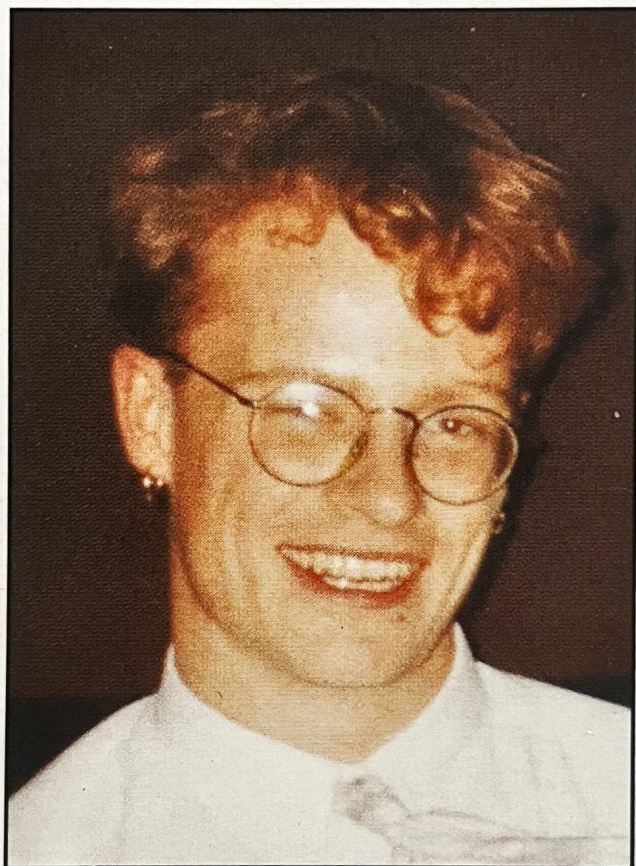


His name was  
**Joe MacManus**



**JOSEPH MacMANUS**  
May 1970 – February 1992

**A SLIGO TRIBUTE**

# Introduction

**W**hen Joe MacManus was killed on active service with the IRA on 5 February 1992, a shockwave went through his home town of Sligo.

Joe came from a family whose republican politics were well known. His father Seán stood as a Sinn Féin candidate and is a member of the party executive. His mother Helen and her family are republicans and his younger brother Chris is a member of the local cumann. Both Joe and Chris sold AP/RN in Sligo. But no one knew that Joe had joined the IRA. During his oration at Joe's grave in Sligo cemetery, on 9 February Gerry Adams said:

"Joe made up his own mind. He saw the strokes. He saw emigration and poverty, unemployment and the war which has lasted for his entire life. And he wanted to change it.

"Maybe in these days of national confusion, in these days of censorship, maybe many of Joe's friends don't understand — and that's fair enough. He had a secret life. How could any of them have known, his girlfriend, the lads on the football team, his social friends? But they do know one thing, because they knew the man. They know that he wasn't a terrorist."

Joseph Edward MacManus was born in Willesden in London in May 1970. His father Seán had gone to England, like many before and since, for work. But the family always planned to return home and they came back to Sligo in 1976. Joe attended Scoil Ursula near his home, going on to St John's national school. He went on to Summerhill College and then to Sligo Regional Technical College to do a business studies course.

He lived his young life to the full and loved sport, particularly football. He won medals for St Mary's Gaelic FC and Coolera GFC. He played soccer for Collegians and for Corinthians. Joe was an outgoing, lively person who had many friends.

But there was a serious side to his nature. He read Irish history and politics and his understanding and analysis was clear and deep. The huge crowd at his funeral, in spite of the intimidatory presence of hundreds of gardaí and special branch, was a tribute to his popularity in Sligo town, as were the hundreds of people who called on his home where he lay in state on Thursday, 6 February. His family was joined by republicans from all over Ireland, by Joe's friends in sporting and social circles, and by many, many Sligo people who came to signal their sorrow at the death of a young Sligo man and to offer their sympathy to his family.

It is they who are responsible for this book, for it was the people of Sligo and surrounding counties who set about the task of erecting the beautiful monument to his memory. This book is as much a tribute to them as it is to Joe. I measc laochra na hÉireann go raibh sé.



## The Memorial Committee

**S**hortly after the tragic death of Joseph MacManus a small group of local people came together with an idea of erecting a headstone at his grave. At first it was just two or three of us talking over a couple of pints. That led to a meeting being called to form a committee and organise the raising of the necessary funds.

The first meeting was set for Monday, 23 March 1992 in Murray's Bar at 9.30pm sharp. Remarkably, this meeting started at exactly 9.30pm, it was the first signal that this committee meant business!

Joe Burns opened the meeting, and outlined the reasons why we were there and what we had to do. Martin Cadden explained in great detail the different types of headstones and their prices, which ranged from £800 to £2,500. The committee then voted to give Martin Cadden the work of buying and erecting the stone at a cost of £2,500. Vincent Murray and Robert Mahon were appointed joint treasurers and asked to set up a bank account in the name of "The Joseph MacManus Memorial Fund Committee".

