By SKYLER SWISHER The Daily Herald, Columbus

Six-year-old Clay Harris was accused of shooting a man to death in order to rob his bag of cash, the victim’s twin brother said.

Brian Frazier, 27, and Jessica M. Dotson, 25, both of Centerville, were charged on June 30 with homicide and abuse of a corpse. Another man, Devill T. Simpson, 22, of Lebanon, was charged with abuse of a corpse and accessory after the fact.

The body of 19-year-old Alphonso Waters was discovered June 29 after authorities were tipped off by an informant to an Investigators processing Waters’ body was killed inside Dotson and Frazier’s residence at 326 Columbia Avenue.

Waters had become killers to receive the death penalty, but he said he did not.

“Forgive them because I am a Christian and that is what the Lord wants,” he said.

Frazier’s family, filed by the Tennessee Bureau of Investigation, sheds light on what took place at the Columbia Avenue home. In the affidavit, investigators interviewed Frazier’s brother, who said he was a face with a sledgehammer

Injures 11

Two cited for homicide

3 charged in murder, dismemberment

Beat the heat with a cool creek

By BRADLEY A. MARTIN

If you have access to an unconditioning unit, then you know the most comfortable way to avoid the summer heat. But there’s one other way to cool down.

Find a shady creek and jump in.

Unlike air conditioning, many creeks are free if you know where to look. You can jump into a cool creek in Hickman County, what follows here, is a guide to local creeks, sure. But the accompanying, over-heated weekend backdrop really needs to know the answer to this: Where is the coolest swimming hole in Hickman County?

Only one of our citizens is fully qualified to explore that question, and the editor of this newspaper asked him to conduct a tour of one of our coolest places. David Anderson gives up right, pretty much outside doors, earned a wildlife biology degree, then spent 30 years as an officer of the Tennessee Wildlife Resources Agency. His knowledge of all those hidden getaways unmatched, he knows how to get to them—and he has an unbreakable stream to prove it.

So, are there other places with more natural water than Hickman?

“There is,” he said, “it probably be by volume in one of the lakes, some of those big lakes, but as far as free-running surface water. I don’t know, there may be, there are clubs, other creeks that may have raised— and that we’ll be hearing about all of these very soon.”

But that will be a controversy that’s fun.

A note on the rules we observed:

Creeks with public access points were all we were looking for, many a site along one route was fenced off or featured “No Trespassing” signs. There was more, all one exception to the rule.

— The temperature was taken in a shady spot, if possible, and only read after a five-minute submergence.

— We stayed out of the water, avoided all types of temptation (like warming the survey on the spot to enjoy the peace and coolness).

Playwright turns out the lights

Playwright Clay Harris has decided to leave the theatre business and pursue other interests, he told members of the local performance troops last week.

“How hard was the decision?” he said in an e-mail, responding to a question. “Like washing my father’s clothes. From the event, much, empty, hurt, said, like burying my mother. I’ll be at home with my wife, Billy, and will devote their time to making sure their daughter, Eames, has the finances she needs to attend college in a few years.

In the past, Harris has created original drama, comedy and children’s works here for more than 20 years. Most recently, the Clay Harris Theater has presented 21 original plays and musicals in its 5 years.

The most recent production was “Both,” about a nurse named Slate Whitson. It was staged in a small town in America a theatre was created and attended by the most wonderful human kinds. A rare happening to be treasured in memory.

Whether the local theatre troupe, which numbers about 25, will decide to continue or disband is unclear.
Looking for a creek?

A Hickman County creek survey report, taken July 1-2, in order of travel:

**Beaverdam Creek**

The J.H. Barber Bridge on Highway 438, about a mile from Coble Country Store, may be the most popular swimming hole in the county, given that it is accessible directly from the highway.

About 15 folks, most of them young people, were enjoying the summer fun late on a Friday afternoon. Note that the popularity is related to this fact: You can jump 15 feet or more into a deep hole, climb out and up and do it again. All day: Alternatively, you can jump in, float under the bridge and come up on a gravel bar, where a strategically positioned chair would allow the sun to really soak in.

David took two temperature readings. The thermometer read 72 degrees after three minutes; we agreed at that point to make five minutes the standard length. The second reading reported 74 degrees.

**Blue Water**

In formulating this survey, a certain resident of Blue Water Road, known during the week as the attorney Allston Vander Horst, theorized that Blue Water Creek, which feeds Beaverdam, certainly is the coldest water available.

