

# PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

02242

OCTOBER 1985 \$3.50

**MEDICAL  
GENOCIDE:**  
A SHOCKING  
LOOK AT  
AMERICAN  
MEDICINE

THE 20  
WORST COLLEGE  
FOOTBALL  
TEAMS

MISS AMERICA:  
NOT WHAT  
SHE USED TO BE

THE NEW MAFIA:  
MORE VIOLENT  
THAN EVER



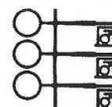
# PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/October 1985

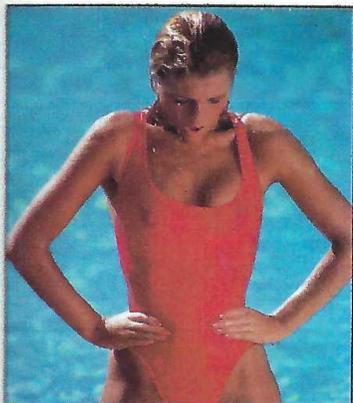
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This month's cover was photographed by Chris Thomson with a Minolta Maxxum Auto Focus 7000 camera and a Maxxum 28-135 Auto Focus zoom lens. For information on the equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 20.

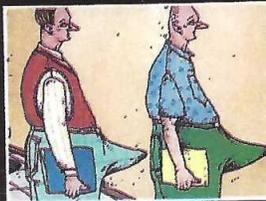
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# HOUSECALL



## PAINFUL SITUATIONS

For those people who have long believed that the primary goal of any doctor is the elimination of pain and disease, Gary Null's second article in our series on America's health crisis will be a shocking eye-opener. By examining secret internal documents of the American Medical Association, Null is able to expose how one of our nation's richest, most powerful lobbying groups has attempted to undermine and possibly destroy a legitimate method of health care. In "The War on Chiropractic," Null illustrates how the AMA conducted public and covert campaigns to "persuade the medical community, the press, and the lay public that chiropractic had no scientific or clinical validity." But the implications go far beyond chiropractors and show dramatically why we've titled these important investigative articles "Medical Genocide."



## BACK TO SCHOOL

It's that time of year, alas, when for many of us vacation time is over. Fortunately, Bill Lee, our indefatigable humor editor, never gets a vacation, and therefore was able to spend his summer searching for, among other things, the kind of weirdness that will make your back-to-school experience easier to share with a lay parent-hood. Steve Attoe's portfolio is the result, guaranteed to provoke equal amounts of laughter and sympathy, and that's what education is all about anyway, isn't it?

## WINNERS AND LOSERS

And it's also that time of year when *Penthouse* proudly publishes our annual annals

of sporting ineptitude, Larry Linderman's "20 Worst College Football Teams." When last year's list came out, one irate coach demanded that *Penthouse* "ought to stick to naked girls—something they know something about." Well, that's our alma mater, and we're more than happy to stick to naked girls. But, as Larry says, we don't accept the simplistic implication that sticking to naked girls means we can't also recognize lousy football. In any event, that particular irate coach won a whopping two games last season . . . and we trust that this year everyone will be more respectful of Larry's formidable powers of prognostication.

## A PIZZA YOU CAN'T REFUSE

As all the world knows, Corleone, Sicily, was the birthplace of the Godfather. But very few people know that real-life Godfathers in Corleone and a handful of other Sicilian cities are the kings

of the international heroin trade today, using pizza parlors, bakeries, and tile companies as fronts in the United States. In "The New Mafia," Pulitzer Prize-winning investigative reporter William Sherman shows how, despite sweeping arrests on two continents, what he calls the New Mafia retains its deadly grip on the multibillion-dollar U.S. heroin business.

## UNTOUCHABLES AND VERY TOUCHABLES

Combating a different kind of violence is the daily task of the men we call the "Untouchables," who are profiled in Brian Wolff's dramatic photo essay. In a world where toxic wastes have become a fact of life, these men must cope with the deadly results. . . . Beauty contests, of course, are not such life-and-death affairs, but you'd never know this by the pompous and sanctimonious seriousness of those who run the biggest one of all, the Miss America Pageant. We ourselves had a brief encounter with these dour individuals last year during the now-legendary Vanessa Williams affair, and we mark the occasion with a look at the hypocrisy and artificiality of today's Pageant by Venus Flamey, a former Miss America who obviously knows whereof she speaks. . . . And, of course, no issue of *Penthouse* would be complete without a salute to those girls whose natural beauty and unfettered sensuousness far exceed anything seen recently in Atlantic City—our lovely Pets, who, as usual, adorn these pages with award-winning femininity and grace. ☐



