

Tuckerton's "Race of Giant Men" - An Historical Mystery

by Steve Dodson

I moved to Tuckerton in 1977, and shortly after visiting all the saloons, I visited the library. There I picked up a book called "Tides of Time." Written in 1940, it was a history of Ocean County. There was a curious segment in the Tuckerton chapter, which gave an account of a tribe of seven foot tall Indians. This fantastic story was given some credence by the storyteller, a man (whom I was told) was much respected, the Rev. Theophilus P. Price, a historian as well as a preacher. He told of several skeletons being unearthed in the late 1800's on the plow of twin brother farmers, Art and Alf Jillson (I worked with a butcher in the local Acme named Art Jillson; coincidentally he had a twin brother named Alf. The original twins were the great uncle and grandfather of the moderns).

As this story came down through the Rev. Price, these Indians were not believed to be Leni Lenape. Rather, it was believed they were murdered by the Leni Lenape, as the bashed skulls of the dozen skeletons were testament to a massacre. But the most interesting thing about these skeletons were their size; they are described in the Price account as "a giant-like race," seven feet tall.

The original Jillson brothers were amateur archaeologists, and after the skeletons turned up, there was considerable digging on their farm and the adjoining meadow. A field worker journeyed from the Smithsonian to help piece together the evidence: the skeletons, the accompanying artifacts, and the Gargantuan shell mound on the meadow. I found the "Tides of Time" account intriguing, if somewhat sketchy. I remember my interest being backed up by skepticism, an *I don't think so* reaction to this tale of *giants*. I'd been interested in Indians since I was a kid, and my remembrance was that though some of the Indians of the Iroquois Nation might be described as statuesque, overall, as a race, Native Americans tended toward the stocky.

I was interested enough to talk it over with my co-workers, two of who were Jillsons. Davey and Artie Jillson had heard about the seven foot Indians all their lives, but no documents or artifacts from the original Art and Alf had survived. Davey did have a board of arrowheads, and Artie some taxidermy (the original twins were both accomplished taxidermists - and though there were stuffed eagles and ducks and birds, Artie assured me there were no stuffed aborigines).

More than just Jillson descendants were drawn into the mystery of the 7 foot Indians. The Acme manager, Big Mac, hatched his own pet theory: Vikings. That could explain some of the height, though not the arrowheads made from indigenous stone. Nevertheless, (until he had a bad inventory and was transferred to Camden) he remained a passionate booster for a lost Norse colony. The assistant manager likewise became engaged. He claimed he was a



The Jillson Twins unearthed the bones of seven foot tall Indians.

lifetime member of the Smithsonian (I suppose that meant he had a lifetime subscription to their magazine). He told me he would write them a letter of inquiry. He told me he did write such a letter. He told me, every time I asked, that there had not been a reply.

* * *

Sixteen years passed. Art Jillson retired as a meat cutter and took up house painting. Davey Jillson was promoted to dairy manager. The assistant manager was divorced and transferred. I remained a passive history buff and kept the giant Indians in the back of my mind. For reasons unknown to me, in 1993, the idea, the mystery, gained heat and I resolved to find out if those seven foot Indians had ever truly existed.

