
COPS & DOUGHNUTS NEWS

Volume 1, Issue 2

January 2011



Employee Spotlight



Meet Ashley Drury! Ashley is known by another name at Cops and Doughnuts. It is "Crashly Ashley" and the shortened version, "Crash Ash." Crashly is a full time employee and college Student studying business management. She keeps us all entertained by constantly burning, spilling or breaking stuff. In the above photo, Crashly had just dropped the large pot into the mixer bowl filled with doughnut filling cream. This was moments I complimented her for going two days without any damage. We have often talked of putting up a safety flag to fly over the bakery whenever She has five days without breaking anything. Don't expect to see it! Seriously, Crashly is a great employee and a great kid and we love her and love to tease her, a lot. She and our other wonderful employees are a huge part of our success! We could not function without all of them!

A Cold Case! Almost!

It was Greg Rynearson, "Ryno" who found the blood. He and I were busy fixing up the prep area of the bakery. (The prep area is where the freshly made doughnuts are brought to be filled, glazed and frosted.) Our work involved pulling off century old baseboard and trim and preparing to paint. We are not really good at these things, but it makes us feel important. Ryno was pulling on a stubborn section of trim when he shouted, "Hey, check this out." When Ryno says "Check this out," it can mean a lot of things, so I hurried over with more than a little foreboding. He was pointing to a section of wall under the newly removed trim. And that is when I saw the blood. "Look at the blood spatter pattern. This is definitely from high impact. By the color and the way it dried, it has been here for years." Ryno had a point. The bakery was built in 1896 and in the early twentieth century was frequented by the purple gang. Could a murder have taken place in the bakery all those years ago, and now only discovered by the new cop owners? We had to know. Ryno was already planning the investigation when I suggested that we call another of our officers, Dave "Grasshopper" Saad. Dave is our department's crime scene investigator. The man lives to investigate. So we told him about the blood spatter and the possible tie in with a purple gang murder and our planned investigation and he told us to not touch a thing until he arrived and then to really not touch a thing. Ryno and I passed the time waiting for Dave to arrive by eating some day-old doughnuts. Dave arrived wearing a white disposable jumpsuit, rubber gloves and carrying two large tackle boxes that store all of his crime scene equipment. He told us to stand back and stay quiet, which was not easy, considering we were already planning the media release. We were a little taken back when Dave stopped investigating after only about thirty seconds. "It's not blood. It's raspberry filling. I would have thought the seeds would have given you a clue!" Dave left the bakery in a huff. Oh well, we thought. It was exciting for a while. Ryno and I went back to tearing off more trim and finishing the rest of the day-olds.

In Memorial

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- 1 Employee Spotlight
- 2 An Almost Cold Case
- 3 New Product Cops Coffee!
- 4 Spotlight on a law
- 5 In Memorial
- 6 Officer Spotlight

In each issue of Cops & Doughnuts News, we memorialize an officer who has made the ultimate sacrifice in the line of duty. In this issue, we are remembering the four officers killed last year in Lakenwood Washington. They are, Sgt. Mark Renninger, and officers Tina Griswold, Ronald Owens and Greg Richards. May they rest in peace.



Contact Us!

Cops and Doughnuts

**521 North McEwan St.
Clare, MI 48617**

989-386-2241

[**info@copsdoughnuts.com**](mailto:info@copsdoughnuts.com)

We want to hear from you!

There is so much to say about a tragedy like this, but sometimes a song says it all. This song was played at their funeral.

Mama take this badge from me
I can't use it anymore
It's getting dark too dark to see
Feels like I'm knockin' on heaven's door

Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door
Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door
Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door
Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door

Mama put my guns in the ground
I can't shoot them anymore
That cold black cloud is comin' down
Feels like I'm knockin' on heaven's door

Guns N' Roses - Knockin' On Heavens Door

Spotlight on a Law

In each issue of our newsletter, we spotlight one of Clare's local ordinances. In this issue of Cop's & Doughnuts News we give you.....

Sec. 28-206. Maintaining gaming rooms and devices.

It shall be unlawful for any person to keep or maintain a gaming room, gaming tables or any policy or pool tickets used for gaming, or knowingly suffer a gaming room, gaming tables or any policy or pool tickets to be kept, maintained, played or sold on any premises occupied or controlled by him.

COPS CAN COOK TOO!!