**UNTOU**



**IF A BHOPAL  
DISASTER  
HIT NEW YORK  
CITY, THESE  
MEN WOULD DEAL  
WITH IT.**

**PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY BRIAN WOLFF**

**HABLES**



**(Previous spread)**  
**Haz Mat fire fighters**  
**in full-approach**  
**suits, with an infrared**  
**camera that enables**  
**them to look into**  
**the middle of a fire.**  
**(Top left) Fire**  
**fighter ready for**  
**action. (Top middle)**  
**Decontamination.**  
**(Top right) Preparing**  
**to enter the fire.**  
**(Above) Forming a**  
**fog of water to**  
**prevent the fire from**  
**spreading. (Right)**  
**Collecting possibly**  
**toxic chemicals**  
**for testing in the lab.**

A cold, bleak day in Maspeth, Queens. Clouds lie low as an eastern wind rips aimlessly throughout the town. On an unassuming service road off the Long Island Expressway sits a redbrick, two-story firehouse. Inside, John Crisci is stacking cartons of canned food. Covering the firehouse walls are large, detailed street maps of New York City. Dead center sits a new American LaFrance truck bearing the international sign for hazardous materials—a blue, red, white, and yellow diamond.

Maspeth is the home of Haz Mat, Hazardous Materials Company No. 1, the new, elite, gung ho unit of the New York City Fire Department that fights toxic fires, cleans up spills, and plugs holes wherever there are chemical leaks, escaping gases, and hazardous fumes. If a Bhopal-like disaster hit New York, Haz Mat would have to contain the damage.

There are 35 firemen and four officers in Haz Mat. All are handpicked volunteers. Since Haz Mat's inception in October 1984, it has been involved in over

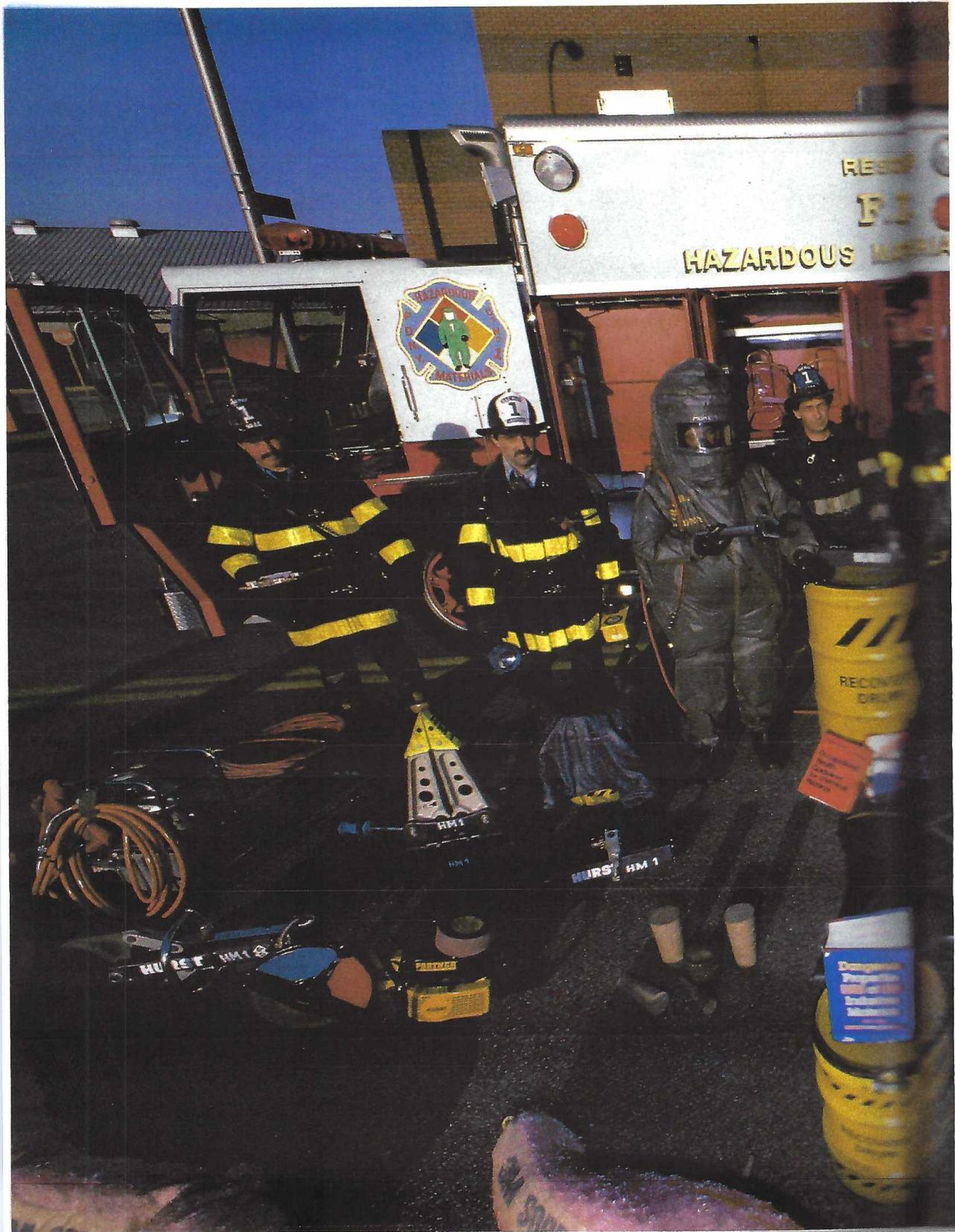
250 incidents in New York. In one case, 36 civilians were hospitalized.

