

John “Jack” Oberg was born December 24th, 1941, in Chicago, Illinois, son of Carl and Mary Oberg. In August of 1963 he married the love of his life, Sandra Johnson, and together they had three children; Peter, Ken, and Salena.

John “Jack” Oberg

Jack had a love for nature that began as a young boy. He spent his youth hunting, fishing, camping, and bird watching. In high school he was a member of North Central Illinois Ornithological Society where he helped identify and band birds. His love of birds quickly turned his interests towards falconry in the mid 1950s. He had his first raptor at the age of 15. Through the years he also enjoyed trapping hawks, breeding, and hunting with his dogs. He always had a faithful Pointer, Setter, or Spaniel by his side.

Although Jack has trapped, bred, and raised many hawks and falcons, he eventually turned to Gyrfalcon hybrids. In the early 1990s, Jack purchased a small place in Johnstown Nebraska and would spend most of his autumns flying his falcons in the sandhills while his dogs flushed out game. He loved the area and the local people, and it quickly became a second home to him.

Jack was a Master Falconer who loved to share his passion of falconry. He had three apprentices through the years, one of which was his eldest son, Peter, and another was a young woman named Janet Penevolpe who, to this day, remains a close family friend. Jack made friends wherever he went. He was someone who would remember your name and your story no matter how many years have passed.

Jack’s only love greater than falconry was his love for his family. In addition to his three children; Peter Oberg, Ken Oberg, and Salena (Tom) Kinser, he has 6 grandchildren; Alyssa (Rigo) Perez, Stephen Oberg, Allie (Jarett) Mazanowicz, Hannah Kinser, Jack Kinser, Maya Kinser and 5 great grandchildren; Collins Oberg, Olivia Oberg, Hugo Perez, and Luke Mazanowicz. Jack is predeceased by his son, Peter Oberg and his great grand daughter, Lilah Mazanowicz.





Jack Oberg was one of a kind and I still feel like the luckiest falconer on the planet for being his apprentice. I had wanted to be a falconer for almost two decades even after getting a discouraging letter back from NAFA. I studied birds in college and spent two weeks at the British School of Falconry. It was this dedication and sheer luck that convinced Jack to accept me as an apprentice.

Jack's son Peter (inducted into the wall of remembrance 2014) and I apprenticed at the same time. Jack would come back from Nebraska and tell us what we were doing wrong and set us up with some amazing flights. Once he positioned me directly under the stoop of one of his falcons. Hearing the whistling air through the wings and the hit right above me with feathers falling around me, is still in my dreams. He introduced me to all the "old timer" falconers at the meets we went to or houses we visited. One meet, he put off flying his own birds; to help Peter and I chase Jack rabbits and then I even got a successful slip on a duck.

When he got into breeding, I got my first falcon. He employed me that summer and we tame hacked that falcon. I was lucky enough to see its first stoop over Peter's house. We spent so many hours in the truck looking for birds, slips and good hunting spots. When we went hunting, I could anticipate Jack's need, and have it ready. He would often say I spoiled him and needed to quit my job, just help him during hunting season. I played bird dog on more hunts than I would care to admit. He also convinced me to go into teaching so that I had more time to fly. Jack not only shared his falconry knowledge with me but he shared his family. I attended weddings, family reunions, funerals and trips with the grandkids.

So many stories, adventures, new knowledge, and family came from his agreeing to be my sponsor, I will be forever grateful.

Janet Penevolpe
(Master falconer and forever Jack Oberg's apprentice)