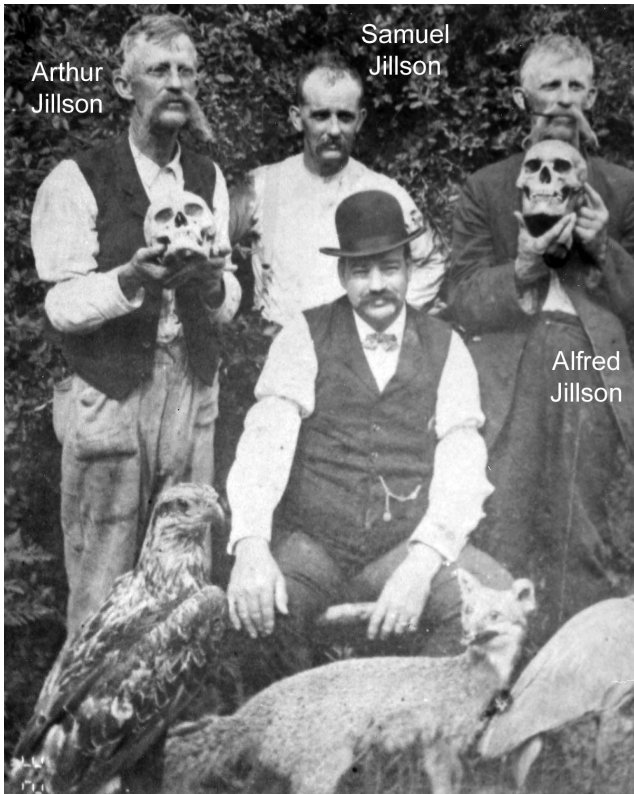
I looked in the phone book and called the oldest Jillson relatives I could find.

"What do you want to know about us for?" Marge Peterson of Parkertown asked. When I assured her I didn't want to know about Jillsons so much as I wanted to know about Indians, she tried to be helpful. But as Marge herself finally expressed it, "If I knew anything, I forgot it."

Some of the Jillson descendants were convinced the story was true, others shrugged, "Who knows." One thing that needed taking into account: the present day Jillson boys, Art, Alf, Alvy, Alan and Davey, all have a mischievous sense of humor. It occurred to me their ancestor twins may have concocted this story during a long winter - or an inspired drinking spree - and passed off a hoax as reality. But the one Jillson sister, Claire Smith, remembered hearing as a child how the "boys," as they were called, had the assembled skeletons hanging in the barn.

As helpful as the Jillson clan tried to be, the only information I had locally was cobwebbed hearsay. I began to think that as a historian I was going to have to work from the outside in. That is to say, any information in Tuckerton was long gone, or so deeply

buried it would only be found by accident. I began to think of the Smithsonian connection, the only external clue existing in our local account. Coincidentally, at this time I saw an article in the Philadelphia Inquirer dealing with the Smithsonian. The article related how it is the largest museum complex in the world, with sixteen museums, including the National Museum of the American Indian in New York City.



I called New York City and talked to Curator Mary Jane Lenz. I told her about my search for the truth about Tuckerton's tribe of giant Indians; indeed, it was a search for the Indians themselves, if their remains could be found. Ms. Lenz told me she wouldn't be of much help because prior to 1990 the National Museum of the American Indian was called the Heye Foundation and had no connection to the Smithsonian. Still, this was her area of expertise; I asked her what she thought of the possibility of an ancient race of seven footers.

"It sounds," she said, "incredibly unlikely."

I wondered out loud how, excluding that the Jillsons could be jokesters or hoaxers, they could come up with such a finding.

Ms. Lenz said that as the twins were amateur scientists, they may have misinterpreted the burial ground or the bones themselves. I remembered the story of the skeletons hanging in the barn and thought how the twins may have too loosely joined the bones with baling wire - and then took a measurement. Conceivably, a tight skeleton, confined to its fleshy encasement, may have put the actual breathing Indian at about 5 foot, ten.

I called the Smithsonian in Washington D.C. and was referred to a Dr. David Hunt, the head of anthropology and skeletal remains. I was determined to talk Dr. Hunt into letting me study their records. I was even prepared to forcibly inject the Freedom of Information Act into my argument, though I was not at all sure it applied.

I found out, and it was reaffirmed over the next several months, that professors and museum people alike are as helpful as they are able. Dr. Hunt, who sounded like a young man, listened patiently. At one point he had me read the entire account from "Tides of Time." He only laughed once. Loudly. More from the melodramatic style of the writing, I think, than the sheer preposterousness of the tale. Dr. Hunt said that conceivably there may have been a tribe of tall people, perhaps one "really tall guy." Or perhaps (and here he reiterated his NY colleague) the bones may have shifted in their graves and with all cartilage and ligaments disintegrated, there may have been an erroneous measurement.