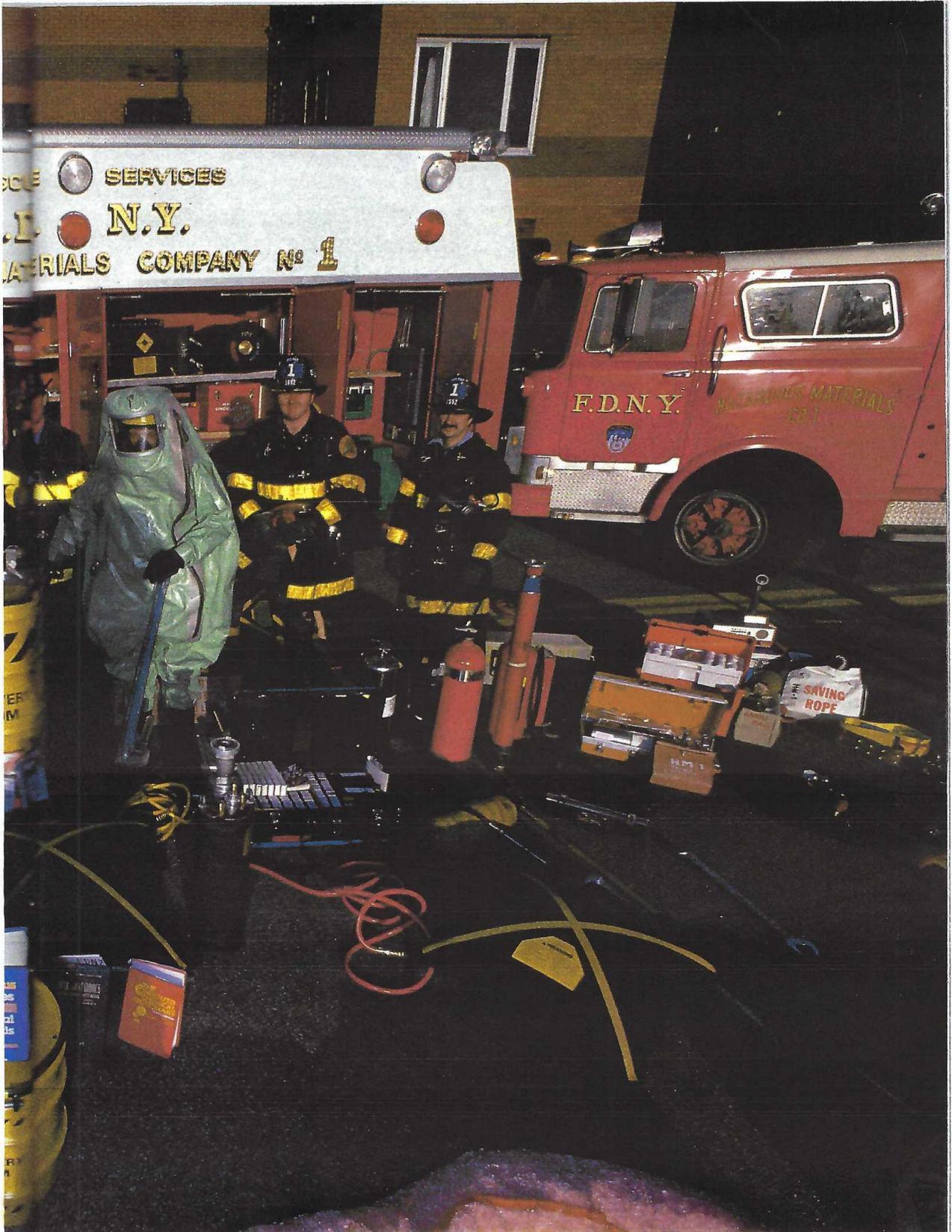
Across the room Tom Merkel squirms out of a shiny aluminum-fabric suit, revealing an olive-drab Butyl rubber suit, an air mask, and a Scott air tank. A man sweats off five to eight pounds in half an hour working in this uniform. Lieutenant Joseph Buell, sipping a cup of coffee, comments: "They say this suit is safe in any situation." He rolls his eyes in doubt. "We'll see."