A very long and interesting debate followed with ideas and suggestions on how we would raise the funds. The most popular idea, which was adopted, was that we would set up shares in the fund at a price of £50 and approach business people, politicians, sporting organisations and any indi-

viduals whom we thought would subscribe. This idea was to prove to be a masterstroke in raising the money. This first meeting was a total success and everybody left with a terrific feeling of "something is happening here". After the first meeting a lot of basic work had to be done and a number of documents were printed and signed by the MacManus family, authorising the members of the committee to collect funds.

**D**uring the period between the first and second meeting Vincent Murray, Robert Mahon and Martin Cadden paid a visit to Sligo Cemetery to look at some of the headstones that were there and to decide what we wanted. This visit was to prove to be a very costly one, but in the end a very useful one indeed. The three committee members saw one unbelievably beautiful headstone. We made a spur of the moment decision to put it to our next meeting that this type of headstone was the most suitable. The cost was £5,000. Although the fundraising in the first week had got off to a slow start, money was coming in, so it was with a little bit of optimism that Vincent Murray, seconded by Eugene French, Gerry McLoughlin, Martin Cadden and Robbie Mahon proposed to raise our target from £2,500 to £5,000. It was a long, hard second meeting and after two and half hours of discussion, everybody agreed that we would redouble our efforts and go for the £5,000. There was an air of great confidence, great conviction and above all a very professional attitude coming from this group of hard working people.

Each week the money came in at a greater rate than the week before. At the weekly meetings now, members were pouring over lists, worrying that they had not got in contact with some potential donor. A terrific spirit prevailed that we were going to make our target.

In the ninth week of collecting, all the committee members were present at the meeting, as they religiously had been right from the first day. The fund had stood at £1,505 short of the target at the last meeting. After all the members gave in that week's money we surpassed the £5,000 total by £25. It was a feeling of great achievement and happiness, at the fantastic effort of all the people of Sligo and surrounding counties.

We immediately asked Martin Cadden to start work on the stone and a date was set for the unveiling of the headstone — 12 July.

We then proudly invited the MacManus family to our next gathering to inform them of the marvellous response we had received to the fund and that we had now reached the money needed to erect the memorial.

Seán, Chris and Helen were delighted, and in this small office room which had now been renamed the "Bunker", Helen made a very emotional speech of thanks to the nine committee members present. She thanked them for their terrific efforts raising such a large amount in such a short time and the very professional approach to the whole venture. She said

“Joseph is probably saying now, look at all the hassle I have caused, but also look at all the new faces which have rallied to this cause”.  
Seán and Chris were equally lavish in their thanks and praise for a job well done.

**E**vents began to move at a faster pace now, as the big day approached, and we checked and rechecked every detail of what was to be a tremendous day in the history of Sligo.

The 21 children to carry the roses, Bernadette McAliskey for speeches, the Tom Smith band from Dublin and the Fort hill, Sligo, the speaking equipment, stewards, the photographs, the video, the priest, Seán Sands and many more little things that were all to add up.

The headstone arrived on the Thursday. It was beautiful. There were tears in our eyes as we moved the two tonne stone into position, tears of pride. Joseph was being remembered with a truly lovely piece of sculpture.

The 12 July arrived so fast on us we didn't have time to really think about what was happening, but we look back now and savour every minute. It seemed like the whole of Sligo turned out that beautiful summer's day.

The large crowd walked and talked and enjoyed the sun, the atmosphere and the two bands. It was a sight to behold, the entire length of Mail Coach Road full with ordinary people going up to a cemetery to unveil a memorial to a Sligo man and an Irish Volunteer.

The people who marched that day were from all political parties, sporting organisations, youth groups, football teams, rowing clubs, trades people, business people, young people, old people, ordinary people. If only this could be repeated at a national level to demonstrate our desire for our own self-determination over our own people and country.

On behalf of the committee I would like to thank everyone who worked so hard to make a day that personally I will never forget.

Signed on behalf of:

**The Joseph MacManus Committee;**

**Vincent Murray; Robble Mahon; Joe Burns; Ray Rooney;**  
**Timmy Curran; Michael Mooney; Eugene French; Martin Cadden;**  
**Gerry McLoughlin.**



● The funeral of Volunteer Joe MacManus proceeding to Silgo cemetery, February 1992



● Local people are joined by those from neighbouring counties in the march to the unveiling

# The unveiling

**S**unday, 12 July in Sligo turned out to be a beautiful summer day. By 2pm, the strains of the bands tuning up could be heard from the Market Yard and curious tourists stood and watched as the crowd gathered for the march to the unveiling of the monument.

