

Katelyn Holmstrom – Field Data

Day 1 – 1 Hour Spent at The Exchange

*if there is an asterisk next to a name, it has been changed for the protection of their privacy

Beginning at noon, on Thursday, September 30, 2021, I completed my first observation at The Exchange.

As I approached the building, I acknowledged the outdoor furniture. The outdoor tables and chairs were black and appeared to be metal. As I got closer to entering, from a distance, I peeked through the large windows to see if anyone was masked inside because there was no sign on the door. It appeared that even the people who were not actively eating or drinking were not wearing masks. I kept my mask in hand while hesitantly I opened the door, entering in the backside from the alleyway.

When I entered, I cautiously looked around once more to see if I was in violation of a masking order. It appeared no one was wearing masks inside, even the baristas. I couldn't find a sign around the general vicinity suggesting masks to be worn either, so I walked through the first level, up the stairs, through the second level, past the counter, to the very utmost, left hand corner of the building.

I sat my backpack down on the chair at my table and slid into the bench like seating in the windowsill. As I sat down, I placed my phone on the table, took my water bottle and laptop out of my backpack, and placed them on the tabletop. As my laptop fired up, I gazed around the shop, taking in my surroundings. I opened up a google document and began observing.

From here on, the field notes will be in present tense

There is a large window that takes up the entire back wall behind me. Three gold posts with lightbulbs sit on top of the windowsill seating with two planter boxes of succulent plants sitting evenly between each window and each side of the middle light post. Gazing out the window, I notice there are outdoor seats in the front of the shop, too. The tables and chairs appear to be the same as the black, metal ones on the backside of the building where I entered.

The wall to my left is painted black wood, patterned in rectangles. The wall to my right is multicolored brick. About $\frac{2}{3}$ of the way up the wall it says in white writing, outlined in black, with a tan background: "SMONKING TOBACCO." I can't make out the letters for sure so I'm not sure if it's supposed to say "SMOKING TOBACCO."

Where I am seated, I face the barista counter. There are four baristas behind the counter with another one in the back room. Of the four baristas behind the counter, two are male and two are female. These four are scrambling to make each order as it comes in. The barista in the back room is also a female.

The male barista who was working the cash register is now making a french pressed coffee. He is around 5'9", bald, bearded, and wearing glasses. He is wearing a black shirt and a black apron

with a brown strap around the neck. He keeps checking the receipt over and over again. Once he finished making the drink, he emerged from behind the counter and began running to return two menus back to their place on the wall. He packages up the order and hand delivers the crate to the customer at the other end of the counter.

It has been approximately ten minutes since I arrived and the two ladies sitting next to me when I walked in are now leaving. They are talking at a conversational tone but loud enough for me to get the jist of what they are talking about. As they leave, one of the female baristas hand delivers order no. 28's drink to the table on the left hand side of them. I recognize the woman she delivered the food to: it's Erin*, a St. Norbert College Alumna.

Just as the barista places the food on Erin's table, another customer approaches the register and the short man takes her order. The customer is wearing American Eagle Jeans and a green colored Bay Packers Sweatshirt. As he takes the customer's order, the barista makes eye contact and engages with her by smiling and chuckling as he waits for her final decision. She decides, he records her order, and then she pays.

As the customer is paying, two more customers approach the counter from the left hand side. One of the customers is a pregnant woman wearing leggings, a blue short sleeve tee shirt, black sandals, and a kate spade purse. Her friend, standing next to her on her left hand side, is also wearing leggings and sandals but has a burnt orange tee shirt and a khaki colored cross-body purse. Her hair is colorful on the bottom but blends into her naturally dark hair color, almost like an ombre style. As the ladies wait for the short, male barista at the counter to take their order, they are standing cross legged, hunched on the counter with their arms crossed.

Not a minute later, four more customers walk in. They all appear to be together. The woman who leads the pack immediately grabs three menus and hands one to each of her friends. As soon as the two ladies in front of the group of four places and pay for their order, the woman in charge of the pack begins to engage with the cashier, asking questions. She keeps changing her body position. Standing with the majority of her weight on her right leg, then on her left leg, then back to her right, crossing her arms, placing them at her waist, playing with her hair. She orders first and at the last minute decides to add a doughnut to her order. In the middle of the transaction, one of her friends asks the barista a question. The cashier stops the transaction to speak with the friend directly to the ordering customer's left. The first order is done. She steps aside to let her next friend order. The two remaining friends keep looking at the TV directly above the cashier. The third friend is now up.

