

Randy Hammer

Written by Administrator

Monday, 18 April 2011 08:44 - Last Updated Thursday, 28 January 2016 12:24



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6 to 10 mornings on Classic Hits 106.3

Randy, or Hammer to his friends and listeners, is as old as the dirt he rolls in. He was pricked with a "stylus" (that's a record needle for you younger folks ... um, a record is a ... oh, just ask your parents) when he was a mere lad. The sight of the blood dripping from his thumb caused him to pause. He thought about the deep, rich, crimson color, the warmth of the fluid, the exquisitely piercing pain, the fact that the blood came from deep within him, while the sheer stupidity of puncturing a hole in his thumb with a record needle made him laugh. And that gave him an idea. He then knew a way to cause pain and laughter by drawing something from deep inside himself.

Once he flunked out of Clown College, he re-thought his inspiration and decided to be a Disc Jockey. Randy drove his friends and family to the brink of insanity by constantly talking during the beginning and again at the end of songs on the radio and on the stereo. Eventually, a kind, old, very old, drunken man took Randy under his wing and taught him a few things about being a man and how rude it was to bother people with his continuous talking over music. The birds and the bees confused and excited Randy, he felt oddly comfortable with his new knowledge.

He knew he needed a lifestyle change. The next day, Randy went to the local radio station and asked the receptionist if the birds and the bees really did things like that, and then he asked the owner of the station for a job. Both answers made Randy very happy. "Yes," said the receptionist. "You're kind of goofy looking, but okay," replied the owner. And then, Randy felt funny inside again.

And excited. Birds ... bees, birds ... bees, bees ... birds. He shuddered. The next day he started working at the radio station and as he was preparing to play his first record, he poked his

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thumb with the stylus and at that moment, that very moment, he knew he was home. Since then Randy grew up, grew facial hair, drove a disco van, grew a mullet, cut his mullet, started a family and has been content at KVHT Classic Hits 106.3 ever since.

He's the father of three awesome young men: Ryan, 22; Mason, 20; and Devin, 14. None have been pricked by a record needle as of yet, but only time will tell. After all, they are faster than their father and Randy can't find a record player anywhere.

Still, to this day, just before he drifts off to sleep, Randy can be heard muttering, "Birds ... bees... hmmmmm."