The committee members were much in evidence, organising the stewards, welcoming people arriving and getting the bands into place. Twenty one local children, each carrying a single red rose, led the march, symbolising each year of Joe's young life. Joe's family walked behind them accompanied by the members of the committee. The crowd behind them grew as the march turned up onto Mail Coach Road. The only sour note was from some of the gardaí whose open hostility to the marchers would be commented on later by Bernadette McAliskey.

There was an air of quiet pride and achievement among the large crowd. They came from every walk of life, MacManus and McGovern family members and friends, the committee members and their families, young people from the football clubs, Joe and Chris's friends from school and college, and many, many local people from Sligo town and county were joined by those who had travelled long distances for the occasion.

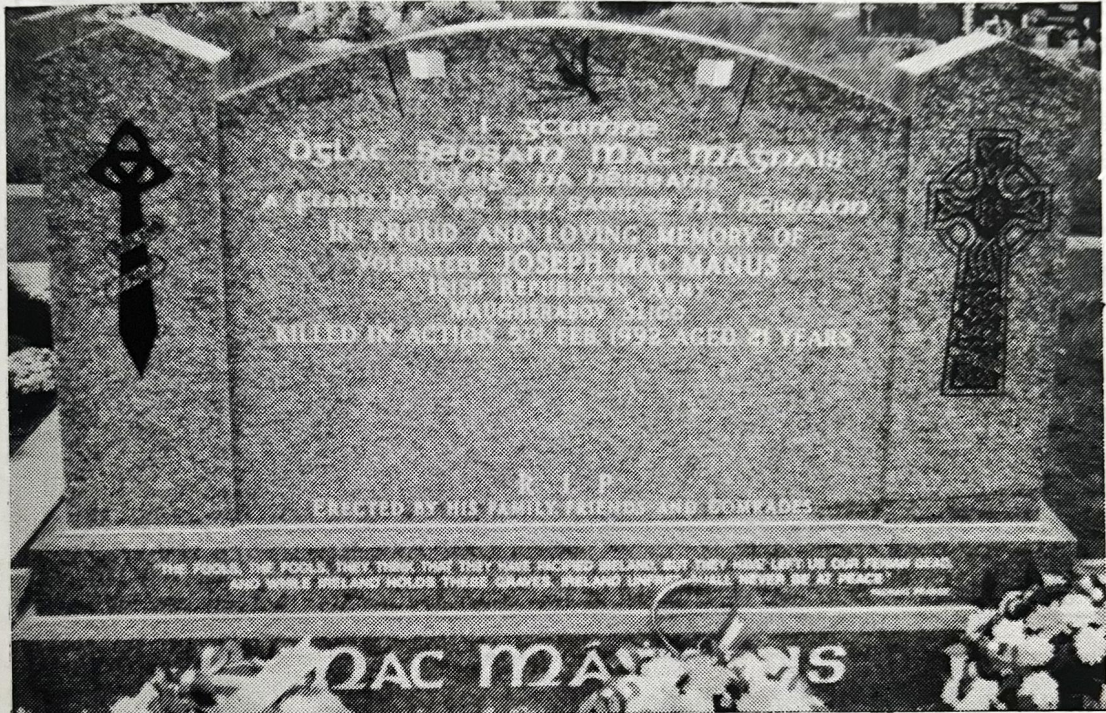
As the growing crowd marched along the route to the cemetery, accompanied by the rousing sounds of the Tom Smith and Fort Hill Bands, the brightness of the sunny summer afternoon did not obscure the memory, particularly for his family, of walking this same road behind Joe's coffin only six short months before. A palpable sadness fell over the crowd as the march approached the graveyard. Many more people were waiting there and joined in with the march. From the cemetery gates the imposing stone at Joe's grave could be seen clearly, shrouded in sacking for the unveiling ceremony.

**T**he platform was already in place and the platform party took their seats as the crowd filed into the cemetery, filling the whole area round the grave.

Vincent Murray, chairperson of the Joe MacManus Memorial Fund Committee formally opened the ceremonies, welcoming everyone and thanking them for their help and support. The first speaker was Patsy Sweeney from Bundoran, who paid a tribute to the young Volunteer in Irish. Helen, Joe's mother, read a poem by Pascal O'Donnell before she joined Seán and Chris, Joe's father and brother, in the unveiling ceremony. The crowd saw the magnificent stone for the first time and this truly moving moment was followed by the 21 children laying their roses on Joe's grave. Wreaths were laid by Martin Cadden on behalf of the committee, by Timmy Curran for the Coen/MacManus Sinn Féin Cumann and by the Republican Movement.

Throughout the speeches, songs and poems delivered at the graveside, the large crowd listened with rapt attention and responded with applause, many with tears in their eyes.

A special thank you was accorded to Fr Mulligan from Sligo Priory who blessed the stone.



