

*Halderman*

July 30, 1969

FOR H. R. HALDEMAN

The lady decorators of the new White House Mess came by this morning to show me their color schemes, et al.

I was appalled.

I told them as nicely but firmly as I could that this was to be a naval officers' mess. It was not to be Schrafft's-in-the-Basement. It was not to be the fantasia of a southern California fairy. It was not to be an extension of the erotic longings of middle-aged corporation wives whose husbands had acquired interests elsewhere, but maintained the domestic accounts in guilty abundance.

I told them that there happened to be a fairly distinctive design tradition in these matters, and that they would do well to fly up to Boston to look at the wardroom of the U. S. S. Constitution. In any event, I said that if we were to have a new room (news to me) the Smithsonian should be brought in to consult on what paintings and cumshaw they could provide. I know they would be honored to do this, and will contact them if you like.

Sorry to bother you, but they bothered me.

*DPM*

Daniel P. Moynihan

DPM/crm