Iolanthe*")' [Parkinson, of the Law, freshly married at 78: quoted in *The Times*, 12.i.88, p. 8].

Loyal and constant

This past year saw the 90th birthday of Diamond Constance Louise Ponsonby, *dicta* 'Diana', born on Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Day [*The Times*, 22.vi.87, with grateful thanks to a Hampshire harvest-mouse].

Up to the minute

This year's coverage, it so happens, includes two annual reviews of babies' names (but let's not forget that today's babies will, with only average luck, be the senior citizens — or whatever the term may then be — of 2050).

National reports for 1986 showed minor contrasts between the tastes of *The Times's* readers and those of the *Telegraph's*: whereas the former journal gave *Elizabeth* as still, for the eleventh year

running, heading the girls' top ten, and among the boys', *Richard* and *Michael* as just ousting *Robert* and *George* (*Henry* still nowhere), the latter had *Charlotte* (3 in *The Times*) in the lead, with *Elizabeth* deposed from tenth place by *Alice* (5), and *Robert* and *Oliver* ousting *David* and *Richard* — but perhaps methodology may have been partly responsible here, as well as micro-variation in fashion between the two readerships [*The Times*, 1.1.87, p. 15; *Daily Telegraph*, 2.1.87, p. 13].

For 1987, *The Times* marked a change of contributor by giving a forty-year survey of the two top tens — and, incidentally, noting no traceable influences from 'royalty and royal events' [1.1.88, pp. 1, 4, 9]: from the late '60s on, *Ann(e)*, the top feminine of 1947–52, fell sharply from favour, and *John*, the top masculine of 1947–52, also declined, but less abruptly; for all that, the general constancy of choice was remarkable, not exactly squaring with *Monica*'s basis in chronological stratification [*vide supra*].

Some local papers likewise feature analyses of the names from their 'Births' columns. The *Cambridge Evening News*, for instance, reported for 1986 top tens involving four feminines and four masculines not mentioned by either *The Times* or the *Telegraph* (*Amy*, *Michelle*, *Rachel*, *Samantha*; *Andrew*, *Daniel*, *Mark*, *Matthew*). Choices seem also to suggest a greater volatility, with 1987 showing *Emma* (popular too among readers of *The Times* and the *Telegraph*) as surging up from twelfth place to first [6.1.87, p. 7; 12.1.88, p. 4 — an incomplete report].

Etymology sought

An attentive squirrel who culled from the *Bristol Evening Post* a (passably sensational) item anent a teenaged *Leezel Griffiths* [22.x.87] wonders whether the *praenomen* here might be BristoL-ian for *Lisa* . . . Or what about a South-German *Liesl*, orally transmitted? Any suggestions from out there?

Crumbs from the barrel

Garry Weston, chairman of Associated British Foods and not over-hirsute, has been offered, for prospective grandsons, various names beginning with *G-*, *Garibaldi* being favourite [*The Times* 'City Diary', 9.xi.87].

Sporting chances

The Times 'Diary' recalled the Rev. Emilius Bayley, christened (in wine) after the 1823 Derby winner, and speculated as to a future **Rev. Reference Point* [to be known in the family, of course, as *Herbie*. — S.]. A correspondent thereupon claimed that his own father, the Rev. George Frederick Cartwright, had been named

after his great-uncle's winner of 1874, himself named for the then Duke of York (later George V) [22.viii.87; letter, 1.ix.87; cf. also 'Diary', 5.ix.87].

An unmarried father has called his son after the football team he manages, the runners-up in the Hinckley and Narborough league: *Shane Michael Spike Colin Paul Dave Mark Chris Tez Haggy Tiger Ray Calv Nigel Timo Joe Nobby Dean* (surname uncertain) [*Leicester Mercury*, 16.vi.87; with grateful thanks to *M. agrestis*].

Nomen ex machina

A father has changed his 5-y-o son's name from *Scott* to *Landrover*, in hopes of improving his employment prospects [Radio 4, 12.ix.87, *primâ luce*].

Nomina vehiculorum

A learned correspondent admits to giving his cars flashy feminine names, like *Jezabel*, and asks what women drivers do. We undertake to pass on, in confidence, any confessions our *lectrices* may send in.