### Joe MacManus' headstone reads

I gCuimne  
Oglac Seosaim MacMágnais  
Oglaic na hEireann  
A fuair bás ar son saoirse na hEireann  
In proud and loving memory of  
Volunteer Joseph MacManus  
Irish Republican Army  
Maugheraboy, Sligo  
Killed in action 5th Feb 1992 Aged 21 years  
RIP

Erected by family, friends and comrades

*"The fools, the fools, they think that they have pacified Ireland. But they have left us our Fenian dead.  
And while Ireland holds these graves Ireland unfree shall never be at peace."*

— Padraig Pearse

#### Small stone on grave:

I lived my short life to the full  
But also heard my nation's cry  
With my comrades I answered her call  
Prepared to fight, prepared to die  
So loving, so brave, so sadly missed  
With love and pride  
Our precious son and brother



● Some of the committee members on the march, (from left) Vincent Murray, Joe Burns, Timmy Curran, Martin Cadden



● Sean, Chris and Helen MacManus unveil the memorial stone

# A Chathaoirligh,

A Ghaela, a Chairde,

**N**í beag an onóir domsa gur hiarradh orm bheith i láthair anseo inniu chun fáilte a chur romhaibh ar ócáid nochtaithe na leachta ar uaigh an Oglaiigh, Seosamh Mac Mághnais. Is beannaithe an chré a luíonn ar chorp uasal an fhir óig chalma seo a thug a bheatha ar son ha hÉireann, ar ár son, agus ar son na nglúnta atá le teacht. Ní brón atá orainn inniu ach bród, bród go bhfuil glún óg ag éirí aníos in Éirinn atá dílis go bás do sheanaisling na saoirse agus dóibh siúd a rinne íobairt ins na glúnta a chuaigh romhainn.

Tréasláim don Choiste a rinne sárobair chun an leacht álainn seo a chur ar uaigh Sheosaimh Mhic Mháchnais, agus gabhaim buíochas do gach aon duine sa bhaile agus i gcéin a thug cuidiú ar bhealach ar bith.

Tá fáilte romhaibh go léir.

Go raibh maith agaibh.

## Joe

**N**o one knows the heartache,  
No one knows the pain,  
The day we heard our son  
Would never come home again.  
Joe was someone special,  
The boy with little fear.  
A republican so strong at heart  
Up to his dying day.  
They say there is a reason  
They say that time will heal,  
But neither time nor reason  
Will change the way we feel.  
While our country is divided until  
The day she's free.  
Many a heart will be broken  
And a grave we'll have to fill.  
How do we write on paper  
The way we feel inside,  
The heartaches and the emptiness  
When the one we loved has died.  
There is one thing we can say to you,  
We hope you understand  
We're proud to have had a son like Joe  
To be his Mum and Dad.

— P.O'Donnell

**B**y an enemy's gun he was shot down  
Far from home in another town  
A freedom fighter he lived to be  
And we'll not rest 'till his country's free.  
He'll be remembered for his proud deed  
For his country's war another seed  
And his memory will live and grow  
Children now in years will know,  
Of Joe MacManus, his life he gave  
Of how he died and was so brave  
A country torn by war and hate  
Decided Joseph's early fate.  
Now every year as spring time starts  
Joe's proud memory will be in our hearts  
And as I think and shed a tear  
I'm proud to have him  
In our child-hood years.

