HOW TO SUCCEED AS AN ACTUARY

Adapted by

Matthew Rodermund

from

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS
WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

by

Frank Loesser and Abe Burrows

Additional words and music by

Sir Arthur Sullivan, Ira Levin, Milton Schafer,
Henry Russell, Vick Knight, Teddy Randazzo,
Bobby Weinstein, Bob Crewe, Bob Gaudio,
and Shamus O'Connor
CAST OF CHARACTERS

(in the order of their appearance)

Narrator ........................................ John Houetteries
J. Daniel McNary,
aspiring actuary ................................. Bob Hunter
J. B. Bigsley,
President,
Global Insurance Company .................... Paul Liscord
Rosemary,
a secretary .................................... Ginny Hunter
Bud Trump,  
the President's nephew ......................... Bob Foster
Alexander Twimble,  
statistician .................................... Norman Bennett
Mister Bratt,  
chief actuary .................................. Lou Tarbell
Other actuaries ................................. Charlie Cook
Barry Jorve
Matt Roderrund
Adger Williams
Other secretaries ............................... Barbara Cook
Sharon Faber
Nancy Kochanski
Ann Phillips

SCENE

Home office of the Global Insurance Company
HOW TO SUCCEED AS AN ACTUARY

by Matthew Rodermund

PART I

NARRATOR: J. Daniel McNary wanted to get ahead in the world. He had a pretty good education, and some talent in mathematics. He was ready to work hard, but also he wanted to avoid making mistakes. If other people made mistakes he was willing to accept any backlash benefits that came his way. And he had figured out that it was desirable to be noticed by the proper people at proper times. He heard about a book entitled "How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" and he bought a copy:

HOW TO SUCCEED

McNary

How to apply for a job,
How to advance from the mail room,
How to sit down at a desk,
How to dictate memorandums,
How to develop executive style,
How to commute in a three-button suit,
With that weary executive smile --
This book is all that I need,  
"How to, how to succeed."

How to observe personnel,  
How to select whom to lunch with,  
How to avoid petty friends,  
How to begin making contacts,  
How to walk into a conference room  
With an idea, brilliant business idea,  
That will make your expense account zoom --

NARRATOR: Then he landed a job as an actuarial trainee  
in the Global Insurance Company, a medium-size  
multiple line company that was part of a holding  
company operation. He determined to study hard  
and take his actuarial examinations. He realized  
he had found the right company, but he referred to  
his book frequently:

HOW TO SUCCEED (reprise)  
McNary

This book is all that I need,  
"How to, how to succeed."
NARRATOR: One day, book in hand, J. Daniel bumped into J. B. Biggley, President of the company:

BIGGLEY: What are you reading, young man?

MCNARY: Oh, I'm just trying to learn more about successful people in the business world.

BIGGLEY [nods approvingly]: Keep it up, young man. It's nice to see our employees interested in something other than girls and sports. What's your name?

MCNARY: J. Daniel McNary.

BIGGLEY: I must remember that.

[MCNARY looks at audience and grins.]

NARRATOR: Mr. Biggley was a proud president, with great confidence in his ability:
SMART INSURANCE PRESIDENT

Biggley, Boys and Girls

1.

BIGGLEY:

I am the very model of a smart insurance president;
I'm eloquent and diligent and properly benevolent;
I know the Lloyds of London and insurance facts historical;
From Venice to America in order categorical.
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters arithmetical;
I understand accounting, both applied and theoretical;
On problems of the risk of loss I'm teeming with a lot of views;
But I don't know a thing about the square on the hypotenuse.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

He doesn't know a thing about the square on the hypotenuse;
He doesn't know a thing about the square on the hypotenuse;
He doesn't know a thing about the square on the hypot-e-pot-enuse.