Meanwhile, a young woman, probably in her early twenties, has approached the end of the line. She is waiting patiently for her turn to order. Standing cross armed with her leg bouncing back and forth, she is staring at her phone and smiling.

Back to the four friends...The last one is still cautiously deciding what to order. As the third friend pays her bill, the first two friends leave to grab napkins and silverware and find a table. Finally, when the third friend completes her order transaction, the fourth friend orders. I'm not sure what's going on. The barista seems hesitant about what she is ordering; he shows his teeth

in a hesitant manner. After the fourth friend pays for her meal, she grabs the order number and the two remaining friends head off to find the other two.

Now, the young woman is up to order. As she makes her order, she swings back and forth in a hesitant fashion while looking at the TV to the right of the ordering station. As the one male barista continues to take orders at the register, the other male barista emerges from behind the counter to deliver no 28's food order. It's my friend, Isaiah*! I didn't know he worked here! He sees me too. He smiles and waves. He is wearing a khaki brown shirt, jeans, and the same apron as the first male barista: black body with a brown neck. He has nicely styled dark brown hair that is shorter on the sides than on the top and a mustache above his lip. After he delivers no 28's food, he heads back to the counter at a fast pace.

Since the ladies who were originally sitting next to me, the table has been empty for about twenty minutes now. The two ladies who order next take a seat at this table, the one directly to my left. Just as the two upper-middle aged women get settled in their seats, one on the bench with her back to the window, like me, and the other in a high chair with her back to me, the woman seated on the bench takes a phone call. The call doesn't last long. Maybe one minute. She hangs up and the women continue talking in a slightly softer tone than the women who were there before them.

I didn't notice it before, but the table these women are sitting at is wobbly. The woman on the benchside keeps rocking it. She's getting frustrated but trying not to acknowledge it. Another female barista brings them their food. She seems friendly. She is smiling. She is wearing the same apron as everyone else, black jeans, a gray shirt, black vans shoes, and a knee brace.

Isaiah appears from behind the counter again with another order of food. He looks to his left, at the ladies who just sat down next to me and quickly turns away as if he thought 'nope, not their order.' Then, he walks to the right and I lose sight of him.

All of these customers so far have entered from the lower level.

Just then, a woman enters from the street side. The middle-aged woman is wearing a white short sleeve shirt and blue long skirt with white polka dots on it that nearly touches the floor. Her sunglasses sit on top of her blonde hair. The baristas seem to know as many of them wave as she walks in. She walks up to the counter and orders confidently. After she orders, she steps aside to the walkway in front of the front entrance. In nearly 2 minutes, she leaves with a drink in her left hand and a large brown paper bag in the other.

There are now 7 baristas all behind the counter. They are all nearly on top of each other, bumping into each other because they are so close. The baristas speak at such a loud volume that I can make out what they're saying word for word. When they aren't talking, I hear dishes rattling. The sound of glass clinking together is apparent. The one barista seems to be getting hot. She keeps wiping her face with the side of her short sleeve shirt. Her stirring has become more aggressive. Back and forth from one side of behind the counter to the other side of behind the counter she goes grabbing various supplies for the drink. One of the female baristas from

behind the counter, a different one from before, cautiously brings two mugged drinks to the ladies sitting next to me. She walks very slowly, balancing every step of the way.

After delivering the coffee, two more ladies appear at the counter to order. This time the red haired female barista takes their order. She is oriented towards the female who has the credit card. Her eyes are scanning the woman as she looks at the menu and makes a decision on what to order. Two more ladies appear. A line forms. These ladies are older, but only middle-aged. They are familiar. They work in the Office of Career and Professional Development (CAPD) on campus. An elderly man is now last in line. As the women in front of the women from CAPD pay and step aside, the women from CAPD move up to order, and the man waiting in line behind them moves up too. He is standing hunched over the counter with his arms crossed. We make eye contact and I smile. Now it's his turn to order. He moves up to the register and continues to stand hunched over with his arms crossed on the countertop. The barista hands him a black mug right there. This is different than with other customers who wait for their order to be ready or brought to them.