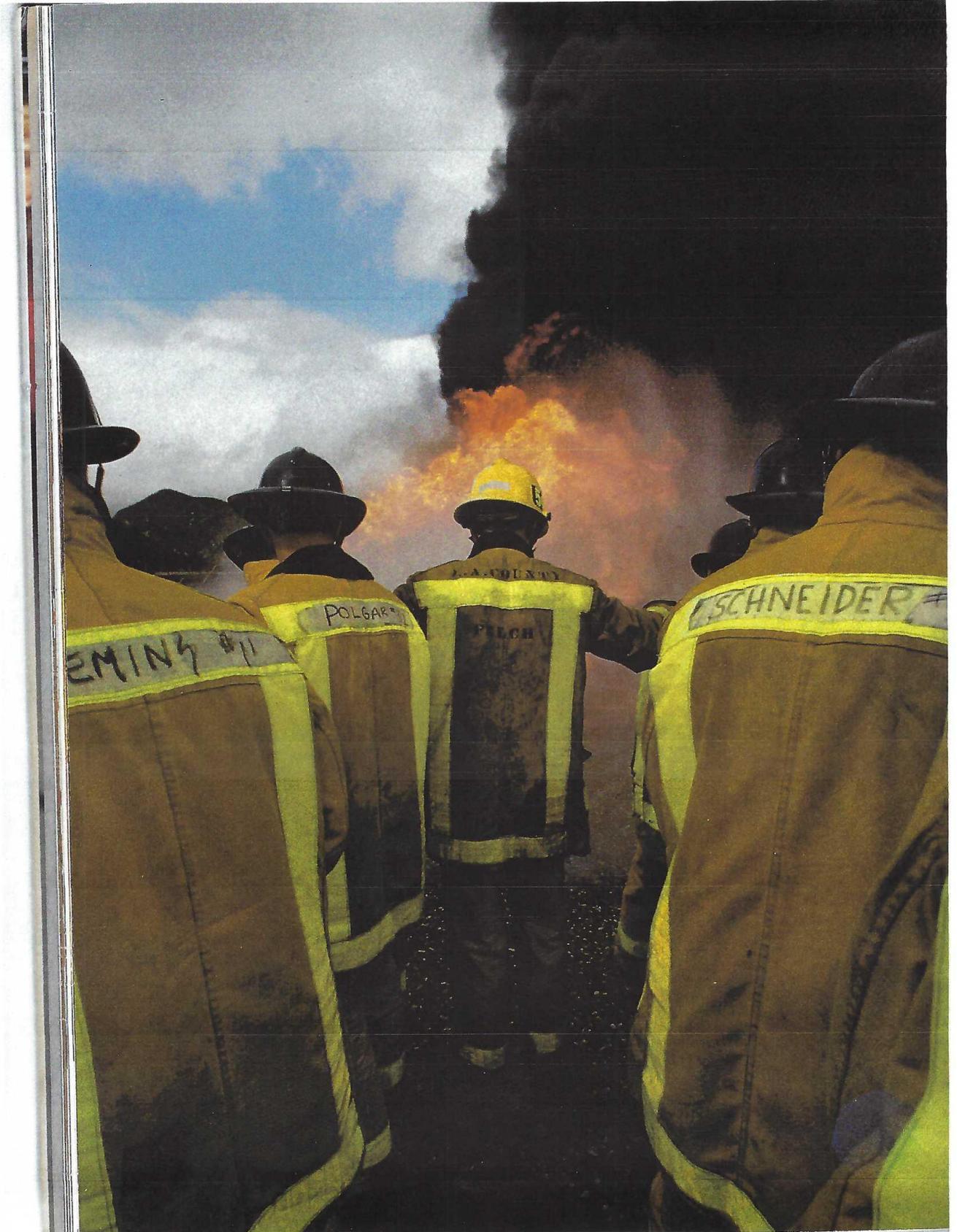
Because working for Haz Mat means taking risks, the unit naturally attracts those who thrive on challenges. Captain Joseph Gallagher, for instance, fueled and defueled missiles in the Army before joining Haz Mat. "This work," he says, "is virgin territory." Nevertheless, their strategy is always the same. "We never rush onto a job," says Gallagher, "unless there is someone trapped inside. Otherwise we approach every job with caution, standing back and using binoculars."

