

Isobel Kuhn



Isobel and her brother sat in the tree-house in their garden, waiting and watching for their parents' visitors to arrive.

'They're Chinese,' Isobel said. 'Will they have big flat coolie hats and long black pigtailed?'

The boy laughed. 'Missionaries don't look as though they're from the country they work in!'

Isobel shook her head. 'Not always, but remember the woman who wore African clothes. She had black curly hair and a sun tan. She looked as though she was African.'

'I know that.' Isobel's brother was beginning to lose patience. 'But staying in

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China isn't going to make anyone's eyes look Chinese, is it?'

'I don't suppose so,' she grumped, '.....but it might.'

Just then a little group of people arrived at the gate. 'Shoosh!' Isobel whispered. 'There they are.'

There was a man, a woman and three girls.

'They're as Canadian as we are!' her brother snorted. 'So there!'

Isobel started to giggle.

'What are you laughing at?'

She could hardly speak for laughter.

'No they're not!' she said. 'Look at the oldest girl. She's got on a big flat sun hat and she HAS got a ponytail! Let's go down and meet them.'

They clambered down the tree and ran towards the house.

'Do you never get fed up with all the missionaries Dad invites home?', the boy asked breathlessly.

Isobel grinned. 'Not if they are girls and they look Chinese!'



When Isobel Miller (that was what she was called before she married) went to