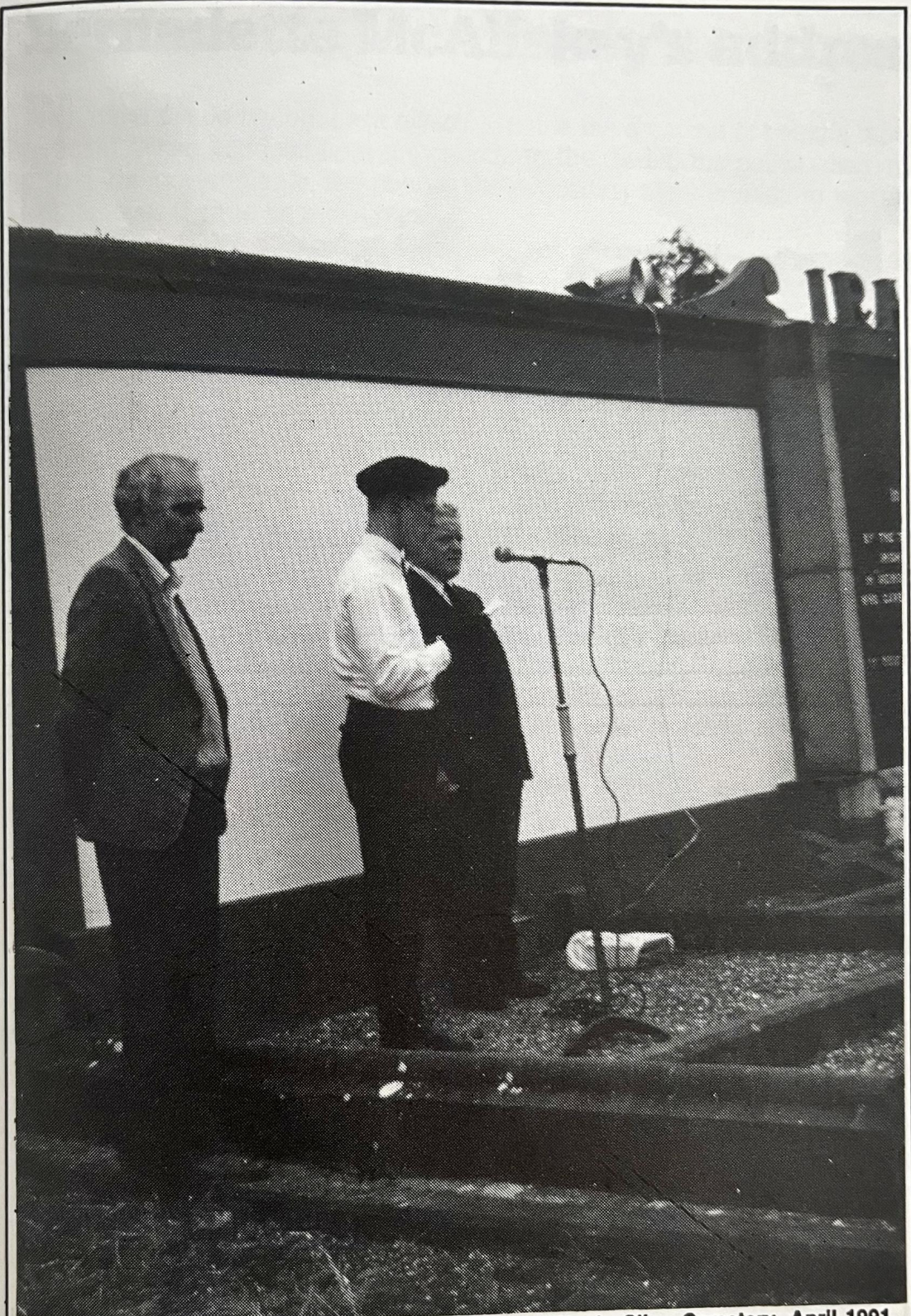
— Corina '92



● Corina Newell reads her poem in Joe's memory



● Sean Sands sings *The Revolutionary*, on the platform with the family are Vincent Murray, Bernadette McAlliskey, Patsy Sweeney, Martin Cadden, Eugene French, Gerry McLaughlin, Joe Burns, Robble Mahon and Timmy Curran



● Joe MacManus at the Easter Rising Commemoration in Silgo Cemetery, April 1991.  
On his right is Memorial Committee member Joe Burns



● Bernadette McAlliskey's speech made a strong impact on the large crowd



● Fr Mulligan blesses the stone

# Bernadette McAliskey's address

**W**hat did we do wrong, I ask myself, what is the great sin of being a republican? When you look from the church, to the media, the police, the councils, the governments, the courts, the educators, there is nothing worse in their eyes than to be a republican.

We are not entitled to freedom of speech, not entitled to exist. Everyone else is allowed to insult us, whether we are living or dead, to trample on our emotions and our rights. And it's good enough for us, because we are republicans. And I can't understand that. I can't understand, for example, the looks of hatred on the faces of some of the gardaí for the people who were walking past them. I want to know why. What rights have these people to hate me? I didn't do them any harm. It wasn't me who betrayed them. It was their freedom and their uniform that was won with my slavery. It was my freedom as a northern nationalist that bought them the right to be policemen in a Free State. In the 1920s this country didn't win its freedom. The Six Counties bought its freedom and it bought their freedom with my slavery, and our mothers' and fathers' and grandmothers' and grandfathers'. And it drew a border and turned its back on the suffering of its own people in the North. I didn't hate them for it. I forgave them. I understand they were war weary. My grandfather told me about the Black and Tans and the terror and the Civil War. And we never hated the Free State.

We were hurt, felt betrayed. But we understood that that was the best they could do at the time. And our parents brought us up to believe that in the fullness of time when, the Free State got stronger, and when de Valera in the '30s wrote into the Constitution that we were all Irish and that Ireland was a nation of 32 counties, that in the fullness of time it would happen and the Irish government in the South would speak out for us and through peaceful means the reunification of Ireland would be brought into effect. And we waited.

**W**e waited through the pogroms of the '20s, through the hunger and the pogroms of the '30s, through the fumbling and negotiations of the war years, waited through the short-lived campaign of the '50s and in every decade we buried young men like Joseph MacManus and in every decade we filled prisons and in every decade we left mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, wives, husbands and children weeping in their valley of tears. And still we believed that it wasn't that the South didn't care, it was that the South didn't know. And we thought we should begin to tell people what it was really like in the North and the Civil Rights Movement started. And it's very little different now if you dig with the wrong foot. And is that

my fault? Why should I apologise to the British because this happened? For they arranged it that way. I drove down here today, 100 miles and 70 of them through solid blocks of Union Jacks.

