August 5, 2026

To Whom it may concern

My name is John Quintrell and I am an inmate here at he Beckley, WV BOP Camp. I am here serving my sentence for not being able to pay my payroll related taxes due from my coal mining operations. I use to be an excavation contractor but was frustrated with the current workforce availble. I had the opportunity to do some work on a coal mine in Kentucky in 2016 and I was instantly drawn to it by the extreme work ethic of the Central Appalachian coal miner.

This brings me to the subject of this letter. When I arrived at Beckley I was excited to learn the camp offered certain jobs where the inmates could both benefit the camp, make a little money, and stay busy but also feel Usetul. I was assigned to the welding shop and as the trash truck driver which goes back and forth to the landfill. The first person I met at the welding shop was Doug Vance. As I talked to Doug I realized he was

one of these central Appalachian coal miners. I could see this in him from the first day. Unlike the other guys who show up late Doug is always 15 minutes early. He works very hard and does the work of several men. He never complains or gives excuses like most men do. Vance (as we call him) and I rebuilt the camp greenhouse together. To do this we had to use a manlift to hoover over the clear roof so we could remove and replace all the panels, Vance laid on his knees and stomach for days in the sun with it reflecting in his face off the panels, The platform he was on was perforated steel and it rubbed the skin off of him but he never complained or would even let me give him a break,

This is the way he is with all of our projects. He never gives excuses to why he can't do something. He also told me he use to be a logger and we all know thats one of the hardest

jobs in these mountains, As we are assigned these projects it always ends up me and Vance as our boss knows he can trust us and we get it done. Whether its new ceiling fans at the training center, new electric gates at the entrance, or making repairs to equipment Vance is one of the camps most valuable people,

However as good as this is Vance's most valuable asset is his kindness and generosity. He is always offering a helping hand to all of us, As I came in to the camp it was Vance who took the time to help me adjust to the right way of doing things here, He shared things with me which he had and I needed. Vance is this way with all of us. I have seen him get something really good to eat and then give half of it to his room mate. He never loses his temper and if I need an opinion I go straight to him.

Also he really touches me in the way he talks of his family. His wife

loves him dearly I can tell. My room is right beside the wall phones and honestly I hate it. All I hear is garbage talk and guys disrespecting their outside family. But when I hear Vance start talking with his wife it gives me such comfort. He loves and respects her and he talks about his children and grandkids to her. He respects her and he never says anything but how blessed he is to have her support. She also visits him more than anyone visits anyone at he camp and I can tell it makes Vance's days so much more comfortable to be able to have his family close.

I really hope I can remain Vance's friend after our time is served here. He is exactly the type of friend a man needs out on the street. I feel his testimony of this experience will help so many people in the small community he comes from. Also I hope the younger generation learns his work ethic and how being a

hard working man is someone who they need to look up to. People seem to only want to make excuses these days for why they can't do something. Vance is not one of those people, he actually does what's needed no matter how hard it is and when his day is done you will see him walking back to camp with his worn leather gloves in his back pocket.

John Grinstead