“Puts weight on ya. Goin’ out lookin’ for somepin you know you ain’t gonna find.” (Chapter 26)
“I’ll tell ya. It’s ‘cause we’re all a-workin’ together. Deity can’t pick on one fella in this camp. He’s pickin’ on the whole darn camp. An’ he don’t dare. All we got to do is give a yell an’ they’s two hundred men out. Fella organizin’ for the union was a-talkin’ out on the road. He says we could do that any place. Jus’ stick together. They ain’t raisin’ hell with no two hundred men. They’re pickin’ on one man. “ (Chapter 26)
“Can you pick peaches?”
“We never done it,” Pa said.
“We can do anything,” Tom said hurriedly. “We can pick anything there is.” (Chapter 26)
“Got to pick easier. Can’t drop ‘em in the bucket. Got to lay ‘em in.”

They started again, and this time they handled the fruit gently. The boxes filled more slowly. “We could figger somepin out, I bet.” Tom said. “If Ruthie and Winfiel’ or Rosasharn jus’ put ‘em in the boxes, we could work out a system.” He carried his newest box to the station. “Is this here worth a nickel?”

The checked looked them over, dug down several layers. “That’s better,” he said. He checked the box in. “Just take it easy.” (Chapter 26)
“If you’re in trouble or hurt or need— go to poor people. They’re the only ones that’ll help— the only ones.” (Chapter 26)
“Well, they was nice fellas, ya see. What made ‘em bad was they needed stuff. An’ I begin to see, then. It’s need that makes all the trouble.” (Chapter 26)
“Cops cause more trouble than they stop.” (Chapter 26)
“They killed ‘im. Busted his head. I was standin’ there. I went nuts. Grabbed the pick handle.” He looked bleakly back at the night, the darkness, the flashlights, as he spoke. “I –I clubbed a guy.” (Chapter 26)
“They was the time when we was on the lan’. They was a boundary to us then. Ol’ folks died off, an’ little fellas come, an’ we was always one thing– we was the fambly– kinda whole and clear. An’ now we ain’t clear no more. I can’t get straight. They ain’t nothin’ keeps us clear. Al-he’s a-hankerin’ an’ a-jibbitin’ to go off on his own. An’ Uncle John is jus’ a-draggin’ along. Pa’s lost his place. He ain’t the head no more. We’re crackin’ up Tom. There ain’t no fambly now. An’ Rosasharn– She gonna have her baby an’ they won’t be no fambly.” (Chapter 26)
“Seems like the man ain’t got no say no more.” (Chapter 26)
“Ever’body’s gittin’ mean,” said Pa. “Ever’body. You seen that fight today. Fella changes. Down that gov’ment camp we wasn’t mean.” (Chapter 26)
“COTTON PICKERS WANTED—placards on the road, handbills out, orange-colored handbills—Cotton Pickers Wanted.” (Chapter 27)
“Try for God’s sake ta save a little money! Winter’s comin’ fast. They ain’t no work at all in California in the winter. Fill up the bag ‘fore it’s dark. I seen that fella put two clods in.” (Chapter 27)