Another woman is in line to order. She has long blonde hair, clearly dyed. She is wearing all black from her t-shirt, to her leather leggings, to her flip flops, to her Michael Kors purse. She appears to be looking for something in particular. The new female cashier, different from the red haired one, at the register seems puzzled by her request or doesn't seem to know what she wants so she directs her to the TV to the right of the customer. The customer is not satisfied. The cashier then pulls a black menu booklet out from behind the counter and hands it to the customer. That is what she wants. She points to something inside the black booklet, nods her head, and pays. As she waits for her order, she stands under the mounted TV on the side building with the brick wall with her left hand on her hip, then both hands behind her back, then feeling the hair on the back of her neck while the male customer, in mid 60s, behind her is conversing with her about his order. He grabs his order no 76 sign and heads outside to the outdoor seating.

As there appears to be a lull in customers for the time being and my hour of observation comes to a close, I observe The TV directly in front of me. The TV cycles through various featured clips, containing facts, interactions, food selections, and beverage selections, from the exchange.

It is now 1:02 pm and I am going to pack up my things and leave for the day.

Day 2 – 1 Hour Spent at The Exchange

Today I observed the exchange at a different time and place than before. It is Friday, October 1, 2021 at 10:51 in the morning. For this observation, I am seated in the lower area of the Exchange on a brown leather cushioned bench. My back is positioned towards the patterned cement wall. On the left hand side of this cemented wall, there is a bookcase that takes up about half of the wall and goes about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up the wall. The bookcase has three sections, each filled or nearly filled with books and a wheeled black ladder that is positioned slightly off center.

To my left, in front of the bookcase, there are two large brown leather, gold studded seats. The seat placed against the wall is larger than the love seat sized one facing it. Behind the couch against the wall is a painted brick wall. Most of the wall is painted gray but some of it shows the

bricks original color. The larger of the two is a couch that appears to have sunken cushions and 3 fur pillows. An animal skin rug lies on the floor between the two cushioned seats. Also between the seats is a wooden side table with a lamp. The lamp base is made up of two gold ovals, the bottom oval is horizontal and the top oval is upright/vertical. The lamp's shade is offwhite with a yellow light shining through.

There is also a staircase in the middle of the room. To the right of the staircase is a black elevator. On the side of the elevator is a gold hanging file organizer. There is nothing in it, but I wonder if that's where menus go? At the bottom of the staircase, on the side of the elevator, located just in front of the gold hand railing on the floor before the first step, is a sign. I have yet to see someone stop to read the sign that says "WELCOME" with the "E" logo for Exchange. Below the logo in big black letters appears: "YOUR EXPERIENCE BEGINS HERE." Below this statement are four bullet points stating:

- "BROWSE OUR MENU
- ORDER AT THE COUNTER WHEN YOU ARE READY
- FIND A COMFORTABLE SEAT
- WE BRING YOUR ORDER TO YOU"

On the other side of the staircase is another seating area with comfortable seating. The navy blue pleated chairs with the same gold stunned buttons as the others are oriented facing the staircase. The rug that fills the area is patterned. A coffee glass coffee table sits in the middle of the seats. There is also a gold end table located between the two chairs with a gold lamp on the stand. A black and gold clock is placed in the middle of the paneling on the wall located between the chair and the lamp.

All together, I notice 5 circle tables located throughout the space. Each table is stained dark brown in color and has 4 wooden chairs placed around it. Located on the far side of the room, there are two booths for seating. These tables are rectangular and stained in a lighter brown color. The seating bench is dark brown, pleated leather with gold stunned buttons along the side and on the bottom. The same black wood paneling as used in the upper area of the building by the cash register covers the wall in front of me and in the booths. There are three coat hangers located between the booths: one to the left of the first booth, one to the right of the second booth, and one in the middle of the two booths. A gray north face jacket hangs on the middle post. Inside each booth, in the middle sits a light fixture. The light fixture is gold with a yellow light in circular fixtures. One individual sits in each of the booths. Both are facing in the direction of the door.

