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May the studying of the Daf Notes be a zechus for their neshamot and may their souls find peace in Gan Eden and be bound up in the Bond of life

Mishna

If someone sells a boat, he sells with it the *toran*, *neis*, *ugin*, and all of its *manhigin* (all explained in the Gemora below). However, he does not sell the slaves, cargo hold, and any cargo that is onboard. If he says, “it and everything inside it,” everything is sold with it. (73a)

What is Included when Selling a Boat?

The Gemora says: A *toran* is a mast. The verse says, “A cedar from Lebanon they took to make a “toran” -- “mast” on you.”

A *neis* is a sail. The verse says, “Curtains of woven linen from Egypt were spread out to be for you as a sail.”

Uginin, the house of Rabbi Chiya says, is its anchors. The verse says, “Will they break until they grow older, will they become anchored and not be to a man.” [The word “aguna” means she is anchored to her husband.]

Manhigin, Rabbi Aba says, are its oars. The verse says, “A (possibly chestnut) tree from Bashan was used to make the oars.”

Some say the source is the verse, “And they got down from their boats, all who hold the oars.” [The Rashbam understands that the Gemora is providing another source that the oars are sold with the boat.]

The *braisa* states: If someone sells a boat, he sells the ramp and the sweet water pit on the boat. Rabbi Nassan says: If someone sells a boat, he also sells the small boat called a *beitzis* (they use to row to shore). Sumchus says: If someone sells a boat, they also sell the *dugis*.

Rava says: A *beitzis* is a *dugis*. Rabbi Nasan was from Bavel where it was called a *beitzis*, as people there called them the small boats of Meishan (a narrow river where people only traveled with small boats). Sumchus was from Eretz Yisroel where people called them *dugis*, as the verse states, “And your end with be in a *dugis* boat.” [The verse means that they will carry you swiftly (a small boat is faster) to be sold as slaves.] (73a)

Rabbah’s Stories

Rabbah says: Sailors told me that great waves appear as if they will sink boats, and look like they have white fire at the top of the wave. If one takes a stick which says on it, “I will be that I will be, *Kah Hashem Tzivakos Amen Amen Selah*” and hits the wave, it will subside.

Rabbah says: Sailors told me that between each such wave there is three hundred *parsaos* (each *parsaos* is about three to four miles) and they are three hundred *parsaos* tall. Once I was traveling, and a wave picked me up until we saw the resting place of an extremely small star, and it appeared to me as a place where one could grow forty *kur* of mustard seeds. If we would have gotten any closer, we would have been burned by the heat of the star. One wave said to its friend, “Are you going to leave

anything in the world that you are not going to flood, that I should go and flood it?" The other wave responded: "Go see the strength of your Master, as I cannot even go over a thread breadth of sand by the shore." This is as the verse states, "Will they not fear Me? are the words of Hashem. Will they not fear Me? The One Who has made the sand a border for the ocean; it is a law for the world, and it will not be transgressed."

Rabbah says: I saw Herman bar Lilis (*a demon*) who was running on top of the wall of Mechuza, and near the wall was a cavalryman riding on a horse, and they could not keep up with him.

Once there were two mules saddled up for Herman, each on a different side of the bridge of the Rognag River. Herman kept jumping from one saddle to the other while holding two full cups of wine. He was pouring from the contents of each cup to the other while jumping and he did not spill a drop from either. Regarding the weather that day the verse states, "The heavens will rise and the depths will fall (*and even so he did not spill a drop*)."
He did this until the king's men found out about this and killed him. [*The Rashbam quotes two explanations. One is that the king of the demons killed him for showing their tricks to people. Another is that the human king killed him as he was scared he would try to become king.*]

Rabbah says: I saw an *urzila* (*huge animal*) that was one day old and looked like it was as big as Mount Tavor. How tall is Har Tavor? It is four *parsaos* tall. The length of its neck was three *parsaos*. When it laid its head on the ground it needed one and a half *parsaos* of space. When it excreted dung, it stuffed up the Jordan River (*until the river slowly ate away at its refuse and kept flowing*).