Inside the van, fireman Jim Oliver guides a visitor down the center aisle—two feet wide, six feet high, and braced by strategically placed and fully equipped shelves holding a multitude of "approach" suits, worn to protect the body from contamination. Across from the suits is a row of oxygen tanks, masks, and various glass tubes. Up front is the resource desk, equipped with a computer, microfiche reader, two-way radio, cellular telephone, and shelf of chemistry books. Oliver turns and says, "We're on the frontier here, molding something new into what we think is right. Every time we go out we learn something." He types information into Hazardline, a data base that has information on 3,000 chemicals. Spelling is critical: An o or an a in the wrong place can mean a different chemical, a different suit, a different plan of attack. He punches in "chlorine," a common yet dangerous chemical. The print-out lists everything: what equipment to wear, how to fight it, how to escape











He looks up and says, "We're constantly adding to the data base. Each time it's different. A lot of times you just have to be able to act on the spot." Suddenly a call comes in: a two-alarm fire at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The horn goes off, the doors fly up. Glow Worm 1—the van—and Glow Worm 2—the pumper—speed onto the expressway in two minutes. Sirens, horns, adrenaline flowing. The unit travels in convoy; fortunately, traffic is light. "You glow, we go" is Haz Mat's motto. Larry Priska, responsible for research, is on the phone with the incident commander, whose men are at the scene fighting the fire. The commander called Haz Mat in. There are strange-smelling fumes and he is worried: It might be a mercury spill.

Haz Mat tries to get as much information as possible before arriving on the scene. Sometimes they have only the color of a vapor or its smell to go on. As the sirens scream, Priska continues his research. The fire is on a ship below deck. There are small arms and ammunition aboard. Crisci takes out the explosives meter as Oliveri readies the oxygen indicator. Priska keeps the phone to his ear as he puts on his coat. Everyone seems surprisingly calm.

The Navy Yard is a mass of criss-crossed fire hoses. There are 15 fire trucks, 80 firemen, several police cars, and men with walkie-talkies everywhere. The gray Navy ship, equipped with anti-aircraft missiles, sits high in dry dock. Haz Mat's crew gathers around Lieutenant Buell, like baseball players around their coach. If suits are necessary, four men will put them on: a two-man entry team and a two-man backup team. The entry team will go into the hot zone, the backup team will stay in the decontamination zone, and everyone else will remain in the clean zone. The officer in charge waits in the clean zone, using binoculars and walkie-talkies to direct the team. They would have air for one hour,



but the heat and exertion could cut that in half. Afterward, everything must be decontaminated, and the men will have to go to the hospital to have their blood and livers checked out.

As they walk toward the ship, one man says, "I don't like to go below deck. There's no way out."

Twenty minutes later the men return. Fortunately, the spill was a minor one and the odor has dissipated. The unit returns to headquarters to await the next alarm.

Haz Mat goes everywhere: on ships, to airports, and up skyscrapers. If the traffic is heavy, and the substance dangerous, they grab their suits and tools and helicopters pick them up to fly them to the disaster. In a world of ever-increasing danger from the poisons that surround us, units like Haz Mat are as vital to our national security as are the Marines. And considering the Mafia's involvement with the toxic waste business (see *Penthouse*, December 1984), these men are also organized-crime fighters of the highest caliber. □

**(Previous spread)  
New York City Fire  
Department  
Hazardous Materials  
Company No. 1.  
(Far left) Recruits at  
the Los Angeles  
County Fire  
Department Training  
School. (Above left,  
middle, right) Fire  
fighters in positive-  
pressure suits.  
(Above) Controlling  
a "flashover"—  
a fire whose chemical  
buildup can cause a  
lethal explosion.**