BIGGLEY:

I'm very poor at integral and differential calculus,
But I'm aware when actuaries tell me things ridiculous;
In short on matters pertinent to forward-looking management
I am the very model of a smart insurance president.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

In short on matters pertinent to forward-looking management
He is the very model of a smart insurance president.
I've learned our business history, the mutuals and reciprocals;
I know the market's mystery, the railroads, the municipals;
I cite the imperfections of my principal competitors;
I pay employees well enough to keep away their creditors.
I've built enough capacity to guard against catastrophe,
And analyzed a bond to every comma and apostrophe:
I know the reinsurance game as if it were the alphabet;
But I don't know why I haven't made an underwriting profit yet.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

He don't know why he hasn't made an underwriting profit yet;
He don't know why he hasn't made an underwriting profit yet;
He don't know why he hasn't made a lousy underwriting profit yet.

BIGGLEY:

I can tell authentic businessmen from cocky mediocrities,
But I don't expect executives to be as wise as Socrates;
In short on matters pertinent to forward-looking management
I am the very model of a smart insurance president.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

In short on matters pertinent to forward-looking management
He is the very model of a smart insurance president.
3.

BIGGLEY:

In fact when I know what is meant by "analog" and "digital,"
when "COBOL" is a word that I no longer view as cryptical,
when "random access" doesn't mean a scheme of things erotical,
and when "binary systems" make computers seem methodical,
when I have learned which meetings and conventions are the weariest,
and which of the commissioners are apt to be the dreariest,
in short when I've been dipped in the experience I'd like to get,
I'll be the greatest president who never made a profit yet.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

He'll be the greatest president who never made a profit yet;
He'll be the greatest president who never made a profit yet;
He'll be the greatest president who never made a lousy profit yet.

BIGGLEY:

But now my vaunted competence, though industry may honor it,
is just another asset in the hands of a conglomerate;
and still on matters pertinent to forward-looking management
I am the very model of a smart insurance president.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

And still on matters pertinent to forward-looking management
He is the very model of a smart insurance president.
NARRATOR: Not long after J. Daniel had arrived, he
had been noticed by Rosemary, a secretary in the
actuarial department. She liked what she saw.
She dreamed a little:

HAPPY TO KEEP HIS DINNER WARM

Rosemary

New Rochelle, New Rochelle,
That's the place where the mansion will be
For me and the darling bright young man I've
picked out for marrying me.
He'll do well, I can tell,
So it isn't a moment too soon to plan on my
life in New Rochelle,
The wife of my darling tycoon.

GIRL: Are you willing to spend a lot of nights alone
while he says he's working late?

ROSEMARY: I'm prepared for exactly that sort of thing.

[She sings:]

I'll be so happy to keep his dinner warm
While he goes onward and upward.
Happy to keep his dinner warm
Till he comes wearily home from downtown.
I'll be there waiting until his mind is
clear.
While he looks through me, right through
me.
'Waiting to say: "Good evening, dear, I'm
pregnant:
What's new with you from downtown?"
Oh, to be loved by a man I respect,
To bask in the glow of his perfectly
understandable neglect.
Oh, to belong in the aura of his crown,
darling busy frown.
Such heaven wearing the wifely uniform
While he goes onward and upward.
Happy to keep his dinner warm
Till he comes wearily home from downtown.
NARRATOR: One of the first things J. Daniel learned in his new job was that the most important office ritual was the coffee break. But one morning shortly after he arrived at work, he saw that something was amiss. He overheard a couple of the girls talking to the assistant office manager, Bud Frump, who was the President's nephew:

FIRST GIRL: There's no coffee today!
SECOND GIRL: No coffee! Ye gods, I need coffee! I need it to get the lead out of my --
FRUMP [interrupting just in time]: No coffee?
FIRST GIRL: Nope.
FRUMP [shrieking]: There's no coffee!
If I can't take my coffee break, my coffee break, my coffee break,
If I can't take my coffee break,
Something within me dies.

If I can't make three daily trips
Where shining shrine benignly drips,
And taste cardboard between my lips.
Something within me dies.

BOYS AND GIRLS [spoken -- individually]:

No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee.

GIRL:

That office light doesn't have to be fluorescent.
I'll get no pains in the head.