There is also a tall counter or standing desk area located between the booths and the door. Two men are using the space although there are seats for three. The man in the corner is seated, working away on his computer. His shirt is deep royal blue. He has headphones in and glasses on. The other man is in a conversation on his computer. His computer is propped up on a gray stand. I see squares of faces on his computer screen but not much more than that. His posture is straight and he is engaged. While he talks, he uses his hands a substantial amount, appearing to be very passionate about this interaction. His headphones are red and he is wearing glasses. The meeting continues for 20 more minutes. As soon as the meeting concludes, the man stands up. I can now see that his backpack is placed on the chair next to him.

A baby cries from one of the circular tables in front of the elevator. The man standing, wearing khakis, and a light blue polo shirt stares in the direction of the crying baby, almost glaring. He takes a sip of his coffee, plugs in his computer, and then sits back down. When he sits, he places his feet, straight legged on the windowsill, and crosses his arms. His face turns sour and annoyed. His hand is placed at his mouth. Now he is scrolling through emails on his computer, very concentrated on what he is doing. The man next to him appears to be less uptight in what he's doing but still focused. His posture is somewhat hunched. His hand keeps moving: one moment it covers half his face, another moment it moves to lift up his drink to take a sip, and another moment it is typing on his computer.

When I arrived, a business meeting was going on at the circle table in front of me between an elderly man and the salesman. The elderly man was holding a hefty white booklet that says "STARTER GUIDE" on the front of it. As soon as the two men exited, parting in different ways, the two ladies at the table next to them moved so they were seated at this table where the men just were. The ladies appear to be mother and daughter. The daughter is high-school aged. As soon as the older (middle-aged) woman pulls out her chair at the new table, the younger one, likely her daughter, points up the stairs. As I turn my head to the left, I see two more ladies appear, appearing to be another mother and daughter. When they sit down at the table, each of the ladies begins checking out the menu.

I see my friend, Isaiah again. He brings someone their coffee in a black mug. Today he is wearing a burnt orange shirt and medium washed jeans under his apron.

My friend Megan* finds me. She smiles, waves and walks over to talk to me. When our conversation is finished, she turns around so she is facing the door, we lock eyes, wave, and then she leaves, exiting through the lower level door.

A man drops a fork and it makes a loud noise. Most people without headphones stop what they're doing and look. The man blushes, picks up the fork, and scurries up the stairs.

Meanwhile, the ladies at the table in front of me begin to walk up the stairs. When the first mother daughter pair returns, the daughter is carrying order sign no 28. Moments later, the other two ladies appear with order sign no 39. The older woman, from the first mother daughter pair, wearing a white long sleeve blouse and green jeans, pulls out wet wipes from her purse, uses one, and passes the package to her presumed daughter. The daughter, wearing a hot pink blouse and white skirt, rolls her eyes but proceeds to use the wet wipe. The other young girl checks her phone quickly, puts it down, looks up at the wooden ceiling, around the coffee shop, and then at the women speaking at her table.

About five minutes later, Isaiah appears again walking down the stairs carrying two large, standing recycling bins, one in each hand. As he exits the door, my attention is drawn to a man and a woman who are wandering around the door outside, almost in lingerie, they appear to be discussing something. They decide not to come in and continue walking down the sidewalk. Just as the couple continues their stroll down the alleyway, Isaiah enters the door again with empty bins.

The group of young adults, possibly college-aged students, sitting at the circle table nearest the door, that have been here since I arrived is still here. They are talking, laughing, and smiling. Although they are seated at the circle table with six seats, they are seated close together in a semicircle. The two females are seated directly next to each other. Whenever they talk to each other directly, they lean in close, heads almost touching. All of their phones are in colorful cases placed right in front of them. Once one person picks up her phone, the rest of them do, too. When the first girl puts her phone down, the other girl puts hers down too but the male seated next to her keeps engaging with his phone. I can't tell if the group consists of two couples or if all four of them are "just friends." Based on the way they are seated, they appear to be two couples, but no other nonverbal cues suggest they are in a romantic relationship. At one point, the friends compare receipt length and laugh. They laugh some more and then crumple up the receipts. Throughout my observation, I notice that the blonde girl is really good about making eye contact. She also talks a lot with her hands. Whenever someone talks to her, she orients herself toward them and locks eyes, in a nonstaring way. Their no 13 sign still appears at the center of their table. This is odd. Most of the time, the baristas take the sign away when they bring food and/or drinks to the table.

On the other side of the door, There are two girls at a bench like table/seat like the one I'm sitting on. They appear to be working together on something.

