

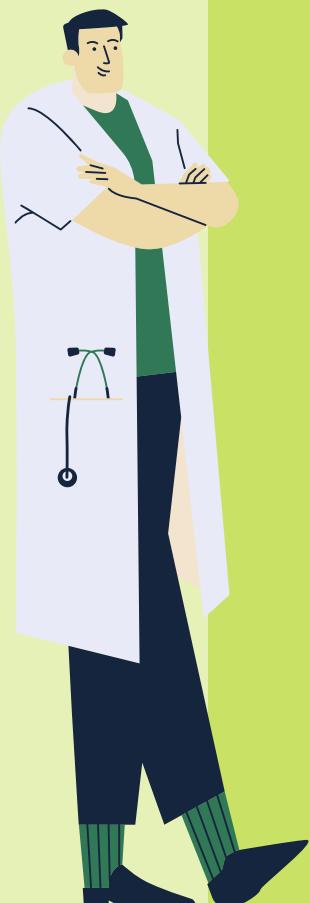
AG BUZZ

THE DOOR TO THE WORLD OF AGRICULTURE

VOL. 1



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ABOUT IBPA

SINCE 2011



The Bachelor of Science degree in Agribusiness, full in International Bachelor Program of Agribusiness (IBPA), is an integrated program that provides students with comprehensive and versatile business skills to address the ever-increasing challenges in food and agriculture, from the approach of an agribusiness specialist.



The issues of food and agriculture are only getting more globalized and intertwined with different fields as the world move into the 21st century. Hence, IBPA sees itself as the solution to these issues through:

1.

Globalized learning platform with an all-English curriculum.

2.

An inter-disciplinary approach where it incorporates selected coursework from the College of Agriculture and Natural Resources.

3.

Industry-university collaboration to provide practical training in agribusiness management.





**Nurturing leaders of the future
in business and agriculture
is our only goal.**

IBPA is currently one of its kind
bachelor degree programs
in Taiwan's national universities.

We **welcome** students around
the world for both degree-seeking
and exchange opportunities.

My 10 Days of Sweet Potato Farming



Chung Tu Anh. Junior Student. Vietnam

01

Farming is hard work.
That's what I was told growing up.
As a city boy, I never thought of
taking the agriculture path;
well, because farming is hard work.
But life is full of surprises, and here
I am, a junior of IBPA.

02

As summer started, I also began to
worry about the time I'd have on
my hand. Fortunately, Jimmy
introduced me to a sweet potato
farm of his acquaintance in Yunlin.
And of course, with all the
effervescence, I agreed.



Taiwan, Yunlin

03

03

I'd had no idea what a potato plant look like before actually seeing it on the field. So you can guess how surprised I was! I felt like a fish out of water. On top of that, English skills were not helping.



Even Mandarin wasn't coming in handy since the aunties were speaking Taiwanese. These had made the first day of work challenging, both physically and mentally. Usually, I had a way out of stressful situations such as dallying around, binging Netflix, and sleeping. But this was no easy summer. On the first day, my main job was to load and unload the stem cuttings and plant them. In the beginning, the aunties didn't buy it when I introduced myself as a student. But I think that by the end of the day, my working speed - which was half of theirs - proved my point.

04

The following day,
I was required to harvest and
dump the sweet potatoes in jute bags,
which were then loaded into a
17-ton-flatbed truck.

Arduous as it might have been,
I enjoyed the festive atmosphere of
working close to others, reaping the
fruits of humans' labor.

I was also assigned to remove the
weed manually with a sickle, which
was real training for my legs and back
muscles.



05

Throughout several days of sowing sweet potato vines and collecting the tubers, I certainly stepped outside of my comfort zone. I took a nap under a bridge, had lunch on the side of the street, and answered the call of nature on the field (since everybody was doing it, and I had no option); my nose became a cherry tomato, and my skin turned way darker to an extent friends failed to recognize me.

06

Despite these little struggles, the warmth and hospitality of the country folks truly made my days: the boss and his family let me lodge with them; they treated me well with all the local foods, which I start missing at the moment of writing this. I even miss the truck whose cargo bed I sat on for hours every time we commuted to the farms, and I am also grateful for the help and tolerance of the aunties towards the clumsy me.

07

After all, I very much appreciate such an opportunity as it not only granted me knowledge and experience; but also showed me that though farming is hard work, it is an enjoyable and rewarding way of life.



Why do they do that?

A Latin perspective as a newcomer in Asia.



Gaby Sarahi Vasquez. Junior student. Honduras

01

Latin culture is very colorful, sexy, and loud. It's warm and there's a sense of familiarity everywhere you go. As someone who grew up all her life under the Latin culture (with small exposure to some Asian culture due to some Chinese friends my dad had) Asian culture was a mystery to me. When I embarked on this journey and was given the opportunity of studying in Taiwan, I was clueless about what exactly to expect.

