

Fieldnote Example #1:

Strengths: An active voice; Present tense writing leads to more detail; Direct quotations.

Weaknesses: Little reflective analysis.

The floor in the café part of the bookstore is made up of an off white and black tile while the remainder of the store has a light green-gray colored carpet. There are several different types of sitting arrangements. There are round tables lining the edge with room for only two chairs. Closer to the middle of the café are a few round tables, which are larger and can fit possibly four to five people. Along one wall there are a few big green velvet or some other type of soft material covered chairs. They have set with large squishy pillows as opposed to the rest of the chairs that are harder being made of plastic or wood. It is later at night and the employees are cleaning up the store preparing for the end of the night. The music is different today. Various types of love songs play throughout the remainder of the night. There is a softer rock song about love as well as two Caribbean type-sounding songs about love. A small black wood table close to the cashier areas is adorned with several small white teddy bears, heart shaped cookies and boxes of chocolate. A large red sign is above these items, it reads: Valentine's Day Sale 50% off!

A middle-aged man in an orange knit sweater and tan corduroy pants picks up one of the teddy bears, he flips it over, looks at the price tag, looks back up at the 50% off sign and sets the bear back down. His face shows no emotions and says the same throughout this.

He goes up to the counter. Tammy, the cashier smiles at him, "let me know when you're ready" she says as she wipes down the counter with a wet rag.

He nods his head at her as he bends down and squints his eyes at the display case filled with cheesecake, cookies, scones, and sandwiches. Although the cashier is not close to him, he says out loud, "hmm cookies or cheesecake?" Tammy comes back over to where he is kneeled over the display case. "The caramel latte cheesecake is probably *the best*" she offers and thrust her hands forward in a gesture when she says the word *the*, emphasizing how good it is. The man smiles and the creases of his eyes wrinkle, "Well, then I will have *the best*" he says in the same type of way that she just said it to him. They both laugh. As soon as she turns around not facing him anymore the smile she just had on her face disappears and her face is blank as she gets the cheesecake out of the case. It is placed on a small plate and she tops the side of it off with whip cream and a fork. As she turns back around to face him her smile returns, "is that all for you then?" she asks. "Umm yeah and thanks" he says and pays.

A high school/teenage looking boy and girl walk up to the counter. They both have on jeans, sweatshirts and sneakers. They hold hands at the counter. "Imma have somethin' cold since it's sooo warm out today" she says looking up at the boy she is with. Another cashier James comes over to the counter and waits from them to finish scrolling the menu. "I think I'll have a frappacino ..hmm mocha" she says to the cashier. "You want caramel?" she asks the boy. "okay" he says and shrugs as he still looks at the menu.

As James makes the drinks they go over to a book section labeled as the Eastern Religion section. They stare at the books but neither of them picks any up.

"tall mocha" James calls out from the counter. The girl places her hand lightly on the boys chest and gives him a little push. "well, go get em" she says referring to the waiting drinks at the counter. He scrunches up his nose and eyes and pushes her back. She smiles and he heads to the counter to get the drinks pretending to run there. They sit down at one of the little tables for two along the edge of the store. They sit across from each other but both lean their heads and chairs forward and now they are as close to each other as the table between them will allow them to be. They talk in hushed whispers and every few minutes the girl laughs out

loud at whatever he has said to her. Her eyes are wide as she leans in, listens and laughs. As they finish up their drinks she says to him, “ oohhh what I do think that’s cute!” He stands up from the table and she tries to grab his sweatshirt but her hand misses his arm. “ what is it cute!” she says in that baby talk way that someone might speak to a child in. He starts walking away from her and laughs as he picks up speed headed for the door and she chases behind him laughing.

A boy who appears to be in his early twenties with a backpack comes in. He walks up to the counter and says to Tammy, the cashier, “ oh good guy aren’t closed yet” “not yet, not until 11”she say smiling. “Double shot espresso please,” he says.

He sits down at a small table and takes out a textbook-it reads College Algebra. A binder with papers falling out and which are wrinkled at the top from not being placed all the way down in the binder also comes out of the backpack. He clicks a mechanical pencil and starts writing in the book. He gets a calculator out of his pocket and starts crunching some numbers. His face looks surprised at whatever results he got on the calculator. Surprised by making his eyes wider as looks at the calculator screen. He presses some buttons again and this time his mouth turns down into a frown. He starts writing in the book again but presses too hard and the lead breaks. “Shoot” he whispers, clicks the pen again and erases something.