Behind them is another circle table with a lone girl, a college student seated there. She sits with her computer directly in front of her, her coffee to her left and water bottle, keys, and phone to her right.

Throughout the observation, I notice that everyone who appears to be working on something has a computer out and is alone, with the exception of the two girls by the door. Everyone else with other people are conversing with those at the table with them.

Everyone cleans up their dishes when they are finished at the coffee shop.

I still find it odd that almost no one seems hesitant about not masking when they walk in the door.

11:53. Time to leave for the day.

Day 3 – 1 Hour Spent at The Exchange

The time is 10:47am on Saturday, October 9 and I have just sat down in the middle part of the Exchange to complete my observations for the day. This area of the building is located just up the stairs from the alley-way entrance but approximately 10 yards back from the Main Street door entrance. I am seated at the circle table in the center of the area, located right in front of the elevator. A milk carton vase and black menu sit at the center of the table. I sit seated in a chair facing down the stairs, with my back to a clothing rack. I can't see the main entrance from where I'm seated as I am slightly tucked back behind a corner. I can see the alleyway entrance though.

Just as I pull up my observation doc to begin typing, a female barista from behind the counter makes an exclamation to another barista, “Enjoy! Have the best day ever!” while throwing her hands up the door.

As I begin observing, I notice the counter seating on both sides of the stairs. From my view, on the left hand side there is no table, only the window space with a glass covered topper. On the top of the windowsill table a small succulent plant sits on the right hand side. The plant is in a small silver square planter box. Two height-adjustable chairs are located in this area. The chairs have a circular black metal base and a black pole holding up the seat itself. The seat cushion is black colored leather with a wooden base and behind. On the chair sits a black metal footrest, too. Right now, no one is sitting at either one of these seats.

Located on the other side of the stairs, to my right, is another seating area. This area only has one seat. The chair is the same black leather/metal chair as on the other side. A much smaller window frame outlines this space. Yet, instead of the windowsill acting as the table space, an actual table sits in front of the windowsill. The table is topped with three wooden planks of medium stained wood and gold colored metal legs. On top of the table, on the left hand side, is a flower vase with wildflowers in it. On the right hand side of the table sits a lamp. The lamp has a black lampshade with gold interior. The base is cylinder shaped and see through glass. I can see the gold base and gold post through the glass. A man in his early to middle twenties sits in the chair. His laptop is out. I can see there is a sticker on the upper right hand corner of the laptop but can’t tell what it is. On his computer, the man appears to be bouncing back and forth looking at textbook images of people’s knees and a lengthy document with lots of words on it. His laptop bag also sits on the left hand side of the tabletop. It is bulky, black and has two compartments. There is a black strap that hangs down off the table. Two pens are placed on the side of the case: one yellow and the other orange. The man does not appear to have any drink or food.

Between me and the elevator sits a long rectangular table. The table has wooden legs and a silver metal top. There are 10 seats at the table. The two seats at the head of the table are all black with metal legs and leather cushions. The other 8 seats sit evenly spaced surrounding the table. I can also see the distressed black and gray posts that form between the middle of the table and each end, forming an X. Drawing my attention to the middle of the table, in the supporting legs, I see a white extension cord with plug-ins. On the outside of the middle supporting leg facing me, is a built-in charging station with two 3 prong plug-ins and two usb plug-ins. Only two people are seated at this table. They are seated across from each other on the two seats closest to the end but furthest from me. They are both working on their laptop. The man appears to think I am staring at him because he keeps looking up when I look over there to make observations. As far as I can tell, neither of them have purchased drinks from the exchange at their table after the man, who thinks I am staring at him, placed his blag mug in the dish station located between me and the bathroom. The wildflowers are in the same vase as the table laptop man is sitting at. A black drink menu sits next to the vase.

Another circle table, like the one I’m sitting at, is located on the other side of the stairs. A college-aged female sits there working on her silver leveno computer with a glass mug that has a black straw in it seated to her right, directly where her hands are placed on her computer

keyboard. There is also an extremely full 2.5 inch navy blue binder located on her right hand side. There is a black menu in a plastic, gold outlined, upright case that showcases the fall drink features in the center of her table. There is also a small vase of what looks to be an old, glass milk carton filled with the same wildflowers the other tables have. Her navy blue jansport backpack with a leather brown bottom sits seated on a chair right next to her wide open.

