

## #HEALTH

### Time To Exercise!



"The challenge with this is that most, if not all, people know exercise is good for them but they don't know the best approach," says Steven Malin

An analysis on the positive effects of exercise on blood sugar levels in people with Type 2 diabetes shows that while all exercise helps, certain activities—and their timing—are extremely good for people's health.

The study provides a comprehensive but straightforward summary of the benefits of exercise on controlling blood glucose levels in people with Type 2 diabetes.

"The challenge with this is that most, if not all, people know exercise is good for them but they don't know the best approach," says Steven Malin, an associate professor in the kinesiology and health department at Rutgers University and an author of the study.

"We targeted this issue by focusing on a few key parameters: the utility of aerobic versus weightlifting, the time of day that is optimal for exercise, whether to exercise before or after meals and whether we have to lose weight to get benefits or not."

As part of the analysis, researchers sifted through dozens of studies and extracted common conclusions. Some of the key findings include:

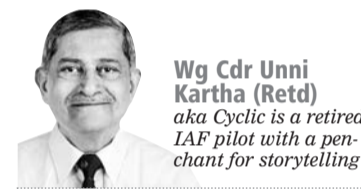
- Habitual aerobic exercise: Physical activity, such as cycling, swimming, and walking, that increases the heart rate and the body's use of oxygen helps manage blood glucose.
- Resistance exercise: Working muscles using an opposing force such as dumbbells, resistance bands, or a person's own body weight benefits insulin sensitivity in those with Type 2 diabetes.
- Habitation throughout the day by breaking up sitting time benefits blood glucose control and insulin levels.
- Performing exercise later in the day can result in better control of blood sugar levels as well as improve insulin sensitivity.

"In short, any movement is good and more is generally better," Malin says. "The combination of aerobic exercise and weightlifting is likely better than either alone. Exercise in the afternoon might work better than exercise in the morning for glu-



'Stand by to blow the Centre Group', I ordered. Centre group ballast is major ballast tanks from which if all water is blown out, Vagli would gain immediate positive buoyancy making it shoot up vertically like a Polaris missile. My order was with as much calm as I could muster. It was the last trump card up my sleeve. 'Do it only when I say NOW', I told the Panel Chief (A senior sailor in charge of High pressure air panel), with a hand on his shoulder. In the small confines of the Control room my whisper sounded like a shout even in my ears. I glanced at Robin. But he was calm and steady, eyes bright and steady, no visible sign of any nervousness. He simply nodded his head, a few milli metres to convey 'I am with you Captain'. It gave me courage to do whatever that had to be done, gauged by my youthful experience and wisdom. If I blew the centre group ballast tanks, Vagli would shoot up to the surface and thereafter be a sitting duck without sufficient high pressure air- that too close to enemy. It would be disastrous and embarrassing situation for our country. I was now left with the 'Hobson's Choice'.

# Vagli started to misbehave again (...2)



We Cdr Unni Karthi (Retd) aka Cyclic is a retired IAF pilot with a penchant for storytelling

I took about thirty odd minutes to go back and settle down at 50 mtrs depth, I throttled down to our earlier silent speed. We had taken on board 25 tons of additional sea water. I could not figure out the reason for it. I noticed that Aggy and Srikanth too had come silently into the Con and were standing unobtrusively at the back.

"OOW take over the Con", I ordered and nodded to my team captains to follow me to the ward room. I gulped down two glasses of cold water, using the time to think, my team captains had the enquiring look that asked, 'What happened?'

I smiled. "They smiled with me. It perhaps broke the tension.

"One of those things", I commented shrugging my shoulders. "Relax, let us wait and watch", I said with a confident wave indicating 'return to quarters'. I went back to my own bunk.

Exactly an hour later, Vagli started to misbehave again, this time in the opposite direction. She went into a nose down trim and started to dive. She was slowly gaining depth. Although I was in my cabin, I could sense this and came to Control room. The OOW immediately sounded the claxon for 'Action Stations'. All crew members, even those sleeping, ran to their respective work stations.

The Exco. Robin had arrived at the Control room right behind me. From the corner of my eyes I could see that Aggy and Srikanth too were standing in the corner, waiting and watching. I was the man in charge and every eye was focused on me, everyone expected me to make Vagli behave. But Vagli was misbehaving.

