



## SGT Richard Greene



SGT Greene



SSGT Roby and SGT Greene

SGT Greene was already a member of A Company 1st Engineer Battalion when I arrived in Phuoc Vinh, Vietnam in 1966. He was one of the first men I met that evening when my helicopter landed along with another NCO. Twenty minutes after landing the Company area had a mortar attack. To say that I was scared, is an understatement. The only sightseeing I did that first night was in one of the many bunkers in our base camp. The next morning the Company's 1st Sgt assigned me to the same platoon as Sgt Greene. I was given 3rd squad and Sgt Greene had 2nd squad of 3rd platoon. Well our friendship developed and we hung out together when our missions together permitted. As the weeks and months went by we developed a story/ scam. We told everyone that we were really brothers by birth, with the same mother but different fathers. I do not know how many bought it, but we told it very convincingly.

One of the rare times we were in base camp, the Red Cross had set up a tent with some goodies and a small dish with names and addresses of people who wanted to be pen pals. Richard picked up a name and was writing her up until I was wounded in 1967 and medevaced to Japan. I have a lot of pictures of our time in Vietnam that Richard took. I got a little suspicious after taking so many pictures and asked Richard, "Why are you taking so many pictures of me"? He confessed that the girl he was writing in the States wanted pictures of him. He said he did not want the correspondence to stop so he was sending pictures of me to her, saying that the man in the pictures was him. This letter writing and pictures sparked a romance that he admitted got out of control. Well, things kind of worked out for themselves. In April 67 I was wounded and in June Richard was killed. Which I did not find out until years later. Somehow this girl got my address and started writing me. This story is a little fuzzy after all these years, but I told her I was not the person who had been writing her. She indicated that did not matter because she was in love with the man in the pictures. Little did she know that I am as far from a letter writer as you get, say anything about being some kind of Don Juan on paper. The long and short of it, from a phone call she wanted to come meet me and I said ok. Then I met my wife to be before she had a chance to fly in and I had to get myself out of this potential meeting in a hurry. I was falling fast for my soon to be wife and did not want to mess that up. My wife to this day tells me how lucky I am that she kept me from getting with this women. She is sure right about that.

Sgt Richard Green and I were sure some good bullshitters to carry off being brothers. I miss him till this day.



A rubbing Of Sgt Greene's name from the Wall in DC.



Sgt Richard Greene with M-14



Sgt Greene



Me, Richard & two GI Joe's



Richard, Me, and NCO Club Mgr

Note; the NCO Club manager was a Sgt that was sent Vietnam with only one lung ( cannot remember his name). He was not fit for the hard work that we often did in the field as Combat Engineers. The CO & 1st Sgt gave him a job in base camp to keep the officers, NCO's & men of the company in liquid entertainment. As I remember he did a good job at it. Sometimes there would be a dry spell, but most of the time there was plenty. The Company did not have a drinking policy in camp or the field that I can remember. In camp we would let our hair down so to speak, in the field, nobody ever got drunk. We wanted to keep our wits and stay alert. We often drank beer from other countries, whatever was available at the time, and most of the time hot beer.

Hard drugs was not a problem at this time . It was available but was not abused in our company, hoverer I am pretty sure I smoked Heroin in base camp. One day we were in base camp playing cards with A CO. men drinking beer and I ran out of smokes. Someone supplied me with some that I am sure was laced with Heroin, because not long after that I did not know which end was up! I could not find my tent or my bunk. I ended up sleeping on top of a bunker. Whoever did that is probably still laughing.

Robert Roby

1st Sgt (ret)