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The Yorklyn Bridge: The bridge across Red Clay Creek has been the center of Yorklyn for 200 years. It divided Christiana Hundred from Mill Creek Hundred, the Snuff Mills from the Paper and Fibre Mills, and for a time the Conrad School District from the Alexis I. du Pont School District. Residents on one side of the bridge voted one place; those on the other voted another place (for a time it was Centerville vs. Hockessin). Coming from Hockessin, it is the end of Yorklyn Road; on the other side is Creek Road or Route 82.

Through much of the 19th century and until 1929, the bridge was a wooden covered bridge. I can barely remember riding through the bridge with my father. The story goes that the snuff mill "boys" would challenge the fibre mill "boys" and all kinds of fights took place in the bridge (the snuff mill was in Christiana Hundred; the fibre mill in Mill Creek). Ed Dennison had a store near the railroad on the fibre mill side, and soon Grover C. Gregg opened another. Not to be outdone, Charles J. Gormley, later of Hockessin, operated a store at the snuff mill during and just after World War I. Edward J. McGovern then had a small store near the bridge on the fibre mill side.

The steel truss bridge that replaced the covered bridge at the same location has been rebuilt and strengthened a few times, but it still dates from 1929. Tractor-trailers have not treated the wing walls kindly. During the depression and through the 1940s, a favorite occupation of local teenage boys was to sit on the wing walls of the bridge and watch the traffic pass. We would always wave, and they would wave back. Yorklyn was a town where everyone acknowledged everybody else (usually by throwing up your hand), whether you knew them or not. Although 2/3 of the population lived in company houses, it was a very friendly place, and after 1930, nearly everyone dealt at Gregg's store, and Gregg's became the social center of the tiny community.

Sometimes the Post Office was at the fibre mill and sometimes at the snuff mill, depending on who was postmaster. The snuff mill provided the most ornate Post Office, which was housed in a tiny brick Victorian building that had served as the paymaster's shack. Postmasters Philip E. Touhey and Edward "Ned" Touhey held forth here from 1933 until 1946, and here the Post Office remained until Grover C. Gregg Jr. moved it to Gregg's store about 1950. On the creek just above the bridge, ice hockey was a favorite sport when there was enough ice, which could not be guaranteed every winter. Immediately below the bridge above the dam, the mill race for the snuff mill branched off to the east and ran through the several brick buildings before discharging back into the creek as the tail race.

A 19th-century landmark, the Boarding House was built as a residence for the superintendent of the snuff mill, very close to the bridge on the snuff mill side. It was so close to Creek Road that cars often hit one of the porch posts. Mr. Durham, who held this job, lived here with his family in the last years of the 19th century and the first of the 20th. It was said that he ate roach sandwiches with a good supply of mustard included (a lot of mustard was used in the manufacture of snuff). I can't provide the recipe. When W. W. Bissett became superintendent about 1904, a new frame dwelling was built for him near the old Garrett mansion (now owned and occupied by Brian and Linda Woodcock), and Durham's home became the Boarding House. In the 1920s and until it was torn down in 1937, a couple named Jackson operated it as a boarding house for single men, most of whom worked at the snuff mill. The door to the ice house for this building can still be seen in the bank along Route 82.