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## The westing game pdf

During the 1873 financial crisis, an Austrian wisconsin migrant named John Michael Kohler bought Sheboyga's Union Iron & Steel founding house from his father-in-chief and founded the Kohler Company. The company hit it big with bathtubs, and in 1899 Kohler bought land west of Sheboygan, located an hour off the coast of Lake Michigan from Milwaukee, to place a new plant. Kohler died in 1900, but his son, Walter J. Kohler, turned the country into a Kohler, Wisconsin, business village. By 1914, Kohler employed more than 1,000 workers in his factory, many of them immigrants. Kohler's first building was called the American Club and was decorated with US flags and portraits of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. According to Suellen Hoy's *Chasing Dirt: The American Pursuit of Cleanliness*, Walter Kohler said of the building's dedication reveal that he hoped the name would be a factor in insuring foreign predecessors, a love for their adopted land. Kohler lived with his workers in Kohler, a luxury Tudor Revival farm called Riverbend, which cost him more than \$1 million to build in the early 2000s. Walter Kohler made the company's policy of giving promotions only to U.S. citizens. Factory foremen helped register employees for nocturnal Americanization courses. Every April, the company celebrated Americanization Day by driving employees to the courthouse to fill out citizenship papers in ticket festooned cars. Kohler Corporation was fiercely prosperous, and Kohler, a moderate Republican, was elected governor of Wisconsin in 1928. Then came the crash and the F.D.R.-led Democratic wave. In 1932 Kohler lost the reelection bid. The American Socialist Party held a national convention in Milwaukee and praised Sheboygan's Fred C. Haacki, a councillor who was first elected in 1897 as the country's first socialist incumbent. (This was probably wrong.) Two years later, the American Workers Union organized kohler's workers' union and lobbied for wage increases. Walter Kohler refused to negotiate, and the workers went on strike. The violence erupted when special forces tried to escort a coal truck across the pick-up line, and two strikers were killed. Dozens were injured. In 1940, a federal jury indicted the Kohler Company for conspiracy to correct industrial prices. A month after the indictment, Kohler died of a heart attack that many felt was caused by shock. When Kohler died, Ellen Raskin was 12 years old and lived in Milwaukee. Five years later, he went to the University of Wisconsin and was going to major in journalism. Instead, he became an illustrator and book designer, later creating the original cover of *Wrinkle in Time*. He began writing and imagining his own books, and then in the '70s he turned to writing novels for young people. The first of these, published in 1971, includes a woman named Caroline Fish With the help of each of their children, Tina and Tony (both of whom she calls Tiny) are looking for their missing husband Leon, who has changed his name to Noel. In 1976, Raskin began working on his last book, a mystery called *Westing Game*, which revolves around the death of a cryptic patriotic industrial magnate. The sun sets in the west (almost everyone knows it), but *Sunset Towers* met the east. *Strangel* So the *Westing game* begins. *Sunset Towers*, which we will soon learn, is a glittering, glass five-story apartment building on an empty beach on Lake Michigan, and is empty, but a mysterious salesman named Barney Northrup has led a carefully chosen family crowd to move. This is how the book proceeds in general.) These tenants were mothers and fathers and children, Raskin writes. Dressmaker, secretary, inventor, doctor, judge. And yes, one was a bookie, one a burglar, one a bomber and the other a mistake. The landscape of the novel is as spare as the chessboard, the better to frame the action; there are *Sunset Towers*, a huge lake and, in the background, a mansion owned by Samuel Westing, a recluse man who had been a humble immigrant before becoming a union-breaking magnate of paper products. Westing is found dead, and 16 letters are quickly delivered from his farm inviting sunset towers residents and employees to read the tycoon's desire. The lawyer divides the group into eight couples and announces that they are all potential heirs to Westing's \$200 million fortune. He shares eight envelopes full of seemingly unspent incentive leads and instructs guests that the goal of an unexplained game is to win. Read America, heirs, and praise this generous country, he reads from the bricks. You might get rich, yourself, by who dares to play Westing's game. *Westing Game* is an enigmatic 200-100-year-old creation: a tribute, pastiche and criticism. The clues to the heritage game are mixed pieces from the song *America the Beautiful*, as if someone had cut the lyrics and tied them in the hat. (Raskin's characters won't be able to figure this out for a long time; I think most of his first-time readers, even in the Age of Google, take almost as long to catch up.) In Will's handling, in the mansion, Westing himself is present, lying in an open coffin wrapped in bunting. His waxy body is dressed as Uncle Sam. The group of potential heirs is strikingly multicultural – intentionally, blatantly, almost allegorically, so as the author and Columbia professor Nicholas Dames wrote in an essay on the book published last year. There are the Theodoracis brothers, one of whom is disabled and whose Greek parents run a café in *Sunset Towers*. There's Josie-Jo Ford, a well-heeled black judge. A Chinese-American family that includes a teenage star athlete, a restaurateur-turned inventor father and a stepmother who doesn't speak English. There's a Polish secretary with a fake disability, and an eerie, devout cleaner named Crow, and the *Wexlers*, a semi-Jewish family whose status-obsessed matriarch cocoons his beautiful daughter Angela in wedding preparations and neglects his younger son Turtle – an intelligent, brave, prickly boy who runs around accepting daring and kicking people, following a kite (all from a braid. (Raskin kept references to the file cabinet of photographs, and Turtle and Angela's photos are dead.) Turtle is Raskin's younger self, a compulsive perfectionist, as Raskin put it. He is also a character whose readers naturally identify – a creature with verve, tenacity, minimal deception. The *Westing Game* was released in 1976 and won the Newbery Medal. In his acceptance speech, Raskin described the characters as sixteen imperfectly ethnic. He noted that each character has a physical, emotional or moral defect that makes it easier to remember them. They are strikingly imperfect. Aren't we all? he said. Westing was inspired not only by Kohler but also by Howard Hughes, who died in April 1976. Three weeks after his death, a handwritten one allegedly belonged to Hughes appeared on the desk of an official of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Mormon will divide Hughes' \$2.5 billion estate into sixteen parts, one of which was assigned to a Utah gas station owner named Melvin Dummer, who claimed to have once rescued Hughes in the desert. Two years later, a Nevada court ruled that Dummer had forked out justice. In this slowly winding whirlwind of American kitsch and a whirlwind of loyalty, destiny and direction, Raskin confused his mystery, a game of capitalism and legacy that frames America as both a land of obscure and miraculous opportunity and also a hollow farce. Under the game that gives his novel plot, Raskin built a narrative substructure consisting of sixteen to sixteen! For the children's book! – the protagonists. (The best children's books I have found are often better than adult fiction in incultility and rewarding patience.) As a pretext for the succession contest, they're looking at each other closely. They're trying to figure out what everyone else has been given: they want to know who was lucky, who's playing dirty, who knows how to convert a roll of *diy* into gold. There are wild chases, setbacks, secrets, bombings. All this slowly turns *Sunset Towers* into a strangely good hothouse setting. Samuel Westing's game is a puzzle designed to make people treat each other like a mystery – creations worthy of constant attention and interpretation. When analyzing each other's motives and possessions, the characters feel that their own burials come to life. Atmosphere lead to surprises, surprises. From each other, often in light of unhappy scrutiny, all 16 characters begin to grow. The magic of Samuel Westing's game is marked by the whimsy and contradictions of America itself. Competition and cooperation seem to exclude each other until they do not. At the end of the game, none of the characters have inherited \$200 million, but the idea that they could have done so – a sudden awareness that life can change wildly in an instant – has turned out to be something that can pass enough. The book seems to suggest that true American heritage is change, and that American change is a merciful thing. In his Newbery speech, Raskin said concisely that, while writing the novel, his tribute to American work history ended up being a comedy to praise capitalism. But for me, the book lands a little differently. *Westing Game* is a comedy that praises the mess people make when they get to use the sense of opportunity. Money drives it, and Westing's fortune is a raucous prospect. But Westing himself, the capitalist king, is a dark, strange, even pathetic Wizard figure of Oz: an old man who performs a series of stunts to multiply his presence into the illusion of something else. The only one who can figure this out about Westing – the only one who understands that seeing through the game is how you win – is the stubborn, independent Turtle. Eventually, the sun sets on Westing's last betrayal, which you might also call his final reinvestment; He's stretched the odds of this country as far as he can go. It rises over Turtle, who has become not the heir to the tycoon's fortune, but his secrets and ambitions, and apparently in the future his *Westing Company* board seat. By the end of the novel, he will be an adult, ready and thoughtful. As a child, reading this book over and over again, I felt a quietly ambulant promise when I was considering Turtle's trajectory. Old Westing had shaped him, and then he'd stayed longer than him. At the end of the novel, she returns to her mansion to spend the afternoon with her niece Alice, who wears a long braid on her back. In the last line of the book, Turtle asks: Are you ready for a chess game?