All of a sudden, one of the baristas walks up to this table, sits down, and talks to the girl for 15 minutes. Then, shortly after the barista gets up, a woman, wearing a black shirt and jeans, who must work for the exchange, but does not wear the same apron everyone else wears, approaches the girl sitting there and places a black Exchange water bottle in front of her, steps back and snaps a photo with her phone.

A barista walks past me, we make eye contact and she smiles. I reciprocate the smile and nod my head down.

One of the baristas behind the counter drops the dishes and it makes a loud crashing sound of breaking glass. Everyone in my view who doesn't have headphones in, shoots their head up in a panic. Realizing the noise was just the sound of crashing dishes and nothing to panic about, they quickly get back to what they were previously doing.

A woman tries to enter the bathroom in front of me but it is locked. The woman then walks out to look at the goodies for sale in the main area to pass time while she waits. She browses, picking up candles, putting them down when she is finished examining them. She walks over to check the bathroom again. This time she puts her ear and left side of her body up to the door and knocks; still locked. She looks up, gazes across the room and begins to walk past me in that direction. There must be a bathroom over there. Sure enough, there is.

Another woman tries to enter the bathroom in front of me but when she tries to open the door, it doesn't open. I haven't seen anyone exit yet, so I gather it must still be locked. There is a black circular mirror located next to the door, she sees it, turns away and then turns back to the mirror, adjusts her hair and smiles. When the man exits the bathroom, he holds the door for the woman, she nods at him and enters. While this woman is in the bathroom, another woman tries to enter. Quickly she realizes it's locked. Just as the woman turns around towards me, the woman who found the other bathroom happens to be standing up because she just went to the counter to order another cup of coffee. Seeing that the other woman is waiting for the bathroom, she puts her arm around the other woman and leans in close. She whispers something in her ear and then points to their left, towards the other bathroom. The woman then heads in that direction.

Another woman is looking for the bathroom now. She seems very hesitant. Once she sees the sign for "BATHROOM," she abruptly stops causing her to stand up on her toes. She pivots towards the restroom, doesn't knock but tries to open the door. Appearing frustrated, she turns to face the openness of the building, sees the other restroom and quickly hustles over there. When she emerges, she sighs and is wiping her hands on her black leggings.

Isaiah walks past me carrying two large bowls of food. He sticks his tongue out, pants, then smiles and continues walking. As he continues walking, just above the staircase, he passes a

large group of individuals who just entered. I count 7 of them. They are all of Asian descent but 1 of them. Almost simultaneously the party sees the large table and gets noticeably frustrated. The space can fit all of them but is only being utilized by only two individuals at the moment. They converse with each other in a different language, walk up to the counter and return, some-what relieved but still annoyed, and continue walking down the stairs.

A young man, who just entered from the alleyway, sees there are not many open tables left. He walks to the front of the shop. Disappointed, he returns and walks down the stairs, looks around and walks back up the stairs. He then stands on his tippy toes to see over me, spots the table behind me, and darts for it at a quick walking pace. When he sits down, he sets his computer up and places his backpack at the seat next to him.

Another young woman enters shortly after. She also sees there are not many open tables left. After one circular glance around the whole room, sets her light pink leather backpack and tin cup down at the head of the 10-person table with the two random individuals on the other end. At first she doesn't say anything to the other individuals. Instead, she, too, heads to the restroom. After she returns, she approaches the two individuals at the table and asks for their approval for her to sit there. They nod their head and the man gives a thumbs up in approval. Upon returning to her belongings, she removes her backpack from her seat, sits down, takes out her laptop and notebook, and gets settled.

Before I leave for the day, I head to the bathroom behind me. As I emerge, I notice the two individuals at the long table have left their seats and the woman, who was sitting at the head of the table, has now claimed the entire table as her own by dispersing her belongings throughout the table.

Throughout my observations today, I noticed many people on their way to their table would stop to browse the for purchase items on display directly in front of the table I was seated at. Headbands, both hard shell and soft cloth, earrings (two different types), a multitude of books, journals, and cards, gift bags, pencils, markers, an acrylic set, marble paper, pencil cases, candles, glass apples, a box, a plant, and an empty 3 tier candle holder fill the display shelf. There are also two mirrors located above the display.