I have to drive back tonight for my kind of people aren't allowed on the road tomorrow — the Orangeman's Day. And I have to be home in the pen before midnight. Why? Why hate me? I'm not stopping anyone enjoying themselves. Why hate me and my people because we suffered? And still we believed when the pogroms came again, Bombay Street, Bloody Sunday, not only that the government of the South but the people of the South will hear and know and understand and say it's not right and those are our people and it won't be allowed to happen. Twenty years of it. John Paddy Mullan was shot in the back by the King's Own Regiment. He was 36. Twenty years ago the average age of a Volunteer was 36. But Joe MacManus was 21. And in February in Coalisland we also buried Kevin Barry O'Donnell, Seán O'Farrell and Patrick Vincent and Peter Clancy. And the average age of fallen Volunteers in the north of Ireland 20 years later is 21 years of age. And still it's supposed to be our fault. What made a lad like Joe MacManus, a well-brought up lad, join the war in the North. Was there something wrong with him or is there something wrong with everybody else? Young men and women wouldn't be dying or rotting in prison if the peaceful mechanisms that are open to councils and governments were used by them. And yet as we stand here today, where is the government of the Free State? It's sitting down again with the British. And what is it doing?

Is Albert Reynolds sitting with the British government and Paisley and demanding the right of my children to work? Is he demanding that the prisons be opened? Is he demanding justice and an end to the human rights abuses known throughout the world? No. Is he demanding the end of the UDR terrorising people in uniform and murdering them out of uniform? No. None of these things. After 20 years of war and over 50 years of injustice, what is the Free State doing sitting in the dark with the British sort? It's doing what it always did. Having taken the freedom that was bought with the liberty of my people and betrayed it; having taken liberty and corrupted it; having taken part of this nation and sold it to the highest international bidder; small, good-for-nothing wasters, not fit to run a country, what have we got in this state that good men and women died for? What did people like Pearse and Connolly die for? For a little git like Albert Reynolds to sell this country.

**W**hat will they do now to appease the British government? Sell my birthright? Stand up and say I was wrong all the time, that my father and mother were wrong? That my people were wrong to imagine, to presume, that County Tyrone was part of the Irish nation? Was it for this that this

young man laid down his life? For nothing? He believed that Ireland was a nation of 32 counties. Yet Mr Collins says today in the newspapers that it is not.

The constitution says that the name of this nation is Ireland, Collins says Ireland is the 26 Counties. For what did this lad lay down his life? For what have we buried mother's child after father's child in the North. For what have we suffered and as we say in Tyrone, eat grass when we have to. So that in the fullness of time we would take our place in the nation to which we belong. In the nation of Ireland. And now the Free State sort say no. They will put it to every man and woman over the age of 18 and they'll put their money in their media and RTE and bishops and parish priests and sergeants and school masters all to work. And at the end of the day they hope that the people of the 26 Counties will vote the Six Counties into oblivion and say wherever we belong, it's not in the nation of Ireland.

What nationality will we of the northern nationalist community belong to? What will young Joseph MacManus have given his life for? I'll tell you this, you people have the power to take the name Irish citizen from me. But you people do not have the power to make me a British citizen. And like Joseph MacManus where will you drive us? For there are hundreds and thousands like me and hundreds and thousands like him who before they will see us British, we'll all be dead. And I have this to say to the Garda Síochána and their government — for 20 years I have struggled by every peaceful means in my possession. You take my birthright from me and I'll burn every blade of grass in your Free State!



● Helen, Joe's mother, reads a poem by local man Pascal O'Donnell



● Twenty one children lay roses on Joe's grave, symbolising each year of his life

# Seán's speech at the grave

**T**he first thing which I must do is, on my own behalf and on behalf of Helen my wife and our son Chris, offer our deepest thanks and appreciation to the committee who immediately after Joe's death, set about the task of financing and erecting this fine memorial to Joe's memory. They worked and travelled long hours and miles throughout County Sligo and adjoining areas and it must be said that their efforts were matched by the generosity of the many people who gave with an open heart, some I'm sure more than perhaps they could afford.

To all those good people, committee members, donors, to all of you here today and to all of those who helped in so many ways at the time of Joe's death and since, to you all it must be said that our family will always remember with gratitude your kindness in our hours of deepest sorrow.

And there are hours of sorrow, hours and days in which it is so hard to accept that we will not meet Joe in this life again. But the support and encouragement of our families and of our friends, the support of the "republican family" from the length and breadth of this country and abroad, and from our POWs who themselves have suffered so much, has helped us through what were hopefully the darkest hours.

So often Irish republicans are portrayed by the media as heartless people who care little for the suffering of others. How very wrong they are.