I asked him about the availability of field notes of Smithsonian agents from the previous century. He surprised me by saying he would look into it, and look into any record of the Jillsons or the dig at their farm. I told him I thought he'd be too busy for that. I had expected to have to go to Washington myself. Dr. Hunt assured me he was busy - he had no assistants - yet doing this kind of research for people around the country was part of his job. This was a Friday and he said he'd get back to me on Monday.

He didn't. I waited until the following Friday and called him back. Over the next several months, I called him many times. It was a balancing act when to call: I was mindful he was a busy professional, but also that I was determined to get an answer to the mystery. Often I'd get his answering machine. In a day or a week, I'd get a return call.

Once, early on, he told me that just because a Smithsonian worker had been present, that didn't mean the artifacts and skeletons went to the Smithsonian. I thought he was giving me the run around.

Another time he told me he had looked in the registrar's files under Jillson and Jilsson brothers and found nothing. He said perhaps the donations were made under the name of the Smithsonian field agent himself.

Once he told me that in another record he found an archeological site in Ocean, County, Tuckerton, from May of '73 to August of '74. Excitedly, I said that had to be it, the Jilsson site! He said this one was on Osborn Island and took place in the 1970's, not 1870's. This site was called the Tuckerton II. The only information he had was that a lot of skulls had been sent to Rutgers. There was no listing for a Tuckerton I.

Dr. Hunt said he would check the correspondence to and from South Jersey from that time period. I waited a few weeks, then called. Unbeknownst to me, Dr. Hunt was on an archeological

dig in Missouri. For a month. My worst projection was that he was simply sick of this Jersey guy and his tale of tall Indians. I suppressed my paranoia and left him cheerful messages on his machine: "I'll be happy to leave you alone, Dave, as soon as I find out about my Indians."

When he did return from Missouri and we talked, he said he'd yet to get to the archives. These particular records were in a separate building across town, a building in which he needed a security clearance. More to the point, he said he was waiting for additional queries from other researchers, enough to make the trip worthwhile. Again, the skeptic in me believed I was getting the runaround. I'd started this project in August; it was now early January. In late January I went to my mailbox and found a fat Smithsonian envelope from David Hunt.

There was a lot of information, some of it interesting, but none of it bearing directly on the Tuckerton giants. At least I was able to firm up my opinion of David Hunt. If the demands of the job made him tardy, he was, nevertheless, thorough:

Dear Mr. Dodson,

A complete computerized search for donors as Jillson, Arthur or Alfred, came up negative, and there is no reference to any correspondence or donations coming from individuals living in Tuckerton, N.J.

My information from Tamara Castillo at the center for Public Archeology was that they had no records of material from this area in their collections. My calls to Rutgers Univ. came up with the same results and they referred me to the CPA [Cultural Preservation Agency] as well. I again called the NJ State Museum in Trenton and the archeology curator, Lorraine William (who took over Dorothy Cross's position), and she was sure that the museum does not have the Jillson Mound skeletal collections or any other of the archeological materials from that site. Her assuredness comes from the recent inventory of all the collection in response to the Native American Gravegoods Preservation and Repatriation Act. She said that Dorothy Cross never had any of that material in her possession and in fact essentially never saw any of the materials from the sites when she visited there in 1940. All or most all the specimens were gone or removed from the site by the time of her arrival and the local collectors and townspeople were not very open to showing or talking about the materials from any of the sites around the area. There were reports that all the collections went into private collector's basements and trophy rooms, and the pottery, of which Dorothy Cross was most interested, were reported to be sitting in people's houses, on mantles or tables, but she saw none of it.