Scotch-a-Roos

1 cup of white karo syrup
1 cup of brown sugar
1/2 cup of butter
1 cup of peanut butter
1 teaspoon of vanilla
1 cup of chocolate chips
1 cup of butterscotch chips
6 cups of Rice Krispies

Bring karo syrup, brown sugar, and butter to a low boil and remove from the heat. Add the peanut butter and vanilla mixing until well blended. Stir in the Rice Krispies. Spread into a pan. Melt together the chocolate and butterscotch chips and pour over top as the frosting on the pan of the other mixture. Let harden.

Thank you to Officer McGraw "Squirt" for the featured recipe in this issue!

Ask Bubba

Each issue of Cops and Doughnuts News now includes the "Ask Bubba" column. Feel free to write him for all your "life advice."

Dear Bubba.

I don't know what to do with my husband. He works hard all week and the only time we have together is on the weekends. But every Saturday and Sunday morning he is out of the house at dawn to go fishing. He sits all day in the middle of a lake drowning night crawlers and then comes home too tired to spend any quality time with me. This is affecting our marriage. To top it all off, he is a bear when he comes home because he never catches any fish. You would think he would have some consideration for my needs. I do everything I can for this man! I greet him warmly when he comes home. I beg him to stay and spend time with me. But every weekend morning it is the same thing. I have purchased books for him and they lay unread. I have tried talking to him but he ignores me. Help me Bubba, I don't know what to do.

Frustrated in Farwell.

Dear Frustrated,

I have the answer to your problem! Your husband is not catching any fish because he is going it in the wrong place! Have him fish the lily pads near the shore with a leach hooked on a small jig head. Make sure he moves his line to create a little action. In the afternoon, have him switch to a crank bait along the drop-offs. Since you like to buy him books, I would suggest "The Bass and the Worm," or "Jigs for Trophy Bass." I would buy him both! I hope this helped. Please send any photos of his fish to our website!

Gee Al, I've see worse junk than this get published!

Ken White



COOL QUOTES

In each issue of Cops & Doughnuts News we bring you quotes from mostly dead people who know what they were talking about when they were alive. This issue's quoted person is Aristotle.

A friend to all is a friend to none.

A sense is what has the power of receiving into itself the sensible forms of things without the matter, in the way in which a piece of wax takes on the impress of a signet-ring without the iron or gold.

All human actions have one or more of these seven causes: chance, nature, compulsions, habit, reason, passion, desire.

At his best, man is the noblest of all animals; separated from law and justice he is the worst.

Bad men are full of repentance.

What began as a crazy idea among police friends is quickly becoming an international phenomenon. There is a doughnut shop and bakery in Clare, Michigan that has been in constant operation since 1896. This foundation business was within weeks of closing when the members of the Clare Police Department came to the rescue. All of them. That's right, all nine members of the local police department banded together to save this historic business. Dubbed "Cops and Doughnuts," the business boasts handmade confections of all types. Join us for a warm fresh doughnut and a steaming cup of cops coffee while you enjoy the police decor and friendly, and very safe, atmosphere. Come and see the new store in Clare that everyone is talking about.

Officer Spotlight

Each issue of Cop's & Doughnut News features a spotlight on one of our fine officers. The victim, ah, subject this month is Officer Brian Gregory.

Our Officer Brian Gregory, affectionately known as Dogman, is our police department K9 officer. He works with his very good, but bordering on ADHD, Belgium Malinois, Swiper. Swiper somewhat resembles the fox on the Dora the Explorer program. Brian is relatively new to our department, but has over twenty years of police experience. He is also a professional police K9 and handler trainer. Officers from all over the country come to Clare to be trained by our very own Dogman. Brian is also the most well-known police officer I have ever met. It seems like everyone knows the Dogman. It is one thing to be somewhere in Michigan and meet people who know Brian, but when you are in the back corner of an Albertsons's Grocery Store in Anaconda, Montana and mention to someone that you are a cop from Michigan and their first response is, "Oh, do you know Brian Gregory,?" It can be a little unnerving. Brian is featured on three of our billboards, smiling and holding a coffee in one hand and a bag of doughnuts in the other. I'll bet a thousand times a day people drive by and say, "Hey, I know that guy!"

Cop Stories

Each issue of Cops and Doughnut News contains a story from our cop writer in residence, Officer Al White, AKA Bubba. This is a story from his upcoming book, *Under the Influence of Water*. Bubba is the author of four other books, *Alaska Behind Blue Eyes*, *Standing Ground*, *Promise Not to Tell*, and *In Sheep's Clothing*.

We hope you enjoy, Not Much of a Pond, which follows on the next page!

Not Much of a Pond

My father stood on the back steps of our home and looked across the ten acres of neatly planted young trees growing up the backbone of our nursery. It was a distant stare, common for him and certainly common for most young men in the late nineteen sixties. For some reason I remember this late spring evening clearly; clearer than I remember a lot of things, then and now. I was six years old.