A younger looking woman walks in talking on her cell phone. She has on a bright red trench coat, jeans and pointy high-heeled shoes that click on the tile. “ I’m sorry but you never call just to say hey either” she says into her cell phone. She stands by the counter but does not order anything. “ Ok why would you choose now to talk about this? I need to study and you are at work and you just think now is a good time to talk” she says slightly louder into the phone. Although there are many free tables in the café she sits at the table next to the college algebra studier and continues talking on her phone. “ Okay yes later I will be home and we can talk then” she says and hangs up. She sets her phone down on the table and goes back up the counter to place her order. The phone vibrates while she is gone. Upon returning she sits down with a fashion magazine and looks at the missed call on the phone but does not call back. After a few minutes it rings again, “ hi boyfriend” She rubs her head and sighs, “ I said I would be home when you get off work so that’s when I will be home” “ I am really trying to study” she lies looking through the fashion magazine. “Okay bye” she says and pauses “ well you could say it too you know” she sighs again “ whatever I love you too” she says and hangs up again. She looks at the magazine a few more minutes and then as it appears stared into space. The phone vibrates different this time and then she starts typing on it. “Unbelievable” she whispers to herself.

Fieldnote Example #2:

Strength: Good detail.

Weakness: Makes occasional summary statements; Could provide more thick description, including a diagram of site; Summary statements like, "They weren't playing as flashy" should be unpacked; No reflection.

On my second field project I visited the Recreation center on campus. In this assignment I was a complete participant. It was hard to remember everything because I didn't have my notebook with me. I went on 3/17/03 at 7:30 pm. I stayed there for at least an hour and a half and played basketball.

When I first arrived the gym appeared to be very active. On the three main basketball courts it was equally divided with white and black guys playing basketball. The first court had badminton, where there were a few Arabian people playing. In between the basketball courts were tables for ping-pong and I noticed an Asian male playing with a white woman. The Asian guy was very short with dark matted hair and the woman was a little taller with long blonde hair. They appeared to be very good at the game and were very into it. They hit the ball back and forth without missing the ball for at least five minutes straight. For the first twenty minutes

I jogged observing people as I went around the track. Most of the people jogging were white and very few blacks. There was one girl that got every guys attention every time she jogged around the track. As she passed the basketball courts one of the guys whistled at her and said "hey shortie come here for a minute". She ignored him and jogged a little faster acting as though she hadn't even heard the guy. There were two overweight girls walking around the track together, one was on her cell phone and the other was listening to a Walkman. I eventually stopped running and stepped on the basketball court. I knew at least half of the guys there. After greeting a few guys with a "whassup" or "whats tha deal", we began to play a full court five on five.

There were girls on the sideline pointing and flirting with guys on the court. This made a few guys show off and the girls cheered them on as they did it. We began the game and I had all white guys on my team and we were playing against a team of all black guys. I heard one of the black guys whisper to his teammate and say "lets get this over quick, they can't fack with us". I laughed at his comment and the game started. The black team played much more flashier than my teammates. They passed the ball liked Magic Johnson and dribbled like Allen Iverson and some of them could even dunk. My team was struggling to keep up with their fast pace play. We were all having fun laughing and joking when shots were blocked or someone got dunked on. The girls on the sideline watched with enthusiasm pointing and shouting when my teammate caught an alley-oop and dunked it. The girls made fun of their friends calling them "weak" Their comment intensified the other teams play and they played harder and flashier. On one possession a guy who I'll call Mike drove to the basket and got fouled. He got off the floor furious at my teammate for fouling him. Mike shouted with an aggressive voice "foul me again and I'll beat yo ass". My teammate smirked and replied sarcastically back by saying "sure, whatever you say tough guy". The game continued on as though nothing ever happened. We were catching up and the opposite team was getting fatigued. They running slower, they weren't playing as flashy, and they were missing all of their shots. The game eventually was tied and we had the ball for the game winning point. I in bounded the ball and without hesitation this tall lanky guy shot the ball over Mike and hit nothing but net. The whole court went crazy. The girls laughed at their guy friends and other guys on the court and sideline taunted Mike for giving up the game winning point. He stormed off the court shouting at his teammates for not helping on the defense.

I stop playing basketball and sat on the sideline watching a little more. I noticed at the far end of the court a white guy and a black guy arguing. I walked over closer to see what the fuss was about. They were arguing over a basketball and the white guy snatched the ball from the black guy and ran. The black guy chased him all over the court and it looked as though they were serious, but it was eventually obvious that they were friends and were just playing with each other. I then walked to the back gym where there were a group of Asian guys playing basketball. They were all smiling and playing with each other. I left and walked toward the exit and noticed a group of guys talking about the NCAA tournament and whom they thought would win. Each person defended their team well and gave good reasons why they thought their team would win. I soon walked away and headed for the door.

