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 fantasy 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 Smithsonians 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.

Daniel P. Moynihan

DPM/crn