

Both Virginia and Maryland claimed the lower part of Somerset County. When no settlement had been made after more than two centuries of squabbling, it was finally decided to refer the whole matter to Congress. An arbitration committee of three disinterested citizens was named. After much study of ancient records they finally drew the irregular and arbitrary line that marks the southern boundary of the Eastern Shore and Maryland's part of the Chesapeake Bay. The decision of the arbitrators, arrived at by a two-to-one vote, was finally ratified by Congress just 80 years ago. It awarded the disputed territory of Crisfield to Maryland. If the vote had been the other way around, Crisfield no doubt would have become part of Virginia.

They say that this border dispute was the only one in which Maryland was victorious in all the many contests with her neighbors. And that victory was gained by one vote! But one vote is enough when that vote is on your side. I feel somewhat like the Crisfield crab who said, as he was being hauled onto one of our docks, "who but God knows whether I'm a Marylander or a Virginian?"

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REMARKS, EDGAR ALLAN POE SOCIETY  
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A few weeks ago I read in the *New York Times* a review of a book entitled *To Be A Politician*, and the review was headlined: "One Requirement for the Job Is To Know a Little About a Lot." And the reviewer had this to say:

"The take-off point is the idea that in a society atomized by ever increasing tendencies toward the specialization of knowledge, the politician is the one amateur (or teacher-entertainer) who must synthesize the whole by knowing a little about everything."

Now, I think it would be much better if those of us who are engaged in politics knew a lot about a lot, but I suppose I must confess that we are fortunate if we know—as the reviewer and the author of the book suggest—a little about a lot and not just a little about a little. Certainly, I must confess that I know too little about letters to discuss Edgar Allan Poe—his poetry and his tales—in such a distinguished gathering. I do know that Poe came to be loved by the French, and, to our discredit,