



Helen Myer

November 9, 2012

Longtime Cranbury, NJ resident Helen Myer died November 09, 2012. She is survived by her husband of 65 years, Charles Robert Myer and four children, Douglas James, Gregg Robert, Jeffrey Scott, and Bonnie Leigh. Helen was born Helen Doris Smith on August 23, 1924 to her parents James Charles and Nellie Smith, formerly Nellie Firth, of Newark, New Jersey. Helen survived her younger brother James C. Smith of Edison, NJ. After graduation from high school and during World War II, Helen worked for several years at the Prudential Mutual Insurance Co. and after marriage devoted herself to her family, friends and community. Over her last 30 years, Helen wintered in Naples and summered in Cranbury enjoying the enduring friendships of her extended family and many close friends.

Tribute Wall



“ *Helen Myer*

October 09, 2023 at 02:01 AM



“ *Helen Myer*

January 28, 2023 at 12:09 PM

GM

“ Despite living 45 minutes from Newark, my Mother’s friends dropped in through the years and every so often we hosted a family gathering. Once my Mothers Mom, Nellie, moved in with us, we hosted a lot more visits. Nellie had a way just like my Mother of drawing people together. They were both fun, saw the best in everyone and made everyone who showed up feel like they were the most important people in our lives. When my Grandmother lived with us, her brother Uncle George, and three sisters Aunt Jennie, Annie, and Florrie would get together and rehash old times. I’ve never known a family who enjoyed each other’s company as they did. They laughed and shared their version of the tallest tale until the wee hours. These were wonderful times and from where my Mother learned her gift for making friends.

There hardest and easiest thing to do is retire and leave a place that kept you safe and warm, raised 4 kids, was home to 2 dogs and cats. After a few years, a house, the yard, the street, and the rest of the town becomes part of you. But as you get older and find a place that spares you winter, like many Cranburyians, our parents tossed us the key wone day and said we can’t wait for you all to move out and with that farewell moved to Naples Florida to live out their retirement and be near the sea. But not until my father took Mom around the country on a sea to sea tour across the USA. They had a modest condo that was covered with Scrub Oaks that grew together overhead and provided plenty of shade from the Naples sun and made their new home especially pleasant. Living one block from the beach, enabled them the protection they needed when the weather got iffy. They had a view of a pond from their kitchen and living room area that provided a wonderful natural landscape where they could watch exotic birds come and go and other wildlife that would crawl on the embankment and sun or wait for dinner to come along.

Helen lived a good life and made a difference in the lives of those who knew her. She had a story book romance with the man she married and had 4 kids with whom she was proud and owe her

more than we could ever give back. We miss her vivacious sense of humor, her forgiving ways and boy did we use up that trait, and we miss her ability to see through the chaff surrounding any puzzle and call something for what it really was. That was another skill inherited from her Mom. See ya Smitty.

GREGG MYER - July 05, 2020 at 04:45 PM

“Helen was born 1924 eldest daughter of her parents James Charles Smith and Elenore (Firth) Smith of Newark New Jersey and sister to her younger brother James. The Smiths were a typical New Jersey urban, blue collar family until their father James Charles died during Helen’s middle teen years. During the 1920-30s, life in the USA centered around the opportunities that grew from emerging industrial renaissance occurring from new technologies and driven by post World War I and the soon to be World War II. Despite the hardships of low pay, no health insurance and few corporate benefits, lack of modern medical facilities and techniques, the Smiths’ survived a challenging generation exposed to the Great Depression and found joy and purpose in their lives. Helen met our father Charles Myer and Helen’s brother Jim later married our Aunt Joan.

My mother loved to dance and could step with the best of them anytime the big bands lit up the night. Back then, some of the best bands played local dance halls: Tommy Dorsey, Bennie Goodman, Count Basie, and many others brought friends together creating lifetime friendships where my mother’s generation found relief from a serious world built upon a corporate America quite different from the social safety nets expected by today’s worker. Helen was gregarious and popular and enjoyed friendships with her girlfriends for the rest of her life. Her friends continued to share in her life after her marriage and move from northern Jersey to a small village near Princeton called Cranbury.

Helen worked at Prudential while our father learned his trade as a telephone engineer enlisting in the US Army assigned to the Signal Core. This assignment would send him to Nuremburg where he participated in establishing the communications equipment for the trials after the war. Upon returning to the states, Charles Myer took his discharge and joined the Army Reserve at Fort Dix and Fort Monmouth and a position with Bell Telephone of Trenton where he designed and oversaw much of the residential telephone infrastructure backbone in place today.

Cranbury was a farming village where residents knew just about everyone personally. There were two churches and my mother attended the First Presbyterian Church which meant my two brothers Douglas and Jeffrey and sister Bonnie and I went to that church throughout grammar and high school. Helen belonged to a card club meeting monthly to enjoy "Girl Talk" about the local goings on, what scandals were out of the closet, and what each other's kids were doing. Each month, these women met at one member's house and had coffee, tea and desert and took a break from their family's chores for 2 hours. Whenever the club got together, they told stories, laughed and enjoyed their moment together. Small town life shared with friends was a treasure. On the picture shown, the card club had the theme of a "Mad Hatter's" night.

The Myer's bought their 100 year old clap board home from neighbor Charles Symmes for 5,000 dollars back in 1947. Over the years, my parents completely took that structure apart and rebuilt it quite unlike the style of most of the Federalist and Victorian homes that lined Main Street. The white clapboard became bluish grey cedar shakes, the 6 over 6 pane windows became modern single pane windows that were insulated by a second set of storm windows. An addition added an enlarged master bedroom and bath and upstairs boys bedroom that was a challenge for sleeping arrangements for all parties until an agreement was made one night while the 3 of us were made to stand at attention until we swore an oath to lights out at 2200 hrs from then on.

GREGG MYER - July 05, 2020 at 04:44 PM

GM

“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Gregg Myer - February 23, 2020 at 08:50 PM

KS

“ Lit a candle in memory of Helen Myer

Kim Stahl - October 14, 2013 at 12:00 AM

BM

“ Thank you, Kimmy for your support. You and Suvane were a godsend to me.

Bonnie Myer - October 14, 2013 at 12:00 AM

BM

“ Lit a candle in memory of Helen Myer

Bonnie Myer - October 14, 2013 at 12:00 AM

KS

“ In loving memory of Helen, who was like a second mother to me growing up on Station Road in Cranbury. My sympathies to the family.

Kim Stahl - October 14, 2013 at 12:00 AM

TG

“ Please accept our deepest condolences.

Todd Garfield - October 14, 2013 at 12:00 AM