**How does Steinbeck use details in this passage to present the bunkhouse and its inhabitants?**

The bunk house was a long, rectangular building. Inside, the walls were whitewashed

and the floor unpainted. In three walls there were small, square windows, and in the

fourth, a solid door with a wooden latch. Against the walls were eight bunks, five of

them made up with blankets and the other three showing their burlap ticking. Over

each bunk there was nailed an apple box with the opening forward so that it made two

shelves for the personal belongings of the occupant of the bunk. And these shelves

were loaded with little articles, soap and talcum powder, razors and those Western

magazines ranch men love to read and scoff at and secretly believe. And there were

medicines on the shelves, and little vials, combs; and from nails on the box sides, a

few neckties. Near one wall there was a black cast-iron stove, its stove-pipe going

straight up through the ceiling. In the middle of the room stood a big square table

littered with playing cards, and around it were grouped boxes for the players to sit on.

At about ten o’clock in the morning the sun threw a bright dust-laden bar through one

of the side windows, and in and out of the beam flies shot like rushing stars.

The wooden latch raised. The door opened and a tall, stoop-shouldered old man

came in. He was dressed in blue jeans and he carried a big push-broom in his left

hand. Behind him came George, and behind George, Lennie.

‘The boss was expectin’ you last night,’ the old man said. ‘He was sore as hell when

you wasn’t here to go out this morning.’ He pointed with his right arm, and out of

the sleeve came a round stick-like wrist, but no hand. ‘You can have them two beds

there,’ he said, indicating two bunks near the stove.

George stepped over and threw his blankets down on the burlap sack of straw that

was a mattress. He looked into the box shelf and then picked a small yellow can from

it. ‘Say. What the hell’s this?’

‘I don’t know,’ said the old man.

‘Says “positively kills lice, roaches, and other scourges”. What the hell kind of bed

you giving us, anyways. We don’t want no pants rabbits.’