In one of my searches covering the Mammals Dept., in the Division of Birds, I found a specific

taxidermy donation by an A. Jillson. The bird in the collection is a red shouldered hawk. The skin was donated to the museum in 1892 and came from Ocean County, NJ. I went down to the Registrar's office and found the Jillson bird collected in a pan. I am sending along a Polaroid photo.

I hope that this information will be helpful to you in your research into the skeletal material reported from the Jillson family property, and about what holdings that the museum might have. This museum is a large institution with a relatively long history and massive collections and holdings where there are idiosyncrasies which may allow some information to slip through. It is not a secret that not all the collections have been data captured for quick and extremely accurate reports. In many instances it requires people who are familiar with the collections. Frequently a good deal of time is spent going through old records and cross-checking references and data.

To this end, I have tried to cover all resources at my disposal or within my powers. If you have additional information such as newspaper reports, references or personal accounts that indicate a shortcoming in my efforts, please contact me so that I may be able to rectify my inaccuracies. If you feel that there is more information here than you are receiving, you are more than welcome to come to the museum and I will personally attend to your research in the Museum's Registrar Office, the Anthropology Dept. record and collections. Please inform me in advance if you will be planning a visit to the museum so that I may schedule your visit.

*Sincerely Yours,
David Hunt Ph D.
Collections Mgmt. /Physical Anthro.*

And that was that. No definitive answer. When I called David Hunt to thank him, he said he had been remiss in not sending along the information from the Tuckerton II site, the archeological dig done on Osborn Island in 1974. He asked me if he should send it along. Since it was not related to the Jillson site or the 7 footers, I declined.

I visited June LeMunyon of the Tuckerton Historical Society and gave her copies of everything that had been sent to me. I told her how helpful David Hunt had been. I mentioned his offer of information on the Osborn Island dig. June was disappointed I had not accepted this material, and on hindsight it was neglectful of me. The information was relevant to the area and would cost us nothing. June asked if I couldn't still acquire the information. The last thing I wanted to do was to pester David Hunt again, especially after lavishing praise and thanks on him in farewell. I put this latest task off for a few days, then called. Again David Hunt was gracious. The Smithsonian envelope arrived within a week. It held two pages: a listing of skeletal pieces, a mandible, a

cranium, etc. and designations as male or female, adult or child. Several of the specimens were indeterminate. I saw the name of the archeologist in a footnote, and being disappointed in the paucity of information, I thought how this gentleman certainly would have more detailed field notes to pass onto June. On her behalf, I called him.

The conversation went slowly. Professor Drew seemed reluctant to talk. Finally, he eased into what seemed to be, for him, a touchy question. "Are you," he asked, "an Indian?"

I said, no, and added jokingly that I'd been looking to find some Indians. I began to sketch the tale of the Jillson Farm and the seven footers. Before I could finish he interjected, "Oh. So, you've seen the photos?"

"Photos?" I asked.

"In one of my archeology books," he said, "there's pictures of the Indian skeletons."

"The seven footers?" I gasped.

"Sure", he said.

We talked for a long time (Professor Drew explained he had nothing against Indians, but in his line of work he did not like to be unnecessarily hampered by activists. From his standpoint, if there was a direct connection between a burial ground and tribe, and if the skeletons were not more than 300 years old, then yes, it was right that modern Indians protect the sanctity of their people. "But," he said, "the skeletal material I've worked with has belonged to Indians from several hundred years ago. These activists have no more idea than me what tribe they belonged to. There were small tribes in transition all up and down the east coast. For all they know, it could have been their mortal enemy").

Professor Drew invited me to Camden to see the book, explaining it was old and the pages were somewhat delicate. He also told me how he'd been excavating a site between Tuckerton and Manahawkin for several years, keeping it low profile because he did not want any problems. He told me he would be there the following week. I asked him, since he would be in the area, if he would stop at the old Giffordtown Schoolhouse Museum and meet with some of the Jillson descendants, myself, and June LeMunyon. He said that he would and even agreed to bring the book.

