

Jeff Blithe Jr
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~~Great Cacapon, WV 25422~~

Morgan County Courthouse
77 Fairfax Street, Suite 1B
Probation Department / Danielle Hofe
Berkeley Springs, WV 25411

Dear Judge Redding:

Case # 17-F-18

My name is Jeff Blithe Jr. and this letter is written as a verification to the character of Erick Shute, who has been convicted of first degree murder and attempted murder in the counts recently. The Erick he is accused of being and the Erick I know well are two completely different people. I first met Erick in 2008. He was a public insurance adjuster when I met him and I ran my own tree company. We just clicked from the beginning. He was very out going and friendly, he cared about people and wanted to help everyone offering his services and spreading the patriotic word or concern about our country. We attended multiple Tea Party meetings and Bilderberg events together whether active patriots or vendors but always contributing.

I remember when he started the Time Bank Exchange helping the poor in our area raising the moral fabric of society thanks to social media. He would hold meetings in coffee shops, and diners inviting people to attend and spread the word of helping others.

He has always been helpful to me whether personally or in business helping me with marketing, sales, and sometimes physical labor such as heavy lifting and firewood. Always easy to talk to and will go out of his way to help anyone. He really loves his mother and has always been a kind generous caring person. I have never known him to be violent towards anyone or raise his voice to anyone.

We started looking at property in West Virginia in 2009 and made the purchase in August 2011. In hind sight we wish we had done more do diligence in checking out the local people because we never would have made the purchase in a drug addict infested area.

All of the tools and trailers on the property belong to me along with the trucks and vans. Everything that was stolen was my property. The trucks that Erick and Linda would drive are my trucks.

We ran ads in the local area looking for someone to provide us with security since we did not live on the property yet. William and Travis Bartley responded to the ad in 2012. They were living at the Falling Waters Campground at the time. After a face to face interview we allowed them to move on to our property with the agreement they could live here rent free, split the electric bill, and provide security so our belongings would not

get stolen. We all agreed on this. This arrangement started out good but several months down the road turned very toxic. About the time when Travis Bartley started dating Kaylee Douglas and the two families became friends is when the relationship with us started to turn toxic and we started to notice things.

In coming to WV my first memories of Jack Douglas are of the first time we pulled a trailer up here full of camping supplies. He was nice enough to tell us don't leave anything here of value or it'll be gone when you return. He was the local pawn shop for pills and/or other needs. He would have placed an order for local things needed and the neighboring drug addicts would trade. All bad-asses eventually meet their superior and my next story explains this.

In 2012 Erick made a run to get water and came back here. Shortly afterwards here comes Jack Douglas in the road screaming "Erick came past my house 50 mph and made dust on the hair pin turn/90-degree turn. If I would have had a brick I would have thrown it through his windshield, watch out next time". Now, nose to nose with my Jack being the innocent guy he was. No, I don't run, I stand my ground, never surrender. A few months later leaving to go back to New Jersey once more Jack comes out of the yard screaming again and acting tough. I checked my speed and was doing 10 to 11 mph, he was looking for a reason to throw something. Smart people don't set their trailers up on a dirt road or intersection, nor do they sell drugs to their kids and teach them to act like whores and get free stuff from government.

William Bartley was once a taxidermist and welder. My kind until he got hooked on pills/dope. I never questioned much until he tapped into our phoneline to deal his dope. I had Roger, another neighbor, and others asking me if I had anything - meaning drugs. I had William asking me if I would hire him and his son Travis to do things around the property. I had no problem with this until things starting missing. Things such as gas, tools, lumber, floor jacks, saws and other tools. We still allowed them to stay until William and Travis moved a big work truck with 80 gallons of gas away from my cameras to their trailer work area and pumped the tank dry. We hurried back to the property to find my truck gas tank empty, 80 gallons of gas stolen. Then I got to the point of knowing the white trash was robbing from me. I confronted them about the theft of the gasoline and Linda's propane tank from the bar-b-que grill they lied, don't know anything about.

Shortly thereafter I drove my camper van off the mountain and discovered no brakes about a mile down the road but I was going downhill, no brakes front or back, I used the parking brake going around curves on two wheels. I ended up jumping a small maybe eight-inch incline and landed in a field on Hammerhill Road where I came to a stop. I got under the van and discovered the front brake line had been cut (at this point I did not notice the rear brake line) I filled it with water because that was all I had and drove back to the property. William came over to me saying he and Travis could do the repairs if paid for it. I still didn't know the rear brakes had also been cut. I raised the van up to repair it and that's when I found front and rear brakes lines also cut and no rust on the lines but I did see the crimp marks from the cutting.

It appeared Travis lived to drink beer even at 7 AM and carry on his family tradition of it. I worked him like his daddy until they got caught stealing from me. Seemed to me his high hopes in life was to make the state take care of him and his kids and do as little honest work as possible. Not the kinder gentler boy who got his because he was a good fella.

The time Linda and I were walking across the property and she asked about them paying up the electric bill they both came out all glassy eyed screaming again nose to nose with Travis and William again and I told them they had to leave. I don't know who would allow such people in their houses. Nothing good was created out of that gene pool. We earn an honest living.

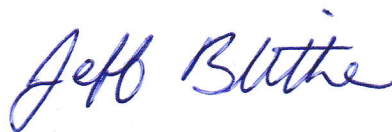
Spring of 2016 Erick his girlfriend and child were with me returning to NJ and Travis stopped me on Gamble Lane I rolled my window about an inch, he wanted to sell me some firewood. I own a tree company, cut trees all year and make firewood why would I buy from you? Than Jack and William come over, you could feel the hostility in the air, and Jack telling me to put my window all the way down, I respond no, I can hear you just fine, why should I put my window all the way down? Jack answers so I can grab you.

On that June morning of 2016 Erick went to get water and came back scared to death because his front and rear break lines had been unscrewed because they knew that was easier than cutting the lines. Travis, William and Jack were looking Erick in the face glaring at him on Sunday evening as he was walking the fence line. Who ever heard of both front and rear brakes going out at the same time? No one! From the road you can't see any of our vehicles our drive way curves down like a serpentine. The road, Gamble Lane is a higher elevation then the parking area no one would ever know anything is there
If just driving down the road.

You need to set aside the verdict and call this self-defense because that's all it was.

Respectfully,

Jeff Blithe



Certificate of Acknowledgement

State of West Virginia

County of Morgan

On 09-17-2018, before me, Ashley Spickler,
(date) (notary)

personally appeared,

Jeff Blithe
(signers)

proved to me on the basis of satisfactory evidence to be the person(s) whose name(s) is/are subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged to me that he/she/they executed the same in his/her/their authorized capacity(ies), and that by his/her/their signature(s) on the instrument the person(s) or the entity upon behalf of which the person(s) acted, executed the instrument

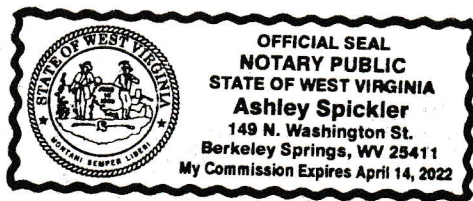
WITNESS my hand and official seal

Ashley Spickler

(notary signature)

My Commission Expires: April 14, 2022

(seal)



FILED