The temperature we observed bore him out — 71 degrees, coldest of the tour — but it’s not quite that simple. Beaverdam was not familiar with a way for the creeking public to easily enjoy some of this blue-skin coldness. Our temperature sample was obtained by standing on a very short bridge that carries Backside Beaverdam Road over the creek. The spot where we paused could have been entered by humans, but not easily, and the road was thin, and there really was no bank to climb up and jump into pretty much out of the pavement, due to rocks and debris. Coldish, but like Roger Maris’ 61st homer, it gets an asterisk.

**Joe’s Branch**

Also a tributary to Beaverdam, this creek is easily entered from a very long gravel bar. On the day we visited, there was no swimming — just a chap who was collecting five-gallon buckets of creek rock. He had several buckets, though no noticeable dent in the supply was being made.

The temperature here was 76 — a result, David surmised, of a long-sunny stretch of water, which tends to add some warmth.

“I’m just saying, when you’re talking about cool, it’s a relative thing,” he said.

“I don’t understand it,” says David, though we agreed it was supporting.

“You come here at midday tomorrow and you’ll get plenty of people.”

“Good they’re not here today.”

The thermometer read 76 degrees — same as Joe’s Branch.

Though we didn’t jump in, we noticed all along the way that tree-lined road along creeks were significantly cooler than the concrete of the county seat’s Public Square.

If most gauges were showing 96 on these late afternoons (and it probably was), we didn’t know about it.

**Swan Creek**

You should know that Swan is my personal favorite, though I did not report that to the thermometer. We stopped just off the Swan Creek Road at the Mayfield Bridge Road, from where we could see a...
Cold creeks

(cont. from page A6)

to. We stepped just off the Swan Creek Road at the Mayfield Road Bridge, from where we could see a campfire wafting into the canopy just downstream. "They're setting up camp for the weekend," said David.

Nice place for it.

This stretch of Swan Creek was along the area where the growth known as Mill Creek was, just a few years ago, preparing to drop the whole creek, heating the flow to temperatures that would damage the life there now. TWRA was charged with trying to fix the problem, which consisted of waiting on Mother Nature to do her job. She did.

Temperature: 76 for the third stop in a row, in three different creeks. I was wondering what was going on. David wasn't. "You figure it's 22 degrees cooler than your body temperature," he says. That's cold enough.

Lick Creek, 1

This picturesque stream was our initial destination on Saturday afternoon's run, and our first of two stops along it was on Tom Patten Road, currently not open to through traffic due to the 2010 flood. From the Pummin Springs Road side, there's a roadside stretch with a pretty good hole where we found a family of four passing a slow afternoon.

"You're really doing that!" asked the Dad, who wondered what we were up to.

The spot, which looked invitingly deep, was pretty sunny, too, and David said "You figure it's 22 degrees cooler than your body temperature," he says. That's cold enough.

Lick Creek, 2

This second stop was on an unnamed bridge across a sharp bend on Beech Valley Road, which heads up to Highway 7. The wide, flat road, which heads up to Highway 7. The wide, flat road.

Our second stop on this winding creek was far on Bell Branch Road, down a hill that opened out to a wide, low place with creek-rock parking and several ways to reach the water. On the lower side was a swing, and a half mile for younger kids. We stayed up a ways at the bridge across and enjoyed the sound of some mini-rapids. Unlike the earlier Mill Creek stop, this was far, far away, though still visible; this one was farther.

Sugar Creek

This was a bit of a time afterthought very quickly. It was among our favorite stops on the trip. The temperature was a fine 75 degrees.

The thermometer reached 80 degrees, according to David's thermometer. This big Lick Creek hole is alongside Tom Patten Road.

Mill Creek, 2

Our second stop on this windy creek was far on Bell Branch Road, down a hill that opened out to a wide, low place with creek-rock parking and several ways to reach the water. On the lower side was a swing, and a half mile for younger kids. We stayed up a ways at the bridge across and enjoyed the sound of some mini-rapids. Unlike the earlier Mill Creek stop, this spot was easy, though still visible; this one was farther.

Mill Creek, 1

Back down to the center of the county and a risk along Old Mill Creek, on Washer Road, where we pulled off in the lot that used to lead to the old Bon Aqua-Lyles Utility District intake site, where the water works has been removed, though the base of the old building remains.

This is a real swimming hole, up against a bluff with a rope and plenty of places to park. The young people on hand were having a blast, though the obviously popular site drew more than just folks seeking to cool off.

Recent visitors had left a party's worth of beer bottles and other trash, the young people we met in the water pledged to pick it all up.

The water was worth the effort, measuring 75 degrees, according to David's thermometer.

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