Rabbah bar bar Chanah says: I saw a frog that that was as big as the city of Akra of Hagronya. How big was Akra of Hagronya? It was sixty houses. A big fish came and swallowed it. A big raven came and ate the fish, and then

went and sat in a tree. See how strong that tree must have been!

Rav Pappa bar Shmuel says: If I wasn't there, I wouldn't have believed it.

Rabbah bar bar Chanah says: Once I was traveling in a boat, and I saw that a small creeping thing was eating away at the gills of a fish (*until it killed the fish*). The water pushed the dead fish onto the shore, causing sixty cities to be destroyed (*as the fish was so big*). Sixty other cities came and ate from the fish, and sixty other cities (*that lived further away*) came to salt the fish and bring it back to their homes. From one of its eyes they were able to obtain three hundred barrels of oil. When people came back to the site after twelve months, they saw people making bricks from the bones of this fish, and rebuilding the sixty destroyed cities.

Rabbah bar bar Chanah says: Once I was traveling in a boat and I saw there was a fish that had sand on its back, and grass was growing there. We thought it was stable ground, and we therefore went off the boat onto it, and baked and cooked on top of it. However, when its back got to hot it turned over, and if my boat wasn't close by I would have drowned.

Rabbah bar bar Chanah says: Once I was traveling on a boat and we were traveling in between the fins of a single fish (*one by its tail and one by its head*) for three days and three nights. It was going against the wind, and we were going with the wind. If you will say that our boat did not travel far during that time, when Rav Dimi arrived from *Eretz Yisroel*, he said that we traveled sixty *parsaos* in the amount it takes to boil a pot of water. When a person would shoot an arrow in the same direction we were headed, he would see that we would get to where the arrow eventually landed faster than the arrow. Rav Ashi said: That fish was a *gildana* of the ocean, as it has two such fins (*one by the tail and one by the head*).

DAILY MASHAL

Captain of the Ship

Rabbah bar bar Chanah says: Once I was traveling on a boat and I saw a bird that was up to its ankles in water, and its head was in the sky. We thought that there must not be a lot of water where it was standing, and we therefore wanted to go into the water there to cool ourselves off. A heavenly voice rang out and said: Do not go there, as an axe fell from a carpenter seven years ago and it still has not reached the bottom of the ocean. This was not just because there was a lot of water, but also because the water was fast in that area (*and did not allow the axe to sink*). Rav Ashi says: That bird was a “moving thing of the field” bird, as the verse states, “And the moving thing of the field is with me (*its head is in the clouds*).”

Rabbah bar bar Chanah says: Once I was traveling in the desert, and I saw geese whose feathers were falling off because they were so fat, and streams of oil were trailing from them. I said to them, “Do we get a portion of you in the next world?” One raised his wing, and one raised his thigh (*indicating this would be served to him in the next world*). When I went before Rabbi Elozar, he said to me: *Bnei Yisroel* will eventually be held account because of these geese (*as Bnei Yisroel do not allow Mashiach to come quickly because of their sins, they cause these geese to suffer because of their fatness*).

Rabbah bar bar Chanah says: Once I was traveling in the desert, and I was accompanied by an Arab merchant who would take the earth of the desert, smell it and say, “This road leads here, and that road leads there.” I asked him: “How far are we from water.” He said: “Give me some earth.” I gave it to him. He said: “We are eight *parsaos* away.” Sometime later, I again gave him earth to smell. He said, “You are now three *parsaos* away.” I tried confusing him by giving the “old” earth for him to smell, but it was to no avail (*he realized that it was the same as before*). (73a - 73b)

The captain applied his sun burnt hand to the well-worn helm as the ship crossed the ocean, now deceptively placid as if incapable of ever erupting into a life-threatening storm. The sails were taut in the quickening wind, speeding the boat to its destination, and the passengers were finishing their after-dinner drink while gazing with fascination at a school of dolphins cavorting alongside the vessel. In his youth, the captain detailed each voyage in his diary but now, he said, “Every white hair on my hair marks another crossing.” His long years at sea left their impression and sometimes it seemed as if his forehead was about to sprout the same green mildew that covered the hull. He was inseparable from his ship and even his marrying a few years ago could not persuade him to leave the sea. Twice a year he returned to France to his wife and small son, stayed a while and went back to his natural recess on the open ocean.