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The highlight of the meeting was not the genial Professor Drew, but the book, "Aboriginal Fishing Stations" by Francis Jordan, Jr. Written in 1906, it was both a treasure and a letdown: A letdown because the only photo was of four disconnected skulls and three sets of thigh and shin bones. At first glance the leg bones appear exceptionally long, but the longer I looked I could not be sure. The leg bones were angled, resting on a drape covered box, framing the skulls (three across and one on the floor). There was nothing

scientific about the photo, no living man, or anything else of human scale to contrast with the bones. I couldn't verify their unusual size, if such they were. (Apparently Professor Drew had not remembered this photo accurately or well).

Splendidly, the text of the book made up for the photo.

In large part it dealt with the imposing Tuckerton shell mound, which was not much more than an ancient trash heap of clam shells. But this trash dump was interesting in that, according to the studies of Francis Jordan and later archaeologists, these shells were discarded by an Indian village of pile dwellers - that is to say, a village of huts on stilts when the meadow was a submerged part of the bay. In the time of Jordan it was the only known one of its kind on the Eastern seaboard.

But the aforementioned treasure was that which answered the sixteen year old question. On page 14 Jordan spoke of the meadow near first bridge (on seven bridges road) and where it rose to the Jillson Farm (now Jillson Farm Road in Mystic Island):

"Where the marsh joins the mainland the dividing line is accentuated by a sharp rise of about twenty-five feet, and on the crest of this slope, beyond the reach of abnormal tides, a number of Indian graves were uncovered coincident with my own investigations (1888 & 1892), exposing the bones of ten adults of both sexes and several children. AND IN THE ONLY FOOTNOTE ON P. 14: One of the skeletons measured over seven feet and was that of a veritable giant. It was plain to be seen that death was caused by a fracture of the skull produced by some blunt weapon. The blood which had congealed along the track of the wound was surprisingly brilliant notwithstanding the lapse of centuries."

As I suspected, a game of "Whisper Down the Lane" over several decades had turned one seven foot Indian into a tribe of giant men. The book, written in 1906, by the man who had done the excavations in 1888 and 1892, had answered my question. I was pleased, though not for long.

Being an obsessive compulsive perfectionist, I was not 100% satisfied. I wanted to know the present whereabouts of my giant skeletal friend. For closure, for the sake of curious Jillsons, for my ability to write this article, I wanted to know. I had it in mind that the story was incomplete without this information. Readers like neat, happy endings. I like neat, happy endings. I thought, oh well, I could track down one extra large skeleton. Surely all the groundwork, all the hard work, had already been done.

* * *

I spent a year looking for Mr. Big. In addition to Hunt's combing, I followed all and any leads. (Of the

archaeologists and professors I talked to, none of them were that impressed with a seven foot tall Indian - apparently just a guy with a glandular problem). I made inquiries at the University of Pennsylvania, the Numismatics and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia (organizations Jordan lectured at), and something called the Wister Foundation. All dead ends. I was down to my last lead in the name of Frank Hamilton Cushing, who was mentioned in the footnotes of Francis Jordan. Jordan said that his findings were confirmed by Cushing. In talking to a friend of Professor Drew's (who was present at the dig between Manahawkin and Tuckerton on the day I visited, I learned that Cushing was famous, probably the foremost archeological authority of his day. This led me back to the Smithsonian, where Cushing had been employed (He was probably the long lost Smithsonian field worker mentioned in "Tides of Time"). The only thing I could think to do was to check the correspondence of Cushing and see if he made reference to the Jillson Farm dig. But I was so burnt out on the entire Indian business that I put this task off for another six months. Only when new historical projects began to appear in my thoughts, to line up and nag, did I know I'd have to complete my research. Hunt had given me the archives number for correspondence. I called and talked to a James Hardwood. Mr. Hardwood informed me the archives staff did not have time to chase down information for individuals, but without any prodding he immediately reversed himself. That is, he said that if I sent him a letter detailing what it was I was looking for, he would see what he could do. I sent the letter. In less than two weeks I received another Smithsonian envelope:

Dear Mr. Dodson,

At first I held out little hope that my search for you in the records at NAA (National Anthropological Archives) would be productive, but I have found some information for you.

