How does Steinbeck connect Chapter 4 (plot) with Chapter 3 (intercalary)?

Find specific examples from the text to back up your answer.
Who did Tom Joad meet under the tree?
Why isn’t Jim Casy a preacher anymore? What was his revelation?

Find a quote from the text to back up your answer.
Why was Tom in prison?
What do you learn about Uncle John in this chapter?
Who is responsible for tearing down the houses? Why is it being done?
Why aren’t any crops growing on the land?
What is the tractor called? Why?
“And all of them were caught in something larger than themselves.”
“...the banks were machines and masters all at the same time.”
“And the owner men explained the workings and the thinkings of the monster that was stronger than they were.”
“But— you see, a bank or a company can’t do that, because those creatures don’t breathe air, don’t eat side-meat. They breathe profits; they eat the interest on money. If they don’t get it, they die the way you die without air, without side-meat. It is a sad thing, but it is so. It is just so.”
“The bank—the monster has to have profits all the time. It can’t wait. It’ll die. No, taxes go on. When the monster stops growing, it dies. It can’t stay one size.”
“What do you want us to do? We can’t take less share of the crop—we’re half starved now. The kids are hungry all the time. We got no clothes, torn an’ ragged. If all the neighbors weren’t the same, we’d be ashamed to go to meeting.

And at last the owner men cam to the point. The tenant system won’t work any more. One man on a tractor can take the place of twelve or fourteen families. Pay him a wage and take all the crop. We have to do it. We don’t like to do it. But the monster’s sick. Something’s happened to the monster. “
“A bank isn’t like a man. Or a owner with fifty thousand acres, he isn’t a man either. That’s a monster.”
“We measured it and broke it up. We were born on it, an we got killed on it, died on it. Even if it’s not good, it’s still ours. That’s what makes it ours—being born on it, working it, dying on it. That makes ownership, not a paper with numbers on it.”
“The bank is something more than men, I tell you. It’s the monster. Men made it, but they can’t control it.”
“Maybe we can kill banks—they’re worse than Indians and snakes. Maybe we got to fight to keep our land, like Pa and Grampa did.”
“Why don’t you go on west to California? There’s work there, and it never gets cold....Why there’s always some kind of crop to work in.”
“The man sitting in the iron seat did not look like a man; gloved, goggled, rubber dust mask over nose and mouth, he was a part of the monster, a robot in the seat.”
“A twitch at the controls could swerve the cat’, but the driver’s hands could not twitch because the monster that built the tractor, the monster that sent the tractor out, had somehow got into the driver’s hands, into his brain and muscle, had goggled him and muzzled him–goggled his mind, muzzled his speech, goggled his perception, muddled his protest.”
“It a seed dropped did not germinate, it was no skin off his ass. If the young thrusting plant withered in drought or drowned in a flood of rain, it was no more to the driver than to the tractor.”
“He loved the land no more than the bank loved the land.”
“And pulled behind the disks, the harrows combing with iron teeth so that the little clods broke up and the earth lay smooth. Behind the harrows, the long seeders—twelve curved iron penes erected in the foundry, organisms set by gears, raping methodically, raping without passion. The driver sat in his iron seat and he was proud of the straight lines he did not will, proud of the tractor he did not own or love, proud of the power he could not control.”
“Curious children crowded close, ragged children who ate their fried dough as they watched. They watched hungrily the unwrapping of the sandwiches, and their hunger-sharpened noses smelled the pickle, cheese, and Spam. They didn’t speak to the driver. They watched his hand as it carried food to his mouth. They did not watch him chewing; heir eyes followed the hand that held the sandwich.”
“Well what you doing this kind of work for– against your own people?

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“Three dollars a day. I got damn sick of creeping for my dinner– and not getting it. I got a wife and kids. We got to eat. Three dollars a day, and it comes every day.”

“But for three dollars a day fifteen or twenty families can’t eat at all. Nearly a hundred people have to go out and wander the roads for your three dollars a day. Is that right?”

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“Can’t think of that. Got to think of my own kids. Three dollars a day, and it comes every day. Times are changing, mister, don’t you know. Can’t make a living on the land unless you’ve got two, five, ten thousands acres and a tractor. Crop land isn’t for little guys like us any more.”
“The property is the man, stronger than he is. And he is small, not big. Only his possessions are big— and he’s a servant of his property.”
“You got no call to worry about anybody’s kids but your own. You get a reputation for talking like that, and you’ll never get three dollars a day. Big shots won’t give you three dollars a day if you worry about anything but your three dollars a day.”

“Nearly a hundred people on the road for your three dollars. Where will we go?”
“He got orders from the bank. The bank told him ‘Clear those people out it’s your job.’”
“We’ve got a bad thing made by men, and by God that’s something we can change.”