





Nat Love was born a slave, emancipated into abject poverty, grew up riding the rangeas a cowboy and spent his maturity riding the rails as a Pullman Porter. For me, the most amazing thing about him is that despite the circumstances of his life, which included being owned like a farm animal solely because of the color of his skin and spending later decades living and working as an equal with white coworkers, he was an unrepentant racist! Convinced that the only good Indian was a dead one, and that all Mexicans were "greasers" and/or "bums," he rarely passed up a chance to shoot a member of either group, whether in self-defense or cold blood, and shows no sign of having appreciated the difference. At one point, he fell in love with a Mexican girl but, apparently unable to tolerate this reality, considered her "Spanish." Nat Love was a fascinating character who lived in equally interesting times, and one only wishes his autobiography was much longer and more detailed. (Summary by Lee Elliot)

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