NAA does not have too much information for New Jersey archeological sites. There are no references in any records at NAA which Frank Hamilton Cushing [FHC] generated that refer to the Tuckerton, Ocean County, New Jersey sites. I searched for any correspondence between Francis Jordan, Jr. and FHC in the records of the BAE [Bureau of American Ethnology] but found no exchange between the two of them or between FJ Jr. and the BAE generally.

The BAE in the late 19th century and early 20th century did gather information in the United States about American Indian sites and it was in one of those numbered manuscript series that I located correspondence between one of the representatives of the BAE information gathering programs and persons located near your Ocean County site. Copies of the

exchange from 1911-1912 are enclosed between the BAE and Ezra and Chester Stiles. While this information is 15 years after the FHC investigation, it does directly touch on work at the Jillson farm in the last quarter of the 19th century and may open up new avenues of research for you. The correspondence does refer to the work that FHC did at the Ocean County site.

James Hardwood included two letters, from a father and son. The first (the son) was from Mr. Chester Stiles to a Mr. F.W. Hodge of the Smithsonian.

*Mr. F.W. Hodge,
Bureau of American Ethnology,
Washington, D.C.*

*Dear Sir,
In an article which recently appeared in the Washington Star it was stated that letters of inquiry were being sent by the Bureau of American Ethnology to all persons thought to have any knowledge of the ancient abodes, camps, mounds, workshops, quarries, burial places, etc., of the Indian tribes, such information being desired for incorporation in a book on this subject now in course of preparation.*

I desire to call to your attention the following facts, with a view to rendering any assistance possible in making the proposed publication of the greatest value.

About 1895, on the farm of Mr. Samuel Jillson, Little Egg harbor Township, Burlington County (now Ocean), New Jersey, there were exhumed the skeletons of over thirty Indians. Many of these were in excellent state of preservation. They were apparently the remains of a superior race physically, one of the males being over seven feet in height. Mention might also be made of the skeleton of a woman with a baby in her arms.

Specimens were sent to the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia for identification as to the tribe, etc. These were returned with the statement that they were of a race living before any of which they had record. Hence it would appear that they had been buried at least 300 years. The excellent state of preservation is explained by the fact that they were buried only a short distance from the salt marsh.

It is my impression that no specimens were sent to any of the museums of the country. They remained on the farm, and parts were given to any and all curiosity seekers, until now only a small portion of the original find remains. A few specimens are in my possession; namely, the two bones forming a pivot joint, an ankle bone, a patella, and three or four teeth.

Mr. Samuel Jillson, now deceased, was my grandfather. His sons, Messrs. A.H. Jillson, now own the farm, and were present when the skeletons were found. I think they would be glad to furnish you with any information in reference to this matter that you might

desire.

From Mr. Chester Stiles, from 1912, I learned what happened to the Indian skeletons and my seven footer and why I could not find him. He is God knows where and in how many pieces. But I learned a lot from the two Stiles letters. I learned that history is not always as tidy or linear as we would like. Just when I thought I had "The Case of the Seven Foot Indians" all figured out (courtesy of Chester Stiles): one seven foot skeleton scattered to the attics and barns of souvenir hunters, along came Ezra Stiles in his letter from 1912. Unlike his sons letter, it was written in long hand. His sentences are clumsy and ungrammatical. Nevertheless, Ezra Stiles was present at the shell mound excavation with Professor Cushing and the exhumation of the Indian burial site. He states:

