“The migrant people, scuttling for work, scrabbling to live, looked always for pleasure, dug for pleasure, manufactured pleasure, and they were hungry for amusement.” (Chapter 23)
“The migrant people looked humbly for pleasure on the roads.” (Chapter 23)
“We’re tryin’ to get along, havin’ fun an’ keepin’ order. Don’t tear all that down. Jes’ think about it. You’re jes’ harmin’ yourself.” (Chapter 24)
“You know a vagrant is anybody a cop don’t like. An’ that’s why they hate this here camp. No cops can get in. This here’s United States, not California.” (Chapter 24)
“You goddamn reds is all the time stirrin’ up trouble.” (Chapter 24)
“They’s change a-comin’. I don’t know what. Maybe we won’t live to see her. But she’s a-comin. They’s a res’ess feelin’. Fella can’t figure nothin’ out, he’s so nervous.” (Chapter 24)
“The little farmers watched debt creep up on them like the tide. They sprayed the trees and sold no crap, they pruned and grafted and could not pick the crop. And the men of knowledge have worked, have considered, and the fruit is rotting on the ground, and the decaying mash in the wine vats poisoning the air. And taste the wine—no grape flavor at all, just sulphur and tannic acid and alcohol.” (Chapter 25)
“There is a crime here that goes beyond denunciation. There is a sorrow here that weeping cannot symbolize. There is a failure here that topples all our success. The fertile earth, the straight tree rows, the sturdy trunks, and the ripe fruit. And children dying of pellagra must die because a profit cannot be taken from an orange. And coroners must fill in the certificaties—died of malnutrition—because the food must rot, must be forced to rot.” (Chapter 25)
“All of California quickens with produce, and the fruit grows heavy.” (Chapter 25)
“In the souls of the people the grapes of wrath are filling and growing heavy, growing heavy for the vintage.” (Chapter 25)