

Take me out to the grub game

Going to a baseball game — as the girlfriend of a die-hard fan — used to be a total drag. I would pass my time looking for the Cracker Jacks prize and trying to get a tan.

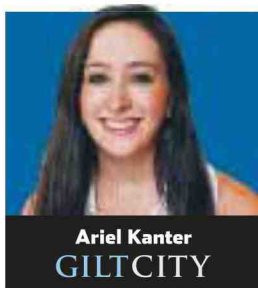
But recent visits to Citi Field and Yankee Stadium convinced me that things have changed. With kiosks from Danny Meyer, Dylan Lauren and Rich Torrisi, the ballpark is New York's latest culinary destination.

At Citi Field, the line for burgers and frozen custard at Shake Shack rivaled a busy day at JFK, so I went straight to Blue Smoke for the ballpark-exclusive bologna sandwich. Don't think Lunchables: This thickly sliced bologna is the MVP, layered with crisp onions and pickles and stuffed between a fluffy sesame seed bun.

Around the seventh inning, I stretched my way to Two Boots for a slice of "Meat the Mets" pie, topped with Creole chicken, and a cold Bass Ale from the Big Apple Brews station. It was around the bottom of the eighth when I was glad (and



Blue Smoke's bologna sandwich, available at Citi Field



my boyfriend, horrified) that they widened the seats in the new stadium.

Over at Yankee Stadium, the options were as heavenly as Derek Jeter himself. There were the usual suspects — Hebrew National hot dogs from my kosher

homeboys and Wholly Guacamole Nachos. But I chose to hit The Noodle Bowl for bubble tea and the Parm station for a "fresh mozz" sandwich.

My boyfriend asked me to grab him a prime beef sandwich from Lobel's and Swedish fish from Dylan's Candy Bar. More time away from flying balls? I happily obliged.

By the end of the games, I didn't even know who I was rooting for, or if the good guys won or lost, but at least the food was a home run.

Ariel Kanter is filling in for Ben Widdicombe while he is on vacation.