02

I even remember going to IBPA for the first time and as I was in the elevator I could hear people talking in mandarin (I thought it was) but then my friend told me it was Japanese. I had a hard time identifying the differences but after a while, it becomes easier to notice the difference and variety inside Asia's culture. I constantly kept asking my classmates why they did certain things because I was still in shock with how different everything was.



03

I clearly remember the first time I was shocked to see the differences between our cultures, I was on the backseat of my friend's scooter and I saw a kid holding a huge piece of chicken and just eating it like a snack, you might think what's so shocking about that? Well in Latin America chicken is usually eaten accompanied with something else like (tortillas or rice and beans) not usually by itself.

04

The second thing I was shocked about was how Asians don't like touching things with their hands, I remember seeing a Taiwanese classmate grabbing a chicken leg with tissue paper, or even seeing how they used chopsticks to eat Oreos or Doritos. Latinos don't mind using their hands, we love touching things, feeling their texture, even with the food we eat, it's like our way of connecting with food, people and our surroundings, but Asians dislike getting their hands dirty and also the fact that they carry tissue paper everywhere they go was still amusing to me.

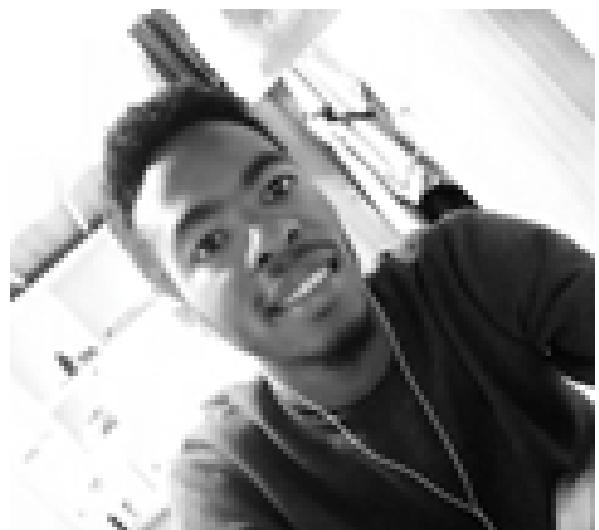
05

In the end, I have become so much more knowledgeable now, things I saw weird before are now somehow part of who I am now like instead of replying with a yes I reply with an "mmm" and now every time it's raining I put on slippers. In the beginning, I was so close to the idea of changing or accepting the things I was taught all my life, but as I immersed myself even more in the Taiwanese culture, I learned to accept the fact that there is no "one right way of doing things and that's the beauty of life. I'm not betraying my country or culture if I blend and implement new ideas and actions into my own life. The maturity and acceptance I have reached was something I never thought I'll reach. Enriching my soul and mind with different views, cultures, and traditions has been my great life journey and I hope to keep expanding it and learning and implementing other things from other cultures into my own.



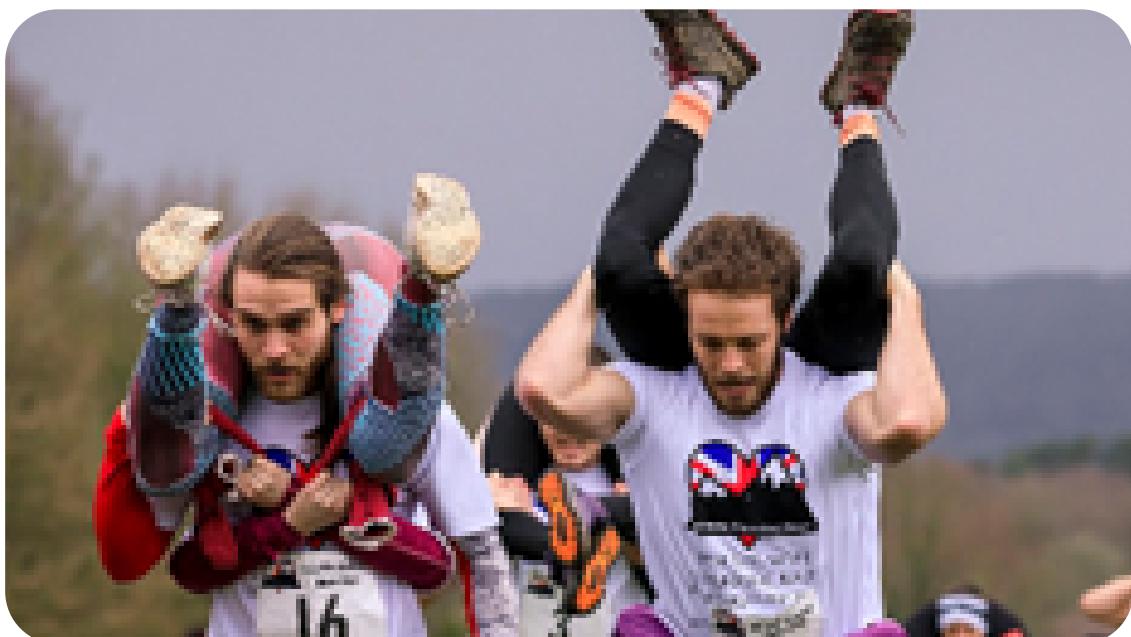
Strange but True

Wife carrying Championship!



