

Mayday Tribe Introduces New Element to Protests

By JOHN KIFNER

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, May 4—

They came into the dawn like a ragamuffin army, handkerchiefs around their necks for the gas, uniformed in a motley of dungarees, field jackets and hiking boots, most of them with long hair.

When they had finished the first day, 7,000 people had been jailed in the single largest—and fastest—mass arrest in American history, and the United States Marine Corps had landed on the Mall and secured Dupont Circle.

Today, they marched on the Justice Department and 2,000 were arrested there and in scattered incidents in the streets.

They had failed, Rennie Davis conceded yesterday shortly before he was picked up by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation on new conspiracy charges, in their advertised objective of "stopping the Government."

But, the Mayday Tribe's tac-

tics, with an encampment on the banks of the Potomac, a determined band of thousands of young people who tried to jam up Washington traffic, appeared to be another development of the protest movement.

The idea had been brewing for nearly a year, and Mr. Davis, one of the radical leaders convicted on charges of fomenting disorders at the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago, and his supporters had been crisscrossing the campus circuit for months.

No one knew how much support the idea would receive. But Washington looked around, startled, on Saturday afternoon and discovered more than 45,000 young people in West Potomac Park.

They called it Algonquin Peace City in their literature, but mostly they called it "the Land," and as the campfires burned in the night and the young people wrapped themselves in blankets it looked like something between a military bivouac and a good night at the Fillmore East.

Saturday night, someone rigged the Alexander Hamilton Memorial so it blinked on and off while the rock bands and folksingers played on the big stage. There were tents and painted trucks and young people sleeping in big rented moving vans, narcotics, piles of empty bottles of Boone's Farm apple wine, and sharing of food and blankets.

There were big-name "movement heavies" in the crowd, veterans of most of the major demonstrations and successive organizations and college students who went on strike last spring. There were first-time demonstrators, ex-G.I.'s returned from Vietnam, freaks, dropouts and high school kids.

At seven o'clock Sunday morning, as helicopters sputtered and police loudspeakers blared orders to clear the camp, demonstrators tried to on Monday. More than half the crowd, those who had come for the rock festival, streamed out of town, but the others shouldered packs and bedrolls

with the glum patience of infantrymen.

They went to campuses like Georgetown University, where before noon more than a thousand from upstate New York sprawled in a semi-circle discussing their targets, while young people from less well-organized regions rested across the baseball field under a banner reading "Rhode Island Reds."

Shortly before midnight at George Washington University, they stood in a long, quiet line in the rain, while volunteers at a field kitchen on the sidewalk dished out brown rice, thin stew and salad, frequently topped off with Good Humor ice cream from a nearby truck.

At 3 A.M. at American University, the packed rows on the floors of hallways and offices in the Student Union Building began to stir and downstairs, a bearded young man standing on a table was giving advice about not wearing earrings or contact lenses and the availability of a student government bail fund for students at the university.