

Date: October 18th, 2023

Time: 4:44 p.m.

Name: Maoli Quevedo

Setting: The observation occurred in Starbucks in Macalester-Groveland on Snelling Ave 300 S. It was on the street corner next to St. Croix Cleaners.

Observation 4

I walked into the Starbucks, and on the right side of me, three girls were laughing and had their iPads out with their homework on the table. I turned my attention to the registers and started walking towards the tables across the registers. I set my computer on the table and put my backpack on the couch. A middle-aged white woman ordering at the registers turned her head towards me and smiled. I walked towards the registers to order a drink and stood behind her. She ordered a hot cinnamon dolce and asked, "Could I have cinnamon drizzle all over the cup?" Once she paid, she moved out of the way, almost bumped into me, apologized, and smiled again. I walked towards the table where I set my things and noticed the coffee bean bag with a sign in front of it explaining what it consisted of. It says, "A customer favorite returns for fall. This medium roast has elegant floral aromas and balanced notes of bright Meyer lemon and cocoa nibs that are to be missed. Learn about the people and places behind your coffee by scanning the QR code on the back of your coffee bag." I sat down while I waited for my drink and looked at the register. There was another coffee bean bag displayed with a sign. I got curious, and I got up and walked to the register. The teen white girl approached the computer and said, "Hi," and was getting ready to take my order. I ordered a cheese Danish because I felt it would be weird just going up. I quickly took a picture of the sign and read it on my way to my table. The sign said, "Buy coffee, grow a community. We care deeply about farmers and ... communities across the world's coffee-growing regions." The corner of the bag was covering some of the sentences, so I didn't have a chance to read the whole thing.

There were three baristas behind the register. One looked racially ambiguous, and the other two were white. One looked in her 20s, and the other was white and middle-aged. The older woman was the only one with a black apron.

At 4:50, a black middle-aged man wearing business casual clothing came in from the back entrance, where the parking lot is located. He stood in front of where the coffee bean bags, iced coffee packages, and reusable cups were located. He grabs three iced coffee packages and goes to the registers. The older barista with the black apron quickly smiled and said, "Oh my god, why are you here?" The black man responded, "You guys ran out of... (mumbling)." She said, "I know, I will see if we can order at my store, so you can keep coming. But how are you?" He responded, "Getting old." He ordered a small hot coffee and left once he got it. You can see how often he goes to her store and their close connection.

On the left side of me, I noticed there were two friends, one of them was racially ambiguous and had a venti matcha, and the other friend was Asian and had a grande iced coffee.

At 4:55, a white teenage girl came in and was greeted by the older barista from the pastry area. She said, "Do you know what you are going to order?" and responded, "I am looking right now since the fall drinks are out." She then walked to the register and ordered a pink drink with four shots of vanilla. She asked, "Could you add caffeine to it?" The barista said, "The refreshers are already caffeinated. It's just like a black tea." Despite looking at the fall menu, she ordered a pink drink that I assume she typically gets, especially if asking for additives.

At 4:57, a white, middle-aged woman had a hot coffee in a grande cup. Right after she ordered, a white teenage girl ordered a grande peach iced tea and a grande iced white mocha. And a grande latte with whole milk and iced. One of the teen girls sitting on the big table with iPads out got up and ordered a chocolate croissant. I turned my attention to their table because they were laughing and yelling and noticed they had no drinks or pastries but Hydro Flask water bottles on the table.

At 5:00, a white man wearing casual clothing bought bottled water and sat on my left side on one of the individual tables. He took out his computer and began to type.

A teenage couple at 5:03 came in. The teenage boy was black and was carrying a bag that seemed to be food from Nashville Coop (the restaurant next to Starbucks). The girl looked Asian and asked the teenage boy for his wallet, walked to the register,

and waited. She ordered two venti pink drinks. After ordering, they walked near the couch area and sat there while they waited for their drinks.

A black middle-aged man ordered a coffee cake and a roasted coffee. The barista, who looked to be in her 20s, was new to the job because she asked the other barista how to use the coffee machine to roast hot coffee.

A white teenage boy came in and asked, "Do you have caramel frappuccinos?" and left once he ordered it.

I turned my attention to the back entrance, and I noticed six what seemed to be black and had bags of food in their hand that also looked to be from Nashville Coop. One came in, and he brought a backpack with him. He sat by the couch across the pickup area. He set up his backpack and sat for about two minutes. He got up, zipped his backpack, and left it while walking to his car. He came back with his computer and began to use it.

At 5:26, the barista with a black apron started to throw all the pastries on display from the clear glass. She gave orders to the baristas on what they could do, and they started cleaning everything. The barista with the black apron said, "We turn off the mobile orders at 5:30, so you don't have to worry about that." To the new barista.

At 5:36, a black woman asked, "Are you all out of pastries?" the barista responded, "It depends on what you want." The woman looked at the refrigerated food at the bottom and said, "I'll just come back another day."

While they were cleaning, I overheard a conversation between the two baristas. The barista to the new barista asked, "Do you do school?" and the barista answered, "Yes, unfortunately." It was hard to hear the conversation, but I heard that the barista was attending trade school.

Starbucks promotes its coffee bean bags to portray a particular image to consumers. Advertising coffee beans from different countries and saying they support the communities catches consumers' attention and gains more profit.

Regarding drink choice, some more middle-aged, racially ambiguous people ordered hot coffee, except for the teenage boy accompanied by the Asian teenage girl. Most of the teenage girls who came in and ordered drinks leaned on choosing more refreshers and teas.