

**Health Talk**  
with Jerry Burbee, D.O.  
Northeast Regional Medical Center  
www.nermc.com

## When to visit the emergency room

Awareness, preparation can help save time and lives

In times of crisis, a visit to the emergency room can be the difference between life and death. In hospitals around the country and here in our own community, qualified caregivers are on hand 24 hours a day, seven days a week to address the urgent medical needs of you and your family.

In events such as serious injuries or allergic reactions, the emergency room is the most appropriate place to go for care. Emergency rooms are in direct contact with ambulance providers and emergency services and are a vital link in a community's first response network.

It is sometimes difficult to determine whether a visit to the ER is necessary or not. How do you know when a medical issue is an emergency? According to the Emergency Medical Treatment and Active Labor Act — legislation that guides hospitals in providing appropriate emergency room care — a medical event is an emergency if the health of the individual is in serious jeopardy if there is a serious impairment of bodily functions or if there is a serious impairment of a bodily organ. Some of the conditions generally regarded as medical emergencies include:

- Severe injury;
- Signs of a heart attack, such as pressure or pain in the chest;
- Signs of a stroke, such as severe numbness and loss of vision
- Bleeding or vomiting that will not stop;
- Severe shortness of breath;
- Severe disorientation; and
- Medical condition in a child less than six months of age.

Because emergency room visits are almost always unexpected, it is wise to keep insurance policy information and personal identification nearby at all times. Make a list of your allergies as well as any current or previous medications you are taking and include contact information for your personal physician(s). You should also be familiar with your medical history, including your blood type and any previous or chronic conditions you have experienced.

In the event of an emergency, a visit to the emergency room can save your life or the life of a loved one. Experiencing a medical emergency can be frightening, and one way to help minimize concern is to seek preventative care. Making regular visits to the doctor and having an in-depth knowledge of you and your family's medical history can help to avoid medical emergencies or identify a medical issue before it becomes serious.

For more information about Northeast Regional Medical Center and their emergency services, call 660-785-1000 or 785-1300.



File photo

BY WILL HOLLEMAN  
Features Reporter

Since most of the campus has already become acquainted with me, let me introduce myself to you.

I am the mascot who shows up at sporting events and school functions. My name is Spike, and I am a bulldog — your bulldog.

Chances are you will see me around campus in your upcoming years at Truman. I am the strapping young stud with a big head, a little fur and lots of school spirit.

I was born in the spring of 1914 and hit the big time as a mascot the following year. The term "bulldog" was originally used by football coach O.C. Bell when describing his team during

the 1909 season.

Our football team struggled through some tough seasons in the early 1900s, and in an attempt to revive school spirit, a bulldog was chosen as the mascot. The school chose me because they thought a bulldog exemplified "tenacity and the ability to hold on and fight desperately to the end."

Throughout the years, I have taken many forms. I once roamed the sidelines on a leash and barked loudly in support of my teams along with my female counterpart, Simone. This, of course, was when I was younger and could still run up and down the sidelines chasing the other teams.

Sometimes I tend to feel a little cheap, simply because I can

be rented through the Center for Student Involvement. But cheap is something I am not. One of my guardians, Amy Currier, program adviser for the Center for Student Involvement, said I was pretty expensive when Truman brought me home. Heidi Templeton in the public relations department confirmed that I cost about \$1,800.

Even though I am steadily approaching my 100th birthday, I still make it to many campus-wide events. I sometimes travel with our sports teams, and I always try to make an appearance at home. I love to stop in at almost all Office

# Spike

## to the Big Dog on campus

of Admission functions, trying to "woo" new recruits to this great campus.

Senior Katie Adler, a student who sometimes slips inside my six-foot frame, admits that I am "pretty hot!" She loves me so much that one day she spent more than six hours dressed up as me. And, despite all this bonding time, she never gets tired of me.

So please, if you see me this year, do not be afraid to come say "Hi." I promise I do not bite friends, only opponents! But if you really want to make a good impression, come say, "Hello," and offer a little scratch behind the ear!

## Less can be more when it comes to relationships

I had intended to write this column about something deep, something like life goals, environmental conservation, love or loss. But I have just fallen in love with the boy who is sitting at the table next to me outside of Starbucks.

He just rolled up in a Honda Pilot (I love SUVs), got out with his two large dogs (I love dogs), tied them up to a table and walked into Starbucks.

He walked out with a large iced coffee (I love coffee) and is now reading USA Today (I'll go ahead and say it: I prefer the Post, but the fact that he reads the paper is just hot).

I have turned into the creepy girl who keeps glancing over to check him out. I also am casually throwing my hair over my shoulder because I am now convinced the humidity has turned it into something resembling a lion's mane.

This is one of those moments where I really, really, really wish I was single. I have a beautiful boy sitting within reach, and I cannot do anything about it. Nothing.

Although, in all honesty, I probably wouldn't do anything about it except feel slightly less guilty for openly staring at him and his fabulous visage.

Why, oh why, do I think so much? I want nothing more than for



Lauren Miller

### sex and the 'ville

him to acknowledge my presence. He could smile, nod, propose, tell me my hair looks nice ... anything.

But at the same time, why should it matter? I have a wonderful, nice boyfriend who is working 10 miles up

the road.

In my infinite wisdom I have come to realize it is human nature to want more - whether it's more sleep, more shoes, more opportunities or more friends. Even when we think we want less, we want more. Less homework equals more free time, fewer bills equal more money.

So here, at Starbucks, I suddenly want more out of my relationship with both My Boy and The Hot Boy that just pulled up. Clearly I need more love, support and commitment from My Boy because my head is filling up with thoughts of kayaking and drinking coffee with The Hot Boy well into the night.

Clearly I need The Hot Boy to acknowledge my existence, to give me some kind of hope, to make this fantasy a reality.

Not to mention I want more coffee. Which is when it happens. He asks me if I'd like a refill. He smiles and nods toward my empty cup.

YES!  
I am hooked. And in the moments that follow, all my dreams seem true. He smiles. I smile. He approaches my

table. I am still grinning like an idiot. He tips my cup a little sideways and asks, "Cream or sugar?"

I tell him, "Actually, nothing ... except decaf." (It should be noted that this is a total lie. I use about a cup of half and half, but I wanted to look cool.)

An internal struggle strikes me the moment he walks into Starbucks. Here I am, shamelessly hoping that some sort of proclamation of undying love will come with this coffee.

Yet, about five minutes before The Hot Boy pulled up, I was shamelessly daydreaming about the day when My Boy and I kayak and later sip coffee somewhere fabulous.

Why can't I just be content?  
And that's when the answer came to me: I am content. I am just giving

into a superficial desire for more. If I was actually presented with more, I'd want less. If The Hot Boy really did declare his undying love, I would be a bit freaked out. If My Boy really did propose, or do something equally dramatic to prove a commitment, I would be freaked out as well.

Sometimes we fool ourselves into thinking we want more simply

because settling for 'being content' seems wrong. As a society, we focus so much on growth (whether personally, professionally, financially or socially) that more always seems better.

But in this case, if I got more than just coffee from The Hot Boy, I would definitely lose something from My Boy.

This is not a risk I am ready to take. Maybe at one point or another, it will be something to consider. It will be something to ponder for more than the five minutes it takes to get a coffee. That's the thing about contentment — sometimes more might be better.

If I have learned anything, it is that moments will come when you do need more. It is just necessary to weigh all the options. You might need more love, more money, more options, more passion, more coffee or you might be just fine without any of that.

Inevitably, my relationship with My Boy will need more. Relationships have to change and grow, or they pitter out to nothingness. Relationship growth comes with time, but this is not the time.

Sometimes it takes a hot boy and a good cup of coffee to realize that everything is fine the way it is.

"In my infinite wisdom I have come to realize it is human nature to want more ..."

### Julia E. McNabb, D.O., Family Practice

#### Welcome, Truman students!

Located behind Rider Drug and within bicycling distance of the Truman campus



1108 E. Patterson, Ste 3  
660-627-5175

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