Immediately we went into a reverse routine, opposite of what was done an hour earlier. All pumps were started to pump out water from Comp -2, trying to make Vagli lighter, fill it with compressed air. But despite these actions, Vagli kept going down,

and further down, slowly but steadily.

Even if pumps were working at their rated capacity, in condition like this one, every minute is like 10 minutes. Needle on the Depth Gauge kept surging towards the Red mark. The red mark indicated 'Maximum Permissible Diving Depth or Crushing Depth'. "Death Beyond". Every pair of eyes in the Con turned to the depth gauge. The needle kept surging downward, ever so slowly. Another 50 meters and Vagli would reach its 'Crushing Depth'. If it sinks any lower, we would be crushed by the water pressure around us. Vagli's pressure hull would get crushed like an egg giving us instant nirvana at the bottom of the ocean.

The situation was so tense that any word from my mouth would be taken as gospel truth and all would interpret and instantly act out of conditioned reflex, without thought, suggestion or dissent. I held the destiny of Vagli and its crew by a slender

thread that could break if I were to be hasty or lack wisdom. Another 10 meters were left for the needle on Depth Gauge to touch the red mark.

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Every pair of eyes in the Control room was on the Depth Gauge needle. I could imagine that every man on board Vagli, in their crew station out of sight

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the intelligence debrief, for the data we had collected. "There were rumours of every kind including quacks of Poseidon. Covert investigations were done in the target area where we had gone, using innocent looking fishing trawlers armed with complex oceanographic under water equipment. In the end it was revealed that area was prone to volcanic eruptions. So it was the volcanic eruptions on the sea bed which threw Vagli upwards and to compensate we took in an unusual 25 tons of additional ballast water. As we went forward, out of the volcanic area, the water temperature, salinity and density may have changed suddenly, making Vagli too heavy making us sink to the bottom uncontrollably.

A lesson was learnt by all, on the existence of deep sea volcanic activity in the area where we went to snoop; the endemic and unpredictable oceanographic characteristics there, endanger-

## #THE 'SILENT SERVICE'



to do whatever that had to be done, gauged by my youthful experience and wisdom. If I blew the centre group ballast tanks, Vagli would shoot up to the surface and thereafter be a sitting duck without sufficient high pressure air- that too close to enemy. It would be disastrous and

The depth Gauge needle kept surging towards the red mark, ever so gradually now. Vagli was making strange noises of metal under extreme stress. All crews were at Action Stations. I felt fear gnaw my guts, adrenalin was racing my pulse. In my heart I felt lonely and sad. I clenched my jaws and jutted out my chin, chest out stomach in, to project the external appearance of a 'hard hat' Captain to reassure the eyes on me. I was scared.

The depth gauge reached the red mark 'Crushing Depth'. My inner voice commanded me, 'Don't blow, and wait'. Seconds that felt like hours ticked by. But Vagli did hear my inner voice. The depth needle came to an abrupt stop on the red mark. The submarine stopped descending at the danger mark. It stood like that for a minute, what looked like eternity. After a long time I took a deep breath.

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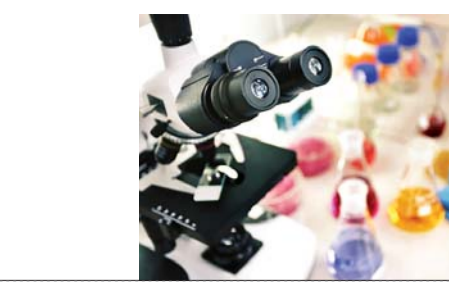
ing submarine operations. Many years later, similar deep sea volcanic activity was to trigger a catastrophic tsunami. I am glad that other men in their magnificent submarines were not wandering around in that area when the tsunami came.

Two years ago, though retired, I was invited by the Navy to attend the decommissioning ceremony of INS Vagli, the last of the Foxtrot class submarines. There was a parade by young, energetic and smartly dressed submarines to bid adieu to Vagli. It had grown too old like me, no longer fit to prowling around in the deep dark depths of oceans. Along with some of my old ship mates we went into the innards of Vagli, touching here, fondling there, my mind flooding with happy, rich and proud memories of our life and times together. Cheers to INS Vagli, it was a submarine to love and to cherish, to take us to the great depths of hell, but bring us right back with flying colours, the 'Gin Pendant' on its periscope!!