Fieldnote Example #3:

Strengths: Description of Setting; Structure of notes.

Weaknesses: Details choppy; Odd usage of points.

Place: Knights of Columbus Hall, Edwardsville, IL **Date:** October 26, 2002 **Time:** 8:00-9:00pm **Social Group:** John (my boyfriend, 22), Jen (20), Matt (Jen's fiancé, 21), Trista (20), Eric (Trista's Ex-boyfriend, 21), Travis (mid 20's), Sheila (Travis's wife, mid 20's), Steve (early/middle 30's), Kathy (Steve's wife, early/middle 30's), David (Steve & Kathy's son, early teens), Abby (Steve & Kathy's daughter, around 9-11), and myself. We were all sitting at the same table together through dinner and during the reception.

Atmosphere: Wedding Reception for a couple right out of college. Dinner had already been served and the lights were turned down and music began playing. Tables were set up along the West and East walls as well

as the South side of the dance floor, leaving the North side for dancing. Sitting around the table respectively: Kathy, Abby, David, Steve, Travis, Sheila, Matt, Jen, Trista, John, and myself Eric was apart of the wedding party and stood behind Trista during this time.

Points: Abby sat next to Kathy and only spoke to her the entire time. David sat next to Steve and only spoke to him the entire time. Kathy did not converse with anyone (aside from Abby); she was also sitting on the end of the table. Steve conversed with Travis and David and rarely was there a break in the conversation. Sheila, Matt and Jen carried on their own conversation. Trista, John, Eric and myself also carried on our own conversation. Everyone had a mixed drink in hand except for the family of four.

John had introduced me to Eric and Trista just prior to dinner; John had gone to college at SIU with the both of them. While the dollar dance was taking place all members of the social group were at the table chatting. Eric left to go dance with the groom and John, Trista and I were talking. John asked Trista why Eric and her were only friends and not more than that. She said that she is unsure how she feels about him. She told us of a guy she has known for a long time, he was interested in dating her. She liked him but he was a bull rider and travels a lot and she said that bull riders are always sleeping around and she just didn't want to be involved in that. John told her that Eric is really good to her and that relationships are hard but if you want them to work you can make them work. Trista agreed and said she was just really unsure of getting back with Eric. At this time Eric had come back from dancing with the groom and Trista got up to go get another drink. John asked Eric about Trista and Eric replied that they were just friends and he appeared to be unhappy with her decision. The conversation quickly turned and sex comments quickly took over. John said, Eric, I know what you are thinking ... and you cant have her, she is mine! I smiled but didn't say much. John asked me what was wrong and I replied nothing I am having a great time. Eric asked me how I put up with him all the time and once again I just smiled and said, eh, he isn't all that bad! At this time the others were still carrying on their conversations with laughter and smiles. Travis was tearing his napkin into tiny pieces, matt was playing with the candle wax and Jen and Sheila would usually be stirring their drink while talking. A slow song came on and John asked me to dance. While we were dancing I looked around and everyone from our table had gone to the dance floor. At this time the family of four were gathering their things and putting their coats on. After that song the chicken dance came on and all but Trista and John returned to the table. John went off to talk to someone and Trista was still on the dance floor. I focused on the others at this point for the next 30 min while John was gone. I was sitting off by myself a bit and could not hear their conversation. Jen sat quietly with her hands folded in front of her on the table. Matt continued to play with the candle while talking to Travis and Sheila. Trista returned to get her drink and the others began calling her a booze hound because of the amount she was drinking. They began to ask Trista questions about Eric and their relationship. Trista answered quickly with we are just friends and she went back to the dance floor. John returned with Eric and Trista. John asked if he could get anyone a drink and he went to the bar. Eric sat down and Trista sat on his lap with her arm around his shoulders. She was asking Eric if he wanted to smoke a cigar with her. He said no because he had one earlier and she began to wine and whimper begging him to smoke it with her in a childish manor. He said No Trista I do not want to. John got back with drinks and Trista stopped her pouting. Another slow song came on while John and Eric were talking. Trista gave Eric a look as if he better dance with her or she was going to get very angry with him. Eric quickly broke off the conversation and went to the dance floor with Trista. John then looked at me and asked me if I would dance with him. The other four remained at the table and did not partake in the dance. John and I went to the dance floor.