Jacques Stephen Woodlyn Merise

The wife carrying is a sport that originated in Finland, in which, men carrying wives, race through an obstacle course that including sand, water, and fences. The prize for winning the race is the wife's weight in beer. Its history is based on a 19th-century legend Herkko Rosvo-Ronkainen, or "Ronkainen the Robber." Rosvo-Ronkainen made potential soldiers prove themselves in a race where they carried heavy sacks of grain or live pigs over a similar course. He and his companion also made a habit of stealing women from neighboring villages. Put the two tales together, we get the "Wife-carrying race". And today the popularity of this sport has spread outside Finnish borders, with national competitions held in Australia, Poland, England, and the United States.



The House

It might be another regular night for everyone. But, for Sammy, it was one of the most exciting yet, as he was allowed to hang out with friends on Halloween for the first time, and unlike other kids, his age, who got the most candy in one round, trick or treat was not the reason for his excitement.

The clock had just struck six, Sammy dashed out of the door, running as fast as he could to the secret hideout just down the street where he was meeting his friends Tim, Lilly, and Robin. Everyone was filled with excitement as they set out on their adventure.

Things started to change slowly but clearly. The sun has long been set, and the shining moonlight felt as though it was acting as a bulwark against the darkness, the trees rustling louder and louder with each wind and distance cries of creatures, all combined to create an eerie and unsettling atmosphere. But it was clear as day that it was not going to stop Sammy and his gang.

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Finally, they came across an unusual black gate that opened as if someone was waiting for their arrival. One by one, they entered a walkway leading towards a house that exuded darkness and dullness. Now things were starting to get real for Sammy and the gang, but they slowly walked towards the house. A few minutes flew by before Lily broke the silence " who is going to open the door?", she asked. Again, silence dominated as they looked awkwardly at each other, hoping that someone would go forward. Robin stepped out bravely, saying " I can" although it was apparent he was nervous.

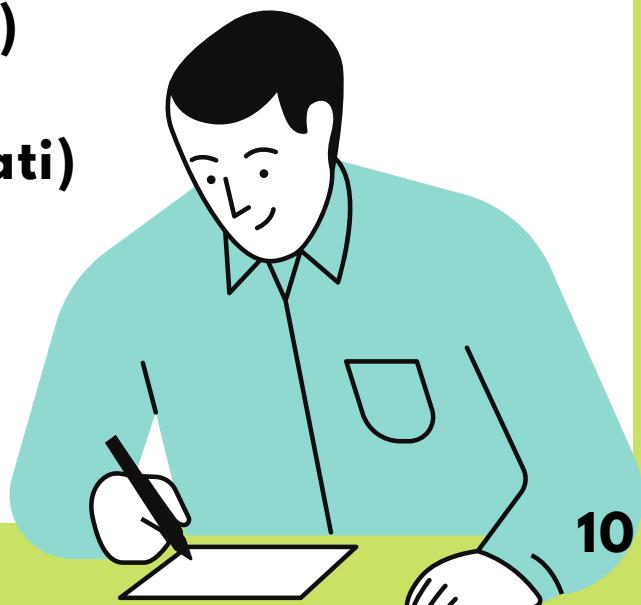
The door opened with a loud creaking noise, and what they saw was beyond what they could have ever imagined...

Anonymous

Word of the Month

Cheers to new beginnings!

- Beginnings (English)**
- 開始, kāi shǐ (Chinese)**
- Kòmansman (Haitian Creole)**
- Commencements (French)**
- අරම්භය, arambhaya (Sinhala)**
- Эхлэл, ekhlel (Mongolian)**
- Comienzos (Spanish)**
- Uchele (Palauan)**
- Khoi Dau (Vietnamese)**
- Te moan waaki (Kiribati)**
- Permulaan (Malay)**
- Kabusha (Swazi)**



Ag Buzz Team

Writer



Anh



Magdalee

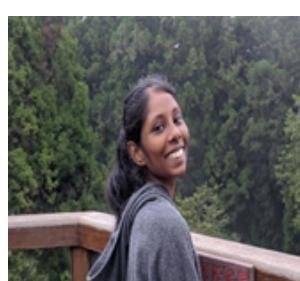


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 **A G B U Z Z**