He said, "I want to show you something," and hoisted me on his broad shoulders and started walking across the freshly plowed ground between rows of crabapple trees. I felt like a giant, a conqueror of this land, our land, and totally safe, and totally secure. I loved the way it felt. I wish that I could feel that way again.

My father took me to the Northwest corner of our property where a tiny stream lined with willows meandered in slow curves, detailing our property line. Inside this curve was about a two acre bowl of lowland filled with weeds and rocks and box elder trees that my father kept under control with a brush hog behind his ancient Ford tractor. He walked to the center of the bowl and kicked at the dusty ground, making a small dust cloud dance toward the willows. "I am going to dig a pond here," he said, confidently. "A boy needs a pond to grow up around. Men too," he said. He walked with me around the bowl. I tried to imagine what the pond would look like and all the things I could do on it and in it and around it. And that I knew for sure that my father would make it happen. And he did.

My father made it happen by hiring a very dirty man with a very dirty ball cap and a very dirty cheek full of dirty red brown tobacco to bring in an enormous crane, or at least through my six-year-old eyes, enormous crane, to turn our two-acre weed and brush filled bowl into a half acre hole in the ground.

I stood next to my father and watched it happen. I was fascinated by the heavy equipment and at the speed at which it transformed our land. At the bottom of the hole, on the deepest end, was a giant puddle of frothy, muddy water. The rest of the crater tapered to about four feet at the shallow end. It looked like a

giant mud puddle. My father pointed to the water trickling in from all around the sides, assuring me that the pond would fill over the coming days.

We checked our new pond daily and each time we visited my father would point out how much the water had risen. I don't remember how long it took for the pond to be completely filled, but soon after it did, my father used his tractor to smooth out the rough ground around the edges. I do remember that at this point the pond appeared lifeless, even as the water cleared. Our nightly ritual after supper was to check the pond for no apparent reason, but maybe the best reason to check a pond is because you don't have a reason.

By early autumn a magical thing happened. Our pond came alive. It seemed as if one day it was a barren half-acre body of man-made water and the next day nature gave it a depth charge. All manner of mysterious plants and creatures now called it home. First there were the cattails. All around the edge were bright young shoots sticking out from the soft mud. I still wonder how they arrived, since there was not a cattail anywhere around. Next came the bugs. My father showed me how water insects were now swimming on the top and swimming in the water and crawling in the soft silt on the bottom. He told me that next year we would plant fish in our pond.

The following spring my father put some fifty gallon metal barrels on the back of his flatbed truck and together with our fishing rods, we headed out Herrick Park to stock the pond. We returned several hours later with about fifty small bluegills and a few very small largemouth bass. I remember wishing them all well in their new home as my father tipped over each barrel into water. I wanted to try and catch them right away. I still do.

By the time I was twelve the pond become my refuge. My clean, well-lighted place, outlined by cattails. Because I was allowed to go off on my own at almost any time, provided I was home for supper, and then home again once the street lights came on, I spent more and more time discovering the mysteries and the wonderment and the filth a pond could provide to a twelve year old boy with an over-active

imagination. The streetlight signal was the universal curfew signal for all kids in Clare to go home. I wish it still was.

This was also about the time that my friends and I began spending ever more time away from the watchful, be it casual, eyes of our nineteen seventies parents. We called it "messaging around" which is an appropriate statement since we were generally messy and generally around somewhere, and were generally to be found around our pond. We fished and roughhoused and talked and conducted sadistic and gruesome experiments on frogs. Today we might be have been considered future serial killers for these acts. In the mid-seventies we were just considered boys. This was also our brief but oh-so-wonderful period of our youth when we were old enough to enjoy some freedom, but still young enough that puberty had not complicated things. A time when everything but girls seemed important.

My family's property is now a subdivision. The dusty two-track that I once followed to my pond is now a paved street with curb and gutter and water and electrical lines and has a street sign naming it. There are six-figure homes where I used to hunt rabbits and build forts and kissed a girl for the first time. My pond is still there. It is still not much of pond. It looks smaller than it used to, or perhaps it is the same size and looks that way because maturely tends to downsize what we long to remember.

I walked around my pond the other day. It felt strange to trespass at a place I once called home. But the cattails still grow around the edges and the last thing I saw before leaving was a huge bullfrog sitting quietly on the muddy bank. I longed for a firecracker.

("Not Much of a Pond" is an excerpt from Alan White's forthcoming book, Under the Influence of Water.)

That's all for this issue. Thank you for supporting Cops & Doughnuts!