Nomina de jure

A secretary to a law firm has christened her pet boa constrictors' eleven offspring after her bosses [*The Times* 'City Diary', 11.v.87].

Caprice

A Highland stalker calls his tame goat *Selina*: 'She has the same colour eyes as that TV lassie' [*Sunday Times Magazine*, 9.xi.86, p. 33].

Decontaminated

A railway-carriage called *Cheryl* that serves Win . . . sorry, Sellafield, has been rechristened *Carol*, so as to eliminate echoes of Chernobyl [*The Times* 'Diary', 20.x.87].

Stigmatized

Curry's, promoting a *Matsui* range of electrical gadgets, first got caught under the Trade Descriptions Act, on the grounds that the goodies were everything but Japanese, and then found out that the name has in any case much the same resonances as *Hitler* [*Independent*, 9.i.88].

Enticements

A blood-red shade of nail-varnish dubbed *Beirut* set us wondering about the value of names as bait. It's a view widely taken: 'By changing the name of his shops from *Scoops* to *Stacks*' an entrepreneur hopes to restore the fortunes of his tableware business [*The Times* 'City Diary', 1.v.87]. For selling cars, as we

all know (if only subliminally), what count are hints of Grand Tourism, of international flair: just as the English motorist is offered a *Dolomite*, a *Maestro*, a *Marina* or a *Sierra*, so before a Spaniard is wheeled a *Kadett* or a *Rekord* — but no word, as yet, of what is deemed to tempt a German.

Pour rire?

Plessey's canteen is *Silicon Galley*; the Institute of Mechanical Engineers call theirs *Watt's Cooking* [*The Times* 'City Diary', 29.iv.87 and 7.v.87]. A 'French' restaurant in Southend calls itself *La Poubelle* [*The Times*, 11.xii.86, p. 16].

Irregular verbs

A lexicographer draws our attention to international variations in the (illegal) verbs that brand-names generate: 'I xerox, tu photocopies, . . .'; 'we sellotape, vous scotchez, . . .'. Any suggestions for completing these paradigms, or for starting others?

Themes and inspirations

English macrotoponymy having set rock-hard some eight centuries ago, credible naming of new areas (otherwise than by transference) has long since been virtually impossible — and we have *Bournville*, *Peacehaven*, *Port Sunlight* and *Thamesmead* to prove it. Let us therefore salute, as he retires, Dr Geoffrey Hattersley-Smith, for over forty years the FO's toponymist for Antarctica, charged with putting into effect that 'attribute of sovereignty' which is 'the right to name places'. Some forms registered have been anecdotal in the best microtoponymical tradition: *Brandy Bay*, where a dog-bite called for spirituous medication; *Babel Rock*, home to a penguin rookery; *Moot Point*, scene of a debate over exploration tactics. Elsewhere, the Whitehall mandarins have themselves intervened, invoking Anglo-Saxon kings, pioneers of science, Chaucerian characters, musicians and their masterpieces (as in *Eroica Peninsula*), . . . The great thing is never to recognize a name given by any damned foreigner [*Observer*, 1.xi.87].

North Sea oil-companies with new fields to name follow not unlike principles: Amoco's eponyms are explorers, like Drake and Hudson; BP chooses Scottish saints, like Magnus and Ninian, and Sun Oil [??? *Ambre Solaire?* — S.] castles, like Balmoral and Glamis; Conoco favours Scottish geologists, Britoil Scottish rivers, and Amerada Hess the Waverley novels; Phillips and Mesa Petroleum allow their fields to be named after their employees' sweethearts and wives; Shell prefers sea-birds [*Financial Times*, 5.xi.87; with great gratitude to the mousehold-sharer].

Shibboleths

I say [grɪndʒ], you say [grɛntɪʃ]; but, oh, suppose s/he should say [grɪ:nwɪtʃ]? Spelling-pronunciations betray the outsider [cf. 'Stop the Week', Radio 4, 24.i.87]; but how long can the wincing insiders hold out? Why 'wincing', — a magisterial voice enquires — seeing that all language is forever in flux? Because, dear non-prescriptivists, spelling-pronunciations are at best Canute-like refusals to yield to that natural tide, at worst gross violations of etymology, the hearing of which is worse than having one's fur brushed the wrong way. How appropriate that so many end in *-sham*.

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