In exhuming the skeletons on the Jillson farm we found that the bones were quite soft, and had to uncover them very carefully and let them lay exposed to the air for twenty minutes or half hour, in that time they would become so hardened that they could be moved without injury. There were 36 skeletons exhumed at this place. Evidently these Indians were massacred as we found two males with broken skulls and some with broken limbs, and there were no implements with them, all that we found was one pipe and one charm made of stone. And they were put in irregular positions 18 in one trench one lapping on the other. There were three in one trench in a space not over four feet square a female underneath a baby between her legs and a male on top. In all of these skeletons there were no decayed teeth. One of the skeletons measured 7 feet. The bones of all of them were large considering the height. Some of the specimens were examined in the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia for identification but could not be identified. The Jillson Bros have one of these scull left, the skeleton measuring 6 ft 7 and a half inches which they will ship to you if you so desire."

Ezra contradicts his own son, who said there were no skeletons left. And there may have been only one seven footer, but 6 foot, 7 and a half is not far off the mark. And "The bones of all of them were large considering the size" MIGHT mean, "All of the bones could be considered large." And so the "Race of Giant Men" report in "Tides of Time" was not as far fetched as I first believed.

What does it mean that a 6' 7" Indian shows up to keep the 7 footer company, that another fellow had a wild pituitary? A family member? A brother? Or that a Norseman strayed by? Horny, king size aliens, perhaps?.

At this writing, Dr. David Hunt still made a case for a faulty measurement. "It was not until the 1920's," he said, "that exact standards of measurement were developed.

"And yet," he continued, "it's a mistake to think that the people in the 1890's didn't know what they were doing. Cushing and Jordan both had seen other skeletons and they knew a big one when they saw it. Undoubtedly what they had was a large Indian, but how large was he in fact? Why didn't Cushing or Jordan keep this exceptional find, or at least take a telling photo of the skeleton intact?"

According to Curator Mary Jane Lenz (The National Museum of the American Indian, NYC), "There are local variations among tribes - but all within human range. In small isolated populations a certain gene pool might have kept repeating itself. The two tall skeletons may have been brothers, or father and son."

I had been listening to a lot of dry, clinical talk. For just a moment I wanted someone to catch my urgency. "George Washington," I said, "was viewed in the 1700's as a massive man. He was six foot, three. A seven foot tall Indian - was he viewed by his people as a freak or a god? (Did he have five wives or did he have trouble getting a date?) Did they project upon him great power, or was he an oaf? Either way, stories and superstitions must have abounded about such a person. Outsiders may have thought of him as magic or supernatural. Perhaps his tribe was massacred so that his enemies could prove their own power."

"Yes. And I'm interested too," said a sincere Mary Jane Lenz. "We can speculate and imagine."

* * *

When I told Davey Jillson all that I had found, and that the original Art and Alf had given away the Indian bones, he looked inward and smiled as if he knew those long ago "boys:"

"Probably," he said, "traded 'em for clams."

p.s. Ezra Stiles' stone point collection, perhaps the largest and finest in the region, is housed in the Ocean County Historical Museum in Toms River.

David Hunt: Is there any donor card in the registrar for Stiles, Chester or Ezra? No

Does the Smithsonian possess the 6' 7" skeleton? No

What does David Hunt make of two exceptionally tall men in one tribe? He made a case for a faulty measurement. "And yet it's a mistake to think that the people in the 1890's didn't know what they were doing. Cushing and Jordan both saw other skeletons and they knew a big one when they saw it. Undoubtedly what they had was a large Indian, but how large was he in fact? Why didn't Cushing or Jordan keep this exceptional find, or at least take a telling photo of the skeleton intact?"

Is this unheard of, or merely a case of two

family members with the same glandular disorder?
Could be

Generally speaking, aren't North American Indians on the stocky side? What are the exceptions? The average European at the time of Columbus was 5' 5", so an Indian standing 5' 10" would have looked like a giant.

Is Tuckerton Shell Mound the only evidence of a village on stilts on the East Coast? Don't know. They had some in Virginia, but some of these were misidentified as pile dwellings when in fact they were platforms for roasting meat (or something).