“They raced at the picking, raced against time and cotton weight, raced against the rain and against each other—only so much to pick, only so much money to be made.” (Chapter 28)
“Says one time he went out in the wilderness to find his own soul, an’ he foun’ he didn’t have no soul that was his’n. Says he foun’ he jus’ got a little piece of a great big soul. Says a wilderness ain’t no good, ‘cause his little piece of a soul wasn’t no good ‘less it was with the rest, an’ was whole.” (Chapter 28)
“Little fella like me can’t do anything. The Association sets the rate, and we got to mind. If we don’t— we ain’t got a farm. Little fella gets crowded all the time.” (Chapter 28)
“Whenever they’s a fight so hungry people can eat, I’ll be there...An’ when our folks eat (what) they raise an’ live in the houses they build...I’ll be there. “

(Chapter 28)
“Our people livin’ like pigs, an’ the good rich lan’ layin’ fallow, or maybe one fella with a million acres, while a hundred thousand’ good farmers is starvin.’ An’ I been wonderin’ if all our folks got together an’ yelled, like them fellas yelled, only a few of ‘em at the Hooper ranch------” (Chapter 28)
“God, I’m talkin’ like Casy. Comes of thinkin’ about him so much. Seems like I can see him sometimes.” (Chapter 28)
“Spen’ all my time a-thinkin’ how it use’ta be. Spen’ all my time thinkin’ of home, an’ I ain’t never gonna see it no more.” (Chapter 28)
“We got nothin’, now.”
“Seems like our life’s over an’ done.” (Chapter 28)
“Ever’thing we do—seems to me is aimed right at goin’ on. Seems that way to me. Even getting’ hungry—even bein’ sick; some die, but the rest is tougher. Jus’ try to live the day, jus’ the day.”

(Chapter 28)
“The people sat in wet clothes. They set up boxes and put planks on the boxes. Then, day and night, they sat on the planks. Beside the tents the old cars stood, and water fouled the ignition wires and water fouled the carburetors....And if a barn stood on high ground, it was filled with people, shivering and hopeless.” (Chapter 29)
“And under the begging, and under the cringing, a hopeless anger began to smolder. And in the little towns pity for the sodden men changed to anger, and anger at the hungry people changed to fear of them. Then sheriffs score in deputies in droves, and orders were rushed for rifles, for tear gas, for ammunition. Then the hungry men crowded the alleys behind the stores to beg for bread, to beg for rotting vegetables, to steal when they could.”

(Chapter 29)
“Frantic men pounded on doors of the doctors; and the doctors were busy. And sad men left word at country stores for the coroner to send a car. The coroners were not too busy. The coroners’ wagons backed up through the mud and took out the dead.” (Chapter 29)
“Huddled under sheds, lying in wet hay, the hunger and the fear bred anger. Then boys went out, not to beg, but to steal; and men went out weakly to try to steal.” (Chapter 29)
“The sheriffs swore in new deputies and ordered new rifles; and the comfortable people in tight houses felt pity at first, and then distaste, and finally hatred for the migrant people.” (Chapter 29)
“The women watched the men, watched to see whether the break had come at last. The women stood silently and watched. And where a number of men gathered together, the fear went from their faces, the anger took its place. And the women sighed with relief, for they knew it was all right— the break had not come; and the break would never come as long as fear could turn to wrath.” (Chapter 29)