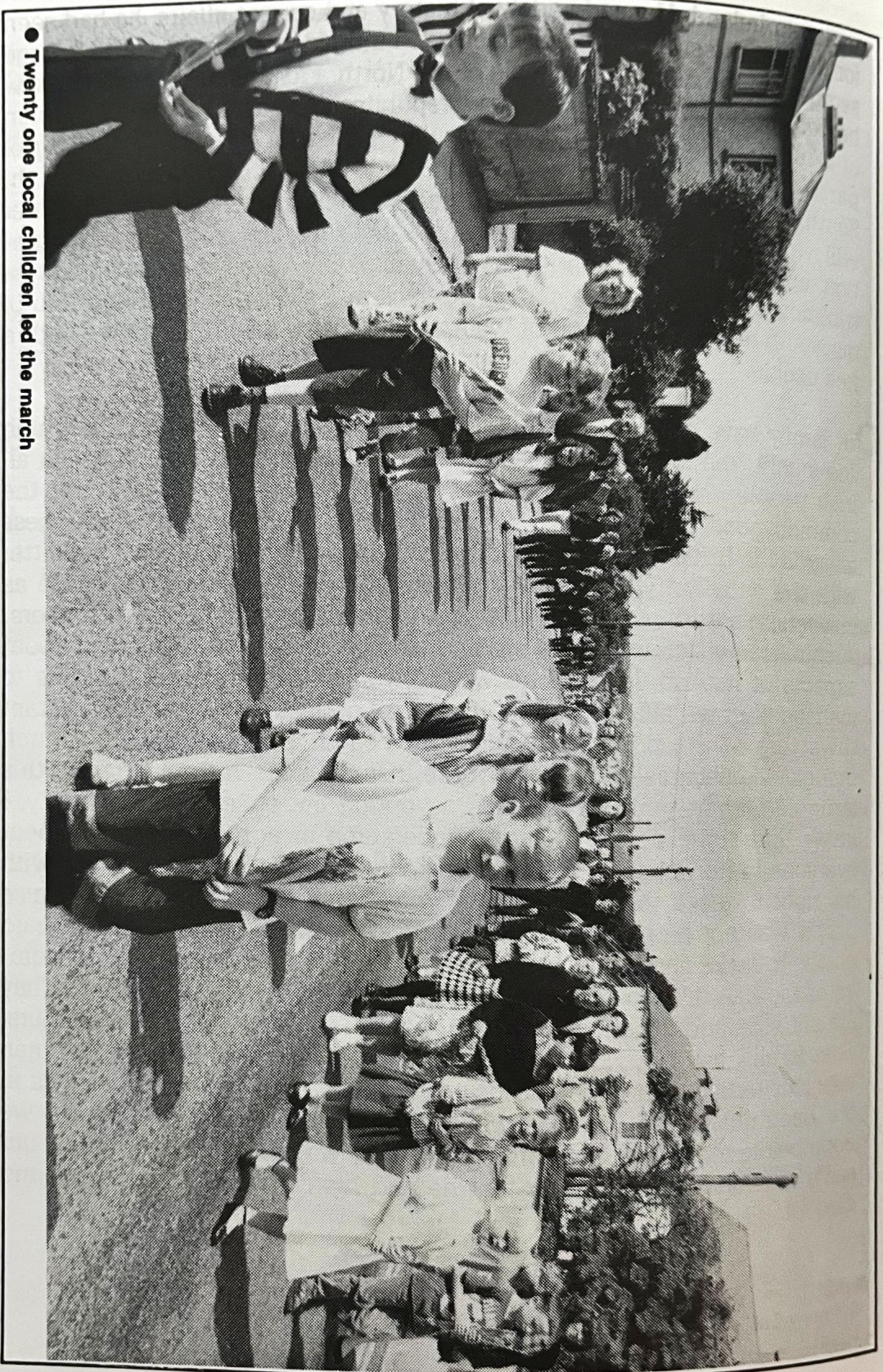
It is because republicans have experienced so much suffering at first hand that they can understand and identify with another's pain. We have suffered most during these past 20 years and because of this we are the people who most want real lasting peace, peace with justice, in Ireland.

**W**e are merely cannon fodder for British imperialism. The people responsible for Joe's death are the British government and their continued presence in the Six Counties. They have no mandate from anyone, least of all the Irish people, to be here. Their presence here has been a failure since its first day. It runs counter to all international standards of justice, it is in no way democratic, it needs to end. Yet the British presence here is supported in large measure by the Dublin administration. I hold Dublin also responsible for Joe's death because by their inaction over the years, they have left Irish men and women with no option other than direct military action to remove the British presence.