ROSEMARY:

That office chair doesn't have to be foam rubber.
So if I spread, so I spread.
But only one chemical substance gets out the lead!

FRUMP, BOYS AND GIRLS:

Like she said:

If I can't take my coffee break, my coffee break, my coffee break,
If I can't take my coffee break,
Gone is the sense of enterprise.
BOYS AND GIRLS ['spoken -- individually']:

No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee,
No coffee.

[All together -- scream!]

FRUMP, BOYS AND GIRLS:

If I can't take my coffee break,
Somehow the soul no longer tries,
Somewhere I don't metabolize,

FRUMP:

Something within me dies!

FRUMP, BOYS AND GIRLS:

Coffee or otherwise,
Coffee or otherwise,
Coffee or otherwise,
Something inside of me dies!
NARRATOR: One of the men J. Daniel talked to a lot was Alexander Twimble, the statistician, who had worked in the office a long time and looked as if he was going to stay much longer.

McNARY: What's your formula for longevity in the Global Insurance Company?

TWIMBLE [slowly and convincingly]: Bold caution.

THE COMPANY WAY
Twimble and McNary

TWIMBLE:

When I joined this firm as a brash young man, 'Well, I said to myself, "Now, brash young man, don't get any ideas."

[Spoken] Well, I stuck to that and I haven't had one in years!

McNARY [spoken]:

You play it safe!

TWIMBLE:

I play it the company way; Wherever the company puts me, there I'll stay.

McNARY:

But what is your point of view?

TWIMBLE:

I have no point of view.

McNARY:

Supposing the company thinks --
TWINGLE:

    I think so too!
McNARY [spoken]:

    What would you say if --
TWINGLE [spoken]:

    I wouldn't say!
McNARY:

    Your face is a company face.
TWINGLE:

    It smiles at executives, then goes back in place.
McNARY:

    The company furniture?
TWINGLE:

    Oh, it suits me fine.
McNARY:

    The company letterhead is so --
TWINGLE:

    A valentine!
McNARY [spoken]:

    Is there anything you're against?
TWINGLE [spoken]:

    Unemployment!
McNARY:

    When they want brilliant thinking from employees --
TWINGLE:

    That is no concern of mine.
McNARY:
Suppose a man of genius makes suggestions --

TWIMBLE:
Watch that genius get suggested to resign!

McNARY:
So you play it the company way --

TWIMBLE:
All company policy is by me okay!

McNARY:
You'll never rise to the top --

TWIMBLE:
But there's one thing clear; whoever the company fires, I will still be here!

McNARY [spoken]:
You certainly found a home!

TWIMBLE [spoken]:
It's cozy!

McNARY:
Your brain is a company brain --

TWIMBLE:
The company washed it and now I can't complain.

McNARY:
The company magazine?

TWIMBLE:
Boy, what style, what punch!
McNARY:

The company restaurant?

TWIMBLE:

Ev'ry day same lunch!

[Spoken] Their haddock sandwich, it's delicious!

McNARY [spoken]:

I must try it.

TWIMBLE [spoken]:

Early in the week!

McNARY:

Do you have any hobbies?

TWIMBLE:

I've a hobby;
I play "rin" with Mister Bratt.

McNARY:

And do you play it nicely?

TWIMBLE:

Play it nicely.
Still he blitzes me in ev'ry game, like that!

[Snaps fingers.]

'Cause I play it the company way,
Executive policy is by me okay!

McNARY:

How can you get anywhere in the --

TWIMBLE:

Junior, have no fear;
'Whoever the company fires, I will still be here!
McNARY:
You will still be here.

TWINGLE:
Year after year after fiscal --

TWINGLE AND McNARY:
-- never take a risk-al year!

NARRATOR: Mr. Bratt, the chief actuary, had reported to Mr. Biggley the fuss Frump had made about the coffee, and Mr. Biggley told his nephew not to go around stirring up trouble.

FRUMP: From now on --

THE COMPANY WAY (reprise)
Frump, Boys and Girls

FRUMP:
I'll play it the company way;
Wherever the company puts me there I'll stay.

