



Minnesota Night at Hot Springs Village Beehive – 2022

Description

An event Hot Springs Village Minnesotans won't want to miss, dontcha know!

Hey Minnesotans...Here is your get-together invite....or anyone else can come...yah you betcha!!

When: Wednesday, March 23, 2022, from 4:00 PM to 8:00 PM



Join your hosts, Minnesotans, Dean and Kim Winter, at the Hot Springs Village Beehive for this special Wednesday night event honoring everyone who is from Minnesota, has ever lived in Minnesota, or anyone who just loves Minnesota foods and a room full of Minnesotans. The evening will include some

of Minnesota's favorites!

The party starts at 4:00 PM with a Social and Happy Hour and will feature Minnesota Bootleg Cocktail for \$6 and Fresh Fried Cheese Curds for \$8. There will also be a Meat Raffle to benefit the Hot Springs Village Animal Welfare League. Dinner is served at 6:00 PM and is \$25.

Menu

- **Fruit Salad with Poppyseed Dressing**
- **Broiled or Deep Fried Walleye Fillets**
- **Wild Rice Pilaf**
- **Buttered Sweet Corn on the Cob**
- **Melody's Fresh Banana Cream Pie**

Reservations are required. Please call (501) 777-8176 to secure your spot for a night of fun and laughter you won't want to miss!

A Little Minnesota [Humor](#) to Tide You Over Until the 23rd!

One cold, snowy Minnesota night, I got lost on the way home.

The snow was blowing so fast and piling up so high, I couldn't see any street signs.

With no map in my car and a dead cell phone, I thought I might be stranded so I pulled over to the side of the road.

Then breaking through the flurries, I saw the headlights of a plow truck in my rearview mirror.

Thanking my lucky stars, I turned in and followed the truck, hopeful that it would lead me back somewhere I recognized.



I followed that truck for what felt like hours. He turned left, I'd turn left. He'd swing to the right, and I was right on his tail.

After a while, I saw brake lights from the plow, followed by four-way flashers. The plow had stopped, and I saw the driver get out and approach my car. I rolled down the window to talk to him.

“Why are you following me, kid?” the plow driver asked.

“Well sir, my dad told me if I was ever lost in a snowstorm, I should wait for a plow truck and then follow it.”

“Well,” said the plow driver. “I just finished clearing the Target parking lot. Want to follow me over to Best Buy??”

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Ole and Sven die in a snowmobiling accident, drunker than skunks, and go to Hell.

The Devil observes that they are really enjoying themselves.

He says to them, “Doesn’t the heat and smoke bother you?”

Ole replies, “Vell, ya know, ve’re from norderen Minnesoota, da land of snow an ice, an ve’re yust happy fer a chance ta varm up a little bit, ya know.”

The devil decides that these two aren’t miserable enough and turns up the heat even more.

When he returns to the room of the two from Minnesota, the devil finds them in light jackets and hats, grilling Walleye and drinking beer.

The devil is astonished and exclaims, “Everyone down here is in misery, and you two seem to be enjoying yourselves?”

Sven replies, “Vell, ya know, ve don’t git too much varm veather up dere at da Falls, so ve’ve yust got ta haff a fish fry vhen da veather’s dis nice.”

The devil is absolutely furious. He can hardly see straight. Finally, he comes up with the answer. The two guys love the heat because they have been cold all their lives. The devil decides to turn all the heat off in Hell.

The next morning, the temperature is 60 below zero, icicles are hanging everywhere, and people are shivering so bad that they are unable to wail, moan or gnash their teeth.

The devil smiles and heads for the room with Ole and Sven. He gets there and finds them back in their parkas, bomber hats, and mittens. They are jumping up and down, cheering, yelling, and screaming like madmen.



The devil is dumbfounded, “I don’t understand, when I turn up the heat you’re happy. Now it’s freezing cold and you’re still happy. What is wrong with you two?”

They both look at the devil in surprise and say, “Vell, don’t ya know, if hell is froze over, dat must mean da Vikings von da Super Bowl.”

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One dark night outside a small town in Minnesota, a fire started inside the local chemical plant and in a blink of an eye, it exploded into massive flames. The alarm went out to all the fire departments for miles around.

When the volunteer firefighters appeared on the scene, the chemical company president rushed to the fire chief and said, “All our secret formulas are in the vault in the center of the plant. They must be saved. I will give \$50,000 to the fire department that brings them out intact.”

But the roaring flames held the firefighters off.

Soon more fire departments had to be called in as the situation became desperate. As the firemen arrived, the president shouted out that the offer was now \$100,000 to the fire department who could bring out the company’s secret files.

From the distance, a lone siren was heard as another fire truck came into sight. It was the nearby Norwegian rural township volunteer fire company composed mainly of Norwegians over the age of 65.



To everyone's amazement, that little run-down fire engine roared right past all the newer sleek engines that were parked outside the plant.

Without even slowing down it drove straight into the middle of the inferno.

Outside, the other firemen watched as the Norwegian old timers jumped off right in the middle of the fire fought it back on all sides. It was a performance and effort never seen before.

Within a short time, the Norske old timers had extinguished the fire and had saved the secret formulas.

The grateful chemical company president announced that for such a superhuman feat he was upping the reward to \$200,000, and walked over to personally thank each of the brave firefighters.

The local TV news reporter rushed in to capture the event on film, asking their chief, "What are you going to do with all that money?"

"Vell," said Ole Larsen, the 70-year-old fire chief. "Da first thing ve gonna do is fix da brakes on dat truck!"

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1. Events

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1. Beehive hot springs village
2. dean winter hot springs village
3. hot springs village
4. hot springs village ar
5. hot springs village arkansas
6. Hot springs village people
7. kim winter hot springs village
8. minnesota night hot springs village
9. minnesotans in hot springs village
10. moving to hot springs village
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