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Pathfinder

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How'd he know? Mr. Robins instantly put me at ease. We shook hands, exchanged pleasantries, then the time had come. Do or die. Sink or swim. Go hard or go home. The entourage was observing, waiting, wondering what was going to emanate from my lips. "Mr. Robins, I remember Suzy ChapStick. That campaign established ChapStick as the hallmark of lip-care. The best of campaigns don't resonate forever, but people will recall Suzy ChapStick. You need a renewal campaign. You need a ChapStick Guy and I think it should be me." The silence was resounding, but I maintained my eye-to-eye with Mr. Robins throughout. Gradually, incrementally, it happened. Mr. Robins's expanding grin imparted reassuring validation and confirmed my place at the table. "You know, Greg, I've had thoughts of expanding that market. During your next session I want you to bring this to my attention along with some ideas about how you think we should characterize *your* ChapStick Guy." I had done it. I had prevailed over all of the top-of-their-class, multi-syllabic, fastidious, buffed and polished, 75-degree-arm ... noobs.

**THE BEST OF CAMPAIGNS DON'T RESONATE FOREVER,
BUT PEOPLE WILL RECALL SUZY CHAPSTICK.**

Over the following months, my imagination went into hyper-drive as I planned, envisioned, and daydreamed of my long-deserved fame in a nation-wide campaign as the elusive, mysterious, to-the-rescue ChapStick Guy, "Defender of Lips Everywhere." My taglines were: "Do you know where he is?" "Is he near you now?" "Do you know what he's doing?" I imagined myself making appearances at busy, chapped-lip ski slopes wearing a parka with a hundred elastic loops on the front and sleeves, each holding and offering ChapStick, free for the asking—from The ChapStick Guy.

Mr. Robins and I discussed the ChapStick Guy campaign on several occasions and it was slowly developing into something palpable. Though I did receive thousands of ChapSticks to freely distribute, Mr. Robins's primary objective was navigating the company through the tempest of the Dalkon Shield class-action lawsuit. The



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campaign was never formalized, so any excursions to crowded slopes being the famously mysterious center of attention would have been at my own expense. But I had accomplished something satisfying. I became a part of something that as a youth, I would never have imagined I could be part of ... Suzy ChapStick—in the "Upper Class."

I am the ChapStick Guy. Do you know where I am? Do you know what I'm doing?