BOYS AND GIRLS:
Whatever the company tells him, that he'll do.

FRUMP:
Whatever my uncle may think, I think so too.

BOYS AND GIRLS:
Co-oo-oo,
He's beaming with company pride.
FRUMP:

I've conquered that over-ambitious rat inside.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

Old Bud is no longer the Frump he used to be.

FRUMP:

I pledge to the company sweet conformity.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

Hooray!
Hooray!

FRUMP:

I will some day earn my medal,
Twenty-five year employee.
I'll see to it that the medal
Is the only thing they'll ever pin on me.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

The Frump way is the company way;
Executive policy is by him okay!

FRUMP:

I'll never be president but there's one thing
clear;
As long as my uncle can stand me, I will still
be here.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

We know the company may like or lump any man --

FRUMP [spoken]:

I'm so proud!

BOYS AND GIRLS:

And if they choose to, the company may dump any
man --
FRUMP [spoken]:
I'm happy!

BOYS AND GIRLS:
But they will never dump Frump, the company man.

FRUMP, BOYS AND GIRLS:
Frump will play it the company,
Frump will play it the company,
Frump will play it the company way,
Frump!
NARRATOR: J. Daniel had observed that the actuaries in Global Insurance were not really appreciated by employees in underwriting, claims, and accounting, or by members of middle management. Nevertheless, he believed that for him the surest way to success was to perform well as an actuary. He believed the company would learn to value him. But one day, after a series of company policy moves that seemed to discriminate against actuaries, even the secretaries in the actuarial department joined Mr. Bratt in a loud protest:
AN ACTUARY IS NOT A TOY

Bratt and Secretaries

BRATT:

An actuary is not a toy
To enjoy, or destroy,
To heckle and wheedle
And shamefully needle
In search of some puerile joy.
No, an actuary is not.
Definitely not, a toy.

FIRST ACTUARY [spoken]: You're absolutely right,
Mr. Bratt.

FINK: [spoken]: We wouldn't have it any other way,
Mr. Bratt.

SECOND ACTUARY [spoken]: It should be a company rule,
Mr. Bratt.

SECRETARIES:

An actuary is not a toy,
No, my boy, not a toy,
Don't fool with the one you employ, boy,
An actuary is not, an actuary is not, an actuary
is not a toy.

An actuary is not a re-
specter of idiocy.
Avoid the ridiculous ploy, boy,
Remember no matter what
Neurotic trouble you've got,
An actuary is not a toy.

He's a highly specialized key component of
Operational unity,
A fine and sensitive mechanism to
Serve the office community,

With a family at home he supports.
FIRST ACTUARY [spoken]:

And you'll find nothing like him at F. A. C. Schwarz.

BRATT:

An actuary can testify
Where the dead bodies lie.
It happened to Charlie McCoy, boy,
They fired him like a shot,
He never should have forgot
An actuary is not a toy.

SECRETARIES [whistle a chorus, leaving third line for accompaniment, but sing last line -- see page 52 of score]:

An actuary is not a toy.

And when you put him to use
You don't just turn on the juice.

GIRL [spoken]:

The name IBM is not stamped on his caboose.

SECRETARIES:

An actuary is not a thing
'Round by key, pulled by string.
His desk is to think at,
And not tiddlywink at,
His game is for men, not for boys! So!

The actuary y'got
Is definitely not
A cookie to be forgot -- I'll tell you what,
Your work you will enjoy,
If you remember, boy,
An actuary is not -- a tinker toy!
NARRATOR: Although J. Daniel had noticed Rosemary, and was aware of her efforts to be friendly, he had been so busy trying to get ahead that he had not thought to ask her for a date. But Rosemary kept hoping. One evening at closing when J. Daniel happened to be walking out of the building with her, he touched her hand as he said good night. Rosemary held that hand all the way home, and that night her delight knew no bounds:

HE TOUCHED ME

Rosemary

He touched me,
He put his hand near mine and then he touched me,
I felt a sudden tingle when he touched me,
A sparkle, a glow!