Once, when harboring near home, he was consumed by a yearning for his family. Having had enough of his wearying profession, he rushed home in a swift carriage and, greeting his beloved ones, soon stretched out before the warming fireplace. After a few weeks, he told his wife that he meant to take their only son on his next voyage. “He must learn the trade”, he declared, “I’m getting old and don’t know how long I can go on working. The time has come to train him in the secrets of this demanding profession.” His wife, thoroughly attached to her son, rejected the idea. He should learn a trade, she agreed, but only without leaving home. The captain, though steeled against the challenges of hurricanes and monsoons, could not withstand a mother’s pleas. “All right”, he acquiesced, “I’ll teach him to be a captain at home.”

For a few days the captain was busy in the cellar with a secret project. "I'll show you only when I'm finished," he told his curious family. Finally, he brought up a tiny model of his ship, marvelously identical to the original. "Here," he told his son, pointing with a weathered hand, "is my room where, one day, you'll sleep. The sailors' quarters are just behind." Opening a small door, he indicated a storeroom below deck for wood to be made into new masts to replace any broken in a storm. He then spent a long while with his attentive son learning the boat's intricacies until the boy could tour it thoroughly in his mind's eye. They then excitedly launched the model in a huge tub of water. The captain had lined the tub with soft sand, added some cheerfully swimming goldfish, poured in some azure ink and sketched amazingly realistic scenes along the sides. The effect was perfect. Lowering the anchor into the sand, he told his son to blow as hard as he could at the sails. Flushed crimson from the effort, he failed to move the boat in any direction and his father then said, "That is the anchor's purpose: It keeps a ship firmly in place. Now, let's get under way."

Night had long fallen, but the captain and his son continued to sail around and across the tub, aided by tiny kerosene lanterns hung from the model's hull. Using a huge bellows, they pelted the boat with winds that would have sunk it if not for the captain's navigational skill. His wife had long gone to bed. "He's staying with me," ruled the captain, "At sea you can't go to sleep whenever you want. Sometimes you have stay up two or three days till a storm abates." The model, tossed constantly throughout the night, became a shambles. With sails tattered on the deck and broken masts, it seemed that naught had survived the trial. "And yet," beamed the captain, "it never capsized! That is a captain's job!"

The lessons continued in the next days until the boy learnt the secrets of the profession and succeeded in keeping the ship afloat throughout all the 16 hours of artificial storms and tsunamis his father created. "Now he's a

captain!" he cheerily announced to his wife and clapped the youth's shoulder. Calm and confident, he returned to sea, satisfied that his son had learnt the profession.

Rabbi Yosef Chayim zt"l used this story in his *Rav Pe'alim* (III, *Sod Yesharim*, 1) to answer a "scholar in another town who asked questions about learning Kabbalah." We, he explains, in the post-Talmudic era, are like the captain's son who learned to steer a ship in a tub. Rabbi Chayim's correspondent delved into the Kabbalah and sometimes encountered incomprehensible topics. But if he would only be aware of his own level, Rabbi Chayim replied, he would realize the limits of his cognition and accept the tradition as it is. The same applies to the tales (*aggados*) of Rabbah bar bar Chanah learned this week. An outstanding Torah scholar, with many years of experience delivering a Daf HaYomi *shi'ur* to prestigious congregations, introduces the tales with Rabbi Chayim's parable. The anecdotes about a monstrous fish or a very peculiar bird, he admits, seem wildly imaginary, but we must understand that the topics are described on the level of the greatest *tzadikim* and according to their wisdom, unfathomable to us.

With the sublime feeling that we have the merit to repeat the Torah of the most exalted *tzadikim*, we go on learning each *sugya*, hoping the time will soon come to comprehend the depth of their statements, as Yesha'yahu says (11:9): "...The earth will be full of knowledge of Hashem, as water covers the sea."