Joe was a young man who loved football, he loved having a few pints, he loved the crack, in short he loved life. Sometimes people who knew Joe the easy-going man but not Joe the dedicated republican, have asked "Joe was all these things yet he joined the IRA. Why?" The answer is simple. Despite his easy-going attitude Joe thought long and deeply about the sit-

uation in Ireland. He read widely of history and current affairs, he had seen for himself the suffering, harassment and intimidation meted out to a large segment of the nationalist people of the North. From what he read and saw he became an Irish republican. As a republican he shared a common vision of a future Ireland. This is a vision which goes far beyond the ending of partition. It is a vision which sees a day when all Irish people North, South, East and West, urban and rural, Catholic, Protestant and Dissenter will work together. Our vision is opposed to unemployment and emigration, opposed to sexism and lack of equality. Our vision is for an equal distribution of wealth, for the care of our sick and elderly, for the education of our youth and the liberation of women. Our vision is for Ireland free with a free people.

**O**ur family have gained strength also from our pride in the ideals for which Joe fought, the ideal of an Ireland free from foreign influence, in which all Irish people, irrespective of religion or culture can unite to work for the common good of each other. As a family we do not hold any bitterness towards the British soldier who killed our son and brother, but we are bitter with the situation which allows those same British soldiers to behave as invaders in part of our country. We have no quarrel with individual soldiers. Our republican vision was Joe's vision. I know because we often talked about aspects of it. And Joe saw no way forward until the British leave us to manage our own affairs. He saw the denial of democracy and the constant thwarting of the political struggle for peace. That is why, after much thought, he became a Volunteer of the Irish Republican Army, to push this struggle forward until Britain has no option but to leave this country. I know that some people will not understand or agree. I do not expect everyone to fully support his decision. What I do ask is that you agree with his right to reach that decision, and more importantly, that you recognise that it was not a decision that Joe reached easily or lightly. It was a hard choice to make and he thought long and hard about it. The men and women of the IRA, like Joe, are not faceless strangers or mindless robots. They are our sons and daughters, mothers and fathers, they are your neighbours. That is all I ask of you, to question why these ordinary men and women take this extraordinary step, to question why this tragic situation exists in our beautiful country. Britain will, one day soon, leave us in peace, we hope before too many other families suffer as we have. That too will be our son's memorial. The freedom that he and his comrades have fought and died for.



● Twenty one local children led the march



● The breast plate on Joe's grave



● Timmy Curran lays a wreath on behalf of Joe's comrades

# The Revolutionary

**C**ome all who sit and listen  
and a story I will sing  
of a man who fought for justice  
in a land of suffering  
of a man who swore that freedom  
some day to his land would come  
of a man who spent his few young  
years  
in battle on the run.

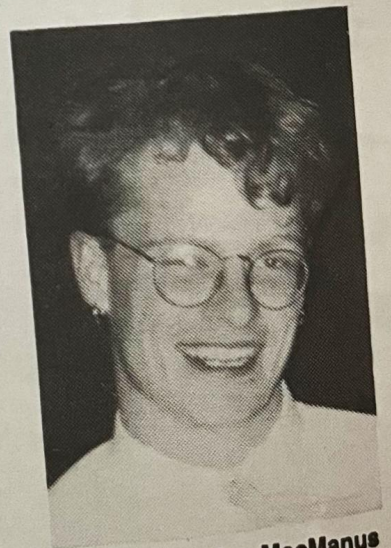
**H**is name I cannot tell you  
for it changed from day to day  
like the houses that he slept in  
as he went upon his way  
through the cities and the fields  
from the mountains to the sea  
you might have seen him passing  
as he fought for liberty.

**H**is age was always changing  
though his eyes were always bright  
and he could always see a better way  
where others could just see fright  
and he always knew that someday  
that victory would come  
and it all would have been worth it  
even if his life was done.

**I** saw him fight at Vinegar Hill  
and in Dublin Easter Week  
I saw him beside Emmet  
and in Fenian graves he sleeps  
I've seen him in the H-Blocks  
and on the Bogside streets  
I saw him where the strong and  
brave  
in freedom's name do meet.

**M**uch more I cannot tell you  
just a promise Joe once made  
he said he would not be at peace  
while Ireland held these graves  
and still I hear him calling  
down on the passing time  
we will not be defeated  
while freedom's light still shines.

— **Kirk Olsen L.A.**



● Volunteer Joe MacManus



● The MacManus family unveil the stone



● A sad but proud moment for Joe's family as the large crowd see the stone for the first time

## Buíochas

**W**e would like to take this opportunity to offer our appreciation for the work done by so many, leading up to and on the day of the unveiling of the memorial to our son and brother, Joseph.

For their swift response and time-consuming work we will be forever grateful to the members of the Memorial Committee also to the many who helped, in various ways, on 12 July.

A special word of thanks must go to those who subscribed towards the monument, due to your generosity Joe's sacrifice in the cause of Irish freedom will never be forgotten by the people of Sligo.

**Seán, Helen and Chris MacManus,  
January 1993**



**The unveiling of the memorial to  
IRA Volunteer Joseph MacManus  
in Sligo Cemetery, 12 July 1992**