All those brave men- all retired and settled all over the world now, some of them no longer alive except in my mind, where I could be with them again whenever I choose. I hope they get to read this soliloquy.

Later I worked in different capacities all over the world and it struck me that no where I could feel that intimacy, the spirit of corps, that spirit of romantic adventure, which I enjoyed in Submarine Service. We were singularly free of petty jealousy. I remember a night when I was standing on a bridge of another submarine ploughing through a calm sea with the moon shining when I was struck with an almost mystical conviction that "Every man below was my brother". To even this day when I see a man wearing submarine badge, I stop him to wring his hand.

INS Vagli (S42), a Vela-Class diesel-electric submarine, served the Indian Navy for 36 years from 1974. It was decommissioned on 9 Dec 2010. This submarine was to have been dry docked on land, in the Heritage Museum on the shores of Mamallapuram in Tamil Nadu. However, due to delays in setting up the Heritage Museum, Vagli languishes in Chennai port, rusted and decaying. **Conclusion** rajeshsharma1049@gmail.com



## Cloves Syndrome Awareness Day

On Cloves Syndrome Awareness Day, everyone comes together to share knowledge about this rare and complex issue that causes overgrowth and can often lead to vascular problems. There are various symptoms of Cloves, a few of which are malformations that can press on the organs or spine or soft tissue tumors. Help raise awareness as this can lead to more chances for research, treatments, and provide improved outcomes for those who have this syndrome by creating a more active patient population.



enemy patrols, obstacles inland and so on. They were retrieved uneventfully after two nights. We completed our mission with complete stealth and set sail for the open sea. Once we were back in the open ocean, international waters away from shipping lanes, I radioed "Amethyst" - the code word for successful completion of task assigned. We were intercepted by an Indian Navy escort after 32 hrs. Once in our territorial waters we surfaced and sailed back safely to home port with the escort.

Happy stories don't end abruptly in home port. There was the inevitable immediate court of inquiry. All were questioned and statements taken from all, especially Robin, Aggy, Srikanth and self to review our actions, strengths and weaknesses of character and decisions. Vagli's sensors were taken out and analyzed. Everyone, top to bottom in the submarine arm wanted to know why Vagli had misbehaved when nothing seemed to be wrong with it. In addition there

The courageous men of Vagli were back as a fighting lot, ready to complete the mission, even though Vagli had just recovered from some terrible unknown sickness, which I could not fath-

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## #FACE-ISM

# Judging People Based on Their Facial Features

Research shows some people make extreme personality judgments based solely on facial appearance.



You've finally got an interview for your dream job. Dozens of applications, dozens of rejection letters - but now you've got a shot at the job you really wanted. In you go. Maybe you shake hands with the person who will decide your future, pour a glass of water to steady your nerves.

But what you don't know is that none of this matters. The second your interviewer set eyes on you, they decided you looked so incompetent and untrustworthy that you would never get this job.

Because unfortunately, they are one of a subset of people who new research shows have a disposition to judge extreme personality traits from just a quick view of a person's face. Imagine seeing a certain type of face, perhaps with hard eyes and masculine features, and immediately getting the impression the person is extremely untrustworthy. Or that someone with more feminine features and larger eyes is incompetent. This is problematic indeed.

**Face Up To The Problem**  
We already know unconscious bias is rife in decision-making about new hires. A 2015 study sent separate versions of almost identical CVs to apply for 50 different jobs. The only difference was the name on the CV: Adam Smith on one and Ravindra Thakral on the other. Ravindra received about half of the responses compared with his more traditionally British sounding dop-pelgänger.

One of the leading figures in first impression research, Alexander Todorov, tells us these snap judgments are predictable but usually inaccurate. And we also know that first impressions are usually hard to shake.

So this could mean the wrong people are frequently being hired for jobs. The thing with unconscious bias is you don't realise you're doing it most of the time. It's one of the reasons some companies insist on unconscious bias training (although some people still refuse to do it). Unconscious bias training is not some fix-all remedy for discrimination, but even short interventions have been shown to change people's attitudes.