He knew it,
It wasn't accidental, no, he knew it,
He smiled and seemed to tell me so all through it,
He knew it, I know.

He's real
And the world is alive and shining,
I feel
Such a wonderful drive toward valentining.

He touched me,
I simply have to face the fact,
He touched me,
Control myself and try to act as if I remember my nare.

But he touched me,
He touched me,
And suddenly nothing is the same!
He touched me,
He touched me,
And suddenly nothing, nothing, nothing is the same!
NARRATOR: J. Daniel learned that Mr. Biggley was a graduate of Old Ivy College, and he made it a point to find out a little about the school. Trivial information, he thought, that might one day be useful. For example, he took care to learn some of the college songs, because he knew of Mr. Biggley's emotional attachment and nostalgia for his alma mater, and he knew how active Mr. Biggley was in alumni matters. One day when he went into Mr. Biggley's office to present a report, he noticed the President looking fondly at a colored brochure of the college.

McNARY: Are those pictures of Old Ivy? Is that your college, Mr. Biggley?

BIGGLEY: Sure is. These are great pictures. They sure stir up memories.

McNARY: I've driven through their campus. It's beautiful. And they have one of the best college songs I've ever heard.

BIGGLEY [smiling with pleasure]: You mean this one?
THE HALLS OF IVY
Biggley and McNary

BIGGLEY:

Oh, we love the halls of Ivy
That surround us here today.
And we will not forget
Tho' we be far far away.

McNARY [joining in] AND BIGGLEY:

To the hallow'd halls of Ivy
Ev'ry voice will bid farewell,
And shimmer off in twilight
Like the old vesper bell.

One day a hush will fall,
The footsteps of us all
Will echo down the hall
And disappear.

But as we sadly start
Our journeys far apart,
A part of ev'ry heart
Will linger here

In the sacred halls of Ivy
Where we've lived and learned to know
That thru' the years we'll see you
In the sweet afterglow.
BIGGLEY [happily]: Let's do it again. You take the melody. I'll try to harmonize. Go ahead, start.

McNARY [singing]:
Oh, we love the halls of Ivy

BIGGLEY AND McNARY:

That surround us here today.  
And we will not forget 
Tho' we be far far away.

To the hallow'd halls of Ivy  
Ev'ry voice will bid farewell,  
And shimmer off in twilight  
Like the old vesper bell.

One day a hush will fall,  
The footsteps of us all  
Will echo down the hall  
And disappear.

But as we sadly start 
Our journeys far apart,  
A part of ev'ry heart 
Will linger here

In the sacred halls of Ivy  
Where we've lived and learned to know  
That thru' the years we'll see you  
In the sweet afterglow.
BIGGLEY [spoken]: That's great! I enjoyed that!

How'd you ever learn that song?

McNARY: Well, I heard it a few times, and I liked it. It was easy to pick up the words. Great song!

BIGGLEY: Young man, how'd you like to come to an Ivy football game with me some Saturday? It's only a four-hour drive. We could go over there some Saturday morning.

McNARY: I'd love it!

BIGGLEY: So would I. McNary, you're all right!

McNARY [big grin at audience].

Five-minute break

(More jollity to come)
NARRATOR: J. Daniel McNary continued to work hard, kept his nose clean, and made progress. In a relatively short time he had passed the examinations for Associate of the Casualty Actuarial Society and had a couple of legs up on the Fellowship exams. He saw more of Rosemary now, but was not minded to do anything serious about her. He was too busy getting ahead. Rosemary, however, still carried a torch.

Meanwhile, the Global Insurance Company was planning to launch a new form of coverage, and to make an initial investment of ten million dollars in the venture. The actuarial department was committed to setting rates for the new policies. Mr. Bratt, the chief actuary, had what he thought was a brilliant rating idea, and sold it to Mr. Biggley, the President:
GLOBAL ORIGINAL (one chorus)

Bratt

I've worked out a rating plan that's just like loss insurance,
A most ingenious scheme you will agree:
It's sleek and chic, and magnifique with stretch beyond endurance,
It's me! It's me! It's absolutely me!

[Almost spoken] And why?
   They'll all buy!

This irresistible Global original
We're filing this week, I'm filing this week;
We're sure to win!

This irresistible Global original,
Clean faultless design, facts clearly in line,
Programmed to win!

Presently they will read it,
And never will they impede it,
Acknowledging all my sure technical skill,
Realizing that
This irresistible Global original
Shall thrive in the light,
So gloriously right!
Programmed to win -- to win -- to win.

NARRATOR: J. Daniel McNary was critical of Mr. Bratt's idea and voiced his criticism at a meeting that was attended by Mr. Biggley:
GLOBAL ORIGINAL (reprise)

McNary and Actuaries

McNARY:

This most resistible Global original
We're filing this week, HE'S filing this week;
'T's not worth a lick!

This irresponsible un-actuarial
Rate filing faux pas! God dammit voila!
It makes me sick!

Ten million bucks we'll hand out
For something to make us stand out,
But everyone soon will join in a belly-laugh,

[Spoken] Some joke!

This most resistible Global original,
This lunk-headed crime,

ACTUARIES:

We're filing this week for the first and last
time!
NARRATOR: But McNary's arguments were overridden and the decision was made to go ahead.

Well, a year went by, J. Daniel managed to achieve his Fellowship, and Mr. Bratt's brilliant rating idea bombed. The company lost its shirt on the new coverage. Meanwhile, competitors of Global Insurance, who were offering a similar new coverage and using rating schemes more like the one J. Daniel had favored, made a lot of money.

So it happened. J. Daniel McNary, who had won Mr. Biggley's eye anyway, was appointed Vice President and Actuary, and Mr. Bratt was shunted to the underwriting department, where his capacities wouldn't have to be so strained.

J. Daniel was ecstatic -- and all of a sudden he realized how important Rosemary was to him:
ROSEMARY

McNary and Rosemary

McNARY:

Rosemary,
Rosemary.

Suddenly there is music in the sound of your
name --
Rosemary,
Rosemary was the melody locked inside me.
Till at last out it came --
Rosemary!

Rosemary, just imagine if we kissed,
What a crescendo -- not to be missed.
As for the rest of my lifetime program, give
me more of the same --
Rosemary.
Rosemary, there is wonderful music in the very
sound of your name.

McNARY [spoken]: Rosemary, something wonderful has
happened.

ROSEMARY [spoken]: What are you talking about?

McNARY [spoken]: Can't you hear it? Can't you hear
it?

McNARY:

Suddenly there is music in the sound of your
name --

ROSEMARY [spoken]: I can't hear a thing.

McNARY:

Rosemary --
McNARY [spoken]: Just listen, it's all around me like a beautiful pink sky.

ROSEMARY [spoken]: Now look here, J. Daniel McNary, have you lost your mind?

McNARY [spoken]: Rosemary, darling, will you marry J. Daniel McNary?

ROSEMARY [spoken]: Now I hear it! I hear it!

I hear it!

ROSEMARY:

Suddenly there is music in the sound of your name --
Jay Daniel.

McNARY:

Rosemary, just imagine if we kissed, What a crescendo --

McNARY AND ROSEMARY:

Not to be missed.

McNARY:

As for the rest of my lifetime program, give me more of the same --

McNARY:  

ROSEMARY:

Rosemary, Jay Daniel, Rosemary -- Jay Daniel --

McNARY AND ROSEMARY:

-- there is wonderful music in the very sound of your name.
NARRATOR: Other actuaries in Global Insurance became alarmed at the speed with which J. Daniel was rising. They had all been at Global a lot longer than J. Daniel, and they tended to regard him as a young upstart. One day in the executive washroom they were griping about J. Daniel, not realizing that the object of their scorn and jealousy was right around the corner in the same room, peering into a mirror, trying to decide whether to shave in preparation for a date with Rosemary:

FIRST ACTUARY: Gotta stop that man!
SECOND ACTUARY: Big deal, big rocket!
THIRD ACTUARY: Thinks he has the world in his pocket.

I BELIEVE IN YOU
McNary

Now, there you are,
Yes, there's that face,
That face that somehow I trust.
It may embarrass you to hear me say it,
But say it I must, say it I must!

You have the cool, clear eyes of a seeker of wisdom and truth;
Yet there's that upturned chin,
And the grin of impetuous youth.
Oh, I believe in you, I believe in you.

I hear the sound of good, solid judgment whenever you talk;
Yet there's the bold, brave spring of the tiger that quickens your walk.
Oh, I believe in you, I believe in you.
And when my faith in my fellow man all but falls apart,
I've but to feel your hand grasping mine,
And I take heart, I take heart.

To see the cool, clear eyes of a seeker of wisdom and truth,
Yet with the slam, bang, tang reminiscent of gin and vermouth,
Oh, I believe in you,
Oh, I believe in you.

SECOND ACTUARY: Big wheel, big beaver.
THIRD ACTUARY: Boiling hot with front office fever,
FIRST ACTUARY: Gotta stop that man!

McNARY [singing]:

I believe in you, I believe in you.

THIRD ACTUARY: Don't let him be such a hero!
FIRST ACTUARY: Gotta stop that man!

McNARY [singing]:

I believe in you, I believe in you.
Narrator: For some time the Global Insurance Company had been losing money in one of its principal commercial lines of business. Mr. Biggley, along with presidents of other companies who were having the same experience, was alarmed. The company presidents gathered to discuss their mutual miseries and decided the only answer was to reorganize completely the rating basis for this line, and to collect statistics on a different basis also.

J. Daniel McNary supported the objectives of the new rating and statistical schemes but believed the changes were too extreme, the statistical plans too complex. He was convinced the new plans would exhaust the capacities of the Global Insurance computers. He said as much to Mr. Biggley, but Mr. Biggley felt obligated to go along with the other company presidents. The actuarial, statistical, secretarial, and computer staffs of the Global called the new statistical plan CRISPY, a corruption of C-R-S-P for Commercial Risk Statistical Plan. J. Daniel tried to make it work, but in a few months all was chaos.
CRISPY

Boys and Girls

Well, I think I'm going out of my head,
Yes, I think I'm going out of my head
Over you, over you;
I need you, they tell me,
The bureau assures me I'll never need anything but you.

But I think I'm going out of my head,
And I'm tortured by a terrible dread
Over you, over you;
I wonder if ever
We'll gather together the data we've never seen before.

You're just too much to be true,
Can't keep my mind off of you,
You're just the devil to code,
I'm trying not to explode,
I wait for help to arrive,
And wonder if I'll survive;
You're just too much to be true,
Can't keep my mind off of you.

Going out of my head over you,
Into the red over you,
Feeding garbage in, garbage out, garbage in and out,
all in doubt --

I love you, CRISPY,
Although you caused my plight, you don't assist me,
I work the whole damn night,
You gorgeous CRISPY, I'm all choked up when I say
Oh, lovely CRISPY, you'll bring me down, I say,
You lovely CRISPY, I guess you're here to stay,
So let me love you, baby, let me love you!

I wonder if ever
We'll gather together the data we've never seen before.

Going out of my head over you,
Into the red over you,
Feeding garbage in, garbage out, garbage in and out,
all in doubt;
I must think of a way to handle this Plan;
There's no reason why I shouldn't try
As hard as I can;
But I think I'm going out of my head,
Yes, I think I'm going out of my head,
Oh, I think I'm going out of my head.
NARRATOR: Things got so bad that people started quitting their jobs, the computers broke down, and other financial work -- particularly the investment analyses important to the Chairman of the Board of the Global Insurance Company -- was stalled. The Chairman of the Board found out that this whole rating and statistical scheme was Mr. Biggley's baby and that the Vice President and Actuary, J. Daniel McNary, had argued against it from the beginning. In his anger and annoyance, the Chairman called a quick meeting of the Board, fired Mr. Biggley, and appointed J. Daniel McNary as President.

J. Daniel's first action was to pull Global Insurance out of the statistical agency that had promulgated CRISPY and join another agency where rating and statistics could be simple again -- however ineffective -- as in the past. J. Daniel made the announcement of the change to the entire staff, and there was great rejoicing. He also announced promotions for several members of the staff. J. Daniel was understandably proud of himself and his band of loyal employees.
DAN McNARY'S BAND

Entire Company

1.

McNARY:

My name is Dan McNary, I'm the leader of our band; Although we're not the biggest, we're the finest in the land. We write the good and not so good, the jumbos and the small, and if we get the rates we need we're sure to make a haul.

ENTIRE COMPANY:

Oh, the agents howl, the adjusters growl, the accountants scratch away; The actuaries cogitate, the underwriters pray; The premium income hums along and the music is something grand; A credit to the insurance biz is Dan McNary's band.

2.

McNARY:

Right now we think we're heading for a most unusual year; An underwriting profit is the goal we're getting near.

FRUMP:

When Uncle Wiggley Bigglely learns we've done what we have planned, He'll say he never heard of the likes of Dan McNary's band.

ENTIRE COMPANY:

Oh, the agents howl, the adjusters growl, the accountants scratch away; The actuaries cogitate, the underwriters pray; The premium income hums along and the music is something grand; A credit to the insurance biz is Dan McNary's band.
I'm Alexander Twimble and statistics is my game;
I fiddled with data for thirty years and no one
knew my name.
But he made me Third Assistant Veep and my job's
no longer bland,
I'm playing second fiddle now in Dan McNary's band.

My title and rank are out the window much to my
chagrin,
But we all know mediocrity is not a mortal sin.
So now I'm an underwriter in a job I understand,
And I'm thankful for the harmony in Dan McNary's
band.

When Dan McNary came along I knew he was pretty
smart,
But I never dreamed he'd march right in and tear
the firm apart.
And now that it's too late and I'm no longer in
command,
I'll stand aside and beat the drums for Dan McNary's
band.

Oh, the agents howl, the adjusters growl, the
accountants scratch away;
The actuaries cogitate, the underwriters pray;
The premium income hums along and the music is
something grand;
A credit to the insurance biz is Dan McNary's band.
Oh, the agents howl, the adjusters growl, the
accountants scratch away;
The actuaries cogitate, the underwriters pray;
The premium income hums along and the music is
something grand;
A credit to the insurance biz is Dan McNary's band.
ROSEMARY: I don't care if you're an actuarial trainee, President of Global Insurance Company, or President of the United States -- I love you, J. Daniel McNary.

McNARY [dreamily]: Say it again.

ROSEMARY: I love you.

McNARY: No, no -- before that.

BRATT: The White House better watch out for this guy.

I BELIEVE IN YOU (reprise)

Rosemary

You have the cool, clear eyes of a seeker of wisdom and truth;
Yet there's that upturned chin,
And the grin of impetuous youth.
Oh, I believe in you, I believe in you.

THE COMPANY WAY (reprise)

Entire Company

We play it the company way;
Executive policy is by us okay.
Though for the departed we shed a mournful tear,
Whoever the company fires, we will still be here!
CREDITS

From HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

"How To Succeed"
"Happy To Keep His Dinner Warm"
"Coffee Break"
"The Company Way"
"Rosemary"
"I Believe In You"

Words and music by Frank Loesser

"An Actuary Is Not A Toy"
"Global Original"

Music by Frank Loesser

"Smart Insurance President"

Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan

"He Touched Me"

Words by Ira Levin, music by Milton Schafer

"The Halls Of Ivy"

Words and music by Henry Russell and Vick Knight

"Crispy"

"Goin' Out Of My Head," music by Teddy Randazzo and Bobby Weinstein

"Can't Take My Eyes Off You," music by Bob Crewe and Bob Gaudio

"Dan McNary's Band"

Music by Shamus O'Connor