You can design unconscious bias training for prejudices against other physical characteristics such as race, gender and weight. But face-ism seems to be a stereotype that crosses ethnicities, the sexes and physical appearance. One solution could be to make people aware that they exhibit extreme FBTIs.

Research has shown that being made aware of your biases can lead to a change of mind-set in the short term, but people need extra interventions periodically to make any real behaviour change last. Maybe just making someone aware that they make extreme personality judgments based on facial appearance will be enough to pull the unconscious bias into the conscious. We're certainly going to have to try; otherwise you might yourself to be a victim of face-ism in the future.

Even though the people in the images don't exist, we still have projected traits onto them. Making quick judgments about how much we should trust someone, how dominant they are likely to be, or how intelligent they are can be useful estimates of personality.

But this can also, unfortunately, lead to stereotyping - for example, thinking that people with a particular physical characteristic must all be untrustworthy.

Harsh Judgments  
Work from researchers in Japan suggests something more worrying: that some of us have a disposition to draw drastic conclusions about the traits and personalities of others based solely on facial appearance.

In a series of online studies with more than 300 participants, Atsuhiko Suzuki and colleagues found what they call "face-based trait inferences" (FBTIs).

Basically, subjects made a series of personality judgments having taken a brief look at someone's face. While everyone makes FBTIs to some degree, they found that some people only make extreme judgments (both positive and negative). This held even when the age, sex and ethnicity of participants were controlled for.

Look at the two faces below. Would you hire these people? Who looks more intelligent? Would you trust either person to watch your laptop in a café while you pop out to take a call? These images were created by psychologist Lisa DeBruine and colleagues. In fact they are composite images, with each one having been created by combining four different faces. Even though these faces aren't real, you may still have made a snap verdict about each composite person's competence based on their facial expression and structure. We do this all the time.

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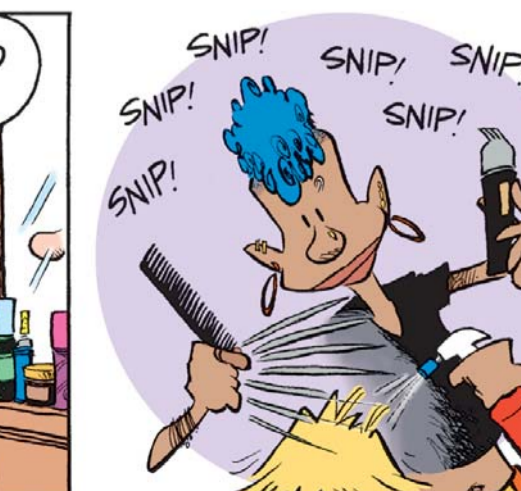
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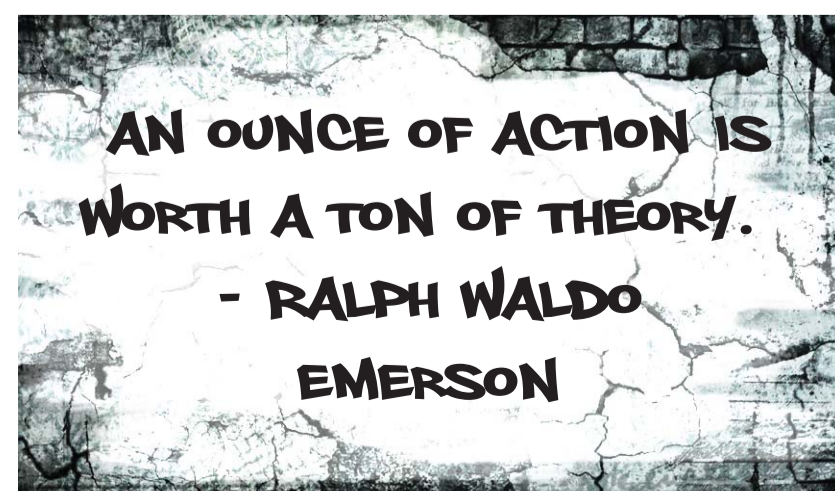
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## BABY BLUES



## THE WALL



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

## ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman

